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# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

No. 71 - August, 1982

DICK POWELL

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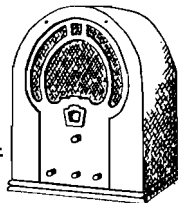
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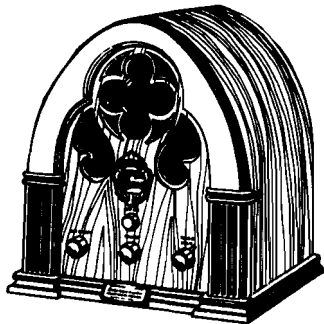
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THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB

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THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB  
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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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DEADLINE FOR IP #73 - Sept. 13  
#74 - Oct. 11  
#75 - Nov. 8  
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ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

\$25.00 for a full page  
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Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

## Wireless Wanderings



### JIM SNYDER

For each of the last several years I have done a column on dealers of OTR materials, based on purchases I have made from them. So far I have talked about thirty-three different dealers. Another such column is already under way for next February when I will add to the list. In each case I have written a first draft of my comments, and sent it to the dealer for rebuttal. These responses have no doubt been of far more interest to me than to the readers, since I knew exactly what was being discussed. I am not going to rate dealers, this time, but I would like to make some comments on those responses that I have received from them over the years.

First of all, some statements they make are simply not true. One dealer, in an effort to impress readers said, "I can categorically state without reservation that (our) catalogs are the most comprehensive and complete in the industry." Now that certainly sounds impressive, but it isn't even close to the truth. Many of the other dealers have sent me really comprehensive and complete catalogs, while this dealer's offering is merely average. This same dealer mentioned "our thousands and thousands of repeat customers." I very much question his numbers. If those numbers were true he would long since have retired a multi-millionaire, with the prices he charges. My point here is that many of these rebuttal statements are created in such a way to impress, rather than state fact. I try to be completely truthful in my reviews.

The above is a simple example of the false statements contained in those rebuttals. A few times we have removed (without permission) statements that were flagrantly untrue, but usually leave them in for you to use in making your own evaluations. These statements are often a smoke screen to cover up the truth. One dealer sent a flyer for his free catalog. It turned out that he didn't have one and argued that it had never been offered. Well it was, as I had to prove to the editor by

sending the flyer to him.

One dealer talked about an expensive tape, when in reality the tape sold for \$1.10. When I pointed out the untruthfulness of his statement, one reader wrote me saying that it was true since the tape was "hand-picked." I took the statement in question to a local postal inspector who said, "The statement and pricing are deceptive at best, and fraudulent at worst. In either case, he is in clear violation of postal regulations." While I didn't present this point of view, it clearly pointed out that the reader must be careful of what he is told.

There were two dealers who were flatly fraudulent in their catalog and advertising policies. After I wrote my reviews of them, without using the word "fraud", I really expected refunds. I did not get them, and they both continue to advertise. These examples, though, are definitely exceptions. There is nothing fraudulent about most dealers, although there are misunderstandings.

One dealer offered a catalog and sample tape for a given price. When I mentioned the price of the catalog he got a little "up-tight". He said that his ad said the cost was for the tape only, the catalog was free. Well, when told about it, I can see that the ad can be interpreted that way, but 99% of the readers of that ad will take it the same way I did. Most will never realize they can ask for the "free" catalog without also taking the tape.

When I have pointed out incorrect titles and dates for specific shows, dealers have generally been rather defensive, rather than just admitting their error. Were I a reader, that would tell me a great deal about that dealer. When I pointed out that I couldn't identify the brand of tape used by one dealer, I said that the only label was "made in Mexico." Very defensively he asked me what was wrong with tape made in Mexico. I hadn't said anything was, I was simply providing all the information I could.

Several dealers have tried to excuse failings by making such statements as the following quote "This is not a business for me, it is a part time hobby venture." Another said, "This is a hobby and not a business." Still another, "I am not getting rich from all this." When I criticized errors in one catalog the dealer responded that it is "not possible to listen to everything I sell. It would take 3 years, 9 months, and 6 hours." These statements disturb me greatly. If these people are selling, they are in business, and to say otherwise is not truthful. Since

They are selling, we have every right to expect good, honest business practices to be followed. It is business if they sell, whether they are making money or not. The fact is that some people are trying to make a little money off their collections without using good business practices.

I guess the practice that bothers me the most is the failure of many (even most) dealers to use sound ratings. Were I regular purchaser, I would refuse to buy from any dealer who didn't sound grade, and then back that rating with a guarantee. This issue makes dealers very nervous. More than than half the dealers, I have reviewed, fail to give sound ratings, and they all have some excuse, like the guy who would have to listen for three years, etc. Most dealers pass off grading with some such statement as, "Sound is in the ear of the listener." Or one dealer who said in his rebuttal, "Rating are only personal opinions which are valueless." Now that is pure garbage. Sound ratings can be quite exacting, if the dealer explains what his ratings mean, and then he listens to each recording carefully to make a decision. If there is any question on the exact rating of a particular show, giving it the lower rating will satisfy everyone. The only dealer that has provided me with the most material, both through purchases and trades, is Radio Vault, of Wyoming, Michigan. I have hundreds of their shows, and while they are very expensive, every single show I have received has been accurately graded. No exceptions! When I comment in my column about grading being "off", I am using the dealers own system, and there is little room for difference of opinion if they have explained what their grades mean, and they follow their own system. For a dealer to ask me to purchase on blind faith is unreasonable. I expect, and demand ratings.

One dealer, when I was critical of the sound said, "From my 1500 reels, your four random selections could have been other reels in perfect sound." That is true, but I don't set out to find bad reels just to show up a dealer. I take a random sampling of what they offer, and obviously I try to get material that is new to me. The fault is not mine for picking four bad reels, it is his for rating four badly. If you purchase from someone, and have a bad experience, you don't purchase from them again. Furthermore you mention your experience to your friends, which affects their purchases. That

is all I am doing, making purchases and telling my friends about that purchase. Admittedly, what happens to my may not be typical, but I am going with what the dealer offers. I also invite comment from my readers on their experiences with these same dealers. I have had a number of such responses, and other than the one mentioned above on the price of tape, every single letter has indicated an experience (good or bad) similar to mine. Not one single reader has told me of any disagreement with what I have said about any dealer.

I am not against dealers, the way our friends in SPERDVAC are against them, but I do feel that when someone decides to sell, we as buyers have a right to expect sound business practices. It is not enough to just duplicate a trading catalog and start selling from it. It is necessary to weed out the collection and then offer material that is clearly and correctly labeled. When a person starts selling it is no longer a hobby (although a dealer can continue in the hobby end of it), it is a business. He may not like my review, but it is honest, and I expect honesty in return.

Jim Snyder  
517 North Hamilton St.  
Saginaw, Michigan 48602

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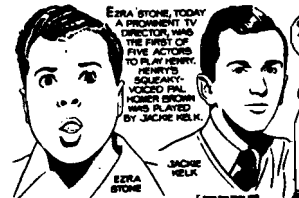
# THE ALDRICH FAMILY

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COULD-BEHIND WOMEN AND MORE IN THE SERIES!

# THE SHADOW

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## CHAPTER XVIII TWO FROM THREE

An imitation Shadow had escaped the Blur's false trap while performing a pretended rescue of Margo Lane. It was now the Blur's task to get out of a real trap set by The Shadow in person. This was a genuine predicament for the master crook and his crew, even in such stress, the Blur was cool.

The Shadow had arrived late, and the Blur knew it. His raised tone didn't lose its forced pur, as he gave rapid orders to his men, commands which they heard amid the shivers of The Shadow's laugh.

They were to close in upon the sinister wirth itself, and plug The Shadow the moment he gave himself away with gun stabs. But they weren't to forget the prisoners and the orders that concerned them.

There was a brief spell of confusion. Some men were starting forward, others were shifting back, to huddle the prisoners en masse near the door of the vault. The Blur's tone came anew, as hard to trace as The Shadow's, for the master crook was copying those tactics of rapid motion that produced invisibility in the strange light.

He was grabbing his men and nudging them, starting some on their way, holding others back. He was going to show the Shadow that he, the Blur, was the real master in this artificial twilight, invented to aid crime, not to defeat it.

Out of the chaos came sudden action. The Blur had actually thrust his nearest men straight for The Shadow.

It was sheer guesswork, for the Blur couldn't see The Shadow, not even the gun that the cloaked fighter carried, for the .45 automatic had a dull finish. But the guess worked, and had The Shadow responded as the Blur hoped, the men who found him would have blasted him. But The Shadow did not fire telltale shots.

He became a living whirlwind, snatching at revolvers with one free hand, delivering hard sledges with his heavy automatic. Thuds told that he was finding heads and meeting them with blows that no human skull could stand.

## THE BLUR

As crooks, grotesque in the hazy light, went sprawling in a curious, slow-twisting fashion, their comrades fired above them, hoping to clip The Shadow. But he was weaving through the half darkness faster than his foemen could fall. Always, his laugh was echoing from the walls of the room, more elusive with every peal.

From somewhere, the Blur responded, his tone more of a snarl than a pur. It didn't concern The Shadow. The Blur was warning reserves to watch the prisoners. Crooks swung, as they did, a man detached himself from the huddled group and flung himself upon them. Remembering the Blur's injunction, they hooked him hard and flung him into the vault.

The Shadow reached them and slugged down with his guns, as they started the big door shut upon the captive. Crooks sagged, but in falling forward they clanged the door shut by their own sheer weight.

By then, another voice was bawling orders. Commissioner Weston was back into the game. Only three reserves had been watching the prisoners, and two of them were gone. Thanks to the man who had defied the Blur's threat, Weston and the others were as good as free.

They smothered the lone guard who held them, but when the fellow hit the floor, he managed to jab his gun hand upward at his attackers.

The Shadow saw the gleam of the gun and dived for it. A long reach with his automatic sufficed to smash the weapon from its owner's grasp. Then The Shadow, too, was struggling from the clutch of Weston and the excited men, who were ready to grab anyone, including each other.

Wresting from the wrangle, he came to his feet and spied hazy figures dashing through the door. Two, perhaps three; it was impossible even for The Shadow to be sure, in the crazy light. But one of them, gun in one hand, was clutching a sheaf of envelopes with the other!

Outside, Terry was waiting in the car. He'd found it hard to stay there, with all the excitement inside the bank, but he was acting on The Shadow's strictest order. To

add to Terry's problem, he could hear shouts from along the street, followed by the wail of approaching sirens.

Cardona was arriving with the belated police squad, and it looked as though Terry was to be gathered in the mesh.

Then figures came lunging from the bank. How many, Terry couldn't tell, for one, coming straight his way, blocked off his view. The man sprang into the car, clutching a stack of envelopes in one hand and a gun with the other. He planted the revolver against Terry's ribs, waved the envelopes, and snarled:

"Get going!"

Terry didn't stop to guess which of three acquaintances this was, and made it ahead of the police. He shot the car for the corner, with a quick side glance, he saw why he was making the getaway. Another car was starting in the opposite direction, and it had attracted greater attention.

From the door of the bank, the Shadow spotted Terry's departure and saw that the police were after the other car. He spied the man beside Terry and caught the wave of the stacked envelopes.

Cutting across the street, the Shadow skimmed the glaring headlights of approaching squad cars, cut through an alleyway and boarded a waiting cab.

Darting in and out of streets, Terry slackened speed to receive another snarl from the man beside him. He still wasn't sure who his companion was. It was very dark in the confines of the car.

"We're clearing out of town," the man told him. "The chief's orders. We scatter, and go our own way. We'll all get our cut."

"I'd like mine right now!" said Terry, suddenly applying the brakes. "Why not--since you are the Blur!"

He grabbed for the gun that the man had lowered, and made a side feint for the envelopes, thinking the man would try to keep them and therefore be less ready with the gun. It was a bad guess.

Terry's companion let the envelopes drop and fought to get the gun free. Rolling with him, Terry hit the handle of the door on the right. It gave, and they both went tumbling to the curb.

Terry came up quickly and dived anew for his foe. Their fall had carried them apart, and the distance was too far. Only half a dozen feet, but enough for Terry's rising opponents to bring the gun up, point-blank, before Terry could reach him. A blast came before

Terry could divert his dive.

Odd that the gun burst should have seemed so distant; curious too, that Terry felt no sensation from the bullet. Maybe both things happened when someone fired right at you. But that didn't account for the way that Terry's foe collapsed in the gutter. It happened so suddenly, that Terry sprawled right across him.

A cab jolted to a stop behind Terry's car. From it came a cloaked figure with a smoking automatic. A gloved hand with a grip like steel hauled Terry to his feet. For the first time, Terry realized that the shot hadn't been delivered by the man who was lying by the curb. The shadow had supplied the shot that Terry heard--supplied it with deadly effect, from long range.

Terry looked at the face beside the sidewalk. He recognized the man and identified him for the shadow.

"Marty Callew," said Terry. "He was the Blur."

Shakily, Terry opened the door of his car and indicated the stack of envelopes. Stealing Terry first, the shadow reached for the loot that Marty had brought along. Opening the envelopes, the shadow brought their contents into sight, and gave a low, reflective laugh.

Instead of thousand-dollar bills, and securities of equal value, the envelopes were stuffed with newspaper clippings, all of which bore headlines concerning a notorious, unidentified criminal known only as the Blur!

So Marty Callew wasn't the Blur! He was just another decoy. This getaway was just a cover-up.

Terry wanted to sit down and think it over, right there on the curb, but the shadow pushed him into the cab instead, and they rode away together, turning the corner just as police sirens told that officers were coming up to take a look at Terry's abandoned car and the dead man who had been a passenger in it.

A few blocks from the bank, they was a throng gathering around a wrecked car. The cab stopped at the shadow's order. Quietly, the shadow told Terry to alight and join the group of onlookers.

Terry did so, and as he looked back, he saw the cab wheel away. He thought the shadow had gone with it, hence he paid no attention to a man in evening clothes who also joined the curious throng. Terry Radnor had never yet been introduced to Lamont Cranston.

Police were pushing the crowd back. At the wheel of the car, Terry saw a slumped figure. The car

was riddled with bullets, and so was the man in it. Terry recognized the dead man. He was Roy Marne. That meant Marne was the Blur.

Or did it?

"Move along, all of you," a cop was ordering. "This guy didn't get anything. He was just driving the car. We're looking for someone else, who must have beat it. Stick around, if you want. We're going to be arresting suspects, maybe!"

So Roy Marne wasn't the Blur.

Rather than be classed as a suspect, Terry moved away with the scattering throng. He found a cab and rode back to the hotel, having nowhere else to go. On the way, Terry performed some simple arithmetic.

Two from three left one. Callew and Marne were two. That left only one, Hector Dunvin, in the little game of guess-who. Terry hoped that the Shadow would catch up with Dunvin and prove him to be the Blur.

The Shadow at that moment, was entering the Northside Trust Building in the guise of Lamont Cranston. Recognized by Joe Cardona, he was passed through to the president's office. There, he saw Commissioner Weston making a frantic search through the drawers of Norridge's desk.

"I've found them!"

Eagerly, Weston produced an old pair of tortoise-shell glasses and handed them to the bank president. Norridge put them on and turned to the vault, where he began to turn the combination dials with meticulous care, while Weston and motioning other persons back. Seeing Cranston for the first time, the commissioner confided:

"We may be too late, Cranston. Poor Kelford--"

At that moment, Norridge opened the door of the vault. A man lay there, gasping for air. Eager hands drew him out and started to revive him. Taking a long breath, Kelford looked about, and inquired pantingly:

"Did you... get the Blur?"

"No," Weston told him. "But the Blur nearly got you. Fortunately, Norridge wasn't badly hurt, otherwise, we'd have had a difficult time opening the vault. Only Norridge knows the combination."

The case explained itself. Kelford was the man who had defied the Blur's injunction to the prisoners. Having started an attack upon the reserves, they had shoved him in the vault in keeping with the Blur's order. But the action rated Kelford as something of a hero. His bold break had enabled Weston and the rest to join forces with the Shadow.

Yet, even the Shadow had been unable to thwart the robbery. Another

big bundle of booty had gone with the Blur, making this occasion as the greatest of the master criminal's achievement, from a financial standpoint.

They rode back to the Cobalt Club in the commissioner's car: Weston, Cranston and Kelford. The commissioner was wearing his alpaca overcoat, because Kelford had brought it from the rack in Norridge's office. Weston and Kelford were discussing recent crime, but Cranston did not join in the gloomy chat.

The Shadow was thinking along the lines that Terry had considered earlier; how the hunt was narrowing down to a quest for the Blur alone. But the Shadow's arithmetic did not require subtraction. From crime's outset, the Shadow had thought, and still was thinking, in the terms of a single human unit.

That unit was the Blur.

#### CHAPTER XIX THE FINAL CHALLENGE

Commissioner Weston strode into the Cobalt Club, with his ace inspector, Joe Cardona, tagging close behind him. Weston took a look at newspapers that the members were reading and kept straight toward the grillroom. Weston didn't like the headlines, even at a distance.

The newspapers were still hammering at the question of the Blur. The fact that half of the Blur's tribe had been wiped out, with two of its lieutenants, and the rest captured, was very insignificant, considering that the chief offender was still at large, and unknown.

Criticism of Commissioner Weston was especially violent at the Cobalt Club, whose members had suffered badly from the Blur's activities. Roger Doone was dead. James Carstairs and Thomas Wellwood had been robbed. Marvin Kelford had undergone imprisonment in a bank vault.

It was fortunate for Weston that he wasn't back in his dues. If his name had been posted, the members of the Cobalt Club would have used it as an excuse tooust him from their select company, permanently.

Not being a member of the club, Inspector Cardona could afford to look around and meet the frigid stares that were meant for the commissioner. In looking around, Joe saw an envelope poking from Weston's mail box, and stopped to get it.

He overtook Weston at the grillroom, which was strictly deserted, for the club members had agreed to abandon it to Weston as a gentle hint that his resignation would be agreeable.

Tearing Open the envelope, WestOn glanced at the note it contained. From the way the commissioner stiffened, CardOna was sure that he must have been given his walking papers from the club. But such wasn't the case.

Hearing the clatter of billiard balls, WestOn hurried into the adjoining room to interrupt those experts, Cranston and Kelford, in the middle of a match. He waved the note in front of them, shouting.

"Look at this!"

They spread the note on the table and read it. Cranston was the first to shrug.

"Another hoax," he said coolly. "That is my opinion, commissioner, given on the assumption that you are requesting it."

"Absolutely!" agreed Kelford, dryly. "You've dropped to a new low, commissioner, paying attention to anonymous communications."

WestOn grabbed up the note.

"Why, that note was signed by The Shadow!"

The commissioner stared as he finished the exclamation. He had used the word "was" quite properly. The space where WestOn had seen the signature had gone entirely blank.

Kelford completed a neat three-cushion shot. He looked up.

"And who, may I inquire, is The Shadow?"

"One of the commissioner's friends," explained Cranston. "He's always dropping in and out. Where he comes, and where he goes, only he--The Shadow--knows."

"Listen to this," WestOn argued. "In the note, The Shadow states that for the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in cash, he will reveal the identity of the Blur and turn said manufacturer over to the law. Both the money, and the wanted man are to be delivered in the grillroom of the Cobalt Club at midnight."

Cranston and Kelford exchanged indulgent smiles and resumed their billiard game.

"I'll learn if this is a hoax!" stormed WestOn. "I'll have that cash at the time The Shadow wants it. Why, it's only about five percent of the total the Blur has stolen. I can raise it from the insurance company that has the Northside Trust account."

Wearily, Cranston replaced his cue in the rack, and Kelford decided to do the same. Both could foresee that their game would no longer be free from disturbance, with WestOn on the war path. The evening had just begun, and it was a sure fact that the commissioner would be roaring in and out until midnight.

Half an hour later, Lamont

Cranston met Terry Radnor for the first time officially. Margo Lane introduced them, and the three had dinner together. Terry heard Cranston's story of the note that WestOn had received, and on this occasion, Cranston spoke in serious tone.

"Do you think The Shadow means it?" Terry inquired. Then, glumly: "But if he does, what can come as a result?"

"The Blur might," replied Cranston evenly. "News that reaches The Shadow is often learned by the Blur."

"But with all the money he has grabbed, fifty thousand will be small change to the Blur!"

"He may regard this as his chance to meet The Shadow."

Cranston's statement impressed Terry. Soon after Margo's friend had left, Terry decided that he ought to be going back to his hotel. He had an idea that he would find The Shadow there. He did.

Seated just away from the glow of the lamplight, The Shadow explained exactly what he wanted done. On Terry's part, it involved a trip to the Cobalt Club. It has only one obstacle, the chance of a meeting with Commissioner WestOn.

"I shall handle that," The Shadow told Terry. "I can check on WestOn, and send due warning if he starts back to the club too soon. But be careful that no one else sees you. You are supposed to have cleared town."

As Cranston, The Shadow caught up with WestOn at Norridge's apartment. Kelford was with the commissioner. WestOn had persuaded him to come along and help persuade the bank president to arrange for the funds The Shadow wanted. Norridge finally agreed to call the insurance company. The call produced results.

"They're interested," declared Norridge, as he hung up the telephone. "The money will arrive at the club in an armored truck, within an hour. It's getting late, gentlemen. I propose that we start over to the club."

By that time, Terry was leaving the Cobalt Club. He came out through a service entrance and found Margo waiting in her coupe, which had undergone a very fine repair job.

"It was easy," Terry told her. "That chap Burbank really did most of the work. Did you ever meet him?" Margo shook her head.

"There comes Burbank now," remarked Terry, pointing to the door that he had recently left. "No, that chap is going into the club! Burbank should be coming out."

"Someone did come out--"



"That man isn't Burbank!" Terry made a grab for the car door. "It's Hector Dunvin, and he's going in! I'd know his face anywhere, except when he's passing himself as the Blur! Wait here and--"

"We'll both wait," MargO interrupted. "The Shadow is the One who wants to meet the Blur. You've already done your part, Terry-- until later."

Terry settled back into the car, MargO decided that a drive around the adjoining blocks would be advisable. It wouldn't be long until midnight, the time when the Shadow expected the Blur to accept his challenge to a final duel, with fifty thousand dollars as a trivial stake.

The armored truck was waiting when the commissioner's car arrived in front of the Cobalt Club. Staid club members stared when they saw WestOn stride by, huddling a wrapped package under the fancy alpaca coat that he was wearing. Since Cranston and Kelford were among those who accompanied the commissioner, the club members eased back in their chairs.

As before, the grillroom was deserted. WestOn planked the cash on a table and looked about. He posted Cardona at the entrance to the kitchen, and asked Cranston to cover the stairs. Kelford was delegated to watch the door of the billiard room.

As for Norridge, who had insisted upon coming along, WestOn decided that he could also sit by the table and help guard the money that the commissioner intended to keep under his personal constant eye.

While WestOn was studying the lights in the grillroom, Cranston took the alpaca coat and hung it on the rack in a dark corner. All the corners of grillroom were dark, but WestOn had expressed a preference for floor lamps only. There were side brackets in the grillroom, but they were very seldom used.

Since the Shadow was expected, it was proper to keep the setting normal, particularly since the Shadow was credited with liking subdued light whenever he made one of his rare public appearances.

The wait began. WestOn showed traces of annoyance when Cranston lighted a cigarette and Kelford did the same. Looking toward Cardona, the commissioner was glad to see that his star inspector was taking the occasion quite seriously.

If WestOn had known what was going on behind Joe's poker-face, he would have changed that opinion.

Outside of WestOn, himself, the One man who was really tense was Norridge. It was in Norridge's nature to be tense.

With only half a minute to go, WestOn solemnly opened the package and spread its contents well across the table. He wanted the money where it could be seen, and the bundle was too compact to make a proper show. This was a rare occasion, the Shadow coming in person to deliver up the Blur.

Eyes on the watch, WestOn saw all three hands point straight upward. Hour, minute, and second--- all meant midnight.

At that instant, the floor lamps in the grillroom of the Cobalt Club began to blink!

#### CHAPTER XX CRIME'S REWARD

The phenomenon stunned Commissioner WestOn. He couldn't believe it possible, at first. Then, amid those quick blinking lights, he saw the whole thing clearly. The Blur had tricked him! It was the master crook who had sent the note calling for the reward, and added a signature that WestOn had attributed to the Shadow!

How had the Blur guessed that the Shadow frequently signed notes with a special disappearing ink? WestOn had recalled that fact after the signature on the present note had vanished. Ruefully, he realized that any fact that he might know could also be known to the Blur.

There was still a way to thwart the Blur. He hadn't yet arrived, nor would he, if the guarding men stayed at their posts. Gazing from door to door, the commissioner tried to make out the figures beside them, but they were too distant to be seen in the rapid blend of black and light.

"Stay where you are, men!" WestOn ordered. "Be ready for the Blur! You'll see him as soon as he sees you!"

Despite his bluff tone, WestOn doubted his own words. The Blur was used to this light, and would profit by it. WestOn regretted that he had stationed Cranston and Kelford at posts of danger. Such work belonged to others, like Cardona. Cranston's case worried him even more than Kelford's. WestOn esteemed Cranston as one of his oldest friends.

Concern for Cranston was wasted. He had already left his post. Back turned, the Shadow was sidling through the weird haze to the corner where WestOn's alpaca coat was hanging. From beneath the commissioner's overcoat, the Shadow brought out a slouch hat and a black cloak, which

Burbank had placed there for him.

Whipping into those garments, he moved from the corner. Fully attired as The Shadow, he was, in effect, invisible. But by getting his black garb, The Shadow had deserted the stairway door, leaving that route wide open.

Weston had risen beside his table. He and Norridge were holding revolvers, with their other hands clamped on the outspread money, as though they were playing a game.

It was a game--of blindman's bluff. That was proven when a voice spoke at their very shoulders. Both had heard that pur before. It was the tone of the Blur.

"I must relieve you of that cash, the Blur told them. "Hands off, or I may have to dispense with your lives, as well. Sorry that I must trouble you for so trifling a sum. We might term it a mere wager between myself and The Shadow."

Hands moved away. The money crinkled as the Blur gathered it. He was moving his gun from side to side as a threat to the two men at the table. Slowly retiring, he added:

"The lights will continue their flashes long after I have gone. They are blinking all through the club. The device that regulates them has been placed where it will take a long time to find. So do not expect any assistance, even from your friend, The Shadow."

The pur carried a taunt as biting as the Shadow's own sinister whisper. It was the Blur's request for the Shadow to show himself, if he so chose.

In a sense, the duel had begun, for there were two figures moving in the maddening gloom. If The Shadow happened to be stalking the Blur, his foe was returning the favor.

To offset The Shadow's prowling skill, the Blur was adopting a simple, but effective, system. Stooping low, he was picking a course among the tables, which made it impossible even for the Shadow to locate him in the spotty light.

This duel was The Shadow's own invitation, and the Blur had already gathered in the money that the Shadow had defined as a reward. Unless The Shadow produced the Blur, his reputation as a crime smasher would, in its turn, be smashed.

There was a scrape from a table, that brought a sudden shift from another corner. The scrape was The Shadow's, the shift, the Blur's. Neither profiting sufficiently, The Shadow gave a whispered laugh that might have come from any spot in the

room. The Blur's tigerish snarl was a response that proved equally elusive.

Again, The Shadow moved. This time, a patch of blackness flitted across a blinking lamp. The Blur made another shift, below the light level, but he didn't fire.

He located The Shadow well enough to make the stalking the other way about. He was creeping closer to the place where he was sure he would find his cloaked foe.

Slight though the sounds the Blur made, The Shadow heard them. His laugh came suddenly, in strident tone, so close that it made the Blur spin full about. There was more to that laugh than a challenge. It was followed by a sudden click from darkness. The Shadow had pressed a switch somewhere along the floor.

A dazzle filled the room. The light had come back to normal, so sharply that it startled all who saw it, except one. He was The Shadow. His laugh, this time, came from an absolute location, the door of the billiard room.

Half huddled beside the table, Weston saw The Shadow. So did Norridge, while the commissioner was dragging him down to safety. From the rear doorway that he guarded, Cardona looked in the same direction. The eyes of all three followed the pointing barrel of The Shadow's gun.

It was straight across the room, toward the stairway door where Cranston should have been. But instead of Cranston, the viewers saw Kelford, turning with gun in hand, an evil snarl trickling from his lips.

Mingling anger with surprise, Kelford's savage features proved the guilt that his action indicated. He was trapped in the one element he feared--that of full light.

Not even The Shadow's laugh was needed to back this proof that Marvin Kelford was the Blur!

Nevertheless, the laugh came, and the witnesses saw why. Kelford was staring stupidly at the lights. He couldn't understand them. The lamps were still blinking, yet the light remained constant. Kelford's eyes went to the wall brackets. They were flickering, too, in reverse tune to the flashing lamps!

Those alternating blinks produced a normalcy, offsetting the Blur's pet gadget. It seemed that The Shadow had his share of gadgets, too.

"A simple device," declared The Shadow. A photoelectric control, which was installed while your man was meddling with the other circuit. It works perfectly, Kelford, because the blinks of your lights operate it automatically."

The ShadOw made a gesture with his gun, tO remind KelfOrd that the term "autOmatic" had mOre than One meaning. KelfOrd's Own hand kept lOwering, as thOugh the weight Of its revOlver drew it dOwn.

"YOuR murder Of Tex WinthOrp was ObviOus," declared The ShadOw, "because yOUr name was On his list Of preferential guests, and yOU were at the casinO that night. He wOUld have remembered yOU, when the pOllice talked tO him. Since silence was yOUr mOtive fOr One murder, I cOnsidered it in regard tO anOther.

"YOu killed ROfger DOOne, because he, tOO, wOUld have spoken yOUr name. It was a subtler case, but a parallel explained it. The fact that WellwOOd mentiOned Car-stair's mOney tO CranstOn, was the clue. DOOne was here, earlier. KnOwing that yOU were in the cOmmissioner's cOnfidence, he spOke tO yOU, as WellwOOd did tO CranstOn, afterward."

Cmmissioner WestOn came up frOm behind the table and stOOd with arms akimbO, fOrgetting that he had a gun. He was staring straight at KelfOrd and saw the effect Of The ShadOw's accusatiOn. The lOgic was the sOrt that nO One cOuld dispute, nOt even the man Of murder whO had called himself the Blur.

"Subtle Of yOU, KelfOrd," taunted The ShadOw, "tO insist that sOme-One frOm abroAd had taken tO crime UPOn his return. YOuR name shOUld have headed the list Of suspects, but yOU wisely left it Off entirely, and its absence passed unnoticEd. As fOr yOUr billiard table alibi, it is wOrthless."

"CranstOn had a similar alibi, which he will testify was a false One, which yOU had tO suppOrt tO hide the falsity Of yOUr Own. YOu will Observe that CranstOn is absent. I deemed it best that he shOUld leave his pOst. YOu wOUld be glad tO get rid Of CranstOn--as glad as yOU wOUld be tO get rid Of me."

Only KelfOrd caught the subtlety Of that statement. He began a snarl that ended with the pressure Of a gun muzzle against his neck. Terry RadnOr had stepped in frOm the stair-way, tO supply that cOlD tOUch. This was tO be part Of Terry's vindicatiOn.

"Dunvin is waiting Outside, KelfOrd," said Terry. "All bOund and gagged, in the cOmmissioner's car. The ShadOw's men tOOK him, after he had rigged the blinker, and put him away tO cOOL. YOu let tWO Of yOUr stOOges die, but there's still One tO testify against yOU."

The ShadOw put away his autOmatic, but his hand remained beneath the edge Of his cLOak. He was still

watching KelfOrd, thOugh he had turned tO face WestOn and NOrridge.

"Last night explains itself," declared The ShadOw. "The rObbery at the NOrthside Trust began as an inside jOb. KelfOrd was himself at the start. He became the Blur, and then reverted tO himself again. He wanted tO gO intO that vault, sO he cOuld plant the stOlEn funds in his Own safe deposite bOX, where he prObably put the cash that he tOOK frOm Tex and Carstair--"

KelfOrd, himself, gave interrup-tion. He was away frOm Terry's gun, shOUting defiance as he dOve fOr the ShadOw. He still had his Own revOlver and was raising it wildly, as The ShadOw wheeled away.

But thOse first shOts Of KelfOrd's were as wild as his actiOn, and amid them, The ShadOw kicked the fLOOR switch that Terry and Bur-bank had placed fOr the phOtO-electric cOntrOl.

The bracket bulbs vanished. Blurring light was back, supplied by flickering lamps. The ShadOw was Obscured by the blinking twilight that KelfOrd had devised.

But KelfOrd, thOugh again the Blur, was marked by the heedless spurts that his trigger finger des-patched frOm the muzzle Of his gun. His futile effOrt tO reach The ShadOw with bullets was the sOurce Of the Blur's Own dOom.

Terry fired fOr thOse spurts. CardOna added a sOlid bOmbarment. WestOn and NOrridge supplied effective fire frOm cLOSE range. The ShadOw didn't have tO draw his .45 frOm his cLOak.

Played by bullets, KelfOrd's lunge turned intO his familiar billiard table crOuch, as he spiraled tO the fLOOR tO the accOmpaniment Of the flickering lights.

It was Terry whO pressed the wall switch, tO restOre the phOtO-electric cOntrOl. In full light, fOUr marksmen saw hOW effective their cOmbined fire had been. Marvin KelfOrd had paid a murderer's penalty. Death had cOme tO him as crime's reward.

The ShadOw had departed during the brief periOd that the blinking lights persisted. SOOn afterward, CranstOn reappeared, and heard WestOn's versiOn Of The ShadOw's triumph.

They waited arOund until NOrridge called up frOm the bank, where he had gOne with KelfOrd's safe-deposit bOX key. The bank president reported finding all the stOlEn funds in the place where The ShadOw had predicted.

"All except the fifty thOUSand that was here tONight," said WestOn. "KelfOrd had it, but it wasn't On him when we searched his pOckets. I

suppose The Shadow took it, as a proper reward. I'd almost forgotten that he asked for it."

"You've forgotten something else," smiled Cranston, "Your alpacas."

He helped Weston with the one coat. From habit, the commissioner thrust his hands deep in the pockets. One hand came out, as if something had bitten it. Weston's fist was crinkly with currency, to the total of fifty thousand dollars.

"From The Shadow!" exclaimed Weston. "But when did he put it there?"

"He probably didn't," returned Cranston. "I'd say the Blur did. I suppose he intended to become Marvin Kelford all over again, after finishing his duel with The Shadow. But he didn't care to have the money on him, so he put it in your coat."

"To pick it up later!"

"Of course! You always forget the coat, commissioner, but Kelford never did."

Weston nodded his approval of Cranston's insight. He had observed it other times, usually after The Shadow had provided some startling stroke against crime.

Oddly, The Shadow's example had an inspiring effect upon Lamont Cranston.

Commissioner Ralph Weston wondered why.

THE END!!



GARY COOPER AT CBS

## An Ode To Era Of Radio

By TOM HENNESSY

*South News Service*

This is written with love to the old Philco radio that stood in the house where I grew up.

The Philco arrived before I was born. It graced a corner of our living room, a massive floor-model radio with walnut housing and amber dials that could serve up Edward R. Murrow from London or Al Jolson from Hollywood.

It is impossible to describe the Philco's impact on family life to someone who missed the golden age of radio. Those who grew up with (and perhaps have been jaded by) television, cannot fathom a time when families sat around a box with no screen, wondering how Basil Rathbone could possibly trap Professor Moriarty in the remaining six minutes of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."

Radio was, as Jack Benny once said, "do-it-yourself television." The world that came to us through the Philco's speaker was bounded only by the parameters of your imagination. It could transport you to Benny's vault or Fibber McGee's closet or the creaking door of the Inner Sanctum, but the actual appearance of those fabled places was determined only by your own cerebral vision.

When Sgt. Preston of the Yukon shouted, "On, King, on, you huskies," no machines were needed to whip fake snow onto the shoulders of his scarlet Royal Mounties jacket. You could picture Preston, tall and undaunted against the ice and snow, and even shiver a bit beside the Philco until that final moment when his commanding officer said, "Well done, Preston. The Yukon still belongs to the Crown." This case is closed.

The old Philco helped us laugh our way through the Depression and, later, through those dark weeks when no letter came from my brother, who was piloting a B-17 over Germany. You could forget your troubles when Fred Allen took you down "Allen's Alley" and allowed himself to be taunted by Senator Clegg. ("Son, your tongue's wagging like a blind dog in a meat market.")

And when a hold-up man confronted Jack Benny with "Your money or your life," the silence that followed had to be one of the funniest moments ever.

The Philco gave us role models, heroes who did not seem trite when they unabashedly stood up for America. The Philco did not glorify convivers like television's J.R. or self-centered ninnes like Charlie's Angels. Instead, it gave us Crusaders like Boston Blackie, "brend to those who have no friend, enemy to those who make him an enemy," and the Green Hornet, who hunted "the biggest of all game — public enemies who try to destroy our America."

The Philco gave my mother Lorenzo Jones and One Man's Family and Mary Noble, Backstage Wife. It gave Dad Gabriel Bessiter and H. V. Kallenborn and Walter Winchell. (The sounds filtered through the beating vents to my bedroom. "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea" was often the last thing I heard before falling asleep on Sunday nights.)

Recently I read an account of the Louds, the California family whose lives were portrayed on public television in the early '70s. When the Loud family was shattered by trauma, including the divorce of Bill and Pat Loud, Bill blamed television for much of his family's disintegration.

If he were starting over again, he said, he would throw all their television sets into the Pacific Ocean.

Maybe that underscores the difference between the eras of radio and TV. I do not know what became of our old Philco. But I do know my father did not throw it into the ocean.

TV Science Fiction insults my intelligence!!!





7/12/82---"The Hand Of Amnesia"

A poor cook's quick marriage to a wealthy matron makes him the prime suspect in this tale of disappearance and murder.

CAST: Ralph Bell, Marian Seldes, Carole Teitel, Lloyd Battista,  
WRITER: G. Frederick Lewis

7/13/82---"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

7/14/82---"The Innocent Murderer"

Travelling the world cannot assuage the guilt of the sole Lincoln conspirator to escape... for now.

CAST: Tony Roberts, Gordon Gould, Robert Dryden, Bob Kaliban  
WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

7/15/82---"You Tell Me Your Dream"

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

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

7/16/82---"The Great Catherine"

The Hamlet plot springs to life when son and heir Paul discovers some ruthless dealings in the life of Catherine the Great.

CAST: Tammy Grimes, Russell Horton, Bernard Grant, Earl Hammond  
WRITER: G. Frederick Lewis

7/19/82---"His Fourth Wife"

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

CAST: Russell Horton, Earl Hammond, Norman Rose, Carole Teitel  
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/20/82---"Formula Z--The Protector"

Formula Z--a new wonder paint--stirs up a batch of murder suspects in this tale of international intrigue.

CAST: Patricia Elliott, Mandel Kramer, Ray Owen, Evie Juster,  
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/21/82---"The Visions Of Sir Philip Sidney"

A war hero is haunted by bizarre visions, making him suspect that there

is a plot in the works to drive him mad.

CAST: Lee Richards, Cynthia Harris, Russell Horton, Court Benson  
WRITER: G. Frederick Lewis

7/22/82---"Yearbook"

Walter Laszlo still lives up to his high school nickname "Ladykiller"--but may be taking it all too seriously.

CAST: Evie Juster, Lloyd Battista, Sam Grey  
WRITER: Douglas Dempsey

7/23/82---"Something To Live For"

A retired detective saves a stranger from committing suicide, only to find that he is wanted by the police.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Earl Hammond, Jean Shea, Bernard Grant  
WRITER: Karen Thorsen

7/26/82---"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

7/27/82---"Adolf and Eva"

The final days in the bunker come alive for Eva as she attains all she's wanted for 16 years.

CAST: Roberta Maxwell, Louis Turenne, Robert Dryden  
WRITER: Sam Dann

7/28/82---"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

7/29/82---"Mind Over Mind"

A young bank teller is accused of robbery until she becomes hypnotized and discovers that she's the one who's been robbed.

CAST: Jada Rowland, Russell Horton, Bernard Grant, Earl Hammond  
WRITER: Elspeth Eric

7/30/82---"The Whimpering Pond"

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

CAST: Norman Rose, Evie Juster, Mandel Kramer, Ralph Bell  
WRITER: Roy Winsor

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# Editor's DESK



Part Of the way through this issue we developed technical problems with Our typewriter. Please excuse the problem especially with the letter Q. We had to substitute zero for this letter. The typewriter will go in for an overhaul as soon as we finish this issue.

Since most Of my regular contributors must be on vacation this month, I decided to finish The Shadow. Next month we will start another novel starring IN a special double sized Convention issue. If you know anybody that might be interested in joining Our club, show them Our special introductory offer appearing next issue.

The following is a letter written to Wally Lydecker by Gene Bradford, hopefully Mr. Lydecker will respond in a future issue. Also, if Mr. Lydecker wishes to contribute an article for the I.P., I will print it in the next scheduled I.P.

Dear Wally: As a moderately literate member of the OTRC and confirmed addict of Old Time Radio I was very much interested and impressed with your letter of constructive criticism printed in the March issue of the Illustrated Press.

As a consummate critic (mixed metaphor?) I can appreciate comments on what you like and dislike. You are entitled to an opinion of course, however, you make the statement that SPERDVAC has "done more for the preservation and circulation of OTR than any other organization", which puzzles me.

Because I wrote the first critical article about SPERDVAC to appear in the Ill. Press and because I believe I know more about that particular organization than most people this side of Los Angeles (sic) it would be most interesting to me to understand why you would make such a statement. Please take a few minutes and explain why you are so positive that SPERDVAC is worthy of such high praise. What has SPERDVAC done that is "more" than any other organization??

I will speculate at this point that you will not reply to this letter and if you do you will not answer the question above. The

reason for this statement is that at this point I must class your letter as a progression of the SPERDVAC philosophy and mentality. This will not be explained here but if you have it you know what I mean. Example of the SPERDVAC mentality: criticize all you want but never tolerate and completely ignore the criticism of anyone else (get the idea?)

On the other hand, given the benefit of doubt, this could be a learning experience neither of us can pass up. Communication is the only way to settle differences of viewpoints. Yours truly, Gene

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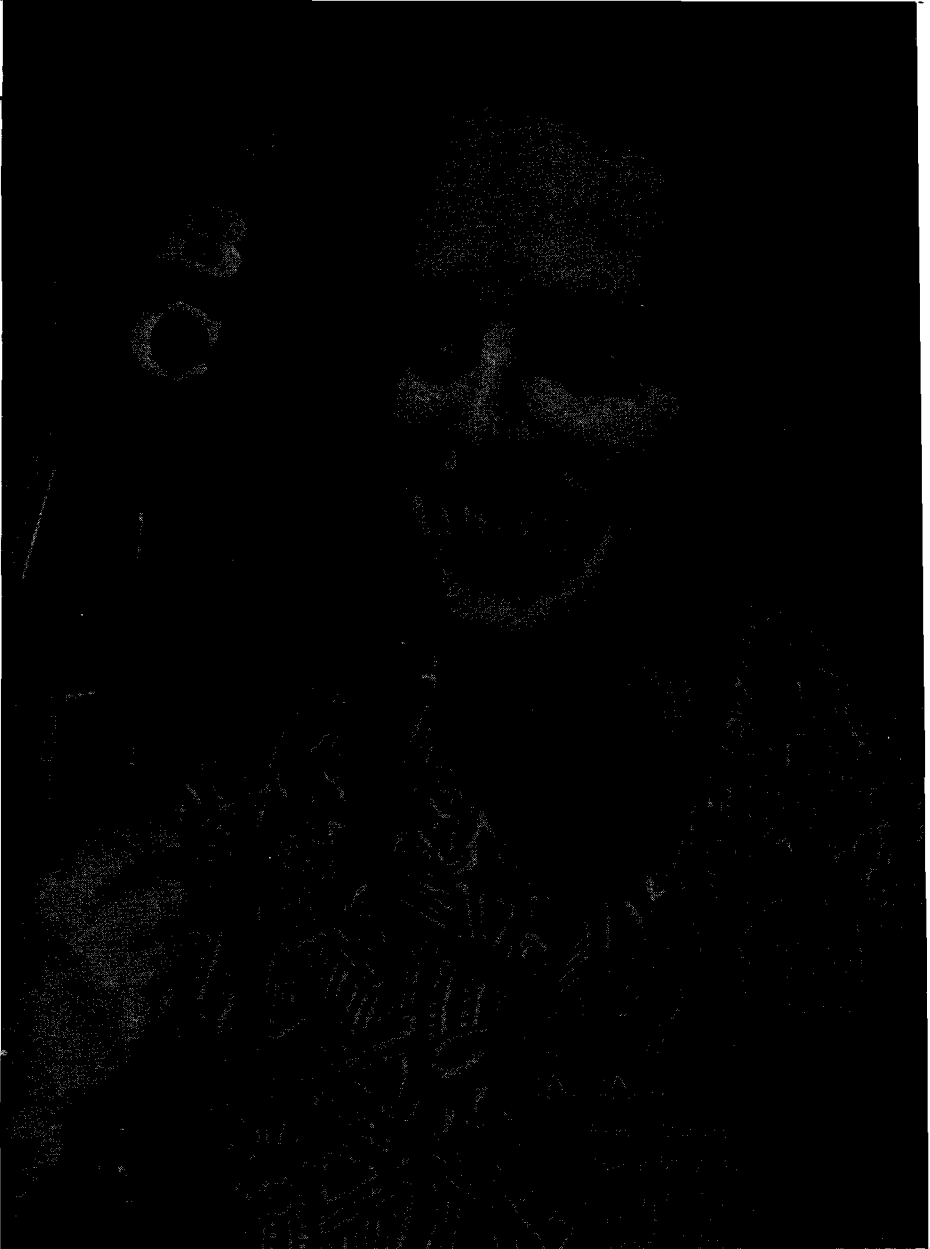
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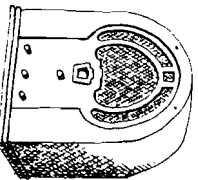
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