
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

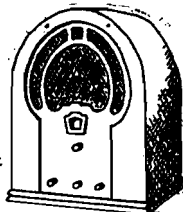
JULY, 1988

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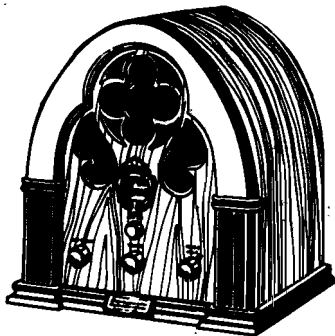


Margot Stevenson, portrayed "Margot Lane"
opposite Orson Welles on THE SHADOW.

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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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.
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CASSETTES-VIDEO & AUDIO, RECORDS

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38 Ardmore Place
Buffalo, NY 14213
(716) 884-2004

CANADIAN BRANCH:

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

BRC PRODUCTIONS, P.O. BOX 2645, Livonia, Michigan, 48151, has a NEW reel to reel & custom cassette catalog available for this summer. It is 25 pages long and also has an index at the end so one can easily locate shows available.

If you are a Shadow fan, you may be interested in one of the 19 reels of the Shadow listed. How about something different? Listed are six reels of Nightbeat. An Orson Welles fan would appreciate the six 1200ft reels of Mercury-Campbell Playhouse listed.

Would you be interested in 18 1200ft reels of Lux Radio Theater for \$879 (includes shipping and handling). Jim Snyder eat your heart out. How about 75 reels of Suspense for \$598 (including shipping and handling). Or maybe 21 reels of "Yours Truly Johnny Dollar" for \$167. Think about 33 reels of Fibber McGee & Molly for \$263, There are several other package deals listed including: Columbia/CBS Workshop, Dragnet, Gunsmoke, Jack Benny, Great Gildersleeve, the Whistler and X Minus One.

Also included in this catalog are eight reels of the "Kraft Music Hall" (4 with Al Jolson and four with Rudy Vallee), 11 reels of the "Life of Riley", four reels of "Our Miss Brooks", 9 reels of "Let George Do It" four reels of "Sam Spade", 5 reels of "Box 13" and last but not least 20 different reels of BBC shows.

I can go on and on about whats in this new catalog however I'm sure you get the idea. To find out more contact BRC at the above address and tell them that you read about it in the Illustrated Press.

I realize that this is out of format; however it is out there and it is something that we will have to live with. I am referring to if you will pardon the expression "VIDEO". BRC has a new videocassette catalog with vintage television from Shodus Video. Several OTR shows made the transition to early tv. Here is your chance to "see" the following "Your Hit Parade", "You Bet Your Life", "Bob Hope", "George Burns & Gracie Allen", "Milton Berle" "Red Skelton", "Duffy's Tavern", "The Life of Riley", "Dragnet", "SeeIt Now" with Edward R Morrow, "Jimmy Durrante", "Walter Winchell" and "Spike Jones"

In addition there are several other shows including the "Toast of

the Town", a really big show hosted by Ed Sullivan. Want to know more? Contact BRC Productions for a catalog. You can call BRC between the hours if 10:00am to 6:00pm EASTERN time Mon-Fri and 10:00 am to 2:00pm Sat at (313) 721-6070 NO COLLECT CALLS PULEEZE!!!!!!!!!!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

MR. DEALER: I am looking for "PLAYBACK" episode #8 in CAPE COD RADIO MYSTERY THEATER if you have it please contact me.

Frank C Boncore

NOTICE TO DEALERS

Phyliss and Joe O'Donnell and myself are presently working to put the "Gunsmoke" memories together so it will be out in September. We need your adds as soon as possible WE are waiting to hear from the following dealers:

- 1 Aston's Adventures-- Don Aston
- 2 BRC Productions- Bob & Debbie Burnham
- 3 EDward J. CAR
- 4 Great American Radio-- Gary & LaDonna Kramer
- 5 Audio Classics-- Terry Salmonson
- 6 Shadow Sounds of The Past-- Thom Salome
- 7 AM Treasures-- Gary Dudash
- 8 Nostalgia REcordings-- Ken Mills
- 9 Echoes Of The Past--Ron Barnett
- 10 Vintage Broadcasts-- Andy Blatt
- 11 Steve Ferante

FRANK C BONCORE

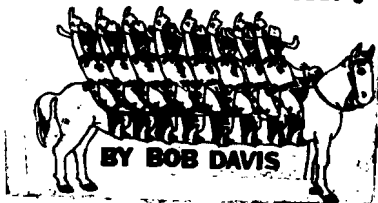


1954 photo

Dennis Day: suffered nerve disorder.

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



It's been a number of years since we started doing this column and normally we can come up with a subject to write about at the drop of a syntax. This time around it's different....I've run dry and cannot decide what to write about, so.... this is my no-column column.

I could do a piece on those people that call or write in and complain about my column not always relating to OTR but the editors won't let me use dirty words in my rebuttals. My answer to these complaints demand the use of dirty words.

I could rate the dealers but Jim "Wanna see my Rocky" Snyder had that area pretty well sewed up. What he misses misses Frank Boncore picks up on. Besides, my last sojourn into that area almost led to a minor version of WWII. (Howya doin' Thom?).

Maybe I could do a column in defense of "The Answer Man" but there is no defense for his columns and how about those people that actually think that he is ME(!!!). I'm aghast... I've never, ever... (O.K., but that was only once and the charges were never proved). Nevertheless, the rumors persist.

I could do an "exclusive" story on how I found out that the role of Joe Friday on the Dragnet radio series was originally done by Harold Peary (Gildersleeve) and that Jack Webb took over after Peary had a falling out over the way Friday should be played. This story is a complete lie of course but it would fill an entire column and if I phrased it well enough would be awfully hard to disprove. But no, I think not. (Humm, Peary as Friday... "Le-roy... just give me the facts!") Nah, wouldn't work.

There's always the old stand by that I could do, the dreaded Trivia Quiz. It's helped out in

the past and will definitely show up again in the future (as soon as I think up some questions) but it's summer and the living is easy and my brain is on vacation. I'd better keep the Trivia Quiz on hold until fall.

Letters have been pouring in asking how things are going between my friend Elroy and Cindy "The Body" Mellom. You may recall that OTR helped get these two people together. Well, all I know is that Elroy and Cindy "The Body" took off three weeks ago to a cabin in the woody area of Tonawanda, New York with a collection of two dozen cassettes of the Grand Ol' Opry with Red Foley and I haven't heard from them since. If I don't hear from them in a couple of weeks I'll send The Old Time Radio Police Investigative Unit up there to check them out. More on this as it happens.

I could address this column to the screechy-tape problem but the new solution I've heard is to dampen the tape as it is playing. I haven't tried this yet as I'm afraid I'll end up rusty heads and soggy tapes. I've got troubles enough already.

Did you ever get a hangnail on your typing finger? Let me tell you it's painful!

How about a column on how to rid the I.P. of those Nick Carter/Shadow reprints? My only solution would be to write longer columns...so long as to force the reprints out. Maybe if I triple space? Come to think of it if my columns start running too long they'd probably serialize them! Nope, there must be another answer.

I could do a column on SPERDVAC and how they've just recently discovered that there is a problem with that screechy tape (mentioned above) and asking for any solutions. Gee fellas, just read the I.P. and find out all about it. (Excuse us while we pat our own backs.)

Maybe I could do one of my "Open Letter" letter columns to Jay Hickerson & Co. about how come there was no "Rocky" awarded at the last convention. Gosh Jay, I've been sucking around for that award for years now and you'd think that SOME BODY would take the hint. Truthfully, I think I should have gotten it by default! Oh well, maybe this year.

I'm sure there's a column that should be written about all those little buttons and switches on our taping units that never get used and how a lot of us aren't even sure of what they do. Bias??? What's that???

There is definitely a column in the fact that you've got nothing to write about in this month's

column...I've just proved it.

See ya next time.

REPORT ON THE 1988 CINCINNATI OLD TIME RADIO CLUB CONVENTION (and other goodies and baddies)

by Bob Burnham

MY last appearance here in the I.P. was a year ago to report on the first Cincinnati convention. I decided now was the time to MAKE TIME for another report on the SECOND ANNUAL Cincinnati convention held May 13 7 14.

This convention was held at the Cincinnati Marriott, as opposed to last years, which was held at a smaller facility across the river in Kentucky. The new location was a tremendous step up from last year! Many of us have become almost too familiar with the Holiday Inn North in Newark (and the lovely scenery surrounding!). The Cincinnati Marriot is in a much more attractive & lively area, and the hotel itself is much larger. During our convention, there was at least one other major event going on at the same time (and an NBC Sports van parked in front). This will give you some idea of the size of this facility!

The old time radio convention took up two rooms...one designated for recreations, and the other as a dealer room. A small \$2.00 donation gave you admittance to both. The wares inside were wide & varied. There were many more dealers this year that last, an no empty tables that I noticed. Those you might recognized besides myself from BRC, were Terry Salomonson of Audio Classics, Ron Barnett, Gary and LaDonna Kramer of Great American Radio, Bob Burchett and Herb Brandenburg (of course) from Old Time Radio Digest, Ron Downey from The World Of Yesterday/ Golden Years of Radio & Tv, and several others. It was great to see a lot of these old friends again. At the 1987 convention, two local antique radio collectors were on hand, with many original sets for sale. This year, they were back, and several of us came away with one or more radios. Most were fully restored and in perfect working order. One of those individuals (Tim Kaiser) was kind enough to invite us to his house in Kentucky to see his complete radio collection. That was one of the highlights of the entire convention

but more on that later!

There were recreations on both days of the convention, handled largely by Dave Warren. This convention had an early start, so those of us who traveled from Michigan had to wake up at an unhumanly hour! It was aless than five hour drive for us, although an overheated car added an extra element of adventure just outside Cincinnati.

The first people we spotted when we first arrived were Gary Kramer, and trusty companion, LaDonna. The "unloading" area was clearly marked, and we had a full car to unpack, which was done before any thing else. As it turns out, the greatest attendance was on the first day of the convention.

When we first walked in, a local public radio station was tuned in, and on the air were Gary Yoggy and Dave Zwenger (both active with the Newark convention for many years). They were talking to great length about the Cincinnati convention, taking phone calls from listeners and eventually, radio shows were played. This combined with publicity in both Cincinnati and Dayton which exceeded last year's publicity, would lead one to believe the turnout would be great, although it fell somewhat short of expectations. This is usually the time I come out with one of my "IS OLD TIME RADIO DYING?" editorials, which it seems like I do once every five years or so. I won't this time, however, because ot always brings letters from hardcore hobbieists who tell me I'm crazy if I think that. Of course, old time radio is NOT dying among serious collectors. The trend of declining interest in OTR among the general public is on the increase, however, and I have some statistics to back that statement up, but I wqn't bore you with that here.

The highlight of many conventions seems to often turn out to be the recreations. The Cincinnati convention was no exception (if you include the "sidetrip" to the radio collector's house). While there were no radio "Professionals" on hand, there were many veteran Newark collector/actors/actresses on hand, notably, the two who had won the "Gateway to Hollywood" contest at this past Newark convention, Carolyn Senter and the afore mentioned Dave Zwengler. Along with these two and Gary Yoggy were Joe Senter, George Wagner, Dave Warren, and Bob Burchett (my apologies if anyone got left out). Paul Meek,a

Cincinnati collector, and yours truly were "drafted" as the sound effects guys. A Fred Allen skit was done, along with Tom Mix, Secret Mission, Academy Award's "Maltese Falcon," and a Lone Ranger show. Rehearsals were brief, which added to the spontaneity of the final show. One of the main purposes behind rehearsals at these conventions is to help coordinate the music and sound effects with those in front of the microphones. With two of us doing sound effects there were twice the chance of us screwing up...an element of unintentional comedy were some of the items used to recreate sounds. The gunshots were done with a clip board, and it wounded more like the Lone Ranger catching crooks with rat traps, rather than silver bullets. Also, a buzzer in the Maltese Falcon had a particularly "sick" sound--so much so, the effect was done later with the mouth! Those participating did the usual fine job, many of us attending the Newark convention are already familiar with.. Congratulations to the cast for pulling off another fine group of performances under less than ideal circumstances. The whole affair was mostly MCed by Gary Yoggy, with the help from George Wagner (who wandered around the dealer's room tapping each person on the shoulder saying, "I think it's time for you to go watch the recreations!"). Recording recreations was handled by yours truly, although Gary Kramer ended up watching the meters during festivities.

At the end of each day, several of us got together for informal dinners at two different nearby restaurants.

The short trip to Kentucky to see the radio collection came later. After getting lost on the way, we finally arrived at Tim Kaiser's house...a large house built in the early 1900's, converted to a duplex. Tim lived there by himself and inside were two floors of floor to ceiling radios of every imaginable size. The only piece of furniture that was NOT a radio was his bed! A microwave in the kitchen sat on an old late 1940's television set! The kitchen, bathroom, all bedrooms, the stairs landing were all locations for a radio. There were many large Zeniths, a great many medium and smaller sets, and one built by the Edison Company in the late 1920's, which he said were rare as Edison only manufactured radios for two years. He proudly turned the radio on, and the sound

was amazing...all original restored circuitry, that sounded like a stereo system with one speaker (Edison's company believed in quality, apparently, and was way ahead of its time). Another set with a built in phono changer had a strange contraption that basically "flung" played records into a small compartment. That unit still hadn't been fully restored, but he pointed out he kept lots of "practice" records, all of which had edges chipped from this mechanical monstrosity's flinging records around! It just goes to show you that even though they sounded good, mechanically, it was low tech stuff. The second floor had some older battery sets, as well as some advanced consoles, one which kept track of pre-set stations, so no tuning was necessary (all mechanical, of course, well before the days of digital technology...but the amazing thing was it worked!).

Basically, that's what happened at the convention. These Cincinnati folks have a great thing going. It could grow into something as large and excitement-packed as the Friends of Old Time Radio Newark affairs, and the SPERDVAC conventions out west. But, they could use your support. One way to start is to subscribe to "Old Time Radio Digest." \$12.50 brings you a full years subscription (or subscribe for two years for a free two color I Love OTR mug). The "Digest" is usually the first place plans for upcoming conventions are announced, major activities, attractions, etc. To subscribe, write to Royal Promotions, 4114 Montgomery Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45212. Secondly, attend their convention, if you can fit it in your plans.

One major piece of news of major importance was revealed at the convention by Ron Downey. That is that The Golden Years of Radio & TV is still alive and well. New business partners for Ron and Linda, and success with many of their fine western publications have helped to make this possible, so be looking for a new issue of G.Y.A.T.V. from the World of Yesterday people soon. Their address is Rt. 3, Box 263-H, Waynesville, N.C. 28786. BRC Productions will also be stocking any forthcoming issues.

Finally, while we're talking about publications, I have copies of Carlton Morse's new I LOVE A MYSTERY novel, "Stuff The Lady's Hatbox", available. It was never done on radio, but features the same classic characters (Jack, Doc, secretary Jerry, etc.) and written in the same

classic Morse style as the radio show. It is 341 pages, and the price for the paperback version including postage, is \$11.95. If you liked the radio show, you'll love his new work. This is the first of two I LOVE A MYSTERY novels.

With that, I leave you. Hopefully you'll see an article from me again, before next year's Cincinnati convention.

Bob Burnham
BRC Productions
P.O. BOX 2645
Livonia, Mi 48151

JUST THE FACTS MA'AM
by Frank C. Boncore

I have got to tell you about "NIGHTFALL" a superb suspense/supernatural series produced by Canada's CBC network. I was introduced to it a few years ago by Sperry's own Jim Snyder. Good old Jim donated four reels of "Nightfall" (in stereo) to the library.

If you were to read the "log" of Nightfall several show titles would catch your eye such as The Undertaker, Angel of Death, Beauty's Beast, The Fatal Eggs, Cemetery Stop, Gerald (a chilling story about a boy befriended by an invisible being), The Old Post Road (a couple in a car travel to a different time zone and are involved in a fatal car accident), Hands Off (a chemical mixture that creates feelings of violence and hate), The Thinking Room (a man is in a room where his thoughts can be heard), The Blood Countess, The Devil's Backbone, The Screaming Skull, Glimpse of Eternity, After Sunset (after 50 years an evil force returns to town an excellent horror story), A Fall of Moon dust (alunar ship is buried inmoondust), The Stone Ship (a ship's crew comes upon a ship made of stone), The Hit (two hired killers on their way to commit a murder), The Book of Hell (a publisher receives a manuscript from an inhabitant of hell), All Nighter (bodies are found inside the dryer in a laundrymat), Late Special (a train arrives at an abandoned depot), YourFortune in 20 Words or Less (a man can predict the future), The Appetite of Mr. Lucraft (a man sells his appetite to another man), The Porch Light (a house is haunted by a murdered spirit), Love and Lonely (a body is stolen from the grave), Guest of Honor (an old

rich woman invites death to be her guest of honor), Where Do We Go From Her? (an accident victim awakens paralyzed).

These are just some of the stories from "Nightfall". Ron Barnett of "Echoes of the Past" recently donated eight reels of this excellent series to the OTR library/ Jim Steg will be listing them soon. Just one note these shows are none however the quality is superb.

Now I would like to pass on a few notes from Jay Hickerson of "Hello Again",

CONVENTION UPDATE: The 1988 Friends of Old Time Radio Convention will be held at the Holiday Inn North, Newark, NJ. It starts on Thursday and runs through Saturday, October 20-22. Cost is Thursday \$22 (dinner included), \$30 for Friday (dinner included) and \$39 for Saturday (dinner included). Hotel rooms are \$57/\$62. For further details contact Jay Hickerson, Box 4321, Hamdin, Ct 06514 or even better yet subscribe to "Hello Again", an excellent semi-monthly newsletter, for \$10 per year.

Editor's
DESK



ADVERTISERS... PLEASE NOTE!!! All ads for Memories must be camera ready and in our hands by the first week of September. Page size in Memories is 8 1/2 x 11. If you have a credit for a 1/2 page ad, you may take 1/2 off the member price of a full page ad if you want to upgrade by sending the credit slip and payment along with your ad. Flyers may also be sent for \$50 (\$25 member cost) per sheet. We will need 300 flyers and they must be 8 1/2 x 11 or smaller. Also paper weight must be on #20 or less.

Our club meetings will be taking a short holiday during the month of July. We will have an informal meeting August 4th. Our regular meetings will start again with the September meeting.

THE SHADOW

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STREET & SMITH

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

"THE MONEY MASTER"

CHAPTER IV

THREE MOVES AHEAD

One million dollars!
Crisp notes valued at a thousand dollars each, a full thousand of them, stacked in tight bundles that filled a suitcase. Piled across an old counter in an unimposing upstairs office, by a drab-faced man who looked like a twenty-dollar-a-week clerk.

No wonder the thing left Bert and Emmart dumfounded. Indeed, the money itself blotted out all other recollections. Temporarily they forgot the office across the way, where gigantic transactions were obviously handled on a simple, almost careless basis.

The people in that office hadn't forgot Cowder or Emmart. The clerk was still behind his counter, but now two others had joined him. They came from the back room, men of foreign appearance, who plucked the clerk's sleeve and babbled in two different languages. As he listened a change came over the drab clerk.

Gaining color, the pale face showed a shrewd expression that changed to an air of worry. Yielding at length to the advice of his companions, the clerk went to the rear room and used the telephone. When a voice answered, the clerk spoke in English:

"This is Anton. I must speak to Mr. Zorva."

There was a pause; the Anton tensed. The others drew closer, knowing that he was speaking directly to the man call Zorva. There was a strained not to Anton's voice; his words were aplogetic.

"I am very sorry to disturb you, Mr. Zorva...Yes, it was something that just happened here. We

cached a note for a customer.... The sum? Well, it was only Ten Tarka...."

An interruption came across the wire. The others saw Anton wince and knew that Zorva must be giving him a verbal lashing. Nevertheless, the clerk stuck to the telephone and finally managed to get some more words through.

"It was the circumstances. Mr. Zorva," Anton pleaded. "The man was not a regular customer.... of course I recognized him! He came here before with Mr. Brune...Yes, he said that BRune sent him. But there was another man with him, one we didn't know.."

Orders were coming tersely from the telephone. Anton's responses were merely short affirmatives. Hanging up, he turned to the others and gratefully thanked them for insisting that he call Zorva.

"Our master says that we must close the office at once," declared Anton. "We are to proceed with full emergency arrangements. Elvor BRune has been behaving suspiciously lately. He may have sent those other men for some secret purpose."

The emergency proceedings were very smooth. While Anto was opening the safe in the rear room, his two companions skirted the counter and reached the front windows. The shades were already well drawn, but the pair eased them farther down, inch by inch, until they reached the sill level.

By then, Anton had finished packing money from the safe. From the size of the bundles, it was evident that Ten Tarka, otherwise a million dollars, represented only a fair portion of the assets kept in this amazing office. However, there were bundles of bills that were of less than thousand-dollar denomination, along with the bigger

money. As a result, the contents of the safe filled six suitcases larger than the one that Anton had delivered to Bert Cowder.

There was something else in the safe, a small movie projector with a long wire attached. One man set the projector on the counter, the other ran the wire to a plug in the rear room. The man with the projector waited until his companion was at the light switch in the front office. They pressed their switches simultaneously.

The projector took over as the room lights were cut off. The intensity of the glow was scarcely changed; evidently this change-over had been carefully tested. But there was one difference. With a low whir, the projector began to cast occasional shadows on the window blinds, giving the precise effect of figures moving in the office.

Anton hissed for the others to hurry. Leaving the office, they went through the rear room, each picking up two suitcases to match the pair that Anton carried. Through a little door they took a stairway that led clear down to the cellar. There, footsteps faded as they followed an underground route through the cellars of adjoining buildings.

Over in the tap room, Bert Cowder and Gregg Emmart had recovered some of their boasted sangfroid. For one thing, they'd piled the million dollars back into the suitcase, hiding the operation within the booth. The suitcase was on the bench beside Emmart and he was bringing out his notebook, when the barkeeper arrived and asked what that wanted. Bert ordered two beers.

"Pipe the joint across the way," confided Bert, as the barkeep left. "Those birds are still staying put. Not much chance they'll fly away, which gives us time to think."

While Emmart was watching the occasional steaks against the upstairs window shades, Bert reached for the notebook. It was the loose-leaf type, and quite thick. It needed to be, because Emmart began each new notation on a fresh page.

For instance, Gert observed that Emmart had recorded the death of Wip Jandle in simple style. Then, on the next page, like a separate account, he gave Wip's dying confession. The next page following covered the contents of Brune's cash box, and still another page was devoted to the visit to the Apex Discount Office.

The page that interested Bert most was the one containing the confession. He was thumbing it when the punch holes began to tear, up where the clamps ran through. A shrewd expression flickered on Bert's face. Emmart didn't notice it, for he was still studing the windows across the way.

"Guess I'd better phone headquarters," remarked Emmart. "Inspector Cardona can come here and pick up the dough. He'll bring a squad along to raid that place across the street."

A good idea," agreed Bert coolly, "Slide that suitcase under the table, so I can keep my mitts on it while you're at the telephone. I always did go in for big money."

There was this about Bert Crowder. He could reverse his earnest style whenever he chose. Purposely, he was displaying his opposite character, and the effect worked with Emmart. Indeed, Bert produced the exact touch that he wanted. He gave the impression that he could still be trusted, as long as he didn't have a million dollars in his clutch.

"I ought to hang on to the bag, Bert," argued Emmart. "We can't take any risks. You know how it is."

"Of course," conceded Bert, switching back to his earnest tone, "I guess that leaves it up to me to call Cardona for you. Anyway, I ought to talk to Joe. He sent you along on my say-so."

The beers had arrived and the barkeeper was returning where he belonged. Stepping from the booth, Bert found the telephone in a rear corner and put in his call. But he didn't phone headquarters. The call that Bert made was strictly confidential, and quite to the point. Finishing it, he returned to the booth.

"Cardona wants you to bring the dough down to headquarters," Bert told Emmart. "I guess he thought it was a gag when I told him how we'd picked up a million bucks."

"You mean he didn't believe you?"

"He's ready to believe me, if he sees the dough," replied Bert. "He didn't exactly doubt my story. He said the cash would be safer there than here."

Emmart gave a doubtful look from the window.

"What about those fellows across the street?"

"They'll keep," assured Bert. He picked up Emmart's notebook and thumbed it. "By the way, Gregg,

you'd better take the tin box, too. Here, I'll put the notebook in the box."

"It's kind of risky," began Emmart, "going down to headquarters all by myself with a pile of dough like this."

Emmart was raising the suitcase a bit shakily, but Bert reassured him with a grin. Rising with Emmart, Bert clapped him on the shoulder and remarked:

"Cardona said to hop a cab. You'll be there in no time. Don't worry about the fare. You have plenty to cover it."

With that bit of banter, Bert started Emmart on his way. As soon as the headquarters man had started, Bert stepped to the bar, roused the drowsy bartender, who doubled as waiter, and ordered another beer.

Midway between the Apex Discount Office and police headquarters, some huddled men were sneaking in through an alleyway to the back room of an underworld dive. They weren't the first who had followed that route, but man of man they had been spotted by two watchers beyond the entrance of the alley.

Those watchers were two of the Shadow's most capable secret agents: Cliff Marsland and Hawkeye. As a team, the were expert at scouring the badlands, and they had played a mutual hunch the moment they received word from Burbank telling them to check on any crooks who were on the loose.

"We hit a bull-eye this shot," confided Cliff. "That mob sticking around Perky's back room weren't there for a crap game."

"I figured Wip Jandle would travel with that bunch," stated Hawkeye, "even though I never saw him around. They were the cover-up crew tonight, all right. But who did they work for?"

"I'd say Shep Ficklin," declared Cliff. "You know the mobs. Hawkey, and I cover the big-shots. I've a hunch that Shep is moving in again, and when ones guess clicks, another is likely to do the same."

"I'll play a hunch then," added Hawkeye. "I'll say this outfit is finished for the night. Our job is to send word to the chief, so he can drop in while they're still around."

The two moved away to the next corner. There, Hawkeye kept routine watch for any newcomers, while Cliff entered a poolroom in the next block and made a call to Burbank. He was just finishing, when he felt an excited tug at his sleeve. Turning Cliff stared at a wizened countance

close to his shoulder. It was Hawkeye.

"They've started out again!" informed the spotter in a hoarse whisper. "Tell Burbank quick! I heard them say they were going to meet the big-shot over on Fourth Avenue. I don't know what the job is, but The Shadow can get there almost as soon as they do."

Cliff relayed the news. Beckoning Hawkeye out of the pool room, he hurried to a parked car. However soon The Shadow found crime's rendezvous, his agents wouldn't be far behind. Unless crooks finished their work in mere minutes, they would meet disaster from the Shadow.

Crime was getting breaks this night.

A cab was speeding down Fourth Avenue, with another care, a coupe, coming just behind it. In the cab was Gregg Emmart, with his suitcase packed with a million dollars and a broken cash box lying on the seat beside him.

The coupe was driven by a hard-faced driver, whose features were but a feeble imitation of the stony-faced man beside him.

Few men of crime could match the pose of Shep Ficklin, the stony-faced passenger. His face was blunt, its features rigid. He eyes held the cold glint of mineral rock. Even Shep's lips gave a carved impression, for they were always open. When he spoke, he grated words through his teeth.

"Here it is," Shep told the driver. "Cut over."

The coupe swooped past the cab and slashed to the right. Amit the shriek of brakes, the cab skidded to the curb. AS it halted, with the coupe nosing past it, Gregg Emmart gave a mad leap to the sidewalk, a proper action under the circumstances, since it put him out of range of the coupe, which he felt certain on his trail.

What Emmart didn't figure was this spot was designed. The patch of sidewalk where the detective landed, carrying the suitcase, might just as well been labeled with a huge X. Hardly did Emmart's feet hit the cement before gunfire flayed him.

Six men gave it, from doorways all about. They were the murder crew that started out so unexpectedly. They'd come here by car, outracing Cliff and Hawkeye. Their work was the slaughter of Gregg Emmart, and they accomplished it in about five seconds flat.

It was Shep who did the rest. Bounding from the coupe, he pounced

on the suitcase while it was still sliding along the sidewalk. Scooping up the bag and its precious contents, Shep leaped into the coupe, beckoning to his men to get to their own car and follow. As they did, they aimed back at the cab driver, who was coming from his door to stared at Emmart's bullet-riddled body.

All that saved the cabby was the burst of another gun, accompanied by a challenging laugh. Both issued from another cab that was wheeling into the avenue. Crooks gave up their plan of taking a second victim. At least, the driver of their car did it for them. He recognized The Shadow's laugh and whipped his sedan around the corner, taking the entire gun crew along the route where Shep's coupe had gone.

Cluttering traffic made it impossible for The Shadow to follow. Again crooks were away, leaving death behind them. Once before, death had given The Shadow an important clue. As he had viewed Brune's body, so did he wish to look at this new victim, whose doom had been too sudden to allow a rescue.

Out of his cab, The Shadow reached Emmart's body, took a look at the dead face and recognized it.

Turning to Emmart's cab, The Shadow saw the cash box lying on the floor, where the sudden stop had thrown it. The contents consisted of silver coins, mostly spilled, a few papers that The Shadow hadn't time to examine. Half out of the box was a loose-leaf notebook that would take too long to go through.

But there was something else—evidence of a sort that could prove quite useful. Along with coins that were obviously of foreign mintage, was a printed card. The Shadow plucked it from the floor of the cab and turned quickly from the door. People were coming from cars to what had happened; to delay would be both troublesome and useless.

The Shadow's cab had swung around in the center of the avenue. Reaching it with long, swift strides, The Shadow sprang aboard and ordered the driver to get started. The order was a simple one to follow, since the cab was turned away from the traffic that jammed the corner.

As the cab sped off, another cat managed to detach itself from the jam and follow. The men in the trailing car were Cliff and Hawkeye.

By the passing lights of the

avenue, The Shadow read the card that he had found. It fitted neatly in a case that was obviously a sequel to the murder of Elvor Brune. Giving the address on the card to his driver, The Shadow settled back in the rear seat.

He'd given the address only; not the name of the concern at that location. It would be easy enough to find when the cab reached that address. Whether or not the clue would bring results, The Shadow could learn only by following it.

On an evening when everyone was combining guesswork with action, The Shadow's policy was to do the same, since time seemed the most valuable element involved. A wrong trail taken swiftly could be no worse than a right one followed too late.

The question was; had others moved ahead?

They had. A man named Zorva had moved a pawn called Anton. Shep Ficklin was still on the move, in response to inside information from Bert Cowder. Two moves ahead--- which made The Shadow's move the third, if he could use it to advantage!!

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

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.

BLIGHT'S CORNER !!

TAPE LIBRARIANS....

PARISI & SKEG

Here is another list of new cassettes to the club library.

- C- 871-- Great Gildersleeve--
Mae Becomes Engaged
Wild Bill Hickcock--
Tinker's Revenge
- C-872-- Deadline Mystery-- 8-10-47
Johnny Hines Is Forced
From His Home
Murder By Experts--Conspiracy
- C-873--Dr. Morelle-- Black Ruby
Voice In the Night
- C--874-- The Man Called X---
Mid-Air Plane Explosion
Indonesia Oil
- C-875-- Doc Savage And The
Thousand Headed Man---
pt 5- Accursed City
pt 6--Deadly Treasure
- C-876-- Adventures of Frank Race--
The General's Lady
The Violin Virtuoso
The Fourth Round Knock
Out
- C-877- Challenge of The Yukon---
Diamond Pin As Grubstake
The Breakup
Criminal Mountie
- C-878--Challenge of The Yukon---
Ned Johnson's Mine
Gold Strike On Mission
Creek
The Man With the Red Coat
- C-879-- Challenge of The Yukon---
White Man's Lew
Tago The Halfbreed
The Shepard Dog
- C-880--On Sarari-- Film Makers
Kruger's Gold
The Tompkin Mystery
- C-881-- On Sarfari--- S.O.S. Rhino
Tree of Death
Voyage of the Scarlet Queen
The Bubble Dancer
- C- 882-- On Safari-- Marry's Diamond
The Rouge
Lion Allegro
- C-883-- The Hermit's CAve--
The Professor's Elixir
Plantation Mystery
- C--Favorite Story-- Mystery of
Room 323
884 Lodging For The Night
- C-885-- Official Detective--
Butcher Shop
Treasury Agent-- Case of
The Faithful Wife
- C-886-- Edgar Bergan & Charlie
McCarthy -- with Judy Garland
" " with Nelson Eddie
- C-887-- CBS Workshop--
Figger Faulups Billion
Dollar Failure
Colloglyly #3--Analysis
of Satire
Hilther & Thither of
Danny Dither
- C-889--
Voyage Of the Scarlet Queen
Death of David Malone
The Shanghai Secret
Report of The White Jade
Buddha
- C- 890-- Voyage of the Scartlet
Queen---
Red Beard & Bay of
Pearls
15th Llama & The Wise
Guy From The East
Hattie McCormick & the
Patient Stowaway
- C-891-- The Lone Ranger--
Law In Mustang
Lone Ranger Double
- C-892--The Cisco Kid--
River of No Return
Case of Bill Vaca
Pancho & the Parrot
- C-893----Cisco Kid
The Rustlers, The Duel
Cisco Meets The Appache
Kid
- C-894--The Cisco Kid---
Heritage of Death
Gold At Bitter Creek
The Cattle Train
- C--895--The Cisco Kid--
Murder in Gunsmith
Shop
Story of Ned Dobson's
Niece
Ciscio BRings the Law
- C-896--The Cisco Kid--
The Test, Frontier
Justice, Battle of
Border Island

- C-897-- The Cisco Kid--
Praire Fire, Pearls of
Destruction, Gate of
Death
- C--898--The Cisco Kid--- Deviltown,
Three-Seven-Seventy
Seven, Blazing Guns At
Lone Bend.
- C-899--The Cisco Kid---
To Stop A Killer,
The Braggart
Marshall of Buzzard's
Roost
- C-900--The Cisco Kid--
The Rustlers
Fire In the Night
Secret Mission
- C-901--The Cisco Kid--
Shoot to Kill, Sheriff
Phantom, Avalanche In
Arow Pass
- C-902-- The Cisco Kid-- The Seven
Devils, Gun War At
Oak Pass, Golden
Bullet
- C-903--The Edgar Bergan Hour--
skitt on the Pony
Express
- C-904-- The Big Show-- 11-12-50
with Tallulah Bankhead
Groucho, Fanny Brice,
Ezio Pinza, Jane Powell
Frank Lovejoy.
- C-905---Sherlock Holmes--
Cooper Beeches
The FAT Man-- Murder Makes
a Broken Heart
- C-906--Laurel And Hardy-- 1938
movie soundtracks
Going Bye-Bye
Scram, Twice Two
Thicker Than Water
- New Videos---
- V_8--- Gildersleeves'es Ghost
- V-9--Lum & Abner-- Dreaming Out
Loud.
- New Record Album--
- D-101--Golden Days of Radio--
by Frank Bresee

Please keep this new listing handy. They will be added to our next library supplement.

WE have added some, we have removed some! The following have been removed from the library. Bad sound, bad tape, or whatever-- C-156, C231, C-271, C-323, C-570. Please marke your records and delete these 5 cassettes from your lists.

Our club has 60 episodes of "The Adventures of Superman" on cassettes. The broadcasts are from 1940. The quality is great! We received these from Audio Classics in St Charles, Mo.

I have not included the showe in our library because one of the cassettes has a blank side. We are missing episode #19 dated 3-25-40 and episode #20 dated 3/27/40. Two letters to Audio Classics have brought no results. Not even a reply! I even offered to pay any expances to get the missing episodes. Perhaps Audio has a good reason for not sending the episodes.. I wish they would let me know.

Anyone else having trouble with this dealer.

Dom Parisi

A Special Service For Club Members Only

I am in the process of re-dubbing my reel-to-reel collection onto cassettes. I will have many 1200'-1800'-- 4 track reels for sale at \$2.00 per reel.. I will try to honor your choice of shows, but mostly they will be picked at random.

D. P. Parisi
38 Ardmore Place
Buffalo, N.Y. 14213

Dennis Day, 71, Dies; Singer Was Jack Benny Foil

Los Angeles Times

HOLLYWOOD, Calif. — Dennis Day, the perennial "kid" singer whose signature line — "Oh, Mr. Benny" — was enough to generate thunderous studio applause on Jack Benny's radio and television shows, died Wednesday of a degenerative nerve and muscle disorder. He was 71.

Day, whose scripted antics drove Benny to distraction for nearly 25 years, was critically injured in a fall in his Brentwood home in March. The accident ruptured blood vessels in his brain.

Day's daughter, Margaret McEniry, said that she and Day's nine other children were with him when he died. However, his wife, Peggy, was hospitalized Wednesday morning after suffering a mild heart attack.

Last year, doctors said that Day suffered from amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, a rare, fatal nerve disorder commonly referred to as Lou Gehrig's disease.

Day, an Irish tenor, who also was a talented mimic, would bury Benny beneath a cascade of dialects and characters, only stopping when the exasperated comedian would sigh and say, "Oh, for heaven's sake. Sing, Dennis."

And sing he did in his smooth, lilting tenor. His selections ranged from "Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, That's an Irish Lullaby" to the lively, foot-tapping "MacNamara's Band."

Although he specialized in Irish ballads like "Danny Boy" and appeared in eight films, Day was best known for his playful encounters with Benny.

"There was an empathy between us," Day said.

Born Eugene Denis McNulty to Irish parents in New York City, he attended Manhattan College with plans to enter law school.

His plans changed when Benny was hunting for a singer. A recording Day had made earned him an audition, and an off-the-cuff wisecrack helped land him the job, according to a studio biography.

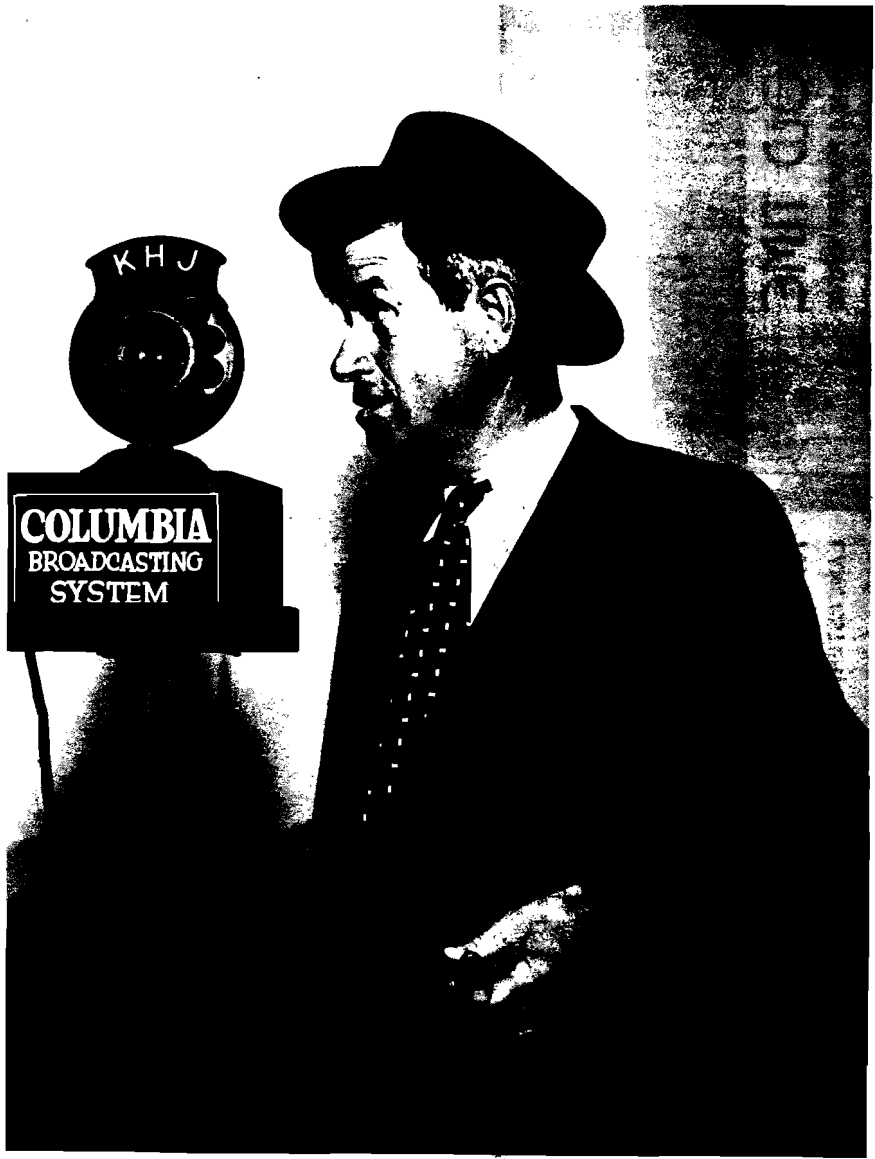
Benny's radio show started in 1932 and remained on the air until 1954. He continued on television for another decade. The singer and comedian remained friends until Benny's death in 1974.

Day's films included "Buck Benny Rides Again," "Music in Manhattan," "One Sunday Afternoon" and "The Girl Next Door."

In recent years, Day sang at conventions, fairs, churches and clubs.



Radiomania By Joe King

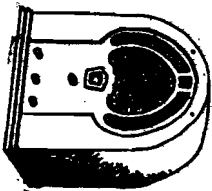


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