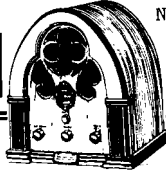


**Illustrated Press**  
THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB SINCE 1975

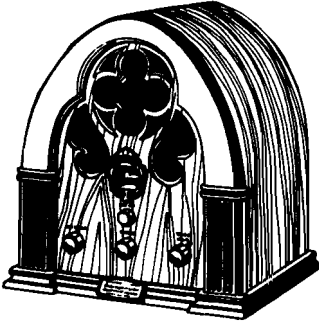


NUMBER 59 - JULY, 1981

THE STREET & SMITH'S  
**Shadow**  
15¢  
MAGAZINE  
VOL. 1 MAY, 1942 NO. 11



IMPORTANT SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT - See Page 2



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB  
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$13.00 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a membership card, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), a semi-annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$2.00 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 \$6.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$13.00 for the year; Feb., \$12.00; March \$11.00; April \$10.00; May \$9.00; June \$8.00; July \$7.00; Aug., \$6.00; Sept., \$5.00; Oct., \$4.00; Nov., \$3.00; and Dec., \$2.00. 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.

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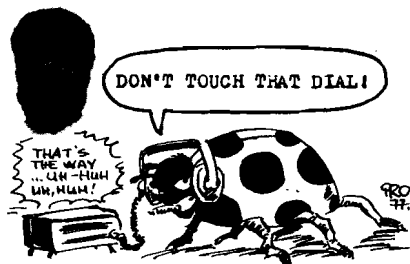
The Old Time Radio Club meets the second Monday of the month (September through June) at 393 George Urban Boulevard, Cheektowaga, New York. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meeting starts at 7:30 p.m.

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DEADLINE FOR IP #60 - Aug. 10th  
FOR IP #61 - Sept. 14th  
FOR IP #62 - Oct. 12th  
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MEMORIES: Vol. 1 #1 (\$2.00), #3, #4,  
#5; Vol. 2 #1, #4 (\$2.00);  
Vol. 4 #1, #2

IP: #3 (with SHADOW script), #5A (RH AC/OTRC special #1), #8 (50¢), #10 (with part one of LUX RADIO THEATER Log), #14 (50¢), #15 (50¢), #16, #17, #18, RHAC/OTRC Special #2, #19, #20, #21, #23, #24, #25, #26, #27, #28, (RHAC/OTRC Special #3), #29, #30, #31, #32, (\$2.00), #33, #34, #37, #38, #39, #40, #41, #42, #42, #44, #45, #46, #47, #48, #49, #50, #51, #52, #53, #54, #55, #56, #57, #58, #59



## JERRY COLLINS

Once again it is time to delve into the days of radio past.

George Burns and Gracie Allen began their radio career by doing five six minute routines on the air in London.

Whenever a problem occurred on the Burns and Allen Show, such as when the lights went out during a show in Los Angeles, George would discard the script and ask Gracie about her brother. It happened again when the optometrist gave George the wrong pair of glasses prior to an appearance on the Rudy Vallee show. Rudy Vallee spent much of the show trying to find out where George and Gracie were in the script.

The Happiness Boys were considered to be the first regular comedy show on the radio.

Radio stations has such small entertainment budgets that station WEBB Chicago paid Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll by giving them free meals.

Sam and Henry was considered to be the first situation comedy on the radio.

Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll wrote all of the Amos and Andy scripts until it became a half hour show in 1943.

Eddie Cantor was such a popular radio personality that he once received 15,000 birthday presents from his listeners.

Prior to becoming Jack Benny's announcer, Don Wilson was a football star at the University of Colorado and a football announcer, doing regional games as well as the Rosebowl.

Eddie Anderson was the first regular Black performer on the radio.

William Boyd spent more than \$300,000 to gain all the rights to the Hopalong Cassidy films. He made millions on this deal when these films were used on the early days of television.

Jim Jewell, a well known director and producer in the early days of radio either created or was greatly

responsible for the Lone Ranger, The Green Hornet, Black Ace, Jack Armstrong, the All American Boy and Silver Eagle, Mountie.

Until next month "Goodnight All."

\*\*\*\*\*

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

Our Production Manager, Millie Dunworth, is going into the hospital the middle of June. Needless to say, our get well wishes and prayers go with her. Since her recuperation will take a while, we've decided to combine the August and September issues into one large double issue, which hopefully will be coming your way around mid September. To accommodate Millie's schedule, this issue's deadline was advanced to June 1. I hope that this has not caused any inconvenience to our regular contributors.

R.A.O.

\*\*\*\*\*

**TAFESPONDENTS:** Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least two months.

Jeff Muller, 439 Faitoute Avenue, Roselle Park, N.J. 07204--I'm looking for tapes of Mutual Radio Theatre or Sears Radio Theatre. I will trade 5 old radio shows for 1 Mutual or Sears Radio Theatre. I have a lot of shows. Please send list of your shows and I will send my list. I will reimburse you for postage.

Tapespondents is a free service to all **MEMBERS**. Please send your ads in to the Illustrated Press.

\*\*\*\*\*

**TAPE LIBRARY RATES:** 2400' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.00 per month; 1200' reel-\$.75 per month; cassette and records-\$1.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. For Canada: \$1.35 for one reel, 85¢ for each additional reel; 85¢ for each cassette and record. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.

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

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

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

# THE SHADOW

6 Street & Smith

## THE BLUR

### CHAPTER I ODDS ON DEATH

Terry Radnor was down to his last chip.

One chip meant five dollars in the classy Century Casino where Terry was playing roulette. Newest and most palatial of all the illicit gambling clubs in New York, the Century Casino was no place for pikers, as Terry was finding out.

Harboring the lone chip, Terry watched the wheel spin. He wasn't taking the ride this trip; he'd had too many rides. His only way to make up the few hundred dollars that he had lost would be to build up slowly, taking even chances on the red or black.

The trouble was, Terry couldn't decide which he wanted, red or black; or, for that matter, odd or even numbers, which the roulette board also offered. He found himself staring at the board, to learn which the players preferred.

Sight of the board only bewel-dered him. At least a dozen players were putting larger sums than Terry's original stake on a single turn of the wheel.

Looking at the players, Terry understood why.

Tex Winthorp, owner of the Century Casino, had been smart when he opened this gambling club de luxe, in the heart of Manhattan, in defiance of the law. The place had attracted a clientele that was not only wealthy, but inveterate in its gambling. The faces that Terry saw about him were those of persons to whom the CLICK of the roulette wheel carried the rhythm of pulse beats.

Here were dead-pan sophisticates, bejeweled dowagers, all strangers to each other; strangers almost to themselves, as their eyes watched only the gyrations of the roulette ball. They weren't typical New Yorkers; they were persons who had sojourned

abroad, spending and gambling fortunes, until the war had forced them to return to America.

One thing New York had lacked, the thrill that these expatriates had found at Monte Carlo and other European gambling resorts. So Tex Winthorp had provided a Monte Carlo in miniature, with all the frills. He'd seen to it, too, that the people accustomed to such frills made up the bulk of the patronage.

Terry Radnor, coming to the Century Casino on a chance invitation, had unwisely climbed out of his proper league. He couldn't stand the pace that these serious gamblers demanded. His losses were bad enough, but the impressions these people gave him were much worse. They had begun to look like creatures from another planet, machines timed to the whirl of the roulette wheel.

The croupier was raking in the losers chips, and paying out to the winners. Still clutching his last token, Terry stared about, hoping that he'd see at least one face that appeared human. Across the table, he saw a tall young man with marcelled hair, who was weighing chips with one hand, while he used the other to raise a lengthy cigarette holder to lips that wore a rather indulgent smile.

The young man shrugged, which was another human symptom, but as Terry caught his eye, the fellow turned away and strolled in the direction of the faro table, as though preferring to try his luck elsewhere.

The wheel completed another spin. This time, Terry felt he had to bet. He edged forward, his hand wavering with its last thin chip. Observing that the croupier did not notice him, Terry fisted the chip again and started to withdraw his hand.

It was then that the voice purred smoothly in Terry's ear; a voice that made him stiffen, despite its oily tone.

"Play your chip on any number," advised the voice. "Keep watching the wheel, but, meanwhile, listen. You are going to win, but not at roulette. I'm letting you in on another game, where the odds are sure."

Mechanically, Terry placed his chip on number fifteen just as the wheel was about to spin. Remembering the injunction to watch the wheel, he kept his eyes fixed in its direction, as he drew back, hoping to hear the voice again. It came, and with it Terry felt a hand brush lightly against the side of his tuxedo jacket.

"I am putting an envelope in your pocket," undertoned the purring voice. "It is for Tex Winthrop. Take it to him personally, and tell him that it is important. Wait until he has read the message, then ask him what it is worth."

Terry waited for more, but there was none. The wheel stopped on number twenty-two, and Terry's last bet went the way of all his chips. Sliding a hand to his pocket, he felt the envelope crinkle. Turning, he glanced aside, hoping to see the man who had spoken. He was gone.

Elbowing against Terry was a middle-aged woman who had just won a two-to-one bet on the first twelve numbers. She couldn't have had anything to do with the mysterious voice. Gripping the envelope as earnestly as he had previously clutched the final chip, Terry looked across the glittering casino to the door of Tex's office. He decided to go there.

On the way, Terry passed the faro table and caught a passing glance from the marcelled man, who was lolling there. It struck him that the chap could very possibly have been the "voice" but Terry decided to look for other candidates. He promptly saw one.

At a little side table, a man was sitting down to rejoin a friend in a private game of écarté. Terry caught a full-face view of the man who had just returned. He saw a darkish face, with pointed mustache, features which had the look of a professional gambler's, even to the cold eyes that met Terry's glance.

Terry decided to remember those faces, and as he neared Tex's door, he saw a third countenance which interested him. A stoop-shouldered man cut in ahead of him, threw a glance back at Terry, and quickly entered the office.

In that glance, Terry observed a long, chinless face, colorless, except for sharp, beady eyes. The man might be the voice. He could certainly have reached the office ahead of Terry.

There was a bouncer inside Tex's door, but he let Terry through. Terry looked presentable, and when he showed the envelope, saying it contained a personal message for Mr. Winthrop, the bouncer believed him.

At a desk Terry saw Tex Winthrop, a square-jawed, baldish man, who looked tougher than the bruiser who guarded his portal. Tex was busy talking to the stoopish man with the colorless face.

"Gadgets!" scoffed Tex, in a deep tone. "Everybody wants to sell me gadgets! They think I need ways to keep the coppers out of here. Bah! Any time the police want to pay a visit, they'll be welcome. Sorry. I don't need your gadgets, whatever they are, Mr.--" He paused, studying the stoopish man suspiciously; then queried: "What was your name?"

There was a flicker of beady eyes. The gadget-seller was hesitating because of Terry. Tex hadn't yet noticed the second visitor, so his suspicion of the stoopish man increased. The fellow realized it.

"Dunvin is my name," he said, wheezily. "Hector Dunvin. I'm an electrician--"

"I remember now," interrupted Tex. "You've been here before." Noting the direction Dunvin's gaze, Tex swiveled in his chair and saw Terry. Abruptly, he inquired: "And who are you?"

Terry supplied his name and handed Tex the envelope, stating that its contents were important. As Tex opened the envelope, Terry folded his arms and waited patiently.

To resist the temptation of glancing at Dunvin, Terry focused his eyes on a big diamond that gleamed like a miniature searchlight from the center of Tex Winthrop's tuxedo shirt. Anyone who could afford a shirt stud the size of that one could certainly pay well for the valuable information which Terry hoped the message really contained. But Terry's voice kept reverting to the "voice".

Dunvin might be the "voice." The fellow's wheeze was so different from the smooth pur, that it roused Terry's suspicion. Still, Terry couldn't forget those other candidates, the idler with the wavy hair, and the darkish-faced gambler. He remembered that both had looked his way. He wondered if they knew each other.

They did.

OUTSIDE Tex's office, two persons among the chronic gamblers were thinking of something other than the play. One was the young man at the faro table; the other, the mustached gambler who was dealing two hands of écarté.

From across the faro board, the first looked toward the second, at the side table. The young man used his cigarette holder to gesture toward the door of Tex's office. The other man returned the gesture with a nod.

It seemed that they were both thinking in terms of Terry Radnor--and perhaps of Hector Dumvin.

Neither happened to glance toward a decorative telephone booth in the far corner of the casino. There was a girl in the booth, a brunette, whose face was as earnest as it was attractive. She was making a call which she regarded as very important, for her tone was breathlessly subdued.

"Hello... Is this the Cobalt Club?" The girl's expression showed relief. "I want to speak to Mr. Cranston. Tell him that Miss Lane is calling..."

During the brief interval that followed, the girl gazed from the booth, her eyes fixed upon the door of Tex's office. When the expected tone came across the wire, she forgot that door for the moment.

"Hello, Lamont!" Though eager, the girl remembered to subdue her voice. "This is Margo... Yes, at the Century Casino. I think that something is due...No, I haven't seen Tex, but a young man just went into his office..."

"I don't know his name, but he had an envelope and it looked important...Yes, I had a good look at him. I'll remember his face. When he comes out, I'll find out who he is, if I can...You'll be right over? Good!"

Margo Lane wore an expression of firm confidence, when she finished that call and came from the booth. She was always confident when she knew that Lamont Cranston was due upon a scene where trouble brewed. For Margo was quite convinced, through experience, that Lamont Cranston was a double personality. In his other self, Cranston was the Shadow, arch-foe to all who plotted crime.

Important though The Shadow's coming arrival might seem to Margo Lane, there was one person whose affairs it could even more deeply concern. That person was Terry Radnor, who had followed the promptings of a mysterious voice without identifying its owner.

The voice had told Terry that he was going to win in a game where the odds were sure. If the voice proved right--and it had been positive enough--Terry would win something that he did not want.

The game was one of crime. Its odds were on death!

## CHAPTER II MURDER'S TWILIGHT

TEX WINTHROP finished reading the note for the third time, and turned his square-jawed face toward Terry Radnor. Though he tried to meet Tex's eyes directly, Terry found it difficult. He'd stared so long at the big diamond shirt stud, that it still captured his attention.

"Who gave you this?"

Tex was referring to the note, and his sharp tone jarred Terry out of his hypnotic mood. Truthfully, Terry answered:

"I don't know."

He wondered if Tex believed him. Maybe the gambling king expected the answer and considered it the proper policy on Terry's part. At any rate, Tex dropped the question. He merely snapped:

"All right. What are you waiting for?"

"To find out how much it's worth," Terry returned, thumbing toward the note. "I've already invested in your roulette wheel, and I'm looking for a dividend."

Tex took it as a matter of course. He eyed Terry in appraising fashion before offering the price. Tex had a way of estimating people and their ideas about big money. He gauged Terry as a man of about twenty-five, who had knocked around some without taking too many bumps. The sort who would spend it if he had it, and might on occasion plunge.

Terry's face was squarish, like Tex's. Too, the young man had a steady eye, though he was still finding it difficult to pull his gaze away from Tex's diamond stud. Tex noticed it, and the fact was in Terry's favor.

It was the beauty of the gem, not its value, that impressed Terry. He was admiring the diamond, not coveting it. Terry lacked the attitude of a crook, so Tex put the final test.

"How much did you lose?"

"Not much, in proportion to the play," answered Terry honestly. "Only about three and half."

Tex pulled a wad of money from his pocket, counted off three one-hundred-dollar bills, and added a fifty.

"That covers it," said Tex. "As

for this"--he crinkled the note--"if what it says is right, I'll hand you a grand. Only first, I'm going to make sure it's right."

Tex reached for the telephone, with Terry still wondering what the note was about. It certainly had the earmarks of importance, considering that Tex was willing to pay a thousand dollars to the man who had delivered it.

While Terry waited, Dunvin turned as if to go. Tex told the stoop-shouldered man to remain.

"No special secret about this," declared Tex. "Stick around, Dunvin, and maybe you'll learn why I don't need to buy any electrical gadgets."

Getting a response on the telephone, Tex asked if he had the Cobalt Club. Learning that he did, he said he wanted to speak to Police Commissioner Weston. Tex gave his name, and it worked like a charm, for a minute later the police commissioner was on the line.

"Hello, commissioner." Tex spoke with a patronizing tone..."Yes, this is Tex Winthorp...I just received a tip-off that you're going to raid the Century Casino this evening. So, what about it?"

There was a pause, while Tex's square face flexed into a smile. Then:

"Why stall, commissioner? You wouldn't, if I hadn't called the turn...Come on over, and bring the boys along. Only tell them to go light on the furniture, because they won't find any gambling paraphernalia....You think my place is a gambling joint? No, no, commissioner. It's just a friendly social club..."

Hanging up, Tex turned to Terry, with a nod.

"He'll be over," assured Tex.

"Your tip was straight. You get your grand, and maybe a bonus. We'll settle afterward. Meanwhile, come along--you, too, Dunvin--and see how smooth my system works."

IN the grill room of the Cobalt Club. Commissioner Ralph Weston was undergoing a series of facial contortions for the benefit of his ace inspector. Joe Cardona.

Weston had a broad face that could go purple, almost to the tips of its military mustache, and his complexion was showing its chameleon traits. Cardona, however, showed no signs of emotion. The stocky police inspector had a swarthy face that very seldom varied.

"Somebody has tipped off Tex!" stormed Weston. "We're going over there, inspector, to find out who did, if we don't learn anything else."

"They say Tex's joint is usually

crowded," responded Cardona. "It won't be easy picking one guy out of a crowd."

"Then you'd advise calling off the raid?"

Cardona shook his head.

"We're all set, commissioner," he said. "We can move in on Tex a lot faster than he thinks. Maybe fast enough to catch him, yet. Besides, perhaps that call of his was a bluff."

"A bluff? How?"

"Maybe Tex isn't fixed to clear out the equipment in ten minutes flat," suggested Cardona. That's all the time it's going to take us to breeze in on him. The longer we talk it over, the better Tex may like it."

Commissioner Weston sprang to his feet, grabbing up a hat that lay on the chair beside him. In his hurry, he overlooked his new alpaca overcoat, which was hanging on a wallhook behind his back. Cardona didn't notice the omission, for he was picking up his own hat and wasn't wearing a coat.

On the way to the door, Weston halted abruptly.

"Where's Cranston?" he demanded. "I thought he said he'd be back."

Cardona shrugged. He'd long ago given up trying to keep tabs on Weston's rather eccentric friend, Lamont Cranston.

"I wanted Cranston along," grouched Weston. "He'd know the right names of some of those habitués at the Century Casino. Where could he have gone?"

A clicking sound supplied a possible answer. It was the muffled impact of billiard balls, meeting one another. It came from beyond a closed door that opened off the grill-room. Weston took a step in that direction.

"At billiards, maybe," Weston began. "Cranston plays frequently with that chap Kelford, who is always in the billiard room." Then halting, the commissioner added: "No. If Cranston came back, he would have stopped here first. I know what happened. His telephone call must have come from that Lane girl, and he's gone somewhere to meet her. Those two are always wasting time together."

"And we're wasting time, commissioner," Cardona reminded. "Want me to go ahead and start the squad cars?"

Angrily, Weston responded in the negative. Still forgetful of his new alpaca overcoat, the commissioner strode from the grillroom by the usual door, expecting Cardona to follow, which Joe did, with a grin.

THOSE few minutes that the commissioner wasted were actually un-

important. Over at the Century Casino, a rapid transformation was under way. Tex Winthrop had come from his office, to stop the play at the roulette and faro tables. He was standing in the center of the big gambling room, making an announcement.

"We are going to call a recess," declared Tex. "There is not time to cash in the chips. Simply keep them until later, while we entertain our friend the police commissioner."

There was merely a murmur from the listeners. Most of them were too well versed in the ways of gambling parlors to be at all perturbed. To Terry Radnor, however, the scene was a novelty, and the thing that fascinated him most was the way the attendants were handling the gambling equipment.

Large tables, even a drinking bar, were being pushed across the floor to conceal the faro layout and the roulette wheels, along with other gambling devices. The place, as Tex had stated, was swiftly becoming a social club. Terry wondered, momentarily, how that would solve the problem, since the police might tear the furniture apart despite Tex's protest.

Then, as camouflaged equipment was rolled to the corners of the room, one object stopped near Terry, who was standing just outside the door of Tex's office. Distinctly, Terry heard a low thrum that other patrons were not close enough to notice. He had his answer.

From beneath the shell furniture that covered them, the gambling devices were secretly descending through the floor on trapdoor elevators!

Terry recalled that the Century Casino was over a garage that opened on another street, because he had tried to park his car in the garage, only to find it full of trucks.

Those trucks, too, had a purpose. They were taking in the gambling equipment, and would be out of the garage, off on a rapid journey elsewhere, before the police arrived!

Terry wondered if Dunvin had caught on to the trick. He looked for the stoop-shouldered man, but Dunvin wasn't around. Remembering two more men--one wavy-haired, the other mustached--Terry looked for them, too, but couldn't sight them in the throng.

His gaze returned to Tex Winthrop.

On an ordinary table in the center of the transformed room, Tex had opened a large suitcase and was stuffing it with miniature mountains of currence, which the croupier brought him. The money was the evening's take, and it certainly

totaled into six figures. Indeed, considering the way that wealthy customers had been tossing chips around, Terry felt sure that the cash must amount to a quarter million dollars.

Tex was personally taking charge of the heavy funds, for safekeeping, and Terry wasn't the only person intrigued by the ceremony. The fashionably-dressed patrons were watching in silence, all riveted where they stood.

Among that throng was Margo Lane; she, perhaps, was the only one who stirred. The girl saw Terry over by Tex's office, but that was not the cause of her restlessness, Margo's eyes turned the other way, toward the main entrance of the casino, where a lookout stood on duty beside a wicket in the door.

Her expression eased as she saw the lookout turn to answer a knock from outside. Margo was sure that Cranston had arrived.

He had.

Opening the wicket, the lookout peered at a calm, hawklike countenance. He recognized the arrival as Lamont Cranston, an accepted patron at the Casino Club. What he did not see were the garments across Cranston's arm.

They consisted of a black cloak and a slouch hat, the garb of the Shadow. Cranston was keeping them below the wicket, and therefore below the lookout's range of vision.

About to open the door, the lookout hesitated.

"Sorry, Mr. Cranston," he confided through the wicket, "but we're making a quick change. I don't think I'd better let you in until I've asked the boss."

He turned away from inside the door, leaving Cranston a view through the wicket, which wasn't much larger than a loophole. It enabled Cranston to see the center of the gaming room, where Tex was busy with the money, but lost of the thronged customers who were out of range. The Shadow saw enough to know what was going on, and there was nothing ominous about the scene.

It simply fitted with the conclusion that The Shadow had formed from Margo's phone call that someone had tipped off Tex to the prospective raid by the police.

JUST as Tex Winthrop was about to close the suitcase with its hoard tightly-packed cash, the stroke came. It was a phenomenal thing, quite different from any event that The Shadow had previously encountered in his career against crime.

The lights in the Century Casino began to blink.



Off-on-off-on-the rapid changes produced sharp flashes from sudden blots of darkness, producing a blurry-blurred effect that was uncanny. Startled persons, suddenly springing about, were as weird to view as a flock of stampeded ghosts. Tex Winthrop, grabbing for the suitcase, looked like a ghoul beginning a slow-motion dance.

Tex's face was no longer recognizable, nor were those of any others present. The whole place was filled with a man-made twilight that confused the human eye. The Shadow could still make out Tex's figure, but only while the gambling king stood alone. That status was quickly changed.

Another figure looked into the intermittent glow. Blinking lights gave momentary glitters to a gun. As the two forms met, the revolver muzzle knifed a dart of flame. One figure sprawled hazily, while the other wheeled to snatch the suitcase from the table.

An unknown had fired that shot, but Tex Winthrop was the victim, amid a twilight expressly arranged for murder and the escape which the killer intended to make!

\*\* CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE \*\*

In this issue the Illustrated Press will begin a serialization of a Shadow magazine. To introduce this, I have been requested by our editor to review the history of one of radio's greatest heroes, The Shadow.

The Shadow debuted on the radio in the summer of 1930 on the CBS Detective Story program. The series grew out of the Shadow novels written by Walter Gibson and published in Street Magazines. Between 1930 and 1937 the role of the Shadow was nothing more than a narrator or story teller.

In 1937 Orson Welles assumed the role of the Shadow, while Agnes Moorehead became the first Margo Lane. At this point the Shadow became the leading character as well as the man of mystery for the duration of the show.

The show was heard on the Mutual Network under such sponsors as the Blue Coal Company, Goodrich Tires and Grove Laboratories.

When Orson Welles left the show, Bill Johnstone took over the role of Lamont Cranston and the Shadow. After a few other actors briefly played the part, Bret Morrison took over the role and played the part until the demise of the show in December of 1954. When Miss. Moorehead left the show, Mar-

jorie Anderson, Gertrude Warner and Grace Mathews all played the part of Margo Lane. Shrevie, Commissioner Weston and John Barclay, the Blue Coal Heating Expert were all mainstays on the show.

For those of us who grew up in the 1940's and 1950's, two of the most popular Sunday afternoon radio shows were Nick Carter and The Shadow. Our compliments go out to Dick Olday for acquiring both a Nick Carter as well as a Shadow magazine and serializing both of these for his readers.

Jerry

((Thanks for the article produced on very short notice due to the advanced deadline on this issue. R.A.O.))



DR. CHRISTIAN




RADIO LEADS IN MUSIC!

# WHEC

LEADS IN ROCHESTER RADIO!

**RIGHT THIS WAY PLEASE!**



**Suspense**  
9:00 P. M.

Dick Powell portrays a bank clerk who takes radical steps to remedy dishonesty in his work in "Overdraws"!



**Hallmark Playhouse**  
9:30 P. M.

Law Ayres has the title role in "The Quest Of John Chapman", an adaptation of the story of Johnny Appleseed!

|   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p><b>F. B. I.</b><br/>8:00 P. M.</p> <p>Starring<br/>Martin<br/>Blaine</p> | <p><b>Mr. Keen</b><br/>8:30 P. M.</p> <p>"The<br/>Bonfire"<br/>Murder"</p> | <p><b>Black Chiffon</b><br/>10:00 P. M.</p> <p>with<br/>Lillian<br/>Gish</p> |
|---|--|--|

**The Station LISTENERS Built**




Harry Von Zell as he appeared about 1930. A veteran announcer, Von Zell graduated to acting roles on the "Burns and Allen Show" and other programs.

**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 \$1.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$ .50 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.

# WHEC

THE STATION  
LISTENERS BUILT!  
**TONIGHT**

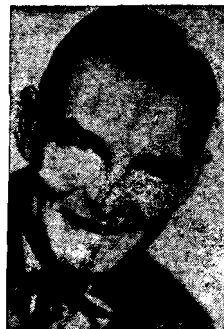


**CANDID  
MICROPHONE**  
9:30 P. M.

Alice Faust is star and producer of this unique show that captures real life comedy in the life of unsuspecting citizens. Listen and laugh!

**And Don't Miss:**

- 5:45—Cart Messey Show
- 6:00—Goodrich—Road News
- 6:15—MacMillan—Sports
- 6:45—Lewell—Themes
- 8:00—Mystery Theater
- 8:30—Satan's Waitin'
- 9:00—Romance
- 10:00—Music in the Air



Here's Archie of the Duffy's Tavern series, which returns to the air Tuesday at 8:30 p. m. via the Blue network and WEEB. In private life, he's Ed Gardner, prominent in network radio as producer and writer as well as comedian.

# RETURN WITH US TO... **VIC and SADE**

MOVIES IN RADIO ANIMALS WAS THE HUSBAND OF SO-CALLED "MIDDLE AMERICA" BETTER REPRESENTED THAN IN THE SERIALS. COMIC CREATED BY PAUL FLETCHER. AS THE AMERICAN NOTED BACK DAY, IT WAS ABOUT A COUPLE IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF HUNTSVILLE IN THE WEST COAST.



Mc AND SAGE BOOK (AND SON) SAID ABOUT MANY CHARACTERS WHO NEVER APPEARED ON THE RADIO. THE SERIES OF SERIALS AND ANIMALS, SILENT AND SOUND, FROM THE ORIGINAL. THESE EPISODES (AND MORE) TALK THE VARIOUS SALES AT THE TOMMY DICK (STORY) SILENT CLARY, SAGE BARKER, THE GARDNER MAN.



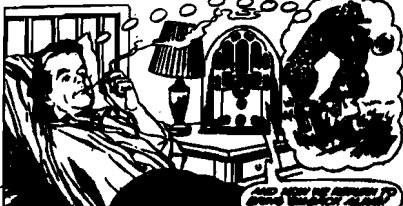
THOSE FLETCHER HEARS OUT AT THE GREAT HUNTSVILLE HOTEL TO WHICH THE SERIES GO BY HIS RESPONSE TO PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING WAS FINE.

# RETURN WITH US TO... **Bring 'Em Back Alive**

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE WAS THE MOST-RECORDED SLOGAN OF THE LATE ANIMAL, HANDELER AND JUNGLE ADVENTURER FRANK BLUCK. IT WAS A NATURAL TITLE FOR HIS POPULAR RADIO SHOW.



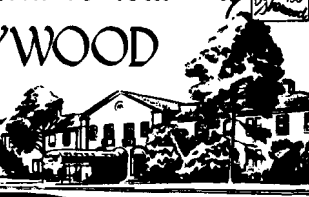
FRANK BLUCK HURRY OFF IN THE WILDS OF ASIA, AFRICA OR SOUTH AMERICA STALKING ANIMALS. HE WAS A VERY DOUBT FINE IN HOLLYWOOD OR TALKING WITH A CIRCUS. HIS RADIO SERIES CELEBRATED SOME OF HIS ENCOUNTERS WITH PYTHON, LIONS, GORILLAS AND OTHER DANGEROUS CREATURES.



AND FROM THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN ALONG.

# RETURN WITH US TO... **HOLLYWOOD HOTEL**

THE PRESTIGIOUS SERIES FIRST Aired OVER CBS IN 1934. IT WAS A HIGHLIGHT IN THAT IT ESTABLISHED HOLLYWOOD AS AN ORIGINATION POINT FOR MAJOR RADIO PROGRAMS UP TO THAT TIME. NEW YORK AND CHICAGO PREDOMINATED AS PRODUCTION CENTERS.



THE FRANKLIN OPENING FEATURING A TELEPHONE OPERATOR WAS BROKEN BY A WOMAN WITH THE UNLIKELY NAME OF CLARE THORSON.

MANY OF FILMMAKERS PERFORMERS APPEARED IN THE DRAMAS WHICH WERE THE HOSTESS AND DICK HILL WAS THE FIRST A.C. HE WAS SUCCEEDED BY SUCH STARS OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE AS WILLIAM POWELL, HERBERT MARSHALL AND FRED MACAULRAY.



THE THEME WAS TELLIE MOON'S

# RETURN WITH US TO... **Wallace Beery**

THE FINE CHARACTER ACTOR WAS THE HERO OF MANY AMERICAN BOYS WHO GROW UP IN THE 1930S AND 40S. A VERSATILE TALENT, HE PLAYED MANY FOLLOWS DIFFERENCES ON THE TOWN BUT TENDER HEARTS CHARACTER. HE SET IN MOST OF HIS OLD MOTION PICTURES.



...AND SHE WILL SOON BE BORN!



WOMEN NEED A VERY RESPECTFUL COMMANDER!

AFTER A DISTINGUISHED CAREER IN SILENT FILMS, WALLACE BEERY APPEARED IN DOZENS OF SOUND MOVIES INCLUDING THE SIS HOURS, AN AND BILL, THE CHAMP (FOR WHICH HE WON AN ACADEMY AWARD), GRAND HOTEL, TENDER HEARTS, MPA WELLS, AN UNDISCOVERED SANBARY COAST, GENT AND GALLANT TO THE MARINES.



HIS NEPHEW, NOAH BEERY, JR., WHO A CHILD ACTOR WHO LATER PERFORMED IN SEVERAL MOVIES AS A CHARACTER ACTOR.

NOAH STARRING IN THE TV SERIES GREAT BOY. TODAY HE PLAYS TROOPY. SARGE BARNEY DICK ON THE ADDOPPED PLEAS. NOAH'S FATHER WAS A WELL-KNOWN WILLIAM OF SILENT FILMS. THE BROTHERS WALLACE AND NOAH SR. APPEARED TOGETHER OCCASIONALLY AS IN THE BAD MAN OF DRUMSTON (1937).

# Tonight's Star Attractions on WBML dial 1240



## THE BIG SHOW

Tallulah Bankhead back from London and Paris, presents these famous guests tonight...  
Fred Allen, Jimmy Durante, Portland Hoffa, Ethel Merman, George Sanders and Meredith Willson

at 8:30



## THE PHIL HARRIS ALICE FAYE SHOW

Fun with Phil, Alice and Frankie Remley, who invades the Harris household

at 8:00



## THEATRE GUILD ON THE AIR

presents  
Joan Fontaine and Ray Milland in  
**THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR**

at 8:30



Premiere  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. stars in  
**THE SILENT MEN**

forceful drama of secret agents

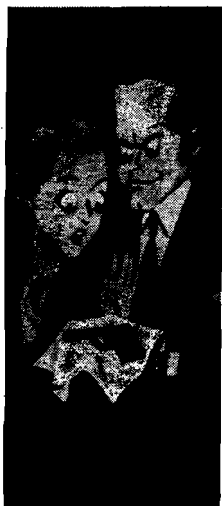
at 8:30



## FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

stars in  
NBC's Silver Jubilee Show  
Hear Radio's all-time greats in this fascinating new series

at 10:00



8:30

## Mr. & Mrs. North

Joseph Curtin & Alice Frost co-star in murder-and-mirth series.

### Attractive Distraction!



## Silver Jubilee on NBC

The makers of one type of those midget radio receivers that have become so popular, particularly out West, tried to prove something when they displayed the set in bed with Miss Lillian Bond, at the recent Los Angeles radio show. But somehow the visitors paid more attention to Lillian than to the set.

THE BUFFALO TIMES-THURSDAY, DEC. 3, 1980

# NATIONAL NETWORK

2/21/50

- 6:00 p.m. - Black and Old Horn Orchestra - direction Ludwig Lauer. Announcer: John S. Young.
- 7:00 - Mid-West Federation Symphonic mixed quartet: Helen Jaak, soprano; Marie Wilson, soprano; Clyde Deagle, tenor; Arthur Billings Hunt, baritone and director: George Wagon, accompanist. Announcer: Harry E. Shertz
- 7:30 - Crowned Consort Mixed-string quartet; orchestra direction Fritz Porech. Announcer: Marjorie Pevsman.
- 8:00 - Pittsburgh Beer-Judy Valley and Elu - Orchestra; Monon City Blue Blowers. Announcer: Graham, McNamee.
- 8:30 - Singing Legends - James Miller, tenor; male quartet: Singing Violins; orchestra direction Frank Mack. Announcer.
- 9:30 - Jack Frost's Melody Orchestra - David Gregg, director. Announcer: Bill Smith. Sec'd: James O'Connell.
- 10:30 - Youth Program - Robert Frankish, tenor; Announcer: John Trosien
- 11:00 - National Grand Opera - The House of Bonanza! - Renato Wright, soprano; Frederic Roberts, baritone; direction: Genevieve Peters. Announcer: William
- 12:30 - Nat Kemp's Royal Majest Orchestra. Announcer: Paul Roman.
- 1:00 - Old Men Singing - Joe Pierce in stories, songs. Announcer: Alvin G. W. Smith.
- 6:30 - Park Central Vocal Orchestra. Announcer: Bill Smith.
- 7:00 - The Reverend Program - Announcer: Andy, speaking commedian.
- 7:15 - The Royal Palace of Music. Dr. Charles Adams, Nelson, Announcer: Alvin G. W. Smith.
- 7:30 - The 7-11 - Madame Lavin, contralto; tenor; band orchestra; Billy Mack

- Dot, vocalists. Announcer: Ralph Fries
- 8:00 - Lehr and Pink Symphonies - male trio: Paul Chomay and Roger Jordan, pianists; specialty orchestra. Announcer: K. W. Book.
- 8:30 - Charming Speeches - soprano/contralto: Phillip Curtis; Irving Kaufman; baritone; orchestra; direction Gustave Kozminski. Announcer: Marjorie Pevsman.
- 9:30 - South Brothers - soloists: Lambert and Billy Tolbach; soloists; orchestra direction Andy Bonanza. Announcer: Bill Smith. Sec'd: James O'Connell.
- 10:30 - Musical House Orchestra. Soloists: Theatrical, Leonard Jacobs, Bobby Wood. Orchestra direction David Friedman. Announcer: Alvin G. W. Smith.
- 10:30 - Festival East - Mid-West Federation - baritone; female orchestra. Announcer: Bill Smith. Sec'd: James O'Connell.
- 11:00 - Legends of Grand Opera. Announcer: Bill Smith. Sec'd: James O'Connell.
- 11:30 - Singing Legends - James Miller, tenor; male quartet: Singing Violins; orchestra direction Frank Mack. Announcer.
- 12:30 - The Reverend Program - Announcer: Andy, speaking commedian.
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JIM TRANTER—

## Pontiff to Give Talk Tomorrow

**H**is Holiness Pope Pius XII will deliver a message to the Catholic children of America in support of the Bishops' Emergency & Relief Committee tomorrow morning at 11:34 over WGEN. The address will come from the Vatican, will run for six minutes and at the conclusion the Pope will give the apostolic blessing in Latin.

Switch

The Adventures of Paddy Marlowe, a whodunk, and the drama, Escape, wrap tonight. The former will be heard at 8:30 P. M., the latter at 10, both over WGR.

Live and Learn

Here's a story about show business that touches the heart. Lurene Tuttle, who plays "Etta" in the Sam Spade series, has hoped for 18 years that her daughter Barbara would follow in her footsteps as a radio actress.

She started early to train the child in dramatics but Barbara showed no interest in reading lines. After a long and discouraging time Lurene, finally decided the child just didn't have what it takes and sent her back to her roller skating and dolls.

BUT THE NEGATIVE approach was what little Barbara needed. Like most talented persons, she wasn't to be forced into anything she had to do it on her own. The she suddenly developed a deep interest in school theatricals (unknown to her docting mother) and really went to work.

A SHORT TIME AGO Lurene, scheduled to play in the Sam Spade show, was rushed to a hospital for a minor operation. And there's where the trouper came out in Barbara. She called the producer and begged to be allowed to do her mother's role. After plenty of wheedling, Bill Spier (producer of the show) had the part re-written for her as "Etta's" younger sister and the 18-year-old who didn't want to learn how to act did a terrific job for her mom.

LURENE STILL gets excited when she talks about it.

Hooper Deeper

The latest Hooper ratings come up like this: Jack Benny first, Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts second, Radio Theater third and Bob Hope fourth, followed by My Friend Irma, Bing Crosby, McGehee & Molly, Amos 'n' Andy, Mr. Chameleon, Winchell Poston's Fun, Mystery Theater, Truth or Consequences, Burns & Allen and Bob Hawk in that order.

The Clue

Tonight's episode of "The Clue" (tonight at 7:30 over WGEN-TV) takes Steve Mallice into the realm of fisticuffs. It features Art Wender, produced and directed by Fred Keller. In the cast will be Rachel Wilson Pankow, Jerry Calman and Gary Barton.

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10/19/49

## Sights and Sounds

By JIM TRANTER

**W**HENEVER Ralph Edwards turns up with some unknown to honor on This Is Your Life (WGEN) at 8 tonight, it's a thrilling thing to hear the squeals of surprise and delight as friends from the past are brought in, almost-forgotten relatives appear, and gifts that have been dreamed of for a lifetime are dropped in the lap of the lucky person.

LAST WEEK a 18-year-old girl was brought to the program. Her ambition had been to become a professional ice skater and for years she had practiced and worked with that idea in mind. Then came Edwards with his magic bag and presto!—the little lady was informed that she had been accepted by the Ice Follies for a permanent job.

Peeping up on the program were friends from home, her mother, boy friends and amateur-skating partners. Also on the scene were the partners of the Follies to tell her of her success.

IN TONIGHT'S program a woman who has been a party-line telephone operator for more than 25 years will get the surprise of her life—and a few much-wanted gifts.

Helen Hayes has decided not to return to the air this Fall for her Sunday night dramatic shows over WGR. She is currently resting in Honolulu with her husband, Charles MacArthur. Miss Hayes was to have returned on Oct. 9, but postponed the series because of the death of her daughter, "Sweet Corliss Archer," her summer replacement, will continue to be heard in that spot.

Random Ideas

GOT A couple of tips on the "mystery tune" for Stop the Music (Sundays at 8 over WKBW) and you may mull them over as you wish. Here they are: Totem Tom

Tom or Festival Dance. Confusing, isn't it?

Inside Dope

JACK CARSON (he used to be a radio star, remember?) is practicing pitching for his role in "Kimer the Great," a movie to be made soon.

Lum and Abner come back to the CBS network this Saturday with Zearf Pitts, Andy Devine and Opie Carter to help them. . . . Kay Kyser is set for a TV show with his Kollege of Musical Knowledge. In bed with a bad cold injury, he got up for the first time to attend Buddy Clark's funeral.

Elliot Lewis (he plays "Frankie Rowley" with Phil Harris and slim "Gregory Hood") may turn up as someone of audience-participation broadcast.

Wednesday Toning Tips

MR. CHAMELEON solves the "Case of the Unwanted Child" at 8 tonight over WGR. The Great Gildersleeve (WGEN at 8:30) tangles again with his neighbors. . . . Boris Karloff, WKBW at 9, stars in "Purchase to Dream." Mr. D. A. has a tough assignment in "The Case of the Red Leather Kid" WGEN at 9:30 P. M. . . . Bing Crosby, 9:30 over WGR, plays host to Frank Fry, Peggy Lee and Les Paul. . . . Curtis Tame, WGEN at 10:30 offers "Super Is the Word for Love."

Indian Prime Minister Jawahar Lal Nehru will be heard over WGEN at 11:30 tonight in an address from the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.



6/8/81---"Stranded"

A Pair of astronauts are interrupted on their journey home by a crash landing on a strange planet.

CAST: Gordon Gould, Marian Seldes, Bernie Grant

WRITER: Victoria Dann

6/9/81---"Somewhere Else"

A young woman's dreams become as real as her waking life.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Earl Hammond, Lloyd Battista

WRITER: Sam Dann

6/10/81---"Second Look at Murder"

A descendant of the judge who set Lizzie Borden free tries to vindicate that verdict.

CAST: Roberta Maxwell, Russell Horton, Jada Rowland, Robert Dryden

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

6/11/81---"The Gratitude of the Serpent"

A Toltec woman unwittingly leads her people into the hands of the conquistadors.

6/12/81---"When in Rome"

An uncouth American ambassador to a 19th-century European monarchy tries to avert a war.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Joan Shea, Ray Owens, Ian Martin

WRITER: Sam Dann

6/15/81---"Two's A Crowd"

A Manhattan playboy meets his long-lost twin brother, a loser from the other side of the tracks.

CAST: Earl Hammond, Mandel Kramer, Evie Juster

WRITER: Ian Martin

6/16/81---"The Young Die Good"

A newly married couple meet their next door neighbor--to the husband, she's young and beautiful; to the wife, she's old, almost senile.

6/17/81---"The Final Step"

A concentration camp survivor stalks the German doctor who killed her family.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, Earl Hammond, Norman Rose

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

6/18/81---"Having a Horrible Time"

A woman responsible for the arrest of a gangster takes a vacation and finds she is a target for murder.

CAST: Lynn Loring, Ralph Bell, Frances Sternhagan, Mandel Kramer, Nat Polen.

WRITER: Bob Juhren

6/19/81---"Henrietta's Revenge"

A successful career woman falls for a rake.

CAST: Patricia Elliott, Joyce Gordon, Bob Kaliban, Mandel Kramer

WRITER: James Agate Jr.

(The title of the program for June 1 is "The Runaway General". It inadvertently was omitted from the release.)

\* \* \* \* \*

5/9/41

## RADIO, SCREEN CELEBRITIES TO HONOR COMEDIAN

Jack Benny's Tenth Year on  
Air to Be Marked with  
Special Program Tonight.

HOLLYWOOD—Radio, stage and screen stars across the continent will join in a half-hour tribute to Jack Benny over the NBC-Red network, at 10:30 p. m. EDT, tonight, on the occasion of the comedian's beginning his tenth year in radio. Jack himself, however, will furnish the climax.

The special broadcast will immediately precede a gala anniversary dinner which the National Broadcasting company and its president, Miles Trammell, are giving in Benny's honor at the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel Ball, with a thousand screen and radio stars attending.

The program will open in New York with congratulations from Benny's old friends and stage and radio colleagues, including veteran announcers Aida Hoville and Ed Thorngerson, Amos 'n' Andy (Freeman F. Gosden and Charles Correll), Ole Olson of "Helasoppin'" Olson and Johnson (and Ole Johnson, too, if he returns from a hunting trip in time), Eddie Cantor and Ed Sullivan.

The show will switch to Gary, Ind., to pick up the "Quis Kids," recent guests on Benny's own program and with whom Jack struck up a fast friendship during their visit to Hollywood.

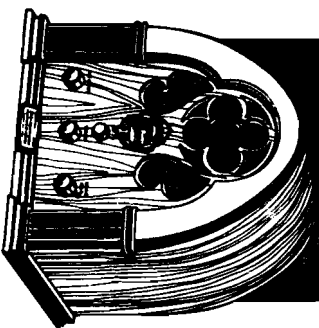
The final portion of the broadcast will originate in Hollywood.

2ND ANNUAL OTRC INTERNATIONAL PICNIC

The Old Time Radio Club will have an informal family picnic on Sunday, July 26, 1981 at 2:00 p.m. Once again, our friends the Simpsons have arranged the location at the Balls Falls Conservation Area. Probably the best route from Buffalo is along the Queen Elizabeth Way to the Route 24 exit just past Prudhommes. The picnic grounds will be on your left and plainly marked approximately 5-10 minutes from the QEW. The idea is for each group to bring their own food as there will not be any formal catering. This picnic is open to all members, friends, and their families. From those of us who attended last year, the area is very nice and we all had a lot of fun, so we hope all of you can join us for this year's outing.

Lum & Abner in "GOIN' TO TOWN"





**OTRC**



OLD TIME RADIO CLUB  
100 HARVEY DRIVE  
LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086

**Illustrated Press**

**FIRST CLASS MAIL**