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The Illustrated Press

VOLUME 19 ISSUE 1

JANUARY, 1992 3



BILL STERN, SPORTSCASTER, PROTEGE' OF GRAHAM
MCNAMEE "DEAN OF AMERICAN ANNOUNCERS", FORMER
ASS'T THEATER MGR. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL (1960)

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

EST. 1975



Affiliated With
The Old Time Radio
Network

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

New member processing--\$5.00 plus club membership of \$17.50 per year from Jan 1 to Dec 31. Members receive a tape listing, library listing, monthly news letter, the Illustrated Press, the yearly Memories Publications 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 the regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 12 yrs of age & younger who do not live with a regular member. This membership is \$13.00 per year and includes all the benefits of regular membership. Regular membership are as follows: If you join in Jan- Mar \$17.50-- Apr- Jun \$14.00-- July-Sept \$10- Oct- Dec \$7.00. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be sure to notify us if you change your address.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available.

Annual memberships are \$29.75.
Publications will be airmailed.

The Old Time Radio Club meets the first of every month on Monday evening from August to June at 393 George Urban Blvd. Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225. Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. Meeting start at 7:30 P.M.

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DEADLINE FOR THE I.P.--10th of
each month prior to publication

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Letters



Dear Editor:

I've always been impressed and entertained by Hy Daley's column, "The Crystal Egg" In the November issue of "The Illustrated Press" Hy comments on his Soap Opera class that he is teaching. Unfortunately, some of his statements appear to be a little off the mark.

In his column, Hy states that "The Hummerts, a husband and wife writing team, wrote nearly half of the radio soaps." In actually, Frank and Anne Hummert not only did not write any where near half of radio's soap operas (nor did they even write half of their own shows.)

From 1930 to 1960 there were over 250 different soap operas on network radio; only 30 or so can be attributed to the Hummerts. Perhaps Hy meant "half" of the most popular radio shows. If we take the high-water mark of the women's daytime serials (1943-44) then of, say, the top twenty favorites, about half would be Hummert productions. How ever by then neither of the Hummerts "wrote" very much, except the pay roll checks of their actors and writing staff.

By that time, Frank had left the advertising firm of Blackett, Sample, and Hummert and founded his own writing factory called "Air Features". Anne, the faithful secretary who married her widowed boss, shared the responsibilities with her hubby. Directly under the Hummerts were about six "script readers" (actually copy editors) who in turn oversaw the work of about 20 or 30 "dialoguers", who actually wrote the scripts.. And despite the long-term success of many of their soaps ("Our Gal Sunday "Ma Perkins", and "Stella Sallas") they has some flops too; "Nona From Nowhere" lasted barely a year on the air.

Hy's concluding statement is "They (my students) are surprised when I tell them "Just Plain Bill" Was the first soap." Well. I'm pretty surprised myself because this show was neither the first soap opera, nor even the first Hummert soap opera. "Just Plain Bill" (which Hummert enemies

referred to as "Just Plain Bull") debuted on 9-19-32 under its original title of "Bill the Barber." Over a dozen soaps preceded it, including "True Story Hour" (1927), "Romance Island" (1928), "Rise of The Goldbergs" (1929), "Painted Dreams" (1930), Myrt and Marge" (1931), and "Judy and Jane" (spring of 1932). The first Hummert soap opera is most likely "The Stolen Husband" which began airing in 1931.

Respectfully,
Jack French

People in the News



Miss Earhart leaving the plane and bidding its stewardess good-bye at Burbank, California, after one of her periodic transcontinental "commuting" trips by commercial air line.

REMINDER!! REMINDER!!!

THIS Is a reminder that the dues for the new year are due this month. This will be the last I.P. sent to members who have not paid yet. So don't miss seeing us next month, and for the rest of the year.



MIKE GROLL/Bufallo News

Mike Groll sorts through one of the 13,000 episodes of serials from old-time radio that he has collected.

Hours of Vintage Shows Keep Roster of Old-Time Radio Club Beaming

June 22, 1987

By [unclear] [unclear]

...to fall asleep... would rather... "Gun... a sheet-out, or... the man.

...current coordinator... Authority is an... radio pro... to one every...

...and put it on a... "I can flip on a switch... my bedroom. I go to..."

...who has collected about... 15 years, is a member of... Radio Club. The organiza... started in Buffalo in 1964... a local following of 15... a national membership of almost 200.

...the club has a reference library and a... in the homes of two... in Cheektowaga, and a cassette library in South Buffalo, Boncore said.

...Society of Kourors, one of the

club's founders, said the organization started with 15 people who belonged to the Pop Culture Society at the Erie County Historical Museum. The society sponsored old movies and programs.

Seeley said he liked the informal, loose attitude of the original group, but quit going to the meetings when people became "too intense" about collecting.

Boncore said collecting and trading is a big part of the organization. Local members meet in Cheektowaga to swap shows and talk old-time radio.

In a modern era in which TV sitcoms reign, Boncore said he prefers the humor and suspense of the past.

"When I was growing up, radio was dying," he said. "I spent most of my time watching television."

But drives to his grandparents' house with "The Shadow" playing on the car radio, combined with his mother's insistence that the family replace television with radio before dinner, started him listening to the radio shows.

Since then, he said, he has become interested in the history of old-time radio

and likes to investigate how the sound effects were produced.

For example, he said, the Lone Ranger's horse, Silver, was really a couple of bathroom plungers made to "gallop" through a box of gravel. And in the late-night thriller, "Lights Out," the sound of a man being turned inside out was made by crumbling a tomato basket.

While Boncore makes his hobby part of his sleeping regimen, other members find a variety of other uses for their pastime.

For example, club President Jerry Collins of Lancaster uses parts of his 10,000-show collection as a teaching tool.

An American history teacher at Maryvale High School in Cheektowaga, Collins pieced together parts of programs from the World War II era into tapes that demonstrate how radio personalities advertised the war effort.

Next year, he said, he plans to incorporate clips of old-time radio characters telling high school students what they can do to support their country.



GOING BACK — Jerome Collins plays tapes of old radio shows for his son Michael, 10. Mr. Collins, a high school teacher, says the tapes offer excellent American history lessons.

Who Was Green Hornet's Uncle? Old-Time Radio Fan Can Tell You

By DAVID SHERIDAN

Return with Jerome Collins now to the days when the west was young and adventure lay at the end of every trail.

With the flip of a switch he can help you remember Mister District Attorney, champion of the people, guardian of our fundamental rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

He can hear back memories of the Shadow, who aided the forces of law and order and who was in reality Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man about town.

And he can judge you back to the days when Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy, waved the flag for Hudson High.

ALL THIS nostalgia is the source behind the radio crackles that Mr. Collins has preserved on tape: 300 audio excursions into an era when housewives followed the adventures of Helel Trent and Our Gal Sunday, and when youngsters allowed three weeks for delivery of the magic

decoders that permitted the forces of good to triumph over the forces of evil.

Mr. Collins is a history teacher at Maryvale High School, and he and the other members of the Old Time Radio Club of Buffalo trade recordings of some of the most famous — and some of the least famous — radio shows of the first half of this century.

At 35, he is a little young to remember the quiver in Father Coughlin's voice when he pronounced the word "America," but Mr. Collins nonetheless knows as much about old time radio as Fibber McGee knew about Molly.

"WHEN YOU get into this," he said, "you learn lots of things — like the fact the Lone Ranger is the great-uncle of the Green Hornet."

The Lone Ranger raised his brother's son, a boy who grew to become the father of the Green Hornet.

Monitoring early American radio as if he were an FCC official in a time warp also has helped Mr. Collins to increase his understanding of America before the landscape was littered with television antennae.

"You can learn more about the '40s and '50s by listening to Fibber McGee and Molly, and you can learn loads about the issue of patriotism in this country by listening to the sermons at the end of the Lone Ranger or the Green Hornet," he said.

"YOU CAN tell it was a simpler period," he continued. "It's a slower period. Even with the war you didn't have the tensions you've got today."

The tapes permit him to get on a wavelength with another era. He has, for example, a tape of all the shows broadcast by station WJMV in Washington on Sept. 21, 1939.

The broadcast, occurring in the third week of the European war, gives a portrait of the nation more than two years before America joined its destiny with the Allied Forces in World War II.

THE DAY'S listening includes a music show with Arthur Godfrey as disc jockey, a baseball game between the old Washington Senators and the Cleveland Indians announced by Walter Johnson, the Jack Benny Show, and, ominously, a speech by President Roosevelt on wartime neutrality.

Mr. Collins has found there is more enjoyment in listening to America calling than in looking through the television tube.

"Radio makes you think," he said. "It was much better for your imagination. You had to picture something."

"When the Lone Ranger came on television," he said, "I was disappointed. It was in black and white. I had visualized the Lone Ranger in color."

BUFFALO EVENING NEWS

2/2/78

THE SHADOW

by WALTER GIBSON

Street & Smith Pub.

December, 1939

SHIWAN KHAN RETURNS

CHAPTER II Seven O'Clock

Marjorie Cragg was punctual, when it came to keeping appointments. She had to be: otherwise, her profession would have suffered. Marjorie wasn't really famous as a vocalist, but she had made some fairly profitable concert tours through the Middle West.

Certain persons had enthused quite high, regarding the merits of Marjorie's contralto voice. One was Howard Felber, but Marjorie had long ago decided that his opinions were not based on her voice along. Otherwise, he wouldn't have traveled many miles to see her, on nights when he couldn't arrive until the concert was over.

Howard Felber was ambitious, and so was Marjorie Cragg. Perhaps that was why they had never really talked of love. Each recognized that the other had a career ahead; that not until success had been individually attained would they talk of sharing it together.

Pure coincidence had brought them to New York. Howard had come to discuss the commercial possibilities of new automotive developments, while Marjorie had been attracted by a short-term radio contract.

Once in New York, they had stayed on--Howard, to work on a new invention; Marjorie, to accept a singing engagement on a cruise ship. Then Marjorie had learned of Howard's strange mental turn.

How it began, and why, she did not know; but it perturbed her. She hoped that his brain, and his invention, both, would

prove sound; that Buffton, the physician, would certify one, and Cranston, the financier, would approve the other.

She was willing, in the emergency, to sacrifice her future for Howard. All day, she went about her shopping, pretending that she was going to take the cruise; but she made it a point to dine early, and reach her little apartment ahead of seven o'clock.

She knew she would hear from Buffton, perhaps from Cranston. If either insisted that she remain in town to further Howard's welfare, the cruise ship could leave without her.

The apartment looked quite pathetic when Marjorie reached it. Her luggage formed an unsightly stack featured by the huge but almost empty trunk that was to hold the many costumes which were being sent to the boat.

With an entertainment scheduled for nearly every night of the three-week cruise, Marjorie had decided to vary her performances with the aid of costumes.

In fact, she was being advertised as the "International Songstress," and there would probably be considerable speculation regarding her actual nationality.

Around the trunk lay suitcases; one was open for last-minute packing. Though she was tense with worry about Howard, Marjorie decided to pack the articles that she had brought back from her shopping tour. She was piling bundles on the trunk, studying the suitcase to see if all would fit in it, when she gave a sudden gasp.

The aeolian harp was gone!

Of all articles that Marjorie prized, the aeolian harp rates

first. She had obtained it literally for a song. Someone who liked her radio singing had sent it to the studio, as a token of appreciation. The harp was a ten-stringed instrument, shaped like a long, shallow box; but no skill was required to play it.

That was, no skill except nature's own. When the harp was placed in a breeze, the air currents themselves would play it, sometimes producing most remarkable harmonies.

Her hand pressed to her forehead, Marjorie tried to think clearly. Her head was aching from worry over Howard; she wondered if she could have put the wind harp in the trunk or in another suitcase.

Not wanting to unlock and open all the luggage, she was hoping for some clue to the missing instrument when the harp itself supplied one.

Vaguely at first, then with gusts of sweeping melody, the tunes of the rare instrument reached Marjorie's ears.

She turned to the window, gave a happy sigh. The aeolian harp was on the window sill, where she must have left it. The window, too, was open, though she thought that she had closed it

when she left the apartment before noon. Outside, a night breeze was stirring, its fitful impulse gaining a steady strength.

The spirit of the breeze was registered by the harp. The twang of the strings came louder. They faded into a fairylike pianissimo, to which Marjorie's fancy could add the tinkle of sylvan bells. Then, to the accompaniment of a powerful gust, the harp produced an imposing forte that strengthened the girl's fiber.

From the window, Marjorie saw the lights of Manhattan--a myriad array of forceful glow that

seemed in keeping with the harp's proud melody. Then they were gnome lights dancing in the distance, as the easing breeze swept lighter music.

Eyes half closed, Marjorie caught the dreamy lilt of vague and distant song. It faded; she listened, intent, hoping it would return.

Then came the voice.

It was a voice that spoke, each word tuned to a twang of a harp string. A tone that was at moments kind; at others, commanding. It spoke her name, ordering her to listen; then its gentle words soothed her, much like the cooling breeze.

The voice spoke thought-words.

They were in no language, yet she understood them. The voice was telling her to wait, to let her problems rest. Should other things distract her, she was to pause and contemplate. The voice would answer.

Into that lovely mental harmony came a discord: the ringing of the telephone bell. It grated on Marjorie; she drew her body taut and clenched her fists. She wanted to hear the voice again. It came. Striking a mighty beat from the harp, it said:

"Answer!"

Marjorie found the telephone, lifted the receiver and gave a detached hello. Over the wire came a precise tone that she recognized as belonging to Dr. Buffton. He was asking about Howard Felber. He had to repeat the question, for Marjorie didn't answer.

Letting her lips relax, Marjorie waited for the mental voice to tell her what to do. Almost before she realized, she was speaking into the telephone.

"Howard Felber?" Marjorie gave a musical laugh, that she caught from the rippling harp strings. "He's quite all right,

doctor. I called you to tell you so."

Came more questions, that Marjorie heard but did not weigh. Some other mind had taken command of hers. Its vibrant music gave her words to say--words that she echoed in a tone not quite her own.

"I'm leaving tonight on the cruise ship," said Marjorie. "We can see Howard together, when I return. Thank you so much, doctor, for offering to help."

There were other words, that Marjorie answered; then the click of a receiver that she did not hear. Her hand drifted downward to place her own receiver on the hook. The telephone was like a weightless plume as she rested it lightly on the table.

From the harp came a happy melody of triumph, which Marjorie felt she shared. The music seemed to inspire the breeze, rather than be governed by it. Under the fascination of complete hypnosis, Marjorie waited dreamily for he next command.

The telephone bell began to ring again. The girl did not even notice it. A lighter sound, however, attracted her full attention. It was a slow repeated rap at the door. Automatically, Marjorie spoke the word:

"Come!"

The door opened in a drifting fashion. On the threshold stood a tall, darkish man, who bowed.

"We are ready, Miss Cragg," he announced in choppy tone. "The cab is waiting downstairs, to take you to the ship."

Thoughts of the luggage did not bother Marjorie. Her only reluctance was that of leaving the music behind her.

Curiously, the harp faded of its own accord. Trying to catch some haunting recollection of the melody, Marjorie walked mechani-

cally from the room and toward the stairway.

She passed other men that she did not notice. They waited, while the one who had entered leaned above the aeolian harp in the window. The strings were twanging jerkily, its tone as jarring as the telephone bell, which kept up its persistent ringing. The dark man at the window spoke, in English:

"It is I--Suji. I have word, Kha Khan."

His gleamy eyes fixed in a rigid stare, as if his brain were ejecting full news of Marjorie's departure and the unanswered telephone call. Then the dark face lighted, as if receiving answer. Curling lips announced:

"It shall be done, Kha Khan!"

To his darkish fellows, Suji gave orders in a guttural tongue. They finished packing the baggage, adding the aeolian harp. To the accompaniment of the telephone bell's jangle, they cleared the room of luggage in a single trip. Only Suji waited; his lips formed a satisfied sneer as the ringing ceased. Extinguishing the lights, he departed.

In a cab that she had found awaiting her, Marjorie had begun a trip that seemed to carry her through circular paths of light and darkness. She had no way to judge the time it took, for she was solely concerned with humming

the last bars of a strange melody that she did not want to lose.

She lost count of the times she hummed it. Still singing softly to herself, the girl alighted when the cab stopped. A dark-faced driver guided her into an obscure doorway, which, to Marjorie, in her present mental state, might have represented anything, even the gangway of an ocean liner.

Next, she was on an elevator, trying to fit its constant thrum-thrum to the haunting tune that she hoped never to lose. Exiting from the elevator, she followed a corridor, lured by the tone of the harp itself!

Ahead was an open doorway, a maid waiting beside it, but Marjorie did not notice her. Entering, Marjorie merely realized that the door had closed behind her and that she was alone.

The harp was on the window sill; the sash was slightly raised, to admit the wafting breeze that strummed the strings. All about was Marjorie's baggage, carefully arranged. Some of her things had been unpacked; the bed was turned down, and her pajamas were lying on a chair, along with slippers and dressing gown.

Marjorie decided that she had been assigned to a very lovely stateroom.

Her voice vibrating softly to the lilt of the aeolian harp, she undressed. She didn't notice her wrist watch as she removed it. Much had happened in a very short space of time. Dr. Buffton had phoned the apartment at seven o'clock, and the watch, still running, registered only quarter past that hour!

Nor did Marjorie realize that she was retiring at a surprisingly early time. She was intrigued by the way her clothes seemed to float away as she touched them, until they were all gone. She drifted into the pajamas, then

found herself in bed. Her hand found the lamp above her head, extinguished it with a lazy touch.

With the lulling notes of the harp, Marjorie heard the deep moan of a steamship whistle. It was distant, but her impressions of space were as vague as those of time.

Totally unaware of the fantastic experience that had overtaken her, Marjorie sank into a deep, comfortable sleep, undisturbed by any dreams that might have furnished an inkling of her plight.

CHAPTER III Khyber Killers

Riding in the rear seat of his luxurious limousine, Lamont Cranston again studied the letter that he had received from Marjorie Cragg. The passing lights of the avenue showed Cranston's features to be masklike, but of a singularly hawkish mold.

His eyes were suited to his profile. Sharp orbs of burning power, they scanned each line of the letter, as if ferreting out some hidden meaning from the penmanship alone.

The letter was unusual. In stating little, it said much. A simple request for an interview, from a young lady named Marjorie Cragg, was slight in itself; but the reference to a "matter that might prove of importance" meant much when written by the girl in question.

Though Cranston had never met Marjorie, he recognized that the matter which she mentioned could be vitally important to some third person, whose name was not stated. Unwittingly, Marjorie Cragg had written her own personality into the letter.

The rounded curves of the writing, with wide margins at the ends of the lines, were clues to an artistic temperament. Slight separations in the midst of words were signs of intuition, produced by lifting pauses of the hand. There was sincerity in the vertical formation of the letters. Whatever favor that writer might request, it would not be for herself.

More than that, if some risk should be involved, Marjorie would be willing to share it. Whether or not the risk already

existed was a fact unrevealed, but there was a circumstance that made it seem most likely.

The letter had been addressed to the Cobalt Club; arriving there at seven, Cranston had received it and had promptly called Marjorie's telephone number.

The line had given a busy signal; when it cleared, Cranston's call had remained unanswered. Obviously, some sudden occurrence had been responsible. After a second attempted call had failed, Cranston had promptly left the club and ordered his chauffeur to take him to Marjorie's address.

As the big car swung from the avenue, Cranston reached beneath the rear seat, drew out a hidden drawer that was fitted under it. From the drawer he brought a black cloak, a slouch hat, and a pair of .45-caliber automatics.

He was attired in the black garb, his guns were beneath his cloak, when he reached for the speaking tube and spoke in a calm, leisurely tone:

"This will do, Stanley, wait here five minutes, then return to the club."

Those words were the final token of Cranston. The figure that glided from the limousine was not the dinner-jacketed form of the jaunty clubman. It was a

blot of blackness--a strange, sinister shape that had the ability to blend with gloom.

Lamont Cranston had become The Shadow!

The apartment house where Marjorie Cragg lived was in a secluded neighborhood, about two blocks from where the limousine had stopped. The path that The Shadow followed to reach his destination was untraversable.

Avoiding the front entrance, he entered a rear courtyard, scaled to a hallway window on the high first floor. Finding the stairway gloomy, he ascended it.

Marjorie's apartment was number 3C. Past the doorway, merged with blackness at the end of the hall, The Shadow stretched a gloved hand to the knob, found the door latched. His next move was to produce a small tool shaped like a gimlet. Its shaft no thicker than a needle, The Shadow bored the point straight through the old woodwork, slanting pressure against the latch.

The door slid open from the joggling pressure of a black-cloaked elbow. After a dozen seconds of absolute silence, The Shadow entered, closing the door behind him. He used a flashlight guardedly, keeping its beam shrouded in the folds of his cloak.

Brief inspection showed the tiny apartment to be furnished, but untenanted. The only sign of recent occupancy was the open window. Above a roof on the opposite side of the courtyard--the roof was on a level with this window--The Shadow could see a considerable portion of Manhattan's skyline.

Superficially, the situation could represent either a hoax or a trap. More careful consideration indicated that it was neither. Marjorie's letter was neither a jest nor a lure; not with the sober, troubled indications that The Shadow had observed in it. If someone else

had taken a hand in the matter it was too trivial to be a hoax. As for a trap---

The Shadow interrupted a rapid chain of thoughts. He had just about decided on the verdict that a trap, to be worthy of the name, would have some features to occupy his full attention. This apartment lacked any such; yet it WAS a trap. The Shadow had seen the proof of it.

A thin slice of light had disappeared. It was the dim streak of glow that showed beneath the doorway from the hall. Blocked partly by a rug, the disappearance of that faint token would not have been noticed by anyone standing in the apartment. It happened that The Shadow, in making his rounds, was keeping to a crouched position below the window level.

The question was: how had The Shadow's entry been detected? No one had seen him enter the building; there had been no lurkers in the hallway when he opened the apartment door. Chances favored the supposition that the arrivals did not know their prey had arrived. They might be coming here to put the place up to the standard of a proper trap.

Before The Shadow could carry the question further, the door was opened. The Shadow sensed the fact from the slight breeze that stirred in from the window, only to cease as promptly as it had begun. Whoever these entrants, they had closed the door behind them, and they were experts in ways of stealth.

Two of them. The Shadow sensed that, also, as he worked toward the door. Their breathing was barely audible, yet more pronounced than The Shadow's. He was shoulder to shoulder--first with one, then with the other.

Crouched low, they were work-

ing inward from the door, yet taking turns at crossing the path to that outlet. They acted as if they expected to find someone. The Shadow decided to let them.

With a quick sweep, he drove toward the man on his right, expecting to floor him, then whirl on the other. The Shadow shot one hand for an invisible throat; in the other fist, he clenched an automatic, prepared to use it as a cudgel. The swiftness of his surge took his opponent almost off guard; not quite.

The result was a real surprise.

Instead of striking a rising human form, The Shadow struck a thing that whirled. Hands sliced in past his own; The Shadow's gun stroke overreached. Hoisting shoulders came up in corkscrew fashion, aided by a twisting, butting head.

Lifted from this feet, The Shadow was hurled into a sideward fling as if recoiled from a cannon!

In the midst of that half sprawl, he recognized the mode of battle; one that belonged to a clime far different from Manhattan. Coming to one hand and knee, The Shadow made a quick spin of his own to meet the second foe, in whose direction he had been tossed.

The clash came instantly, this time, it was equalized. As The Shadow's whirling figure met that of a revolving opponent, they locked like two jamming cogwheels out of gear. Lashing arms hooked tight, but The Shadow's spin was the one that carried the greater power.

Twisting his foeman with him, The Shadow drove straight for the man who had supplied the first fling. Fresh arms grappled, all three were in the struggle.

The Shadow recognized the breed of his enemies. They were Afghans, killers of the sort that stalked the Khyber Pass. They used these twisty tactics not only for attack, but as a means of wriggling free when outnumbered. Holding the odd, they weren't thinking of getting loose. They were working hands free merely to draw their favorite weapons: knives.

They were depending too much on their own game. It didn't work for them. It took two arms to hold The Shadow's one. His free fist was slashing with its heavy gun, making the Afghans duck, striking down the hands that tried to haul out long bladed knives.

They were snarling in the native language, Pukhtu, and The Shadow understood the jargon. The pair wanted to get their troublesome foe over by the window.

Apparently, they were afraid of knifing each other by mistake. Their butting tactics, too, would serve them better if they could ever combine beside the window, for in that case The Shadow would go out across the sill.

Each was calling the other by name: one was Suji; his pal was Kuli. In the midst of the whirl, The Shadow soon lost track of which was which.

He was letting them swing him toward the window. He knew that when they reached it, they would think to trap him unawares. A swing, half across the ledge, would give The Shadow a backhand sweep at their heads. It would be tough for either Afghan who tried to hoist his shoulder or draw a knife. In either case, the fellow would have to straighten, which was what The Shadow wanted.

The whirl reached the window; The Shadow feinted with a tricky lunge. Again, the Afghans did the unexpected. Kuli used both hands to hang onto the one cloaked arm that they already had. Suji made a high, sweeping

grab for The Shadow's gun wrist and caught it. They were hauling him back, trying to pin his arms behind him, keeping his cloaked form directly toward the window.

As they made that effort, the pair raised an outcry, far louder than their former babble. Together, they shouted a name:

"Ahmed!"

Faced toward the window, The Shadow saw a figure rise from the low parapet of the opposite roof. It was the tall, lithe figure of an Afghan warrior, lifting himself from ambush as coolly as if he had sprung from a mountain rock on his native soil. It was the way such Afghans rose when they felt that their prey was sure.

Usually, their targets were visible. In this case, Ahmed was simply picking the blackened square of a window, confident that Suji and Kuli would perform their part.

Ahmed's lifting hand raised high above his head, drew back, clutching the most formidable of Afghan weapons, a war spear.

His limber figure poised, then slung forward. From his fist, with all the power that could score a bull's-eye shot a fifty yards or more, Ahmed launched the mighty shaft straight for the square black target that held a waiting victim, The Shadow.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

Vox Pop

THE GREATEST LOVER OF MODERN TIMES

SEATTLE, WASH.—The John Barrymore love exploits, which ran in Liberty, perhaps were interesting to many of your readers. However, I wish my pen had the ability to express who the "Greatest Lover of Modern Times" really is.

I select a young man on the farm; in a factory; a mechanic; a clerk; a laborer. This young man meets some fine young girl and he falls in love with her, bestowing a true feeling of affection worthy of the name love. He marries her and starts life's journey, loving her alone to the end of the trail. He is willing to fight and make any sacrifice for her happiness. He builds a home and raises a family, and denies himself many personal comforts and pleasures for their education and health. He stands by his wife in sickness and accepts, without complaint, additional responsibilities. He is the foundation on which the liberty we enjoy rests.

There you have the "Greatest Lover of Modern Times" and he is in all walks of life.—Capt. C. J. Hutchinson.



'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

CHOP SUEY is not a typical Chinese dish. As a certain dish it is generally unknown in China. The words mean, in Chinese, a mixture. The dish apparently originated in New York.

PAUL REVERE did not ride to Concord on his "midnight ride." Despite the famous poetic description of this ride,



Revere was stopped by the British about halfway between Lexington and Concord.

MAD DOGS do not always foam at the mouth—in fact they usually do not. The flow of saliva does not greatly increase with this disease, although it does become viscous and clings to the teeth and other parts of the mouth.

WORMS

TAKE ALL THE JOY
OUT OF MY LIFE.
PLEASE GIVE ME
GLOVER'S!

The Movie Scene



Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo in a scene from *Camille*.

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"HARDTACK"



"I flunked arithmetic again, pop—why in the heck don't you learn to count?"



"WHAT AM I BDT?" 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, Meade Rosenbloom, Bert Wheeler, Lee Tracy (left to right) continue fund-raising antics

"BUY A BOMBER FOR UNCLE SAM"

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

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

spur-of-the-moment auction sale was getting under way. 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. Shirts went next. Other commodities, including Gigante Maxie Rosenbloom, Bert Wheeler and Lee 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 funnyman's antics here as personal publicity 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.

RETURN WITH US TO...

by Bill Dwyer

CHARLES LINDBERGH

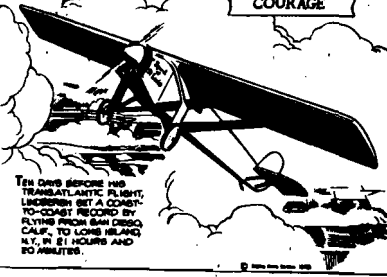
LINDBERGH DOES IT! TO PARIS IN 33 1/2 HOURS; FLIES 3,000 MILES THROUGH SNOW AND SLEET, CHANGING FREQUENTLY. CARRY HIM OFF FIELD... FRONT PAGE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES BUREAU, MAY 22, 1927.

THE LONE EAGLE

TODAY HUGE JET AIRLINERS SKIM THROUGH THE SKY AT SPEEDS ABOVE THAT OF SOUND. BUT IT ALL BEGAN WHEN A BRAVE YOUNG MAN ROLDED IN HIS SMALL CRAFT OF ST. LOUIS FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS... 3,000 MILES IN 33 1/2 HOURS. CHARLES LINDBERGH PIONEERED AIR ROUTES TO LATIN AMERICA, ASIA AND EUROPE. HE HAD BEEN A STUNT FLYER, A MAIL PILOT AND A MILITARY AVIATOR. FLYING WAS EVERYTHING TO THE LONE EAGLE.



COURAGE



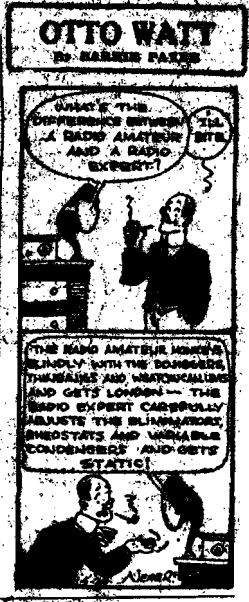
TEN DAYS BEFORE THE TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT, LINDBERGH SET A COAST-TO-COAST RECORD BY FLYING FROM SAN DIEGO, CALIF. TO LONG BEACH, N.Y. IN 21 HOURS AND 20 MINUTES.

Romania

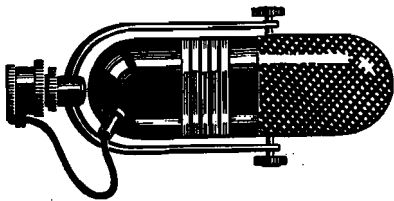
By Joe King



1. Bud Abbott (1895-1974; below) and Lou Costello (1906-1959). After many years in burlesque and vaudeville, Abbott and Costello were first heard on radio in 1938 as regulars on *The Kate Smith Hour*, on which the pair introduced their immortal "Who's on First" routine to the radio audience.



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