

# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

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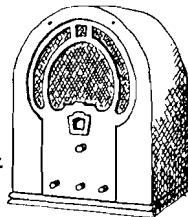
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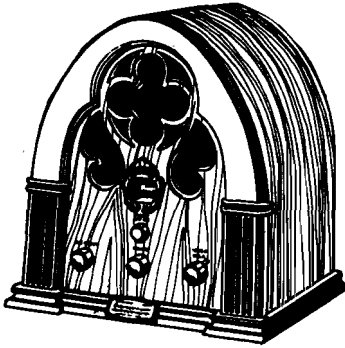
GOODMAN AND

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THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



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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# THE SHADOW

in

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## TREASURES of DEATH

Dec. 15, 1933

### CHAPTER XV AT HARGATE'S

Wendel Hargate was in his study. This room, on the second floor of the millionaire's home, was located near the rear of the house. Two narrow windows at the side, were set in alcoves. They were unshaded, for projecting walls made the interior of the room obscure from without.

Wendel Hargate was alone. The heavy safe in the corner, the large door that formed the chief entrance to the room and the smaller door that led to the library--these were tokens that made the place appear somewhat in the manner of a citadel.

The front door of the room had a round opening in the center. This was evidently a loophole, yet it was so cunningly fashioned that even a close observer would not have detected it. Terry Barliss and his companions had not noticed the moveable opening on the occasion of their recent visit.

Wendel Hargate was going over papers that lay upon his desk. His face wore a habitual scowl. His large mustache seemed to bristle.

Suddenly, the millionaire looked up. He arose and approached the door with long, heavy stride. He wished the loophole open, peered through, then closed the aperture. He opened the door.

In stepped Thibbel, the millionaire's servant. The hard-faced man looked grim tonight. He followed Hargate across the room and stood beyond the desk while the millionaire seated himself. Behind the closed door, these two were going into conference.

"What about the watchmen?" questioned Hargate.

"They're posted," returned Thibbel. "Keeping along the side of the house."

Hargate arose from this chair and strode to one of the alcoves. He raised the window and looked down into darkness. He caught sight of a stocky figure patrolling through the gloom of a narrow alleyway.

"All right," decided Hargate, as he returned to his desk, after leaving the window open. "They're on the job. Wait around until I'm through with these papers. I want to talk with you."

Hargate's inspection had evidently satisfied him that all was well outside. Yet in his glance from the window, the millionaire

had failed to see a figure that would have attracted his immediate notice had he observed it.

Clinging to the wall, a dozen feet above the alleyway, was a form that seemed like a batlike creature of inky hue. A spectral shape that might have been a clumpish chunk of solid night, this figure had been waiting until the patrolling watchman passed.

When no one was any longer below; when Hargate was no longer peering from above, the strange creature moved. A sduddy sound denoted its upward passage. The noise, however, was guarded and scarcely audible.

The Shadow had arrived outside of Hargate's mansion. A weird phantom of the night, he was scaling the wall of the millionaire's home. His hands and feet were equipped with rubber suction cups. Each pressure fastened these large disks against the surface of the wall. Each deft twist removed them at alternate intervals. Like a mammoth insect, The Shadow was crawling to an observation point.

The Shadow reached the window which Hargate had opened. Here he found purchase for his hands and feet. The rubber suction cups slid beneath the cloak which The Shadow wore. Keen, burning eyes appeared at the window.

The Shadow could see the profile of Wendel Hargate. Thibbel was standing with his back toward the open window. Watchful, yet unseen, The Shadow was able to overhear the conversation which was just beginning between these two.

"You're sure," Hargate was saying, "that those two watchmen know nothing about Sooky Downing?"

"Not a chance," returned Thibbel, "they're tough babies, but they aren't mobsters."

"Good," decided Hargate. "We took too long a chance before, Thibbel."

"I know it right enough," affirmed the hard-faced servant.

Hargate growled a laugh.

"You ought to know it, Thibbel," said the millionaire. "It's lucky that Sooky was killed in the fight. They might have traced the negotiations that you held with him. These gang leaders have their own code; they never squeal on a pal. At the same time, you took the mob into trouble; and, after all, you do not rate as a member of the underworld."

"They made the trouble themselves," asserted Thibbel. "I told

them to keep the guns out of sight. They didn't have to open fire so quick when they trapped that fellow and he shot the flashlight. Just the same--when the fun began, they went through with it. They got theirs."

"All except you."

"Well, I was wise. I dived toward the door of Salwood's office, like I told you. After the firing was all over, I did a sneak. The dumb detective nearly plugged me, though, when I was making my get-away through the window."

"You're sure he didn't recognize you?"

"I don't think he did."

Hargate tapped the desk roughly. He was thinking over Thibbel's last statement.

"I'll tell you, Thibbel," he declared, "if Cardona ever tracks you through Sooky, you'll have to leave the city in a hurry. That's why I have these watchmen here. We never can tell what may happen."

"I'm within my rights. Particularly since I've been robbed. Naturally, I want to keep the place guarded--Hargate chuckled as he spoke--and these fellows will pass muster. You'll have a chance to hurry away if Cardona shows up."

"Once he gets on the trail, he'll be after you for murder. I can explain myself: I have an alibi for the night that Salwood was killed."

"I don't see how they can hook it on me," protested Thibbel. "That knife wasn't mine--"

"They don't need complete proof," interposed Hargate solemnly. "The fact that you were with the mobsters is sufficient to implicate you for murder. Cardona is a pretty wise detective, even though we know that he can slip. Your chief safety lies in the fact that he may be unable to prove that you were with Sooky's mob. But if he finds out only that you made the arrangements beforehand, he will have to use clever tactics in order to get the evidence he needs."

"You mean--"

"That he may put detectives watching you. That's why I want you to keep away from any of the gangsters whom you know. You are too valuable in my present plans."

Thibbel made no comment. Hargate adopted a reflective growl, as he talked with this man who passed as his servant, but who evidently was his chief lieutenant. Hargate's colloquy was audible to The Shadow, at the open window.

"We couldn't have had to go after Salwood," declared the millionaire, "if he hadn't double-crossed

us. I wanted what was mine. I saw the way to get it. I advised you to go alone. You wanted companions. You saw the trouble they caused."

"It wasn't my fault--"

"Let's forget that angle of it. Salwood is dead. That ends his part. He double-crossed me once; he was ready to tell all that he knew about me. That would not have been damaging, for I could claim the whole thing as a legitimate transaction."

"Nevertheless, we haven't finished. I'm going through with all that I have planned. We're going to use careful methods, and we can do it now that Salwood is out of the picture. Eli Galban thinks that he is mighty safe in that out of the way house of his. He's going to learn that he's wrong."

"I don't think it will take us long," declared Thibbel. "Galban's place is a tough one to crack--"

"But we intend to go about it right. That's settled. We may have trouble there, but it will finish matters the way we want it. We must be careful, however, not to have any one find out any of our plans. That applies particularly to Cardona; it also applies to all others."

"Who, for instance?"

"Young Barliss. He brought Cardona here. I don't want to be questioned until we have finished our work. I don't think that Cardona suspects anything as yet; but young Barliss--"

Hargate broke off as a telephone rang upon his desk. It was an inside wire, used for communication within the house, for Hargate pressed an answering connection on his desk before he lifted the receiver.

"What's that?" he questioned sharply. The Shadow could see the scowl on his face. "He is, eh? All right, Tompkins. . . Yes, tell him I'll see him. . . Yes, Thibbel will come down to bring him up."

Hargate slammed the receiver. Thibbel, stepping away from the desk, could see a look of anger on the millionaire's face. The servant's countenance hardened. The Shadow could see it from the window.

"Young Barliss is downstairs," growled Hargate. "He wants to see me."

"You're going to let him see you?"

"Certainly. He's alone. Bring him up, Thibbel. I'll handle him on my own account. I don't think he knows anything. It won't take me long to find out."

Thibbel went through the front door of the room. He closed the barrier behind him. Wendel Hargate

arose and paced the space behind the desk. The millionaire's face was hardened; then a suave smile appeared beneath his large mustache.

Hargate was facing the window when he registered his new expression. All that the millionaire saw was blackness. The eyes of The Shadow had vanished. But as Hargate turned back toward his desk, the peering eyes again appeared.

The interview between Wendel Hargate and Terry Barliss was to take place in this very room. Alone, these two would match their wits; Terry, with a quest to gain; Hargate, with facts to conceal.

Neither would know that a third person would be present during their discussion. Neither would suspect the presence of The Shadow. The Shadow knew Terry's theory. The Shadow had heard Hargate's talk with Thibbel.

A challenge was impending. The Shadow would be ready when it broke! His spectral form was looming, almost within the window. There was no weapon in The Shadow's grasp; instead, his right hand, ungloved, rested just within the fold of the black cloak. The coming encounter was not of The Shadow's making. He had responded to the need of circumstances. This meeting was a forced step in The Shadow's plan to reach the master crook whose mandates Compton Salwood had obeyed until his death.

The Shadow was in readiness for the events that were to come.

#### CHAPTER XVI THE STROKE OF CHANCE

Wendel Hargate's eyes were upon the door of his study. The millionaire was waiting the arrival of his visitor. The door opened. Terry Barliss entered alone.

Hargate received Terry quietly. The millionaire's face was suave--almost perplexed in its feigned expression. Hargate extended a hand in welcome and invited Terry to a seat beside the desk.

Taking his own chair, Hargate eyed his visitor and opened the interview with a natural question.

"Have you come here," he asked, "to discuss the death of Compton Salwood?"

"I have," returned Terry.

"It was most unfortunate," observed Hargate.

"The man was a crook," said Terry, "I feel no regret because he has died."

"I do." Hargate's tone was emphatic. "It means considerable in my affairs. I had hopes of regaining the stolen Villon manuscript. Now that Salwood is branded as the thief,

I should prefer that he was still alive."

"Perhaps you are right," agreed Terry. "After all, I have suffered a loss equal to yours. More so, perhaps, because my manuscript represented the bulk of my uncle's estate."

Wendel Hargate had settled back into his chair. His hands were folded under his chin. His face was set as he studied Terry Barliss.

"Your expression of loss," remarked the millionaire, "is of somewhat doubtful basis. Perhaps, Barliss, you are pursuing a useless quest."

"How?"

"By seeking an imaginary possession?"

"You mean-----"

"That you have no definite evidence that your manuscript was ever stolen."

The cold challenge brought an angry sparkle to Terry's eyes. Hargate appeared unperturbed; yet he did not fail to notice Terry's look.

"Barliss," noticed Hargate, "you are working on a false hope. You are trying to regain a possession which is not yours. There could not be two bona fide copies of Villon's LES RONDEAUX de PARIS. One must be false. That is evident."

"So long as there is one," rejoined Terry, "I expect to gain it. I am willing to take my uncle's word that it is mine."

"Perhaps," said Hargate dryly. "But just how far will your claim go? Let us suppose that the manuscript is recovered. How will you manage to identify it?"

"Wait until that time arrives."

"I intend to do so. Then I shall produce witnesses to prove that the manuscript is mine. Remember, Barliss, I have actually owned the Villon manuscript, while you have never seen it."

The cold tone aroused Terry's ire. The young man threw away all discretion. He stared at Wendel Hargate and met the millionaire's challenge with an angry glare.

"My hands are clean," asserted Terry. "Remember that, Hargate!"

"I am speaking of a point at law," came the response, "I insist--and I have the proof--that the Villon manuscript belongs to me. Nevertheless, I am willing to make you a fair deal."

"Regarding the manuscript?"

"Regarding the manuscript. It is mine, by definite right of purchase; yet I am willing to offer cash for your release of ownership."

"Then you admit----"

"I admit nothing. I simply state that I bought that manuscript

for one hundred thousand dollars. It was a bargain at the price. I am a collector; I purchase all my items. You, evidently, are interested only in the money. I want the manuscript; you want cash. Let us talk terms."

Terry sat astonished. He wondered what Hargate's game could be. The millionaire slid open the top drawer of the desk and brought out a typewritten sheet of paper.

"I have anticipated your visit," remarked Hargate. "Therefore, I have prepared this agreement. I want the Villon manuscript. While I possessed it, the affairs of other persons did not concern me. Now that I have lost it, I am quite willing to be as generous as possible."

"This agreement reads that you relinquish all claim to Villon's LES RONDEAUX de PARIS with the Fifth Ballad. Your signature is all that is required. I agree to pay you the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, for relinquishment of claim, after the manuscript is recovered."

"That sounds like a catch," retorted Terry.

"It is not," said Hargate, adopting a sincere tone. "I possess a bill of sale to the manuscript; one that I can produce if required. However, circumstances might make it unwise for me to show that document."

"Therefore, I am willing to duplicate my previous price in order to do you justice. Sign this paper. Then either of us can claim the manuscript when it is discovered. It will come to me in either event. You will be satisfied."

Terry Barliss was on his feet. His eyes were flashing. He was craftiness behind Wendel Hargate's offer. Throwing off restraint, he hurled bitter accusations.

"I see your game, Hargate!" cried Terry Barliss. "You have a fake bill of sale--one that you need not show me. It bears the name of Compton Salwood. To produce it, you must meet a charge of murder, for you will have to explain your purchase."

"Compton Salwood stole my uncle's manuscript. He placed it in your hands. The bill of sale is faked. It will not stand. You have the Villon manuscript. You intend to keep it. You think that my signature to a pretended agreement will give me hope of financial gain. You will never produce the manuscript. I shall be left high and dry."

"Wrong," remonstrated Hargate with an emphatic shake of his head. "I am dealing squarely with you, Barliss. This agreement does not specify how the manuscript may be recovered. It states that I must show it when I regain it."

"A simple matter to avoid."

"I do not intend to make it simple. I expect to give you a fair deal. I admit that there are circumstances which I cannot explain at present. Why should I? The cash offer is a liberal one."

"You can't trick me, Hargate," declared Terry. "If your ideas are on the level, why don't you tell the world? This is what I expected--hedging on your part----"

"The matter concerns us alone."

"Yes? Perhaps. I wonder what Detective Cardona would say about this offer. Suppose I consult him first?"

"I want Cardona to know nothing!" hissed Hargate. "I intend to pay you the money when the time comes. But I do not intend to hand out so large a sum as one hundred thousand dollars while the manuscript is still missing."

"That's all I want to know," remarked Terry, in a decisive tone. "I expected a crooked deal and I have found it. I thank you only because of the promptness with which you have handled this interview. I am leaving. Good night!"

"Where are you going?" Demanded Hargate.

"To detective headquarters," returned Terry Barliss, making a turn toward the door.

Before the young man could make a farther move, Wendel Hargate reached into the desk drawer and whipped out a revolver. He covered his guest with the weapon. Terry stopped short and stared fiercely at the man who had trapped him.

"Sit down," ordered Hargate.

Terry obeyed. The millionaire lowered the revolver and laid it on the desk. He pointed to the agreement that was also on the desk.

"Sign this," he growled, "and forget all about Cardona. I'm giving you good advice, Barliss."

Slowly, Terry reached for pen and ink. The Shadow, watching from the alcove, edged slowly forward. His left hand appeared. It was holding a double-ended vial. The left hand, gloved, approached the ungloved right and performed an operation upon thumb and second finger. The left hand disappeared with the small glass container.

The Shadow had sensed the approach of danger. Much though he wished to avoid meeting these two who were planning their own affairs, he saw that he would have to intervene if tragedy threatened.

The tall form of The Shadow was inside the window, ready to move forward. The burning eyes were upon the tense men at the desk.

Both Terry Barliss and Wendel Hargate were fully occupied. Neither suspected the presence of the ghostly visitant in black.

"I'll sign," agreed Terry, in a shaky voice. "There's no other way out----"

As he spoke, Terry dropped the pen and made a grab for the revolver. He gained the weapon just as Hargate caught his wrist. Leaping backward toward the alcove, Terry tried to free his hand. He failed.

The two men locked in a fierce struggle. The Shadow did not move. Sprawling along the floor, the fighters were coming in his direction. The Shadow held his right hand poised forward, thumb and second finger separated. He was prepared to deal some unexpected stroke that would change the tenor of this conflict.

Terry's hand came free. At the same instant, Hargate leaped for the young man's throat.

Fighting for life, the millionaire was savage. Choked, Terry lost his hold upon the revolver. It fell to the floor. Instinctively, Terry managed to regain it.

As Hargate sought to beat Terry's head on the floor, the younger man turned the gun muzzle upward. The fighters rolled into the alcove, where they could be seen upon the floor, from the closed door of the office. The fierce struggle had developed into a frantic battle for life.

One moment might have decided the result of this equal conflict. Hargate was ready to shatter Terry's skull. Terry was about to press the trigger of the gun. It was then that The Shadow entered.

Gripping the window frame with his left hand, he reached forward with his right and snapped his thumb and forefinger. The result was astounding. From The Shadow's fingers sounded a loud report; with it, a flash of blinding flame.

A stunning reverberation filled the room. Terry Barliss dropped limp, the revolver clattering toward the window. Wendel Hargate lost his hold on Terry's throat. The millionaire rolled helpless, on the floor.

The Shadow's strange explosion had brought an end to the fray. A weird laugh echoed through the room as The Shadow leaned toward the stunned combatants and plucked the revolver from the floor. Swinging backward toward the window, The Shadow raised his eyes.

A slight click--scarcely audible amid the echoes of explosion and laugh--had caught The Shadow's attention. It was the loophole in the door. The aperture had opened.

Through it was thrust the muzzle of a revolver; above the gun end were a pair of sharp eyes.

Up came the Shadow's right hand. His quick finger was on the trigger of the revolver that he had gained. Just as his swinging aim neared its hastily chosen target, a shot burst through the loophole.

The Shadow faltered. His arm dropped and the revolver clattered from his grasp. Half outside the window, his form a target for a second shot, The Shadow took the only course that could have saved his life.

It was not the bullet that made him grasp this choice. It was the instinct of the master fighter that was at work. With right arm crippled, with suction cups put away, The Shadow made a wild gesture just before another shot blazed forth. The second bullet was too late to reach the black-cloaked form.

Silently, with reckless, hopeless swing, The Shadow lost his hold and toppled helplessly backward out into the night. His black cloak swished as it caught the breeze. Downward plunged The Shadow, into the alleyway below!

Chance had played its tricker upon The Shadow. The black phantom of the night had been beaten to the shot! A single bullet and the following threat of a second leaden messenger had sent him hurtling to the depths!

\*\* CONTINUED NEXT MONTH\*\*

RETURN WITH US TO...

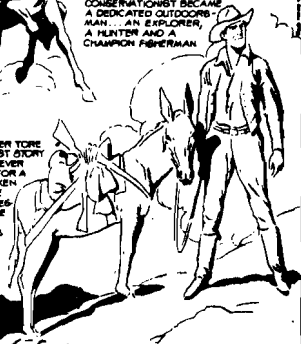
by BILLINGS  
D. J. ...

# ZANE GREY



HE WAS A DENTIST WHO LATER BECAME THE FATHER OF THE WESTERN NOVEL. HE STIMULATED THE IMAGINATION OF GENERATIONS OF AMERICAN CONVOYS. ZANE GREY LED A LIFE NEARLY AS ADVENTUROUS AS ANYTHING FOUND IN HIS STORIES. HE HAD TOUGHENED HIS THROAT AS CAPABLY AS TEX THORNE... HE HARRIED RIVERS AS SKILLFULLY AS KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED. TO LEARN MORE ABOUT NATURE AND HOW IT SHAPED THE CHARACTERS HE CREATED, THE PIONEER CONSERVATIONIST BECAME A DEDICATED OUTDOOR MAN... AN EXPLORER, A HUNTER AND A CHAMPION FISHERMAN.

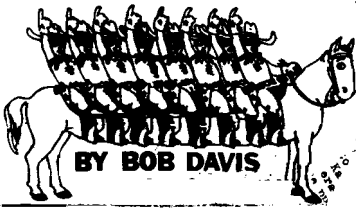
YOUNG ZANE'S FATHER TORE UP THE BOY'S FIRST STORY. HE DECLARED HE'D NEVER HAVE A WRITER FOR SON. HOW MISTAKEN HE WAS FOR THE LAD BORN IN ZANESVILLE, OHIO BECAME A FUR-BRINGING PHENOMENON. HIS 88 BOOKS HAVE SOLD MILLIONS OF COPIES. HE DIED IN 1939.



GREY'S CHARACTERS, KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED AND TEX THORNE, WERE POPULAR IN MOVIES AND COMICS.

# SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



Gee, who would have thought that a hangover could last this long? It's all Seeley and Crowe's fault. They should know better than to pick on a sick old man like me! (coff, coff!)

Back to my list of personal all time favorite radio shows...

## RADIO'S BEST PRIVATE EYE SHOW.

This was a tough one. There were some really dandies in this category and picking the best was pretty hard. Phillip Marlowe was great, as was Michael Shayne. The Fat Man and Mr. & Mrs. North were also tops. Johnny Dollar and Nero Wolfe were tough to beat. After much sifting and sorting, I did manage to come up with one name...Sam Spade. He was rough and tough, sardonic and sarcastic, a ladies man, and smart as a whip. (Just how smart is a whip??)

Howard Duff played Spade to the hilt and the role fit him like a glove. Even today, hearing Duff's voice on TV, I am reminded of Sam Spade and all the adventures I indirectly shared with him. Spade was the best and I really dug him! (Sorry, I couldn't resist the pun)

## THE BEST SIDE-KICK IN RADIO.

This is another category that is overflowing with names. Almost every comedian had a side-kick. Many times the side-kick would be funnier than the star of the show. Jack Benny and Fred Allen specialized in this. Often it was a case of the side-kick topping the stars joke over and over again. Network radio didn't really have too much ad libbing so when you heard Rochester topping one of Jack Benny's gags you knew that it was all planned. And it worked just fine. The Star would get his laugh and then bask in the laughter from being topped by his side-kick.

To me, the best of these side-kicks was Elliot Lewis. He played a character named Frankie Remley

and/or Elliot on the Phil Harris and Alice Faye Show. Frankie was a left handed guitar player that always had a scheme that would get Phil and him in trouble. The schemes were always outrageous and downright flaky. Every one of them were surefire things that couldn't go wrong but always did.

Anytime Phil needed someone to repair or do something, Frankie would say, "Hold it Curly. I know a guy..." Well, Phil Harris knew the guy to do the job on his radio show...Elliot Lewis.

**THE BEST EVER PERFORMANCE BY A RADIO ACTOR.** It might seem like old stuff to those who have been collecting radio shows for a long time but stop and think. What was one of the very first radio shows you ever grabbed onto? Chances are that is was the Mercury Theater's version of The War of the Worlds. Right? This particular show became part of America's history and the star of that show became world famous. Orson Welles is the winner here, with second place not in sight!

**THE BEST EVER PERFORMANCE BY A RADIO ACTRESS.** It seems that most of the really memorable radio performances were done by one woman, Agnes Moorehead. For a long time she brightened up the airwaves as The Shadow's girlfriend Margo Lane but she reached her peak as the terrified invalid on the classic Suspense show "Sorry, Wrong Number." This performance set a milestone in radio drama and a new standard for other radio people to strive for. It was the new state of the art. Agnes Moorehead was perfect!

## THE BEST HORROR TYPE PROGRAM.

At one time or another most of the dramatic radio shows tried their hands at horror. Many times with varying degrees of success. A few specialized in this genre, most notably Quiet Please, Dreadful John at Midnight, Macabre, and Inner Sanctum. The best of them all, however, was Arch Obler's "Light's Out." If you remember an old radio shows that really made your skin crawl the chances are that it was on the Light's Out show.

From slimy creatures that crawled out of your cellar to a chicken heart that continued to grow, to the sudden disappearance of everyone on earth, Lights Out covered them all...and more! My favorite had a person turn inside out but still remain alive! Think about it! I did and it scared me silly. Exactly what it intended to do! Lights Out, a legend in it's own time!

These have been my own personal picks. You probably don't agree with some or all of my selections but that's what made old time radio shows great. There was something for everyone.



No matter what kind of program you liked, musical, dramatic, western or horror, old time radio had it and fortunately a lot of it is preserved today. You and me, by collecting and saving these shows are, in effect, keeping them alive. Keep it up! See ya next time.

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**REFERENCE LIBRARY:** A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$2.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$1.00 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.



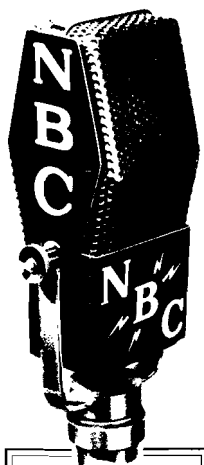
LAWRENCE TIBBETT (with Don Voorhes' Orchestra) is to be heard each Tuesday night at 8:30. Young & Rubicam produces this show for Packard Motor Cars.

APRIL 5 1937

**L**IFE is about the same, summer and winter. People eat and drink, work and play, keep on buying. They spend just as many millions of dollars. Not only for seasonal needs and luxuries, which you'd expect. But for year-round products like gasoline, cigarettes, electric refrigerators, automobiles. (These hit peak sales in summer!)

Radio listeners hang right on, too. Of the millions who listen to NBC winter programs, 97% are available to radio in any week in the summer. For where people go—there goes radio!

This tremendous year-round acceptance makes NBC broadcast advertising the most effective year-round sales medium in the world. That is why more advertisers are on the air—the NBC air—right through the seasons, without interruption.

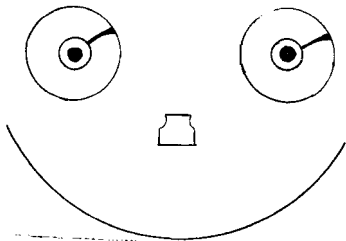


Last summer, advertisers on NBC Networks (weekday time alone) boosted NBC income to an increase of

**72½%**

RCA presents "The Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. D. S. T., on NBC Blue Network

**NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY**  
 A Radio Corporation of America Service



### REEL-LY SPEAKING

BY: Francis Edward Bork

It seems that each month I'm thanking the same members for their donations to our club library. Well here I go again. Last month saw only two members donating reels to our club. Craig England, six reels --two of which I listened to. Both were great. One reel from Tom Monroe, a BBC science fiction reel which I became addicted to thanks to evil Prof. Boncore (he does these things to torture me). The quality of the reel, sound and the story are both A plus. Thanks once more guys. Our club library has grown by leaps and bounds now, with a much better selection of both reels and cassettes to choose from. I think I've mentioned that we are in the process of writing a new club catalog. Hopefully to be ready before this summer.

Please take note, because of the increased demand from our club rental library, as of this writing, I will only send a maximum of four (4) reels or six (6) cassettes to members at one time. None will be sent until all reels or cassettes have been returned from your previous mailing. NO EXCEPTIONS.

Because of damage to our reel and cassette boxes in the mail, I need boxes. If you have any that you can spare, please send them to me.

I am making wooden mailing boxes to hold four reels, this will help preserve the cardboard reel boxes if they aren't too expensive to mail.

As I've mentioned our reel and cassette library have increased greatly but our record collection has not. I have received several letters from senior citizens who do not own either a reel to reel or a cassette player but do have a record player. These lonely folks would enjoy listening to old radio shows if we could send them the records. What do you say gang? Lets help our golden agers enjoy old time radio too. Please send your records to me, to add to our

club record collection. I've only got seven of my own (they were copied on cassette three years ago.) so into the club library they go.

I've given up on several of our members ever returning the long past due reels and cassettes. So the only thing to do is ask the member either to make a copy and send it to our club library or loan me their copy so I can copy it. Either way, its OK with me. Needless to say, no reel or cassette will be loaned to the offending member until he replaces the reel or cassette in question.

Listed below are several of our missing reel and cassettes. If you wish to replace one, please note on your reel or cassette. If you wish to loan me the reel or cassette to copy, please state so in your letter.

Till next time, good listening.  
 Missing Reels: R-1, R-28, R-32.  
 Missing Cassettes: C-2, C-15, C-16, C-20, C-22, C-34, C36, C41, C50, C54, C67.

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### Kate Smith Shows Signs of Recovery

RALEIGH, N.C. (UPI) — Singer Kate Smith, 76, celebrated Christmas with signs of recovery from a diabetic attack that left her confined to a wheelchair eight years ago, her family said.

Helena Smith Steene said her sister is walking about three blocks with assistance and her memory appears to be coming back.

Last week, Ms. Steene said Miss Smith quickly recognized a version of "White Christmas" that she recorded 18 years ago.

The Buffalo News/Sunday, February 10, 1985

## Obituaries

### Radio-TV Pioneer Marvin Miller Dies; Famed for 'Millionaire' Role

*United Press International*  
 SANTA MONICA, Calif. — Marvin Miller, who disbursed a fortune every week on the 1950s television series "The Millionaire," has died of a heart attack. He was 71.

Miller, in declining health for two years, died Friday after being admitted to Santa Monica Hospital, his wife, Elizabeth, said.

Born Marvin Mueller in St. Louis, Miller graduated from Washington University in St. Louis before taking to the airwaves in the pioneer days of radio, starring in dozens of shows from the 1930s to the 1950s.

He had so much work in the early 1940s, Hollywood's trade magazine, Variety, dubbed him a "one-man radio industry."

On television, Miller's voice could be heard on "The FBI," starring Etrern Zimballist Jr., and the cartoon "The Famous Adventures of Mr. Magoo."

Although he acted in, announced for or narrated countless radio and television shows and appeared in several dozen films, Miller was best known as Michael Anthony, the executive secretary to mysterious millionaire John Berensford Tipton on "The Millionaire."

Each episode of the series, which first aired in 1955, began with Miller's character giving a \$1 million check to a startled recipient.

NORTH OF THE BORDER

On this, the 10th anniversary of our club, we have taken another step forward in becoming truly international by establishing a Canadian Tape Library. This will enable Canadian members to borrow and return tapes without the hassle of customs regulations.

Let's spread the word about what I feel is a giant step forward, towards building our membership in Canada.

I will be working with our U.S. librarian to give you the best service possible, if you have any questions, please write:

Richard Simpson  
960 - 16 R.D., RR3  
Fenwick, Ont. L0S 1C0

\* \* \* \* \*



JACK BENNY (with Mary Livingstone, Johnny Green's Orchestra, and Kenny Baker) is on the air each Sunday evening. Young & Rubicam produces this show for Jell-O.

2/36

# Should Benny Stamp Be 39 Cents or Cheap?

By JULIA FORTIER

L.A. Times-Washington Post

HOLLYWOOD — Holdup man: "Your money or your life."

(Long pause.)

Jack Benny: "I'm thinking it over."

For those who remember the running gag about his supposed stinginess, that joke from one of the late Jack Benny's radio shows has never been forgotten. But Benny has faded in the minds of too many others, comedian Norm Crosby and Benny's long-time friend George Burns have concluded.

Hence: a campaign to honor him with a commemorative postage stamp.

The big question is whether it should be a 2-cent stamp because he was so famous as a miser or a 39-cent stamp because he always insisted he was just 39 years old (with eyes of robin's egg blue, as he observed frequently.)

The decision may be made soon, say leaders of the Jack Benny Commemorative Stamp Committee, who recently received a letter of encouragement from William Bolger as he retired from the office of U.S. postmaster general.

The Benny stamp push has the backing of 175 celebrities, including former President Gerald R. Ford, Frank Sinatra and O.J. Simpson.

## Stamp News

Nearly 400 letters from Benny fans all over the United States have been sent to the postal committee, publicist Gene Shefrin said, and they keep coming in.

Although many supporters think the 2-cent stamp is a funny idea, they point out that in reality Benny was an extraordinarily generous man who donated to numerous causes and who gave much of his time to benefits. Where, it must be noted, he usually played "Love in Bloom" on the violin.

"Jack would have been amused by the 2-cent stamp or 39-cent stamp," said Fred DeCordova, executive producer of "The Tonight Show." "But really, he was as lavish a tipper as you could find. He would have supported any good enterprise."

Comedian Don Rickles seemed horrified at the thought of the 2-cent stamp. "A 2-cent stamp in honor of Jack Benny? Anyone who thinks that's what Benny deserves should get warts. Benny was the most generous man that ever lived."

U.S. Postal Service spokesman Jim Van Loozen said that the Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee,



Jack Benny was still 39 at 80.

which reviews more than 1,500 requests for commemorative stamps each year, previously had a Benny stamp proposal, but it was not until the day after Christmas that he had been dead the required 10 years.

Benny died of stomach cancer on Dec. 26, 1974, at the age of 80.

Until the last, he claimed publicly that he was 39.

If the committee approves the Benny stamp, the matter will be taken up by the new postmaster general, Paul Carlin. But it could be three years before such a stamp appears.

Which probably would have prompted Benny to observe, "Hmmm."

# ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC

# Editor's DESK



I hope that most of you entered Jim Snyder's contest printed last issue. If you had the following answers, you will be hearing from Jim shortly on the 2nd and final step of the contest.

- 1 - D                    6 - A
- 2 - I                    7 - J
- 3 - C                    8 - E
- 4 - F                    9 - G
- 5 - H                    10 - B

If you live in Canada, or in you have OTR friends living in Canada, please read NORTH OF THE BORDER on page eleven. I think this is a tremendous step forward for our club and will enable us to expand our Canadian memberships.

\*\*\*\*\*

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel - \$1.50 per month; 1800' reel - \$1.25 per month; 1200' reel - \$1.00 per month; cassette and records - \$.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO - \$.60 for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record.

CANADIAN BRANCH: Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds. Postage: Reels 1 or 2 tapes \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes - 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape, add 25¢.

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The Aces. Goodman took a desk job; Jane went shopping. (SEE: Comedy Ace)

## Comedy Ace

No one was much surprised to hear last week that *mr. ace & JANE* had a sponsor dangling from the hook after only a few weeks on the CBS network (Saturday, 7 p.m., EST). For any sponsor, the comedy duo of Jane and Goodman Ace would be hardly a gamble. In nearly 15 years on network radio as *Easy Aces*, they reaped a peculiar sort of listener adoration.

The new show really is the same old *Easy Aces* right down to the theme song (*Manhattan Serenade*). Now, however, it is a weekly half-hour show rather than a daily 15-minute one. And it has been fancied-up with an orchestra, a supporting cast and a studio audience.

**Trapped.** In the revamped program *Goody Ace* is a huckster. He leads a hard life. Harassing him on one side is a proverb-spouting boss. Imperiling him on the other is Jane, his wide-eyed, over-helpful spouse, a lady with a genius for doing the wrong thing at the most possible time.

In consequence, *Goody's* advertising career gets tangled in many a weirdly complicated series of events. In one episode he staked a business deal with a soap manufacturer on a home-cooked dinner, a precarious contract-clincher by any standard, more so if the little woman happens to be Jane. Jane, who took offense at hubby's suggestion that she hire a maid for the occasion, went off in a huff and took a job as a maid herself to get even.

Her employers turned out to be (1) no matrimonial models and (2) Mr. & Mrs. Soap Manufacturer. When Jane threatened to spill the beans about their

extra-curricular activities, Ace got his contract in jigtime. This involved type of plot is cemented by a deft mixture of puns, satire and situation comedy.

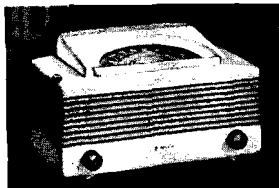
**Huckster, Hubby, Helmsman.** Despite the fancy trappings and big-time production, *mr. ace & JANE* is pretty much a one-man show. Ace not only narrates the program and plays Jane's husband (which, of course, he is), but also writes, produces and directs the presentation. Tall, goggled, 48-year-old Goody, always puffing a cigar, is one of the keenest practitioners in radio comedy today.

After quitting *Easy Aces* three years ago (transcribed repeats of old broad-casts are still heard over some local stations), he went to work writing the Danny Kaye show. And Jane, according to Goody's terse biographical notation, "went shopping." Most recently, he has been CBS' director of comedy programs, a post created just for him. Among other things, he developed a new humorous star, Robert Q. Lewis (Mon.-Fri. 11-15 p.m., EST) and produced the idea behind the most original and one of the best historical-dramatic radio programs in years, *CBS Is There* (Sun. 2 p.m., EST).

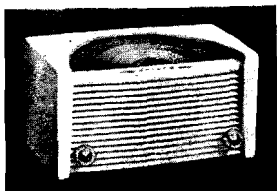
**Come Home.** When desk work palled, Goody put an end to his blonde, attractive wife's shopping. Back to the air came the nasal-voiced malaprop Jane, eternally involved in the "baffle of wits," and the droll, perpetually exasperated but always patient Mr. Ace.

At home, the Aces lead an ordinary domestic life, complete with a milk white (when washed) terrier, named "Blackie."

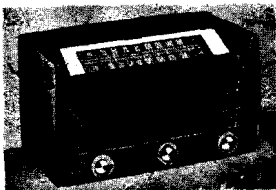
APRIL 7, 1948



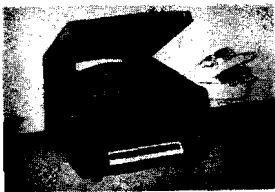
**PERFORMANCE UP—COST DOWN** in this colorful Gray (or Mahogany) plastic model with brass trimmed clear knobs and sweep vision dial. Tuned RF stage and 3-gang condenser for sharpest separation, Philco Tube Saver, AC-DC Super-heterodyne circuits. Ask to see 940-G.



**CLASSIC BEAUTY** in Ivory. Costly circuit includes tuned RF stage and 3-gang condenser, new Tube Saver, brilliant new speaker tone, beam power pentode audio system. Full-view amphitheater dial . . . In rich Ivory plastic. Ask to see 941.



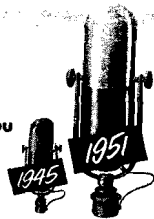
**SUPER SENSITIVE**—only table model of its kind! AM band *plus* FM with tuned RF stage and 3-gang condenser for minimum interference and maximum performance. Philco Tube Saver for longer tube life. Beautiful mottled Mahogany plastic. Ask to see 944.



**COMPACT, FULL-VOICED.** With console tone quality, this powerful Philco radio-phonograph gives more lifelike tones and overtones without distortion. Full-automatic 3-speed changer for all size records. In modern Mahogany or Ebony plastic cabinet. Ask to see 1340.

# GREATEST RADIO VALUES IN ALL 21 YEARS OF PHILCO LEADERSHIP!

Over 200% more radio stations than in 1945! So, for razor-sharp station separation Philco brings you 1952 radios with tuned RF stage . . . 3-gang condensers . . . super-powered circuits . . . clearer, more sensitive than ever!



SINCE January, 1945, America's radio stations have more than *trebled* in number—from 943 to 2929. Today's crowded air waves call for more critical tuning—for better separation between the signals. And again Philco sets the pace in reception performance.

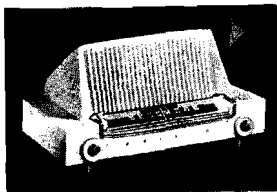
New space-saving miniature tubes . . . simplified line-fidelity circuits . . . compact, more pow-

erful speakers—Philco electronic science has made these the finest radios in Philco's proud history.

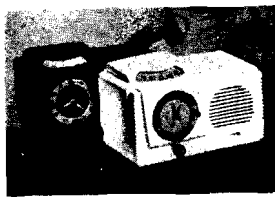
What's more, *every* set now has the exclusive Philco Tube Saver that makes tubes last longer, makes Philco radios cost less to run. These sets have just arrived at your Philco dealer—every one is a sensation to hear, a beauty to see, a treasure to own.



It's **PHILCO**  
for performance  
—again in '52!



**NEW TONAL PRINCIPLE** magnifies the resonance of this ultra-sensitive AC-DC model. Functional speaker chamber gives truer volume without distortion. A beauty from any angle. Exclusive Philco Tube Saver. In Ivory (or Maroon) plastic with lighted station scale. Ask to see 348-1.



**CLOCK RADIO with APPLIANCE TIMER.** Automatic off-on radio wakes you to music. Timer turns on the coffee *before* you get up. Dependable, easy-read clock. Philco Tube Saver. In White or Mahogany (as shown) or rich Ebony or Ivory plastic. AC only. Ask to see 344.

**TOMORROW**

**Road of Life  
In 7th Year**

Popular daytime serial  
now started in seventh  
year over NBC . . . 11 A. M.

**Archie Exports You at Duffy's Tavern Friday Night**

**The voice of Orson**

"This is . . . the Shadow" chilled the spines of American listeners in the early 1930s. The same mellow, booming voice, announcing "This is Orson Welles," opened a poetry-reading show which fluttered feminine hearts. As the "boy genius of radio" moved upward, his *Mercury Theater* paralyzed and terrified a nation in 1938 with the "Man from Mars" broadcast.

As writer, producer, director and star, Welles produced the movie *Citizen Kane* (a thinly disguised life of William Randolph Hearst) and a Scottish-burr version of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* which brought hoots from critics. In 1950 he was less spectacular in the movie of Graham Greene's British novel of intrigue in Europe, *The Third Man*, which crowded jukeboxes with the zither music of Anton Karas.

By last week Welles, 36, and living in London, apparently had settled to a lucrative but unspectacular life of pot-boiling; his 52-week recorded radio serial on the further adventures of *The Third Man*, presented on commercialless BBC, was one of England's top radio shows.

This month the Wurlitzer voice of Welles comes back to America. *The Third Man* transcriptions—with commercials added here—will be heard on some 300 stations. As Harry Lime, hero of the movie, Welles offers intrigues, Budapest bank robberies, and beautiful women, as cooked up by him with help from Greene.

Nation-wide panic isn't likely, but the voice will produce chills again—with a twanging zither background.



*Welles. From Britain, a radio version of the movie The Third Man. (SEE: Orson)*

OCTOBER 17, 1951

**TONIGHT**

**Cowboy Andy**



Andy Devine "drops in" on Johnny Mercer . . . at 7

**Carolyn Kramer**



Claudia Morgan plays the tense emotional role of Carolyn Kramer in "Right to Happiness" . . . . at 3:45



FRED ALLEN (with Portland Hoffa, Peter Van Steeden's Orchestra, and Town Hall Quartet) brightens up air lanes each Wednesday evening. Young & Rubicam produces this show for Ipana and Sal Hepatica.

2/36



HELEN HAYES stars in a continued human-interest drama, "The New Penny." Young & Rubicam produces this show for General Foods' Sanka Coffee.

**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  
Schamburg, Ill. 60194  
Kavin J. Catalfu  
P.C 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, The Phantom Detective, Blackhawk, The Web, Pete Rice, and Bill Barnes Air adventurer. Can anyone help?

Chuck Juzek  
57 Hutton Avenue  
Manuet, NY 10954

**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

**WANTED:** Sony tape recorder model #TC570 complete with speakers. Write or call Tom Mastel  
1547 Arbutus Drive  
San Jose, CA. 95118  
Phone (408) 448-3033 after 4pm PST

**WANTED:** Cassettes, logs, articles or any thing of interest on "The Cavalcade of America" radio show. Especially wanted are the logs.  
Bill Yunilk  
RD 2 Peaceable St.  
Ballston Spa, NY 12020

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

\*\*\*\*\*

# TOPS IN SUNDAY NIGHT LISTENING

## 9:30 TONIGHT OVER WMAZ

TUNE IN  
**THE TEXACO STAR THEATER**

PRESENTING  
**TONY MARTIN**  
AND  
**EDDIE CANTOR**

ON TONY MARTIN'S STAR-STUDED SHOW



Handsome Tony with the man-some voice leads a parade of your favorite stars.

with  
**EVELYN KNIGHT**  
Clubmate of the Night Clubs

**VICTOR YOUNG**  
and his Orchestra

**JIMMY WALLINGTON**  
Announcer



Eager Eddie with a laugh in every line—Tony's guest star this week.

The trend's to Tony Martin on Sunday nights now. Learn why this fast-stepping, fun-filled show hits a new high in Sunday evening listening — tune in at Texaco Star Theater time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

PRESENTED BY  
**TEXACO DEALERS**



### HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A FIELD REPORTER

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

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

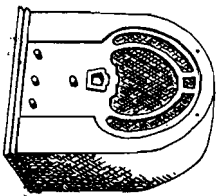
# FIRST CLASS MAIL

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THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086