

# Illustrated Press

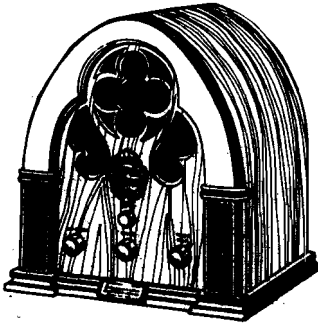
No.68 - May, 1982

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

SINCE 1975



**GORDON JONES AND KEY LUKE IN  
1939 SERIAL THE GREEN HORNET**



**THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB**  
**MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:**

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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.

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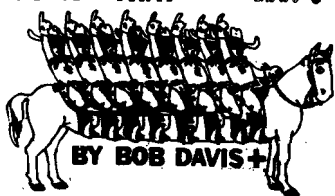
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Spring Issue Deadline - March 15th  
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# SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



I've done columns in the past about some of the really bad radio shows that are in circulation and I think that it's about time to see the other side of the coin. So here they are--my own purely personal picks as to the ten best radio shows that I have. These are shows that I can listen to over and over again and enjoy every time.

**NUMBER 1...**The "Escape" version of "Three Skeleton Key"(Quay). The first time I heard this story I was repairing something. By the time the story was over I hadn't progressed one bit. The story of the lighthouse and the rats had riveted me in place from start to finish. This was the stuff of which classic radio was made.

**NUMBER 2...**"The House in Cyprus Canyon" as it was done on "Suspense". Robert Taylor and Cathy Lewis created a mood with the story that lingers long after the story is over. A bonus in the story is the uncredited appearance of Howard Duff as Sam (Spade??). I don't know if it was an inside joke or what, but it was a joy.

**NUMBER 3...**Another "Suspense" story and basically a one man show for Orson Welles was "The Hitch-hiker". I was familiar with this story from an old Twilight Zone episode but had never heard the Welles version. Welles voice and Bernard Hermanns musical score created a feeling of terror and joined together to take the listener into a strange nether-world and in the process created a radio classic.

**NUMBER 4...**"Lux Radio Theater" did two versions of "The Treasure of Sierra Madre". One starred Edmond O'Brien and Walter Brennan. The other starred Humphrey Bogart and Walter Houston, the stars of the movie. O'Brien and Brennan did a good, workmanlike job but Bogart and Houston actually made the characters live. Limited time

restrictions made them trim the story down a bit but the heart of it was left intact and is really good stuff.

**NUMBER 5...**Ok, I'll admit I'm cheating a bit with this one. It isn't an individual show but a radio serial that made up one story. "I Love a Mystery" presented a story called "The Temple of Vampires". This story had everything you could ask for. Car wrecks, airplane crashes, mysterious going ons, fights, dangerous situations, and high adventure... this story had it all PLUS Jack, Doc, and Reggie. A must show for all collectors.

**NUMBER 6...**An "Inner-Sanctum" show is also among my top ten. It's titled "Corridor of Doom" and stars Boris Karloff and Richard Widmark. The show is very intense and scary and naturally Karloff's voice carries just the right amount of menace to make the show memorable.

**NUMBER 7...**The series "SF-68" carried one of Ray Bradburys best stories. It was called "A Sound of Thunder" and is a tale about time travel and how changing one little thing in the distant past can alter history to a very great extent. An entertaining story that also makes you think.

**NUMBER 8...**"Blood Bath" was presented on "Escape" and it was another story that had everything you could ask for. Starring Vincent Price, this tale featured 6 foot long electric eels, vampire bats, boa constrictors, piranha fish and four men trapped on a tiny sand bar that is slowly being washed away. If you're looking for an action packed half hour, this one is for you.

**NUMBER 9...**"Lights Out" was a series designed to scare and scare it did when it presented a little gem titled "Revolt of the Worms". A story about worms that grow and grow and grow. By the end of the story the worms aren't the only things that are crawling... your skin does too. This was a beautiful example of old time radio horror.

**NUMBER 10...**This is a cop-out. The number ten spot on my list could be filled by any one of the twenty or so "Phil Harris & Alice Faye Shows" that I have in my collection. Each and every one is a beauty and I never get sick of hearing them. Alice, Phil, and Julius are to me the funniest characters ever on radio...bar none.

So that's my list of top ten radio shows. You probably won't agree with my selections but then I probably wouldn't agree with your top ten either. The hardest part of making up a list like that is not what to use in it but what not to use in it. There are numerous shows that could have been listed but these were my

personal favorites.

In compliance with the Truth in Advertising Law I must admit that the first meeting of G.O.S.H. (Get Ol' Seeley His) was a complete flop. Nobody showed up and it seems that our "Give a Buck to Chuck" campaign is a bit slow getting off the ground. Oh well, we may be down, but we're not out. By the way... anybody want to buy two dozen fluffernutter sandwiches---cheap???

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*



**CARLTON KAMEEL**, who is never long in one place as the roving Arizona rancher on CBS' "Sky Kings," has had an equally footloose real life. For years radio and road show parts kept him on the move between Chicago and his native Los Angeles. Such transiency suited the Kodak temperament—since his hobby is buying ramshackle houses, rebuilding them and then moving on to other wrecks in need of his ingenuity. Collecting baby penguins, golf, tennis, swimming are his more sedentary occupations.

Years ago, during World War II, there was a radio singer named Arlene Francis heard daily. I was a boy at the time, but I thought she was the greatest, especially after she sent me a postcard of herself. I have never heard of her since and I'd like to know what's happened to her. — R.E.

Better check the name on the card again. Actress-hostess-panelist Francis was one of radio's busiest performers in drama, soap opera and game shows. She certainly didn't fade when radio did, either.

She also was one of early TV's busiest performers, with a long run as a regular panelist on "What's My Line." She was hostess of NBC's fine daytime series, "Home." She acted regularly in the top drama shows.

Currently, Francis, 73, is hostess of a New York TV series, "Prime of Your Life" which features guests "over 50." There's interest in turning the show into a nationally syndicated series.



**ARLENE FRANCIS**  
Still Works in TV



**DON McNEILL**  
Unsuccessful as TV

I've wondered for years what happened to Don McNeill, of "The Breakfast Club." Is he alive? The program was one of my favorites. What's happened to the gang on the show? — A.C.R.  
Matter of fact, the National Association of Broadcasters will honor McNeill, now 74, for his contributions to broadcasting at their annual convention in April. McNeill retired when "The Breakfast Club" was retired from radio, Dec. 27, 1968.

McNeill had tried TV unsuccessfully several times and decided against another go. Accounting for all the "Club" gang would take too much space, there were hundreds over the 34-year run of the show. Some who went on to greater things included singer Johnny Desmond, Fran Allison, Alice Lon (a Lawrence Welk Champagne Lady) and Jim and Marian Jordan, who became Fibber McGee and Molly.

## Goodman Ace Dies at 83; Dean of Comedy Writers

**NEW YORK** — Goodman Ace, for 39 years one of America's best-known comedy writers and a star with his wife in the "Easy Aces" radio show of the 1930s and '40s, died at his home Thursday night. He was 83.

Mr. Ace wrote scripts for comedians Danny Kaye, Milton Berle, Sid Caesar and Bob Newhart. But his place in U.S. entertainment history was earned with his wife, Jane, in the 15-minute nightly radio program they began in his native Kansas City in 1928.

"Easy Aces" became a CBS network fixture in 1931, featuring conversational skits between Mr. Ace and his malaprop wife, whom he provided with such expressions as "words of one cylinder" and "home wasn't built in a day."

The show ended in 1945 in a dispute between Mr. Ace and his sponsors. Jane Ace died in 1974.

After selling hats in Kansas City, Mr. Ace went into newspaper writing, doing theater and movie reviews. That led to a job with a local radio station, where an impromptu on-the-air chat with his wife spawned the "Easy Aces" show.

He continued to write for print, however. His byline appeared over a weekly column in the Saturday Review of Literature magazine, and he wrote several books.



## Ray Bloch Dies; TV Band Leader

**MIAMI BEACH, Fla.** (UPI) — Orchestra leader Ray Bloch, known on the Jackie Gleason Show as "the flower of the musical world," died of a heart attack Monday night at 79.

During the 1930s and 1940s Mr. Bloch became director for dozens of radio programs, most notably the Orson Wells drama presentations and "Philip Morris Playhouse." On TV he was conductor of the Ed Sullivan Show from 1947 to 1971, and on the Jackie Gleason variety programs.

# THE SHADOW

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## CHAPTER XIV

### THE WAY OF THE SHADOW

Passing minutes maddened Terry Radnor. His hotel room cramped him to the point where he wanted to hammer at the walls. Ever since leaving the house where Margo was a prisoner, he had scarcely been able to restrain his urge to return and attempt her rescue.

He'd thought of it while riding with Roy Marne. He might have overpowered Marne, taken the car and gone back to handle Marty Callew, man to man.

How he'd managed to restrain himself, Terry didn't know. Something told him that the shortest course wasn't the best one. Maybe he wouldn't have been able to overpower Marne. The fellow might be tougher than he looked, and he had a gun, which Terry didn't. Then again, Callew might have provided trouble. It would have been great, to conquer both and find out that one of the other was the Blur.

But suppose the Blur was Hector Dunvin!

In that case, the rescue of Margo would have been a give-away to the master kind. There would never be any chance to find the Blur, he would vanish permanently. It was better to count on The Shadow, since Margo had told Terry how to reach him. So Terry had neatly played his part while traveling with Marne. Once back in the hotel, he made the Burbank call.

It was helpful.

In the dimness of his room, where he had turned on only a floor lamp, Terry could recall the methodical tone of Burbank. The sort of voice that inspired confidence. It meant that Terry's message would be relayed, and handled quite efficiently. But that was a half hour ago.

Had Burbank's steady tone been a blind? Had he voiced suspicions to his chief, The Shadow? Could this mean that Terry was regarded only as a man to be mistrusted?

It might well be. His story had flaws. He'd managed to convince Margo of its truth, but not without some difficulty. In talking to Burbank, Terry had been necessarily terse. Moreover, he might have

## THE BLUR

given reason for mistrust.

Though stating that he was at the Hotel Metrolite, Terry hadn't named the address where Margo was held prisoner. True, Burbank hadn't demanded it, but that might be due to roused suspicions.

What Terry didn't know was that Burbank had also received a telephoned report from Harry Vincent, The Shadow's agent stationed in the Metrolite lobby. That call told that Terry had actually returned to the hotel. It was a better conviction than anything that Terry might have added.

Staring across the room, Terry rubbed his eyes. They were tired; they still seemed to quiver from the after-effects of that blinking light at Carstair's. Perhaps the pummeling from the servants and the crash of the coupe were also contributing factors. For the door of the room, lighter-shaded than the wall paper, kept clouding as Terry watched it.

He could almost believe that he saw the door move. Staring again, Terry had to squint because his eyes were really tricking him. The door was really dark, and staying so.

Actual blackness swirled Terry's way. The thing was startling, reminding him of a motion picture in which he had seen a cloud of smoke rise from a bottle and transform itself into the figure of a genie.

Then, before Terry's eyes, this blackness did the same, but in a fashion even more amazing. It stayed black as it assumed a living shape. Out of the darkness came the burning flow of orbs that Terry suddenly recognized as eyes. An instant later, he determined the figure's outline. It was a human shape, cloaked entirely in black.

The Shadow!

Terry sank back in his chair. An unseen hand drew another chair beside him. Swinging fully into the lamplight, The Shadow rendered himself quite visible as he sat down to interview the man who had sent word from Margo Lane.

It wasn't a case of Terry repeating a detailed story. The Shadow spoke first, and his tone was probing, bringing responses from

Terry. Facts that The Shadow already knew came to the fore; he seemed to be merely piecing Terry's testimony into the pattern.

Terry didn't realize that in supplying the names of Marne and Callew, he was giving new information. Instead, he received the impression that The Shadow was checking his story from those men he mentioned.

In the case of Dunvin, it was partly so. The Shadow had actually seen Dunvin, and identified the man from Terry's description. The interview ended shortly, when Terry supplied the all-important address of the house where Margo was at present.

Rising, The Shadow turned toward the door. This time, as he paused, Terry could distinguish the cloaked form. Terry was rising, too, but a gloved hand pressed him back toward his chair.

"Remain here," ordered The Shadow. "You have done well, so far. Continue with your policy of allying the Blur's suspicious."

"But it won't be any use," protested Terry. "As soon as you rescue Miss Lane, the Blur will know I had a hand in it. If I come along, I might be able to help. The more of them we capture, the better."

"There may be no rescue," declared The Shadow. "In that case, there will be no captures. I prefer to plan for the future. Your part is to persuade the Blur that Margo Lane is actually in my service."

"But if she remains a prisoner--" "So much the better. You can then suggest that a trap be arranged, in case I come to rescue her. The idea will please the Blur."

The ingenuity of the plan struck home to Terry. The Shadow was right; it would intrigue the Blur. While Terry was nodding his understanding, he realized that The Shadow was more than right. The Shadow was gone.

Near the block where the old house stood, a car sidled to the curb and parked in darkness. From it emerged the cloaked figure of The Shadow. He was followed by Harry Vincent, who was long skilled in The Shadow's service. However, Harry kept well behind his chief, waiting for signal blinks from The Shadow's flashlight.

They came, in tiny twinkles of green and red, to guide Harry's moves and stops.

Well trained though he was, Harry couldn't hope to copy The Shadow's flitting tactics. The Shadow wanted to be sure that all was clear before letting Harry show himself. At last, a green blink brought

Harry across the street to a doorway, where The Shadow preseed him into shelter.

The door opened; The Shadow had already picked its lock. They entered the house next door to the one that Terry had named.

If there were occupants in the house, none showed themselves. The Shadow's creep up a dingy stairway was absolutely noiseless; Harry's nearly so. They reached the top floor, where Harry boosted The Shadow up to a trapdoor.

Working it open, The Shadow went through to the roof; leaning down, he hauled Harry up through. The powerful feat didn't even seem to strain him.

They dropped to the next roof, which was a trifle lower. There was no trap in the roof, so The Shadow swung from the rear of it, to find a window with his feet. It was here that Harry took over an important duty.

From the roof edge, he watched the rear street, where a lamp threw an unwelcome gleam up to the very window where The Shadow was forcing an entry. It would be bad if the Blur or any of his followers should happen to arrive at the house by the rear street, while The Shadow was thus engaged. A chance glance upward would enable them to sight the intruder in black.

Therefore, it would be bad--for them. Harry was a crack shot up to a considerable range. He'd see to it that The Shadow wasn't disturbed, though such an emergency procedure would force a change in The Shadow's plans.

No one showed up while Harry watched. The Shadow worked the shutters open silently, and handled the window next. Sliding through, he found himself in a small, empty room, which led to a hall. The hallway was deserted, and The Shadow saw a transom from which light issued. It was Margo's prison room.

Probing the lock with a tweezer-shaped pick, the Shadow soon turned it in noiseless style. He whispered a low-toned greeting from the crack of the door.

Margo gave an eager response, which she promptly stifled. Entering, The Shadow found her sitting on the edge of her cot. Margo was very glad to see The Shadow.

"Ready to go," she declared. "I was sure you'd be along. The sooner I'm out of this place--"

"The worse," supplied The Shadow. "It would be better if you stayed a while longer."

He told Margo why. Rather reluctantly, she agreed. She bright-

ened when The Shadow added new assurance by giving her a small, compact automatic.

"I'm leaving Vincent on duty," informed The Shadow. "Others will join him. A single shot will bring them. So, if things go wrong, you can start a surprise attack from the inside. One that will receive immediate co-operation."

"But suppose nothing does go wrong?" Margo queried. "When do I use the gun, in that case?"

"You won't have to use it,"

The Shadow replied, "unless I start to do some heavy shooting on my next trip. In that case, you can supply the co-operation."

The Shadow left, and Margo was barely able to hear the click when he relocked the door.

Listening at the stairs, The Shadow heard sounds below. A door opened and closed between footfalls that differed. One guard was evidently relieving another, but they were using the front door. The Shadow made no effort to learn which man had entered and who had left.

Instead, he found a rear stairs, and started down as soon as he heard footfalls coming up the front. He had barricaded the window that he entered, so he chose a new exit, this one in the cellar. The cellar windows were heavily barred from the inside, but after releasing a catch to swing a grating open, The Shadow faked it neatly with a tiny wedge of metal.

The catch looked tightly in place, but a hard jolt would knock it loose. This was the quick route that Harry and other agents would use, if Margo fired a signal shot.

Crossing the street, The Shadow found an empty house, with high stone steps that afforded excellent shelter. He tilted his flashlight upward and gave green blinks.

Harry saw the signal and came down through the house next door to Margo's. Getting another flash of green, he crossed the street and joined The Shadow, who posted him beneath the sheltering steps. As soon as his agent was properly placed, The Shadow departed.

A gliding shape, no more than a ghostly streak of blackness whenever it neared an area of light. Such was The Shadow on his return trip to Terry's hotel, to tell his new ally that the plan was under way. A plan that might trap the Blur, instead of The Shadow!

Such was The Shadow's prospect for the future, as a whispered laugh foretold. But The Shadow would have curbed that mirth, had he known of something that was happening in his

absence from the Hotel Metrolite.

In preparing a future pitfall for a present opportunity to meet the master foe who had twice escaped the Blur, The Shadow had missed him!

#### CHAPTER XV

##### THE BLUR DECIDES

Again, Terry Radnor was to blame himself for something that wasn't actually his fault. He'd gone down to the Metrolite coffee shop after The Shadow left him, and if he'd ordered a real meal, he would have stayed there longer. Long enough, perhaps, to pave the way to an immediate settlement of the Blur question, considering that The Shadow was due to return.

As it happened, Terry ordered only a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and finished both quite briefly. Having nothing else to do, he returned to his room. Unlocking the door, he took one step forward--and froze. He had left the lone lamp burning, and one glimpse of it was enough.

The lamp was blinking!

Spotty light showed a figure seated in the very chair that The Shadow had earlier occupied. A hunched man, who might have been anyone, except for the purred voice that Terry heard. Only one man used that smooth, yet forced, tone. This visitor was the Blur in person.

"Close the door," invited the voice, as though the room belonged to its owner. "Then come over here. I want to talk to you."

Terry complied with both requests. Much though he hated the creepy light, it had one merit; that of obscuring his own face, as well as the Blur's. Terry was glad that the Blur couldn't see his expression as he approached, for it was very much a give-away.

One meeting with The Shadow had so relieved Terry, that he wasn't pretending any longer. He knew he would have to play a part when he again met the Blur, but he hadn't supposed that the man be falsely acknowledged as chief would call at the hotel.

Fortunately, whatever surprise Terry displayed by his hesitation at the door, was expected by the Blur. The purred tone had something of a chuckle in its greeting. The Blur was always pleased when the blinker startled people. It took a lot of doses to get used to it. Therefore, the Blur made due allowance for Terry.

"You did a good job, Radnor," the Blur commended. "Tell me more about the girl. Why do you think she was out at Carstairs'?"

Terry hesitated, If only he knew

how The Shadow had fared on his visit to Margo! Then, a sudden comparison struck him; one that gave him a sure index to his proper course. Remembering The Shadow, Terry compared him with the Blur.

The Shadow hadn't needed tricky lights to hide his identity and cover his arrival. Recollection of the blackish cloud that had materialized into a living form--seen yet still unknown--was proof enough. Added to that, The Shadow hadn't occupied himself by asking questions. He had taken over the burden of conversation on his own.

The Blur used the blinker. He sneaked into rooms when people were out, and waited for them. He wanted to know what their opinions were, instead of probing their minds for them. The Blur didn't rate in the same class as The Shadow.

If The Shadow had a plan, he wasn't likely to change it. He did have a plan, and Terry had a part in it. The thing to do was play the part without delay.

Terry turned his hesitation to advantage. He spoke as though he had just given the Blur's question deep consideration and wanted to be sure that the opinion was well-weighted, before expressing it.

"I'd say she was working with The Shadow," asserted Terry. "She certainly handled that car as though she'd played cops and robbers before."

"Do you know who she is?" inquired the Blur.

"She called herself Margo Lane," Terry replied. "I don't see why she'd cover up her right name. I told her mine."

The Blur gave an oily laugh.

"I've had some word on Margo Lane, he told Terry. "She is quite a friend of a clubman Lamont Cranston, who in turn, happens to be a friend of the police commissioner."

It shot to Terry's mind that Lamont Cranston might be The Shadow. Then, viewing it the other way about, he decided just the opposite.

Merely as the commissioner's friend, a man such as Cranston might have decided to play amateur sleuth. Possibly the commissioner had sent him out to Carstair's just to check on a scene where crime might threaten. Had the Carstair setup loomed as an immediate menace, the commissioner would probably have gone in person.

The Blur distrusted Terry's reflections by reverting to the subject of Margo.

"The Lane girl will be missed," the master crook declared. "You were right in suggesting that we keep the police guessing. But the policy won't work very long."

The suggestion mentioned by the Blur was one that Terry had made to Marne and Callew. Did this mean that one or the other was the Blur?

Staring at the man before him, Terry tried to trace the features of Roy Marne on the countenance that the swift-changing light rendered faceless. He thought in terms of Marne, because the fellow was something of a society man and therefore would have known much about such persons as Lamont Cranston and Margo Lane.

Failing to identify the Blur as Marne, Terry tried picturing him as Marty Callew, on the chance that the gambler would also know some inside facts. That failed, too. The drab visage of the Blur, so rendered by the blinding light, would probably do better for Hector Dunvin, who could have heard from either Marne or Callew.

Still, Terry wasn't satisfied. In this light, the Blur's identity remained a mystery.

"If we release the girl," declared the Blur, in his always evasive tone, "she will tell all she knows, including your name. On the contrary, if we hold her prisoner, a huge search will begin. One that may hamper future plans. I can take measures for either eventuality, but I would prefer a little more time."

He was practically asking for another suggestion from Terry, who had proven himself quite capable in that line. Terry took him up. This was the chance to pave the path for The Shadow!

"Why not work on The Shadow?" he queried. "Instead of the police? That ought to give us time."

"Just how?" the Blur asked.

"And why?"

"I guess there's no way to reach The Shadow," admitted Terry, glumly. Then, eagerly: "Yes, there may be! Through this man Cranston!"

"Do you think he is The Shadow?"

"I suppose he could be," returned Terry, "but it makes no difference. Whatever Cranston learns, The Shadow can probably find out. We know, for certain, that The Shadow was out at Carstair's."

Terry paused, only to warm up the better to his subject. The Shadow would certainly find out whatever happened in this case, because Terry could personally tell him.

"If Cranston hears from Margo," assured Terry, "he'll try a rescue on his own. If he does, you'll have another prisoner. Or if The Shadow shows up before or after Cranston, you can turn the place into a trap for him!"

The Blur arose, clapped an



approving hand on Terry's shoulder.

"I can handle The Shadow personally," he purred. Nevertheless, your idea is a good one. It will, as you say, give us more time. We need until tomorrow night, and then"--he was ending with a satisfied laugh--"we shall use your scheme as a decoy, rather than a trap. It will keep The Shadow absent while we stage another major crime."

From the tone, Terry presumed that the crime in question would be a final one. But there was no chance to inquire. The Blur was at the door; opening it, he stepped into the hall, turning as he did, so that Terry couldn't see his face against the outer light. Shoulders oddly hunched, the Blur swung the door shut and was gone.

Terry started to his feet, then stopped. No use to pursue the Blur. Like as not, he would have a gun' ready if Terry did. It was better to make the most of the foundation already laid. The Blur had spoken of tomorrow night. That would be the time to properly snare him. The Shadow would find a way to do it.

Annoyed by the blinking lamp, Terry turned on the other lights, to see if they flickered, too. They didn't but the lamp kept on, though its flickers now looked feeble.

Terry unscrewed the lamp bulb and gave the lamp a tip. A disk of metal dropped from the inverted socket. It was nothing but a simple contraption that the Blur had inserted while waiting for Terry's return.

Terry put the bulb back into its socket. It had just begun to glow, when someone pressed the switch to the other lights. Turning quickly, Terry felt the grip of The Shadow, who had just arrived.

Picking up the cheap blinker gadget, Terry showed it to his new chief and ruefully recounted the details of the Blur's visit. When Terry finished, The Shadow supplied a strangely whispered laugh.

From that tone, Terry knew that all was to The Shadow's liking. This talk of crime tomorrow night was perfect. Since Terry had gained the Blur's full trust, he would certainly be used in connection with the crime, and therefore could supply The Shadow with important information.

Things were working toward the real goal that The Shadow sought--an opportunity to trap the Blur in actual crime and reveal him, red-handed and redefaced, as the criminal he was.

Things were working well.

Margo Lane could so have testified. In her prison room, she

heard a key turn in the lock.

Gripping the fold of her dress where she had stowed the little automatic, Margo waited to vlew her visitor. It might be Marne or Callew; possibly, another man named Dunvin, mentioned by The Shadow when he made his visit.

As the door swung inward, Margo was startled by a sudden blink of the lights. It continued intermittently, the rapid flickers producing a grayish haze. The man who entered the room seemed crouched, and his face was indistinguishable. He was the Blur!

His tone smoothly persuasive, the Blur extended a sheet of paper and suggested that Margo write a note to her friend Cranston, telling him that she was in safe hands, following her automobile accident in Long Island.

Margo wasn't surprised that the Blur knew of Cranston. Crooks had found her automobile licenses, and once knowing who she was, could easily have learned who her acquaintances were.

"You might say that you are recuperating," suggested the Blur. "That by tomorrow night you will be ready to leave, and will have someone call Mr. Cranston at his club, telling him where to come and get you."

Margo wrote the note, smiling grimly as she did. She was thinking in terms of a trap, one that would be set for The Shadow, but which he could reverse with Margo's aid. The Blur couldn't see her smile in the twinkly gloom. Then the Blur was bowing, as he left bearing the folded note. The moment that the door closed, the lights ceased their blinks.

A long wait for Margo Lane, but she felt it would be worth it, considering that it would mean the trapping of the Blur. Had Margo been able to see the true face of her latest visitor, the smile that it wore all during the conversation, her opinion would have changed.

The Blur had already made his plans for the morrow; plans of a sort that he was sure would frustrate all endeavors of The Shadow!

\* \* CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE \* \*

BOB JOHN ARTHUR, whose special brand of whiney enchants young listeners to ABC's "No School Today," began life in Pileain, Pa., as the eldest and only one of a Lutheran minister. From priest's devil to humor columnist to radio announcer were natural steps for the 45' adult who liked to tell kids' stories. After hitting in on a show in West Va., Jon got comic blonde to develop his own program, with today's results. He has also two young'uns of his own to tell bedtime tales to and to advise him.





FAN MAIL...the adrenalin of the entertainment industry---the ego balm. What would be have done without it?

Old radio played a great part in the lives of so many of the elderly, the shut-ins, and the hausfraus who lived vicarious lives as they listened to their favorite programs while they ironed the sheets, or sewed, cooked, or even did the cleaning. And many of them wrote letters to the people (in the studios) with whom they identified, and empathized, and loved or hated as the case may be. I still have, and cherish, many of the letters I received during my 25 years in the business.

Oh yes, there were "fans" who didn't like us and told us so. I recall one incident that happened close to the end of my - quote, career, unquote. It was at WWJ in Detroit. I had been called to substitute for the woman who had a morning record show, and who was ill. The recordings she played and talked about were almost all classical music, and that's what she had on her schedule the morning I was there. I got the call because the Director knew I had a textbook knowledge of French and German, and whoever did the show had to be able to at least pronounce the record titles and the composer's names correctly. In addition, I had a good background in the classics (from childhood, actually), so was not unfamiliar with the 3Bs etc. At any rate, I had no qualms about doing the 15-minute program.

I enjoyed doing it, and both the Director and I felt it had gone quite well considering I had never done one like it before.

As I left the studio, the telephone was ringing in the outer office. The gal at the desk said it was for me. For me? At 8:15 in the morning! The only thing I could think of was that something had happened at home. I knew both of the children were at

school, so who could be calling me at WWJ? I grabbed the phone; the voice at the other end was yelling. It was a woman's voice, and she sounded very drunk. All I said was "hello?" Then...

"Is this the woman who jest did that music program" The words were slurred and very loud.

"Yes it is."

"Whachurname?"

"Lee Allman."

"Yer a woman? W'that name?"

"Well...yes, why?"

"Well, Ijistlisten t'yuh...

who the H...ever tol yuh t'pernonce Wagner's name witha...witha V?" And she went on..."I'know, y'stunk so bad I hadda giddup an' close all windas in t'house t'keep the smell out!" Bang, down went the receiver.

"Ye... you can't win them all I guess.

\* \* \* \* \*

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.



RAY HEATHERTON, MRS' "Merry Mailman" and star of the "Ray Heatherton Show," has never strayed far from home to find success. Born in Jersey City, N. J., he grew up on Long Island where he sang with the Hempstead High School band for a junior prom and promptly got a job with Paul Whiteman. James Malton heard him, and Ray found himself starred as the "Isana Troubadour" on radio. His big break came in '37 with the "Babes in Arms" lead. He was a Marine Corps lieutenant in World War II.

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel-\$1.50 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1200' reel-\$1.00 per month; cassette and records-\$ .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.

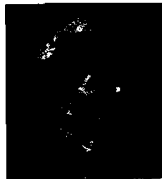


1939 SERIAL  
THE GREEN HORNET

**BOBBY BENSON**—or as neighbors up Connecticut way call him, Clyde Campbell—is the cowboy lid star of MBS' "B-Bar-B." This 14-year-old tow-head has been in the radio saddle 3 years, and has made so many personal appearances over the U.S. that Northwest Airlines has named a Stratocruiser for him. When keeping such irregular hours, he studies with a tutor, otherwise attends King's School. Western fiction, model airplanes, football and piano duets with sister Rosemary take up his off-mike time.



**TEX FLETCHER**, star of MBS' "Songs Of The B-Bar-B," is named Jerry, but everything else western about him is authentic. Born in Harrison, N. Y., March 8, 1910, he was moved to Buffalo, S. D., at an early age. By the time he could twirl a lariat, he was appearing over the U. S. with Tom Mix and other wild western shows. The only southpaw strummer in show biz, he has guitars specially made. Star of 20 western flicks, he collects plaques of four-D outfits. With his wife and 2 kids, he lives in Yonkers, N. Y.





4/5/82---"Widow Wonderland"

Three elderly widows plan revenge upon the charming gold digger who has duped them out of their hearts and fortunes.

CAST: Elspeth Eric, Fred Gwynne, Earl Hammond, Evie Juster

WRITER: Steve Lehrman

4/6/82---"The Cantankerous Ghost"

An antiquated spirit returns to the site of his old home to save its destiny.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Lloyd Battista, Evie Juster, Earl Hammond

WRITER: Bob Juhren

4/7/82---"Only A Woman"

A woman who fancies herself a goddess plots to rule the world.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Norman Rose, Russell Horton, Ray Owens

WRITER: Sam Dann

4/8/82---"Change of Heart"

A businessman takes his ex-fiancee's nickname for him to heart.

CAST: Louis Turenne, Patricia Elliott, Sam Gray, Joan Shea

WRITER: Sam Dann

4/9/82---"You Tell Me Your Dream"

Two men have the same dreams--in which one of them is being murdered.

CAST: Michael Tolan, Cynthia Adler, Bob Kaliban, Mandel Kramer

WRITER: Bob Juhren

4/12/82---"His Fourth Wife"

An artist is hired to paint the portraits of two women--one of whom will become the next Queen of England.

CAST: Russell Horton, Earl Hammond, Norman Rose, Carole Teitel

WRITER: Sam Dann

4/13/82---"The Sand Castle"

A young woman tries to overcome the childhood loss of her baby brother.

CAST: Norman Rose, Jada Rowland, Gordon Gould, Teri Keane

WRITER: Elspeth Eric

4/14/82---"The Visions of Sir Phillip Sidney"

A former soldier experiences bizarre visions, making him suspect that there is a plot in the works to drive him mad.

CAST: Lee Richardson, Cynthia Harris, Trevor Haight, Court Benson

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

4/15/82---"The Bargain"

A Formula One racer must choose between the track and his girl.

CAST: Russell Horton, Mandel Kramer, Bob Kaliban, Tracey Ellis, Ray Owens

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

4/16/82---"Something to Live For"

A retired detective saves a stranger from committing suicide, and finds that he is wanted by the police.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Earl Hammond, Jean Shea, Bernie Grant

WRITER: Karen Thorsen

4/19/82---"Shelter"

The end of the world leaves three people within the confines of their air raid shelter, playing a crazy -- and deadly -- waiting game.

CAST: Ralph Bell, Don Scardino, Evie Juster, Bob Kaliban,

WRITER: Henry Slesar

4/20/82---"The .44 Connection"

Clues are abundant but unobserved in the murder of ruthless capitalist.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Evie Juster, Fred Gwynne, Lloyd Battista

WRITER: Sam Dann

4/21/82---"The Jataka"

An expert in religious poetry finds herself steeped in mystery and murder when her mentor suddenly disappears.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Lloyd Battista, Earl Hammond

WRITER: Sam Dann

4/22/82---"The Washington Kidnap"

Convicted counterfeiters stumble upon a plot to kidnap George Washington.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Bob Kaliban, Mandel Kramer, Bob Maxwell

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

4/23/82---"The Whimpering Pond"

A strange illusion appears in the fog across the pond from the cabin where the former owner mysteriously vanished.

CAST: Norman Rose, Evie Juster, Mandel Kramer, Ralph Bell

WRITER: Roy Winsor

**4/26/82---"The Hanging Sheriff"**

A sheriff, scheduled to hang a man accused of murder, schemes to set him free.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Bernard Grant, Elspeth Eric, Russell Horton  
WRITER: Bryce Walton

**4/27/82---"The Victim"**

An apparently innocent man is framed for murder.

CAST: John Lithgow, Earl Hammond, Russell Horton, Teri Keane  
WRITER: Bryce Walton

**4/28/82---"The Ghost of Andersonville"**

A Civil War major, just released from the southern prison camp at Andersonville, returns north to face his former commander with an accusation of betrayal.

CAST: Tony Roberts, Teri Keane, Bob Kaliban, Keir Dullea  
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

**4/29/82---"Nickels and Dimes"**

An undercover cop begins to enjoy the assumed life of a hoodlum.

CAST: Michael Tolan, Earl Hammond, Ray Owens, Joan Shea  
WRITER: Sam Dann

**4/30/82---"The Last Duel"**

An unfinished duel becomes an obsession with a British officer, who is determined to complete it many years later.

CAST: Lee Richardson, Bernard Grant, Russell Horton, Teri Keane  
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

**5/3/82---"Guilty as Charged"**

A case of mistaken identity threatens to destroy a man's life.

CAST: Michael Tolan, Mandel Kramer, Carole Teitel, Lloyd Battista,  
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

**5/4/82---"Invaders from Atlantis"**

Aliens attempt to take over Earth in the year 2300.

CAST: Arnold Moss, Don Scardino, Evie Juster, Court Benson  
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

**5/5/82---"Dreamers and Killers"**

A jilted fiancée finds that her dreams about an ex-lover may be coming true.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Diane Dirkwood, Gordon Gould  
WRITER: Sam Dann

**5/6/82---"The Blook Red Ink"**

A disaffected cop appears headed for trouble when he hooks up with a local mobster.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Bob Kaliban, Teri Keane, Lloyd Battista  
WRITER: Sidney Slon

**5/7/82---"The Wedding Present"**

A con artist prays upon the vanity of a fake king to gain a small fortune...and the woman he loves.

CAST: Ralph Bell, Earl Hammond, Patricia Elliott  
WRITER: Sam Dann

\* \* \* \* \*

## Editor's DESK



This column has another new title because I found a good logo--how do you like it? According to Hello Again, Bob Bailey (Johnny Dollar) is in a convalescent hospital with a stroke. His daughter says he is alert and would like to hear from his fans. His address is Robert Bailey, Antelope Valley Conv. Hospital, 44445 N.15th West #137, Lancaster, Cal. 93535. Jon Arthur Goerms (Big Jon & Sparkie---see page 9) died on Feb. 24 at age 64 and Joe Julian on March 11, age 71 who in addition to radio and T.V. acting was the author of This Was Radio. (Aside to Jim Snyder: I will not knowingly print letters from fictional people; Wally Lydecker is a member and I hope he will contribute to our club sometime in the near future.) The little articles spotted throughout this issue are from a 1954 issue of Who's Who in TV & Radio. I hope they reproduce O.K.

*On "Happy Days, when the Foxes met the Lone Ranger, it wasn't the REAL Lone Ranger, only a cheap imitation. Clayton Moore is the one and only "Lone Ranger." - J.F.*

John Hart, who *did* the Ranger on Happy Days, has a good claim. He starred in 22 Ranger TV episodes, 1952-'53. Happy Days was Hart's second appearance as the Ranger in a year. He played the part in an April 1961 "Greatest American Hero" episode.

But then, there are those who knew the original Lone Ranger on radio who'll tell you that Earle Graser (1933-41) or Bruce Beemer (1941-'55) is the REAL Ranger. Beemer did many personal appearances as the masked man long before Moore got into the act after his first Lone Ranger TV episode in 1949.

And what about Lee Powell and Robert Livingston, who were the Ranger to movie matinee goers in the 1938 and 1939 Republic serials?

# TUNE IN

### Wednesdays

Rochester, N.Y.

WXXI-91.5 fm

True Stories of the  
N.Y. State Police  
(Old shows-New cast)

10:05p.m.

### Sundays

Canada  
Denver, Colo.area

CBC-am  
KNVS-710 am  
KLDR-1090 am

Nero Wolfe  
Old Time Radio  
Nostalgia Theatre

4:05p.m.  
2:00p.m.  
10:00a.m.

\*\*\*\*\*

Coming this fall in MEMORIES --  
The Illustrated Shadow

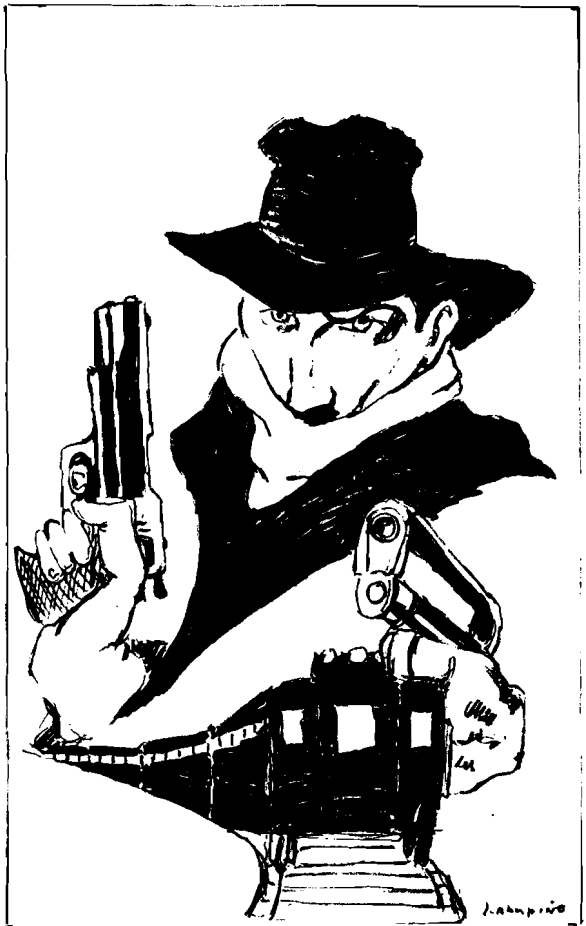


**RED SKELTON**  
8:30 P. M.

Do you like to laugh? Then be sure to tune in Red Skelton's comedy show each Sunday!

#### And Don't Miss:

- 1:45—Congressmen Keating
- 2:00—N. Y. Philharmonic
- 4:30—The Godfrey Night
- 6:20—Our Miss Brooks
- 7:00—Jack Benny Show
- 7:30—Amos 'n' Andy
- 8:00—Sergan-McCarthy Show
- 9:00—Meet Corliss Archer
- 9:30—Horace Wells Show
- 10:00—The Contested New



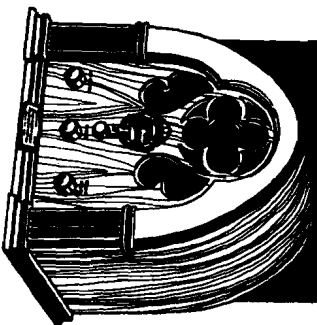
**YOURS TRULY, JOHNNY DOLLAR**, dashing free-lance insurance investigator, is the role John Lund brings to life over CBS. John plunged into radio after making his theatrical bow in New York in "As You Like It," and scoring an immediate success in his first movie, the memorable *To Each His Own*, starring Olivia DeHavilland. During his Broadway stage run John wrote, acted and announced for radio. In 1946 he shared the mite with Bob Crosby on the "Bob Crosby Show." Rochester-born John has also written for stage, screen. John is of Norwegian-Irish ancestry and married. He has definite tastes and prefers "psychological" roles; he also likes Alfred Lunt, Helen Hayes, Duke Ellington.



## wild bill hickok

**GUY MADISON** stars in the "Wild Bill Hickok" series on both TV and radio. Born in Bakersfield, Cal., he decided to have a movie career while he was in the Navy during World War II, played extra bits during his shore leave. His first speaking role in *Since You Went Away* sky-rocketed him to fame. An easy-going, honest, sincere fellow, Guy has not had his head turned by the success he has achieved in movies and TV. He's recently divorced from actress Gail Russell, and he spends much of his spare time boating, fishing and traveling. There was a time when Guy wanted to become a commercial fisherman, and his present hobbies reflect that early ambition.

**ANDY DEVINE** portrays Jingles, Wild Bill Hickok's pal and deputy marshal. The son of a hotel proprietor, he was born in Flagstaff, Ariz., proudly carried the first U. S. flag with 48 stars at Admission Day ceremonies when Arizona became a state. Andy attended Santa Clara University, was a star athlete there. He began in movies as a romantic leading man, but turned to comedy when talkies and his grinding voice conspired to change his type. He estimates he has made several hundred films, including such hits as *The Michigan Kid*, *Top Sergeant*, *Canyon Passage*. Married since 1933, he has been elected honorary mayor of Van Nuys, Cal., for 11 years.



**OTRC**



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**Illustrated Press**

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