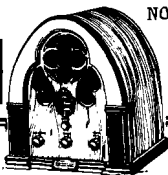


NO. 60 - Aug./Sept. 1981

Illustrated Press

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB



SINCE 1975

SPECIAL DOUBLE SIZED ISSUE



GUEST COLUMNIST-LEE ALLMAN
SEE PAGE 3



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$13.00 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a membership card, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), a semi-annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$2.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$6.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$13.00 for the year; Feb., \$12.00; March \$11.00; April \$10.00; May \$9.00; June \$8.00; July \$7.00; Aug., \$6.00; Sept., \$5.00; Oct., \$4.00; Nov., \$3.00; and Dec., \$2.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

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Buffalo, New York 14213
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REFERENCE LIBRARY: Pete Bellanca
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The Old Time Radio Club meets the second Monday of the month (September through June) at 393 George Urban Boulevard, Cheektowaga, New York. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meeting starts at 7:30 p.m.

COVER

The Shadow - By Emil Novak

DEADLINE FOR IP #61 - Sept 14th
FOR IP #62 - Oct. 12th
FOR IP #63 - Nov. 9th

BACK ISSUES: All are \$1.00 each, postpaid, except where noted. Out-of-print issues can be borrowed from the Reference Library.

MEMORIES: Vol. 1 #1 (\$2.00), #3, #4, #5; Vol. 2 #1, #4 (\$2.00); Vol. 4 #1, #2

IP: #3 (with SHADOW script), #5A (RH AC/OTRC Special #1), #8 (50¢), #10 (with part one of LUX RADIO THEATER Log), #14 (50¢), #15 (50¢), #16, #17, #18, RHAC/OTRC Special #2, #19, #20, #21, #23, #24, #25, #26, #27, #28, (RHAC/OTRC Special #3), #29, #30, #31, #32, (\$2.00), #33, #34, #37, #38, #39, #40, #41, #42, #42, #44, #45, #46, #47, #48, #49, #50, #51, #52, #53, #54, #55, #56, #57, #58, #59, #60,



Dear Jerry,

Thank you for the nice coverage you gave me in the May, '81 Illustrated Press; however, you gave me credit for being able to select some of the early actors at WXYZ. OOOOH no...I never did that. I was just one of the employees at the station. I had no influence whatsoever. As far as Earle Graser was concerned, I happened to know Earle very well personally - we worked together as undergraduates in the Theatre Department at Wayne U. in Detroit. Earle had a beautiful singing voice and did the leads in several of the musicals that I worked in too. When my brother Jim Jewell, who was director and producer of radio dramas at WXYZ was auditioning for the Lone Ranger, he asked me if I thought Earle might be interested in reading for the part. I said I'd ask him, and I did. That's the way it was. I had nothing to do with choosing anyone for any part at anytime, believe me.

Even tho' I was Jim's sister, I was, as I said before, just one of the employees. In fact, he fired me once. It was on a "Manhunter's" Show, I was 5 minutes late coming back from a break and I was told in no uncertain terms that I was through-so I left my script and went home. He relented when he found out that what had made me late was not my fault and was unavoidable. We never let our personal relationship enter our work life, neither of us would have considered it for a moment.

Incidentally, it was Jim who built the crystal set I wrote about...when he was 11 and I was 9. Yes, that talented boy became one of the greatest directors who ever worked in the radio business. I'd like to tell you about him sometime.

As ever,

Lee Allman

P.S. I am enclosing a small article that might be interesting to you. Please don't feel you have to print what I send...that's not why I send it. If you like it, fine..I had fun writing it.

((And we had fun reading it. Ed.))

FLASHBACK

My radio experiences were not always a parade of artistic triumphs that burned themselves into my memory-not by a jugful. On the contrary, I seem to remember best the bad performances, the fluffs, the wretched characterizations (like the awful "toothless Eskimo"), but above all, I remember one Green Hornet show that to me was a near disaster.

It was a show that was scheduled for a repeat 15 minutes following the first performance, and was to be recorded. I don't recall why we were doing it, but it was not too unusual to have this happen.

The 7:30 show went well and we were given a short break before starting in again. We were all set to go at 8:15. The announcer took his cue for the usual opening.."The Green Hornet! He hunts the Biggest of all game: etc, and read to the short music theme that usually faded out for the commercial. Only this time the music didn't fade - it went on, and on, and ON! No commercial, only the endless flight of the stupid bumblebee. The announcer finally got a frantic cue to break in just as a loud burp came over the speaker and somebody giggled. Up came the music (to cover, I figured) and the announcer stood waiting for another cue. He got it and tried again. He got through most of the introduction until the final phrase.."GET THE GREEN HORNET!"; only that isn't what he said. He seemed flustered, and out came..."GET THE LONE...UH, GET THE GREEN HORNET"! This broke up the cast. I was getting panicky. Nobody, absolutely nobody but me seemed at all concerned. Everybody finally quieted down and we got into the opening office scene with Britt Reid, Axford and Casey, when without any warning, Al Hodge dropped his script all over the floor and as he bent down to pick it up he ad-libbed a line to Gilly Shea (Axford) that might have passed today's T.V. censors but not radio's. Well, the result was complete bedlam! Everybody who wasn't laughing was talking. Nobody had taught us to close the mike. I didn't know what to do. I was scared. Nothing made any sense. The entire cast was hysterical - all but me. Then the Director, Chuck Livingstone came from the control room laughing uproariously, and as he passed me (I was still standing at that open mike holding onto my script) I slapped him so help me, I did, thinking it would stop him. One of the sound boys was laughing so hard he was all doubled

over and he yelled, "Hit him again, Casey!" I thought everybody had gone completely crazy.

Well.....It seems that everybody but me knew that that second show had been cancelled shortly before we went on the air. It was all a gag for my benefit. Chuck said later he was sure I was about to have a heart attack as I stood at the mike. Me too. It was quite an experience.

If any of you out there believes this could never have happened, you'd be wrong. It seems that the boys in the control room cut a record of the whole thing while it was going on, and I have that record. In fact, Fred Shay, OTR friend who made me a cassette from it titled it, "The Green Hornet Laughing Jag". I play it now and again when I want to "Go Back" for awhile to those wonderful, zany days when I worked with the greatest gang of guys and gals anywhere in the world.

* * * * *



BUFFALO EVENING NEWS

Thursday, July 9, 1981

"YOUR HIT Parade," a recreation of the radio series that preceded the television version of the 1950s and 1960s, has been picked up by WCEK (1230). Starting this weekend, it will air at 9 p.m. Saturday and 7 p.m. Sunday.

Andre Baruch, the original announcer, returns to host the two-hour show with his wife, former singer Bea Wain. They will play the original recordings of the hits. Each show will present all the hits of a specific week from the 1930s through '50s.

* * * * *

REFERENCE LIBRARY: A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$1.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$.50 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.

"THE CISCO KID"

NOW ON KFI
 DIAL 640
MON. & WED. 7:30 PM
Barry C. Anthony, Inc.
 California Record Distributor



The incomparable (as she was billed) Hildagarda preparing for a 1939 appearance on "Raymond Payne, P.P. Men, and a Girl." With her is Mr. Payne. Hildagarda really hit her stride in radio during the war years, when she had her own weekly show.

BOB & RAY



Brightest comics to emerge in radio's postwar years are Bob (Elliott) & Ray (Goulding).



Dom Parisi

DID YOU KNOW THAT---

- *Radio's Brace Beemer, who played the Lone Ranger, also played Sergeant Preston on "Challenge of the Yukon." And that John Todd who played Tonto was the inspector. We meet again Kemo Sabe!
- *Tonto's horses were named White-Feller, Paint and Scout. Whoa Horsey!
- *One of the first radio shows to be recorded on tape was "Dimension X" (Later known as X-Minus One) The recording techniques were so primitive in the early days that one program in the series "Mars is Heaven," had to be re-recorded three times. An engineer at NBC, while in the process of editing the program, erased the tape three times! The performers were all paid their original fee for each re-recording session. Whoops! Sorry about that!
- *The late movie actor John Hodiak ("A Bell for Adano") played "Lil Abner" in the radio series of the same name. The show originated in Chicago in 1939 over NBC. Watch out Daisy Mae!
- *On the "Lum and Abner" program, the story was centered around the Jot'em Down Store in Pine Ridge, Arkansas. Pine Ridge was a make-believe town. In 1936 the real town of Waters, Arkansas changed its name to Pine Ridge in honor of Lum and Abner.
- *Busy Performers! On "Lux Radio Theatre", Don Ameche appeared more than any other actor, playing leads in eighteen different productions. Fred MacMurray was next with seventeen appearances. Barbara Stanwyck starred in more shows than any other actress-fifteen. Loretta Young and Claudette Colbert tied for second with fourteen each.

*Rumors were flying! One story that has been told the most in relation to the popular childrens program "Uncle Don" never really happened. Supposedly Uncle Don signed off a broadcast one night, and then, thinking he was off the air, said, "I guess that'll hold the little bastards". It was reported that this went out over the air. It's not true! A newspaper columnist in Baltimore, where the program was not heard, made up the sotry to fill space on a dull news day. The story got out of hand and mushroomed! Oh the power of the press!
 (All information used in "Did You Know That---" has been compiled from Frank Buxton and Bill Owens' book, "The Big Broadcast". Thanks fellows!)



Von Zell Hospitalized 6/17/81

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Harry Von Zell, 75, best known as the announcer for the George Burns-Gracie Allen television show of the 1950s, has been admitted to a hospital, officials say.
 The longtime radio and television announcer was admitted to the Motion Picture and Television Hospital in Calabasas for recuperation from earlier surgery, a hospital spokesman said.

THE NBC UNIVERSITY THEATRE OF THE AIR

Radio drama was seldom better than this. These adaptations of modern novels were originally read to college supervised home-study courses. (Sounds like the hapard for video world of the 1980's, whor?) Intermission time features a known critic or author of the time talking about the writer whose work we hear. The show was planned into semesters with each featuring British and American outpurs of a certain era. The series was directed by Andrew C. Love of Hollywood.

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.00 per month; 1200' reel-\$.75 per month; cassette and records-\$3.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. For Canada: \$1.35 for one reel, 85¢ for each additional reel; 85¢ for each cassette and record. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.

Borge's Comedy With Music : Doesn't Ever Make Fun of It

By MARY CAMPBELL

AP Wirephotos

NEW YORK — "I guess if I had had a normal life in music," Victor Borge says, "I probably would have eventually wound up as a conductor."

Borge hasn't had an average musical career, as everyone knows who has laughed after he sat down at a piano. But conducting is one of the places he would up, anyway.

He guest-conducts at money-raising concerts. And he still gives concerts of mirth and music from the piano bench.

At a recent benefit concert for the American Philharmonic Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, he started with Smetana's "The Dance of the Comedians," in a professional way. He stopped the orchestra, said, "Star again at bar 11; make a little more crescendo in the third bar."

After bit more of that kind of thing, Borge asked for a volunteer to play where he's not supposed to. "Violinists in the back row called out 'Sam wants to do it.'"

The orchestra played until a rest, then Borge told the dignified-looking Sam: "Right after that, you will continue alone."

Sam said, "Doing what?" and Borge replied, "Playing the violin, I guess. It is very funny. Your family will love it."

The music was repeated but Sam couldn't bring himself to play into a rest. Another violinist volunteered and charged confidently into the rest, his solo sound dwindling only when Borge pointed his baton and bellowed, "Out!" The offender bowed his head and exited, to the laughter of the rest of the orchestra.

Musicians are always his best audience, Borge says, because they understand all the musical jokes. Recently, he says, symphony concerts he conducted sold out in Dallas and Vancouver. The orchestra makes money and the audience gets first-rate music introduced to them in a warm and friendly and at times hilarious way. Some of the audience may be new to the symphony hall. So everybody is happy. What more can you want?

Two years ago, Borge conducted his first opera, Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in Cleveland, without any kidding around at all. He says, "Music conducts itself if you have the feel for it. I don't want to make a joke, but you conduct yourself according to inspiration and feel. I've had many encouraging proofs of my ability. Therefore, I'm not afraid of it. I can handle it and love to do it."

"One of the reasons, of course, for my desire for orchestra or opera work is that I'm so much alone, traveling all over the world, performing 200 or 250 times a year.



"I think music and humor are much more serious than seriousness itself. Humor looks at things both seriously and humorously. Seriousness has no other side. It is just serious."

—Victor Borge

And he practices the piano a lot. He owns five. "Well," Borge says, with a surprised look, "I have 10 fingers." The pianos are in houses in Greenwich, Conn., and St. Croix. He rents one when in his house in Portugal and goes out on his boat without any.

Borge was born Jan. 3, 1909, in Copenhagen. His father played violin, but the youngest of his five sons preferred the piano. "I was 8 when I gave my first concert," Borge says. "For 12 years, 1923 to 1934, I was concertizing. Little by little I was encouraged to go into the theatrical profession, in which I had shown ability. I finally gave in, not necessarily thinking of giving up my pianistic career. It was necessary. But I always used music as a background. That is the field I knew most and grew up in.

"Music is the basis of my life. I always wanted as a child to be a conductor. My father played for the Royal Opera in Copenhagen. I experienced so much of that, rehearsals, concerts and constantly chamber music at home. I was born right into it. It has always been particularly opera I wanted."

Borge made movies, composed, wrote, directed, played piano and made jokes, some making fun of the Nazis. When Germany invaded Denmark, he was touring in Stockholm. He and his wife left Europe and landed in Florida in August, 1940. Borge spoke several languages, but not English. He attended movies using them like a classroom.

My first job was filling in for Hildegard at a benefit party in Palm Beach, when she took sick. It created some furor. And gave me the inspiration to continue."

An introduction to Rudy Vallee led to Vallee's having Borge warm up his radio audience. Big Crosby's radio sponsors heard it and Borge was hired for a guest appearance on Crosby's Kraft Music Hall in December 1941. "After my first appearance on radio, the commentators chose me unanimously as the comedy find of the year - which didn't hurt me," he says.

Borge was on that radio show for 36 weeks, went on to others, films, television, touring. He did a Broadway run three years ago.

He says, "I think music and humor are much more serious than seriousness itself. Humor looks at things both seriously and humorously. Seriousness has no other side. It is just serious.

"I'm often asked if classical musicians don't hate me for what I'm doing. No. They recognize every word, movement and concept. They know I'm not making fun of music; I'm having fun with them. A lot of musical performances have at least a speck of humor in them. What I'm doing is picking it up and reflecting it. If it weren't true, people wouldn't accept it and laugh at it."

Asked about the future, Borge says, "I have no particular plans. Everything comes around in time. I'm fortunate that so far I've been able to stand up to it and manage to do the things that I like to do and things that have been expected of me. I do all the things I like to do, and there are many things I like to do."

* * * * *

The CRYSTAL EGG



HY DALEY

CHARLIE SEELEY INTERVIEW PART I

H-My first question is, how you got interested in OTR being only a mere 28 years old? Why would a youth, a mere stripling, get interested in something that was around before he was born?

S-I've always been backward.

H-How did you get started?

S-I had a load of comic books, mostly early Marvel comic books, and I gave them to Pete Blanca, who in turn traded them for radio shows. About 30 or 40 reels, and he says,

"Hey, they're half yours".

H-Who is he?

S-Pete Blanca handles the mailing for our club, former president. He says they're half yours, so I listened to them and I liked them, and started trading, got a couple of recordings, that was it. I really enjoy it.

H-Were you one of the people that got the OTRC of Buffalo started? I don't know how it got started.

S-In 1974, a fellow named Dick Hurst formed the Western New York Popular Cultures Society. In that club were a lot of people who were just interested in Old Time Radio, so we formed the OTRC of Buffalo.

H-So, actually that's an outgrowth of this society.

S-Yeah, except that we took about half of the membership, not everybody crossed over. I think there is only about three or four of us that belong to both clubs. So, that's where we come from. We met at various houses and libraries and now we are in a church basement. ((See our new meeting address on page 2 - Ed.))

H-Initially, how many members were there?

S-In the club, ten.

H-At that point, ten?

S-I was secretary, and Dan Marifino was president, Pete Blanca was vice-president, I don't think we had a treasurer because when we started we just threw a buck in the pot every week.

H-At that point, what was your initial goals, your immediate goal? You guys certainly didn't envision what you got today?

S-No. I sure didn't.

H-What was the immediate goal of the club?

S-Well, as I remember, the immediate goal of the club was to get cheap tape for the members. And aside from that if we could promote Old Time Radio on the air and all that, which we tried but never really came of anything. We did supply tapes to the VA and other groups but we were never really successful on getting any radio station to play it again, and it didn't go too well with cheap tape either for that matter.

H-You're saying your immediate goals were not fulfilled.

S-You could say that, yeah. I might be wrong. That was a long time ago. I think that's what the deal was. But then there was a magazine suggested, we put out a couple issues of that.

H-You said "we". Who?

S-The whole club and probably the editors, just about everybody contributed, especially the second issue. I don't remember when your first thing started, it might have been the second. Anyway. In there somewhere was the reorganization. Dan Marifano quit and it changed to a national outlook instead of just local people sitting around having their coffee and talking about radio shows.

H-When did you guys really start thinking about this national concept?

S-The first year of the club, we started with ten members and we ended the year with ten members.

H-That was 1974?

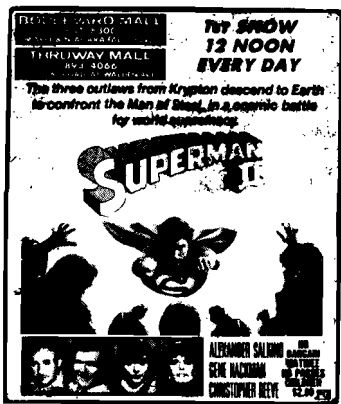
S-Well, that'd be 1975. People would drift in and out, they'd stick around and nothing was going on, we'd just sit and talk about what to do and never doing anything so we weren't getting around because the club wasn't going anywhere we had no real focus. We sat down and figured out a set of goals--going national, newsletter, --to make a little more cookies.

H-What outlets did you use to go national?

S-We had the Buyer's Guide, it was nothing.

Part II will appear when I take another secretarial student hostage--

* * * * *



FORMER RADIO STAR
MAKES GOOD

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN was on the air within a few months of its 1938 debut in Action Comics in a series of crudely done syndications. The comics have always adapted well to juvenile radio, and what better radio subject than a man of steel, complete with X-ray vision, dependent comrades, and a distinctive swishing sound effect that carried us along in flight? In reality, he was a "strange visitor from another planet, who came to earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men, and who--disguised as Clark Kent, mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper--leads a never-ending battle for truth, justice and the American way."

He came to earth as a child from the planet Krypton, which had been destroyed by violent earthquakes. On earth, he found that his ordinary Kryptonese powers were extraordinary; he could fly to heights never achieved by planes in those years of propeller-driven aircraft. He could bend steel in his bare hands, change the course of mighty river. He was

faster than a speeding bullet... more powerful than a locomotive... able to leap tall buildings at a single bound... Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's...Superman!

That ingenious opening set the stage perfectly for those 15-minute fantasies, which one month found Superman fighting train robbers, another battling Nazis and "Japs" at the North Pole. During the war, Superman was juvenile radio's best fighter for the cause. Only two things stopped him: his X-ray vision couldn't penetrate lead and, when confronted with the element Kryptonite, he was rendered helpless. Kent, who wore glasses in his disguise as a Daily Planet reporter, was bullied by his boss and was barely tolerated by Lois Lane, the Planet's star female reporter (who adored Superman). If only Lois had known that in the twinkling of an eye Kent could dash into that empty janitor's closet, rip off his clothes, and dart to the window as SUPERMAN!

In the comics by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, we could see Superman fly out of that window. On radio, we had to visualize it. So we got "up, up, and away!" whenever Superman took off. Admittedly, it's difficult to imagine a grown man perched on a window ledge shouting

"Up, up and away!" but Superman could get away with a lot. The character was soon brought to Mutual, starting on February 12, 1940, as a three-a-week 15-minute sustained serial. SUPERMAN was dropped in 1942, but the clamor of young listeners led to its return August 31, 1942, this time as a five-a-week show. Kellogg's Pep picked it up in 1943, remaining sponsor until 1946.

Writer Jack Johnstone and director Robert Maxwell went to great lengths to protect Superman's identity, onstage and off. In the scripts, anyone who discovered this well-kept secret was a dead duck. Superman didn't kill them; the writer simply polished them off. No matter; they were always the bad people anyway (good guys wouldn't go messing around in Superman's affairs like that). At the same time, the producers insisted that the identity of Clayton (Bud) Collyer, the actor who gave voice to the man of steel, be stamped TOP SECRET. For six years, Collyer kept his name out of the limelight, finally stepping forward in a 1946 Time interview to promote a Superman campaign against racial and religious intolerance. The serial became the first of its kind to tackle such heavy themes. Thus Superman added bigots to his list of people to fight.

In 1945, another Action Comics hero, Batman, was introduced on Superman's show. Batman and his young sidekick Robin joined Superman frequently during those middle years, bounding out of Gotham City to tackle Metropolis scandal. But the inevitable comparison with Superman left Batman a second-rate hero. Batman couldn't fly; he couldn't even bend steel in his bare hands. Batman never did break away for a radio show of his own.

Supporting Collyer in the serial were Joan Alexander as the cynical Lois Lane, Julian Noa as crabby Perry White, editor of the Planet, and Jackie Kelk as Jimmy Olsen, energetic cub reporter. As in the comics, it was often Jimmy Olsen's curiosity that led Superman into action. One of the trademarks of the serial was Collyer's ability to change characters in mid-sentence, from the mousy Kent ("this looks like a job for...") to the barrel-chested ("SUPERMAN!") man of steel.

Jackson Beck gave a gusty delivery as announcer, too. The show is best-remembered from its wartime days, under sponsorship of "that super-delicious cereal," Kellogg's Pep. Mutual again sustained it until 1949. In 1949, Superman crossed over to ABC for a 30 minute Saturday show.

Michael Fitzmaurice played the title role. This sustained version was extended to a two a week in 1950, and went off in 1951.



CHARACTER © M. M. COMICS INC.

TAPESPONDENTS: Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least two months.

Jeff Muller, 439 Faitoute Avenue, Roselle Park, N.J. 07204--I'm looking for tapes of Mutual Radio Theatre or Sears Radio Theatre. I will trade 5 old radio shows for 1 Mutual or Sears Radio Theatre. I have a lot of shows. Please send list of your shows and I will send my list. I will reimburse you for postage.

OTR Shows. Master Reels. 1800'-\$4.50, 1200'-\$4.00 My Choice. A great way to expand your collection. Hundreds of reels including CBS Mystery Theater. If you specify a choice of preference, I will try to comply. You must be satisfied or I will exchange for another reel. If you prefer to select from catalog, price is \$5.00 per reel (1800' or 1200') plus 25¢ per reel postage. Catalog \$2.00 D.P. Parisi, 38 Ardmore Pl., Buffalo, N.Y. 14213 P.S. I will also trade for old comics, gum cards, or old photographs and toys.

Tapespondents is a free service to all MEMBERS. Please send your ads in to the Illustrated Press.

NOSTALGIA BUFFS will like the Museum of Broadcasting in New York City. There they can hear audio tapes dating back to a 1918 radio speech by labor leader Samuel Compers or watch television tapes dating back to a 1944 view of Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony...

THE SHADOW

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THE BLUR

CHAPTER III BLURRED BATTLE

All was confusion in the Century Casino. The man who had murdered Tex Winthrop wasn't alone. He had helpers, who, though few in number, made up for it by teamwork. They were hurling themselves upon a knot of men who were trying to seize Tex's murderer, and the blurred killer and his pals were gaining the upper hand.

The swift-blinking lights were to their liking, for they had arranged them. They were slugging down croupiers and attendants, adding gunshots when the opposition became tough. Tex's faction had revolvers, too, but they were disorganized, bewildered by the blurry light.

Patrons were diving for the corners, seeking shelter behind the hollow furniture that had been used to hide the gambling equipment.

Had the lookout opened the outer door to admit Lamont Cranston, the battle might have taken a different turn. Already, the last arrival at the Century Casino was undergoing a change as speedy as that of the blobbing lights.

With a single sweep, Cranston had his cloak across his shoulders, the slouch hat on his head, rendering himself a being in black: The Shadow!

The problem of reaching the battleground came next. Shots through the loophole wouldn't do; there was no telling who might be tangled in the fray around the fallen body of Tex Winthrop. The flashing lights were so rapid that faces could not be identified, while the figures themselves darted and jerked like people in an old-fashioned movie reel. The Shadow, to enter, had to blast the door, and it was a formidable task.

Tex Winthrop had designed that door to hold off attacks by the law. The Shadow's only chance of cracking it lay in using bullets from an automatic that he had drawn. At that, he knew it would be useless to try to demolish the lock. It was specially strengthened to with-

stand the effects of gun slugs.

The only way was to get at the hinges, which were hidden somewhere in the woodwork. Planting the gun muzzle against the hinge side of the door, The Shadow probed it with bullets from his .45, choosing the logical spots where the hinges would be. Thick wood splintered, baring steel that glinted in the blinking light. Even out here, in the entry, the illumination was that of the peculiar flickering.

Hacking with the butt end of his gun, The Shadow wrecked the hinges that his bullets had revealed. He shouldered hard, driving the door ahead of him, and plummeted into the main room of the Century Casino, drawing a fresh automatic as he came.

By then, the whirling brawl had shifted toward the door of Tex's office.

A gun stabbed from the mass of kaleidoscopic figures. It sprawled a man squarely in The Shadow's path. The victim was the lookout, who had so unwisely hesitated at admitting Cranston. Killers had been expecting him, and dealt with him as planned. But they weren't expecting The Shadow.

With a long spring across the falling lookout, he came like a black cyclone into the midst of the murderous tribe and the faltering men who struggled against them.

The blobby light helped The Shadow even more than his foemen. Though he couldn't see their faces well enough to recognize them, they couldn't see him at all. He used his guns as cudgels, jarring men right and left, in order to get at their chief, the blur-faced murderer who was starting into Tex's office with the bag of cash.

By then, the fray had reached Terry Radnor. Until it did, Terry had been too bewildered to take a hand, but now he saw his opportunity.

He could tell the killer by the bag the man carried, and he made a grab for him. They locked, and as they spun about, Terry heard a snarl in his ear. It was much like the voice that had told him to take the note to Tex. It hadn't lost any of its disguise, but it was ugly instead

of persuasive. The snarl was the blurred man's call for his helpers to free him from a troublesome antagonist.

Hands gripped Terry in the unreal light. He wrested free from them with a roundabout twist. Encountering a driving figure, he thought he had again found the killer. He was wrong. Terry had found The Shadow.

Swung hard, a gun skimmed past Terry's ear and landed heavily against his shoulder. The Shadow's stroke only increased Terry's delusion that he had gripped the foe he wanted, and he tightened his clutch.

Hurled backward, Terry bounced hard against the wall beside the office door, and as he reeled, partly losing his hold on the fighter in black, something cold pressed against his neck.

Luckily for Terry, The Shadow caught the glint of the object in the flickery light. It was a gun, that either the blur-faced killer or an equally indistinguishable subordinate was shoving Terry's way.

These murderers had finished Tex and the lookout; now, it was to be Terry's turn, for he was the only remaining man who might furnish damaging information concerning certain persons among the casino's clientele.

The Shadow did not have to analyze that set up. It was enough that Terry was threatened by one of the escaping crew. Swiping another blow past Terry's face, The Shadow struck the gun and the hand that held it, so forcibly that their owner took a side stagger through the office door.

It was Terry who didn't recognize the situation. He made another lunge at The Shadow, and instead of grappling with an adversary who had previously outclinched him, he used his fists. Terry was hitting hard, though blindly, and The Shadow had to wheel away to ward off the attack.

Other mistaken fighters fell upon him. They were the rallied croupiers. The Shadow went down in the midst of a pile of men.

Exultant, Terry thought that he had settled one member of the murderous tribe. He figured, too, that he was capable of doing it, not knowing that his life had been saved by the very fighter that he had so foolishly attacked.

Knowing that killers had dived into Tex's office, Terry went after them. Lights were blinking in the office, too, but in the intermittent glare, Terry made out a yawning block

of blackness on the far side of the room. He made for it.

On the way, he stumbled over desk drawers. They had been pulled from Tex's desk and their contents dumped. Hands stretched ahead of him, Terry tried to catch his balance against the block of blackness as it winked at him from the quick flashes of everchanging light.

Instead of stopping, he went right through the blackness, took a long spill and went tumbling down a flight of stairs.

Those crazy lights had made everything unreal, but his fall was even crazier, during the breath-taking moments that it took Terry to reach the bottom of the steps. He stopped with a sharp jar that knocked some understanding into him. The black oblong hadn't been part of the wall; it was an open door, probably a sliding one, that Tex used as a private exit from his office.

Killers had turned it to their own use, leaving it open when they fled. Chance had brought Terry along the very route that the blur-makers had chosen!

On his feet, Terry groped and found another door. It led outside to an alleyway. He heard a car spurting from the nearest street and hurried in that direction. By then, the car was gone, and there wasn't a cab in sight. But from the next street, Terry heard the blare of a police whistle. On sudden impulse, he hastened off in the opposite direction.

Upstairs, the huddled customers of the casino were watching the finish of a fantastic fray which left them utterly aghast. Previous events had been illusive, like the happenings in a dream, but this present scene took on a night-marish quality.

Men were bouncing, diving to the floor in jerky, curious fashion, but no one could see what was sending them. The Shadow was brushing off the misguided croupiers and other attendants with hard swings of his gun-weighted fists, but his black-clad figure wasn't visible in the brawl. Intermittent light was so infrequent after each momentary blackout, that eyes couldn't distinguish the swift-moving form of the black cloaked fighter.

Others belonged to the light, and were simply blurred by the intervals of patchy darkness. But darkness was The Shadow's chosen habitat; mere moments of light were not sufficient to reveal him. To one person, alone, came understanding: why men were going down from unseen causes. The person who understood was Margo Lane.

She had expected The Shadow. He was here. Detaching herself from the huddled customers, Margo hurried forward blindly, ducking the slow-motion sprawlers who came her way. Near the vortex of the confusion, she gave a quick lowvoiced call:

"It's Margo!"

A glove had caught Margo's arm. The Shadow's opponents were fully-floored. So speedily that she seemed to become a dream-creature, Margo was whisked through the one avenue open for departure, the doorway to Tex's office.

She heard shouts as she went; they came from the outer door that The Shadow had previously shattered. Then, beside her, The Shadow's whispered tone:

"Cardona and his squad. We're getting out. This way."

Despite the flickering lights, The Shadow had identified the blocky oblong across the office for what it was, an open exit. To Margo, the experience of going through that opening was even more uncanny than Terry had found it.

Shouts dwindled as they reached the bottom of the steps, where The Shadow found the lower door. Margo had a brief taste of reality when her cloaked companion hurried her through the alley. On the street a cab wheeled up as though The Shadow had magically produced it.

Thrust into the cab, Margo settled in the cushions, shutting her eyes to end the recollection of the blotchy light. She heard the swish of a cloak beside her, the slam of the door as the cab started. As they whipped around a corner, Margo felt something tumble from against her arm, into her lap. She opened her eyes and stared at the objects that she clutched.

Margo Lane was holding a black cloak and a slouch hat. No longer needing those garments, The Shadow had tossed them into the cab when he slammed the door.

As for The Shadow, he was gone, leaving Margo to wonder where---and why!

CHAPTER IV TRAIL OF THE BLUR

The law's arrival at the Century Casino did not do much toward immediately quelling the confusion. The gasping lights were quite as much a headache to Commissioner Weston and Inspector Cardona as they had been to the customers of the gambling establishment.

Both Weston and Cardona were giving orders, and countermanding them, while they stumbled over people

on the floor. It was bad enough, running into bodies, but when some of them were getting up, the situation became worse. Lost in the twilight of the blinking lights, the members of the raiding squad became quite as confused as their leaders.

Detectives were mistaking each other for customers, and one even had the commissioner in his clutch, until he heard Weston bawl out that no persons were to be taken into custody until the lights were fixed. At that very moment, Cardona was shouting orders to hold everyone, and hearing him, Weston broke into an irate outburst.

Weston wanted lights; that part of his theme made sense. Detectives supplied flashlights, but they weren't enough. In the rapid spasms of strong light that came from all about the room, the flashlights were feeble things. They would have done in total darkness, but not amid the razzle-dazzle light that dominated the entire premises.

Nevertheless, the commissioner's howl for lights gave Cardona an excellent idea. Steady light, or no light, anything be better than the blinkers. Since the flickering was going on everywhere, the trouble must be with the main switch, so Joe set out to find it.

He'd reached Tex's office, which he identified by blurred glimpses of the furnishings, and he figured that the room would be the logical place for the main switch.

Feeling along the wall, Cardona ran head first into the edge of a closet door. Ricocheting into the closet, Joe grabbed for the solid wall and found the switch with it. When he pulled the switch, all the lights went out. Joe yelled for a flashlight and a detective arrived with one. It revealed the source of trouble.

Hooked to the main switch was a small metalblock that looked like a toy transformer. It had wires attached to the switch, and when Cardona yanked away the gadget and shoved the switch, the lights came on, but no longer blinked.

Expecting trouble, Cardona dashed out into the main room, but nothing happened.

Commissioner Weston was standing in the center of a room which didn't look at all like a gambling parlor. He was glaring about as though he, too, expected trouble, and was angry because there wasn't any.

Detectives were standing by with guns and flashlights; club attendants were on their feet looking very shaky; while from corners of the room,

patrons in rumpled but fashionable attire were crawling out, as if coming from bomb shelters.

The scene had a comedy aspect, until Cardona spotted Tex's body, with the dead form of the lookout lying beside it. Joe stepped over to look at the victims, and Weston started to follow, only to pause when he noticed a stir at the outer door.

A detective was trying to keep someone out, and when Weston went to investigate the matter, he found that the arrival was his friend Cranston.

"So you got here after all," said Weston testily. "I left word at the club, hoping you'd come along. But it doesn't matter. We were late, too."

They joined Cardona beside the bodies, where the inspector was learning the details of Tex's death. Considering the haze that the blinking lights had produced, Cardona was inclined to class the death as partly accidental.

"Nobody can identify the killer," he said. "They all say his face was just a blur. If they couldn't see this Blur, whoever he was, how could he have picked Tex out?"

Without realizing it, Cardona had given the unknown killer a name that was to stick. As a descriptive title, the "Blur" fitted the murderer. But that point was passed by, for the time.

It was Cranston who suggested why Tex had become a prompt and certain victim. He pointed to the gambler's bloodstained shirt front.

"Notice that sparkle of that diamond," said The Shadow, in a calm tone that went with the personality of Cranston. "It must have been a perfect target, even while the lights were blinking in the fashion that the commissioner just described."

"You've struck it, Cranston!" exclaimed Weston. "A perfect explanation!"

"Yeah?" grunted Cardona. He gestured to the dead lookout. "What about him? He isn't sporting a big diamond."

Cranston turned his head toward the outer door and traced an imaginary line straight to the lookout's body.

"They knew the direction this chap was coming from," he remarked. "They were waiting for him. They didn't have to identify him any further."

"So they wiped out Tex and his lookout," conceded Cardona. Then, bluntly, he queried: "All right--why?"

"It might be"--Cranston's tone

was speculative--"that they were the only two men who could have given us the names of all the customers who were present this evening."

The Shadow had struck the exact reason for the double murder. From that moment on, it was the theme of entire inquiry. Cardona began a quiz of all the patrons, as well as the attendants who worked for Tex.

It became more and more apparent that only two persons could have supplied the needed information. They were the only ones who kept tabs on the customers by name: Tex Winthrop and the trusted lookout, both stone-dead.

In Tex's office, the ransacked desk drawers were further proof that the Blur and his followers had foreseen the need of concealing their identities to cover up the robbery. They'd needed more than blinking lights and a double kill. They had taken along Tex's private list of customers who were in good standing at the Century Casino.

One hour later, Commissioner Weston was still glowering, as he paced back and forth in the fashion of a permanent resident of the Bronx Zoo. But his cage was no longer the fancy gambling parlor of the Century Casino.

The commissioner was back in the grillroom of the Cobalt Club, where only two persons were on hand to witness his unrestrained fumings. Those two were Joe Cardona and Lamont Cranston.

"Those fools that were at Tex's place!" stormed Weston. "Hardly any of them knew one another--and some didn't even seem to know themselves! The Blur, as Cardona calls him, cleared out with more than two hundred thousand dollars and we haven't a single link to his identity!"

"We can't even guess the names of any of the men who helped him, nor what they looked like. There must have been three or four, at least, and just one name--or one face--might lead us to the Blur. But how are we going to get that lead?"

Cardona thrust a sheet of paper toward the pacing commissioner. Angrily, Weston brushed it aside. "Names--names--names!" snorted Weston. "All of the people whom we quizzed at the casino. But what good are they? We know that none of them were involved in the crime. They've told us all they know, nothing!"

Calm in his guise of Cranston, The Shadow was watching Cardona. An idea was coming--one that The Shadow already had in mind, but was sure would strike Cardona, so preferred to let the inspector take credit for it.

"These are part of Tex's list," argued Cardona. "We know the kind of people who went to his place. People who used to spread themselves around Monte Carlo and all the high-class gambling spots when they were abroad. If we started with the list we've got and began to build up from it--"

Weston interrupted by snatching the list from Cardona's hand. Ardently, the commissioner exclaimed:

"You're on the right track, inspector!" With that, Weston swung to The Shadow. "You should be able to help us, Cranston. You've traveled everywhere; you know important people. You can suggest names that should be added to these."

"Hardly, commissioner," came the response. "I never sought glitter in my travels. I preferred the Amazon to the Riviera. You will have to find someone else."

Weston's face went dour. His annoyance was increased by the occasional smash of billiard balls from the adjoining room. Glaring toward the closed door, Weston opined:

"I wish that billiard fiend would quit! Why can't Marvin Kelford find some other way to amuse himself? You'd think he had a permanent lease on the billiard table. I wonder if he sleeps on it. He's been at billiards, day in, day out, ever since he--"

The commissioner interrupted himself. His own words gave him an idea.

"Ever since he came back from Europe," spoke Weston. "Why, he used to spend all his time there. In southern France, too, the Mecca of the money-spenders. Kelford is the very man who can help us with our problem!"

Striding across the room, Weston yanked open the door and shouted for Kelford. The man appeared, stared quizzically into the grillroom.

Marvin Kelford looked dignified, despite the fact that he was in shirt sleeves and carrying a billiard cue. He was middle-aged, with slightly grayish hair, but he had the erect build of an athlete, and his face, strong of mold, gave him the appearance of an aristocrat.

In fact, Kelford would have shown indignation at the brusque summons which Weston gave him, if it hadn't been for an affable greeting that came from Cranston. Men of Kelford's ilk, long established as members of the exclusive Cobalt Club, regarded Weston as something of an upstart, but they esteemed Cranston.

When Weston handed Kelford the list and explained that it contained names of persons taken in a raid at the Century Casino, Kelford gave the commissioner a contemptuous stare and turned back toward the billiard room. It was The Shadow who stopped him, furnishing the details of Tex's murder in the quiet tone of Cranston. Learning what Weston was really after, Kelford became mollified.

"Very well, commissioner," he said haughtily. "I shall help trace other persons who might have been at the Century Casino, provided that I have your assurance--with Cranston as a witness--that none of the people I name will be subjected to any indignity unless you first prove facts against them. Facts that are satisfactory to me or to our mutual friend Cranston."

Weston gave the required assurance. Kelford parked his billiard cue in the corner and sat down to study the list. He called off the names in alphabetical fashion, and Cardona copied them. For every name on the list, Kelford added at least two more as they occurred to him. By the time he had finished, the list spread over several sheets.

"Not all acquaintances of mine," expressed Kelford. "Some are just persons whose names I have heard mentioned around Monte Carlo. How many of them are in New York, at present, you'll have to learn for yourself, commissioner. I suppose that when you do find them, you'll have to check their alibis."

"We'll attend to that," assured Weston briskly. "To your satisfaction, Kelford. Many thanks for the assistance you have given us."

Kelford had other assistance to offer. Seeing that Weston was about to leave, Kelford, in the manner of the true aristocrat, reached for the commissioner's alpaca overcoat and held it for him. By that time, Weston was striding from the grillroom, chatting with Cranston as he went. Kelford, still holding the overcoat, was staring in blank surprise, when Cardona happened to notice him.

"The commish is always forgetting his new benny," confided Cardona, reaching for the overcoat. "Let me take it, Mr. Kelford. I'll catch up with him and give it to him before he starts off in his car."

Cranston was gone by the time Cardona overtook Weston. Neither the inspector nor the commissioner considered him a further factor in the coming investigation. They were interested only in the names that Marvin Kelford had so obligingly

So, for that matter, was The Shadow, until, as Lamont Cranston, he met Margo Lane a short while later.

Though she was quite sure that Cranston and The Shadow were one, Margo methodically recounted all that had happened at the Century Casino. The cab into which The Shadow had put her happened to be his own, piloted by Moe Shrevnitz, one of The Shadow's agents.

"I left the hat and cloak with Shrevvvy," explained Margo. "Since then I've been looking for you, Lamont, to show you something that will interest you."

From her handbag, Margo brought a folded sheet of paper and opened it, to display a sketch that she had penciled. It showed a youngish man, with square jaw and steady eye, whose face, none the less, carried an expression of doubt. Though sketched from memory, Margo's graphic effort was an excellent likeness of Terry Radnor.

"I don't know who he is," declared Margo, "but he's the chap who went into Tex's office just before the trouble began. He may be able to tell you a great deal, Lamont, if you can ever find him."

Later, riding alone in his limousine, Lamont Cranston studied the picture that Margo Lane had given him. One thing was certain, even from the sketch, this man wasn't the type who would have wasted years, along with cash, in the gay setting of Monte Carlo and the resorts of the French Riviera.

Terry's name, whatever it was, wouldn't be found on the copious list the Marvin Kelford had supplied to Commissioner Weston. Yet it might be that this young man could supply a direct lead to a master criminal, at present known only as the Blur.

A whispered laugh came from Cranston's fixed lips. The mirth was the tone of The Shadow. It told that crime's arch-foe preferred his one lone trail to any of the many that the law had gained!

CHAPTER V ONE FROM THREE

The Blur was the talk of the town.

For three days, the newspapers had been steaming over the details of crime at the Century Casino, upbraiding the police for letting criminals get away with robbery and murder on so extravagant a scale.

So far, the law hadn't done a thing about the case, except to provide the newspaper reporters with plenty of good copy, that came walloping back like boomerang.

The Blur!

It was a name that told a story. Unwisely mentioning it in the presence of reporters, Joe Cardona had given them a lot of ideas. The newspaper writers were pointing out that the Blur and his followers had accomplished the equivalent of masked crime, but in streamlined style. Masks hadn't been needed when they used the blinker gadget that made the lights flicker.

The question was: would the Blur and his band of unrecognizable crime-makers proceed with new measures of robbery and death? Would they be satisfied with the "take" from Tex's gambling place, or would they embark upon further schemes of accumulating wealth, through the secret weapon that they had introduced to disguise themselves and confuse the opposition!

Reading such speculations in the newspaper, Terry Radnor was badly bothered. For three days, Terry hadn't left the house where he roomed, except to go out and buy newspaper or lunch. The guilt that every one was pinning on an unknown killer known as the Blur seemed to Terry to be something in which he shared an unwilling part.

Terry knew the inside story.

It began with the note that he had delivered to Tex Winthrop at the suggestion of a "voice", who could only have been the Blur. That tip-off to Tex was the factor that caused the gambling king to call in all the cash and put it in one bag. The result was that very setup that the Blur wanted. Of course, Terry hadn't known what was coming--but who would believe that story?

Terry doubted that the police would. Nevertheless, he was the sort who would have taken his tale to the law, except for one thing. On his brief excursions from the rooming house, Terry had felt a sickening sensation that he was being watched.

It was logical enough. He had mentioned his name in Dunvin's hearing, and Terry was quite positive that the stoop-shouldered electrician was the man who had applied the blinking gadget to the main switch in Tex's office.

As for locating Terry afterward, crooks could have done that quite easily. Terry's address was on Tex's stolen list; otherwise, he wouldn't have been admitted as a patron to the Century Casino.

This third evening had brought Terry's nerves to the breaking point. If something didn't strike to relieve the strain, he'd head for the nearest police station and be done with it. He looked at the ash trays that he had overloaded with cigarette stumps. Pulling a pack from his pocket, he found that he had only two smokes left.

Terry lighted one of the remaining cigarettes. When he had finished these two, he would go out

and get some more. But he wouldn't come back to the misery of this room. He'd risk a trip to police headquarters, even if it brought an encounter with the Blur's men on the way.

The thing that ended Terry's decision was the cautious rap that came at the door. The tap was almost plaintive; not the sort that would indicate a threat. Boldly, Terry stepped to the door and unlocked it. A stoop-shouldered man pushed through, darted to a corner, and turned to confront Terry with a gun.

Terry's unwanted visitor was Hector Dunvin.

Somehow, the threat of the gun muzzle calmed Terry instead of alarming him. Three days of inaction had prepared him for almost anything. Not only did he face the gun coolly, he elbowed the door shut. He saw a grin lick across Dunvin's rather pasty lips.

"Nervy, aren't you?" queried Dunvin, in that wheeze of his. "Well, the chief likes guys that show nerve."

The "chief" must be the Blur, of course. But Terry was wondering if bluff lay in back of Dunvin's statement. It might be that Dunvin had not only placed the blinking gadget, but had taken charge of crime itself. If he happened to be the Blur, Dunvin would naturally try to cover it.

But why wasn't he doing it with bullets, as someone had attempted at the Century Casino?

In some way, Terry's status had changed. Men who had done murder at the casino no longer wanted his life, at least, so it seemed. Then, just as Terry was congratulating himself that he was out of serious danger, he heard Dunvin croak:

"There's a guy waiting for you in a cab out front. Go out and join him. Don't try any nonsense!"

To Terry, the trip down the front stairs and out to the cab was like a death march. He could hear Dunvin creeping down the steps in back of him; he knew when the stoop-shouldered fellow began a sneak through the rear hall. But that part didn't start until Terry was actually through the front door and, therefore, covered by someone waiting in the cab.

Lighting his last cigarette, Terry stepped into the cab, wondering how he could best offset the climax of a oneway ride.

The man in the cab had a gun, as Terry expected, but he was handling it idly. He leaned forward and told the cabby to start. Terry

caught a good view of his fellow-passenger's face. He was the youngish man who had preferred the faro table at Tex's; the chap who sported a long cigarette holder and wavy hair.

Pocketing his gun, the debonair man extended his hand and introduced himself.

"I'm Roy Marne," he said. "I'm telling you my name just so you can forget it, if you ever have to."

Had Marne still been pointing his gun, Terry would have expected it to deliver the element of forgetfulness. But it seemed that Marne didn't have murder on his mind at all. From a menace, this trip was developing into something of an adventure, particularly when Terry noted that the cab was zigzagging into a darkened East Side neighborhood, which was strange to him.

At length, the cab stopped in front of an old office building, a fire trap too ancient even to have an elevator. Terry observed that a light was trickling from a shaded window on the second floor. Marne pointed.

"Go up there," he ordered. "You'll know the office by the light from the transom. The Blur wants to talk to you."

Terry ascended the stairs, found the door and knocked. A voice told him to enter. He stepped in, to find a small outer office, with a man seated at a desk. The man was the darkish gambler with the mustache, the one who had been dealing *ecarte* when Terry noticed him at Tex's.

"I'm another of Tex's customers," said the gambler blandly. "I used to play the boats a lot, and got to know important people. Marty Callew is my name. Maybe you've heard of me."

Terry hadn't, and said so. Marty didn't seem to mind. He rose from his desk, nudged at a door marked "private."

"The boss is inside," said Marty. "I'll tap to tell him you're here. Wait, until he opens the door for you."

Marty tapped, then left, while Terry began to perform some mental calculations. These three--Dunvin, Marne and Callew--were evidently giving him the run-around. For some reason, they were friendly, but they wanted to keep him guessing. It was something like the three-card game, but with men involved instead of playing cards.

One of the three must be the Blur; that, to Terry, was the plausible answer. By keeping Terry waiting in this outer office, any one of the trio could easily find

time to get into the other room and be there to admit the visitor. Then it would be Terry's job to guess which was the Blur. The three figured he wouldn't guess right, but Terry was determined that he would.

Footsteps sounded beyond the closed door. The doorknob turned. Terry came to his feet, watching the door sharply, confident that he could burrow through any disguise the Blur might happen to wear. But from the moment that the door began to swing, Terry's chance was gone.

The opening of the door produced a blinking of the lights, the sort that Terry had viewed at the Century Casino. The flash-flash was occurring both in the outer office and in the inner one, where the Blur stood. Ghostlike in the mechanical afterglow, the man's features, like his figure, were deceptive.

His shoulders were stooped, like Dunvin's. His hair seemed vaguely wavy, as was Marne's. The rapid changes of the lights made his complexion appear darkish, which fitted him with Callow. But there wasn't enough of each man in his make-up to establish him definitely as any one of the three.

A single point assured Terry that this man was the Blur. It was his voice, the same purred tone that had persuaded Terry to take the message to Tex Winthrop. It was something that couldn't be mistaken. Even though disguised, the voice had its own characteristics, which would render it almost impossible for anyone to imitate.

"We owe you an apology," spoke the voice, from amid the flickering light. "One of our number was too ardent, the other night. He nearly did away with you, in the belief that you had learned too much about us. Of course"--the tone itself seemed to brush the matter lightly aside--"the action was excusable. It happened BEFORE you had proven your worth."

Terry was thinking rapidly, despite the troublesome dazzle of the preternatural light. Not long ago, his life had been at stake. It still would be, if the Blur suspected that he did not agree with men of crime. Fortunately, Terry's face was also rendered expressionless by the blinking glow.

"Why shouldn't I prove my worth?" Terry queried boldly. "You helped me get my cash back. Tex didn't matter to me one way or the other. I didn't see any reason to go blabbing to the police. So I kept mum."

"I refer to an earlier incident,"

declared the Blur. "You gave us more than passive aid when you stopped The Shadow."

Instantly, Terry realized that the Blur referred to the fighter cloaked in black, who had actually saved Terry's life. Terry's own recollections of that fray were very hazy; he hadn't realized that he had grappled someone apart from the Blur's outfit until long after he had fled from the Century Casino.

Later, reading the newspapers and realizing that he hadn't trapped a crook, after all, Terry had regarded the matter as another black mark against his already doubtful record. Now, he recognized that his tussle with The Shadow had been a lifesaver.

That struggle was the reason why the Blur had let Terry live! Murderers had watched the rooming house just to assure themselves that he was what they thought him to be--a crook. Three days had been enough; convinced that he was of their own ilk, they were ready to sign him up as a new member of their band.

Promptly, Terry took the cue. "The Shadow!" his tone was scoffing, as though a meeting with the cloaked avenger could be welcomed any time. "Why shouldn't I have stopped him? He didn't have the dough. You did. I'm for the guy who has the money, no matter how he gets it. The Shadow wouldn't have cut me in on anything, but you might."

The Blur purred a laugh.

"I not only might," he assured. "I shall. Take this money"--he was thrusting a wad of bills in Terry's hand--"and move to the Hotel Metrolite. It's a better address than your present one. Be ready, because we may need you very soon, particularly because of The Shadow. He has a way of appearing where he is not wanted."

Leaving the realm of the blinking lights, Terry reached the street. No one was in sight. The game of "guess who" was still a three-man proposition: Dunvin, Marne and Callow.

But Terry wasn't thinking of that game. He was fingering the bills that the Blur had given him, counting them by the glow of the street lamps that he passed. They amounted to five thousand dollars.

Blood money, stained with the gore of a murdered man, Tex Winthrop. Terry still had funds enough of his own to follow the Blur's instructions without spending any of this tainted cash. He intended to follow those instructions as his one hope of escaping from this muddle.

Three names, now, instead of

only one. Terry had added those of Roy Marne and Marty Callew to that of Hector Dunvin. They were self-admitted criminals, so far as Terry was concerned, but he had nothing to back his accusations, if he carried those names to the police. Nothing, except his own admission that he had played a part in crime at the Century Casino; something which the others would deny if the police questioned them.

What Terry needed was bigger, better proof against these men of crime. Proof that would concern one in particular, the master criminal who called himself the Blur. By working with them, Terry could redeem himself by actually trying to stave off crime, instead of helping it. More than that, he could gain complete vindication, by learning the true identity of the Blur.

A hard task, and a dangerous one, but luck had served Terry that night at the Century Casino, and could therefore swing his way again.

Luck--and The Shadow!

In congratulating himself on the matter of luck, Terry, even yet, did not appreciate how little that element had really counted, compared to the timely aid that The Shadow has inserted.

Terry Radnor was to learn, in the near future, that when luck and The Shadow came in combination, it was always the cloaked fighter who furnished the breaks that made luck good, instead of ill!

CHAPTER VI CRIME TO COME

Another day had passed and the police were still befuddled. Cardona's bright suggestion, to hunt down a murderer by the process of trial and error, wasn't panning out at all.

For four days, the newspaper had criticism that Commissioner Weston could not answer. The simple reason was that unless the police appeared idle, their present process wouldn't work.

To avoid interviews, Weston was practically living at the Cobalt Club, where he kept checking on the reports that Cardona brought him. All those reports concerned prosperous persons who had lived abroad, the sort who might be on Tex's stolen sucker list. They were the names provided by Marvin Kelford, and tracking down their owners was no small task.

Some were in Florida, others in California. Many, of course, were still in New York, but tracing their whereabouts on the night of Tex's murder, without rousing their suspicion, took time and ingenuity. It

was Cardona's job to find out if these people had alibis, without asking them, personally, and Joe was doing it, but not fast enough to satisfy Weston.

All the while that Weston brooded in the grillroom, he could hear the annoying clatter of the billiard balls from the next room. The sound was driving him crazy, but Weston could not raise objection because he wanted Kelford around.

Every time Cardona showed up with a new report, the commissioner shouted for Kelford, and thereby gained a respite from the clicking of the billard balls. But each of those conferences merely resulted in another name being crossed from the three-page list. Kelford always went back to the billiard table, while Weston settled down to another nerve-gritting wait.

If Cranston had dropped in more often, Weston could have asked him to discourage Kelford from the incessant practice on the billiard table, but Cranston had apparently lost all interest in the hunt for an unknown murderer called the Blur.

It didn't occur to Weston that his friend might be seeking a trail of his own--to a young man whose description was rather accurately known. That was because the commissioner did not connect Cranston with The Shadow.

So, finally, Weston decided to stop the ceaseless hammering of the billiard room and found Kelford just finishing a game with another player.

Taking advantage of the break, Weston suggested that Kelford forego further practice for a while, and do him a favor by flagging persons who came into the grillroom to interrupt the commissioner's study of Cardona's reports.

Kelford obligingly agreed. Hence Cardona, arriving with a new report, was treated to the unusual sight of Kelford wearing coat and vest, without the green eye shade that was generally part of his attire.

Solemnly, Kelford asked Cardona to wait, while he announced the inspector's arrival to Commissioner Weston. The formality gave Joe a laugh, as did the fact that Weston had at last managed to tear Kelford away from the billiard table.

Cardona didn't remain long. His latest reports proved duds, like those that had gone before. He left for a trip to Westchester County, where he intended to look into the affairs of a very reputable millionaire who had just come back from a week's trip in Canada.

Cardona wanted to find out if the trip had been a genuine one.

If not, the millionaire, despite his repute, might be the man who had maneuvered crime at the Century Casino, for his name was one of those on Kelford's list.

Kelford was back at billiards when Cardona left, but a note delivered by a club attendant gave Weston an excuse to call for him. The note promised much.

It was from a jeweler named Dawson, who enclosed a crudely typewritten message, signed with a smudge of ink that might well represent the Blur. The note stated that Dawson would hear from the signer at nine o'clock that evening--and Dawson was naturally worried.

In his own note, he explained that he had many valuable gems in his stock, but had taken pains to protect them. However, he would be greatly obliged if Commissioner Weston could be on hand, in person, at the hour when the Blur promised to contact him.

"What to do you make of it, Kelford?" demanded Weston. "Do you think it is just a hoax?" Kelford studied the note. His aristocratic features displayed disdain.

"Nothing else," he decided. "First, the Blur did not announce himself when he made that attack at the Century Casino. Again he is certainly a man of higher caliber than this crude note would indicate."

Cranston entered while Kelford was speaking. Weston handed him the note, and was pleased when his friend's opinion coincided with that of Kelford. Weston had it in mind to deliver an object lesson to these amateur sleuths.

"The Blur DID announce himself at Tex's," corrected the commissioner, testily. "He did so indirectly, by somehow inducing Tex to call me in regard to the raid I planned. As for the crudity of the note, it is a common practice for intelligent criminals to disguise their caliber by means of disguised correspondence."

"It is only seven, gentlemen, but I am going over to Dawson's at once. I shall take two detectives with me, and either--or--both--of you are welcome to come along. If you don't care to accompany me, I shall depend upon you to keep this matter confidential."

Both Kelford and Cranston declined the invitation. Kelford made a belated reach for the alpaca over coat when Weston stalked out without it, but this time, Cardona wasn't on hand to chase after Weston with it. With a shrug, Kelford replaced the over coat on

its hook and reached for his billiard cue.

"How about some billiards, Cranston?" he queried. "Or do I go back into my practice session?"

"Sorry," replied Cranston. "Some other time, Kelford. I have another appointment."

The Shadow did have another appointment, one that seemed important at the moment. He had just heard from Harry Vincent, an agent who lived at the Metrolite Hotel.

Harry had seen a young man leaving the lobby who looked very much like the subject of Margo's sketch, of which all The Shadow's agents had photostatic copies. Harry had heard the suspect tell the clerk that he would be back shortly; hence, The Shadow had to hurry to reach the Metrolite before the man returned.

But something happened in the foyer of the Cobalt Club that permanently postponed The Shadow's trip to the hotel.

Strolling out as Cranston, The Shadow was accosted by a worried-faced man named Thomas Wellwood. Drawing him aside, Wellwood queried nervously:

"Have you seen Roger Doone? You know him, of course, Cranston. Doone, the financier--"

Noting Cranston's headshake, Wellwood changed his tune.

"Tell me, then," he asked.

"Did Doone talk to Commissioner Weston? You and the commissioner are such friends, I thought you might know."

"Weston didn't mention Doone."

"Then Doone must have gone out to Carstair's," decided Wellwood, still quite worried. "Maybe I ought to speak to the commissioner myself. You can advise me, Cranston."

"The commissioner has left."

"Do you know where to reach him?"

"Yes." The Shadow's eyes had steadied on Wellwood. "But suppose you tell me the situation. You said something about asking my advice?"

Wellwood nodded.

"It's this," he stated. "The three of us--Doone, Carstair and myself--have arranged a large transaction that requires cash and negotiable securities. Ordinarily, we would handle it in Doone's office, but recent crime has worried us. So Doone and I are going out to Carstair's, instead."

"And the cash is out there?"

"Yes. James Carstair has it in his safe. His home is on Long Island, you know. Now, suppose that the news of this has leaked to the Blur. Well we'd need police

protection, wouldn't we?"

"Have you told anyone else?"

"Not a soul," assured Wellwood.

"But Carstair is very wealthy. Someone might be watching him. Only one thing bothers me, about speaking to the commissioner. We've kept this matter very secret. If police showed up at Carstair's, it would be a give-away. I wonder--"

The Shadow was wondering something, too. Wondering how Weston would take this news if notified. Thoroughly satisfied that something was due at Dawson's, the commissioner certainly wouldn't leave the jeweler's. As for him sending Joe Cardona to Carstair's, that was out of the question, since Joe, at present, couldn't be reached.

Under such circumstances, Weston would probably do exactly what Wellwood feared and more. He'd give away coming events at Carstair's by sending a few detectives there, and the one he chose for the job would probably be inadequate. If Wellwood and his friends wanted protection, a secret type would be best. The Shadow could provide it.

"Start out to Carstair's," suggested The Shadow in Cranston's quiet style. "Finish your business, and tell the commissioner about it afterward. That's my advice, Wellwood, considering that Weston isn't here to discuss the matter personally."

With the aid of a man whose shoulders had dropped a heavy weight, Wellwood ambled from the club. The Shadow stepped to a phone booth and put in a call to Burbank, his contact agent.

In whispered tone, he ordered Burbank to relay instructions to Harry Vincent, to the effect that Harry was to find out all he could about the young man at the Metrolite Hotel.

Then, making another call, The Shadow used the tone of Cranston. He spoke to Margo Lane, asking her to get her coupe from its garage, adding that he'd ride over there in his limousine and meet her when she was pulling out. Margo said to make it in ten minutes; that she'd have the coupe by that time.

Entering his limousine, the leisurely Mr. Cranston delivered a whispered laugh. Though he was drawing his hat and cloak from a secret drawer beneath the rear seat, The Shadow felt that this was one case that he might easily handle without recourse to his garb of black.

Certainly, Carstair and Doone would not be alarmed if another wealthy gentleman like Cranston dropped in to see them; particularly

when Wellwood would explain that he had invited the visitor. With so attractive a companion as Margo Lane, Lamont Cranston would be more than welcome at the Long Island residence.

Commissioner Weston had gone on what seemed a hoax. The Shadow was simply playing a long shot. As matters stood, it was doubtful that either would hear from the Blur tonight. Still, The Shadow was preparing for eventualities.

It was well that he was. Crime was to come tonight; crime served up double, with a multitude of consequences!

* * CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE * *

Monday, July 20, 1981

Gene Autry, 74, Hitched To Bank Executive, 39

BURBANK, Calif. (UPI) — Gene Autry, a 74-year-old former Western movie idol who went on to build a financial empire, married Jacqueline Ellam, 39, a former bank vice president, Sunday in the First United Methodist Church here.

It was the second marriage for Mr. Autry, who was married for 48 years to the former Ina Mae Spivey. She died in May 1980. Pat Buttram, Mr. Autry's screen sidekick, and television personality Johnny Grant served as co-best men during the ceremony.

The new Mrs. Autry was vice president of Security Pacific National Bank in Cathedral City, Mr. Grant said.

Mr. Autry holds majority interest in Golden West Broadcasting Co., with radio and television outlets in five cities. He also holds a majority interest in the California Angels baseball club.

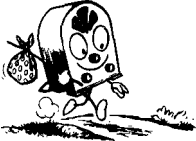


HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A FIELD REPORTER

You can! Just write an article on a place, event, show, etc., dealing with old time radio that you think others would like to read. The article must be typewritten. Include a black and white photograph (no color, please).

Any magazine or newspaper articles or cartoons of interest, or a L.O.C. would also be welcome.

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

It has been a long time since I have seen any articles on trading, so I thought I might share some of my random thoughts on this subject.

First of all is the question of why trade at all? The answer to me is to obtain shows that I enjoy listening to. Yet, that doesn't always hold true since my collection contains literally hundreds of shows that I hate. I really should have thrown them out, but I keep them because someone else might want that one from my collection. There are at least two people who I trade with, that seem to just do it for the volume of material that they can assemble. They both freely admit that they have never listened to most of the stuff in their catalog, and are constantly talking about big 20 to 50 tape trades, which they also will never listen to. I guess we all have different reasons for trading, and that fact colors our thinking as to what we look for, and what irritates or pleases us.

A factor that I get as much pleasure from, as I do from the tapes themselves, is the correspondence that I have with those I trade with. These people are very interesting, and their letters are frequently of far more interest than the shows they send. I guess, if it weren't for the correspondence I would probably be a luke warm trader at best.

My trading operation is a custom taping one. I don't even list reels in my catalog. All entries are individual shows, and those who trade with me pick and choose whatever they want. My collection is large, and it is rare that I can find a complete reel, in another collection, where everything will be new. So, with experienced traders I now simply refuse their requests for trades unless they will also make up custom reels. This was not always true. When I started trading several would only trade complete reels, no customizing. I haven't changed the game rules on them, but simply won't get into another similar operation with established collectors. My exception to this rule is the

beginning collector, who doesn't yet have equipment for making up quarter track tapes on an individual show by show basis. I will take those people on for a limited period of time, in order to get them under way, although since the editor has stopped listing my address, requests for this sort of thing have dropped to nearly zero. ((This was done in the vain hope of receiving more mail to the I.P.—Ed.))

Although I am willing, and anxious, to make custom reels, some do irritate me with their demands. There was one trader who insisted on exactly 5 seconds between shows on a tape, not 4, not 6, but 5 only. In another area, I could care less if a series, on the tape, is in correct order, unless one show depends on the previous one. I know that there are many, however, who like their shows in chronological order. This is fine with me, if they want to go to the trouble of making them up themselves, but I resent greatly their asking me to do it for them when we trade. I have had three traders recently ask for this service. One, who only trades complete reels to me, with no customizing ever permitted, told me that he would "be willing to accept" one entire series from me (260 shows) if I would put them in order for him (he was "too busy to be able to do so"). Now why would I care if he would "be willing to accept" them or not, and frankly the demand really bugged me, especially when I get nothing in return but pre-set reels. Instead of each of us trying to get all we can for nothing, we should try to be cooperative and to give a little.

There are two people who I trade with where no formal trades are handled at all. When they have something they think I might like they send it to me. I do the same. No one is keeping track, and no one knows who is ahead on the trades. Two others that I trade with send frequent "extras" simply because they think it is something I might like. They ask for nothing in return.

When I see a request for a particular show, in one of the OTR pubs, I check to see if I have it. If I do, I send it off with a note that I want nothing in return. Bob Davis has done exactly the same thing for me. I think that this proves to be satisfying to both of us, especially the letters we get back.

I believe strongly in putting sound ratings in catalogs. Nearly everyone that I trade with does, although the rating accuracy will vary widely. There is one person I trade with who rates everything

"good" no matter what it is. There is no other rating in his catalog. A full half of the stuff that he sends me I have to throw out since it is of such poor quality, but that is part of the game. The interesting thing is that he is the most demanding person I trade with. If there is the least flaw in any show I send him, I hear about it with the question implied of whether or not I will replace the show, or tape. I have a strong hunch that part of the problem with his stuff might be poor quality tape that he sends out.

With tape prices going up so much recently, many have gone to really poor quality tape. While most OTR shows are not of sufficient sound fidelity to require a very good quality tape, some brands are clearly unacceptable. Absolutely the worst tape I have ever come across is Saxitone. Many got sucked into using this brand since two other OTR publications gave what amounted to an endorsement of this tape, while both at the same time admitted they had never tried it. That was irresponsible reporting. I find Shamrock (in all grades) to be acceptable, but Concert is not. I don't want to get into the argument of whether Concert is merely Shamrock in another box or not. Concert is clearly not of the same quality as Shamrock. If it is Shamrock, then it is certainly a discard (and that is going some since much Shamrock is not really too good). The Concert always gives me a given problem with my recorders, a problem that has never occurred with Shamrock.

It is unfortunate that so many are going to the really poor brands, since there are so many bargains to be had on really good tape at prices far lower than the cheap brands were just a few years ago. In the last year I have purchased close to 900 reels of top quality tape, all at under \$1.00 a reel. That is less than buying Shamrock in the good old days of low prices. I have found these tapes from four different sources, and could have bought thousands more, if I had needed it. There is currently no need to buy cheap brand tape, since good quality tape can be obtained cheaper.

I resent people who try to fool me on tape brands, in trades. Several years ago I received a defective tape in a trade. It was in a DAK box, and since I was using DAK at that time, I simply sent it back to the company, instead of returning it to my trader for replacement. I received it back from DAK with a really nasty note about my trying

to cheat them, and my lack of honesty. A very quick look showed that they were right, it wasn't DAK. The guy I traded with put a Concert reel in my DAK box and returned it to me. Since I was now watching, I discovered that he did that as a regular thing, without ever having told me.

We all do things that irritate those we trade with. I am suggesting that we use a little more integrity and honesty in our dealings. Even with that, problems that cause someone offense will continue to happen. We have a fine hobby here, but some of us seem to go out of our way to be a little too greedy.

ADDRESS

517 North Hamilton Street
Saginaw, Michigan 48602

FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY

JIM JOHNSON, MARGAN JOHNSON

"Fibber McGee and Molly" came into being in 1935 for Johnson. Was originally on "The Johnson Was Program with Fibber McGee and Molly." These were among the first shows to integrate the commercial right into the script by having the announcer play one of the characters in the show. Marlow Wilson was the announcer who Fibber many times called "Woody".

While there was no story each episode had a common situation and then the usual cast of characters would come through during the show. Fibber was on the air until 1952 and usually at about 9:30 on Tuesdays which was billed as "comedy night on NBC."

Somewhere in every show, Fibber's hall closet door was opened and absolutely everything in the closet fell out always ending with a tiny ringing bell.

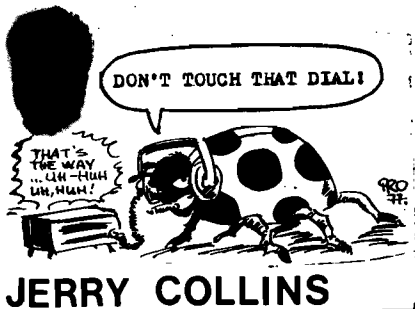


NBC PRESENTS: SHORT STORY

Opening in February of 1951 and running until March 1952 this program presented an anthology of modern stories that had been written by contemporary masters like Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Sinclair Lewis and King Learner.

TQM MIX





Once again it is time to delve into the days of radio past.

One of the most successful comedy shows on the radio was The Great Gildersleeve. The part of Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve was played by two very excellent radio actors, Hal Peary and Willard Waterman. As the original Gildersleeve, Hal Peary played the part on both Fibber McGee and Molly and the Great Gildersleeve. When he left the Gildersleeve show, Peary played Harold on the Honest Harold show. In addition to these parts, Peary was also Herb Woodley on the Blondie Show; Sheriff Mike Shaw on Tom Mix and Major Fellows and Tony on Flying Time. Possessing an excellent singing voice, Hal also played the part of the Spanish Srenador.

Willard Waterman also played the part of Sheriff Mike Shaw. A frequent performer on soap operas, Waterman could be heard on Girls Alone, The Guiding Light, Lonely Women, The Road of Life and Step-mother. He also played George Webster on Those Websters and Mr. Merriweather on the Halls of Ivy.

On the air from 1939-1951 Mr. District Attorney was one of the most popular of all radio police stories. Vicki Vola went all the way as Miss Miller. She also played the part of Jay Jostyn's assistant on Foreign Assignment. Miss Vola also played Stacy McGill, a newspaperman's assistant on the Adventures of Christopher Wells. She was also a regular on such soap operas as Backstage Wife, The Man I Married and Our Gal Sunday.

Raymond Edward Johnson's most famous role on the radio was that of Raymond, the Host on Inner Sanctum. Possessing one of the finest voices in radio, Johnson could be heard as Don Winslow of the Navy, Mandrake the Magician and Roger Kilgore. He was also a leading actor on such soap operas

The Guiding Light, Joyce Jordan Girl, Interne, Myrt and Marge, The Story of Mary Marlin and Bachelor's Children. He also played leading roles in Tennessee Jed, Mr. District Attorney, Treasury Agent and Young Hickory.

One of the top radio actors to make the transition from radio to television was Karl Swenson. His most famous roles on the radio would be that of Joe Palooka, Lorenzo Jones, Mr. Chamellion and Lord Henry Brintthrope on Our Gal Sunday.

Another popular character actress was Bea Benaderet. On the Ozzie and Harriet Show she played Gloria the Maid and Mrs. Waddington. She was also Mrs. Anderson on A Day in the Life of Dennis Day and Wanda Werewolf on Glamour Manor. Her two most famous roles were Eve Goodwin on The Great Gildersleeve and Gert-rude Gearshift on the Jack Benny Show.

Hans Conreid had one of the most recognizable voices on radio. He played the role of Schultz on Life With Luigi as well as Professor Kropotkin on My Friend Irma. In addition to playing the part of Mr. Cushing on the Mel Blanc Show he also played bit parts on The Great Gildersleeve and the Life of Riley.

For all of us Johnny Dollar fans, Mandel Kramer will always be remembered as the final actor to play the role of Johnny Dollar. In addition to this, he also played the roles of Agent Peters on David Harding Counterspy, Lt. Tragg on Perry Mason, Shrevie on the Shadow, Mahatma McGloin on Mr. and Mrs. North and Sam Ellis on Stella Dallas.

ANNUAL OTRC PICNIC

Neither rain, nor cloudy skies not even the Canadian postal strike could prevent the diehard members of the Old Time Radio Club from holding their annual picnic.

One again the Simpson's arranged the picnic for us at the Balls Falls Conservation Area. The picnic was held Sunday afternoon July 26. A large shade tree proved to be invaluable to us as we enjoyed a delicious picnic meal while watching the rain fall steadily all around us.

The threatening weather prevented and further outdoor activity. We thus traveled to the Simpson's home for desert. Ann Marie and Mary Ellen Collins as well as Dave Olday spent most of their time visiting the chickens, rabbits, dogs and recuperating squirrel. Eighteen people from the Wanat, Simpson, Olday and Collins families attended the picnic and all had a good time. Until next month "Goodnight all."



6/22/81---"The Legend of Alexander,
Part I: Courage"

Young Alexander begins his apprenticeship to become King, while his parents battle over his future.
CAST: Russell Horton, Court Benson, Evie Juster, Robert Dryden
WRITER: Gerald Kean

6/23/81---"The Legend of Alexander,
Part II: Assassination"

The murder of King Phillip puts a 20-year-old Alexander in command of an embattled kingdom.
CAST: Russell Horton, Court Benson, Ian Martin, Evie Juster
WRITER: Gerald Kean

6/24/81---"The Legend of Alexander,
Part III: Divide and Conquer"

Alexander, now a King, begins his war to bring Greek influence to all corners of the world.
CAST: Russell Horton, Evie Juster, Earl Hammond, Ian Martin
WRITER: Gerald Kean

6/25/81---"The Legend of Alexander,
Part IV: The Oracle"

Athens falls to Macedonia rule, and Alexander weighs his next step-- Persia.
CAST: Russell Horton, Earl Hammond, Lloyd Battista, Marian Seldes
WRITER: Gerald Kean

6/26/81---"The Legend of Alexander,
Part V: The Legend Begins"

Alexander faces every campaigner's dilemma: After the victory, what next?
CAST: Russell Horton, Mandel Kramer, Ray Owens, Lloyd Battista
WRITER: Gerald Kean

6/29/81---"Waking and Sleeping"

A man's decision to drop out from society may be a fatal mistake.
CAST: Michael Tolan, Robert Dryden, Teri Keane, Amanda Plummer
WRITER: Elspeth Eric

6/30/81---"The Doll"

Twins experience their first separation in 20 years.
CAST: Kristoffer Tabori, Teri Keane, Russell Horton, John Beale
WRITER: Elspeth Eric

7/1/81---"The Fourth Bullet"

The brilliant composer Berlioz vows revenge on the woman who spurned him.
CAST: Bernie Grant, Evie Juster, Ian Martin, Russell Horton
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/2/81---"The Empty Coffin"

An English orphan adopted by Americans is summoned to claim her inheritance.
CAST: Tony Roberts, Carole Teitel, Court Benson, Gordon Gould
WRITER: Roy Winsor

7/3/81---"A Second Chance"

A drastically new personality inhabits the revived body of a heart attack victim.
CAST: Paul Hecht, Marian Seldes, Bob Kaliban, Joan Shea
WRITER: Bob Juhren

7/6/81---"My Good Name"

There may be more to the murder of a famous designer than it appears.
CAST: Tammy Grimmes, Russell Horton, Earl Hammond
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/7/81---"Stampede"

An ambitious rancher in post-Civil War Texas plans the first cattle drive north.
CAST: Jennifer Harmon, Ian Martin, Court Benson, Lloyd Battista
WRITER: Ian Martin

7/8/81---"Death and the Dreamer"

General Giuseppe Garibaldi languishes in New York thinking he no longer can free Italy.
CAST: Mandel Kramer, Ian Martin, Evie Juster
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/9/81---"The Fatal \$50,000"

A hard-driving businessman is haunted by the death of a man he fired.
CAST: Mandel Kramer, Marian Seldes, Earl Hammond
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/10/81---"A Man of Honor"

An author suffers an incapacitating breakdown at the peak of his career.
CAST: John Beal, Teri Keane, Patricia Elliott, Bernie Grant
WRITER: Elspeth Eric

7/13/81---"The Good Shepherds"

Clergymen risk horrible death at the hands of the Nazis, in this dramatization of a real-life effort to save the children of France during World War II.
CAST: Robert Dryden, Russell Horton, Ray Owens, Evie Juster
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

7/14/81---"But With Blood"
Abolitionist John Brown's rise and fiery demise is dramatized in this story drawn from history.
CAST: Fred Gwynne, Teri Keane, Russell Horton, Robert Dryden
WRITER: James Agate, Jr. based on an historical incident.

7/15/81---"Alice"
A scientist creates a robot, which may backfire on him.
CAST: Marian Hailey, Paul Hecht, Court Benson, Bernie Grant
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

7/16/81---"The Power of Ode"
A dreamy young woman is attracted by a strange philosophy and its apostle.
CAST: Kristoffer Tabori, Jada Rowland, Bob Kaliban, Norman Rose
WRITER: Elspeth Eric

7/17/81---"Pie in the Sky"
A mathematician debates making lucrative investments in turn-of-the-century predecessors of General Motors and Boeing Aircraft.
CAST: Bob Kaliban, Teri Keane, Bernie Grant
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/20/81---"The Eye of the Idol"
Gambling stands between a British officer and his fiancée in colonial India
CAST: Tony Roberts, Earl Hammond, Roberta Maxwell
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/21/81---"The Terrifying Gift"
A woman unwillingly acquires the power of second sight.
CAST: Roberta Maxwell, Russell Horton, Carole Teitel, Ian Martin
WRITER: Ian Martin

7/22/81---"Toy Death"
Revenge stalks a British officer retired from his days in India, in this story adapted from a tale by Algernon Blackwood.
CAST: Patricia Elliott, Kristoffer Tabori, Court Benson, Marian Seldes
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

7/23/81---"Help Somebody"
A struggling writer suddenly gets all the things he ever dreamed of, and can't figure out why he's not happy.
CAST: William Redfield, Dan Ocko, Court Benson, Joan Shay
WRITER: Elspeth Eric

7/24/81---"Once A Thief"
A thief turns tables on the cop who arrested him, but that doesn't mean he'll get away scot free.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Joan Shea, Bernie Grant, Robert Dryden
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/27/81---"The Silver Medal"
A couple honeymooning in Vermont in the Winter of 1938 faces unexpected danger.
CAST: Russell Horton, Roberta Maxwell, Earl Hammond
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

7/28/81---"The Long Blue Line"
A fourth-generation policeman is assigned to a case his father had worked on 10 years earlier.
CAST: Mandel Kramer, Earl Hammond, Marian Seldes
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/29/81---"Postage Due"
A postman reopens an old feud when he tries to deliver a 41-year-old letter.
CAST: Ralph Bell, Teri Keane, Bob Kaliban, Ian Martin
WRITER: Douglas Dempsey

7/30/81---"Big Momma"
An unassuming small-town official unwittingly becomes a cog in a corporate big brother.
CAST: Paul Hecht, Earl Hammond, Joan Shea, Evie Juster
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/31/81---"A Penny for Your Thoughts"
An exclusive interview with a reclusive celebrity turns into a matter of life and death.
CAST: Michael Tolan, Marian Seldes, Bernie Grant, Mandel Kramer
WRITER: Sam Dann

8/3/81---"Honor Among Thieves"
An over-the-hill gang of Florida retirees pull off a bank heist.
CAST: Fred Gwynne, Earl Hammond, Ian Martin, Evie Juster,
WRITER: Ian Martin

8/4/81---"The Man of Two Centuries"
A Canadian historian has a chance to study his subject firsthand.
CAST: Len Cariou, Lloyd Battista, Diana Kirkwood, Robert Dryden
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

8/5/81---"The Orphaned Heart"
A deathbed marriage unexpectedly revives the dying bride.
CAST: Roberta Maxwell, Gordon Gould, Teri Keane, Robert Dryden
WRITER: Nancy Moore

8/6/81---"The Voices"
A young woman harboring an American spy in occupied France may be a modern Joan of Arc.

CAST: Amanda Plummer, Norman Rose, Earl Hammond
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

8/7/81---"Let No Man Put Asunder"
Buddies spend a traditional New Year's Eve together -- in prison.
CAST: Michael Wager, Russell Horton, Joyce Gordon
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

8/10/81---"Hostage to Terror"
Tourists become pawns in the high-stakes world of Mideast politics
CAST: Roberta Maxwell, Earl Hammond, Ian Martin
WRITER: Ian Martin

8/11/81---"Garden of the Moon"
A cosmetics executive is fascinated by a strange new line of health and beauty products.
CAST: Kim Hunter, Paul Hecht, Evie Juster, Ralph Bell
WRITER: Bob Juhren

8/12/81---"The Apparition"
A young prisoner is obsessed that he'll never see his father again.
CAST: Kristoffer Tabori, Marian Seldes, Robert Dryden, Lloyd Battista
WRITER: Elspeth Eric

8/13/81---"Is The Doctor In?"
A dermatologist is called on at gunpoint to perform surgery on a wounded mobster.
CAST: Tony Roberts, Joyce Gordon, Ray Owens
WRITER: Sam Dann

8/14/81---"Lovely People"
A counselor to "the beautiful people" is trapped by her own advice.
CAST: Kim Hunter, Russell Horton, Joan Shea
WRITER: Elspeth Eric

MONDAY
(EASTERN TIME)
WEEK, Cleveland—583
11:30-1 p. m.—Popular reproductions.
4:30 p. m.—Topics of interest and music; Babson's Radio Release, by H. C. Donelson; Apollo society concert, under the direction of H. E. Reinke; "Linger Awfully," "Dream Daddy," "A Smile Goes a Long Way," "Havin' Chargin'," "Sunshine of Mine," "Forget Me Not," "London Bridge is Falling Down" on the Iais of Childobd Dreams," "Waiting for the Rainbow," "Covered Wagon Days," "Hurt and Aweary," "You," "Arondy," "Arsona Stars."
WJAX, Cleveland—399
8:45 a. m.—Review of yesterday's market.
9:30-10 a. m.—Women's program.
10:59-11:45 a. m.—Financial news, market quotations, etc.
1:45 p. m.—Quotations upon grain, stocks, butter, eggs and poultry, foreign exchange and bonds; financial news bulletins and weather reports.
2:45 p. m.—Quotations upon fruits and vegetables, butter, eggs and poultry, foreign exchange and bonds; financial news bulletins and weather reports.
WEAF, New York—483
4:30 p. m.—Joseph White, tenor; Marie Kimball, soprano; Leonard F. Mandel, baritone. Mother's program.
7:30-10:30 p. m.—Thornton Fisher, sport talk; Cordeia Maria orchestra; Lucio Guffin, caller; Conal O'Quirke, in operatic selections. Talk by Robert Sherwood. Gypsy String Ensemble.
WJZ, New York—455
Noon—Lenten services from Trinity church.
9 p. m.—Anne Jule, soprano, and Harry Griffith, baritone.
4:55 p. m.—Patricia Messner, soprano.
8 p. m.—Frank Dole on "Eighth Section."
7:45 p. m.—Mabel Corley, soprano, and Thomas McGrath, tenor.
8:20 p. m.—Entry organ recital.
9:15 p. m.—Friendly Sons of St. Patrick dinner from Astor hotel.
WEIN, New York—369
8:50 and 1:30-1:50 p. m.—Popular program of vocal and instrumental selections by WEIN popular performers.
WOB, Newark—465
1:30 and 2:30 p. m.—Joint recital by Marie T. Kelly, soprano, and David A. Sheehan, baritone, in Irish songs and airs.
6:15 p. m.—Harry Cox and his orchestra.
8:10 p. m.—Herman Gehausen, baritone.
8:27 p. m.—Joey Bui Stalke.
10 p. m.—Manhattan Brevarders.

WOO, Philadelphia—509
4:45 p. m.—Grand organ and trumpets.
7:30 p. m.—Dinner music by Adelphia orchestra.
8:30 p. m.—Musical program.
9:15 p. m.—Erno Rapee and his concert orchestra.
WFL, Philadelphia—385
1 p. m.—Meyer Davis concert orchestra.
3 p. m.—Concert program.
4 p. m.—"Sunny Jim."
6:30 p. m.—Meyer Davis concert orchestra.
WFAB, State College, Pa.—353
3 p. m.—Musical program.
KDKA, Pittsburgh—325
12:10 p. m.—Brandy's orchestra.
4:15 p. m.—Organ recital by Howard Webb.
7:30 p. m.—Feature.
8:30 p. m.—KDKA Little Symphony orchestra.
WCAE, Pittsburgh—463
8:30 p. m.—News bulletin.
4:30 p. m.—Stock market reports. "The Sunshine Girl."
4:30 p. m.—Dinner concert, from Penn hotel.
7:30 p. m.—"Uncle Karbes."
8:30 p. m.—Arthur Murray's dancing lesson, No. 12.
10:30 p. m.—St. Patrick's day concert.
WGY, Schenectady—389
7:45 p. m.—Musical program: Harold Heilmiller, pianist; Francis Jones, violinist; Myria C. Scott, reader. Address by Commander Joseph E. Evans, U. S. N.
8:30 p. m.—Closing stocks. (Blind night.)
WBE, Springfield—337
4 p. m.—Dinner concert by WBE trio.
7 p. m.—Concert by Anna Wolfmann, soprano; Milton Aronson, violinist; C. Hammond, pianist.
7:30 p. m.—Bedkins story.
7:40 p. m.—Concert by WBE trio, St. Patrick's day program.
WEAC, Montreal—435
4:30 p. m.—Mt. Royal dance orchestra.
WWJ, Detroit—617
Noon—Jean Goldkette's orchestra.
3 p. m.—Detroit News orchestra.
8:30 p. m.—Detroit News orchestra, with singing artists.
WCK, Detroit—617
2:15 p. m.—Stock quotations.
4:15 p. m.—Musical program.
6 p. m.—Dinner concert from Hotel Fuller.
7 p. m.—Musical program.
WGR, Buffalo—619
12:30 p. m.—Organ recital by G. A. Bouchard.
1:30 p. m.—Concert by Radio Dealers' orchestra.
6:30 p. m.—Vincent Lopez orchestra.
9 p. m.—Concert program.
11 p. m.—Vincent Lopez orchestra.

The RADIO PROGRAM

SATURDAY'S BEST

(Copyright 1984 by United Press.)
WJZ New York (485 meters) 8:30 p. m. Eastern. Opera "Mignon" by the Grand Opera society of New York.
WBS Atlanta (483 meters) 8 to 11:45 p. m. Central. WBS's bi-ethnic jubilee celebration.
WBAI Cincinnati (369 meters) midnight Central. WBAI midnight entertainers.
KGO Oakland, Cal. (513 meters) 8 p. m. Pacific. Concert program, vocal and instrumental solos.
KDKA Pittsburgh (316 meters) Eastern. Concert by the Westinghouse band.

SUNDAY'S BEST

(Copyright 1984 by United Press.)
WWJ Detroit (517 meters) 11 a. m. Eastern. Moving services from St. Paul's cathedral.
WJE New York (405 meters) 4 p. m. Eastern. Romani's oratorio stabat mater from Central Presbyterian church.
WEAF New York (493 meters) 8:45 p. m. Eastern. Dr. Parkes Chidman, 7:30 p. m. musical program from the hospital.
KYW Chicago (616 meters) 11 a. m. Central. Central church services from orchestra hall with special music.
WJAZ Chicago (448 meters) 6 to 9 p. m. Central. Sunday evening artist series concert.

UNSOLVED RADIO MYSTERIES

Radio presents more mysteries than any other science. If these H. Garaback, noted science writer, points to four outstanding phenomena that are still unsolved.

1. Fading—the dying out of a concert for no apparent reason.
2. Dead Spots—areas in which certain transmitted signals cannot be heard.
3. Crystal Records—records of 500 to 1000 miles in reception made by crystal sets which ordinarily cannot receive more than 25 miles.
4. Body Capacity—referring to the effect a persons body has on the reception of a radio set, when he is close to it.

CBS RAD

PRESS INFORMATION

MARYLAND IS NEW NATIONAL 'COLLEGE BOWL' CHAMPION,TOPPING DAVIDSON IN 1981 TITLE MATCH ON CBS RADIO

College, High School All-Stars to Battle Weeks of July 6, 13
In Season Finales on Network for 'Varsity Sport of the Mind'

Nearly 500 points were scored in the 1981 COLLEGE BOWL National Championship match, and most of them belonged to the University of Maryland, which captured the title 350-130 over 1979 winner Davidson in the tournament finale broadcast on the CBS Radio Network.

For the close-knit Maryland scholars, the victory was their 10th in a row. The team gained a national tournament berth with five straight wins in the Region IV Championship, beating quartets from Pennsylvania, Washington, D.C., Maryland and West Virginia. In the nationals, the squad also notched five consecutive victories, culminating in the title game.

Maryland will be the school to beat next year, according to Stephanie Bowers, its campus program coordinator, who notes that all the victorious Terp teammates will return as seasoned veterans. They are Robert Whaples, a sophomore majoring in history and economics; sophomore Robert Saltzberg, an electrical engineering major; junior Townsend Reese, a nuclear engineering major, and team captain Brick Barrientos, a first-year graduate student.

Davidson, with a strong COLLEGE BOWL tradition as 1979 National Champion, says wait 'til next year. "We're disappointed, but the results just strengthened our resolve to come back stronger than ever," asserts Lyman Collins, COLLEGE BOWL coordinator at the North Carolina school. Noting the team's scoreless first half, Collins feels: "It was just one of those things. We were probably overconfident, having won so often before."

The Davidson runners-up, all seniors, are captain Tim Newcomb, an English major; Ed Trumbull, a music and French history major, and history majors Bob Evans and Julie Gibert.

WEST, COLLEGE TEAMS TRIUMPH IN TWO ALL-STAR GAMES

CONCLUDING 1981 'COLLEGE BOWL' SEASON ON CBS RADIO

In the two All-Star contests marking the climax of the 1981 COLLEGE BOWL academic season on the CBS Radio Network, top college seniors from the West bested the East's finest, 380-220, and an all-college squad defeated high school scholars, 430-145.

Playing for the West in the college All-Star game broadcast the week of July 6 on the CBS Radio Network were Jackie Aaron, a senior history major at Wichita State; senior John Klinger of Wisconsin-Eau Claire, a political science major; the University of Chicago's Lorin Burte, a second-year business graduate student, and Richard Cordray, a senior political philosophy major at Michigan State. Vic Chandhok, a senior political science major, Washington University, was team coach.

Tim Newcomb, a senior English major at Davidson, coached the East, composed of: Senior biology major Kurt Taube, Marshall; Peter Heller of North Carolina, a senior math/physics major; Maryland's Townsend Reese, a junior studying nuclear engineering, and Princeton sophomore math major Narayana Kocherlakota.

In the college vs. high school All-Stars contest, broadcast the week of July 13 on CBS Radio, Taube, Heller, Burte and Chandhok faced the high school squad of Brian Evans, Russell High School, Russell, Ky.; Todd Hollback, South Webster High School, South Webster, O., and West Virginians Rob Tissue, St. Albans High School, St. Albans, and Mel Reed, Poca High School, Poca.

* * *

By Roy Grove



Ah-Ah-Ah, DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL, LISTEN TO "BLONDIE"

The high rating of the show is not the only criterion of its popularity, for recently "Blondie" was voted the best comedy serial on the air by 1200 drama students of Los Angeles City College. Final

proof is that, after four months, "Blondie" had to give up her plan to answer requests for autographs with pennies—she was getting 2000 requests a week.

A year ago when radio entertainment was studded with spectacular guest stars, sensational premises and lavish expenditures Camel Cigarettes diverted from convention to launch the "Blondie" show, based on three words: "keep it simple." The formula of the "Blondie" program has never swerved from that brief theme.

According to Ashmead Scott, who writes and directs the "Blondie" airing, the "Blondie" shows are really just a compendium of people he's met or seen or of stories about people which his friends have told him.

"Everything that happens on "Blondie" is really picked from life. On the bus, in the theater, at the grocery, at graduation exercises—I'll note little things that people do and say, --mannerisms-- vocabulary--and from these come the 'Blondie' scripts. Some of the incidents come from observations of people in Eastern cities--some from villages in New England, or Midwestern towns."

"There's probably always something on the broadcast which reminds you of your Aunt Minnie or even yourself. And for all you know, we may actually be portraying you or Aunt Minnie," Scott goes on to explain.

Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake, stars of the program, are real life prototypes of Blondie and Dagwood.

Penny is just as pert and vivacious as the Blondie she portrays. And just as domestic. She cooks and sews and invents amazing household gadgets, such as devices to remove tightly stuck jar caps. They work too. Like Blondie, Penny is generous almost to a fault. Out of her radio earnings she has established her mother and father in a beautiful home in San Fernando Valley. But like Blondie, too, she's wise about finances. Penny

has established a substantial trust fund for her five-year-old daughter, DeeGee and made arrangements for the proverbial rainy day, even though it seems far distant.

As for Arthur Lake--he's very apt to trip over his own shoe-laces. He spills coffee at buffet suppers and adores gigantic sandwiches. As a matter of fact, the favorite story his own mother, Mrs. Edith Lake, loves to tell on Arthur shows his early proclivities toward Dagwood-like faux pas. Mrs. Lake was touring in stock in Georgia and she had Arthur and his sister Florence with her. Came Christmas Day and the Lake pocketbook was not exactly bulging. But the three of them decided to splurge on something very gala for the holiday. Being in Georgia, they bought a luscious strawberry shortcake, heaped high with whipped cream and enormous berries. At the appointed hour on Christmas Day, Arthur lifted the cake in a grand manner and followed by sister Florence, started to carry it in to present to his mother. Singing and laughing, the little duo marched proudly forward until-- Arthur stumbled and ended up face forward through the whipped cream and berries in the approved custard pie manner.

It's no wonder the Hollywood post office has had to install a private box for Arthur since 80 percent of his mail is addressed to 'Dagwood Bumstead.'

No cast ever enjoyed "doing a show" more than the "Blondie" crew. Penny and Arthur clown until time to actual dress rehearsal. Then all is seriousness. The dress rehearsal is put on wax. Then the entire troupe sits down at a long table in the studio with Ashmead Scott, and the record is played for them.

A very careful study is made of every line and the timing of the speeches. A round-table conference follows in which constructive

criticisms are made with the players often their severest critics. The cast watch carefully for any diversions from character. When "Daisy" is written into the script, the pooch and her trainer stay close together, listening, too. Scott makes to substitutions for Daisy. The dog barks his own lines -- on cues from the trainer.

When Penny and Arthur are in production on one of the "Blondie" picture series, the schedule gets pretty heavy, with the two stars setting their alarms for 4 a.m. to start picture work literally at the crack of dawn. They leave the set for early rehearsals of the broadcast, grab lunch, report for the final "polishing" radio rehearsal at 1 p.m. They usually put in a 15-hour day on the Mondays of the airshow.

To Dick Marvin of the William Esty Advertising Company goes the credit for dramatizing a comic strip that appeals to adults. Previous to the "Blondie" show, funny paper programs had been intended for child audiences alone, but the domestic situations of the Bumsteads have been universal in their appeal. The light homespun yarns have proved the sponsor's theory of simplicity in radio.

The show has faced some tough situations since its inception. Twice the broadcasts were staged from the hospital--once when Arthur Lake as forced to the operating table for a tonsilectomy and again when Penny was injured in an automobile accident. The hospital attendants shook their heads mournfully over Penny's severely lacerated leg. Her condition would not permit having the rest of the cast come to the hospital. So a triple hook-up was installed. One line carried everything Penny said directly to the studio where the cast listened to her cues through ear-phones. The other carried what was said at the broadcasting station directly to Penny's earphones. The third line was simply a telephone hookup so that the engineers at both places could talk to each other, if necessary. Despite the seriousness of her accident, Penny and "Blondie" didn't miss a broadcast.

Situations like those only serve to stimulate the ingenuity of real troupers. And the "Blondie" cast is composed of just that. Penny and Arthur were practically born in the proverbial theater trunks. And Ashmead Scott still maintains his own stock company, the "Mt. Gretna Players" in the East.

It's quite evident that the "keep it simple" policy has won--for the audience--the cast--and the sponsor.

REPRINT FROM
Radio Magazine, October, 1940



Penny Singleton, plays the part of Blondie.
Arthur Lake, plays the role of Dagwood.

RETURN WITH US TO...

by *Dick* 126

Harry Von Zell

WHO CAN FORGET HARRY VON ZELL'S INFECTIOUS LAUGH & OTHER SELLING COMMERCIAL PRODUCTS OR TAKING PART IN A SKIT WITH SOME TOP COMEDIAN. VON ZELL WAS ONE OF RADIO'S TOP PERFORMERS.

VON ZELL WAS ASSOCIATED WITH SUCH RADIO GREATS AS EDDIE CANTOR, BURNS AND ALLEN, BEN BERNIE, FRED ALLEN AND PHIL BAKER. HIS OTHER CREDITS INCLUDE...

FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH BING CROSBY
JOANES TEA ROOM (WITH JOAN DAVIS)
THE AMAZING MR. SMITH
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
THE FABULOUS DR. THEEDY
THE ALDRICH FAMILY
BEHIND THE MIKE
THE MARCH OF TIME
QUIZZER BASEBALL
STOOPNAGLE AND BULL

HE WAS HONORED ON APRIL 24, 1977 AS THE FOREMOST ANNOUNCER OF HIS DAY BY BEING INDUCTED INTO THE NATIONAL BROADCASTERS HALL OF FAME IN FREEHOLD, N. J. AS ONE OF 21 CHARTER MEMBERS.



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ACROSS THE AIRWAVES

Welcome back Millie!...Nick Carter contest: no correct answers yet, so here is a clue--the mistake is in the issue that the story concludes. In case of ties, I'm adding a question to be used as a tie breaker: In October 1958, the song Real Wild Child was a small hit in the U.S. The singer was listed as Ivan. What is his full name? No entries accepted after 9/30/81.

Double issues seem to take forever to complete, but thanks to all who contributed making my work a little easier and a special thank you to Bob Bindig for his donation of old newspaper radio pages.

I hope to meet many of you at the OTR Convention in October. Until next issue--may all of your OTR programs be great sounding first generation copies---R.A. Olday

Song Used on Allen Program May Be Basis of ASCAP Suit

New York (AP)—A fictional presidential candidate is the central figure in a threatened court suit which would be the first copyright infringement litigation in the battle over radio music.

His name is Wintergreen and his candidacy was exploited in the song, "Wintergreen for President!" which was a hit in the 1932 Pulitzer prize winning comedy, "Of Thee I Sing."

The copyright of the song is controlled by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers which charges that the copyright was infringed by playing of the song in the Fred Allen radio program Wednesday night.

Suit Being Prepared

John G. Paine, ASCAP's general manager, said attorneys were preparing the suit.

The action, Paine said, would name as defendants the Texas Corporation (Texaco), its advertising agency, the Columbia Broadcasting System and CBS-affiliated stations which used the program.

The dispute between ASCAP and the majority of the nation's broadcasters reached a climax New Year's Eve, when a five-year contract covering fees to be paid ASCAP for use of its 1,500,000 songs expired with no immediate hope of renewal.

The three major radio chains and all but 137 of the country's 700 stations then began using songs controlled by Broadcast Music Inc., formed by the broadcasters.

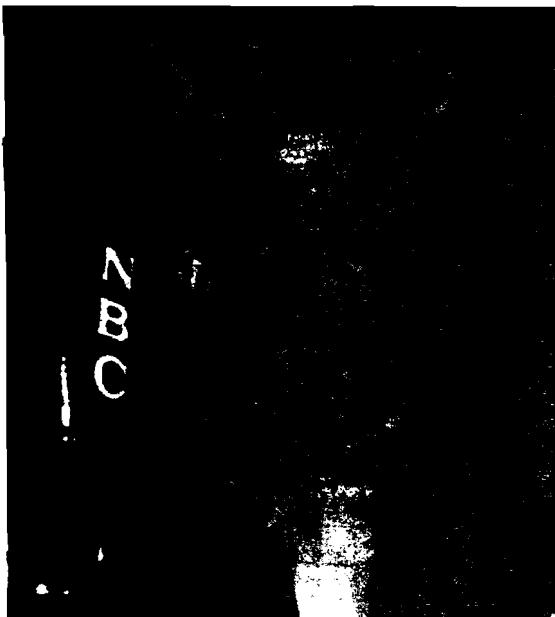
Stations Liable to Fine

Paine said that under the federal copyright law the defendants are liable to a fine of \$250 for each station carrying the program.

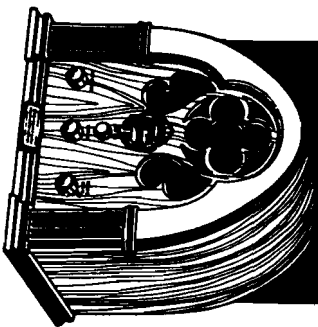
If the ASCAP claim is sustained in court, this would mean a maximum penalty of \$1,750, since the program ordinarily is heard over 87 stations.

To Paine's charge, CBS, through an official spokesman, insisted: "There is absolutely no basis for such a suit. The tune mentioned was not 'Wintergreen for President,' but an original theme melody."

THE FAT MAN



FRED ALLEN's radio career began in 1932 with the Linit Bath Club Revue. In 1933 it became the Seid Bowl Revue and later the Sei Hepatica Revue which quickly turned into the Hour of Smiles. By 1934 he was starring on Town Hall Tonight. In 1939 it became the Fred Allen Show and continued until June, 1949.



OTRC



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THE Illustrated Press

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