

# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

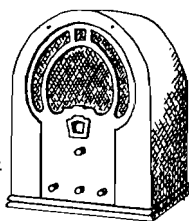
NO. 97 - NOVEMBER, 1984



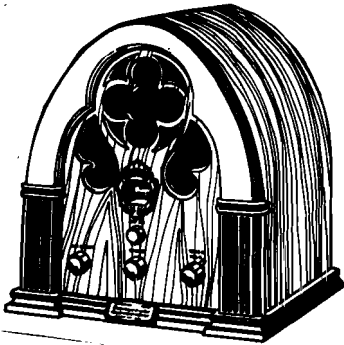
HARRY VON ZELL

DON WILSON

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



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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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.  
 Dominic Parisi  
 38 Ardmore Pl.  
 Buffalo, NY 14213

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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 #98 - November 12  
 #99 - December 10  
 #100 - January 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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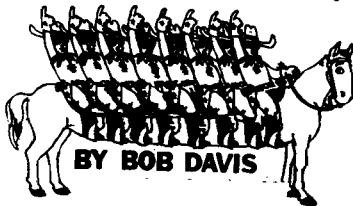
PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THE TAPE LIBRARY AND CLUB DUES.

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Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

# SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



I hadn't intended for there to be a part four of my "Adventures in Wonderland" epic but something happened that relates to it so I'm passing it along to you oh faithful reader.

In the interest of ever onward and upward we (Chuck and Bob) decided to leave John Otto's show and move on to greener pastures. I'd had a run in with the program director at John's station and was in a blue funk. They couldn't treat ME (!) that way! I'd show 'em! We'll go over to the competing station and do our thing over there.

Ol' Chuckles was caught in the middle and somewhat grudgingly decided to go along with my plan. I called the P.D. at the other station and set up a meeting. The meeting went well and we were scheduled to appear a week later. The first show was to be a test show to see how well it all went over. We agreed to do it for free but made it clear that any subsequent shows would be for \$\$\$\$.

Even though we were at odds with John's station, we were still on great terms with John. He didn't want to see us go but said he understood our feelings. Like I said a couple of times, John's a real friend and continues to be so.

Things started going wrong right from the start when we got to the new station and found ourselves locked out! The buzzer at the door brought no response at all. We ended up finding a window and tossing things at it until someone inside took notice and came to open the door. A real great start!

Now I've got to admit that Chuck and I have gotten pretty spoiled in the last couple of years with big studios and remote broadcasts from the Hyatt Regency Lounge. That's really good stuff! The studio that we were now being led into reminded me of a closet. Holy Cow was that

place small. Definately not a place to be if you were claustrophobic.

There was a narrow table along one wall and when you sat at it the microphone almost hit you right in the face because there wasn't room to move it back. This was a setup designed for someone about the size of Don Knotts or Wally Cox, not for the likes of either Chuck or me! Man, it was snug!

A few minutes before air time the host came in and when he saw Chuck and me sitting there smoking he made it clear that he didn't want us smoking while he was in there! Nice guy!

He made some adjustments to the volume level of the headphones and said "there, that's loud enough for me." It was fine for him but we could hardly hear a darn thing. We told him about it and he fiddled around with a dial and said "that should be better. It's way up now." His might have been way up but ours was still almost nonexistent.

Chuck looked at me and I looked at him and we read each others mind. This whole deal just wasn't going to work out! We sat there wondering how to go about getting back on John's show at the other station.

Air time...The first thing we did was light up a couple of cigarettes. If the host was going to complain about it he'd have to do it on the air...He didn't.

We got through the show somehow and in the process set some sort of record for number of calls taken in. Even the host was amazed at the numbers. Audience response was fantastic. The host was very up now and told us that he wouldn't mind at all if we could do this every week. He said he'd talk to the P.D. and put the word in for us. Actually at that point Chuck and I couldn't have cared less. Oh well, maybe if the money was right we could live with it.

The program director called me two days later and asked if we'd be interested in doing the show every week. It was at this point that the ugly question of money came up. He made an offer we could refuse and I countered with an offer that suddenly had him talking about the stations quarterly budget and how tough things were. Now this is a pretty big station here in Buffalo and they are constantly giving away trips to the Bahamas or new cars or some such thing. They're doing things like this and the making us an offer that was so shamefully low that I don't even want to mention it here.

I told him thanks, but no thanks. We'd pass on this one.

John called me the next day to find out how things were going. When I told him what had happened and all the things that had gone wrong (many of which I haven't mentioned in this article) and the general bad vibes that we felt about the whole situation, he said he would match the offer they had made. I accepted on the spot! Six days after the abortive effort at the other station we were back with John on the air from the luxurious Hyatt Regency. It was like coming home again.

Even though I'm still on the outs with the current P.D. we seem to be doing the show more often than ever. We're still not weekly but we are pretty close. The P.D., who also doubles as an on the air personality, takes frequent verbal shots at us and we, in turn, shoot back. It's almost like the famous Jack Benny/Fred Allen feud. Who knows what it will evolve into? Even the listening audience is getting into it. Someone will call in and say "Did you hear what he had to say about you today?"

You know, I kind of hate to admit it but it's almost becoming fun trying to top the remark that this %\$%\$% said about us. Anyway, it sure does liven up a show!

The bottom line is this. The Chuck and Bob Show lives on although it did some floundering around for a while. The next time they're going to have to quit us. We've learned that what Dorothy said was true... "There's no place like home".

See ya next time.

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# Editor's DESK



Next year our club will be celebrating its tenth birthday. Special editions of the I.P. and MEMORIES, a fantastic contest (see Jim Snyder's column next month), and a special birthday renewal price will help us celebrate this momentous occasion. All members may deduct 10% from their 1985 dues provided that they are paid in full by 1/1/85. The February ILLUSTRATED PRESS, Issue #100, will be double sized and contain a special letters section for our birthday. If you wish to send us a birthday letter, please send it to me on or before 1/11/85.

Due to good publicity and some advertising, our club membership has blossomed to almost 200 members! This is the highest number of members our club ever had. Good things are happening, so stick with us and see what we have planned for our 25th birthday!

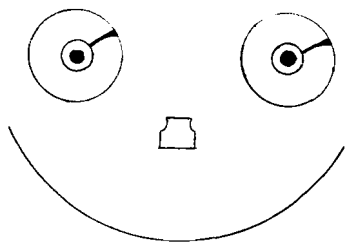


**WE ARE CELEBRATING OUR 10TH BIRTHDAY IN 1985 WITH SPECIAL SIZED PUBLICATIONS, CONTESTS AND MANY OTHER SURPRISES INCLUDING...**

**→ 10% DISCOUNT ON MEMBERSHIP**

**1985 ANNUAL DUES \$17.50  
- 10% DISCOUNT 1.75  
YOU PAY 15.75**

**THIS OFFER EXPIRES 12/31/84**



## REEL-LY SPEAKING

BY: Francis E. Bork

Well summer's over and now down to do serious taping. Haven't done much this past summer, spent all my spare time camping. I did get to listen to a lot of shows I taped last winter and this spring. Got a lot of new reels and cassettes from club members for our tape library. Thanks to Graig England, Jim Snyder and Hy Daly. Say, Hy, where the heck is the Sherlock Holmes shows you were going to send me? Forgot, I bet. Letters, letters and more letters I get. If I haven't sent you your request for reels or cassettes it's because I am waiting for other club members to return them. Please send an alternate list of at least six or more. Bad news, sure have some. One member has had reels, three of them since last March 15th, doesn't even reply to my letters. Twelve other members have a total of 45 reels and 34 cassettes all past the month and a half mark. Please guys whada say, lets be fair. Other club members are waiting for those tapes. How would you feel if someone held back on a tape you wanted to borrow? Or worse if they were your very own tapes? Well, there I've said it, now its up to you guys to be good scouts and return the tapes. Have you guys noticed our cassette library is starting to grow now. Thanks gang, send in more so we can keep the cassette library growing even more.

Below are listed more tapes for the club library.

Till next month good listening.

P.S. I'm going on vacation for a couple of weeks so when your tapes arrive late, that will be the reason.

C-148 Nick Carter-Death after Dark  
The Shadow - Guest of death

C-149 Red Skeleton - Guardian Angel's  
go on Strike.  
London Paladium or Bust.

C-150 The Shadow - Death prowls at  
night.  
Voodoo.

C-151 Campbell Playhouse-Beau Geste

C 152 - Major Bowes Original Amateur  
hour.  
Mansfield Ohio is saluted this  
week.

C-153 Lux Theater - Mr. Deeds goes to  
town.  
The Physician in spite of himself.

C-154 Lux Theater - Buck Privates -  
Abbott & Costello.  
Life of Riley - Bill Bendix

C-155 Theater Five - Finders can be  
loser.  
Fog.  
Bang, Bang, you're dead.  
Discotheque

C-156 Lux Theater-Miracle of the Bells.  
Road to Morocco

C-157 - Theater Five-I've got your  
number.  
The Hunters.  
The delinquents.  
The Button stealers.

C-158 Gunsmoke-The Railroad.  
Drop Dead.

C-159 Lux Theater-Moontide-H.Bohart

C-160 Jezebel - Bette Davis  
Morning Glory-Elizabeth Taylor

C-161 Mystery Theater-The Saxon Curse.  
Defense Attorney-Joshua Masters.

C-162 Suspense-On a Country road-Cary  
Grant.  
Zero Hour-8 yr.old-Evelyn Rudi.  
Three Skelton Key-Vincent Price

C-163 Lights Out-Until dead-Frank  
Lovejoy.  
The Meteor Man.

R-254-A 1200' FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY  
Fibber's new dog-Young Fireball  
Fibber's sellin his old Raccoon coat.  
Duck Hunter McGee  
Some like it hot.  
Homecoming dance chaperones.  
Floorwalker McGee  
Detective McGee  
Big Pool match

R-254-B 1200' FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY  
Fibber paints the kitchen  
Hunting trip  
Lost keys-shoveling snow  
Laundromat  
The Gazette writes up the McGee's.  
Making a fruit cake.  
Dr. Gamble day  
Dress dummy

R-255 1200' DR. KILDARE  
 Cowboy & little boy  
 Burn victim  
 Hysteria or Hydrophobia  
 Would be novelist  
 Give up baby for adoption  
 Kildare's romance  
 Gillespie's new suit  
 Gold mine inventment.

R-256 1200'  
 Lifebouy show 10/18/38  
 Lifebouy Show 11/1/38  
 Father Coughlin 4/4/37  
 Jack Benny 12/26/48  
 Jack Benny 5/29/55  
 Songs by Frank Sinatra 10/17/45  
 Songs by Frank Sinatra 10/24/45

R-257 1200'  
 Sam Spade - Baflo cup caper  
 Suspense - Kettler method  
 Big Sister - Ricky's hostile  
 Just Plain Bill-Poison Fruit 1946  
 Mary Noble Back Stage Wife  
 Myrt & Marge-Rex Hood 1938  
 Stella Dallas 1938  
 Lorenzo Jones - 1950  
 Candy Matson-Fortune Teller case  
 One Man's Family  
 Ma Perkins  
 When a Girl marries  
 Life can be Beautiful.

R-258 1800'  
 OLD GOLD SHOW - Frank Sinatra  
 9/19/45 Pied Pipers  
 10/10/45 Frances Langford  
 10/17/45 Gene Kelly  
 10/24/45 Tommy Dorsey  
 11/7/45 - Lawrence Tibbett  
 11/14/45 Andrew Sisters  
 11/28/45 Nat King Cole  
 12/5/45 Martha Tilton-Crosby Boys  
 11/21/45 Marilyn Maxwell-Louis Prima  
 12/19/45 Ella Mae Morse-The Vagabonds  
 12/26/45 Mitchell Boys Choir

R-259 1200'  
 Adventures of Malsie-Ann Southern  
 London Dress Model  
 Traveling sales lady  
 Collect clothes for the poor  
 Sales contest-Bixel blacks Eddie's eye  
 Work on farm  
 Manicurest  
 Night Club  
 Hollywood waitress

R-260 1200'  
 Adventures of Dick Cole  
 Everglades Indians  
 Jed Jackson story  
 Charity carnival  
 Major league scout  
 Artillary range finder  
 Pacific atoll  
 Werewolf loose

R-261 1800' NIGHTBEAT  
 The Number 13  
 The Misstyped letter  
 A world of his own  
 You Never know about people  
 Flowers on the water  
 Am I my brothers keeper  
 The Tong war  
 Raging Flame  
 I wish you were dead  
 Harlen Mathews stamp dealer  
 The juvenile gangster  
 Marty

R-262 1800' HALLMARK PLAYHOUSE  
 Elmer the great  
 Goodbye Mr. Chips  
 The desert shall rejoice  
 I like it here  
 Prairie years  
 Berkley Square  
 The failure  
 Our own kind  
 The wild  
 Story of the writting of "Silent Night"  
 Night  
 O'Halloran's luck  
 One foot in heaven

R-263 - 1800' SCREEN DIRECTORS PLAYHOUS  
 Mr. Blandings dream house  
 A kiss in the dark  
 Fort Apache  
 The best years of our lives  
 The Prince of Foxes  
 All my sons  
 The unvited  
 Chicago deadline  
 Hold back the dawn  
 Thelma Jordan

R-264 1800' OLD GOLD SHOW WITH  
 FRANK SINATRA  
 12/12/45 NO Guest  
 1/30/46 Benny Goodman  
 2/6/46 Bob Hope  
 1945 Bob Hope  
 12/18/46 Peggy Mann  
 10/30/46  
 4/9/47 Jane Powell  
 4/23/47 Irving Berlin  
 12/4/46 Peggy Mann  
 12/25/46 Jane Powell  
 11/6/46 Jimmy Durante  
 9/18/46 Andre Previn

R-265 1800' HALLMARK PLAYHOUSE  
 Cimmaron  
 Smiling Through  
 The Barker  
 Parnassus on wheels  
 My friend Flicka  
 Random Harvest  
 Clay shuttered doors  
 Wyatt Earp  
 My financial career  
 so big  
 Salad days  
 Night of the hayride

BACK ISSUES DEPARTMENT  
By: Dominic Parisi

The following listed back issues of the Illustrated Press and Memories are still available from the Back Issues Department. Some issues are in limited supply.

I.P.s

- 1977 - Oct., Nov., Dec.
- 1978 - Jan. thru March, May thru Dec.
- 1979 - Jan. thru April, July, Aug./Sept. is a double issue, Oct. thru Dec.
- 1980 - All months. May/June is a double issue.
- 1981 - All months. Aug./Sept. is a double issue.
- 1982 - Jan. thru April, June thru Dec.
- 1983 - All months.
- 1984 - Jan. thru June, July/Aug. is a double issue, Sept.

MEMORIES

- Vol. 1 - # 3, 4, 5.
- Vol. 2 - # 1
- Vol. 3 - # 1
- Vol. 4 - # 1, 3
- Vol. 5 - # 1

EXTRAS - Available at \$.50 each.  
Dec. 1977 Special issue.  
Ed. R. Murrow - 4 pages.

Program Log - 4 pages includes:  
Mercury Theater, Knickerbocker Playhouse, Grand Marque, Popeye the Sailor Presenting Boris Karloff.

**THE MAN BEHIND  
THE GUN**  
at 7:00 p.m.

Go into battle with the man behind the gun...ride tank destroyers, fly in bombers, creep across enemy mine fields. These are authentic stories of World War II, stories of Americans who live and fight today around the globe.



**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.



**YOUR HIT PARADE at 9:00 p.m.**

The top ten tunes of the week make up Your Hit Parade... ten top tunes sung and played by topflight artists: Frank Sinatra (above), whose voice has skyrocketed him to deserved fame; Mark Warnow and his orchestra.

The Saginaw **NEWS** SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1984

**Faltering radio station finds life in high tech**

WASHINGTON (UPI) — The Mutual Broadcasting System, which galloped onto the airwaves 50 years ago with "The Lone Ranger" and other classics, apparently has weathered a crisis and is heading for new frontiers.

Executives of the satellite-delivered network, owned by the Amway Corp. and now best known for its news and sports reports and "The Larry King Show," said Mutual has bounced back from last spring's staff and budget cuts, a shake-up in top management and rumors that it was about to be sold again.

The network — formed Sept. 15, 1934, and dubbed "Mutual" on Oct. 4 of the same year — will be back in the black very soon, said vice president and general manager Jack Clements, who took over when Martin Rubinstein, the president and chief executive officer, and his two top aides suddenly left in April.

The departures, which were never explained, led to what Clements calls "the death watch." But rumors halted in late May when the network hired Ron Nessen, White House press secretary under President Ford, as vice president of news.

Now, Clements said, morale is at

a new high and he expects Mutual to be among the top three networks in five years.

His optimism is bolstered by Mutual's latest audience ratings, which were up dramatically this spring.

Mutual has been upgrading equipment at existing affiliates and new affiliates — now at 847 from a high of 960 in 1980, although the network distributes programming to as many as 2,500 radio stations nationwide.

At the same time, Amway restored funds that had been cut, allowing the network to expand from six to seven nights a week on Sept. 22 with a new Saturday late-night talk program, "The Jim Bohannon Show."

On Sept. 17, Mutual added a 5:05 a.m. to 5:30 a.m. weekday series, "America in the Morning," patterned after television's morning news shows. Next year the network will add to its sports coverage.

And for the first time in its history, Mutual is creating a separate division for satellite services, which industry experts say could eventually account for 50 percent of the network's business.

"We're not going into our 51st year," Clements said. "We're going into our second 50 years."

# THE SHADOW

in

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STREET & SMITH

## TREASURES of BEACH

Dec. 15, 1933

### CHAPTER IX THE INTERIOR DECORATOR

The Shadow was in his sanctum. The blue light gleamed while deft fingers opened envelopes that contained clippings and coded reports. The girasol sparkled with a mystic spell.

The clippings were brief. They stated, in short items, that a valuable manuscript had been stolen from the home of Wendel Hargate. The paragraphs were lacking in detail.

The reason was found in the first report that The Shadow inspected. It came from Harry Vincent. In careful detail, The Shadow's agent had described the events at Wendel Hargate's. Most important, however, was the aftermath which had followed Hargate's recognition of the fact that his manuscript was missing.

There had been a conference in which the millionaire had definitely admitted that he was in the same dilemma as Terry Barliss. Each possessed a manuscript which the expert Eli Galban, had labeled as spurious. There was no definite evidence of possible theft.

Hargate's subsiding had surprised Harry Vincent. After the first outburst, the millionaire had become very sober. While had had termed the matter as a theft, he had also expressed a complete inability to account for any way in which a false manuscript could have been substituted for a real one.

A cursory inspection had been made of other books in Hargate's library. No further volumes appeared to have been touched. The millionaire had also expressed anxiety regarding albums of rare postage stamps which he kept in his study safe. These proved to be intact.

Hargate's chief desire had apparently become a wish to avoid publicity. He had requested Joe Cardona to minimize the theft. The detective had agreed to do so; hence the newspaper reports were meager. This was puzzling to Harry Vincent but an explanation was forthcoming to The Shadow when he opened another report.

The message was from Clyde Burke. The reported had talked with Joe Cardona at headquarters. The Detective had expressed a theory of his own—but not for publication.

Cardona held the hunch that Wendel Hargate had been swindled

when he originally purchased the Villon manuscript. Hargate had tactfully avoided any mention of the actual purchase. Yet he had given indications that made Joe see the swindle theory as a clear one.

Until Hargate offered further information, Joe Cardona could not make a move. As in the Barliss case, the alleged theft now under consideration was a matter of considerable doubt.

Cardona, a veritable bloodhound when on the trail of rampant crime, had become very wary in this situation. He was a practical sleuth who needed definite evidence before acting.

The Shadow opened a third report. This was a brief one, from Rutledge Mann. The investment broker had called Compton Salwood, the interior decorator, whose shop was located on a side street near Fifth Avenue. He had learned that Salwood was out of town, but was expected back before the store closed this afternoon.

The light went out in The Shadow's sanctum. There was a slight swish, a soft laugh; then silence. The Shadow had departed. His mysterious trail was one that left no trace. Whenever he appeared following a sojourn in the sanctum, his presence always manifested itself in some remote neighborhood.

Such was the case today. Although the sanctum, with its windowless walls, had indicated nothing but total darkness, Manhattan was still basking in daylight at the time The Shadow left his secret abode.

Afternoon was waning. Heavy traffic was traveling Fifth Avenue. Half an hour after The Shadow has set forth from his sanctum, an expensive limousine swung into a side street and pulled up in front of the interior decorating establishment managed by Compton Salwood.

The person who stepped from the limousine was one of remarkable physical appearance. Tall, attired in expensive business suit and dark gray hat and overcoat, he appeared to be an individual of wealth. The uniformed chauffeur watched him from the wheel of the limousine, expecting further orders.

"Call for me at the Cobalt Club, Stanley," ordered the tall person who had alighted.

"Very well, Mr. Cranston," responded the chauffeur.

Cranston crossed the sidewalk and entered the shop. A clerk approached him. Cranston extended a card. He inquired if Mr. Salwood had re-



turned. The clerk said "yes." He took the card and went through the shop toward a rear office.

A few minutes later, the clerk came hurrying back. His manner was most deferential. He conducted the visitor to the office and ushered him into the room. Compton Salwood, standing by the desk, was all bows as he welcomed this visitor.

There was a reason. The card which lay on Salwood's desk bore the name of Lamont Cranston. To Compton Salwood that name was of importance. Lamont Cranston was recognized by the elite of New York. A multimillionaire, he was noted for his lavishness. In Cranston, Salwood saw a possible customer who would rank above all others.

There was a distinct contrast between Lamont Cranston and Compton Salwood. The millionaire possessed a dignity that went with his bearing. As he removed his hat and overcoat, the erectness of his form became more apparent. His features, too, showed remarkable traits.

Cranston's countenance was a chiseled one. His hawkish nose gave him a distinctive expression. His sharp eyes showed a keenness. His cheeks and lips were so firm as to be almost masklike.

Compton Salwood, on the contrary, was a shrewd, nervous type of man. Heavy and of medium height, he looked the part of a successful business man. His rounded face had a scheming look; his partial baldness added to it.

Salwood remained standing until his visitor had taken a chair beside the desk. Then Salwood seated himself.

The light was coming from above Lamont Cranston's shoulders. It made the millionaire's face a trifle obscure; it also revealed Compton Salwood's countenance so plainly that every change of expression would be apparent to the visitor.

This was a fact which Salwood did not notice.

There was something else that the interior decorator failed to see. Hidden by the edge of the desk, Cranston's shadow lay along the floor. It formed a streak of complete darkness beneath a light, and its extremity formed a peculiar silhouette.

There was something sinister in Cranston's shadow. It might have troubled Salwood had he observed it. The darkness on the floor signified the presence of some invisible being. It lay as a mark of identity.

Salwood's visitor had introduced himself as Lamont Cranston. Actually, he was some one other than

Cranston. He was a personage who had adopted the guise of the well-known millionaire for the definite purpose of catching Compton Salwood unaware.

Lamont Cranston was The Shadow! Compton Salwood, eager to do business with a man of wealth, was thinking of nothing but interior decorating. Talking glibly, he was bringing the subject to matters of business. A quiet smile appeared upon the lips of Lamont Cranston.

"I have been anxious to see you, Mr. Salwood," stated the millionaire. "I understand that you make a specialty of redecorating elaborate rooms."

"I do," acknowledged Salwood. "In fact, I have just returned from Philadelphia, where I supervised the complete rearrangement of a prominent banker's home."

"You have wealthy clients---" "Many," interposed Salwood. "But I make it a practice never to divulge their names. That, Mr. Cranston, is the chief reason why I am making a success of business."

"I understand," nodded Cranston. "It is better that recommendations should come from your customers themselves."

"Exactly. It would be a great mistake for me to refer to work that I have done as though I had some ownership in the home that I had decorated. That is a very definite way in which to lose good customers. A prominent man asks me to arrange his home. I do so. He admires my work---until he begins to receive letters from outlandish persons stating that they would like to visit his place to see a sample of my ability as a decorator. No, indeed, Mr. Cranston! I would never do business in that manner."

"You are wise. In fact, that is the reason why I have come to you to discuss the redecorating of my New Jersey home."

"Ah!" Salwood's eyes gleamed. "I should be pleased to estimate upon the work, Mr. Cranston. Pleased indeed."

"I possess some valuable curios" --Cranston's voice was coming in an even monotone--"that occupy a room by themselves. They must be considered in the decorating. I am a trifle worried about them---".

"You need not worry," interposed Salwood emphatically. "I make provision for all such matters. I have rearranged complete libraries. Such work is done under my own supervision. I take care that nothing is misplaced. I understand the feelings of collectors."

"You are one yourself?" "Slightly," Salwood smiled. "Postage stamps are my particular hobby."

I have also gone in a bit for rare coins. I find the stamps more interesting, however."

Salwood picked up some envelopes as he spoke. He sorted them and showed three to Cranston.

"I have not opened these as yet," said the interior decorator. "They were here when I returned. Stamps on approval from dealers."

"Curios are my speciality," smiled Cranston. "Of course, I have some rare books also. I regard them more as curios. They are unique----"

A momentary flicker of interest showed in Salwood's face. It faded quickly. The interior decorator presented the impression that he knew very little concerning book collections.

"Suppose," suggested Cranston, "that you dine with me at the Cobalt Club? I can tell you then exactly how my house is laid out. A few days from now, you can come out to my home."

"Excellent," agreed Salwood. "I shall be pleased to accept your invitation, Mr. Cranston."

"We can start there now."

"Very well, Can you allow me just a few moments to glance through these letters?"

"Certainly."

Salwood ripped open envelopes, spread out letters and looked at them hurriedly. He followed by opening the envelopes that contained the postage stamps. His glances here were quick, until he opened the final envelope. He paused to study the rows of stamps.

His lips moved slightly; then formed a forced smile. Salwood looked up to see Cranston quietly watching him.

"My hobby caught me for a moment," remarked Salwood. "These can wait until tomorrow. I shall enjoy going over them then."

He replaced the sheets in their envelopes, thrust the containers in a desk drawer and locked it. The office had two doors. Salwood made sure that the rear one was locked; then he walked out with Cranston, locking the front door behind him.

Salwood spoke to the clerk who was closing shop. While they talked for a few brief moments, Cranston's eyes roved toward the side windows of the larger room. The place was small, more like a consultation room than a shop. It was well furnished, but had no items on display. Salwood noted Cranston's glances. He laughed as he rejoined the millionaire and they went out together.

"Nothing of value in my place," remarked Salwood. "Rather unusual for an interior decorating establishment. That's because of my way of doing business. I am not a dealer in stock items. I am a consulting expert on interior decoration."

"So I understand," returned Cranston.

A taxicab was pulling to the curb. Cranston and Salwood entered. Cranston's eyes took a last keen glance toward the front door of Salwood's place of business.

There was significance in that glance. The very simplicity of Salwood's shop made it well protected. Scarcely more than a ground floor office, it offered no attraction whatever to burglars.

As the taxicab rolled away, the thin smile showed on Lamont Cranston's lips. Compton Salwood was talking about interior decorations. It was obvious that the man was building up a plan of a visit to Cranston's home. He was talking about some night this week.

Little did Compton Salwood suppose that Lamont Cranston was thinking about a visit to the shop which they had just left. That would be a visit when Salwood was absent--a visit on this very night!

#### CHAPTER X THE SHADOW RETURNS

Ten o'clock. The front of Compton Salwood's place of business showed blackened windows which reflected the lights of the street. A drizzling rain had begun; a touch of the somber was apparent in this district near Fifth Avenue.

A string of automobiles rolled along the side street. Silence followed. Few walkers were abroad. The steady light of a street lamp showed the glistening surface of the sidewalk beneath it.

A patch of blackness flitted across the reflected spot of light. The blackness disappeared as it merged with the front of Salwood's place. The patter of the rain seemed to suppress the presence of some invisible creature of the night.

There was a space at the side of Salwood's shop. It was very dark there. The personage who entered was rendered entirely unseen. Then came a tiny glow, the circular gleam of a small flashlight. A disk of light showed upon the metal shutter of a window.

Muffled sounds followed--- sounds that were completely lost by the dripping of the rain. An unseen hand was working on the shutter, prying

it open with an expert touch. Only one person could be doing this job with such noiseless skill. That, alone, betokened the identity of the unseen individual. The Shadow had returned to Salwood's shop.

The shutter opened. A Cloak swished softly. The sash within went silently upward. The shutter swung shut without a sound. The tiny ray of light gleamed within the big room of Salwood's business place.

The flashlight was heading toward a definite spot: the door to Salwood's office. The illumination concentrated upon the lock. Here, at least, Salwood had protection. The lock was of modern pattern; the difficulty of opening it was apparent.

A black-gloved hand appeared within the sphere of light. A tiny probing instrument of blackened metal showed between the fingers. The Shadow deftness was undelayed. The difficult lock clicked. The Shadow entered Salwood's office and left the door almost closed behind him.

The drawers of Salwood's desk, like both office doors, were well fitted with heavy locks. They yielded to The Shadow's touch. The drawers came open. In a lower one, The Shadow discovered a small package. His deft fingers opened it.

The ray of the flashlight fell upon the title of a book. The Shadow's laugh was a whispered one. Here was the answer to Salwood's trip to Philadelphia. The interior decorator had returned with a priceless column from some millionaire's collection. Carefully, The Shadow replaced the wrappings.

In the next drawer, The Shadow discovered a filing box which contained cards. These appeared to be a list of customers who had dealt with Salwood.

Swiftly, while one hand held the light, The Shadow used the other to turn the cards. The data dealt with interior decorations. Some cards were marked completed.

The Shadow's swift hand recorded these names. A low laugh sounded as The Shadow saw the name of Shatuck Barliss. Then came a more sinister tone as Wendel Hargate appeared upon the list.

Well did The Shadow know the real occupation in which Compton Salwood was engaged. The interior decorator had been rifling valuable collections of books and manuscripts. The theft of the Villon manuscript belonging to Shattuck Barliss had been one of his most

recent outrages.

What of Hargate's manuscript? There could not be two copies of Villon's unique work. Did The Shadow know the answer to this problem? His soft laugh indicated understanding; at the same time, it carried a note of speculation. Among the carded names that formed Compton Sallwood's list of victims, that of Wendel Hargate occupied a peculiar place.

The Shadow came to the top drawer of the desk. There was something in his action that indicated this to be the most important. There was a reflective pause as The Shadow held his hand.

There had been distinct nervousness in Salwoods' manner from the time when he had placed letters and sheets of postage stamps within that drawer. The nervousness had been apparent while Salwood had dined at the Cobalt Club. Salwood had covered it well; yet The Shadow had observed that something was troubling the man.

The Shadow ignored letters that were in the drawer. He brought out the envelopes that contained the sheets of stamps. He picked the one that Salwood had last opened. He drew out the sheets.

The stamps were arranged in ordinary rows. There was nothing remarkable in their appearance. They were stamps of only moderate value. As The Shadow studied them, however, his soft laugh again whispered through the little office.

Although some of the stamps came from the same countries, there had apparently been no attempt to arrange them in any classification. Such indiscriminate placing of postage stamps was unusual on the part of a dealer. One noticeable fact was that air-mail stamps appeared at rather frequent intervals.

The Shadow placed the flashlight on the desk. Its glow showed the sheets of stamps. It also revealed a blank paper which The Shadow now brought to view.

The glove slipped from the Shadow's right hand. With a pen, the fingers began to list the stamps in order, by names of countries, as they appeared upon the sheet. Wherever an air-mail stamp was present, The Shadow left a gap:

Tucson, Hendort, Econdor,-----  
Gangor, Ambra, Manteo, East Inca,  
-----Inca, St. Antis,-----Ecundor,  
Newand, Dangor, Esthonia, Dominica,  
-----Bulgaria, Reunion, Italy,  
Newfoundland, Germany,-----Luxemberg,  
Angola, Sarawak, Tasmania,-----  
Brazil, Obock, Oldenburg, Kiauchau,  
-----Tonga, Obock,-----Madagascar,

Egypt,-----Afghanistan, Trinidad,  
-----Monaco, Inhambane, Denmark,  
Nyassa, Iceland, Gabon, Hayti, Tunis.

The ink had not dried before The Shadow had completed the rapid listing. The capital letters that began each name were large and evident in The Shadow's inscription. That was premeditated. Those capital letters formed an acrostic. They spelled a message from the postage stamps:

THE GAME IS ENDED. BRING THE LAST BOOK TO ME AT MIDNIGHT.

This was the word that Crompton Salwood had received from some unknown correspondent. The Shadow had discovered a code where others would have seen nothing of significance. His quick hand refolded the sheets and placed them in the envelope. At the same time, the drying ink began to take effect.

Tucson-Hendort-Econdor--the names of countries vanished one by one in order. The Shadow's disappearing ink seemed to be governed by an uncanny spell. The last names automatically obliterated themselves just as The Shadow finished closing the drawers of Salwood's desk.

It was obvious to the Shadow that the stamp dealer's name upon the envelope which contained the special sheets must be a fake one. That could be no tangible clew to the man who sent Compton Salwood this important message.

The Shadow had a better clew--one upon which he could count. That clew was Compton Salwood himself. Unless the interior decorator had suddenly decided upon frantic flight--and his demeanor when he dined with Cranston had not indicated it--Salwood would return to this office to obtain the book that he had left.

To trail Salwood would be a simple matter for The Shadow. It was nearing eleven now. Salwood would soon be here. It was in anticipation of his arrival that The Shadow edged toward the door at the front of the decorator's office.

There was something of the psychic in The Shadow's maneuver. Scarcely had he reached that door before there was a click in the lock of the door on the other side of the office. With a quick glide, The Shadow slipped through the front door and closed it softly just as the rear door opened.

The flashlight was out. The door at the front was locked. On came the office lights, as someone pressed the switch. Here, in

the place which The Shadow had just left, without a mark that would indicate his visit, stood Compton Salwood.

The Shadow was right. The interior decorator had returned to this office. Compton Salwood had come to prepare for the midnight appointment to which he had been summoned by a master plotter whose purposes he served

\* \* \* \* \*



★ RUGGLES-ASTOR-AUER at 8:00 p.m.

Charlie Ruggles...Mary Astor...Mischa Auer, to give them their full names. Charlie for smooth, urbane comedy, of which he is the master. Mary for a delightful job as mistress of ceremonies. Mischa for his marvelous memoirs...and what memoirs they are! Plus music! Plus guest stars!

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FROM THE DESK OF  
ALBERT B. TONIK

**PULPCON 13**

Since some of you read the re-prints of The Shadow stories and Nick Carter stories, I thought you might be interested in hearing about the annual convention for pulp fans. PULPCON 13 was held at the Rickshaw Hotel in Cherry Hill, New Jersey on August 16 to 19, 1984. About 150 people attended. There were hundreds of pulp magazines on display and hundreds more were traded or bought. This activity went on during the day.

In the evening there were auctions and talks about various things that went on in the pulp magazine publishing business. The main attraction was the appearance of Jack Schiff. Mr. Schiff was an editor at Standard Magazines, under Leo Margulies, during the 1930's. Later he moved to D.C. Comics to be an editor there. At Standard, he edited such magazines as The Phantom Detective, Black Book Detective, Thrilling Detective and others. He spoke with affection about Leo Margulies, who tried to maintain a high moral code in his stories and went out of his way to take care of his stable of writers. He mentioned some of the good writers that worked for him, especially Jack D'Arcy, who wrote many of The Phantom Detective stories. D'Arcy had a sense of humor and was always pulling practical jokes on his coworkers.

Of special interest to you people, on Friday night we did a recreation of a Doc Savage radio script. In 1934, Lester Dent, the author of the Doc Savage pulp stories, wrote the scripts for a Doc Savage radio program that only lasted one season. These scripts have been published as THE INCREDIBLE RADIO EXPLOITS OF DOC SAVAGE by Odyssey Publications, P.O.Box G-148, Greenwood, MA 01880. Don Ramlow of Kalamazoo organized the recreation. He made copies of the first script for all players, he got volunteers for actors and he got Randy Vanderbeek of Kalamazoo to do the sound effects. The actors sat at a table in front of the audience and read from the script, THE FEATHERED SERPENT. Everyone enjoyed the performance, actors and audience. At one point, the audience broke out in uncontrolled laughter. An audience of fifty years ago would never have considered the line funny. Doc is interrogating the beautiful Princess Monja. Monk asks, "What are you feeling in your pocket for, Doc?"

Before Doc can say, "For that little red fingered image my father gave me," the audience broke out in raucous laughter. It took a while to continue the program.

Next year PULPCON will be in Dayton, the first weed end after July 4. Write to Rusty Hevelin, 3023 Old Troy Pk., Dayton, OH 45404 for more information.

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**YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE**

**at 2:00 p.m.**

Tender story of a young doctor and his nurse wife, who are bound by their common love of medicine and separated by circumstance. The story of Jerry (Alan Bunce) and Anne Malone (Elizabeth Reller) is gratefully dedicated to our doctors and nurses.



**KATE SMITH**

**at 8:00 p.m.**

The voice that thrills millions headlines 55 minutes of brilliant entertainment each Friday night when Kate Smith sings songs as only she can sing them, with Ted Collins, Henny Youngman, Jack Miller's orchestra, and a fine cast in a potpourri of entertainment.



**AMERICAN WOMEN**

**at 5:45 p.m.**

Meet the women who are backing up the armed forces. Meet today's pioneer women who have left their homes to step into factories, war plants, offices and the armed forces. Meet the women who are helping the United Nations win the war!



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10/8/43

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Rusty Wolfe  
1625 North Gunbarrel Rd.  
Chattanooga, Tenn. 37421

Interested in trading radio shows.  
Henry Placke  
553 Manor Circle  
Schaumbur, Ill. 60194

Kavin J. Catalfu  
PSC Box 5918  
APO NY, NY 09286

**WANTED:** Cassette or open reel tapes of THE BLACK HOOD radio serial of the 1940's. Also, I would like to know if any of the following shows survived and are available: The Spider, The Phantom Detective, Blackhawk, The Web, Pete Rice, and Bill Barnes Air adventurer. Can anyone help?

Chuck Juzek  
57 Hutton Avenue  
Nanuet, NY 10954

**FOR SALE:** Radio premiums—Lone Ranger Tom Mix, Capt. Midnight and Roy Rogers rings, Lone Ranger Frontier Town, "One Man's Family Looks at Life" book, Bobby Benson Cereal bowl, plus many more. Send for free sales list.

F. E. Gabryelski  
61 Lincoln Ave.  
Clifton, NJ 07011  
Ph: (201) 772-3254

**WANTED:** A copy of, plus any information on SKY'S THE LIMIT, a Naval Reserve aviation program from Chicago on 2/7/43, over CBS-WBBM, Chicago.

Darrell Anderson  
17254 LK. Desire Dr. No.  
Renton, Wash 98055

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### **Harris recuperating**

Bandleader Phil Harris, a regular on the old Jack Benny radio show, was in satisfactory condition yesterday after abdominal surgery, a nurse said. Harris, 64, the husband of actress Alice Faye, was hospitalized last week at Eisenhower Medical Center in Rancho Mirage, Calif. 9/9/84

# Alice Faye: oldtime star now a health lecturer

By CLIFFORD TERRY

Chicago Tribune

"God Lord ... Alice Faye," the guy said. "Isn't she ...?" Thank you very much, no. Not only is she alive, she's well, too.

Which, in fact, was the reason she was in Chicago a few days ago. Now on the payroll of a pharmaceutical company instead of a movie studio, she is crossing the country talking about the problems of aging to groups usually known as senior citizens but whom she prefers to call "young elders."

"I just love what I'm doing — it's sheer heaven," the 69-year-old visitor was saying, after commenting on the "chilliness" of the lovely-even-near-the-lake afternoon. "Actually, it feels good. I live in the desert, where it was 110."

As a point of clarification for those not old enough to feel compelled to approach her on the street and ask, "Didn't you used to be Alice Faye?" ("I always tell them, 'Yes, I used to'"), she is the curly haired blonde — variously described as "chubby," "dimply" and "simpering" — who made more than 40 films in the '30s and '40s.

Usually the centerpiece of a romantic triangle, she played show girls, shop girls, even a singing manicurist. In 1940 she was chosen the country's top female box-office star, beating out Myrna Loy and Bette Davis.

"Alice Faye and Bugs Bunny have the most phenomenal upper lips," theatrical producer Harry Rigby once said. "She still has the best legs in Hollywood," declares one-time bandleader Phil Harris, her husband of 43 years.

Ten years ago, she and John Payne starred in "Good News," a revival of the 1927 musical that had followed on the rather well-worn heels of "No, No, Nanette" (Ruby Keeler) and "Irene" (Debbie Reynolds). It had been only her second part since she retired at age 30 in 1945.

After "Good News," Faye returned to Harris and her house on the grounds of the Thunderbird Country Club in Palm Springs, Calif. Her two daughters had long left the nest — Faye is the grandmother of four, ages 16 to 21, the oldest of whom is trying to crack show business in New York — and she kept busy swimming and cooking and turning down film scripts.

Earlier this year Faye got a call "out of the blue" from Pfizer Pharmaceuticals, and she signed on for the lecture tour.

"I'm not sure why they contacted me," said the 5-foot-5 Faye, whose waistline still checks in at 25 inches. "I figure that God had paid me off for taking care of myself all these years.

"Anyway, it has been a real kick for me. I tell the people about being

careful to take their medication and staying active and involved and seeing their doctor regularly and watching their diet and exercising. They're all old fans. They want to know all about Tyrone Power and Don Ameche."

She grew up on New York's West Side as Alice Leppert, the daughter of a New York policeman. ("You don't see too many policemen on the streets anymore," she said. "Where are they? Probably taking care of Michael Jackson.") Show business is all she ever wanted, and by 14 she had begun her career as a dancer and got her first Broadway show job in the chorus of George White's "Scandals of 1934." Rudy Vallee spotted her, gave her a job singing with his orchestra and she ended up replacing the female lead in the film version of "Scandals."

She was quickly signed to a contract with 20th Century-Fox, where they tried to make her into another Jean Harlow. ("They colored my hair platinum, the whole thing, but then all that quieted down and I went another route.")

She married singer Tony Martin in 1937, divorced him three years later and in 1941 married Harris, whom she had met through comedian Jack Oakie. Later, from the mid-'40s to the mid-'50s, she and Harris would star on their own radio situation comedy, a spinoff from "The Jack Benny Show."

Before that, in 1945, while making "Fallen Angel" with Dana Andrews, Faye had decided to chuck her film career. She had wanted to spend more time with her family anyway, but the clincher, she would say later, was when legendary mogul Darryl F. Zanuck cut out some of her key scenes to make more room for his new discovery, Linda Darnell.

"I drove right through the gate," she told an interviewer, "and left the key to my dressing room with the guard, along with a note for Mr. Zanuck. I never went back."

As the longtime wife of Harris, who just turned 80 ("the best-looking 80 you've ever seen"), Faye has had to fend off two inevitable questions about being married to the man who, though now known to a new generation as the voice of Baloo the Bear in Disney's "The Jungle Book," had previously been pegged as the egotistical, hard-drinking playboy ("Hiya, Jackson!") on Benny's show. "If the drinking had been true," she answered, "it wouldn't have been funny."

And the 43-year marriage — a 43-year California marriage?

"I guess we've been lucky. We haven't gotten in one another's hair, let's put it that way. We've given each other a wide berth. Phil used to go hunting with Bing, and I had lots of things to do, so we survived."

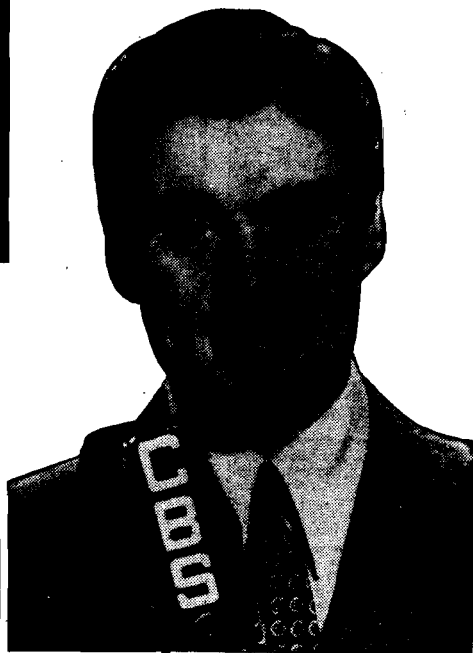


Alice Faye: advice on staying well. 10/14/84

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GRAHAM McNAMEE INTERVIEWS BABE RUTH DURING A GAME AT YANKEE STADIUM.



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OUR GAL, SUNDAY at 12:45 p. m.

A charming story with Dorothy Lowell as "Sunday" that asks... and dramatically answers... "can a young girl, brought up in a little mining town in the American West find happiness as the wife of a wealthy Englishman?"



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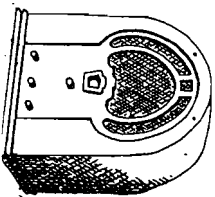
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