
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

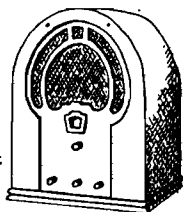
APRIL, 1988 #139



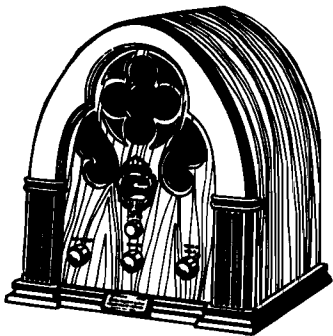
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"JUST PLAIN BILL"

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 list, 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.

THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS is a monthly newsletter of **THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB** headquartered in Buffalo, NY. Contents except where noted, are copyright 1988 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Linda DeCecco; Assistant Editor: Richard Olday; Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover designed by Eileen Curtin.

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32 Shenandoah Rd.
Buffalo, NY 14220

CLUB ADDRESSES: Please use the correct address for the business you have in mind. Return library materials to the library addresses.

NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:
Jerry Collins
56 Christen Ct.
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 683-6199

ILLUSTRATED PRESS: (Letters, columns, etc.) & **OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:**
Richard A. Olday
100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

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393 George Urban Blvd.
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS
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TAPE LIBRARIES: REELS
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Cheektowaga, NY 14215

CASSETTES-VIDEO & AUDIO, RECORDS
Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Place
Buffalo, NY 14213
(716) 884-2004

CANADIAN BRANCH:
Richard Simpson
960 - 16 Rd., R.R. 3
Fenwick, Ontario L0S 1C0

BACK ISSUES: All **MEMORIES** and **I.P.s** are \$1.25 each, postpaid. Out of print issue 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 Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meetings start 7:30 p.m.

DEADLINE FOR IP: 10th of each month prior to the month of publication.

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:
\$50.00 for a full page **(ALL ADS MUST BE CAMERA READY)**
\$34.00 for a half page

SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take **50%** off these rates.
Advertising Deadline - September 1.

THE DEALERS CORNER

by FRANK C. BONCORE

ASTON'S ADVENTURES, 1301 No. Park Avenue, Inglewood, Calif 90302, phone # (213) 673-4455, has a new flyer out listing the following reels available on half track, The Whistler from 01-20-52 to 04-06-52, The Jack Benny Show from 01-07-40 to 02-18-40, The Falcon from 1950 & 1951, Gunsmoke from 01-31-60 to 04-03-60, The Amazing Mr Malone from 06-08-51 to 07-13-51 and the Adventures of Nero Wolf from 10-20-50 to 02-02-51. As usual Don Aston has a sample 1800 ft reel and his 180 page catalog available for \$20.00. Don's catalog is one of the best catalogs available. Be sure to mention that you read about it in the Illustrated Press.

Nostslgia Recordings, Ken Mills 907 Maple Avenue, Ridgefield N.J. 07057. phone # (201) 945-3757 now has available a 42 page catalog listing Old Time Radio, Big Band Shows and Discographies. This catalog is available for FREE. Be sure to mention you read about in in the I.P.

Andy Blatt, Vintage Broadcasts 42 Bowling Gree, Staten Island, NY 10314 has a catalog available for \$1.00 (to cover postage). He also has a flyer available for free. At the ripe old age of 29, Andy is a 12 year veteran in the OTR business His prices are as follows: Reels (used Ampex tape #641) 49.00 each, 10 for \$80.00, buy 10 get one free. Premium tapes (new) \$13.00, 5 or more for \$12.00 each or 10 reels for \$110.00 (buy 10 get 1 free) Please note that these reel prices DO NOT include postage. Andy has Big Band Sounds and excellant BBC Material available. If you are a Sherlock Holmes fan like Frank Bork, Our Elderly Libraian Emeritus, you'll want to know that Andy has 10 reels of Sherlock Holmes available For the record Andy guaranteed his quality and usually ships his orders within 2 weeks. As always I ask you ti mention to the I.P. when writing to him.

Bob and Debbie Burnham of BBC Productions, P.O. Box 2645, Livonia Michigan 48150, has a new 1988 Spring Cassette flyer available. It is ten pages long and lists such shows as Jack Benny, Kraft Music Hall starring Al Jolson, The New Edgar Bergan Hour, The Whistler, You Bet

Your Life., Columbia Workshop and Suspense. BRC can also be reached by phone during office hours Mon-Fri 10am to 6pm EST and Saturday 10 am - 2 pm EST (313) 721-6070. Please let them know where you heard it from.

Gary and LaDonna Kramer of Great American Radio, P.O. Box 528, Mt. Morris Michigan 48458 has a new 24 page catalog available. It lists cassettes for as low as \$2.50 each (Minimum order 10) Just to highlight some listings: The complete run of Have Gun Will travel, Philip Marlowe, Sherlock Holmes, Johnny Dollar, Jack Benny, an Orson Welles interview, etc, tec, etc.



TENIGHT
"The Ghostly Rival"
 A bold, tortured young man, lying in a hospital bed, tries to explain to a psychiatrist why he caused the death of his pregnant wife.

MONDAY-SUNDAY

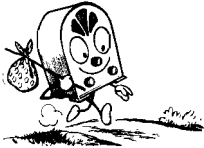
11:30	WBEN
PM 930	

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; video cassette - \$1.25 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the U.S.A. and APO, \$.60 for one reel, \$.35 for each cassette and record; \$.75 for each video tape.

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.

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.

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

I want to offer some criticism of the annual Friends of Old Time Radio Convention, that is held in Newark, New Jersey each Octobe. In doing so, however, I do not in any way want to discourage anyone from attending. It is, without question the finest possible event, for collectors of old time radio. It is fun and well worth every penny of the cost. The organizer of this affair, Jay Hickerson, does a simply magnificent job in putting this together, and Jay is both gracious and helpful to everyone who attends. This past October I attended my ninth of these events, and perhaps I have become a little "jaded" after so many of them, and have allowed myself to become too critical, how ever there are things that I would like to see schanged. Others have also mentioned these same points to me, either at the convention, or in correspondence since.

The number one problem is too much of Anthony Tollin. Anthony puts an extreme amount of his time and effort into the convention, but he puts himself too much into the program. He serves as MC for many of the convention events, and frankly, he isn't a very good MC. he introduces each of the radio recreations at appallingly great lengths. He becomes redundant in that he keeps saying the same thing over and over again, adnauseam, in telling us how wonderful these people are. They are, but this is lost in the tedium of the introductions. He started by saying who was in the cast and what they were known for. He then reintroduced each person again, asking them to stand and saying the same things over. Finally, after the presentation he introduced each one again, again saying what they had done in radio. It sure seemed that his introductions took far more time than the presentation itself. He chaired at least one panel discussion which was heavily

given over to the introductions instead of giving all the time to the stars to present whatever they had to say. Again, when the awards

were passed out on Saturday night he did about half of them. While Jay was brief and gracious in his introductions, Anthony went over all the same stuff we had heard from him so many times before, again at great length. Above all, Anthony should be scratched from these awards presentations. This should be left to Jay. I would like to see him scratched from most, if not all of the other introductions. PLEASE: give Joe Webb back to us as master of ceremonies. He is the best they have had. How about it Joe? Are you willing to come back out of retirement and take on this job again?

At the Saturday night dinner, Jay mentioned that the performers have had an opportunity in the past three years for greater rehearsal time in the recreations, where in earlier years this was not the case. I think that was a strength of the earlier years. These are now taken far too seriously. There was an enjoyable spontaneity a few years ago, that is now pretty well rehearsed out the performances. The performances have become too rigid. The high points this past year was a flub by the announcer, George Ansbro, in Quick As A Flash, and one ad lib by Ezra Stone in one of the evening shows. A few nights ago I was a Lone Ranger recreation on TV put on by former cast members at a reunion in Detroit. It was fun because the actors were having fun with it. In Newark, these presentations have almost become feadly serious. Above all, no more soaps in the evening. Put these back in the afternoon, as they were several years ago. Also, how come no juvenile shows (Superman, Mark Trail) that used to be so much fun in the evening program?

Next, a point that Bob Davis made last year, and was repeated by Frank Boncore in his December report on the convention: Why are the rehearsals closed to spectators? When one remembers why we are there in the first place, the rehearsals should be a part of the program. Two years ago, the highlight of the entire convention was the rehearsal (which was open to spectators) for the Lone Ranger presentation. It was of far more intereset than the presentation itself. I spoke about this to two cast members in one of this years' presentations, and they

agreed with me. They also felt the rehearsals should be open, since the spectators are interested in that aspect of radio just as much as the performances themselves. Frankly, the recreations have become so deadly serious, they are dull and boring.

My final point is that I think the convention has gone overboard in pandering to stars from the west coast. It is nice that they are with us, but they are no more talented than the east coast people who have been with us for years. There has been so much fawning over those who come from California that the Easterners are being largely ignored and forgotten. These people are the people who have been the standbys that have made this convention over the years.

This year there were a couple of new items that Jay provided that were a real plus. First of all, he added a dinner get together on Thursday night for those of us who were early arrivals, and that included seventy of us. He also arranged for the cocktail parties to be held in a big outdoor tent that gave several times as much space as the crowded room that we have had in the past. As always, the real highpoint of any convention is the opportunity to talk to all the really nice people who attend each year. And again, I hope that my comments haven't talked anyone out of attending, because it is an extremely worthwhile event.

After I wrote the first draft of the above, I received a note from Joe Webb in which he asked my thoughts on the convention, so I sent him a photocopy of the draft. Joe responded with a very thought provoking letter on my statements, and he has graciously given his permission for us to print that letter here with my column. I think you will be interested in his contrasting viewpoint.

RESPONSE:

Dear Jim:

Sorry for not getting back to you sooner. I read your draft with great interest. In some ways the blame for the convention problems could fall on my shoulders due to my lack of involvement. Indeed, it would if it were an ongoing business concern. The

convention is a volunteer organization built on mutual love for radio. There are two natural events which occur when dealing with an informal group like this: there is great difficulty in maintaining loyalty due to participant's other formal commitments (such as work, family, etc.) and therefore when one or two persons are willing to volunteer great "chunks" of time on contacts other members of the group fall into the background.

One of the mixims of management expert Peter Drucker is to build on people's strengths, not on weakness. Jay's strenths are clearly patience,loyalty, integrity, among amny others. (If anyone what goes into a convention, then they know why I put patience first). Jay's work is what keeps the convention an annual event. When I and Stu Weiss wanted to make it biannual because of work and stress were getting to be too much, Jay kept everyone together and on purpose.

The year 1981 was a turning point. The convention committee was essentially Jay and me. Many of the guests cancelled out, causing serious problems with casting the recreations. Problems with hotel management in Bridgeport caused an absolute mess of administration and coordination. Attendees never realized what was going on behind the scenes.

At this time my career was taking form. I had just finished my MBA, had taken my job at Chemco Photoproducts in Long Island, was teaching at night, and was looking for a house. The convention was an important part of my becoming an adult, a manager, and it had provided a "really neat" hobby.

Tony's influence on the convention began at that time. His research on the Shadow program gave excellent access to radio performers and technicians. (After all, in '81 we lost our sound effects men.) His great thirst as a researcher and his sincerity in dealing with them built intense personal relationships with them. The convention moved from my influence where it supported hobbyists interests to one where guest became center stage. Tony is not a hobbyist in the sense of collectors' interests. His interests are more in the guests, clearly.

We were at a time when our guests or their abilities are disappearing. Rehearsals are more formalized due to the fact that

Terry Ross demands it. (Whether they're open or not is in a sense due to Terry's concern over perfection, but I can't remember if it's explicit so.) Because if the genuine concern (and love) for the guests, the convention has become one for 50 or so people. When I was working on it, the convention was more for the attendees in its design. What's best? I don't know. Attendance has been excellent the past few years. People do vote with their pocketbooks.

My feeling is that we should enjoy the guests while we can. If people want to change some of the problems with the convention, they should become actively involved as they did after 1981.

Remember the maxim, "Built on strength, not weakness". Again, if Tony's strength is relating to the guests, where are the volunteers to chair panel discussions and announce evening events?

AS for my coming out of retirement, it is doubtful for a number of reasons. A couple of them are absolute demands on my time (full time teaching and thankfully a full schedule of management consulting) and a reduced interest in the hobby. The hobby and the convention were important to me at a particular time and place in my life. My interest in the guests began to wane when Ed Blainey died in 1979 (Annie and I still miss him--- Norma Blainey, by the way has remarried and is very happy. We stay in touch with her and her new husband who is an extremely nice guy.) My life has changed significantly from that time. I'm flattered with the call to come out retirement, but it's not likely. My convention attendance which years ago would have been 100% definite is now touch and go depending on my schedule.

Thanks for the opportunity.

Joe Webb



JAMES LEHNHARD

Minnrdota Public Radio publishes a catalog of assorted

items, including many raleated to radio. There are radio shows on cassettes and records, radios themselves, books on radio, and other items for sale, which are both related to radio and not. You can ask them for copies of their catalog, or to be put on their mailing list, by writing, WIRELESS, Minnesota Public Radio, 274 Fillmore Ave. East, St Paul Minnesota 55107.

There is a new radio out that is built as a replica of a 1940 studio microphone. This AM/FM set is 12 1/2 inches high, and is a chrome-plated brass replica. The battery operated radio is \$79.95 plus \$6.95 shipping. An AC adapter for it is and additional \$9.95 with no additional shipping charge. The radio is item #QMR402 and the adaptor is #QMR403. They can be ordered from Impact 2000, 60 Irons Street, Toms River, New Jersey 08753.

A Special Service For Club Members Only

WANTED: I AM looking for photographs of the RADIO cast of "GUNSMOKE" for the next issue of "MEMORIES".

Frank C. Boncore
250 Heather Hill Dr.
Buffalo, N.Y. 14224

WANTED: I am trying to get as complete as possible series of Fibber McGee and Molly and Lux Radio Theater, just to name two.

Joe Cameron
517 E. 1600 N.
Michigan City, In.
46360

WANTED: Jack Benny show dated 12/8/46 Jack goes Christmas shopping and buys Don shoelaces.

STEVE Oualline
10214 Black MTN RD. #49
San Diego, Ca 92126

THE SHADOW

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STREET & SMITH

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

THE MONEY MASTER

CHAPTER I

THE MAN WHO FEARED.

Inspector Joe Cardona sat at his desk and listened. The dwindling light of dusk rendered his features swarthier and more poker-faced than Bert Cowder had ever seen them, which was saying much, since Cardona was noted for his dead-pan attitude.

Still, Bert Cowder wasn't worried. He knew that Joe was interested in what he was hearing. It couldn't be otherwise.

From his side of the desk, Cardona observed that Bert, usually bluff and sometimes glib, was very much in earnest. Inwardly, Cardona was flattered. Even though he happened to be New York's ace of police inspectors. Cardona envied Cowder for his fame as a one man private detective agency.

There were cases Bert handled, things he found, that brought him large returns. He'd turned his ability into cash, Bert had, through his skill at handling clients, Shrewd though he was, Bert played strictly honest, because the policy brought him more and bigger business. Often, Cardona had wondered if he, personally, could enter the field of private investigation and do half as well.

It was small wonder, therefore, that Joe Cardona should feel flattered by Bert Cowder's visit. At last the clever Mr. Cowder had found a client whose ways nonplused him. Not only did Bert admit it; he was asking Joe's advice and assistance in the case.

"The whole thing is wacky," Bert was saying in a strained tone. "This guy Elvor Brune is what he says he is all right- a refugee who

had to dodge out of his own country before the Nazis grabbed it, with whatever dough he could bring along. Naturally, Nazi agents would like to get him if they could."

Cardona nodded, as a matter of course.

"That should explain it, Bert." said the inspector, "A man like Brune would logically move from place to place."

"Not as fast as Brune does." Bert's broad face was serious. "He jumps so fast that I can't keep up with him. That's what I don't understand. Why should he hire me to check on anybody trailing him and the duck out so I can't follow?"

Cardona almost spoiled his deadpan visage with a smile.

"He's really done it, Bert?"

"Tim and again," Cowder acknowledged glumly. "Last night, he was gone again. This afternoon, he calls me up and tells me where his new apartment is. Wants me to come there same as usual. It doesn't make sense, Joe."

Reaching across the desk, Cardona turned on a lamp. The glow showed the anxious lines that were spreading over Cowder's face. Sensing it, the private detective explained his chief worry.

"Brune is scarred," asserted Bert. "Horribly scared, over some thing worse that he's willing to tell. The way the F.B.I. is spotting the Nazi bunch, Brune shouldn't be afraid like is is. Now look Joe. Suppose this thing catches up with Brune and knocks him off. How am I going to live it down?"

Cardona understood the fine point of the question. It would surely be bad for Cowder's long build reputation, should a guarded client meet with disaster through Bert's own shortcomings.

"Maybe Brune still had money" suggested Cardona. "If so, he'd be afraid of local crooks. They've

been picking on refugees lately."

"So why should he lay himself open?" demanded Bert. "That's what he'd doing when he gives me run-around."

"Why don't you put the question to him, Bert?"

"That's just what I'd like to do," returned Cowder. "But Brune won't listen. I can't make him talk, Joe, but you could. Suppose you come along with me and when Brune starts to hedge, cut him short. You can do it officially. I can't. I'm only a guy that Brune hired."

Cardona pondered. The invitation intrigued him, but he couldn't see his way to accept it. Making himself a party to business that was strictly Cowder's would be beneath Cardona's dignity as a police inspector. But Joe could see a satisfactory compromise in a case that might prove of importance to the police. Acting upon it, he reached for the telephone.

"I'll send Gregg Emmart," declared Cardona, "He's a good detective, a five year man. You've met him, Bert."

With a nod, Cowder settled back in his chair, a relieved expression replacing his worryment. All of which prove the very point in Cardona's mind: namely, that Bert could handle the Brune show down in his own fashion, providing he had official backing. Bert's invitation to Joe was largely courtesy, for apparently he felt Emmart would serve quite as well.

Ten minutes later, Bert Cowder shouldered from the office, a derby hat pulled down over one eye. In Bert's wake followed Gregg Emmart, a thin, pale-face individual whose wise face was largely an attempt to copy Cardona's habitual expression.

From the doorway, Cardona watched their departure, the let his dark eyes flicker as he spied another witness.

Said witness was Clyde Burke, a newspaper reporter who had been hounding Cardona's office much of late. When it came to tracking things down, Clyde was an expert in his own right; his interest, however, was more in news scoops than in crooks, except when the two happened to coincide.

That Clyde saw such a possibility at present, was evident from the way his wise eye followed the departure of Bert Cowder and Gregg Emmart.

Catching Cardona's gaze,

Clyde gave a casual nod and turned away.

"Be seeing you later, Joe," the reporter said. "I didn't have anything to talk about, anyway."

A firm hand hooked Clyde's sleeve and hauled him into the office. Pointing the reporter to a chair, Cardona closed the door and returned to his desk.

"We've got two things to talk about," gruffed the inspector. "Bert Cowder and Gregg Emmart. Where they're going, you wouldn't want to go."

"You mean you wouldn't want me to go," retorted the reporter, "Why else would you give me the sleeve?"

Cardona decided on another compromise. One had worked in Cowder's case; it was policy to apply the same rule to Burke. Reaching to the desk, Cardona picked up a folded sheet of paper and waved it slowly, almost within Clyde's reach.

"Suppose I told you where they went, Burke. You'd stay away from there?"

"Yes," parried Clyde, "provided it wouldn't mean missing out on an exclusive story."

"You're more likely to get one here," stated Cardona. "The fellow Emmart went to see might talk to a detective, but not to a reporter."

"All right, Joe. I'll stick until Emmart gets back."

Cardona flipped the folded paper across the desk. Clyde opened it and read the name and address of Elvor Brune. The name itself smacked of refugee. When Clyde lifted his eyebrows, Cardona nodded.

Briefly, the inspector explained the status of the man who feared: how Brune, succumbing to an epidemic of fright among refugees, had reached the point where he was even dodging Cowder, the man he'd hired as a protector. Clyde agreed that it was a queer case; then he inquired:

"Mind if I call the Classic office?"

"Not at all," returned Cardona "Use the phone outside. But stick around until Emmart comes back. That's our bargain."

There was a reason for Inspector Cardona to congratulate himself. Letting Clyde call the newspaper office was a neat touch. The city editor of the Classic was the last person to whom Clyde would mention the Brune case. If Clyde did, the "old man" would

hand the assignment to some other reporter, since Clyde was temporarily immobilized.

Knowing the ways of reporters, Cardona recognized that Clyde would play safe. Emmart's return could mean a sure story to Clyde's own credit. The Brune business wasn't an office assignment; it was something the reporter had picked up on his own. Newshawks were as jealous as any dog with a bone.

Inspector Cardona had more reason for self-congratulation than he supposed.

From the outer phone, Clyde Burke didn't call the Classic office at all. Instead, he dialed a number that brought a quiet-toned speaker who gave his name as Burbank. Briefly, Clyde undertoned the meager facts in the case of Elvor Brune. There was a methodical response from Burbank; "Report received."

A few minutes later, a tiny light gleamed from the wall of a mysterious room. Long, thin hands stretched from beneath the glow of a blue-bulbed lamp and reached for earphones. The hands carried that attachment to a head above the level of the bluish glow. A whispered voice spoke in response to a relayed call from Burbank.

Only one living being could voice that strange, sinister whisper. He was the master crime-hunter known as The Shadow, a black-cloaked fighter who traveled amid the shroud of night itself when trailing men of evil. This room was the Shadow's sanctum, to which Burbank, his contact man, relayed reports from secret agents such as Clyde Burke.

To the ears of The Shadow came the curious facts pertaining to Elvor Brune, the man who feared a menace that he dared not mention even to a trusted hireling like Bert Cowder.

Strange was the laugh that chilled the sanctum after Burbanks call was ended. Deft hands, returning to the bluish light, stacked little piles of clippings and slid them into a large envelope.

Every clipping in that batch had to do with refugees who had been robbed or swindled by Manhattan crooks who, so far, had kept their identity covered. In every instance the victims had complained after crime was done, and their accounts had been too meager to supply a trail that would sere the Shadow or the law.

Brune's case promised an exception. The man who feared was obviously living under threat. Where the slow machinery of the law might fail to help him, the hand of

The Shadow could win out. This was the very sort of opening. The Shadow needed to crack a rising wave of crime.

Fading into echoes, the strains of The Shadow's laugh were absorbed by the black walls of the sanctum. Silence spoke that fact that a mighty avenger had issued forth upon a cause of justice, another routine task in a long and celebrated career. That, and no more, did the silence tell.

It would take events themselves to prove that the case of Elvor Brune was but the stepping-stone to a quest as stupendous as any that The Shadow had ever undertaken.

A quest that would pit the crime investigator against a monster whose evil was world-wide, threatening even the security of generations yet unborn!

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

Editor's DESK



I apology for not putting a title on the second part of the Nick Carter story in last motn's issue of the Illustrated Press. It was an oversight on my part as editor.

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ED WANAT'S CORNER

AS I REMEMBER THEM—XVIII

Will Rogers—A Top Performer, He Never Put on Airs

By Eddie Cantor

A WHILE AGO, watching tele-performances, motion pictures, and a vision, I was started to hear something that Rogers had ad-libbed back in the summer of 1917. Standing together in the wings of the New Amsterdam Theatre watching the Ziegfeld girls, Will whispered:

"Eddie, it's too bad that those gorgeous girls, 20 years from now, will all be five years old."

More than 40 years later that line was still good. Rogers back in 1917 was just where on the same night in the vaudeville bill at the Orpheum Theatre in Winnipeg, Right Cross. I knew he was like no other actor I'd ever met. He actors in his parts in position less than actually as taking himself.

As a much-indemanded speaker he demanded and received hefty fees which he turned over to various charities, and he was the only person I ever knew who never used these contributions as tax deductions.

OF ALL THE THINGS he did, he enjoyed most getting out on daily column. The words he wrote then are applicable now, almost half a century later, aged by his casual, "Why not go out on a limb. That's where the birds sit."

The always said when he thought I cannot recall anyone taking offense at anything he ever said or wrote. No performer, before or since, reached the summit Rogers did with his daily column in hundreds of newspapers read by millions of people. His stage ap-

pearances, motion pictures, and radio performances, I will have enough success to swell any man's head to three times the size of his ten-gallon hat, but Rogers remained quiet. Despite enormous wealth, store-bought suit, and a ready-towear shirt, he couldn't be bothered with tailors or the monogrammed shirts usually accompanying success in show business.

He lived his time and money for things more important. During World War I, part of his weekly salary went to the Red Cross. He had indigent actors in his payroll. Some of these actors refused to accept small parts in position less than actually as taking himself.

As a much-indemanded speaker he demanded and received hefty fees which he turned over to various charities, and he was the only person I ever knew who never used these contributions as tax deductions.

OF ALL THE THINGS he did, he enjoyed most getting out on daily column. The words he wrote then are applicable now, almost half a century later, aged by his casual, "Why not go out on a limb. That's where the birds sit."

The always said when he thought I cannot recall anyone taking offense at anything he ever said or wrote. No performer, before or since, reached the summit Rogers did with his daily column in hundreds of newspapers read by millions of people. His stage ap-



WILL ROGERS

1915 they just shook hands and that was it. Rogers had three great loves: his country, his family, and his dog, "Fido." He flew everywhere in any kind of plane, and with pilots unknown and known.

I BELIEVE IT WAS I who sold him on radio. "Will, think of it," I said, "every Sunday almost half a century later, aged by his casual, 'Why not go out on a limb. That's where the birds sit.'"

When he finally signed to do some broadcasts, he insisted that he be able to the Salvation Army. I have been asked many times what got Rogers into the gum-chewing habit. He picked it up from his pals in the major leagues, and one matinee he chewed on a piece of gum while the crowd chattered. The next day he had a written contract with the great Ziegfeld. In

parked the gun on the procession arch. When he'd taken his last bow and was about to walk offstage, he found another laugh by picking up the wand and saying, "It ain't that I'm stinky, but there's a lot of mileage left in this."

ONE NOON HOUR, walking through the dining room of the Hotel Astor, a group of people seated at a table stopped him. One taken Will to talk about his bad grammar, invited him to sit down and join them for lunch.

"No thanks," Will said, "I already eat." The critic corrected him, "You mean you've already eaten." Will grimaced. "I know a lot of fathers who say have eaten you."

I can recall going to Sam Francisco for the opening of the Eugene O'Neill play "Ah, Wilderness!" His performance had the audience throwing their hats in the air and the critics their adjectives every night.

DURING THE RUN of the play, something happened which indirectly caused his death. Will received a letter from a clergyman which read:

"Relying on you to give the public nothing that could bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of our children, I have had a conference with my 14-year-old daughter."

"But when you give the scene in which the father visits the son in his bedroom and lectures him on the subject of his relations with an immoral woman, I took my daughter by the hand and said, 'I have never been able to look her in the eye since.'"



BEAT IT, LADY—
WE'RE LISTENING TO
PETER DONALD ON
BORDEN'S COUNTY
FAIR!

SOMETHING NEW
IN RADIO SHOWS
Laughs! Prizes for Listeners!
SATURDAY! MAX 1:30 P. M.

VALUABLE VOICE

BY JEF FEELEY

YOU'RE TOOLING AROUND THE BELTWAY, DOING YOUR BEST IMPRESSION OF Mario Andretti making up time in the Indy 500 and wondering what's for dinner, when suddenly, through the crackle of static on the radio, you hear the voice again.

It's the folksy, calming, so-honest-you-could-die voice that pours soothingly out of the radio every day like a warm bath, encouraging you to do everything from buy jelly to slow down on the JFK. You know the voice — from TV or maybe the movies — and have a vague image of a face, but you can't quite put a name to it.

Chances are the voice belongs to one of a handful of people, either in New York, Los Angeles or the Baltimore-Washington area, who are the faceless voices of corporate America. Their professional livelihoods depend on using their golden throats to hawk the client's wares.

Actors like Mason Adams, best known as Edward Asner's boss in the "Lou Grant" television series, command tens of thousands of dollars in fees to become the commercial spokesman for a product or company. Right now, Mr. Adams is hot in Baltimore radio. He's the voice of the JFX, touts the WBAL-TV news team, explains how Baltimore Gas & Electric provides heating service, challenges TV watchers to try Comcast Cablevision, spreads the Smucker's Jelly line and entices the thrifty to open accounts at a local savings and loan.

"He's the dean of this sort of thing. He damn near pioneered the field. He's on the short list of people advertisers think of when they come up with an advertising campaign," says Steve Kay, a New York talent agent who represents a number of voice performers, including Mr. Adams.

With a voice that broadcast producers describe as "dripping with credibility and sincerity," Mr. Adams even betrays a little of a Baltimore accent when he tells listeners that a local sportscaster is the "Murlin sports authority."

The 69-year-old Broadway actor, born, bred and still living in New York City, says he doesn't know the reason for his sudden popularity in Baltimore, even though his first acting job was in summer stock in 1941 at the old Hilltop Theater, formerly located on Valley Road near Falls Road.

"I'm a New York boy. If I'm saying 'Murlin' instead of 'Maryland,' like one of the natives, then it's an unconscious thing. But I'm glad I do it. The people in Baltimore have always treated me well," Mr. Adams says. "It's an honor to be told I sound like I'm from Baltimore."

But Baltimore isn't the only city where the Adams voice wafts over the airwaves. He has been on national TV as the spokesman for Goodyear Tires, encouraged mothers to use Aim toothpaste, done educational spots for Southwestern Bell Telephone Company in Texas, and represented supermarkets in the Midwest and banks in Ohio.

Although his first love is the theater — he's presently in an off-Broadway comedy, "The Day Room" — he admits voice work is, and always has been, his main source of income.

"Very few people can make a living in this country as professional theater actors. Most actors I know have to have a second job, either as a waiter or a cab driver or something

Jef Feeley is a reporter for The Anne Arundel County Sun.

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Valuable Voice

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else, to make 'emds meet while waiting for their next part," Mr. Adams says. "I just happened to get in to this. It's a second career that doesn't interfere with acting and sometimes complements it. [Commercial work] isn't 'King Lear,' but it's all right."

"It's a hard field to break into," says Doug Roberts, a local voice performer. "It depends on what sound the advertiser's looking for. But once you are established, you can make a damn wonderful living by just talking."

Mason Adams' first big break came in 1959 when he was chosen to become part of the cast of the radio soap opera "Pepper Young's Family." Mr. Adams says he followed Burgess Meredith (who, incidentally, is now the voice of the Honda Motor Co.) in the title role.

The next year, the actor, who was born Mason Abrams but changed his name to Adams to "sound less ethnic," got the nod to do a Lipton Tea commercial. Instead of copying the voice style of the day, "which required the announcer to hold one hand over an ear and read copy with a deep, ponderous voice," Mr. Adams says he decided just to talk to the microphone.

"That was sort of a watershed for me. I realized that people probably didn't want to be preached to, didn't want to hear the voice of God coming from their radios," he says. "I just tried to be me and talk like I normal-

Continued on Next Page



"Good evening, anybody..." Radio's bad boy, Henry Margan, first became nationally known on a five-night-a-week Mutual series called "Here's Margan." Then as now, Margan featured a zany, irreverent brand of humor that frequently got him in trouble with sponsors and networks.

VALUABLE VOICE

Continued from Page 21

ly do. Whatever I did, it must have worked, because I've been doing it for the past 25 years."

There aren't any gimmicks in Mr. Adams' approach to matching his voice to ad copy. No plummy English or Southern accents, animal voices or exaggerated sound effects. Just clear, rich, quiet, reassuring tones.

"I've studied and taught voice and speech, and the idea is to sound distinctive but not regional. We are supposed to lose whatever accent we grew up with. Fortunately, I never picked up the traditional New York accent or I'd have some problems appealing to people in the Midwest," Mr. Adams says as he breaks into the guttural tones normally associated with Manhattan cabbies.

That kind of market appeal is what companies are looking for when they sign on with an advertising firm for a national campaign, according to a Baltimore broadcast producer, Claire Hartman. "These people want a voice that will go along with the message they want to convey across the country. They want everyone to feel good about it."

To select a voice, producers search through tapes of different voices submitted by agents, select several and then play them for advertisers and writers. "As soon as I get the copy, I can tell whether they want a quiet, authoritative voice like Adams', one that's loud and abrasive, male or female, straight or character."

When BG&E wanted to launch a public service campaign to promote a pamphlet, Mr. Adams' name was one of the first to be mentioned, says Larry Burr, a company spokesman.

"He had that kind of warm, homey voice that went with what we were trying to say. He sounds like someone's favorite uncle giving them advice," Mr. Burr says. "It's been a very successful way of getting across our message."

"I've been told I have a grandfatherly voice or traditional American voice. I really don't know what the hell it is that makes it sell," the actor says as he runs his hand through his salt-and-pepper hair. "I don't try to be reassuring or folksy. It's just

there." And advertisers are willing to pay big money to have the "it" in Mr. Adams' voice overlaying their pitch to consumers.

Mr. Kay, Mr. Adams' agent, estimates that a celebrity like Mr. Adams can command between \$50,000 and \$100,000 up front to do an ad campaign, and then will continue to receive residuals — payments — received every time the spot runs on stations around the country. "It can be very lucrative if you're good, and Mason is."

In fact Mr. Adams is so good and in such demand he estimates he spends at least three days a week in New York, recording studios rattling off spots for different products. He doesn't have to audition any more. Advertisers come to him.

Sitting in their 17th-floor Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Central Park, Mr. Adams and his wife Margot brush aside queries about income from his voice work, saying only that they are comfortable.

"It's clear I do reasonably well. We have this place, a house in Connecticut and a house in Bel Air [Calif.] that we bought when I was doing 'Lou Grant.' I've been doing this awhile and I get some handsome fees for my work. I'm certainly not complaining about what I'm paid."

While the money is good, Mr. Adams has run into some companies that he wouldn't represent even if offered all the gold in Fort Knox. For example, he turned down the *Washington Times* because he feels strongly about the paper's association with the Rev. Sun Myung Moon.

Since it's only his voice that is carried over the airwaves (Mr. Adams generally refuses to do on-camera commercials for fear of overexposure), you wouldn't think the actor would get too many second glances when he strolls into a store. And he doesn't — until he opens his mouth.

"I'll go into a store and ask a girl in the men's department where the ties are. She'll tell me she knows me from somewhere. I catch them scratching their heads as I walk off," Mr. Adams says with a slight grin. "Even when I get a call that's the wrong number, people will call back and ask if I'm the guy they heard on the radio or TV." ■



"WHAT AM I BID?" asks Bud Abbott as he offers shoes of Lou Costello [right] to raise money for "Buy a Bomber" fund at Charlie Foy's Supper Club. At left, Lou Costello, Maxie Rosenbloom, Bert Wheeler, Leo Tracy (left to right) continue fundraising antics

"BUY A BOMBER FOR UNCLE SAM"

Abbott Auctions Off Costello's Shoes to Aid Hollywood War Effort

BECAUSE everybody in Hollywood wants feverishly to do something about the war, things are being done. Even the film colony's social life is becoming increasingly war-motivated, and a local "Buy a Bomber for Uncle Sam" campaign, funds for which are being raised through social functions, is going great guns. Illustrative are the pictures above, taken at Charlie Foy's Supper Club as a

spaz-of-the-moment auction sale was getting underway. Lou Costello's shoes went on the block, with Bud Abbott as auctioneer, brought twenty-five dollars. The comedians' ties had gone earlier in the bidding. Shiris went next. Other comedians, including Slapie Maxie Rosenbloom, Bert Wheeler and Leo Tracy, shed other articles of clothing and a total of some eight hundred dollars was collected

for the "Buy a Bomber" fund. Those who discount the funnymen's antics here as personal press-agency are missing the point. What they were selling was not themselves but the need for everybody to get into the war effort and do something. By dramatizing that idea for all Americans, stars will be doing something far more significant for Uncle Sam than raising money to buy a bomber.

*Blatz - Milwaukee's
Finest Beer*

now being served exclusively in

DUFFY'S TAVERN

100% Ed Arch's Lager
Popular Producer One of 'Duffy's Tavern'

• "Yep, Finnegan, Eddie, Miss Duffy and all the rest of the old gang are at Duffy's every Thursday night," says Archie. "And something new has been added! We're now serving only Blatz, the best Milwaukee people pick as Milwaukee's best beer. And this night there is the tip-off for us beer lovers. Then Milwaukeeans know their beer—and they've made it the largest selling beer in Milwaukee and all Wisconsin!"



As always, Archie, Whiter is a cheer in me side. He got Finnegan to replace it here and there. He said in the very drink, but with his a lot of up-to-talk Jackson. He guest man don't try to feel too proud, no more.



"Just as every Thursday night at 9:30 of P.M. on your NBC station, listen to Duffy's Tavern and enjoy a bottle of Blatz, Milwaukee's finest beer."

TUNE IN: 

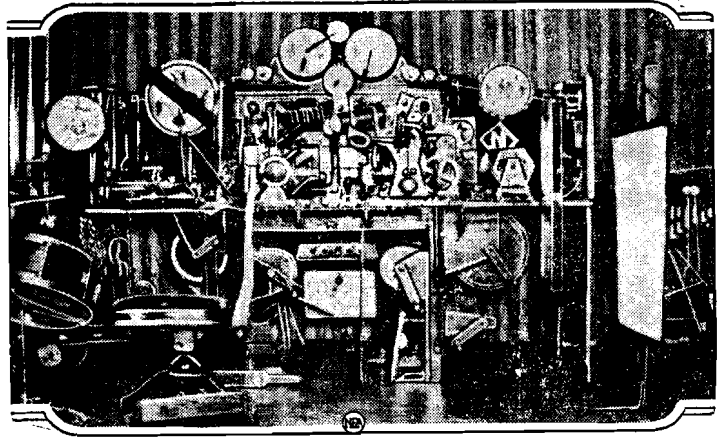


Blatz is Milwaukee's

6/1/29

THE NIAGARA FALLS GAZETTE

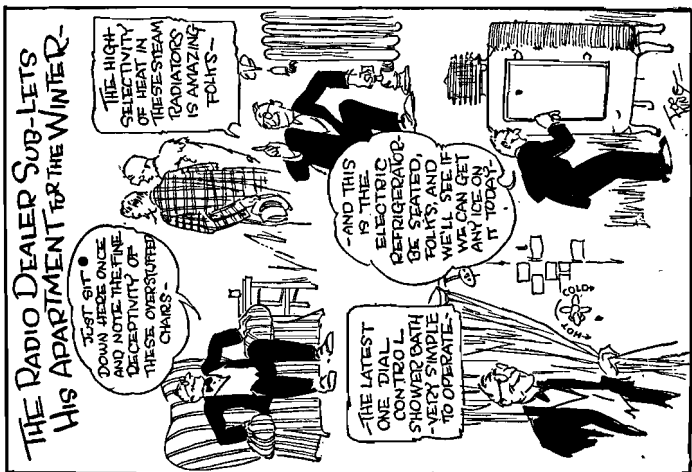
Noises? This Machine Makes Them All



This picture of what appears to be a huge mass of junked musical instruments is a "Noise Factory" which has developed by A. W. Nichols and is "heard" from WOR, Newark. Powered by 19 motors, the machine is capable of making more than 200 different sounds among which are animal growls, musical notes and the creaking noise of a drawbridge. The machine was developed for talking pictures and is said to duplicate noises with exactness.

Radiomania

By Joe King



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67. **Dresser Dahlstead** (1910-) Dahlstead entered broadcasting as an announcer in Ogden, Utah, in 1930; he came to NBC in San Francisco in 1932, and in 1938 transferred to NBC in Hollywood. Named chief announcer for the Western Division of the NBC-Blue network in 1942, Dresser Dahlstead continued with the Blue network when it became ABC, and in 1951 was appointed program director of the ABC Western Division. In 1959, Dahlstead left ABC to join Ralph Edwards Productions, with which he has remained to the present. Among the best-known programs with which Dresser Dahlstead was associated are *Death Valley Days*, *I Love a Mystery* and *The Standard Symphonic Hour*.

MEET US IN FRONT OF YOUR RADIO AT 5:45 EVERY DAY

Meet the new radio show, *The Mystery Hour*, every day at 5:45.

Danny, Washington, is the host of the show. He is a radio personality and a mystery writer.

Ann, Cleveland, is the co-host. She is a radio personality and a mystery writer.



Danny, Washington, is the host of the show. He is a radio personality and a mystery writer.

The regular meeting place for Radio's Queen Annie's Secret Society is right in front of your radio every day, except Saturdays and Sundays! And every single member is expected to be there right on the dot at 5:45!

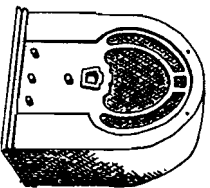
Because—from now on—we're going to broadcast secret messages in Annie's new 1933 mystery series code that's all explained on pages 4 and 5. And this brand new code of Annie's is specially worked out so we can change it for every secret message, as we want—and nobody but 1933 members will be able to understand it. So learn how the code works—start practicing up on it right away! Then, when you hear them over the radio! (A-J-E-E) Being to Annie every night—so you'll always be right up-to-date on her adventures and the latest secret messages!

Little Annie, Washington, is the host of the show. She is a radio personality and a mystery writer.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE



RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086