
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

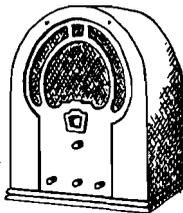
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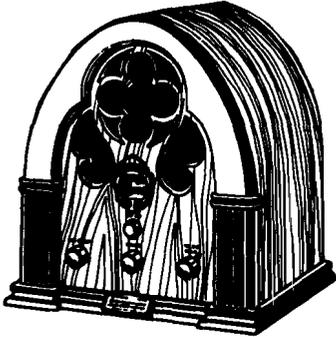


HARLOWE WILCOX

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$17.50 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a Monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), an annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$5.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$10.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$17.50 for the year; Feb., \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00; July \$11.00; Aug., \$9.00; Sept. \$8.00; Oct. \$7.00; Nov. \$6.00; and Dec. \$5.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available. Annual dues are \$29.50. Publications will be air mailed.

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BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and IPs are \$1.00 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

Dominic Parisi
 38 Ardmore Pl.
 Buffalo, NY 14213

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.

DEADLINE FOR IP #100 - January 12
 #101 - February 11
 #102 - March 11

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES
 \$30.00 for a full page
 \$20.00 for a half page
 \$12.00 for a quarter page.

SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.

Advertising Deadline - September 15th

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THE TAPE LIBRARY AND CLUB DUES.

Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

Program Notes

A fine drama series has begun recently on National Public Radio. The series is entitled Americans All. It is produced by Himan Brown. Yes, the same man who produced the CBS Radio Mystery Theater. The host, narrator is Charleston Heston. Other stars heard in the series are Tony Roberts, Kim Hunter, Marian Seides, Alexander Scourby, Fred Gwynne, John Beal and many others. Most of these individuals were heard on the CBS Radio Mystery Theater. The program can be heard in Buffalo, N.Y. on WFBO-FM 88.7 MHz, two Wednesdays each month at 11 a.m. Check your local NPR station for day and time in your area. Dick Olday reminds us that each Sunday evening, CHUM-FM 104.5 MHz Toronto, Ont. presents OTR at 11 p.m. Presently heard the Haunting Hour and Lights Out.

For those of you who are into the Golden Age of Television, a series entitled "The Golden Years of Television", can be seen on WNED-TV Ch. 17 Buffalo, N.Y. at 9 p.m. on Thursdays.

If anyone, anywhere, has any OTR listings which they would like to share, please drop me a line. The address is

Joe O'Donnell
206 Lydia La.
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

RETURN WITH US TO...



Uncle Don

THE PERSISTENT STORY THAT THIS CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINER ONCE BROADCAST OVER THE AIR AT THE CONCLUSION OF A BROADCAST WENT SO AWAY THOUGH IT HAS LONG SINCE BEEN DISPROVED. THE STORY WAS MADE UP BY A NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST TO FILL SPACE ON A DULL NEWS DAY!

UNCLE DON CARNEY'S SHOW WAS BROADCAST LOCALLY OVER WOR NEW YORK FOR 18 YEARS BEGINNING IN 1968. IT AROSE AS A NETWORK RADIO PROGRAM IN 1980-82.

AMONG THE FEATURES OF HIS SHOW... THE IMAGINARY AUTOBIO THAT HE CALLED A PUZZLE JUMPER EARNEST SAYERS... A TRIBUTE TO THRIFTY CHILDREN UNCLE DON'S TALENT QUEST... THAT AWARDED A HOLLYWOOD SCREEN TEST TO WINNERS



Radio buffs recreate the good old shows

NEWARK, N.J. (AP) — The Bickersons were re-born, if only for a day, and so was Grand Central Station as about 30 performers re-created long-gone radio programs on Saturday at a meeting of old-time radio buffs.

"We have actual scripts as well as the actors and technicians involved in dozens of the radio programs of the 1930s and 40s," said David Davies, a spokesman for the ninth annual Friends of Old-Time Radio convention.

In addition, more than 40 dealers were selling everything from souvenirs of radio super heroes to tapes of old shows to hundreds of buffs.

Convention visitors were entertained by veteran radio performer Frank Nelson, 73, and his wife, Veola Vonn, who performed a skit from the comedy show The Bickersons about an argumentative couple.

Also on the program were skits from Grand Central Station, a drama series, he said.

Nelson might be best remembered as the floorwalker on the Jack Benny Show who, when tapped on the shoulder, would bellow a drawn-out "Yes."

"I was with the Jack Benny Show for 38 years," said Nelson, who got his start in local radio in 1926 and three years later moved to Hollywood where many radio shows were produced. "I've been involved in most of the major programs."

The last comedy and drama shows went off the air in 1962, and Nelson found work doing voices on cartoon programs. The latest is called The Snorks, to be televised on Saturday mornings, he said.

At the convention tables, Fabian Gabryelski, 51, of Clifton, was selling old pictures of characters such as the Lone Ranger and the Green Hornet, as well as buttons, pens, books and records.

"The merchandise is a part of the past that you enjoyed the most. It carries you back," said

Gabryelski, a collector for nine years.

Gary Kramer, 32, of Mount Morris, Mich., travelled to the two-day show with several hundred tape cassettes of old detective programs like Mr. District Attorney, Johnny Dollar and Richard Diamond.

"I have over 3,000 hours worth of programs," said Kramer.

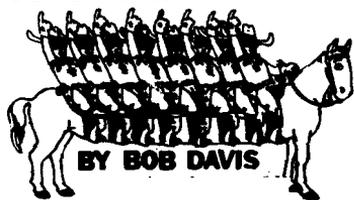
TONIGHT AT 7:30

—dial CBS 950 • WIBX

VAUGHN MONROE SHOW

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



At the time of this writing, Christmas is upon us and New Years is just around the corner. Those old radio shows we collect are about to get another year older but unlike many other things they are not depreciating. Quite the contrary, if anything they're appreciating! Maybe not in a dollar and cents sense but definitely in a nostalgic and an almost undefinable sense.

Every year that passes takes us farther and farther away from those days of Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, etc. By that I mean the days that these shows originated, the days that sadly can never return. However, we can feel pleased that we are helping to keep these slices of Americana alive with our collections.

Years from now people that aren't even born yet will be able to sit down and, for hours on end, get a feel of what the world was like back in the Thirties, Forties Fifties and Sixties. Old movie footage of those eras approximate the same feel but somehow also give off a feel of quaintness with it's black and white imagery and jerky, speeded up movements.

Because of it's very nature, old radio almost has to go out of its way to do this. On the occasional line might come across that dates a show pretty much, such as mentioning the running board of a car or someone jumping into a rumble seat, but generally speaking the shows hold up pretty well and you are mentally transported back into that time.

Another nice part of this hobby is that much, probably most, of the material we have is researched to the point that the cast, writer, producer, and original air date are known or readily available to any that might want them.

The terrific part naturally, is the fact that so many shows are available and it doesn't cost an arm and a leg to get them. The people involved are also pretty terrific. In many years of trading I've been in contact with a lot of them and all I can say is that I've never been cheated on a trade... never!

Now and then you'll run across a wise guy that thinks he's Mister Old Time Radio but when push comes to shove they usually do the right thing and help a person out. The old time radio show collector also has some very good radio clubs that can be of endless help in locating a certain show or getting acquainted with other traders. The conventions too, are invaluable for this type of thing--plus they give you the opportunity to actually meet a few of old time radio's best people.

Unlike stamp collecting or comic book collecting, where there are only a finite amount of material available, OTR collecting is great because you are able to trade what you have for what the other guy has and neither side loses anything. The original material is still there plus the new stuff from the trade. Can't beat that deal!

The bottom line of all this is that old time radio collecting is a rewarding and satisfying hobby in which one can meet all sorts of very nice people. I'm glad I had sense enough to get involved with it.

A belated Christmas Greeting to you all and have the best New Year ever.

See ya next time.



Robert Montgomery narrating on a CBS "Suspense" program.

THE SHADOW

in

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STREET & SMITH

TREASURES of BEACH

Dec. 15, 1933

CHAPTER XI FORCES FROM WITHOUT

Alone in his office, Compton Salwood showed the nervousness that he felt. He strode quickly across the room and tried the front door of the office. He was satisfied to find it locked as he had expected. He packed back to the desk, seated himself and began to mop his bald brow with a handkerchief.

Salwood's eyes were no longer turned toward the door through which The Shadow had gone. Hence the interior decorator did not see the motion of the door as The Shadow reopened it a crack. Keen eyes, peering through a narrow space, were watching Salwood as he sat alone.

The key to crime seemed within the Shadow's grasp. The master of the night had picked Salwood as the underling of a superplotter. He had discovered a stolen object in Salwood's desk. He had gained a list of robbed victims. He had read a cleverly coded message from Salwood's chief.

If Salwood chose to keep the midnight appointment, all would be well. The Shadow would learn the final facts that he required. He would be in a position to force the climax of the drama. But there was something in Salwood's manner that made The Shadow watch for a change. The unexpected lay in the offing.

But to The Shadow, the unexpected could be turned to advantage. That was why The Shadow lingered, watching. He was ready to use any break that might occur. Salwood began to unlock his desk drawers. He changed his mind and pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket.

The Shadow saw the man study an item in the journal. Salwood was reading the account of a supposed theft at the home of Wendel Hargate. He was comparing that brief item with the thoughts that were in his troubled mind.

He opened the top drawer of the desk, brought out the envelope that The Shadow had examined and began to read the message told by the postage stamps on the sheets within.

The Shadow realized Salwood's thoughts as plainly as if the man had spoken them. Connecting the

emergency message with the newspaper report, Salwood was debating possibilities. The game was up because of the event at Wendel Hargate's.

Salwood arose and paced the office. He came back to the desk, studied the clipping and stood with troubled air. Then, with the attitude of a man who has made a great decision, he picked up the telephone and put in a call for detective headquarters.

The Shadow was watching closely. He could see the beads of perspiration that glistened on Salwood's brow. The interior decorator was trembling as he listened at the telephone receiver. He was a man impressed by fear; one who was choosing what he regarded as the lesser of two tremendous evils.

"Detective Cardona?" Salwood's voice was quivering. "Yes? . . . "My name is Compton Salwood. . . I want to talk with you regarding the Hargate theft. . . Yes, the Villon manuscript. . ."

There was a pause; then Salwood gave his address. Evidently Cardona had requested him to come to headquarters. Salwood's hands began to tremble. Finally, in a hollow, whimpering voice, he blurted for the frenzied words.

"You've got to come here!" he gasped. "No. . . No. . . My life is in danger. . . Yes, it is a tremendous case. . . I can tell you all, when I see you. . ."

The man's voice broke. He began to protest at a quizzing that was coming over the wire.

"I feel that I am being watched!" he exclaimed. "I can't talk now. I--I am summoned to a meeting at midnight. . . If I remain here after eleven, anything may strike. . . You don't know the desperation that I feel. . . I want to confess, to tell all. . . Yes, come here at once--before I die!"

A brief pause; then, in a final begging tone, Salwood gasped a last request.

"Come through the back way," he pleaded. "The little door--behind the shop. There is a bell there. . . Yes ring it and I will open the door from my office. . . Every minute now is vital. . ."

Cardona was still talking over the wire when Salwood hung up the receiver. The man was trembling more than before. He licked his lips and stared about in every direction, as though he expected enemies to spring from each wall. Still, the Shadow watched and waited.

Salwood had lost his nerve. A crook who evidently feared the man who dominated him, he had decided to turn yellow rather than face what lay ahead.

The shadow could see the reason. Salwood had been pawn in the game that now was ended. He must be reasoning that since he was of no further use to his chief, he could expect nothing but danger or doom.

The Shadow had seen men of Salwood's ilk before. The Shadow knew the ways of superminds of crime. He knew that Salwood's fears might be well founded. Some one—a lurking crime master—was behind the game that has now been abandoned. That one must be merciless in method.

The unexpected had arrived; yet as it stood, The Shadow held a strong advantage. Joe Cardona would arrive to hear Compton Salwood's story. The Shadow would hear it also. While Cardona was making plans, The Shadow would be acting. Once Salwood gave the game away, The Shadow would be swift to move.

Minutes trickled by. Salwood was looking nervously at his watch. The Shadow remained in quietude. Eleven o'clock was rapidly approaching. It was the hour that Salwood feared.

The interior decorator was a rascal of ability; as such, he would not be subject to imaginary qualms. Hence The Shadow knew that the menace which Compton Salwood feared must be one which could stretch out and grip him here.

Salwood's watch was on the desk. The man was pacing back and forth across the room; each time he neared the desk, he tightened his fists in nervous tension. The Shadow could see the dial of the watch. It had reached eleven.

A buzzer sounded. Compton Salwood started. Then his frame shook in sudden relief. It was the sound that he had awaited; coming at this tense moment, it had startled him. The man fairly staggered to the desk.

As the buzzer sounded again, he panted and placed his hand upon the woodwork. He was trying to regain his composure before he pressed the button that would admit the detective whom he had called here.

The Shadow, standing beyond the partly opened front door of the office, was completely shrouded in darkness. Only a tiny wedge of light showed above his head. All was gloom in the front of Salwood's shop.

The entrance to the office was in a little alcove, hence the front of the shop was beyond The Shadow's view. In fact, The Shadow stood in a little world of his own, from which he would view events in Salwood's office as one would see through the lens of a microscope.

Salwood was about to press the button; then the way would be clear, for the rear door of the office had remained unlocked since Salwood had come in. A watcher in The Shadow's situation would naturally have been keyed to a state of high intensity and therefore he neglectful to other events that might be happening. No so The Shadow. Ever alert, this being who dwelt in darkness was always expecting the unexpected. Even in this important moment, his keen ears were listening for sounds that would have been unheard by others.

Something caught The Shadow's attention. Swiftly, silently, he glided away from the door of the office. Moving backwards, he made a rapid turn the moment that he reached the outlet of the alcove.

A hiss came through the gloom. It was like a warning signal. At the same instant, the flood of a flashlight broke through the gloom. The Shadow, standing at the edge of the front shop, was staring squarely at the glare.

A cry burst from a man behind the light. Vague figures leaped forward simultaneously. Then, in a split second interval, came a mighty roar from the spot where the Shadow stood. Another cry sounded amid the echoes of the shot and the shattering sound of glass.

With calm precision, The Shadow had drawn an automatic. His shot had been the answer to the flashlight's revealing beam. With perfect aim, The Shadow had shattered the torch that had caught him in its glare.

Amid the snarls of foemen whom The Shadow's hand had balked, came the sinister sound of a surging, whispered mockery. The laugh of The Shadow was the answer to these men who had invaded Compton Salwood's shop!

CHAPTER XII DEATH IN THE DARK

Whatever had been the motive of the invaders who had crept into the front of Salwood's shop, none had expected the surprise which The Shadow had given them. The mode of entrance had unquestionably been through the window which The Shadow had left unbarred. The invaders

must have found it and used it to their own advantage.

They had been creeping toward the door of Salwoods' office, ready to catch the interior decorator unaware. Instead, they had met The Shadow; and the advantage had been theirs until his counterstroke had been delivered.

Men were already surging toward the spot where The Shadow stood. They had leaped instinctively; the Shadow had beaten them at the start. A revolver shot roared through the little alcove; a bullet flattened itself against the wall. Other outbursts followed. Stealthy at the start, the invaders had thrown caution aside once The Shadow had fired.

Another flashlight gleamed. Its rays showed the alcove empty. The Shadow had expected the direction of the fire. He had not waited in the alcove. A voice cried out a warning to retreat. The leader of the invaders wanted no more firing. The admonition, however, came too late.

As the cry was uttered, the man who held the flashlight swung it along the wall of the front shop. By haphazard luck, he spotted the exact direction which The Shadow had taken. Venomous oaths burst forth as a group of concentrated gangsters swung to fire at the phantom shape before them.

Those shouts showed The Shadow's enemies to be mobsmen. Their leader no longer held them under his control. To all villains of the underworld, The Shadow was a menace. Met under circumstances such as this, his power seemed beneath a curb. This was opportunity for those who sought his doom.

The Shadow had not sought this encounter. He had tried to delay it, pending the arrival of Joe Cardona. The Shadow had plans concerning Compton Salwood; he did not wish them to be disturbed.

In the face of emergency, however, he acted promptly. The moment that the second flashlight revealed his form against the wall, The Shadow dropped toward the floor.

He fired as his figure dwindled. His target was the flashlight; this time, however, The Shadow chose to eliminate the torch by picking the man who held it. These enemies had aimed to kill. There was naught to do but give them hot lead in return.

The first roar of the automatic dropped the man who held the flashlight. Then came other bursts of

flame; in answer, revolver shots broke from the guns of gangsters.

The odds were now with The Shadow. His targets were the flashes of revolvers. Similarly, the mobsters had the chance to guide their shots by the bursts of fire which came from The Shadow's automatics.

But in this form of fighting, The Shadow had no equal. His form was moving swiftly through the darkness. His shots were like a boxer's feints. Where others fired blindly at splashes of fire, The Shadow timed his shots with cool precision.

With outstretched arm, he fired two random shots that served as false targets for the aim of his opponents. With the echoes of his shots, he was on the move toward a spot of better choosing. From there, he blazed quick bullets toward the thugs who were firing at the place where he had been.

All was unreal and fantastic in the darkness. The atmosphere was that which The Shadow himself would have chosen. Only the flashlight, lying on the floor against the wall, gave a small, unoccupied area of light.

Flashing guns, thudding bodies, groans and cries of wounded gangsters; these were the accompaniment to the staccato melody of The Shadow's .45s.

Furious though the combat sounded, its duration was amazingly short. Silence, disturbed only by occasional groans, formed the finale that came after the last echoes of roaring gun play.

The rising crescendo of The Shadow's laugh seemed to sound a warning to those who might still be able to give combat. That laugh died sharply. Its weird tone gave no inkling as to the spot where The Shadow stood.

No further shots were fired. Yet The Shadow, ever wary, was a being of utmost stealth. He sensed that one or more might still be lurking unharmed. He had one heavy damage in the direction of the alcove; still, it was possible that some one might have either gained that safety spot or have crawled away to the open front of the shop.

The Shadow headed toward the alcove, so silently that not even the swish of his cloak could be heard. A full minute passed before he reached the door to Compton Salwood's office. He encountered no one on the way.

The door was closed--tight shut. The Shadow, needing no light, probed the lock with his steel pick. His action was unheard, for he had learned the secret of that lock before.

Slowly, The Shadow began to ease the door open, to obtain a slender view. In this action, he raised his left arm above his head, so that his

hand touched the top of the doorway. The opening crack was thus completely obliterated so that no light could come from within the room to attract the attention of any lurking member of the mobster band.

Darkness greeted The Shadow's peering eye. The office light had been turned out.

Had Compton Salwood fled?

That seemed possible, yet doubtful. If Joe Cardona had encountered the fleeing interior decorator, it was likely that the detective would have returned to learn the cause of the gun play.

The Shadow entered the office. He closed the door behind him. His flashlight formed a circling ray of light. It stopped short near the farther door. There, on the floor, lay Compton Salwood. The man was dead. He was flat upon his back; buried to the hilt was the knife that had caused his death.

Some evil enemy had trapped Salwood while The Shadow had been battling the invaders. The struggle had come to a quick ending. Compton Salwood, tool of a supercriminal, had been murdered in cold blood.

The Shadow's light swung to the desk. The drawers were open. They had been rifled. The package containing the stolen book was gone. So was Salwood's index file. The envelope with its postage stamp sheets had been taken also.

A buzzing sound was coming in short jerks. Some one was at the rear door, signaling for entrance. That had been the situation some minutes before, when The Shadow had seen Compton Salwood alive.

There was a button on the desk; the one that Salwood had been about to press when The Shadow had sensed invaders in the front. The Shadow pressed it with a gloved finger. He extinguished the flashlight, then opened the front door of the office and eased out into the alcove that led to the shop.

Footsteps sounded as The Shadow peered through the crack of the door. Men were coming into the office from the rear. A growl sounded; then one of the arrivals found the light switch.

It showed Joe Cardona and two detectives with him. Cardona uttered a sharp exclamation as he saw Salwood's body on the floor.

The Shadow closed the front door and turned toward the shop. He reached the end of the alcove; then merged suddenly with the wall as the door of the office was flung open. Joe Cardona appeared.

The detective shot the rays of a flashlight along the floor. He did not see The Shadow. His attention was attracted by the bodies of wounded gangsters on the floor.

With a shout, Cardona leaped into the shop and turned his light about the room. By the window, he caught a glimpse of a crouching man.

Cardona raised his revolver to fire. He backed away as he did so; and he was just in time. A gun barked in his direction. The other detectives came piling into the alcove to aid their leader. Like Cardona, they sprang past the spot where The Shadow stood.

A man was clambering through the window which The Shadow had opened. Cardona fired at his fleeing form and missed. This was where The Shadow's aim would have been of good avail; but the big automatics were silent. The Shadow had decided to leave the lurking invader to the three detectives. He had other plans of his own.

While all attention was centered toward the window and Cardona was ordering one of his men to take up the chase, The Shadow moved swiftly back into Salwood's office. He lost no time when he reached that spot.

He passed through the farther door, entered a short corridor and arrived at the back door beyond. This was the door with the automatic catch; the one which the Shadow had opened to allow Cardona's entrance.

From the door, The Shadow stepped into the alley. He was on his way to double around and cut off the flight of the man whom Cardona and the detectives had chased. Once again, The Shadow's plan was balked. Lights were showing from the end of the short alley. Shouts were rising.

Police had arrived. Evidently they had been informed of the first gun play and had come to investigate. The later shots had given them the exact location. The Shadow glided into darkness as uniformed men rushed past him and pounded at the door through which he had come.

Then, with amazing swiftness, The Shadow passed through the alley. His phantom form was but momentarily visible as it flitted along the rear street.

It was too late now to forestall the man who had gone toward the front street by way of the window. The police were on the job; it was their task to catch him if they could.

Half an hour later, Lamont Cranston appeared in the reading room of the Cobalt Club. Tall, calm of demeanor, he appeared to have been in the place all evening. There was nothing in his manner that linked him

with the episode that he had just experienced in his guise as the Shadow.

Wearing the physiognomy of the multimillionaire, The Shadow sat in meditation. Tonight, he had experienced one of the oddest situations of his strange career. He was assembling mental facts to gain the answer.

At the time The Shadow had left his observation post, Compton Salwood had been alive. The Shadow had been forced to battle mobsters. He had entered Salwood's office to find the man dead. He had admitted, Joe Cardona, the detective who had come to talk with Salwood.

What of the man who had lurked in the front shop? What part had he played? Had he gained the office and returned while The Shadow had battled with the mob? Had he decided to escape by the front because some one was buzzing for entrance through the rear?

Compton Salwood was dead; only one man of all the mobster crew could have killed him. That man had managed to escape The Shadow's vigilance.

There were perplexing points a about this episode. They were puzzling even to The Shadow. Yet in his mental calculations, this fighter who wore the guise of Lamont Cranston was considering the time element involved. His keen brain was picturing all possibilities.

Another half an hour passed before club members saw Lamont Cranston arise and stroll from the reading room. Outside the Cobalt Club, the tall millionaire entered his waiting limousine. At his order, Stanley headed the car for the Holland Tunnel.

A soft laugh sounded in the darkness of the big automobile. It was the whispered echo of The Shadow's mockery. It was a voiced answer to a pressing problem.

Despite the complications that had occurred at Compton Salwood's; despite the fact that Salwood's lips were sealed, The Shadow had gained clues to crime. He was ready for another move.

At Lamont Cranston's order, Stanley stopped the limousine while his employer went to make a telephone call. After Cranston returned, the car continued on its way. The soft laugh echoed once again in the darkness.

Though chance had tricked him tonight, The Shadow could see the opening trail that would lead him to the crime maker who had ordered the

death of Compton Salwood.

The presence of the mobsters; the flight of the lone man who had lingered; the strange murder of Compton Salwood--all these facts were fitting into the complete scheme.

The evidence which The Shadow had gained prior to Salwood's return to his office was sufficient to give a clue to those which the master crime hunter already possessed.

Despite the efforts of a super-crook to balk detection by slaying Compton Salwood, The Shadow would continue his lone battle. Coming events would show him the way to final triumph.

In all his calculations, The Shadow took account of chance. He had a way of meeting circumstances that had never failed. Yet The Shadow was destined to encounter the unexpected once again before he reached the spot he sought.

The future, though The Shadow might seek to plan it, lay beyond his full control. That was a fact that The Shadow was destined to learn.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

RETURN WITH US TO...

by BILLIONAIRE Dave KENNEDY

Franklin D. Roosevelt

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DIDN'T LIKE THE NICKNAME *FIRESIDE CHAT* THAT NEWSPAPERS GAVE TO HIS RADIO REPORTS TO THE NATION. BUT THE PHRASE CAUGHT ON AND FOR DELIVERED 26 OF THEM IN 12 YEARS. AT ONE POINT, THE PRESIDENT WAS VOTED THE MOST POPULAR PERSONALITY ON RADIO, SURPASSING SUCH PERFORMERS AS JACK BENNY.



FOR'S MOST WIDELY-HERALDED FIRESIDE CHAT WAS ON DEC. 29, 1940 WHEN HE ANNOUNCED THE START OF THE LEND-LEASE PROGRAM SAYING IT WAS LIKE LOANING A GARDEN HOSE TO A NEIGHBOR WHO NEEDED ONE.

Editor's DESK



REMINDER: To the few of you who have not renewed your dues yet; this will be the last issue of the I.P. you will receive unless your dues are received by February 1, 1985.

Next month: Our special double-sized birthday issue. See you then.

letters



"We would like to obtain reels or cassettes of old time radio.

They will be used by Missionaries, in foreign countries, who do not have access to radio or television, for entertainment.

We can give you a charitable donation receipt for an income tax deduction equal to the retail value of the tapes donated, or we will buy the tapes from you.

In addition, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have shared the pleasure of listening to your collection with deserving people.

Thank you for your participation in a worthy cause."

Sincerely,
Dr. Fred L. Province
International Rescue Mission
Spring Valley Church of Christ
1647 Enfield Street
Spring Valley, California 92077

The above letter was sent to many of our members. Hopefully many of our members will send a couple of tapes along to help the church and spread the listening of OTR around the world...Ed.

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

WANTED:I Love a Mystery: The Stairway to the Sun; The Thing That Cries in the Night; Bury your Dead, Arizona. Star Wars, Oscar Broadcast of 1940 (1939 winners). N.B.C.'s Salute to 50 Years of great N.B.C. comedians hosted by Johnny Carson last Thanksgiving.

Rusty Wolfe
1625 North Gunbarrel Rd.
Chattanooga, Tenn. 37421

Interested in trading radio shows.

Henry Placke
553 Manor Circle
Deauchambur, Ill. 60194

Kavin J. Catalfu
P.O. Box 5918
APO NY, NY 09286

WANTED:Cassette or open reel tapes of THE BLACK HOOD" radio serial of the 1940's. Also, I would like to know if any of the following shows survived and are available; The Spider, Tha Phantom Detective, Blackhawk, The Web, Pete Rice, and Bill Barnes Air adventurer. Can anyone help?

Chuck Juzek
57 Hutton Avenue
Nanuet, NY 10954

FOR SALE:Radio premiums-Lone Ranger Tom Mix, Capt. Midnight and Roy Rogers rings, Lone Ranger Frontier Town, "One Man's Family Looks at Life" book, Bobby Benson Cereal bowl, plus many more. Send for free sales list.

F. E. Gabryelski
61 Lincoln Ave.
Clifton, NJ 07011
Ph: (201) 772-3254

WANTED: A copy of, plus any information on SKY'S THE LIMIT, a Naval Reserve aviation program from Chicago on 2/7/43, over CBS-WBBM, Chicago.

Darrell Anderson
17254 LK. Desire Dr. No.
Renton, Wash 98055

WANTED: Sports shows. Not the Dizzy Dean show but full baseball, football, basketball or hockey games from the 40's or 50's.

John Lloyd
2667 E. 99th Avenue
Thornton, Co. 80229

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

Barbara Stanwyck, Jack Benny
and Director Michael Curtiz



Anna Lee and Clark Gable
chaperoned by Lucille Ball



Carole Lombard and Robert Young
in "Design For Scandal"



Charles Laughton and Jon Hall in "The Turtles Of Tahiti"



Marie Oberon, Ronald Colman, and Donald Crisp in "Dark Angel"

SCREEN GUILD
CBS Mondays 10:00 to
10:30 P. M. Eastern Time

GENERAL TIME	PROGRAM	CAST
12:00	Eastern Daylight Time	
12:00	Blue: Matseon Claire	
12:00	Blue: Organ Melodist	
12:00	Red: Hi Boys	
12:00	Red: Women and Men	
12:00	Red: Do You Remember?	
12:00	Red: Cow Columbian	
12:00	Red: Breakfast Club	
12:00	Red: Ward and Henry	
12:00	Red: Frank Luther	
12:00	Red: Girl Intercue	
12:00	Red: Bachelor's Children	
12:00	Red: Amanda Stone	
12:00	Red: Prudy Nitty Kelly	
12:00	Red: Jack Neighbors	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Wiggs	
12:00	Red: Mabel and Marjorie	
12:00	Red: Andy and Jeanette	
12:00	Red: John's Other Wife	
12:00	Red: Mating Hours	
12:00	Red: Jack Flynn Bill	
12:00	Red: Supper	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Parkins	
12:00	Red: Women in White	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Hart	
12:00	Red: David Harman	
12:00	Red: Richard Maxwell	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Lorraine Jones	
12:00	Red: Big Sister	
12:00	Red: Pepper Young's Family	
12:00	Red: Aunt Jenny's Stealer	
12:00	Red: The Great Out of Life	
12:00	Red: Head of Life	
12:00	Red: Moon	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Margaret McBride	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Margaret McBride	
12:00	Red: Mrs. McBride	
12:00	Red: The Romance of Helen Trent	
12:00	Red: Farm and Home News	
12:00	Red: Time for Thought	
12:00	Red: Our Gal Sunday	
12:00	Red: The Goldbug	
12:00	Red: Via and Lala	
12:00	Red: Wood of Life	
12:00	Red: Mother-in-Law	
12:00	Red: Words and Music	
12:00	Red: The Gospel Singer	
12:00	Red: Al Both Grubbers	
12:00	Red: Mrs. McGee	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Armand Grubbers' Daughter	
12:00	Red: Gossipee Missions	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Volant Lady	
12:00	Red: Myra of Al Chevrolet	
12:00	Red: Mrs. M. S. Mary Band	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Mary Martin	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Parkins	
12:00	Red: Pepper Young's Family	
12:00	Red: The Gullwing Light	
12:00	Red: Club Madras	
12:00	Red: Goshogee 90th	
12:00	Red: Stella Belle	
12:00	Red: Beach Stephen	
12:00	Red: Girl Alone	
12:00	Red: Blue Neighbor Nell	
12:00	Red: Ben Wastow	
12:00	Red: March of Gossipee	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Simpson Lady	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Young Family and Miss	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Northman	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Lillian Graham Aunt	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Radio News	
12:00	Red: Pappys the Sailor	
12:00	Red: Sports Column	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Lowell Thomas	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Entertainment	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Lillian Valentine	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Ann's 'A' Army	
12:00	Red: Uncle Ezra	
12:00	Red: The Lane Ranger	
12:00	Red: Beane Carter	
12:00	Red: You Said It	
12:00	Red: If I Had the Chance	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Lillian Allen	
12:00	Red: (Ladies Ang.)	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Gladys (Warta Ang. D)	
12:00	Red: Pick and Pat	
12:00	Red: Those Who Sing	
12:00	Red: Mrs. Walter of Farnham	
12:00	Red: Mrs. First Person Singular	
12:00	Red: Mrs. New and Fair	
12:00	Red: Wayne King	
12:00	Red: Mrs. The Goodwin News	

Motto of the Day

Monday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Rush Hughes

The city of Happiness is in the state of Mind.

Highlights For Monday, July 25

THE summer sports parade goes on without even an intermission, which is fine if you like sports. . . . Today CBS dishes up the opening race of the season at Saratoga in New York. It's the American Legion race, and Bryan Field, a sportsman and a fine judge of horseflesh, sub-describes the activities to you. . . . He isn't on the air right now, but lots of his friends will be wishing *Al Pearce* a happy birthday today. . . . If the daytime serial programs are one of your big reasons for liking radio you might be to happy even in the summertime, because most of them, unlike the night-time variety shows, stay on

the air throughout the hot weather. This is the time of year when the men who write the scripts for the serials are having brain fever, trying to find ways to write the hero or heroine out of the action for a couple of weeks so he or she can take a vacation. . . . Barring the possibility of a vacation for him, you'll hear *Richard Kollmer* emoting today in *John Perry in John's Other Wife* on NBC-R. at 10:15, E.D.S.T. Dick was born in Ridgewood, N. J., and is a descendant of the great poet, *Thomas Moore*. He owns an English bulldog and likes to collect daggers, and paints in his spare time.



Richard Kollmer plays John Perry in the NBC-R serial, John's Other Wife, this A.M.

Highlights For Monday, August 1



It's vacation's end for Mary Margaret McBride, who returns to CBS this noon.

AFTER a vacation of exactly one month, *Mary Margaret McBride* is back with us, on CBS at noon, starting today. For a while, though, she'll broadcast on a three-times-a-week schedule, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, instead of her former Mondays through Fridays set-up. . . . But to balance *Mary Margaret's* return, there's an important departure, tonight's is the last broadcast for long-suffering *George Burns* and vacuum-binned *George Allen*, on NBC-R at 6:00. They're to start on their first real vacation in many a year—two whole months. In October they'll return for a new

sponsor, Honolulu is the spot they've picked for their holiday, and they'll take *Ronnie* and *Sandra Burns* along with them. . . . There is a whole parcel of new dance-band openings tonight: *Art Knaak* and his band moving into *Kennywood Park*, in Pittsburgh; *Blue Byron* starting a new show at the *Edison Hotel* in New York; and *Rita Rio* with her all-girl orchestra beginning a return engagement at *Fena Jettick Park* in Auburn, New York. *NBC* broadcasts of all three of these bands. . . . *NBC* also plans a description of the *International Fishermen's Raree* off the Newfoundland Grand Banks.

Highlights For Monday, August 8

AN orchestra you may never have heard before opens tonight at *Enna Jettick Park*, coming to you by remote control over *NBC*. It's *Ray Gordon's* orchestra, and if you're a connoisseur of dance-bands, better listen in. . . . At 11:30 this morning, E.D.S.T., lots of people will be listening to *Big Sister* on CBS, sponsored by *Rice*—and every listener will be enjoying the work of *Dorothy McGuire*, who plays the little sister, *Sue Evans*. *Dorothy* is barely old enough to vote, and *Big Sister* is her first network commercial program. She came to New York from her home town of *Couche* two years ago for a

visit after her graduation from *Juniper College*—and hasn't been back since. From kindergarten days she wanted to be an actress, and the big moment of her girlhood came when she was thirteen—she was in a play with *Henry Ford*. In New York she sometimes makes extra money modeling for photographers. . . . At 8:00 tonight *Bob Ripley* and his well known oddities move into the *NBC-R* spot vacated by *Burns and Allen*. . . . Don't forget *Orson Welles'* novelty dramatic program on CBS tonight at 9:00. *Orson* is an experimenter, and there's no telling what radio fare he will serve up.



Dorothy McGuire plays 11116 sister, Sue Evans in the CBS Big Sister serial at 11:30.

Highlights For Monday, August 15, 22



Charlie Barnet, much-traveled maestro, is the new attraction of Enna Jettick Park.

AUGUST 15: *Charlie Barnet*, whose *Spasm* tonight with his band at *Enna Jettick Park*, with an *NBC* wire, is one of dance-band's most traveled maestros. He was lately out of school when he got a job as orchestra leader on the *S.S. Republic* and made twenty-two crossings, just as a beginning. Then, still leading a band, he took a Mediterranean cruise and a world cruise. His wanderlust satisfied for a time, he went to California and the movies, to leave when they began giving him cowboy parts. For a while he led his band in different Eastern cities, but took another trip—to South America this time.

Returning, he played in different hotels and dance-spots before going back to Hollywood and appearing as an orchestra leader in *"Love and Hisses"* and *"Sally, Irene and Mary"*. . . . For your birthday film *Johnny*, the paragon of the *Johnny Prewitt* programs, is celebrating his today. . . . AUGUST 22: Tennis is the highlight for the day for them as files tennis. Both *CBS* and *NBC* plan to broadcast a description of the *National Doubles* matches, at *Chestnut Hills, Massachusetts*. And the invaluable *Mr. Husing*—of the horse-race winning *Havings*—will officiate at the microphone for *CBS*.

SUSPENSE



Agnes Moorehead and William Spier



Ida Lupino



Joe Kearns as "The Man in Black"

Orson Welles and William Spier take time out for a card trick "on mike".

CBS Thursdays 8:00 to 8:30 P.M. Eastern Time



Ida Lupino and Agnes Moorehead



... the cigar, the card trick?
Brian Donlevy sees something to laugh at

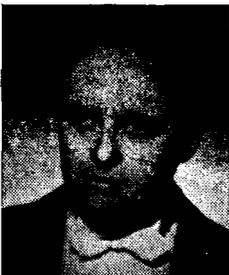
RADIO READER'S DIGEST at 8:00 p.m.

Conrad Nagel is guide to this interesting program where the best from the pages of the world's most-read magazine comes to life vividly, dramatically. Relieve your favorite stories and articles as interpreted by the famous actors of stage and screen.



PAUSE THAT REFRESHES at 3:30 p.m.

André Kostelanetz and his 45-piece Orchestra, David Ross, and a stunning array of gifted guest stars make The Pause That Refreshes a pause that you'll want to enjoy every Sunday!



Xavier Cugat was a regular on "Spotlight Bands" via Mutual in 1946.

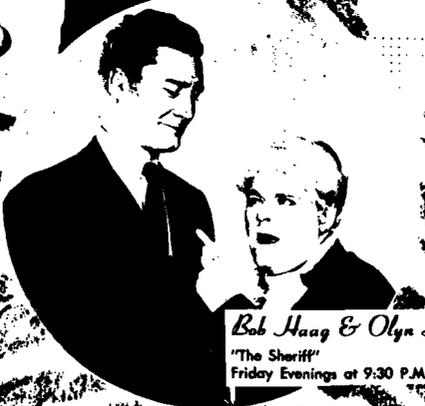
A B C 's W H



Jerry Devine
"This Is Your FBI"
Fridays at 8:30 P.M., EST



Michael Dunne
"Danger, Dr. Danfield"
Sundays, 12 Noon, PST over ABC Network



Bob Haag & Olyn Landich
"The Sheriff"
Friday Evenings at 9:30 P.M., EWT



Jack Bailey was master of ceremonies on "Queen for a Day," a daytime women's show. He is shown receiving an award from editor Evelyn Bixby, of *Radio Life*, in 1946.

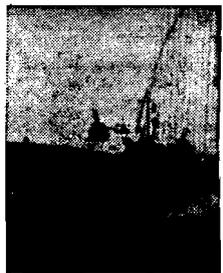
9:30 p. m.
THE DINAH SHORE PROGRAM

Dinah's thrilling voice, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Bobby Dolan's orchestra and guest stars.



THE FIRST LINE
at 10:00 p. m.

Anchors aweigh for the robust stories of our fighting men of the sea! . . . authentic, pulse-quickening tales of this war's great naval actions . . . realistically dramatized. Thrill to the heroism of the men of the United States Navy, who are fighting for you!



DUNNITS



Bill Gargan
"I Deal in Crime"



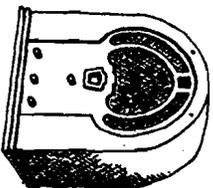
Roger De Koven
Famous Jury Trials
Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., EDT



Larry Marcus
Betty Moran,
"Dark Ventura"
Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M., PST

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY

FIRST CLASS MAIL



THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE

RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086