
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

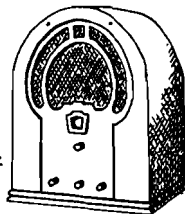
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ISSUE #108 - OCTOBER, 1985

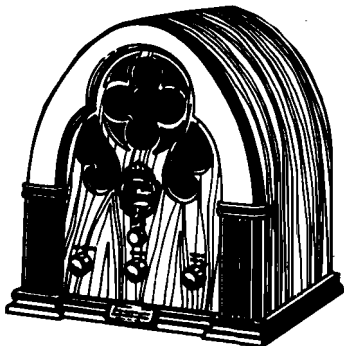


MOLLY GOLDBERG

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$17.50 per year 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 \$12.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January dues are \$17.50 for the year; February \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00 July \$10.00; August \$9.00; September \$8.00; October \$7.00; November \$6.00; and December \$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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CLUB ADDRESSES: Please use the correct address for the business you have in mind. Return library materials to the library addresses.

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TAPE LIBRARY

Francis Edward Bork
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 Lancaster, NY 14086
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CANADIAN BRANCH:

Richard Simpson
 960 - 16 Rd., R.R.3
 Fenwick, Ontario LOS1C0

BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and I.P.s 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 FIRST 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 #109 - October 7
 #110 - November 4
 #111 - December 2

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 15.

COVER: GERTRUDE BERG
 1899 - 1966

CIRCUIT WRITERS

In my last article I slanted my discussion toward reel-to-reel equipment for OTR and will further discuss that here. The most economical collecting of OTR can be done with a reel-to-reel machine of the quarter-track stereo variety. Since I mentioned that most companies manufacturing reel-to-reel machines are getting out of the consumer business, you may fare well in looking for used machines. A good source for these are your local newspaper want-ads. Look for brand names, and I can personally recommend Sony and Teac. Call the people and arrange a demonstration of their machine. Hopefully they will have an existing stereo system through which you can evaluate the machine in question. When you arrive, visually inspect the machine. A machine free of scratches and nicks and in good cosmetic shape is a pretty good bet for your purchase. Be an expert. Ask them if you can turn the machine over and inspect the heads. Keep in mind that a machine with ferrite (glass) heads will outlast machines with regular heads by at least 10, if not 20 to 1. If you plan to use the machine heavily, buy only a machine with ferrite heads. For casual use, other heads will be fine. When you inspect the heads, look for dirt. If it's there in great quantity, don't discard buying the machine. Some people still don't know about keeping heads clean and you may find you can get an excellent machine that will require only some head cleaning and demagnetization. They may be selling it cheap because it doesn't sound like it used to. Go armed with facts about taping techniques. After you pull the head cover off and visually inspect the heads, check the "gap" between the upper and lower portions of the heads and the part of the heads that the tape travels over. Any difference there is

called a "gap" and is evidence of wear. Since the magnetic tape must make good contact with the heads at all times, clean heads are a necessity. Use denatured alcohol and a long cotton swab to clean the entire tape path, including tape guides, tape heads, capstan, pressure roller, and any other part that contacts the tape. Since magnetic tape is essentially a plastic film coated with oxides with a binder that holds the metal particles in place on the tape, it is all subject to a certain amount of "shedding" as it begins to age. So the clean heads are essential. Ask for a demonstration of the machine. Take along with you a record or a compact disc known to be of good quality and with which you are familiar. Ask them to record it or a portion of it at the 3 3/4 speed on a good mylar polyester tape. Then listen to the playback. There will always be some difference. Repeat this procedure at the high speed of 7 1/2 inches per second. Then if the results are negligible in differentiating between the original and the played back "dub" you have probably found a good machine. I mentioned the cleaning of heads. Also be aware of the fact that since the recording tape contains oxide, it is magnetic, and magnetic build-up will result around any magnetizing and magnetized force. This results in tape "hiss". This can be dramatically reduced and the machine can be restored to its best performance level at that point with the use of a commercially available head demagnetizer. Turn the demagnetizer on several inches away from the tape path and run it slowly across all points of the tape path in a circular motion. A few seconds is adequate. Then withdraw the demagnetizer to a distance of at least 12 inches from the machine before you turn it off. If you fail to do this you may leave the heads magnetized more than they originally were. Demagnetization of heads after about each 20 hours of use, either record or playback, is a good practice.

On just one 1800 foot reel of tape, 1 mil thick, you will be able to record up to 8 hours worth of old-time radio. And most dealers will sell you reels much cheaper than they will cassettes of the same material, because of cost and time factors involved in copying the original material from the reels to cassettes. The tape speed universally used for old-time radio is 3 3/4 inches per second. That will prove quite adequate if you have taken the maintenance steps listed above. In order to get this amount of time on the reel, you must have purchased

a quarter track machine. Over 90% of all consumer reel decks are quarter-track so this shouldn't be a problem. The way a layman will know is to ask the people if you can record and playback both the left and the right channels on side one, and then turn the tape over and repeat the procedure. Normally you will find that you can and this is the machine you want for OTR. If you cannot turn the reel over and repeat the procedure, then the entire width of the tape is recorded the first time through, and the machine is half-track stereo instead of quarter-track.

On your quarter-track machine you will probably have a track selector. If you don't you will have to turn the volume control (or balance control) on your amplifier all the way to the left or to the right, depending on which track you want to hear. In the quarter-track monaural format, you will hear two programs at the same time if you fail to do this. If your original tape was stereo, then you want both the channels playing back at the same time. Since very few OTR programs were stereo, economy is gained by recording everything quarter-track monaural instead of stereo. You get twice the recording and playback time per given reel in this mode. Get a book with the machine that you buy and it should explain the recording and playback procedures for that particular model machine.

In the next article I will discuss some technical terms which are in the specifications portion of the book with your reel-to-reel. As always, I welcome any inquiries. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for a personal reply to your questions.

H. Edgar Cole
P.O. Box 3509
Lakeland, FL 33802

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.

VIDEO #ONE

O.K. Here is video # one, "Gildersleeve's Bad Day" 1943 with HAROLD PEARY.

If you stop and think about it, old time radio and old movies have a lot in common.

A new VCR and a reel-to-reel recorder cost about the same.

A reel of average audio tape and a video cassette are about the same cost.

I don't think one hobby is going to kill the other. They may in the long run help each other.

Video tape can be used as audio only.

The cross over stars of radio and movies are many. Jack Benny, Gildersleeve, Inner Sanctum,----

O.K. Who's got Video #TWO?

Ray Olivieri

September, 1985

((Video rates are \$1.25 per month per cassette and \$.75 postage.Ed.))

**LORETTA
YOUNG**

In
*"Now
Voyager"*

presented by
**SCHENLEY
LABORATORIES**

**TONIGHT CBS
8:30 WMAZ**

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¢.

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

OPEN LETTER TO BILL HORNUG

Dear Bill, In last April's issue of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS, you wrote a letter to the editor in which you said a lot of nice things about Bob Davis and his column, "Say! Who Was That Masked Man?" Now Bill, I think that someone should tell you that Bob really isn't a very nice man. Not only that, but some of his viewpoints are kind of "off the wall," too. Let me tell you about Bob.

About a year ago, right out in the open in his column where hundreds of thousands of people would read it, he accused me of using a preposition to end a sentence with. Now that is something I absolutely would never be guilty of. Really, it is Dick Olday that Bob should be yelling at. But no, right out in public my reputation has been besmirched, and he has held me up for the public to heap ridicule and humiliation on. Now I ask you Bill, is that the sort of thing that a "nice" man would subject his friends to?

Don't every try writing to him, Bill. You won't get an answer. At this moment Bob owes me eleven letters. Just because I have owed him five cassettes since last February he has gone into a snit and refuses to correspond with me.

If you recall, Bob recently did two or three columns telling us of his radio broadcasts. This was some sort of trivia broadcast from some bar down next to the track in Buffalo. He made sure that he told us that when he would occasionally get an answer correct that the winos would applaud and pass their bottle to Bob. The upshot of those columns was that Bob was trying to impress all of us with how knowledgeable he is about trivia. That is a phoney. Remember when the Old Time Radio Club had its tenth anniversary contest last winter? The contest attracted 36 entrants. Now if Bob is such an expert, how come he only placed 28th out of the 36? Even Kean Crowe placed higher than Bob, and Kean doesn't even know what a radio looks like.

Bill, you stated in your letter to the editor that you liked what Bob said in his column. I want to make you aware of the fact that Bob's stuff really isn't original at all. He is noted for plagiarism. In fact, several of my columns have turned up a second time, after a few years, under Bob's by-line. He even puts it back in the ILLUSTRATED PRESS where it appeared the first time.

Last spring Bob did a couple of columns on his choices for best old radio shows, performers, etc. Certainly this is a subjective opinion, swayed by our own likes and dislikes, and of course, our "memories" of old radio affect our views of it. In his category of THE BEST EVER PERFORMANCE BY A RADIO ACTRESS, Bob selected Agnes Moorehead for her role in the Suspense show, "Sorry, Wrong Number." I would have to say that this is the obvious answer in that category, and one with which I would not argue. But, I really do have to argue with Bob on his selection of the BEST EVER PERFORMANCE BY A RADIO ACTOR. He selected Orson Welles for his performance in "The War of The Worlds" from the Mercury Theater broadcast of October 30, 1938. Bob even has the audacity to state that "second place is not in sight!" I really think Bob has lost his mind (?) in making this selection. I have to admit that I don't care for Welles. The most notable thing I find about him is his colossal ego, whether on the Mercury Theater or selling wine on TV. While I freely admit a prejudice against the man I don't think that affect my view on this particular selection of Bob's. While the "War of the Worlds" broadcast was very notable, Welles' performance in it was not. First of all, what was it that caused the panic which in turn caused all of us to consider this show so sensational? It was the radio "news bulletin" type of format that caught the listener's imagination and caused him to believe that what he was hearing was really happening. This format was used in the broadcast up to the station break, maybe 2/3 of the way into the hour long show. What do you remember about that show? Do you remember the newscasts in that first part or do you remember the Welles' monologue that followed the station break, for the last third of the show? I don't think anyone remembers the last part at all. Welles' part in the show was that of Princeton Professor Richard Pearson. In that sensational first 2/3 Welles was only heard three times. In that portion his role was a minor one. There were no major ones. Instead

of calling this the "best actor's performance." Bob's category should have been THE BEST EVER RADIO SCRIPT. And that script was written by Howard Koch. It was the writing, the OVERALL acting, and the sound effect that made this show so effective. It certainly was not an individual acting effort. In fact, Koch's script was broadcast again, at a later date, with other actors, on a South American radio station. This caused the same panic as it did in the United States but with more severe results. When the public learned that the broadcast wasn't real, a mob stormed the station, burned it down, and killed some of the station personnel. Welles wasn't there for that performance. It was Koch's script, not Welles' acting, that caused the reaction for which that broadcast is remembered.

Who would I nominate for Bob's category of BEST EVER PERFORMANCE BY A RADIO ACTOR? Actually, I can't think of any single performance that would fill the bill in the male category as Miss Moorehead does in the female division. Now if this were THE BEST ACTOR IN RADIO category, I would unquestionably come up with William Conrad. What a marvelously versatile voice, whether he was playing the lead in Gunsmoke or the lead in one of those marvelous Escape shows. He was all over the dial in leading and supporting roles. I do think that there is a reasonably close second to Conrad, and that is John Dehner. While Dehner did "star" in such shows as Have Gun, Will Travel, I particularly recognize that distinctive voice in thousands of supporting roles. Like Conrad, he was all over the dial. They both had (have) marvelously effective voices.

I also note that Bob Davis can't even get his factual information straight. In the same column Bob tells us that THE BEST HORROR TYPE PROGRAM was "Arch Obler's Light's Out." Bob spelled the name wrong. It is "Oboler," not "Obler." Gee whiz, and Bob yelles at me, telling me that at the ends of sentences, prepositions were words I should stay away from.

I hope, Bill Hornung, that I have opened your eyes as to what kind of a person Bob Davis really is, and how strange his thinking is.

Sincerely, Jim Snyder

25 WORDS OR MORE

Although I myself am not into collecting old time radio, I do enjoy listening to these programs, especially on long trips. You don't have to worry about the volume fading and never finding out how the story ended.

Arlene Olday
Lancaster, NY

I got interested in old time radio by listening to current radio shows at the time they were first on. In 1978 I was tuning my radio dial and came across people talking to each other. At first I thought that somehow a TV program had gotten onto my radio. I first heard old time radio on a local station, and they were playing the "Life of Riley," one of my favorites. Once again I thought TV had crossed over.

Jeffrey Muller
Roselle Park, New Jersey

OTR? How did I get into the hobby? I was sitting in a dentist's office waiting my turn, looking through an old magazine (the name escapes me). There it was in the classified ad section: "Old time radio shows of the past. Listen once again to the Shadow (my favorite), Lone Ranger, Suspense and many more. Large catalog 50¢!" etc., etc. The next day, off went the 50¢ and I was hooked! That was in 1963. I've been collecting since!

Dom Parisi
Buffalo, New York

I like old time radio because it can be used to exercise the mind. You need the mind to paint pictures of what the ears are hearing. Old time radio stimulates the mind and really get a person involved in the story being told, more than television ever could.

Linda DeCecco
Buffalo, New York

One of the problems with our hobby is we never seem to have enough time to listen to all our favorite programs. A number of people who have over one thousand reels have heard virtually nothing in their collection. Well, here are a couple of suggestions that might help. Perhaps others in the organization will offer their ideas.

The most important thing to remember is that we can only enjoy OTR when our minds are not otherwise occupied. This generally occurs while doing such mundane things as driving our cars, mowing the lawn, weeding a garden, jogging or doing housework.

My collection is in the reel-to-reel format for both ease of storage and cost control. When I want to listen to a program I copy the program(s) onto a blank cassette. A C-90 will nicely hold three 30-minute programs on dual track, which is equivalent to one track of an 1800 foot reel. I use my car's cassette player when on the road, and a small Sony portable "walkman" type cassette player when out in the yard.

For some reason the chores go quicker and commuting to work takes less time when listening to "The Green Hornet." Sometimes, when stalled in rush hour traffic, another driver will look over at me only to notice that instead of yelling or fuming I'm laughing my fool head off. Little does he realize that I've just heard the "Robber" on Jack Benny say "Your money or your life."

Stan Cawelti
Clifton, Virginia

PICNIC 1985

The morning of our picnic, July 14, 1985, was ushered in with tropical rains, but as the time for our get-together neared, the sun broke through and we had a beautiful day. Although we did not have a large turnout, everyone had a great time. We were pleased to have guests from the Old Time Radio Collectors Association in Sudbury. O.R.C.A. was represented by President Reg. Hubert, Gordon Gould, Marcia St. Denis and Frank Parrick. These people traveled over 300 miles to attend our picnic.

Richard Simpson

ROSE BETWEEN TWO THORNS



Arthur Tracy (1903-). Tracy came to fame on CBS in 1931 billed simply as the Street Singer, a baritone whose identity was a closely guarded secret. The secrecy aided Tracy's career immensely and soon thousands of listeners were writing in as to his identity. After five months, Tracy was revealed and around the same time he adopted "Marta" as his theme song. Tracy continued to star on radio on his own 15-minute shows, broadcasting from WOR in New York, until 1935 when he left for England and a lengthy film and vaudeville career there. He was back in New York in 1940, again on WOR and again with a 15-minute show, sponsored by FYR'PRO. In 1942, Tracy moved to NBC, accompanying himself on the accordion, on a 15-minute program for Ex-Lax.

"You tell me a good one and I'll croon you a hot one," Rudy (law-student) Vallee has just whispered to Olsen and Johnson, the two big funny boys who are framing Rudy in this picture. This is the first time the camera lense has ever been able to catch the three friends together. They are heard on the Fleischmann Hour each Thursday at 8 p. m. (EDST) over the WEA-FNBC network.

Letters



I read with much interest Bob Davis' article in the August I.P. regarding the future distribution of OTR on video cassettes. I agree with him that this may well be the scenario of the future.

A few months ago I was asked to "guinea pig" an experiment involving placing OTR programming on the audio tracks of a VHS cassette--the purpose of which was to try to ascertain what the market would be. Being a "poor" dealer I declined but the idea has been kept in the back of my mind. It was suggested that perhaps I should put a public domain movie, such as one of the old "silents" sold by Blackhawk Films and other distributors on the video track.

Well, the idea intrigued me because in my case at least, I see a decline in interest in OTR and perhaps this approach would spark some new interest. And since we may not have reel-to-reel decks around much longer, at least ones that we can afford, it seems indeed feasible to distribute in this manner, in light of the price reductions in home VCR equipment.

I did not experiment with this idea at the time because I own two Soney Betamax VCR's, which still have the edge for picture quality but have clearly lost the VCR war to the VHS system. I have, however, experimented with putting CD (compact disc) audio on video-cassettes in the Beta HI-FI class and it has worked excellently!

The conversion process is what is really going to hurt us! As Bob mentioned, we have too much money tied up in our present equipment, but the fact remains clear that this may be the coming thing, especially in light of the decision by most manufacturerers to discontinue manufacturing reel to reel machines. Professional reel equipment is still and will be available for quite some time, such as machines manufactured by Revox, Otari, Ampex and others, but this equipment is classified as commercial and professional and very few of us can go this way. We are talking about a lot of money for

analog equipment when as Bob suggested, we can buy a digital audio VCR much cheaper!

I'd love to hear some other opinions on this.

H. Edgar Cole II

P.O. Box 3509

Lakeland FL 33802

The August '85 issue was an important one philosophically, and 3 cheers to Bob Burnham. True! True! True! He is to be graciously thanked for his writing effort that expresses the feelings of all us dealers. As far as to the value of old time radio dealers, I stand neutral on SPERDVAC. His letter ties in nicely with the one from dealer Ed Cole who had the problem selling the CBS Mystery Theatre Shows. I feel that in contrast to some, producer Himan Brown has been very much aware how the dealers and collectors have been keeping old radio alive in the public eye, and to many as a new entertainment media! "Innersanctum" was the forerunner of "Mystery Theatre" and Mr. Brown has been very understanding with "Innersanctum" use since the beginning of old time radio as a hobby. Let's pause and thank him right here and now for that. However, Mr. Brown is still a businessman, and it is rumored that Mystery Theatre is going into resyndication. Mr. Cole has been made aware of that, and also that the show is still copyrighted. Mr. Cole has complied and the incident should be closed. The problem here is that some radio stations would have attempted to buy the shows from an old radio dealer for broadcast, which would certainly not be fair to Mr. Brown in a number of ways. Mr. Charles Michaelson, who owns the broadcast rights to The Shadow and other shows has also been understanding and generous with the hobblists. A number of years ago I started refusing to sell to radio stations any shows owned by Mr. Michaelson, and I would forward the addresses of the stations to Mr. Michaelson.

It was a coincidence but not a surprise to see Bob Davis' letter on VCR old radio tapes. In late spring I had included notes to 150 of my customers expressing the same points. These expressed a price of \$20. or \$25. as possible prices for 6 hrs. Of the 150, 145 did not respond, and 5 responded negatively to the idea. I spoke to a fellow Long Island dealer and he scoffed at using video tape. Said it wouldn't sell or trade. A Florida dealer stated that people who are into video and who will buy the new more sophisticated audio formats just would not have the ears

to tolerate old radio sound. I tend to agree with him on that point. A well read Brooklyn dealer states that video audio will be standard in the early 1990's. This along with 8mm digital tape cassettes which may well replace ALL tape formats.

I personally feel that old time radio hit its high point in the late 70's. It has peaked out and is presently in a slow decline. There will always be newcomers, but they will be farther in between. There is much less promotion now, and the mystique of the sudden surprising availability of radio shows thought gone forever, has worn off. And the people who actually once listened to radio in the years before the mid 60's, if they haven't come back to listen to the shows again as buyers or hobbyists in the last 15 years, there's very few of them out there that will now.

With economy part of the reel-to-reel hobby there will not be any collector who will find it practical to put their entire collection on video tape even with the video tape available at less than \$4. each. Time and total cost would be a killer! Even for the reel decks they are trying to preserve! Look for collectors and dealers recording only their best reels this way. Look for trading to double the life of reel-to-reel decks by combining reel with video for giving and taking shows. This would be the only practical way to eventually get all the BEST REELS on video tape.

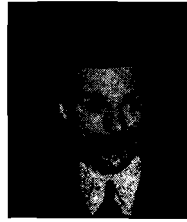
Recently a TV repair shop told me you could over-ride the sensor that prevents double speeding with 2 video decks if you disconnected the wiring to the video head. That idea still has to be checked out.

Not much we can do about electronic repairs on reel-to-reel, guys. But you can improvise a lot of mechanical repairs and mechanical parts. To help preserve our reel decks we could set up an information point for improvised ideas collectors have come up with to repair their decks. Keep in mind, now is the time to buy spare heads before they are impossible to get. For those who have decks with ferrite (glass heads) you are in luck. My Sonys have run more than 10 years and BARELY show wear! Your next important part to buy a spare of is the flywheel/capstan, unl unless you plan on pairing equally slow decks forever. But keep in mind you will need accurate speed if you are going to get involved with video tape or the 'why not?' audio cassette for future preservation. It's made of rubber, and surprisingly lasts a long time, but I suggest you also

buy a spare pinchroller.

Gary Dudash
AM Treasures
P O Box 11702
Babylon, NY 11702

* * * * *



RED SKELTON: He "dood it" every Tuesday night on his NBC show from Hollywood

THE SHADOW
in
TREASURES OF DEATH

COPYRIGHT:
Street & Smith Dec. 15, 1933

CHAPTER XXIII
TRAPPERS TRAPPED

The tables were turned on Wendel Hargate. The man who had launched the attack into Eli Galban's domain was in the power of his enemy. Thibbel, Hargate's fighting henchman, had died. With Hargate was an assorted trio of victims who were sharing in his fall.

Harry Vincent, agent of The Shadow; Joe Cardona, representative of the law--these were two whose presence here had not been of Hargate's making. Terry Barliss, however, had come with the captured millionaire. To Harry Vincent, Terry's presence was something that seemed unexplainable.

Eli Galban was chuckling. His face wore its deceptive touch of friendliness; yet the chuckle betrayed a subtle form of latent evil. With an imperious gesture of his hand, Galban gave orders to his minions. They seemed to understand.

While Sanyata closed the door to the cellar, Fawkes, with a venomous snarl, ordered the prisoners to cluster to the stairway. Sanyata returned and drew a revolver. Together, these henchmen of Eli Galban marched their victims upward.

Hargate and Terry went first, with hands raised. After them came Harry Vincent and Joe Cardona. A silent group, these men were being herded toward Galban's lonely third-story abode. The threats of guns behind them kept them in order. They tramped past closed doors on the second floor; then up the final flight to the third, where an opened space

in the wall admitted them to Eli Galban's room.

The old man was already there. He had come up in the elevator with Mercher. The secretary, still careful of his wound, was slumped in a chair. Galban ordered Fawkes to line the prisoners against the wall.

The cheery room seemed gloomy now. The shuttered windows had been barred. Sanyata closed the portal through which the group had come. The doorway formed part of what appeared to be a solid wall.

Dropping into his accustomed chair, Eli Galban surveyed the men whom he had captured. Keenly, he decided that Joe Cardona must be the detective working on the case of Compton Salwood. With a hearty chuckle, Galban began to speak.

"I have been looking forward to this visit," he laughed. "To this time when I could have my desired guests together. It will enable me to dispose of trouble-making blunderers at one time."

The old man paused to meet the sullen gaze of Wendel Hargate. The millionaire's discomfort seemed to please Eli Galban.

"Even now," chuckled the old man, "all of you do not understand. Since none of you will ever trouble me again, it will please me to explain the facts that you have sought. It was considerate of me to allow you to come up by the stairway in this house. It enabled you to view locked doors that hide the secrets which I have so closely guarded.

"One door conceals my press; another my bindery. A third hides the studio. A fourth, my storage room. I am a man of many parts--with capable assistants. Sanyata is a clever copyist of manuscripts; Mercher is an excellent imitator of old printing. Both are skilled at binding."

"Here in this house, I forged the spurious works which were substituted for rare books and manuscripts. Compton Salwood was my outside man. He went to appointed places and left false objects for the genuine ones which I desired. As a detector of forged prints and manuscripts, I had access to many libraries and studies of wealthy men. I was the brains behind the efforts of Compton Salwood."

Old Galban smiled as he stared at Joe Cardona. He could see the question on the detective's lips. Galban chuckled as he answered it.

"When Salwood was of no more use to me," declared the old man, "I ordained his death. I sent Sanyata

to make sure that Salwood would come here. When Salwood did not start out as soon as expected, Sanyata rang for him. Sanyata was admitted. He killed Salwood."

Galban glanced approvingly at the Japanese. Sanyata smiled, the first time that he had shown such an expression. His teeth gleamed.

"I killed him with the knife," stated the servant.

Joe Cardona stared in amazement. This was an unexpected revelation. Joe turned toward Wendel Hargate. The millionaire smiled grimly, even though he knew the end that threatened him.

"Neither of us is due to get out of this, Cardona," growled the millionaire. "Just the same, since Galban has sprung his part of the game, I may as well let you in on my side of the story."

"An excellent idea," approved Eli Galban.

"I guess you thought I was pulling something," asserted Hargate, as he faced Cardona. "I was--in a sense. I never told you who sold me that Villon manuscript. I'll tell you now. Compton Salwood was the man who sold it to me."

"I had an idea that it had been stolen. Nevertheless, it was mine after I paid for it. But I was keeping it under cover. That's why I didn't want you to take a look at it. But when I brought out the manuscript, I found that I was as badly off as Terry Barliss. I had a fake--just like his."

"That's why I shut up like a clam. I knew who had stolen it from me. Compton Salwood was a double-crosser. He stole the manuscript after he had sold it to me."

"At my order," laughed Galban.

"My only plan was to go after Salwood," resumed Hargate, paying no attention to Galban's comment. "I sent Thibbel on the job. He made the mistake of taking Sooky Downing and a mob. They got into trouble. Thibbel was the only one to get away."

"When you uncovered wholesale thefts, I realized that some one bigger than Salwood had engineered the game. I decided it must be Galban. So I planned to break into this place and get back the manuscript that belonged to me."

"Terry Barliss broke in on me in the meantime. I had a battle with him; after he was curbed, I told him the whole story. I told him what I intended to do; when he knew that Galban was the real crook, he decided to work along with me. That's why we're here tonight. We sent Thibbel in ahead. He ran into trouble."

"I killed him" interposed Galban, with a chortle. "For a poor old cripple with rheumatism, I can wield a powerful war club."

Harry Vincent understood all now. Terry Barliss met his gaze and nodded. But to Harry came still greater realization. He saw the part that The Shadow had intended to play. He had sent Harry to watch Galban's not to protect the old fiend but to aid those who were coming to attack him!

"Enough!" exclaimed Galban, rising to his feet. "I knew you would be coming here, Hargate. Your position made it impossible for you to call in the police. I gave your name to Barliss so that he would go to see you. The game was up so far as Salwood was concerned."

"I feared none of the victims. But I had swindled you and I saw trouble there. I wanted you to try to get me after Salwood was out of the way. I was ready for you. This is the result."

The old man was glowering fiercely. For the first time, he had dropped his mask. He was a fiend, whose glaring eyes were more hideous than those of Corry Fawkes. His face was more loathsome than that of his monstrous servant.

"You have come here to die!" announced Eli Galban. "Death will be swift--within this room. The place is fitted with openings to admit a flow of lethal gas. We shall leave you here to die."

"After that"--Galban's chuckle was an ugly one--"there will be embalmed bodies with my collection of waxwork figures. You, Cardona, will be in the uniform of a police chief. You, Hargate, will represent King Midas. As for Barliss and Vincent"--Galban shrugged his scrawny shoulders--"I can decide upon them later."

Striding to the center of the room, Galban motioned to Fawkes and Sanyata. Both backed toward the door of the elevator. Sanyata, like Fawkes, was brandishing a huge revolver. There was no chance for the prisoners to make an escape.

"Sanyata killed Salwood," announced Galban. "Fawkes has handled his victims in the past. I slew Thibbel. Therefore, I shall use a new executioner. Let me introduce him. Until now, he has been a very quiet member of my band. Tonight, he will release the gas that will cause four deaths."

Galban beckoned to Lycurgus Mercher. The secretary arose and came cringing forward. He grinned in whimsical fashion.

"Look them over, Mercher," suggested Galban. "Study them well;

this is the last time they will be seen alive. Then we can descend in the elevator. From the ground floor, it will be your part to draw the release that will mean their doom!"

With a final chuckle, Eli Galban retired toward the closed door of the elevator, to await his secretary's evil inspection of the four who were to die.

CHAPTER XXIV THE FINAL TRIUMPH

A smile showed on the bloodstained face of Lycurgus Mercher as the secretary studied the faces of those whom he had been delegated to slay. Then, with a peculiar sarcasm in his voice, the secretary spoke.

"Eli Galban has told his story!" he exclaimed. "It should have been obvious to all of you. I could have told you that some one other than Thibbel slew Compton Salwood. The knife in Compton's body was evidence of that."

"Why should Thibbel or the mobsmen--armed with revolvers--have used a knife--Why"--Mercher was staring toward Cardona--"should Salwood have been forced to leave by eleven to keep an appointment with his unknown master? Only because he was going farther than to Hargate's. To this house, for instance, an hour from New York."

Harry Vincent was staring hard at Mercher. The pale face of the secretary was gleaming with strange vigor. His eyes were sparkling vividly.

"There were other clues," came Mercher's strained tone. "Articles which were taken from Salwood's office. Hargate's odd behavior. Useless capsules in place of the stimulating pills which were so important to the fading life of Shattuck Barliss. Eli Galban has not told you all!"

"Come, Mercher," ordered Galban, as the secretary paused. "You have said enough. It is time that these men should die."

Mercher was stooped forward in cringing fashion. His hands were against the front of his coat. As he stood there, the door of the elevator clicked as Eli Galban opened it.

"Die!" shrieked Mercher's voice. "You ask that I should kill them! Can the dead kill the living? Can Lycurgus Mercher kill--when he lies dead in the cellar of this house? No! But I can kill! I am the living who has taken the place of the dead!"

With these words, the form of Lycurgus Mercher wheeled and

straightened. From beneath his coat, his hands swung forth two automatics. Eli Galban, startled, was staring into a face that was Mercher's and yet was not!

A weird laugh broke from the lips that resembled Mercher's. That laugh was the one which told its story. Harry Vincent realized the amazing thing that had happened. This was not Lycurgus Mercher. The being in Mercher's guise was The Shadow!

The automatics, coming into view with sweeping speed were leveling toward human targets. Fawkes and Sanyata were standing with revolvers in hand. The suddenness of The Shadow's revelation had caught them momentarily unaware. As they aimed to shoot this unexpected enemy, the automatics barked.

Sanyata fell as a bullet reached his heart. Fawkes staggered, wounded. His gun fell from his hand. Then, with a fierce snort, the huge-headed man sprang forward. The automatic in The Shadow's left hand barked its second message. The fiendish servitor of Eli Galban sprawled upon the floor.

Only the weakness of his right arm had prevented The Shadow from dropping Fawkes with the first shot. That arm had drooped from the recoil of the automatic. The Shadow's left arm swung upward as Eli Galban yanking a revolver from his hip, made frantic aim to kill.

The old man's gun roared. Its bullet sizzled past The Shadow's shoulder and flattened against one of the metal shutters that barred the windows. Before Galban could deliver a second shot. The Shadow's automatic barked its message of doom.

Sprawling, Galban toppled from the elevator and fell writhing to the floor. A triumphant laugh burst from The Shadow's lips. Amid the echoes of that fearful mockery, the fighter who had assumed the guise of Lycurgus Mercher sprang into the elevator and closed the door.

Four rescued men stood quivering. This unexpected climax had saved them from what seemed certain doom; yet it had left them shaky, staring at the bodies on the floor. Eli Galban had met the fate that he deserved, along with Sanyata and Corry Fawkes, his evil henchmen.

To Harry Vincent, the mystery was explained, at least in part. He recalled Mercher's visit to the cellar; also Thibbel's statement that he had defeated one of Galban's crew. Harry realized now that The

Shadow must have been below.

There, the superfighter had viewed Mercher's body. A master of disguise, he had arrayed himself to pass as Eli Galban's secretary. He had rejoined Galban, taking the place of Mercher, who--as The Shadow had declared--was dead in the cellar of the mansion.

Joe Cardona began to beat at the door which led to the stairs. It was locked; and there was no way to open it. The door of the elevator had automatically jammed with the descent of the car.

Deprived of his own gun, Cardona looked toward the floor and seized the huge revolver which Fawkes had wielded. Savagely, the detective hurled bullets at the lock of the door to the stairs. The attack was successful. The lock broke. Cardona opened the door.

Followed by his companions, the detective led the way below. He was heading for the second floor, to break into Eli Galban's store-room and regain the stolen treasures. Wendel Hargate and Terry Barliss followed eagerly. The knew that the Villon manuscript would surely be found within that room.

Harry Vincent was the last to leave. At the doorway, he paused to stare reflectively toward the bodies of three fiends who had sought to thwart The Shadow. Sanyata lay upon his face. Fawkes was on his back, his huge chin slumped almost to his waist. Eli Galban was sprawled crazily on the floor. His face, in death, had completely lost the look which it had worn in life. Galban's features were those of an evil fiend.

On the stairway, Harry paused to breathe the fresh air through the bars of an opened window. As he lingered there, amid the patter of rain, Harry Vincent caught the vague sound of a distant burst of mockery.

Rising eerily from the night, sweeping to a weird crescendo that burst as from the tongues of an impish horde, the gibing merriment broke into shuddering echoes that mingled with the murmur of the rain.

That was the cry that denoted the victory of right. Harry Vincent stood immobile as he heard its uncanny tones fade into sibilant whispers and mingle with the night.

That was the triumph laugh of a being who had waged and won a war against a superfiend of crime. It was the laugh of The Shadow!

It was the final triumph--the victory of right! But to Harry Vincent, the laugh meant more than conquest. It was the symbol of a

mighty warrior in whose service Harry had seen villains fall, a superbeing whose hand could never fail.

The Shadow never fails!

THE END

THOSE WEBSTERS

MBS, 6:00 P.M., E.S.T., Sunday



"Those Websters" place the finishing touches on the family Christmas tree.



Gil Stratton, Jr. portrays "Billy Webster."



Willard Waterman appears as Papa Webster.



Constance Crowder is Mama Webster.



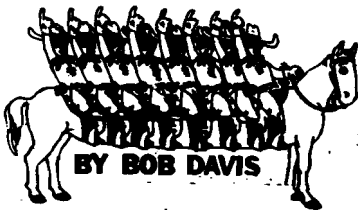
Frank Worth, musical director



Pretty Jane Webb, well known Chicago actress, plays "Belinda"

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



For those of you that might have wondered just what the heck that drawing is that's at the head of this column every month, all I can say is that I'm not really sure. It was a present from Chuck Seeley when I took on this endeavor. The "official" title of it is "The Clone Ranger"!!!

After looking at it I guess we should have title the column "Say, Who Were Those Masked Men"? (Hey Snyder, you missed that one.)

Speaking of Snyder. You might love his stuff or hate it with a passion, but it is almost impossible to ignore. Jim is just one of a group of people that fortunately are involved with OTR. These people are just plain nice. They will go out of their way to help someone get started and do not put themselves way above everyone else because they have thousands of shows.

I'll not turn this column into a tribute to Jim although I easily could. He recently did me a BIG favor and it got me thinking about some of the other favors that have come my way since the days when my entire catalog was only three pages long. (Double spaced at that!)

I was fortunate in making contact with people all over the country. These people were an absolute garden of niceness and concern. Many of them going w-a-y out of their way just to give a struggling collector material that could in turn be traded for yet more and more material. They were not greedy or possessive of their rarer material, quite the contrary!

Here I was, a guy with only a couple of dozen shows in my collection, trying to trade with guys that had every show I had and thousands more. I had the occasional rejection but, for the most part, everyone was willing to help out. Sometimes it was a two for one deal.

I'd send two blank reels to them and they'd send one back filled with my requests. Other times they'd send me shows and say I could pay them back some time at a later date.

A Few have even sent me shows and expected nothing in return. A note packed with the tape(s) would say "Here's a few shows I thought you might enjoy hearing. Send me a want list and we'll do a trade". At the time I had maybe a few hundred shows and they had eight or nine thousand each! It might sound trite but these kind of people can only be described as nice.

I really shouldn't mention any names for fear of leaving out some others. Needless to say I remember them all and will continue to do so. This, to me, is a graphic example of the kind of people involved in OTR trading.

As mentioned before, OTR collectors are like a garden of niceness and concern. The garden is growing and healthy but, like any garden, an occasional weed can be found. Fortunately for us the weeds are an endangered species.

Stamp collectors, coin collectors, even comic book collectors, by the very nature of their hobby are somewhat tight-fisted and reluctant to let any of their collections escape from their immediate grasps. Because we are able to duplicate any show we might have, and trade off the duplicate, OTR collectors are much freer and more apt to trade or even donate shows to a struggling beginner. I know... I've been there.

I've said it in the past and I'll say it again. I Love old time radio...and the people involved with collecting it ain't so bad either!

For those just getting started in the hobby...welcome, you're among friends.

To those that have been around for a while..I'm glad to be associated with you. This column is dedicated to, and has been about, YOU!!!

See ya next time...

Q. Is it true that Dick Van Dyke was married on "Bride and Groom"? I don't remember seeing him.

A. You didn't. Van Dyke and childhood sweetheart Marjorie Willets were married Feb. 12, 1948, on the radio "Bride and Groom." Actually, the ceremony took place before the program in a small chapel next to the ABC studio. The new couple was interviewed immediately after the ceremony and heaped with prizes to start married life. At the time, Van Dyke was a penniless young comic touring the booties as part of a record pantomime-comedy act known as The Merry Mutes and every little bit helped.

Editor's DESK



If everything has gone according to plan, you will now have our new tape library update, MEMORIES, and the October I.P. I would like to thank Ken Krug for the many hours of work it took him to put the tape library together...good job, Ken. Although I haven't seen it as of this writing, I would also like to thank Frank Boncore and Joe O'Donnell for editing this year's MEMORIES.

Speaking of MEMORIES, please check the ad section for some great buys. When you order, let them know where you saw their ad. MEMORIES is very expensive to send out to you and without the ads we would be forced to discontinue the magazine.

The Shadow story concludes this issue, Nick Carter returns next month...see you then.

The following letter arrived just before we went to press:

I would like to take this opportunity to comment on Dom Parisi's letter in the September IP. Dom is 100% correct! The Old Time Radio Club would not be in existence today if it were not for Millie. She carried us for many years when our financial situation was very bleak. I was club president when we decided to make this club into a national organization. It was Millie who allowed us to publish the newsletter we needed to attract members outside the Buffalo area. She published the newsletter because of her high regard for old time radio and our Radio club. The people who were members during our formative years realize the debt we owe to Millie. I hope some of our newer members become familiar with the Club's roots.

Peter M. Bellanca

I take full credit (or blame) for the criticism of Millie's work. I am fully aware of Millie's contributions to the Club in the past. However, since I have been editor the past 5 years, it has become increasingly obvious to me that she has lost most if not all interest in printing the I.O. I will not list all the problems I've encountered with the printing of the I.P., but simply

tell you to notice the difference in the quality of the last few issues of the I.P. Yes, I am grateful for Millie's past contributions, but as editor, I must be more concerned with the quality of the next issue.

R. A. Olday
Editor

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

FOR SALE: Used equipment, reel-to-reel recorders, cassette decks, receivers, equalizers, etc. All guaranteed for 30 days.

John Wallace
3724 Souchak Dr.
Hope Mills, N.C. 28348

FOR SALE: Many scripts for sale, including recently found 6 copies of "Dead Sleep Lightly" by J. D. Carr. Also 9 OTR mystery scripts. Will trade for Arthur Godfrey cassettes.

John Barber
1807 1/2 Burgundy
N. Orleans, LA 70116

WANTED: I will trade for any Sherlock Holmes, Bulldog Drummond, Horatio Horn Blower, Tom Mix or anything rare or unusual.

H. Edgar Cole II
Broadcast Engineering
P. O. Box 3509
Lakeland, FL. 33802

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

4/16/45

Radio Programs Tomorrow

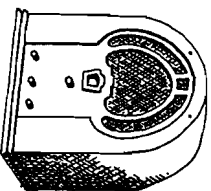
(Programs furnished by stations subject to change without notice)

WIBK (1230) (CBS)	WABC (890) (CBS)	WGY (510) (NBC)	WSZ (770) (Siles Network)
7:00 Music. 15 Sacred Heart. 20 News. 45 Music.	Arthur Godfrey. Recorded Music and Comedy. News by Edwards.	Walt Up with Williams. News; Music. News.	Breakfast in Bedlam. Ed Sant. records. News.
8:00 The World Today. 15 Seagr. Orch. 30 Timeskeeper. 45 Store Time; Styles.	The World Today. Colman Bros. Comedy. Club.	Happy Hank. Meet the Band. Market. Basket.	The Fitzgeralds. Life Today. Woman of Tomorrow; News.
9:00 News. 30 of the Air. 45 Trading Post.	News. American School of the Air. Comedy. Aunt Jenny.	Sam Adams. Morris Moods. News. Aunt Jenny.	Breakfast Club. Don McNeill. Varieties. Orchestra.
10:00 News. 15 Middy Meanders. 15 Evening Winners. 45 Bachelor's Children.	Valiant Lady. Light of World. Dwain Wilner. Bachelor's Children.	Lora Lawton. Road of Life. Joyce Jordan.	My True Story. Don Milton Show. Listening Post.
11:00 News; Gospel. 15 Motive Downey. 30 Bright Horizons. 45 Aunt Jenny.	Amanda. Second Husband. Bridg. Horton. Aunt Jenny.	Finders. Keepers. Unhappily. David Harum.	Tom Brokaw's Breakfast. News. Jack Berch.
12:00 Kilo Smith Speaks. 15 Six Sister. 30 News. 45 Our Gal Sunday.	Kilo Smith Speaks. Six Sister. Kate Trent. Our Gal Sunday.	News; Music. News. Furns Paper of the Air.	Glamour Mascot. News; Women's Exchange.
1:00 Life Beautiful. 15 Ma Perkins. 30 The Two Cities. 45 Young Dr. Malone.	Life Beautiful. News. Ma Perkins. Young Dr. Malone.	Medical Matinee. World and America. Household Chats. News.	Building Organized. Gals. Dinah.
2:00 Two on a Cue. 15 Perry Mason. 30 Perry Mason. 45 Elizabeth Adams.	Two on a Cue. Rosemary. Perry Mason. Tena. Tim.	Guiding Light. Today's Children. Women in White. Church Hymns. World News.	News. Ethel Albert. Songs. World News.
3:00 Keyboard Capers. 15 Tale of Two Cities. 30 Dilly Devotions. 45 Sing Along Club.	Irene Beasley. Miss Scott. Sing Along Club. Linda Trio.	American Women. Women in White. Proper Young Ladies Right.	Appointment with Life. Ladies. Re-Seated.
4:00 Home. 15 Party; News. 30 Bob Trout. 45 Danny O'Neil.	Home. Party; News. Bob Trout. Danny O'Neil.	Backstage With. Stella Dallas. Lorenzo Jones. Widder Brown.	News. That's for Me. Part. Reports. Top Burgers.

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