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# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

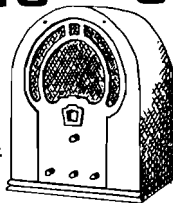
EST. 1975

No. 90 - March 1984



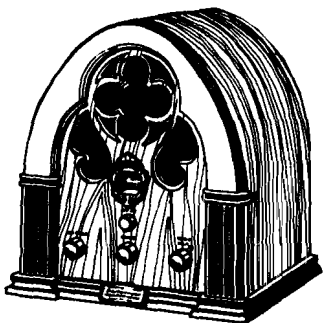
**HOPALONG CASSIDY**

**THE OLD TIME**



**RADIO CLUB**

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THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB  
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$17.50 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), an annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$5.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$10.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$17.50 for the year; Feb., \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00; July \$10.00; Aug., \$9.00; Sept. \$8.00; Oct. \$7.00; Nov. \$6.00; and Dec. \$5.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address. OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available. Annual dues are \$29.50. Publications will be air mailed.

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THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS is the monthly newsletter of The Old Time Radio Club headquartered in Buffalo, N.Y. Contents except where noted, are copyright © 1983 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Richard A. Olday; Assistant Editor: Jerry Collins; Production Assistance; Arlene Olday;

Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A.

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

CLUB DUES:

Jerry Collins  
56 Christen Ct.  
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086  
(716) 683-6199

ILLUSTRATED PRESS (letters, columns etc.) & OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:

Richard Olday  
100 Harvey Drive  
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086  
(716) 684-1604

REFERENCE LIBRARY:

Pete Bellanca  
1620 Ferry Road  
Grand Island, N.Y. 14072  
(716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARY

Francis Edward Bork  
7 Heritage Drive  
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086  
(716) 683-3555

BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and IPs are \$1.00 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

Chuck Seeley  
294 Victoria Blvd.  
Kenmore, N.Y. 14217

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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 #91 - March 12  
#92 - April 9  
#93 - May 14

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ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

\$30.00 for a full page  
\$20.00 for a half page  
\$12.00 for a quarter page

SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.

Advertising Deadline - September 15th

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PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THE TAPE LIBRARY AND CLUB DUES.

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Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

# The CRYSTAL EGG



## HY DALEY

Been reading some good OTR books lately. RADIO COMEDY by Arthur Frank Wertheim is a gem. He breaks radio comedy down into 5 sections: Pioneers, The Great Depression, The Now Radio Comedy, Midwestern Small-Town America and The Stick Comedy of the 40's. I was very impressed by his indepth research and observations.

Vincent Terrace's RADIO GOLDEN YEARS is yet another Encyclopedia of Radio, much like Dunning and The Buxton Lowes Big Broadcast.

Ah, speaking of Encyclopedia of Radio, where was I in the rating game? Ah yes....

MELODY HOURS -2 Percy Faith's orchestra will enchant you for much less than an hour, indeed.

MELODY PUZZLES -1 Poor Buddy Clark hosted this clinker in 1938.

MELODY ROUNDUP -3 This AFPS "pseudo-western" featured such outlaws as Andy Devine, Lum & Abner and Wild Bill Elliot.

MEN OF THE MINISTRY -2 A BBC Time-Taker-Upper. The one I heard was called "H.M.S. Uncrushable".

JOHNNY MERCER MUSIC SHOP -2 Late 40's is 15 minute early evening interlude.

MERCURY THEATRE -3 Not every show was a WAR OF THE WORLD. Other presentations were SNOW WHITE, THE APPLE TREE and ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FRANK MERRIWELL -4 Doubting my sanity, right? There's just SOMETHING about Frank Merriwell that I like. Frank would never make it on TV., I know. He's too nieve, too good, just too RADIO.

MGM THEATER OF THE AIR -3 MGM's syndicated gloom chaser in the dying period of OTR. Some good titles: Anna Karenia, Istanbul Quest. Some good talent: Marlena Dietrich, Tom Bennett, Hume Cronyn.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT -2 Over rated and terribly redundant.

MIDSTREAM -1 One show heard from 1939, yawn.

MIGHTY CASEY -2 Baseball serial in the late 30's.

MIRTH AND MADNESS -2 Jack Kirkwood starred in this 1948 variety show.

MR. AGE AND JANE -3 1948 1/2 hour series once again proves how much smarter

dumb women are than intelligent men. MR. AND MRS. BLANDING -3 Gary Grant's 1951 sitcom from Blanding movie series. Lots of plots deal with building houses. Figures.

MR. CHAMELEON -3 Not enough of these around to really whet your appetite. Good Stuff, though.

MR. DA -3 Whichever version you listen to this series would hold you. I like the Ziv series myself.

MR. FEATHERS -2 Parker Fonnelly does his "Main thang" in this 1949 sitcom.

MR. MOTO -2 Only heard one show. "Farce called XR7". Routine.

MR. AND MRS. NORTH -3 Some really good shows -- "The Premature Corpse", "Nightwalk" or "Fool's Gold".

MR. PRESIDENT -3 Edward Arnold played a different President each week. How long could this show last?

TOM MIX -2 Some really unintelligent scripts here.

MOLLE MYSTERY THEATRE -4 One of the best mystery anthology shows. Best years were 1947 - 1984.

VAUGH MONROE SHOW -3 The one I heard was a remote from the Gibson Hotel. I liked it!!

MONTECELLO PARTY LINE -1 Drab talk show -- CBS

MOON DREAMS -1 Marvin Miller hosted this swooner.

MOON RIVER -2 Cincinnati show. Where was WKRP when you needed it.

FRANK MORGAN SHOW -3 Forever the Wizard of Oz, Frank sputtered through thin scripts with a flair not easily dismissed.

HENRY MORGAN SHOW -3 1/2 Some of Henry's shows are just great.

MORNING MELODIES -1 A 1945 open your-eyer.

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### The Forties



One of the early crime series on radio concerned "Mister District Attorney," whose sworn duty was to uphold law and order.

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

I am looking for recordings of some early programs to copy, including: Uncle Ezra, Hobby Lobby, Guy Hedlund Theatre, Ben Bernie, Renfro Valley Barn Dance, Bobby Benson, Buck Rogers, Bradley Kincaid, National Barndance.

Ed. F. Lawlor  
5 Pauline Street  
Carteret, New Jersey 07008

I will trade for any sports material I don't have on an equal basis. Thousands to choose from. Free Catalog supplied.

John S. Furman  
Box 132  
Ballston Lake, N.Y. 12019  
Have one 2nd generation reel of Duffy's Tavern, Ozzie & Harriet, Red Skelton, Life of Riley shows. Desire to trade it to new collector only.

Hy Daley  
437 So. Center  
Corry, PA 16407

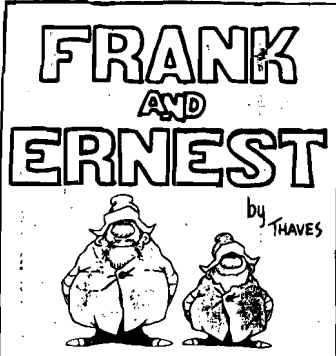
SEE PAGE SEVEN FOR ADDITIONAL TAPESPONDENTS

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

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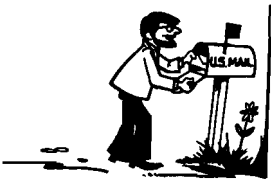
**TAPE LIBRARY RATES:** 2400' reel-\$1.50 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1200' reel-\$1.00 per month; cassette and records-\$.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. 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.

**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.



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## Letters



Dear Richard, I found this article just last night and thought it was interesting enough for the I.P....if you have a few inches of surplus space in one of the forthcoming issue. It's something that isn't generally known; in fact, I'd forgotten all about it.

P.S. I like the new format of the newsletter.

As ever, Lee Allman

THE DETROIT NEWS-Friday, June 13, 1980

### CONTACT 10

CONTACT 10 is Michigan's most comprehensive reader service, a Detroit news task force assigned to solve your problems, answer your questions, look out for your interests. It is backed by Michigan's largest news gathering force--and it's free. Write CONTACT 10, BOX 2458, DETROIT MI 48231. Please include your telephone number.

Enclosed is a copy of my "Deed of Land" to one square inch of Canada's Yukon Territory. I received it about 25 years ago in a box of Quaker Oats cereal. My question is whether I am still a genuine Yukon landowner. Should I have improved my property long ago to maintain ownership? I would appreciate an answer as I intend to visit my site in the not to distant future.

R.L.C., West Bloomfield Township  
It's a great piece of nostalgia, but don't try to build on it.

Quaker Oats carried the promotion in 1955 as a spinoff from its famous "Challenge of the Yukon!" juvenile adventure radio and television serial starring Sgt. Preston of the Northwest Mounted Police. All told, it distributed 21 million one square inch parcels of the Yukon Territory, according to Kathy Rand, divisional manager for the cereal company.

"The promotion used the title of 'Klondike Big Inch Land Co., Inc.', located in the City of Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory," and gave away the deeds of land in boxes of our Puffed Wheat and Rice cereals," Ms. Rand explained.

"Really, it had no intrinsic

value, the company was only advancing the romance of the Yukon. The land was never registered and the 19 acres Quaker purchased was nothing but scrub land of very little value."

But the deeds themselves have become collectors items, she said, and are bringing up to \$25 each at flea fairs and other antiquities collection points.

The radio show itself originated here in Detroit as another brainchild of the late George W. Trendle Jr., the man who brought us "The Lone Ranger" and "The Green Hornet." In 1955, the program's last year, Sgt. Preston was played by none other than Bruce Beemer, the original and best known Lone Ranger.

As he set off on the trail in his relentless pursuit of lawbreakers on radio, Sgt. Preston would shout to his Yukon maulmates: "On, King! On, you Huskies!"

Well, friend, it's a long trek from West Bloomfield and there are no sled dogs to guide us. Good Luck!

My personal feelings are that ALL old time radio clubs seem to keep their lights under a 55 gallon drum. The only way you know the club exists is by osmosis (unless you are fortunate enough to live in one of the few areas where one exists and then you may be able to find a two inch column in the local newspaper) meaning "if you don't know that they exists, it's past impossible to find out."

The way I found out about OTRC is through a newspaper ad (or was it a magazine ad) placed by Don Aston for his business Yesterday's Radio. I sent for a catalogue, placed an order, AND in one of his mailings, he enclosed a flyer from NARA. I decided to join NARA and from their newsletter I heard about "THE CONVENTION" (one month after it occurred). So I wrote to Jay and asked to be notified about the next convention. Jay told me about his newsletter. I subscribed to that one. THEN I SAW HIS NOTICE CONCERNING OTRC.

The long and the short of the above paragraph is that NARA has a member who is also a dealer who thinks enough about NARA to include flyers concerning NARA in his mailings. Is OTRC so blessed? If not, why not recruit a dealer or two into the membership? OTRC's mailing list consists of members. ALL interested in old time radio. Dealers have mailing lists of people ALSO interested in old time radio. Since the lists are not identical, the advantages are obvious for both parties.

Once you get the membership

built up to over 200, then you can apply to the USPS for a Non-profit Organization bulk mailing permit (\$40.00 per year and approx. 6¢ for two oz piece of mail in zip code sequence and two-hundred or more per mailing) and reduce your mailing costs significantly. Agreed the transit time triples but a judicious changing of the mailing date would allow for that.

I have one of NARA's posters that they offered as a fund raiser. I wish that I had purchased several. A good premium could be used as a fund raiser for OTRC without too much difficulty.

Best regards and keep up the excellent work.

Sincerely,  
Thomas H. Monroe  
1426 Roycroft Avenue  
Lakewood, Ohio 44107

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

We owe apologies to all members especially to our out of town members who are not aware of the many factors that have led to these problems.

Our printer for many years was forced to give up the job because of illness and other personal reasons. What followed was a variety of formats and page sizes. All of this has raised havoc with our editor and his staff. We tried two other printers as well as unsuccessfully trying to repair a press. Good News! Our original printer, Millie Dunworth, has agreed to return as our official printer.

Due to our printing difficulties we were unable to supply many of our new members with tape library listings. If you are one of our new members that joined during the last six months, please write me requesting a copy. When making your first request of our tape librarian, Frank Bork, you will receive a fifty percent discount on tape rentals. (Please pay full postage.) Your second order will include a twenty-five percent discount. All following orders will be full price. Once again this applies to new members that have not received a tape listing in their original packet.

For all regular users of the tape library. If you want a tape listing please place a request for an updated listing when placing your next order with Frank Bork.

Lastly, we have been slow in sending out the Lone Ranger cassettes. We had not planned on mailing these cassettes until January. A snow storm hampered attendance at our January meeting. A February meeting was cancelled because of illness in Ed Wanat's family. Ed is the host

for all monthly meetings. What resulted was a serious problem of exchanging membership lists and cassettes. This has led to a six week delay in mailing these cassettes.

Once again we extend our apologies to all members who have been affected by these problems. Please write in the future if you feel that you have not been properly serviced.

Jerry Collins  
President  
Old Time Radio Club

I sent my dues in, and I am waiting for my cassette of the Lone Ranger program. I like the new size of the I.P. I was wondering if it would be possible to put like a center-fold of the Old Radio Stars or Programs in the I.P. so they could be removed for collecting or framing on your wall. Like the January issue for instance, I would like a 8 x 10 of Fibber McGee and Molly's Closet, but I would have to cut up the front of the book. Oh well, it's just a thought! Well that's about it for now, I hope 1984 is even better for the club than 1983. Keep up the good work.

Gary Bales  
2265 Partridge Lane  
Washington, Illinois 61571

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RETURN WITH US TO...



Phillips H. Lord



DURING THE UNCERTAIN TIMES OF THE NINETEEN-THIRTIES AND FORTIES, AMERICANS ENJOYED A SENSE OF STABILITY BECAUSE OF PHILLIPS H. LORD, STRONG HERO IDENTIFICATION WAS FOUND ON RADIO IN HIS GANGBUSTERS AND MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY THE HONOLULU PHILOSOPHY AND DRY IRISH HUMOR OF HIS BELOVED CHARACTER, SETH PARKER, WON HIM MILLIONS OF LISTENERS.



THE CREATOR OF DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY AND MANY MAJOR RADIO SHOWS WAS A FLAMBOYANT, AROUND-THE-CLOCK WORKER. HE WROTE, PRODUCED AND ACTED PARTS IN HIS CREATIONS... AT AGE 22, HE WAS THE YOUNGEST PERSON EVER TO HOLD THE POST OF HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL IN CONNECTICUT... PHILLIPS HAYNES LORD WAS BORN IN HARTFORD, CT, IN 1902 AND DIED AT ELLSWORTH, ME, IN 1972.

SETH PARKER

DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY

LEO HARRIS ©

### Program Notes

Chuck Schaden has announced on his Radio Theater, heard on WCFL-am, 1000 Khz, Chicago at 8 - 11 CST weekdays, that the station has been sold by its owners, the Mutual Broadcasting System. The sale is presently awaiting FCC approval. The buyer is Statewide Broadcasting, Inc. of Florida, which emphasizes "contemporary Christian religious programming". Thus, most WCFL programming will end with the finalization of the sale, which will include the WCFL Radio Theater.

At the time of this writing the series continues. Chuck Schaden has had some great OTR programs which will be missed. More information regarding this situation can be found in the February - March issue of Chuck Schaden's "Nostalgia Digest".

Send information, please, to Joe O'Donnell at 206 Lydia Lane, Cheektowaga, New York 14225, on any programming of interest in your area.

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TAPESPENDENTS CONT'D FROM PAGE 4

"BELLS" broadcast-NBC Monitor Dec. 31, 1956 from 11 pm-midnight featuring bells, poetry and songs about bells from around the world. H. Whitten  
928 Irving Street  
Philadelphia, PA. 19107

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## Editor's DESK



First of all, I would like to welcome many new members to our club as a result of an article in the February 6th issue of Business Week magazine on Old Time Radio. The 2 page spread mentioned our club along with a few others. Over 3 dozen requests were received looking for further information about our club. Several have already sent in their dues in response to my letter as of this writing on 2/27/84. I'm sure many more will have sent in by the time this issue is due to be mailed out to members. Please avail yourselves to the club's facilities and if you have any comments or contributions (articles, tapes, etc.) please forward them to me. An excellent way to locate specific items is to

utilize our free TAPESPENDENTS column which is FREE to all members and appears monthly in the Illustrated Press (I.P.) New members please note that all members may advertise at 1/2 price in our annual magazine, MEMORIES, which is sent out in mid-October.

In our next issue, we will conclude our Nick Carter story and the following issue we will start The Shadow and The Treasures of Death. See you next issue.

\*\*\*\*\*



**OPEN HOUSE**  
**4:45 to 5:45**  
Every Mon. thru Fri.  
with  
**JOE DEANE**  
*The Deane of Popular Music!*

**DON'T MISS IT - And DON'T MISS...**

### "MR. CHAMELEON"

Presented by  
**BAYER ASPIRIN**  
**8 P.M.**

Tonight:

"The High Cost of Living Murder Case"



**WHEC** ALWAYS OUT IN FRONT IN ROCHESTER!



The late Al Jolson visits the Bing Crosby show in 1949.

NICK CARTER in

GOLD &amp; GUNS

Copyright: Street &amp; Smith Oct. 1933

CHAPTER XVIII  
GRAVESEND RETURNS

Nick's brain started working before his body did. In the strain and the excitement of trying to get out of the suffocating safe, Nick had hardly wondered about who had slammed the door which locked them in there.

Now his mind reverted to the problem. There were only two motives for committing an act like that, an act of potential murder. One was to remove from the scene a detective and a safemaker who were on the trail of the gold. The other was to protect the man who had stolen the gold, by doing the same thing.

The night before Henry Winslow had been acting because he believed that Thomas Gravesend had stolen the gold, Nick Carter thought as he lay sprawled over the bodies of the other two men, the Mulligans had been acting because they knew where the gold was, Nick Carter was convinced. Or, to adopt the theory of the Federal men, because they, too, believed that Gravesend had stolen the gold.

Nick was satisfied now that the gold was not hidden under some false floor or wall inside the safe. That had been why he had gotten Baldwin there.

But--and here was a thought that worried Nick Carter--did the man who had closed the safe door know that?

The detective staggered to his feet. He crossed the cellar, went up the steps that led inside the house. He went up as cautiously as he could, making no noise at all. His fingers fumbled with the knob, but they did so quietly. Nick Carter could still not control all the muscles of his body.

He pulled the door open.

Somewhere, not too far away, he could hear Henry Winslow talking to his wife, the housekeeper. Nick Carter shut the door again.

He staggered back down the cellar steps to the floor. When he passed Chick and Philip Baldwin, he stopped, dropped to his knees, felt the men's hearts. They were recovering, but slowly. Nick figured that it was time for them to get some fresh air.

So this time he staggered up the other cellar stairs--the ones that led out into the back yard of the house. He tried to open the

door. It was closed, locked.

Nick remembered telling Pritchard not to come down into the cellar because they were investigating there. But the detective could not remember whether he himself had locked the cellar door or not.

Then he realized his mind was not yet working correctly. For he could not have locked the cellar doors from the inside. They were fastened with a paddlock.

Nick pulled a gun out of his pocket, started pounding on the under side of the doors with the butt of it. He had only pounded six or seven times, the pistol feeling as heavy as a cannon, when he heard some one fooling with the padlock outside.

Both doors were thrown open. Geoff Pritchard's young face looked down at Nick Carter.

"Are you through with your investigation, Mr. Carter?" Pritchard started to ask. Then his eyes went wide as he saw Nick's drawn condition. "What happened?" he asked.

"Locked in the safe," Nick said. "You"--pointing to Pritchard--"go down and get the other two men, bring them out in the air."

Nick staggered through the door, lurched out on the lawn. Then he saw something that brought him up short.

On the concrete platform in front of the garage, not twenty feet from the cellar doors, stood a car--a car that had not been there when he went into the cellar. And behind the car, leaning on the garage wall, was Thomas Gravesend.

It all came back to Nick Carter now--how he had heard a car, just before the safe door shut. Gravesend moved over toward Nick Carter.

Geoff Pritchard appeared in the cellar door, carrying Chick in his arms. He laid Chick on the lawn, and went back to get Baldwin.

Nick took deep breaths of the cool, fresh air. It felt wonderful.

If Gravesend saw the detective's disheveled sick-looking condition, he said nothing. Nick had collapsed on the grass, was resting on his hands, thrust out behind him.

"Hello there, Carter," Gravesend said. "Have you gotten anywhere with this case?"

Nick shook his head. He was too tired to talk any more than he had to.

Gravesend--Pritchard--Winslow. The three names revolved around in Nick Carter's head. Every one else thought that Gravesend had stolen the gold. And here he was, now, in a position to have shut the door on



Nick Carter, to have killed the detective who seemed to be getting close to the hiding place of the gold.

"I want you to drop this case," Gravesend said. "You haven't done me any good. They went on and arrested me, just as though you weren't on it. Have you seen the newspapers?"

Nick shook his head feebly.

"They're all laughing at you and at me," Gravesend told him. "What everybody want to know is, could there be two gangs after one mess of gold? The answer seems to be no, and the conclusion seems to be that I stole the gold."

Nick raised his eyelids, looked up at the ex-banker. "Did you?" he asked shortly.

"No," Gravesend said.

Nick staggered to his feet, waved a hand at the ex-banker's eyes.

"Do you know who did steal the gold?" he asked.

"That's your job," Gravesend told him. "And your job is over. I'll send you some money when I can raise it". He turned away.

Nick stared after him.

Was Gravesend taking Nick Carter off the case because he, too, thought that Nick was getting close to the gold? Was Gravesend the robber of his own money?

Nick didn't know.

He turned back to the place where Chick and Baldwin were lying on the grass. The men's eyes were now open, but they were too feeble to talk.

Pritchard came around the corner. Nick Buttonholed him.

"Tell me, Pritchard," the detective asked, his voice sounding feeble, "how long were you outside here? Were you there when Mr. Gravesend arrived?"

Pritchard shook his head.

"I was working around behind the barn," he told Nick. "I heard the car come in, and couldn't get away. I didn't see Gravesend for about ten minutes after he got here. What happened down in the cellar--I'll send for a doctor," the young young man finished irreverently.

"We need a doctor," Nick Carter told him. "Somebody locked us in the safe. We nearly suffocated."

Pritchard's eyebrows rose. His gaze followed Gravesend's back, disappearing toward the house. Nick pretended not to notice the young man's gesture.

The detective threw out a feeler.

"When are you and Iris going

to get married?" he asked Pritchard.

The young man shrugged. He made some excuse about getting back to his work, went over toward the garage, picked up some gardening tools, and walked around the barn and disappeared.

If Pritchard believed that Gravesend would eventually recover his own money, Nick thought, what was the motive in his breaking off his engagement? If he didn't believe it, why was he trying to make Nick Carter think that?

But the problem was too much for Nick. He went and sat down, next to Chick and Baldwin.

Some time later a doctor arrived, in a flashy runabout, and examined the three men--Baldwin first, then Chick, then Nick.

Baldwin would have to go to a hospital, the doctor said. There was a chance that he might be gravely ill.

A couple of days would fix Chick up.

To Nick the doctor said:

"Weren't you in the safe with these men?"

Nick stared at him a little curiously. "Yes, I was," he said. "I was the man who got us out."

The doctor shook his head.

"Impossible," he told Nick Carter. "You seem to be perfectly normal."

"I don't feel that way," Nick said.

Then, suddenly, the detective heard someone coming around the house. "Well, if you insist, doctor," Nick said, not too loudly, to arouse suspicion, "I'll go to bed for a day or so. But I don't think I need it."

He winked at the doctor.

The medical man was a quick thinker. "All right," he said. "A rest is what you need. I can't answer for the consequences if you stay on your feet."

Thomas Gravesend appeared around the corner of the house.

"You'll have to put these two men to bed," the doctor said, indicating Nick and his assistant. "The third man I'll drive over to the hospital myself."

Gravesend swore a little. "I was hoping to get these detectives out of my house," he told the doctor.

"I read about your case in the paper," the doctor answered. "Mysterious about the gold, isn't it?"

He looked at Nick Carter, and his eyelid drooped imperceptibly. Nick hadn't seen the newspapers, but from the doctor's attitude it was obvious that the public, too, believed that Gravesend was the thief--a curious sort of thief, a man who stole his own goods.

Gravesend went away to give in-

structions to Henry Winslow about taking care of the detective. The doctor picked up Philip Baldwin's body and put it in his car.

"I'll look after this man," he assured Nick Carter. "And good luck, Mr. Carter. It's been an honor to meet a detective like you."

"How's that?" Nick asked.

"You've got the most wonderful physique," the doctor said, "I've ever seen. And," he added, as he got into his car, "the most wonderful nerve too."

He threw the car into gear and drove away, turning on the concrete platform and driving down the road.

Winslow came around the house and picked Chick Carter up. Nick staggered along after him, his hand on the servant's shoulder for support. Again Nick Carter noticed how strong Winslow was for his age. Was it possible that Nick Carter had been guiled, that the servant was the man who had carried the gold out?

Nick didn't know.

Ten minutes later the detective was lying in bed, in his pajamas; in the adjoining room. Chick Carter slept. Thomas Gravesend appeared in Nick's bedroom.

"If you want anything," the ex-banker said sourly, "ring for Winslow." He disappeared.

As Nick heard his ex-client's feet clump down the stairs, the detective was out of bed. Under his pajamas he wore all his clothes--black clothes. Nick looked out the window.

Gravesend was crossing the concrete platform in front of the garage. He disappeared into the woods.

In a few moments he came back with a shovel, one of the spades that Geoff Prichard had carried off into the woods a few moments before. With this he crossed the platform again. He disappeared into the woods on the other side of the house.

Instantly Nick Carter was stripping off his pajamas. He hurried down the stairs, darting into a recess once when Mrs. Winslow came by.

No one saw Nick leave the house. He got out on the lawn, skirted the house cautiously.

As he watched, Nick Carter saw something gray, something alive, move through the trees.

Gravesend had been wearing a brown suit.

The detective's fingers went for his gun.

Keeping in the shadow of the trees, Nick Carter got across the lawn, got into the woods. He started working toward the spot where the man in the gray suit was.

Then ahead of him he saw Grave-

send's brown suit, moving steadily through the woods, up a little path. The man in the gray suit kept off the path, kept trailing Gravesend along, dodging in and out of the trees.

The detective's heart beat excitedly.

Had he discovered the real criminal? Was it someone whom Nick Carter had not heard of before? Or was this man one of the Mulligan gang--a last member, come back to get the gold that the gang had cached, had never been able to get back, because Nick Carter had descended on them?

The grave procession moved through the woods. In the lead was Gravesend, moving sturdily in the middle of the path, his spade over his shoulder. Off to one side, scouting through the woods, was the man in the grey suit. Farther in the rear was Nick Carter.

He was not only following Gravesend, he was following the other man, too. Would Gravesend lead them to the gold? Nick Carter would find out.

Or was the man in the gray suit about to assassinate Gravesend for the three hundred thousand odd dollars that was hidden someplace very near the house? Nick's hand was on his gun, ready to act at the first signs of action on the part of either of the men ahead of him.

Nick's shoulders were bent over. He slipped through the shrubbery as quietly as an animal of the woods. His feet instinctively avoided twigs that might break and disclose his presence. His shoulders instinctively drew themselves aside as branches swept at them.

Then, ahead on the path, up at the top of a little hill, Nick saw a small stone structure. The path seemed to end there, and Gravesend seemed to be headed for there, too.

Nick wondered what the stone house could be. He had not heard of its existence before. It looked like a spring house--possibly it was, one that had piped spring water to the house in the days before the home had been surrounded by other houses, before it was on a regular water system.

Gravesend pulled a rusty nail out of the hasp of the door of the little stone house. He pulled the door open. It creaked loudly, complainingly, on its hinges. The ex-banker disappeared inside. He shut the door after him.

Nick waited, hidden. The man in the gray suit crept up on the stone house. There was a boarded-up window at one side, but the boards

were not close fitting. There were wide cracks in between them.

To one of these cracks the man in the gray suit applied his eye.

Nick did not go near the stone house. He waited, watching the man in the gray suit, just as the man in the gray suit watched Gravesend.

#### CHAPTER XIX THOSE PERSISTENT MULLIGANS

It was cool and calm up there in the woods, a nice place to be after Nick's horrible experience confined inside the safe. Nick lay quietly under the branches. It was nice to see the sun streaming down through the leaves of the boughs, nice to see the sun at all after he being in a place where he had thought he would never feel the open air again.

Nick took long, quiet breaths as he watched the little gray man peering through the cracks of the window into the stone house.

Then, suddenly, Nick heard the noise of the rusty old hinges bending. The door of the spring house started to open again.

The world-famous detective hoisted himself up on his elbows, got his feet up under him cautiously. Nick pulled his gun, let it dangle between his two knees, held loosely in one hand. His eyes were more on the little gray man than they were on Thomas Gravesend.

The ex-banker appeared in the door of the spring house. He carried the shovel in one hand. It had on it the marks of fresh, moist soil. But Gravesend carried nothing else--no bags that might contain the gold.

Nick Carter's lips pursed in a silent whistle. Had Gravesend, believing that the gold was discovered, gone out there to be sure that it was still there? That was what it looked like.

Slowly, Gravesend put the rusty nail back in the hasp of the door. Then he went away down the path.

Nick's gun leaped to attention, for the gray man, too, had produced a pistol. With it he was pointing at Gravesend's back.

Nick's finger tightened on his trigger. He was prepared to shoot the little gray man, if those knuckles on the man's hand whitened.

But they didn't. The man in the gray suit allowed Gravesend to walk away down the path. Then, holding his pistol in his hand, the mysterious stranger went around to the front of the spring house.

Out of his pocket the man in the gray suit took a bottle of oil. With this he doused the hinges of the door liberally. Nick noticed

this. It was the sort of thing he would have done himself, and peculiarly, it aroused the detective's suspicions even more. No honest man would do to such trouble to keep from being heard.

The hinges oiled, the man, in the gray suit pulled the door of the spring house open. He disappeared inside the stone building.

Gravesend was far down the path now, going toward the house. Nick's mind worked actively. Which should he do--follow Gravesend and see where the banker went now, or go up to the spring house and observe the man in the gray suit?

Nick decided to try to do both. He crept up the path cautiously. With three hundred thousand dollars at stake, the man who had the gold would not hesitate to kill.

Nick got to the same window through which the man in the gray suit had been looking. At first the detective could see nothing inside the old stone spring house. Then he made out the man he had been following.

His gray coat had been abandoned. It hung on the inside of the door. The man was using an old plank for a shovel. He was digging in the ground--in the moist, earthen floor of the spring house--furiously.

There was no doubt that Gravesend too, had been digging in there. All the ground on the floor looked as though it had been freshly turned over. From the air of industry with which the man who wore the gray suit was attacking his task, Nick knew that he would keep on digging for some minutes.

The detective backed cautiously away from the spring house. Once in the woods, however, Nick Carter put on speed. He tore downhill toward the house, moving very quickly, but very silently.

He passed Gravesend, trotting down the path. But Nick was twenty feet to the one side of the little beaten track, moving so surely, so quietly, that Gravesend's head never turned.

Nick came out of the woods, saw a clearing ahead of him. It was a cornfield. Up at the top of the cornfield was the cucumber frame that stood beside the old, converted barn. Geoff Pritchard was working there.

Cautiously Nick got back into the woods again. But he didn't go very far. He skirted around the edge of the clearing. When he came out again, it was on the other side of the garage.

Nick broke cover now, ran furiously to the house. He skirted the concrete platform in front of the garage. If he ran across that, his

feet would sound noisily, and Pritchard would hear it.

Nick got to the cellar door, the same cellar door that had been locked on him when he and Chick and Baldwin were all in the safe. The doors were flung open now. A padlock lay, unfastened, in one of the staples.

Nick took this padlock, being careful not to lock it. Then he got back into the woods again.

He raced down through the little valley and then up the hill to the spring house. He passed Gravesend on the way. The ex-banker was still moving toward the mansion.

Nick made the spring house in a quarter of the time it had taken him on his last trip. Cautiously he crept up, looked inside the window. The man in the gray suit was still digging.

Nick noticed something that had not occurred to him before. The man had his coat off, as Nick had noticed, and out of the armoles of his vest peeped two guns. A gangster, Nick thought, or at least someone accustomed to wearing artillery.

The window through which Nick was looking was too small to allow a man to escape. Nick went around to the front door. He pulled the rusty nail out of the hasp, first oiling it with a bottle much smaller than the gray man had used to oil the hinges. It came out noiselessly.

In its place, Nick Carter put the stout padlock; the padlock that had held the cellar doors shut while Nick was penned inside. Then Nick Carter left that place.

He tore downhill, fast, going along the path now. He was sure that Gravesend was far ahead of him.

When he reached the bottom of the little valley, started up again toward the house, he saw Gravesend ahead of him. Gravesend was just coming out of the woods, was just reaching the edge of the garage. He disappeared around the corner, and Nick heard his heels beating across the concrete platform.

But as Gravesend had turned, Nick had seen his face, and something in the detective's intuition told him that Gravesend did not look like a man who had just uncovered three hundred thousand dollars in gold. The banker looked puzzled, anxious, eager. Nick decided to follow him.

But even as he did so, a noise in the woods attracted the detective's attention. Back up the hill from the little stone house came the noise of shots.

Some one was firing off a pistol.

Nick turned and retraced his steps, along the path through the woods.

He was fairly galloping now--his feet hardly seemed to touch the ground.

Up the path went Nick Carter. Ahead of him he saw the stone spring house. The padlock he had put on the door was still there, intact. That meant that the little gray man was inside, Nick thought.

But the detective went cautiously. Instead of running across the clearing, he went slowly, his gun ready in his hand. Halfway across, Nick Carter saw that there were two bullet holes behind the padlock, through the wooden door.

He turned, realizing that the little man had shot his way out, was hiding in the woods. As he started to turn, a cool voice said:

"Put them up, fellow."

Nick whirled. A gun sounded. But the detective had dropped to the ground.

His own pistol was trained on the figure that had stepped out of the woods. Nick jumped to his feet, never letting the pistol waver in its aim. He and the other man stood there, their guns trained on each other, deadlocked.

Nick knew that if he wanted to fire he could beat the other man to the shot. Nick had no doubt of his own ability to outshoot anyone. But if he did that, he might never find the gold.

"I'll drop my gun," the detective called, "if you will."

The other man nodded.

"When I count three," Nick said. "One--two--" On the third count, both guns landed in the clearing.

Nick knew that he had another gun under his coat, knew that it was only a matter of split seconds before he could get it out. He knew also that the other man carried another gun. That was why his offer had been taken up.

The man in the gray suit stepped forward, put his coat back on.

"Who are you?" he asked. He kept his hands near his coat lapels.

Nick took two steps to meet him, also keeping his hands up.

"I'm Nick Carter," the world-famous detective said crisply.

The other man started laughing.

Nick stared at him in astonishment. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Con Connors, of the United States secret service."

Almost sheepishly, Nick Carter grinned. Both men reached down, picked up their revolvers, and put them back in their holsters. As Nick's coat flicked open, disclosing another gun, Connors chuckled again.

"You weren't taking any chances, were you, Mr. Carter?" he asked.

Nick shook his head.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Connors, I'd like to see your shield."

Con Connors dipped into his coat pocket. He opened his hand when he took it out. There was a little gold shield inside it, the size of a man's thumb nail.

Nick nodded. Then he, too, reached into his pocket, pulled out his wallet, showed his card.

"What's your story?" he asked.

"About the same as yours, I guess," Connors said. "We figured that if we let Gravesend go out on bail, I could follow him, and he'd lead me right to the gold."

"Did he?" Nick asked.

Connors gestured broadly toward the spring house. "Look for yourself."

Nick took a few steps toward the stone house, pulled the door open. Inside, the mud floor was all cut up. Connors had missed no chances to dig around in the floor. The mud was heaved in all directions. But there was no sign of any gold.

"What do you make of it?" Nick asked the secret-service man.

"I don't know," Connors rejoined slowly. "You don't think Gravesend has gone crazy, do you?"

Nick considered this. "I don't know. He acts like a man who's looking for the gold himself."

Connors nodded. "That seemed to be my idea," he said. "Let's go on down the trail."

Together the two detectives walked back toward the house. They got all the way to the edge of the woods without seeing anything suspicious. Then, halfway there, Nick turned to the secret-service man.

"There's a car coming up the road," he said. "I can hear it. Do you know, Connors, I have a suspicion that this case is about broken—that things are going to blow off to-day."

Connors nodded. A car whirled around the corner of the house. Out of it suddenly deployed a half-dozen men. They were armed with machines that looked like banjos at first. But Nick knew better. They were sub-machine guns.

"The rest of the Mulligan gang," Nick said, between set teeth.

Connors started. Both detectives pulled their guns. They dropped back into the woods, fell to their stomachs.

The gangsters gathered around the house in a circle, one man at each corner of the big house. Two men at the front corners could cover the road. Their car stood on the concrete platform, over in front of the garage.

Neither Gravesend nor Pritchard was in sight. Then, suddenly, Thomas Gravesend appeared in the cellar door.

One of the gangsters gestured at him with the barrel of the machine gun. Slowly Gravesend raised his hands.

The gangster called something to Gravesend. Nick could not make it out, and the banker backed up against the building wall, his hands held high.

Two of the gangsters were not needed to cover the place with a machine gun. They produced shovels from the car, and started digging up the yard behind the house.

"Let 'em work," Nick Carter muttered to the secret-service man. "If the gold's hidden there, let them find it. Then we'll step in and get them."

"Someone in the house will phone for the State troopers," Connors said. Nick shook his head. "From what I know of these gorillas," he admitted, "they cut the telephone wire before they came up the road."

The two gangsters who were digging were working near to the wall of the house. Nick saw what was on their minds. They believed the gold was hidden some place in the cellar wall. From where they were digging they would soon be in at the top of the safe, in the little corridor where Winslow had tackled Nick Carter.

An air of ominous quiet lay over the calm country yard. No noise was made, except the noise that the two shovels made, digging into the earth and throwing out the loosened dirt.

But at each corner of the house was a man with a machine gun. Leaning against the house, looking suddenly very old and very tired, was Thomas Gravesend.

"I hope that fool Pritchard doesn't come running out of the woods and start trouble," Nick Carter said.

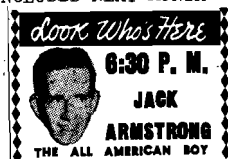
"If he does," Connors rejoined dryly, "those gorillas will certainly put him out quickly."

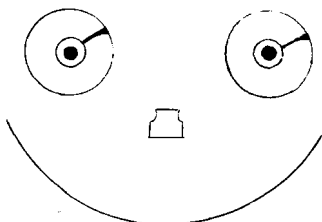
"Too quickly," Nick answered, "I don't know whether we can use our pistols in time to stop them."

Then the detectives lay still. With their guns they had covered the three gorillas that they could see. But they knew that if a fight started, they would be badly outnumbered. Revolvers are no weapons against Thompson sub-machine guns.

The two gangsters went on digging. The four other men kept on cradling their guns.

\*\*\*CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH\*\*\*





## REEL-LY SPEAKING

The tape library keeps growing thanks to members like Jackie Thompson for her donation of cassettes. Tom Monroe sent over two dozen reel to reel tapes, Gary Filroy sent a dozen reel to reel tapes, Joe O'Donnell for his Christmas tapes of last year's complete WEBR Christmas radio shows and Frank Boncore for this year's complete WEBR Christmas program. Both Joe and Frank donated a reel to reel and cassette tape of the fiftieth anniversary of the Lone Ranger with Fran Striker Jr. Dick Olday donated cassettes of Mark Trail. Ours is a hobby like none other. Sounds of times past with a non-falling picture tube in our brain where we are not only hearing and seeing the action, be it mystery, comedy or adventure, in our minds eye, we are there. Thanks to gals and guys like those mentioned they freely share with beginners and old timers alike, their collections. Thanks gang. As a beginner a few short years ago I started the hard way, buying records and tapes. Thanks to Chuck Seeley, my collection leaped by a hundred reels. Chuck loaned me thirty or forty reels at a time. After all these years I think I should say, thanks Chuck. By the way Chuck, one of these Saturdays I'm coming over to your house to borrow more. Listed below are more tapes that have been donated to our club library. Once again, thanks gang.

## ALL MARK TRAIL - CASSETTE

- C-136 Guardians of Tepee  
Mystery of Missing Deer  
C-137 The Lumber King of Timber  
Mountain 1/30/50 (1st show)  
Polluted Waters 2/1/50  
C-138 Satan & Devils Herd 2/3/50  
Chief Lightfoot & The Buffalo  
2/6/50

- R-171 1800'- ALL SUPERMAN 1938 -  
Origin Premier Show  
First Feat  
Limited Saved  
An Engine Disappears  
Superman Looks for the Engine  
Wolfe Captured  
Emperor of the World  
The Yellow Mask  
Short Time to Find Yellow Mask  
and Lois

First Public Appearance  
Girl Stabbed in Hospital  
North Star Mining Co.  
The Tramp Steamer'  
The House Search  
The Nine  
Feno & The Wolf Team up with the  
Yellow Mask  
The Jinx Town

R-172 1800'  
I Love a Mystery  
The Thing that Cries in the Night  
Episodes 1 - 15  
1 thru 18 - 1949  
Adventures of Black & Blue 1931  
"Great Train Robbery"  
"Escape on a Sleigh"  
Jerry of the Circus Episode 1 & 2  
Adventures by Morse-it's Dismal to Die  
Weird Circle - Mateos Falcone  
Weird Circle - Expectations of an Heir

R-173 1800' - ALL CHRISTMAS SHOWS  
Our Miss Brooks-Connies Xmas Tree  
Life of Riley-Riley Needs Money for  
Xmas.  
Bob Hope Show-Xmas from Long Beach  
Vets hospital  
Johnny Dollar-Nick Schoer Matter  
Xmas Eve  
AFRS Xmas Spectacular-E. Cantor-  
Bergen & McCarthy  
Xmas Music - Arthur Fiedler  
Gunsmoke - Xmas eve in Dodge  
A Christmas Carol-Lionel Barrymore  
The Littlest Angel-Loretta Young  
Family Theater-Juggler of our Lady  
Bell Telephone Hour-Old Fashion  
Christmas


R-174 1800' ALL CHRISTMAS SHOWS  
Superman  
Lone Ranger-Dr. Upton  
Miracle on 34th Street  
Sam Spade  
Shadow-A Gift of Murder  
Shadow-Joey's Christmas  
Burns and Allen -  
Gunsmoke Beekers Barn  
A Christmas Carol-Lionel Barrymore  
Dragnet-A Gun for Christmas  
Jack Benny-Cactus Christmas Tree  
Dragnet-Religious Statue is Stolen  
R-175 2400'  
Halloween Story 1981  
Halloween Story 1982  
NBC Presents A Half Century of Comedy  
Johnny Carson Nov. 21, 1982  
Bob Hope NBC Christmas Show

R-176 2400' ALL CHRISTMAS SHOWS  
Fred Allen  
Henry Aldrich  
It Pays to be Ignorant  
Duffy's Tavern-Xmas Raffle  
Casey Crim Photographer  
Other Wise Man  
Abbott & Costello  
Jack Benny  
Charlie McCarthy Show  
Gildersleeve  
Our Miss Brooks

Suspense-Out for Christmas  
Jack Benny  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
Miracle on 34th Street - 60 min.  
Francis Edward Bork

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- 7:45—Edward R. Murrow—News
- 8:00—Jazz Sanctum
- 9:00—Lux Radio Theater
- 10:00—My Friend Irma
- 10:30—The Bob Hawk Show





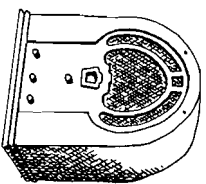
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