
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

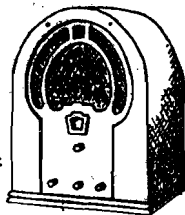
ISSUE #102 - APRIL, 1985



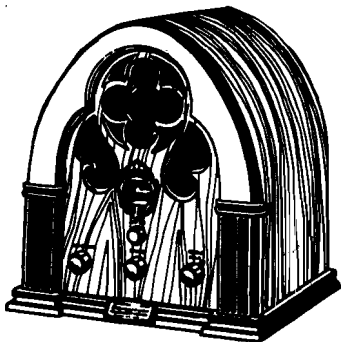
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THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$17.50 per year from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library 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 \$12.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January dues are \$17.50 for the year; February \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00; July \$10.00; August \$9.00; September \$8.00; October \$7.00; November \$6.00; and December \$5.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available. Annual dues are \$29.50. Publications will be air mailed.

THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS is the monthly newsletter of The Old Time Radio Club headquartered in Buffalo, N.Y. Contents except where noted, are copyright ©1985 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. Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

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

NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:
Jerry Collins
56 Christen Ct.
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 683-6199

CHANGE OF ADDRESS,
ILLUSTRATED PRESS (letters, columns, etc.) & OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:
Richard Olday
100 Harvey Dr.
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

REFERENCE LIBRARY and
MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS
Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
Grand Island, NY 14072
(716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARY
Francis Edward Bork
7 Heritage Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 683-3555

CANADIAN BRANCH:
Richard Simpson
960 - 16 Rd., R.R.3
Fenwick, Ontario L0S1C0

BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and I.P.s are \$1.00 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.
Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

* * * * *

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 #103 - April 8
#104 - May 13
#105 - June 10

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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 15.

* * * * *

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

CONTEST: Back in February we ran the first part of our club's tenth anniversary contest. That first part gave ten "matching" questions, and we gave you the answers to those in last month's ILLUSTRATED PRESS. We can now tell you that a total of 36 people entered. We will be awarding a total of 36 prizes, so the second part of the contest was designed to determine who will win what. In this second part, each contestant had to write a statement about some aspect of old time radio in twenty-five words or more, and send that in along with any boxtop. Winners and prizes will then be matched by a "blind draw." We will announce our winners and their "awards" in either our May or June issue. Oh yes, those statements that they wrote? Well, those will all appear in the ILLUSTRATED PRESS, over the next several months.

I have recently realized that many people involved with this hobby of collecting old radio shows, even those who have been with it for a number of years, are not aware of all of the independent publications in the hobby. By "independent," I mean pubs that are not affiliated with any of the several old time radio clubs.

Putting out magazines about old time radio does not seem to be very lucrative or very secure, since in going through my files I find eleven different OTR magazines that I have subscribed to over the last dozen years or so that no longer exist. There seem to be too few of us in the hobby to let these outfits break even financially and thus stay in business. In spite of these problems, there are currently four of these publications available on a subscription basis, each unique in its own way. I would like to tell you a little about each, since you might find some, or all, to be of interest to you.

Taking them in order of their length of tenure, we will start with HELLO AGAIN. This publication follows a kind of "newsletter" format. It is published every other month by Jay Hickerson, Box C, Orange,

Connecticut 06477. Subscription price is \$2.00 a year (six issues). A subscriber's first issue is accompanied by several flyers, made up by Jay, of general OTR information (clubs, dealers, stations currently broadcasting OTR, and program logs that are available). If you send a stamped, self-addressed, aeral size (4½ x 9½) envelope, Jay will send you a sample copy of H.A. Currently, a typical issue will run three or four pages, often with several advertising flyers also attached. H.A. is mimeographed in the 3½ x 11 size. Jay has been putting out HELLO AGAIN for fifteen years, so this is the "granddaddy" of the OTR pubs. Each issue tells of special events in the hobby, gives obituaries of the stars, something about other OTR publications and books, and something about currently broadcast OTR programs. My favorite feature is a sort of "bulletin board" listing people wanting to trade, or who are looking for specific shows or information about the hobby. This last service is free and is an excellent way to make contact with others. Finally, this is THE source of information on the east coast convention each year. While there is a large support committee, Jay does the lion's share of the work on the convention, and he gives regular updates in each issue of H.A.

The publication that is next in length of tenure is Chuck Schaden's NOSTALGIA DIGEST AND RADIO GUIDE. Chuck is an OTR broadcaster in the Chicago area. NOSTALGIA DIGEST has been published for over ten years, and while other publications measure their subscriptions in the hundreds, Chuck has over 5000 subscribers. The subscription price is \$10 a year for six issues (it comes out every other month) and may be ordered from Nostalgia Digest, Box 421, Morton Grove, Illinois 60053. A sample issue can be had for \$2.00. The magazine runs 48 pages, is 5½ x 8½ in size, and is professionally printed. It is not devoted entirely to radio, although this is certainly its dominant thrust. There are articles on other areas of nostalgia as well. My favorite column, written by Dan McGuire, fits into this area. A recent column of his told us about the 50th anniversary of Steinmetz High School in Chicago. Now, most of my contact with Chicago has been changing planes at O'Hare Airport, or driving around the south edge of the city on Interstate 30. So, why on earth would I care in the least about Steinmetz High School? Well

he has written it in such a way that he could have been dealing with Central High School, and my own high school days. I thoroughly enjoyed it. I have a couple tapes of Schaden's radio interviews with OTR personalities. I find them to be outstanding. A feature of each issue of the NOSTALGIA DIGEST is a summary of one of these interviews. There are frequent articles on the "big bands" also. A number of pages in the middle of each issue is a listing of OTR shows being broadcast in Chicago. This is of no interest to those who don't live in the vicinity, but here is so much worthwhile in the rest of the magazine, that this is a minor item.

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RADIO & TV does not come out on a regular announced schedule. So far, in their first two years of operation, they are running two issues a year. A subscription is not for a given period of time, but is for four issues, and this costs \$10.00. Subscriptions can be entered through World of Yesterday, Route 3, Box 263-H, Waynesville, North Carolina 28786. A sample copy can be had for \$3.00. The five issues published so far have run 48 to 70 pages, in a professionally printed 8 1/2 x 11 size. It would appear to me that the content has been roughly evenly divided between radio and television. Each issue has a large number of pictures and ads, and a regular feature, and the one I like best, is editorials by our own Bob Burnham. A frequent feature has been a kind of TV program log. For example: one issue had six pages giving a show-by-show cast list for the "G-Men" TV series. Another had eleven pages giving a show-by-show synopsis of the "Ellery Queen" TV show.

The newest entry in the OTR published field is the OLD TIME RADIO DIGEST, which has been published for about a year. A one year subscription (six issues; one every two months) costs \$12.50 and may be ordered from Royal Promotions, 4114 Montgomery road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45212. A sample copy can be obtained for \$3.00. To those of you who subscribed to the old Collector's Corner this publication will look very familiar. That could be because many of the production people are the same. Among them is the staff artist, Dave Warren, who does some magnificent covers. This is a professionally printed magazine in the 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 size. Issues so far have ranged from 19 to 35 pages in length. Features have included reprints of speeches given at the east coast convention, shorter feature articles, articles on collecting and taping, and an OTR book review column.

pictures and reprints of old ads are also included. A special item is an annual convention in New Jersey, and recently they published a special issue that was entirely devoted to Lum and Abner. I found this one to be outstanding.

Since we are on the subject of literature, let me deal with one more item. I frequently receive letters from people asking about where they can get copies of THE BIG BROADCAST and of TUNE IN YESTERDAY which are the two standard OTR reference works. I know of no place where these two books can be purchased any longer, but there is a third such book that is still available. This is RADIO'S GOLDEN YEARS by Vincent Terrace. While not exactly the same as the other two, it is closer in format to "BROADCAST" than to "TUNE IN." It lists 1,500 of the old radio shows and gives pertinent information on each. Some of the reviewers have "knocked" this book for its "lack of accuracy." I do find some errors in it, but I also find errors in the other two books, and all three seem to me to be of equal accuracy. Anyway, if you don't have either of the other books I would think that you would find this one to be absolutely necessary. If you do have them, you will find RADIO'S GOLDEN YEARS to be a worthwhile addition. It is available (or at least it was still available three months ago) in hardcover, for \$17.50 plus \$1.00 shipping from Metro Golden Memories, 5941 West Irving Park Road, Chicago, Illinois 60634.

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

WANTED: The following audio cassettes (Lux Radio Shows)

9/6/48 Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid
William Powell

3/14/49 Red River-John Wayne

5/9/49 Paradise Lost-Joseph Cotton

6/13/49 The Bachler and the Bobby

Soxer-Cary Grant, Shirley Temple

10/10/49-Mr. Blanding builds his

dream house-Cary Grant, Irene Dunne

4/9/51 The Third Man-Joseph Cotton

12/24/51-Alice in Wonderland-Jerry

Colonna

Kent Coscarelly

2173 Willester Ave.

San Jose, Calif. 95124

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

Letters



Enclosed is my check for membership dues for the following year.

As a person with an enormous amount of interest in matters relating to old time radio, I look forward each month to receiving your ILLUSTRATED PRESS. While I enjoy the entire magazine, I must tell you I am especially pleased with "Say! Who Was That Masked Man."

In addition to definite above average writing skills, I share most of Bob's philosophy concerning collecting and its enthusiasts. I've been to the Newark Convention for the past 4 years and plan on attending as long as possible. In that time I have not met one dishonest or "phony" person including dealers. Opinionated. YES.

I would like to help out with your group in any way possible. Wish I could swell the membership but I live in a very small community. Please keep up the fine work and know that somewhere out there (in Red Creek) there is a member who is most appreciative of your super efforts.

Bill Hornung
P O Box 18
Red Creek, N.Y. 13143

The year 1984 was a good one for collecting OTR; the quantity and quality of material coming this way rates among the very best I've ever experienced in ten years.

1985 promises to be another banner year with many new and rare shows on the horizon. But 1985 also will add a new dimension to my collecting due to the recent purchase of video equipment; the dreaded video connection which has claimed so many of our former colleagues. What this will do to my interest in OTR remains to be seen.

As an avid devotee of the Saturday Matinee Serial Cliff-hangers for more years than I care to count, I have lusted for the opportunity to collect these epics in any form. The Video boom is the perfect answer. So here I am, the experienced

collector trained in the ways of the dealer and all his hyperbole, right. Wrong!! I've just been ripped off by several such entrepreneurs of "quality" video products; just like I was in the beginning of my OTR collection. In my limited experience with video I'm not sure at this point that it is possible to make good copies of video programs as they all seem to get muddy after a couple of copies. There is much to learn and experience with this new medium.

At any rate I am not writing this time to bore you the reader with more of my foibles, but rather to share several things I have come across in video that may be of interest or even amusing if you not to selective in these areas (interest an amusement that is). One of the serials I most recently secured was the Green Hornet. I've read several things about this serial over the years and can barely recall seeing some of it at the theatre as a youngster. Can't remember being overly enthusiastic about it in my youth as I was (and still am) about serials such as "Spy Smasher". However, my most recent viewing of this chapter play was a pleasant surprise to me. The opening of the serial interposes a really neat hornet in the center of the screen while the credits roll and the background music of Rimsky Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumblebee" is played exactly as it was on radio. Just before the epilogue there is a full screen credit to Fran Striker as the creator and writer of the radio drama from which the film was adapted. Now what a treat. The script seems to stay close to the radio show as it is comprised of many vignettes of criminal rackets which are strung together as a crime syndicate controlled by an unseen master criminal. The acting is not bad except for the lead played by Gordon Jones who is almost as bad as my recollection of Dave O'Brien as Captain Midnight. (I haven't been able to get a copy of that one yet). Seems that I recall these lead actors as the reason the serials turned me off as a youngster. I just could not believe these actors as my hero. The interesting thing about Jones as the Hornet though is that when he becomes the Hornet the screen is enhanced by the voice of Al Hodge who as we all know was the radio Green Hornet until 1943. It seems to me that I've read or heard that Hodge did the voice over because the mask Jones wore did not allow him to speak with any volume or ease. This may not

be the case, but one thing for sure, the acting improves when Al Hodges speaks for the Green Hornet. It sure was fun seeing this serial again and I recommend it to all radio fans.

Another rather interesting video film I picked at the urging of my 15 year old son was a more recent film called of all things "Buckeroo Banzai" (not sure that's spelled correctly) which is kind of modern day campy sci-fi attempt. The interesting thing here is the characters who could rival many of the radio genre in appearance if nothing else. There's a Tom Mix dressed actor as well as a copy of old Doc Savage except for the bronze skin and the group has a ILAM kind of flavor. At any rate, part of the plot offers the notion that Orson Well's War of the Worlds was not a hoax but reality in that aliens really did land at Grover Mills New Jersey in 1938. As this story goes, Wells was hypnotized by the aliens to proclaim the show a hoax so they (aliens) could go about their business of taking over earth. Since this film was apparently aimed at the baby boomers I'm not sure they knew what the plot was all about. It was amusing and rather entertaining in my mind. Not a box office success I'm sure.

All of this just goes to prove that the Golden Age of Radio is not dead but fresh in the mind of some of us and perhaps in the mind of those who produce and create what we now call entertainment. Maybe we're not the only ones still interested in seeing that OTR is not forgotten; but then how could such wonderful entertainment be forgotten even in this age of Cosmic Befuddlement. Signing off for now----

Gene Bradford
19706 Elizabeth
St. Clair Shores, Mich. 48080

Certain correspondence has appeared in the IP in recent issues, the wisdom and appropriateness of which is being questioned.

While it may be of interest, and even of value, to have different view re: SPERDVAC, that would enable old time radio fans to reach their own conclusions regarding that organization, the presentations in the IP have deteriorated into a personal squabble, bordering on vendetta between the principals, and as such have no place in our publication. If these individuals have differences, they should be settled between them

privately, without assaulting the sensibilities of the readers.

If we must be exposed to the laundering of dirty linen in our IP the least that can be expected is that the material be presented in a professional manner, with facts, objectivity and calm language. The name calling, insults innuendoes, paranoia, snide implications of the dishonesty of the other party, the charges of misconduct, not based on fact, but on threat of presentation of fact, degrade the IP.

Enough is enough. Let us have an end to this yellow journalism, and get back to solid material on old time radio.

Joseph O'Donnell
Phyllis Wazenska O'Donnell
206 Lydia Lane
Cheektowaga NY 14225

Editor's DESK



It is the present philosophy of this country to be distrustful of any "good deal". "If it sounds too good to be real, it isn't real" has been said over and over and unfortunately that statement is USUALLY true. However, our club is not out to take advantage of you. Jim Snyder's contest for our 10th birthday attracted only 36 entries and 36 people won a prize (really, no catch). Jim had 50 prizes he could have given away, but not enough entries. We should have had at least double the entries but many people were leary of entering. Our club is run by people just like you who donate their time and energy to make our club the best in our hobby. Since we are all human, (really, all of us, even Frank Bork and Bob Davis) mistakes are bound to happen, but we will never knowingly take advantage of any of our members.

To further celebrate our 10th birthday, we are kicking off a big membership drive. From now through June 30, new memberships will only cost \$10.00 for the remainder of 1985.

"North of the Border" special; new Canadian members may pay their \$10. in Canadian funds to Richard Simpson.

So if you know of anyone who might be interested in joining, now is the time.

See you next month!

Program notes

A very fine series of programs is available from Public Radio entitled "I'm Too Busy to Talk Now." It is a series of interviews with famous persons in the arts. The title explains the program. Most of these persons are over 70 years of age and are very active, no time to talk, and sit. A recent interview with Norman Corwin was quite fascinating. The series is very well done; it uses the medium of radio well. It is heard in Buffalo, NY on Friday's at 12:30 pm over WBFO 86.7 MHz. Check your local NPR station for broadcast times and dates.

I've learned from a number of sources including Jay Hickerson's newsletter, Box C, Orange, Ct. 06477 that "NEW LORD PETER WHIMSEY series is broadcast on NPR"...Check your local NPR station for broadcast times. Presently it is not available in Western New York. David Benders and Bob Sikorski of WBFO and Bill Devine of WEBR take note.

Station Manager Bill Devine of WEBR Buffalo, NY informs me that he is still considering a Saturday afternoon of OTR. He suggests checking ON AIR, the program guide for WEBR and associated stations for broadcast information.

Book Reviews with Margaret Russ can be heard on WEBR-am Buffalo, NY 970 KHz Monday's at 12:23 pm and 3:52 PM. It can also be heard on Sundays' between 7:30 am and 8:00 am.

On the same station, movie and theater reviews with Mike Desmond, former Courier Express writer can be heard between 4 pm-5pm and 6 pm. weekdays and various Saturdays.

It is fund raising time again at Buffalo, NY Public Radio Station WBFO. Dates are April 13-21. You can expect some special programming. If you would like to answer phones, call Business Manager Maria Greco 831-2555. If you use Public Radio, Support it.

If you have any program information drop me a line.

Joseph O'Donnell
206 Lydia La.
Cheektowaga NY 14225.

****CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15****

Harry swung quickly as he heard a drawn hiss beside him. He yanked his gun from his pocket as he turned to meet a form that came lurching from the darkness.

Springing to his feet, Harry was caught off balance. His attacker bowled him flat upon the ground. With a desperate roll, Harry sprawled into the dim patch of light. His adversary followed, hissing fiercely as he leaped upon his quarry.

The gun was knocked from Harry's hand. The Shadow's agent was pinned on his back. Hard hands gripped Harry's throat. A gargle came from Harry's lips. Staring with bulging eyes, Harry Vincent saw the face of his attacker.

Directly above him was the hideous, bloated countenance of Fawkes. Eli Glaban's fierce servant had crept up in the darkness to attack the intruder who was in his master's precinct. To Harry, that evil visage carried the threat of death. Unable to cry out, The Shadow's agent struggled weakly.

Then came blankness. Harry Vincent plopped limply back upon the muddy ground, worsted in his brief fight with his formidable foe.

Like Terry Barliss and The Shadow, Harry Vincent had met the circumstances that brought an end to the present plan of action.


* * CONTINUED NEXT MONTH * *

Walter Winchell

RETURNS TO THE AIR
TONIGHT AT 9:00

WRUN --- 1150

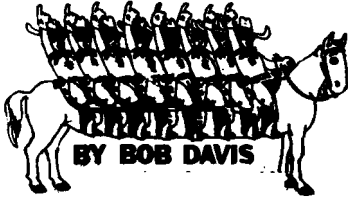
10/5/52



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.

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



They said it couldn't be done!!
They said it shouldn't be done!!
But we did it anyway. We

scoured the nation and found, hidden away in a flop house in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, the man everybody has been asking about. The Old Time Radio Club is proud (?) to announce the return, for one column, of the man who knows all, sees all, and blabs all about it. It's that sage philosopher, that purveyor of the bon mot, that absolute expert when it comes to things relating to OTR and taping...

THE ANSWER MAN

Q..Dear Answer man,

I have a sable brush that I use to brush off the recording heads of my tape deck after I tape a reel of shows. Is this a good idea?

(signed) Worried!

A..Dear Worried,

My dentist told me this years ago and I've heard it many times since.. "Make sure you brush after every reel!"

Q..Dear Answer Man,

A riddle, What do a cowardly gangster and a reel of cheap tape have in common?

(Signed) Trivial Tom

A..Dear T.T.,

They are both squealers!

Q..Dear Answer Man,

Where did you go after that issue of "Strange Memories". Were you run out of town?

(Signed) Curious Ken

A..Dear Curious Ken,

First of all, I had nothing to do with Strange Memories. It was all fabricated evidence and the film footage was doctored to make me look bad. Secondly, it wasn't all bad. The tar was tough to remove but the feathers fell right off after a while.

Q..Dear Answer Man,

Is there any piece of equipment that can correct a tape that is very bassy? Or, how about one that is overmodulated?

(Signed) Menthol Mary (I'm cool)

A..DEAR M.M.,

Yes, most definately yes!
It's called a bulk tape eraser!

Q..Dear Answer Man,

Which old radio show did you like better, The Green Hornet or The Shadow?

(Signed)Lamont C.

A..Dear Lamont C.,

Sorry about that but The Hornet gets my vote. I could never see anything in The Shadow!

Q..Dear Answer Man,

You are the dumbest thing alive. You don't know nuttin. You are vary stoopid.

(Signed) C.S. & K.C.

A..Dear Initials,

You ain't hardly got no good english and your spelling stinx!

Q..Dear Answer Man,

I'm looking for a copy of the very first radio show ever broadcast. Can you help me out?

(Signed) Naive Nelson

A..Dear N.N.,

Sure thing. Just go down the hall and through the door marked "EXIT".

Q..Dear Answer Man,

When are you going to do a steady column?

(Signed) Mom

A..Dear Mom,

Where's this month's check? It isn't here yet. I'll probably do a regular column this coming winter. Dick Olday said it would be a cold day when he would put me on steady.

Q..Dear Answer Man,

Years ago my wife and I had a nasty argument while my recorder was on "record". I've tried recording over that tape but the argument doesn't want to erase. What's going on here?

(Signed) Perplexed

A..Dear Perplexed,

Yours is a common problem and it plagues amny recordings. In layman's terms it is called "cross-talk".

Q..Dear Answer Man,

Just what makes you so smart?

(Signed) A Fan

A..Dear A fan,

I don't like to brag, but I am a high-school graduate!

And now our final question. (Please keep the applause to a minimum)

Q..Dear Cutie Pie,

I am a blue eyed, eighteen year old blonde that will do anything on a dare. Are you interested?

A..Dear Cutie Pie,

I was...until I saw the question was signed "Thomas"!

That about empties the old

mail bag so I'm going to call this to a close. Besides, I've got to leave here pretty fast--there is the definite smell of tar in the air and a feather just floated in the doorway! I think I'd better....

This is Bob again. The Answer Man had to leave rather suddenly; for parts unknown. I'm sorry about this whole thing. I just thought it would be nice to give him another chance.

I think I had better leave now because Jerry Collins just came in and he's carrying this big bucket full of tar...and he's looking straight at me!

See ya next time (gulp)... maybe!

The Saginaw NEWS SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1965

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.

CANADIAN BRANCH: Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds. Postage: Reels 1 or 2 tapes \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes - 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape, add 25¢.

Radio payola in millions,

ARLINGTON, Va. (UPI) — Rarely heard songs are making it to the top of the charts, and songs that would otherwise never be heard are played repeatedly by disc jockeys receiving illegal payoffs, an industry observer says.

"I know a Los Angeles program director who drives a Rolls Royce and owns a 40-person jacuzzi. You tell me how he can afford that as a program director," said John Carnegie, publisher of the Radio Business Report, an international broadcast industry newsletter.

Carnegie said this week that recording firms give close to \$60 million a year to a small group of independent promoters, who spend a sizable, but unknown, part of that money as payola for disc jockeys

and radio station program directors.

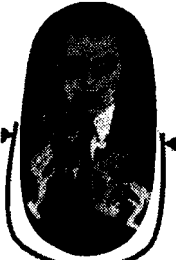
The term payola — a combination of the words "pay" and "Victrola" — was coined in the late 1950s for money accepted by disc jockeys from record companies in return for playing their music on the air.

Congress outlawed the practice in 1960.


"Things are more sophisticated today than they were back then. In the early days, DJs were given money, women, booze and drugs," Carnegie said. Today, he said, the payoffs are strictly cash.

In exchange for the payments, the radio station employees either add certain records to their play lists or report the fictitious popu-

TONIGHT AT 8:00



—dial CBS • 950 • WIBX
MR. CHAMELEON



THE SLEEPING DOGS
theater

TONIGHT "Sleeping Dogs,"
Starring Moran Seldes, with E.G. Marshall, host. An American woman goes to France to find and punish the man in the underground who, she believes, betrayed her heroic husband during World War II.

MONDAY-SUNDAY

11:30 PM **93**
WBEN

★ Stars tonight ★



the **SAMMY KAYE SHOW ROOM**

TIME IN STATION
WRUN
AT 6:15 P. M.

MONDAY WEDNESDAY
FRIDAY

SPONSORED BY
HARRY HEIMAN, INC.
234 Lafayette St.

5/15/79

observer claims

larity of songs that are never broadcast, Carnegie said.

Carnegie said he was approached many times as a program director by promoters offering him cash for air time, but he always resisted for fear of losing his job. ABC stringently enforces rules against any kind of payoff deals, he said.

"Reporting something that is not actually being done for someone else's profit and gain is illegal," said Carnegie, a former program director for an ABC-affiliate station in Pittsburgh.

Carnegie said the independent promoters choose a certain region of the country and approach the executives of "hot disk stations" — those stations that set the trend for

what music is played. He said payola now is prevalent in cities such as Baltimore, Cleveland, Philadelphia and Los Angeles.

Program directors are often hired by promoters on the side as radio "tip sheet consultants" who will report that a certain song is dominating the airwaves so consumers buy the record, Carnegie said. In return, the promoters deposit cash in a bank account for the "consultant" who pays taxes on the income, he said.

Carnegie said Rep. John Dingell, D-Mich., last year began a congressional investigation of the recording industry but it fizzled before adequate testimony could be found.



"SAY, WHO WAS THAT IRISHMAN"?

If you heard his voice in the character he played for just over 21 years, you would know him well. However, you might not know his name. Even though he was the co-star of the series, he was not given on-air credit. Born in 1877, he was a charming, witty, virile Irishman who was quite attractive to women. Before World War I, he played in musicals and stock companies in Chicago, Omaha, the South and New York. After his discharge from the Marines in 1919, he appeared in a Broadway play and worked the old Orpheum circuit for seven years. While acting in radio, he taught drama for 16 years at the Detroit Conservatory of Arts. Early in the Green Hornet series, he appeared as Britt Reid's father, the elder Dan Reid. In 1933, at the age of 56, he first began playing his character which would become part of an American legend. His role in the series lasted just over 21 years. At one point, the station's management decided that he was too old to continue his role, fired him, and replaced him with a younger actor. However, his loyal fans created such an uproar that

he was reinstated and remained to play his character to the series end. In his final years, he appeared on the Soupy Sales 11pm Program, a loosely prepared slapstick show on Detroit TV. To millions of radio listeners, his name was Tonto, faithful Indian companion of the Lone Ranger, to his friends, colleagues, and family his name was John Todd. When the Lone Ranger met an Englishman during one of his adventures, it was John Todd playing a dual role. On July 14, 1957 the Shakespearean actor who went on to ride with the masked rider of the plains died at the age of 80+ and the voice of Tonto to over a generation of radio listeners was stilled.

Frank C. Boncore

THIS IS BING CROSBY—4 P. M.

Bing's European story continues. Hear his account of a break with Parisian gendarmes. (He nearly gets to jail!)

4:30—Goodrich—Good News

4:35—Journal Of The Air

4:45—Lowell Thomas—News

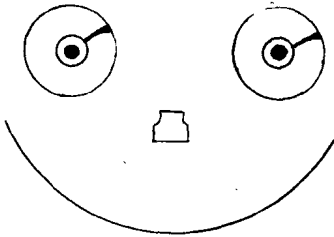
7:00—Scotch

7:45—Edward E. Morrow

8:30—Hollywood Playhouse

8:30—Godfrey Talent Scouts

10:30—The Bob Hope Show



REEL-LY SPEAKING

BY:Francis Edward Bork

For the past several months, Tom Monroe has been supplying the club library with replacement blank reels. Well last week I cried "wife, whoops," I mean uncle. It seems my wife doesn't mind the tape library, the reels the records, the empty storage boxes all over, but she called it enough when I took her canned goods and put them under neath the basement wash tubs. I tried to explain to her that it was cool and dry there and wouldn't it be great to have the canned peaches and pears cool already to eat. Some times she just doesn't understand me. All those blank reels did look so nice stacked neatly onthe shelves. "Oh well". Any club member needing blank reels write Tom at 1426 Roycroft Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio 44107. Send along a dime and postage for each reel you want. Now that's a deal. Last year I needed another take up reel and I shelled out \$1.98 plus tax for one. Thanks a lot Tom. I've used a lot of them to replace the broken and cracked reels in the club library. Oh, by the way Tom, you should be getting a letter from my wife's lawyer, naming you and the blank reels as cause for the divorce. I just couldn't turn those poor little innocent reels out into the cold now could I. Do you get a lot of snow in the winter in Lakewood? Gee Tom I'm sure you and your wife have a spare bedroom at your house. Really two rooms, one for me and one for the tapes and reels.

For the past couple of months no one has donated a single reel or cassette toour club library. Come on gang, don't quit now. Last month I wrote about holding to the limit in shipping reels and cassettes. Just a reminder only four reels or six cassettes will be shipped at one time. I have three orders waiting to be shipped. The problem is the members requested only four reels with no substitutes. I'm still waiting for the reels they requested to be returned, so be patient.

Please remember the rental from the club is for 1 month only, so please, please return them promptly because another member is waiting. Thanks! This article is written in March but will be printed in the April issue of the I.P. Hopefully when you read this. I will already have been to our camp site to check on our trailer and even have stayed over night. My wife and I both enjoy listening to the spooky radio shows while sitting by our evening campfire. A glass of bourbon in hand to ward off the evil spirits of course. I don't mean the evil Prof. Boncore, he's a camper also so he's not all bad, you see. "Besides he's afraid of the dark" anyway. I was toying with the idea of taking a reel to reel unit to camp. That way a couple of reels would be easier to take to camp and use. Well, I'll see. If any of the club members have tried this I'd like to hear from them. I'm concerned about the dampness and power drop and so on. I'd like to know about these problems.

In the March issue of the IP I listed reels and cassettes missing from the club library. Please check your club catalog and if you have a copy of the missing reel or cassette, please send it to me for retaping or better still, donate a copy to the club library.

Thanks gang. Till next time, good listening.



JASCHA HEIFETZ...the famous violinist, will play for you tonight on The Telephone Hour. Also on the program are Donald Voorhees and the Bull Telephone Orchestra. The program begins at 9 P.M. over Station WSTR and the NBC Network. New York Telephone Company. Advt.

10/13/52

THE SHADOW

in

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STREET & SMITH

TREASURES of DEATH

Dec. 15, 1933

CHAPTER XVII THE SHADOW'S FLIGHT

The door of the office opened. In rushed Thibbel. The hard-faced servitor of Wendel Hargate was the man who had shot The Shadow.

Thibbel hurried across the room. He leaped over the forms of the two stunned battlers whose scuffle had been ended by The Shadow.

Thibbel thrust his head from the open window. He uttered a cry to bring the watchmen from below. He peered into darkness and saw nothing. The mass of huddled blackness below the window was invisible in the gloom.

A shout came from the front end of the alleyway. Thibbel looked in that direction. He called an order. Then his eyes turned downward. Suddenly Thibbel saw a slowly rising form that had drawn itself up against the wall of the house.

"Get him!" cried Thibbel.
"Get him!"

The Shadow was escaping. Despite the fall that he had experienced he had managed to regain his feet. He surged dizzily along the alleyway, then rolled inward behind a projecting corner just as Thibbel fired.

The servant's shot clipped stone from the side of the building. It ricocheted and missed the mark that Thibbel sought. A watchman fired blindly, to no avail. The second guard was running up.

Thibbel caught a final glimpse of a tall figure that seemed to hurtle forward with a distorted bound. He fired a moment too late. The figure reached the rear of the house and disappeared from view. The watchmen, coming up together, took up the chase.

Thibbel turned back to the room. Wendel Hargate was rising. He was reaching dazedly for the revolver. He smiled as he saw Thibbel. Picking up the gun, Hargate covered Terry Barliss.

"I'm going down," volunteered Thibbel. "If there's any questioning by police, I'll say we saw a burglar running away from the house."

With that the servant hurried to the doorway. Wendel Hargate smiled. He pocketed the revolver, picked up Terry Barliss and carried the young man bodily to a couch in the far corner of the room.

The Shadow's strategy had missed its end. Terry Barliss

was a prisoner, with Wendel Hargate waiting for him to recover his senses. The Shadow was a fugitive, wounded and unable to return. The tables had been turned on the master fighter who wore the garb of black!

In the alleyway, Thibbel found the watchmen. The shots had not been heard. They had been muffled, seemingly, in this closed area. Thibbel had a flashlight, which he turned upon the paving while the bewildered watchmen stood by. In the light, Thibbel saw a pool of blood.

"Come along!" order the hard-faced man who had clipped The Shadow. "We'll get the guy yet!"

Splashes of blood formed a trail. They led around the house and through a narrow entrance between two other buildings. Thibbel reached the street ahead of the watchmen. The bloody trail led to the right. As Thibbel headed in that direction, a coupe shot away from the curb.

It was too late to fire. The coupe was thirty yards away. Thibbel saw it swerve on a crazy course. Whirling in second gear, the car spun about the nearest corner. Brakes screamed as a taxicab shot onto the sidewalk to avoid a collision.

Thibbel ordered the watchmen to return to the house. He was growling because they had allowed the unknown fighter to escape. Yet he realized that the watchmen were not to blame. Thibbel had seen but momentary glimpses of a staggering figure. His outlook had been from above. Those in the lower darkness had been staring blindly against that gloomy side of the house.

It was Thibbel's growled belief that the escaped fighter would not travel far. In this expression, Thibbel was not far from wrong. The coupe was rolling dizzily along the avenue. Slumped on the cushions behind the wheel, his right shoulder oozing thick with blood, The Shadow was steering the car with his left hand.

His tall form seemed limp. Yet in his retreat, he was still fighting, using nerve alone. His right leg was managing the gear shift; his left hand gripped the wheel. His course, though undecided, seemed to be along a definite line.

Blocks rolled by. The coupe passed beneath red traffic signals, heedless of police whistles. It swerved into the darkness of a side street, emerged upon another avenue and sped along with momentarily

steadied course. Another mile and the car seemed to twist of its own accord. It rolled down a side street and stopped with two wheels upon the curb.

The Shadow did not stir for a few moments. Then his left hand, still gloved, appeared beneath the tiny glare of the dash light. A piece of paper crinkled. With his finger, The Shadow managed to inscribe brief sentences of coded words. His hand crumpled the paper into an envelope. The pen dropped to the floor.

Another pen. The Shadow's weakening fingers wrote an address in ordinary ink. This inscription was a scrawl. The pen fell like the first.

Holding the envelope in his fist, The Shadow managed to open the left door of the coupe. He plunged outward to the street.

For a moment, his form lay prone. Rising with apparent effort, The Shadow limped into darkness. He found an opening between two houses. He staggered through the darkness with no attempt at concealment. He reached another street; there he turned to the right and arrived at the door of a small apartment building.

In the lobby, The Shadow leaned against the wall. No pool of blood now betrayed his course; the right arm, twisted into the cloak, seemed to have gained control of the escaping blood. With his left hand, The Shadow pressed several buttons on the name board.

There was a response. A voice sounded through the little telephone receiver by the names. A clicking sound came from the inner door of the lobby. Some one had thought the signal was from a friend.

The Shadow staggered up the steps, plunged against the door and toppled inward as the clicking lock yielded. He was in a short hallway. Swaying dizzily, he managed to reach a door at the left: On it was a card which read:

DOCTOR RUPERT SAYRE

Laboriously, The Shadow pulled out his black steel pick. He fumbled with the lock, using his left hand only. The work succeeded. The Shadow managed to open the door and stagger into a darkened apartment.

Turning on a light, The Shadow spied a low-set couch. He managed to close the door; then, with painful effort, dropped his hat, cloak

and gloves upon the floor. Two automatics clattered. The Shadow stood in in the guise of Lamont Cranston. He was wearing evening clothes; the stiff white shirt front was smeared with blood.

Reaching to a table, The Shadow lifted the receiver of a telephone. When the operator responded, he managed to give a number, in a strained, but quiet voice. The girl's response sounded, announcing the office of Doctor Rupert Sayre.

"Emergency patient," Stated The Shadow, in Cranston's modulated tone. "Come at once--Doctor Sayre--to his apartment---"

The receiver fell from the limp hand. The Shadow staggered to the couch. Although his face wore the firm features of Lamont Cranston, its masklike surface was ashen. Keen eyes relaxed; then they spied the envelope which The Shadow had dropped on the floor with his garments.

With a sudden burst of new vigor, The Shadow clutched the envelope. It was already stamped; it needed mailing only. The Shadow's opened the door to the corridor. He spied a mail box by the door to the lobby. He gained that spot and dropped the letter into the chute. He staggered back to Doctor Sayre's apartment.

Closing the door, The Shadow reached the couch. He managed to kick his discarded garments underneath the low couch, the automatics along with them. He turned toward the telephone table.

It was then that the iron nerve gave. Swaying, this bold battler, who now appeared as Cranston, began to topple. He sprawled upon the low couch and rolled upon his side. He did not move from that position.

Minutes ticked slowly. A key sounded in the lock. The door opened. A keen-faced young man, professional in air, hurried into the living room and closed the door. He stopped short as he saw the figure on the couch.

Doctor Rupert Sayre had arrived in response to the call which The Shadow had made. His hesitation was but momentary. He hastened forward to the couch to give emergency aid to this unexpected stranger who lay unconscious.

The Shadow had gained the objective of his forced flight. Helpless but unbeaten, he had reached a place of safety.

CHAPTER XVIII
HARRY'S TURN

Morning found Harry Vincent in

his room at the Metrolite Hotel. The Shadow's agent was troubled. Last night had brought no word from Terry Barliss, nor had Harry received any instructions from The Shadow.

Harry had called Burbank once, to make sure that there had been no obstruction on the line. He had also called Terry's home and the servant had stated that he did not know when Mr. Barliss intended to return there.

His service under The Shadow had taught Harry Vincent the uselessness of worry. Frequently, Harry had been caught in hopeless situations and had been rescued through a seemingly miraculous turn. In this case, however, the strangeness of the whole matter made it puzzling. On the surface, all was well. What lay beneath?

Harry did not know. He could not guess. It seemed incredible that both Terry Barliss and The Shadow should have encountered serious trouble at the home of Wendel Hargate. Although he acknowledged Terry's theory regarding the millionaire collector, Harry could not picture Hargate taking drastic action at this time.

There was no use to call Burbank; nor was there any value in visiting Rutledge Mann. Harry had told all he knew regarding Terry Barliss and the young man's theory on Wendel Hargate. It was Harry's duty to wait. Instructions would be forthcoming from either Burbank or Mann, should The Shadow choose to give them. Yet even the cold light of morning could not squelch Harry's qualms. In all the time that he had been in The Shadow's service--from that first night, long ago, when The Shadow saved him from self-destruction and had sworn him in as an agent--Harry Vincent had not known a situation which troubled him so oddly as did this tense one. Gazing from the window of his room, Harry sought to puzzle out the riddle. The cold gray monoliths of Manhattan seemed like challenging structures. Somewhere in New York--there could Terry Barliss be found. There, also, dwelt The Shadow. But where?

A knock at the door startled Harry from his reverie. The Shadow's agent answered. He found a bell boy with a letter. Harry took the envelope. Back at the writing table, he studied it. The inscription puzzled him.

The letter was addressed to Harry Vincent, Metrolite Hotel, New York. The sender, however, had inscribed the address in a singular

fashion. The first word, though a trifle cramped, had been written with apparent firmness. Each succeeding word showed less care. The final portion of the address was a barely legible scrawl that ended in a ragged droop.

Harry opened the envelope. The letter was crumpled within. Harry unfolded it. He stared in astonishment at the blue-inked message. This was in The Shadow's code--a letter from The Shadow!

Keep watch at home of Eli Galban. Danger threatens there. Look out for Wendel Hargate. Report all findings. Await instructions.

There was no signature. It was not needed. Harry knew that the message was from the Shadow. He watched the blue ink fade as the air invoked its disappearing qualities.

There was something about the vanishing of the writing that perplexed Harry. The Shadow's message usually disappeared in progressive stages. This time, the words were irregular in their evanishment. Harry did not know the reason; yet it was simple.

That coded letter had been written under a stress that caused The Shadow to press heavily upon the pen at certain spots. Words that had been well blobbed with ink had taken more time to dry than had the others.

Harry tossed the blank paper into the wastebasket. He tore up the envelope and threw its fragments from the window. He knew from the message that something unforseen had occurred. It was not The Shadow's plan to deal directly with Harry except in emergencies. Trouble had certainly arisen.

Yet Harry Vincent could see but one course. The Shadow's word was final. The fact that this letter had been mailed was proof that The Shadow must be in some place of security. Harry realized that Terry Barliss, in visiting Wendel Hargate, had probably thrown a hitch into The Shadow's preparations.

There was no need to call Rutledge Mann or Burbank. This bona fide instruction had come from the one highest up: The Shadow. The ways of The Shadow were his own. He, the master would make his own contact with Burbank or Mann when he so chose.

Harry's task was evident. He must go to the town of Roulton and there keep watch on events at Eli Galban's mansion. It was plain that Wendel Hargate intended to make some

foray there. Harry Vincent recollected the statements that Terry Barliss had volunteered. Harry also recalled the fortlike aspect of Galban's place.

Danger surely threatened. An attack was looming. If Galban's home was to be the object of a raid, it was up to Harry Vincent to learn all that he could, so that The Shadow might be posted and aided when he arrived upon the chosen spot.

With Harry, instructions from The Shadow required immediate action unless otherwise stated. There was one course only for Harry to take. That was to drive to Houlton at once. Hurriedly, Harry left his room. He went from the hotel to the garage and drove from there in his coupe.

Harry reached Houlton before noon. He drove along the dismal avenue with its rows of deserted houses. He passed Eli Galban's big mansion and noted that the place was gray and forbidding. The day had become dreary; heavy clouds foretold impending rain. The weather added to the gloomy aspect.

After lunching at a Houlton restaurant, Harry adopted the policy of driving past Galban's place at infrequent intervals. He did this wisely, confident that his inconspicuous coupe would not be noticed. Night fell early, with a drizzle accompanying it.

With darkness forming an advantage, Harry Vincent resolved upon a more definite course. He drove his coupe to a Houlton garage and left it there. On foot, he walked along the old avenue, covering a mile before he neared the Galban mansion.

Whistling wind, rain that was cold and biting; these were the elements that mingled with the night. The gloomy, deserted houses seemed like haunted places. Harry felt their looming influence as he reached the last house in the row.

Beyond lay Eli Galban's. The house seemed weird amid the darkness. Bars showed dimly at pale-lit windows. Harry felt a distinct caution at approaching the place. He thought of Corry Fawkes, the uncouth guardian who asked no questions.

Later, perhaps, Harry could visit Eli Galban personally. Despite the fact that the old man was prepared for danger, he might not know that it actually threatened. For the present, however, it was Harry's job to look for traces of that danger. Whatever menace might be waiting, Harry knew that it must lie without. The problem was to find it.

The last house in the deserted row ended in a brick-faced wall.

Evidently the builders had expected to encroach farther toward Galban's residence, so had left this row but partly completed. Harry sidled along along that wall. He was in a narrow space between the last house and the high fence that marked the edge of Eli Galban's premises.

Peering toward Galban's, Harry noted a lighted window on the first floor. He decided that by watching it, he might spot any sign of activity within the house—particularly on the part of Fawkes.

To gain a better view, Harry climbed the fence. He poised there; then, with hopes of still better observation, he let himself down on the other side.

Rain-soaked ground squelched beneath his feet as he crept closer to the big, gloomy mansion. Despite the forbidding aspects of the house, the place seemed to hold a magnetic lure. Harry reached the side of the house and raised himself to the lighted window.

He was looking into a dim, furnished room; the light came from an entry beyond. Harry could picture Galban's paneled waxwork gallery.

In his interested view, Harry forgot the conditions that surrounded him. Heavy night, dripping drizzle and cold atmosphere gave him a sense of detachment. He did not realize that his body, though well veiled from any who might be in the house, could be seen from without.

Perhaps it was the distance from the fence that gave Harry and added sense of security. The grounds seemed empty about Eli Galban's place. It was not until Harry fancied that he heard a sound other than the dripping of rain that he dropped quickly from his spot beside the window.

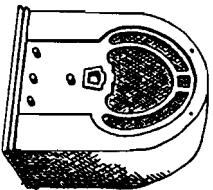
Some one, Harry felt sure, was standing close by. Vainly, Harry peered through the darkness as he crouched beside the wall just below the window. The flicker of light threw a vague illumination straight ahead. Harry kept away from that patch and listened.

Creeping, squalid sounds—vague in their direction. Harry Vincent slipped his hand into his overcoat pocket and clutched the automatic that he carried there. He decided that some other visitor must be within these premises; that he was not the only one spying upon events at Eli Galban's.

Harry thought of Wendel Hargate. He knew that the hard-faced millionaire was plotting against Eli Galban. Were Hargate's henchmen on the ground already?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

FIRST CLASS MAIL



THE OLD TIME

100 HARVEY DRIVE

RADIO CLUB

LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086