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# ILLUSTRATED PRESS

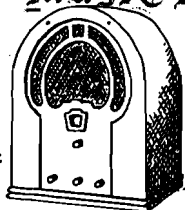
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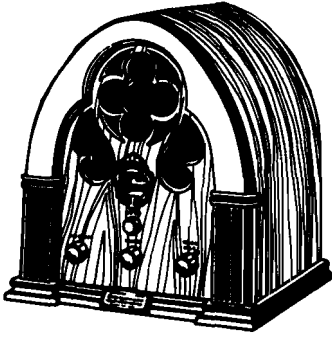
FU MARCH

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB

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**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 list, 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 a monthly newsletter of **THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB** headquartered in Buffalo, NY. Contents except where noted, are copyright 1988 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Linda DeCecco; Assistant Editor: Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A. Cover designed by Eileen Curtin.

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Buffalo, NY 14220

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Dominic Parisi  
38 Ardmore Pl.  
Buffalo, NY 14213

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The Old Time Radio Club meets the **FIRST** Monday of the month (September through June) at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meetings start 7:30 p.m.  
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**DEADLINE FOR IP:** 10th of each month prior to the month of publication.  
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**ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:**  
\$50.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST BE CAMERA READY)  
\$34.00 for a half page

**SPECIAL:** OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.  
Advertising Deadline - September 1.

JUST THE FACTS MA'AM  
by Frank C Boncore

This is the first in what I hope to be a series of several articles about several wonderful shows which somehow slipped through the cracks over the years and became the "LOST SHOWS". Somehow, somewhere I hope that someone will read this and direct us to where we can find them.

I have to thank Ken Mills of Nostalgia Recordings for having a reel of "Life With Luigi" listed in his catalog. I bought a reel and it started me on a quest to get more. I vaguely remember my mother listening to it when I was very young and it would always make her laugh.

Normally, when I get a "new" show I ration it out to myself at the rate of one episode per week. However after listening to the first episode, I was hooked and listened to the entire reel (12 episodes) in two days. I started checking around and to my disappointment I discovered that this was a "LOST SHOW". (i.e. most of the episodes were not available) They have to be somewhere, but where are they? I spoke to a few dealers and found that they only had the reel that they had is the one that I had. The only exception was "Cowboy" Don Aston of Aston's Adventures who had 27 episodes. I read that a collector in Canada has 40 episodes. "Life With Luigi" was on from September 21, 1948 until 1953. I believe that there may have been somewhere in the neighborhood of 200 episodes made. What happened to them?

"Life With Luigi" was a program about Luigi Basco, an Italian immigrant, starring an Irishman, J. Carroll Naish, written by a Jew, Cy Howard. (for the record: "Tune In Yesterday" incorrectly spells Luigi's last name as Basco instead of Basco -- there is no K in the Italian alphabet)

On October 12, 1492 Christopher Columbus discovered America. On September 27, 1947 Luigi Basco a young Italian immigrant, rediscovered America. Christopher Columbus arrived in America with three ships. Luigi arrived in New York with three dollars. When Columbus arrived in America he said I christen thee San Salvatore. When Luigi Basco arrived in New York, he said gimme a ticket to Chicago. Here begins Life With Luigi.

Each show would begin with,

Luigi, the lil immigrant, who would write a letter to Mama Basco in Italy. Luigi was brought to America by his countryman Pasquale (played by Terry Bergman who changed his name to Allan Reed and later went on to fame as the Voice of Fred Flintstone. In this series one can picture Pasquale as Fred Flintstone with an Italian accent). Pasquale had decided that Luigi would marry Rosa, Pasquale's daughter (played by Jody Gilbert) and it did not matter whether or not Luigi wanted to. In a letter to Mama Basco Luigi describes Rosa: "Dear Mama Mia: America is like a rose, but as Uncle Pietro always say there is no rose without a thorn. In this case there is a very big thorn, Rosa. You remember when Rosa was a nice little girl? Mama Mia, something has happened. You know the bull Uncle Pietro has? Well go to the pasture, look at the bull, take off the horns, that's Rosa."

Pasquale was a sort of an Italian "Kingfish" would stop at nothing to con Luigi into marrying Rosa. Quoting "Tune In Yesterday" Pasquale was a ruthless saboteur of Luigi's love life, masking his venom with the cherry greating, "Luigi-mah friend! "Ello, Luigi, "ello, "ello!" And when Luigi's dreams were shattered --as Pasquale knew they would be--Rosa was always on hand to pick up the pieces of Luigi's broken heart "Just-a-so happen I'm -a-bring-a my little baby with-a-me. I'm-a-gonna call her over. Oh Roosa! Roosa! Rosa!"

The following are some of Luigi's quotes about Rosa:

"If she were married it would take two trips to carry her over the threshold."

"She's a so fat she could be in two places at one time."

"Rosa is so fat that if she ever stands on a street corner for more than five minutes, a policeman will give her a ticket for double parking."

"Rosa is so fat that if a fella marries her; he commits bigamy."

"If you see Rosa, you know what inflation is."

"If I take Rosa to the Opera, I need three tickets."

The following is some of the dialogue that takes place between Pasquale and Luigi:

Pasquale: "Rosa is skinny like a toothpick"

LUIGI: "Toothpick? Rosa is more like a lumberyard!"

PASQUALE: "Why you no can marry my Rosa, just because she's a little bit chubby?:"

LUIGI: "If I marry Rosa it's not a marriage, it's a project."

PASQUALE: "Luigi, my loss is your gain, if you marry Rosa."

LUIGI: Pasquale, is not too health for me to gain 250 pounds."

PASQUALE TO LUIGI:

There are three types of juries The first type is the grand jury--for cases over \$1000.

The second is the Blue Ribbon Jury--for beer cases.

The third type is the Hung Jury-- they hang you first and ask questions later.

PASQUALE TO LUIGI:

There are all kinds of horse races.

A maiden race is for bashful horses.

A steeple chase race is for horses born on Coney Island.

A daily double is a race for twin horses.

A handicap race is a race for near sighted horses.

PASQUALE TO LUIGI:

If you marry an ordinary girl you get one dependent.

If you marry Rosa, it's like having two dependents.

At the Racetrack:

PASQUALE to LUIGI:

If you bet on this horse, Rosa's Girl, that a 200 to one shot you get \$4000 for your \$20.--you can't loose.

LUIGI TO PASQUALE: Mama mia \$4000.

PASQUALE: Luigi, you know I got a heart as big as a boloney and there is always a slice for you.

LUIGI: That's a right Pasquale, you full of boloney!"

Pasuale: That's a funny, when I say it, it's a sound a different.

Again quoting "Tune In Yesterday" Life With Luigi" ranks just behind Amos and Andy, Lum and Abner, and the Goldbergs in its warm, exaperated prtrayal of life for the minorities in America. Had "Life With Luigi" started earlier, it might have had one of radio's longest runs.

I would like to ask the following questions:

1) Does a log exist of Life With Luigi"

2) If the answer is yes where can I get one.

3) What happened to the "LOST" "Life With Luigi" shows?

I believe that they are sitting on a shelf or perhaps in a vault somewhere. I hope that someone reading this will know where there are and help put them back into circulation so once again we all can enjoy "Life With Luigi."

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**TAPE LIBRARY RATES:** 2400' reel - \$1.50 per month; 1800' reel - \$1.25 per month; 1200' reel - \$1.00 per month; cassette and records - \$.50 per month; video cassette - \$1.25 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the U.S.A. and APO, \$.60 for one reel, \$.35 for each cassette and record; \$.75 for each video tape.

**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.

\*\*\*\*\*

**REFERENCE LIBRARY:** A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$2.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$1.00 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library, the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.

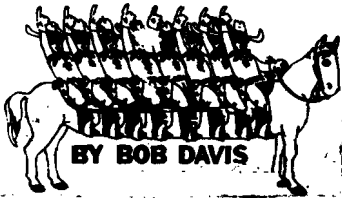
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We're gittin' ready to tie you in knots and stitches with laffs TONITE 10 P.M.--WIBX Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore in THE REXALL DRUG RADIO SHOW

# SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



Many columns ago I promised my readers that I would not bring up the matter of Thom Salome again. When I wrote that I seriously meant it but (isn't there always a but) things have been happening lately that can ultimately do great harm to the OTR Convention and collecting in general.

It seems that members of the OTR collecting community have been making accusations against Thom Salome charging him with misrepresentation, dishonesty, thievery, and everything short of selling secrets to the Russians. In the past, as readers of this column know, I've also had run-ins with Thom and the way he does business. Thankfully my dealings with him have been brief and ultimately satisfied but not without fighting and threats.

Threats...that's what this column is really about.

Thom's only answer to these accusations seems to be to threaten bodily injury, threaten lawsuits, threaten reputation ruining among other collectors, and threaten to shut down or disturb harmony of the OTR Convention in Newark. He had gone so far as to insinuate that there will be violence if certain collectors show up at the convention.

I believe it is time to straighten this whole thing out before it gets completely out of hand.

Before I go any further let me say that I am not an enemy of Thom Salome, nor am I a good friend. In the past I have both condemned him and stuck up for him. Some have spoken out against the sideshow antics that he pulls when selling shows at the conventions. Well, I think that is OK. It adds some color to the proceedings and can, in itself, be a show worth watching. Give the Devil his due--If more of

the dealers were more animated in their sales pitches they might do a lot better than they do.

On the other hand some of Thom's tactics are reprehensible. For example....I am an avid collector of the "Escape" series and am always on the lookout for those dozen missing episodes to make the series complete. While checking through Thom's cassettes I spotted one that I didn't have. Needless to say I had the show on the other side but would buy it anyway because of the "new" one. Checking through more of the cassettes I ran across five or six more. I was thrilled to find these new additions for my collection I asked Thom where in the world he had come up with these new shows and he answered me with..."Oh they're not on the cassettes. If you ever get those shows you can put them on those cassettes!" It seems that he had a code that no one seemed to know about but him. If the title was written in in pencil that meant that the side was BLANK. BLANK!!! Thom, you're selling blank tape and saying that it has show(s) on it. Com'on fella, how blatant can you get?

In the trading community word gets around very quickly about both the good and the bad. Your name comes up frequently and you can imagine what category you fall into.

In my opinion, aside from the bad will that he causes his customers and other collectors, he also puts pressure on Jay Hickerson and the convention committee. Collectors are pressuring Jay and Co. to ban Salome from dealing at the convention. Jay and Co. are put in the unenviable position of acting as judge and trying to keep things running smoothly without stepping on any toes or causing any ill will. I know I wouldn't want to be in that spot.

This column won't go into all the other claims and charges against Salome. others can and will continue to do so.

In a recent letter to Bob Burnham he said that Jim Snyder and I have used our columns to complain about him and that he "took care of us!". Well, I must have been out of town or something because I have no knowledge of being taken care of. This column and I (along with Jim Snyder's) continues to roll along calling them as we see them.

We do complain but the complaints are meant to serve as warnings to interested parties to prevent them from having cause for complaint. When necessary I'll continue to do so.

May I suggest to Jay and Co.

a possible solution to the Salome problem. Allow him to deal at this years convention on a probationary basis. If he straightens out his act...fine. If not...ban him from the next and be firm about it because he will have asked for it.

Thom once said that he "loves controversy. It increases his business." Well, that controversy is also having an effect on the convention. How many people will out of fear of bodily or verbal abuse, stay away from the convention?

Think to the future. Is the money Thom pays for his tables not overshadowed by the money lost by even one person not attending? Is not good will and good times an important part of the convention? And is this not being threatened (literakky) by one man.

As I said before, this column is my own opinion but I believe that many share it and believe that enough is enough!

See ya next time.

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## LETTERS



It has been my experience that

Old Time Radio mostly attracts individuals who are either enthusiastic hobbyists or who are interested in getting materials into circulation. For the most part, I have been very impressed with the collectors I have dealt with whether in person or as correspondents. Unfortunately a really bad apple shows up occasionally. I have had a very bad experience with one particular individual and that is what this letter is about. Am hoping that by telling what happened to me, others will be forewarned. The person I want to tell you about is Tom Salome.

Tom Salome, who does business as Shadow Sounds of The Past, has had a very checkered history in OTR. His first foray into OTR resulted in many individuals who were very unhappy with his business practices. After doing business for several years he dropped out of sight in Florida without any explanation

owing many people materials that were never delivered. After a number of years he resurfaced in New York under a new business name. In response to a notice I had placed in a NARA publication expressing an interest in contacting individuals who might have BBC programming, Tom Salome responded. He told me that he had access to an extensive archive in England and wanted to know whether I would be interested in trading. He included a list of materials he could get from England and a list of materials he would want and, in return, Tom sent me his masters of the BBC materials which I was to copy and send back to him! In all our exchanges, Tom made very few copies of anything for me. I made my own copies using my own tape, from his "masters".

The 30 or 40 reels of materials he sent me convinced me of the authenticity of his claim of being able to supply me with the BBC materials I wanted. He called and informed me that he had a very large trade going down and needed help in making copies of several hundred reels. He gave me a list and I proceeded to make him copies. I later discovered from his contact in England that he did not send the material to England. I also found out that he had sold the materials I had spent many hours duplicating for him at the Newark convention for \$5 per reel or less! This upset me but I didn't make an issue of it because Tom sent me a few more reels of unusual materials with promises of a lot more to come. From time to time he would send a few reels of materials with promises that I would be the first to receive access to many reels of rare materials he was bargaining for.. For instance he sent me lists of nearly 1,000 Superman shows that he was expecting to receive shortly along with hundreds of Challenge of the Yukon, Meet Me At Parky's, and other rare materials. Of course hindsight is much clearer than foresight but I now believe that Tom used my trust and interest in new and unusual materials to exploit me. When I would inquire about the series he had promised me, he would always tell me that the deal was just about to go down, and to be patient.

During this time I had some personal contact with Tom. I spent some time in his home in Brooklyn and I came to believe that he was a friend. I do remember noticing what a small collection of materials he actually had but

THAT DID NOT STRIKE ME AS particularly significant at the time. While in New York, I invited Tom and his wife to be my guests if they ever came to Arizona. While I was out of town on a professional trip to Texas, Tom called my wife and Told her that he, his wife, and baby were on their way. Panic stricken, my wife called me at my hotel in Texas, and told me I had to come home.. I told her not to worry, but to have my son drive to Phoenix (150 miles one way) and pick up the Salomes. They had the use of one of our cars for a week, the free run of our house, and we even babysat their infant daughter overnight while they hiked the Grand Canyon. I discovered that before I got back from Texas, and while enjoying the hospitality of my home, Tom had got into my reels of restricted materials and without my knowledge or permission used my tape and my equipment to duplicate them. I was not aware of what he had done until later when I was back in Virginia picking up some blank tape and was shown a list of rare materials Tom was circulating. This list was materials from my restricted holdings! I called Tom from a phone booth in West Virginia and left a very angry message on his answering machine. While in Missouri I saw a second listing of my materials and idiscovered that he had told at least one individual that they had come from a very large warehouse in Utah, Tom had supposedly received a special invitation to come out and duplicate materials during a one week invitation only fund raising period. They were raising money for their archive and he had to pay the \$1,000 to participate. So he flew out to Utah, paid the \$1,000 to get in and spend a week in the archives. As a result Tom was supposed to be strapped financially.. Therefore he wanted \$100 each from a group of selected collectors to help defray his expenses plus copies of selected shows in their collections to be able to trade for these new and rare materials. All this for materials he had literally stolen from my collection!!

I wrote Tom a very strong letter expressing my outrage and the options I was considering pursuing should he persist in trading these materials. He called and told me that he had two sets of lists and that his wife had sent some of them to the wrong adresses.

He told me that he had no intention of trading any of my materials without my prior consent. We were friends and he would do nothing to damage our friendship. I finally agreed not to do anything and he gave me his word that he would not distribute any more lists and to contact those to whom he had sent lists and inform them that the material was not available. I told him that i would take his word and trust that he was a true friend. Later I received several more copies of his listings of my materials from other friends who wanted to let me know that new materials were available. I was not able to attend the next Newark convention so i asked them to check and see if Tom was selling the listed materials. They did and Tom was. So for a few bucks and to be a bib guy at the convention Tom sold my trust and friendship.

In his catalog, Tom berates dealers for criticizing the quality of his materials. He states that most of the materials in his catalog came from my personal archive and those of specific dealers and therefore if the sound is not up to par, neither is mine and theirs!! However it is my experience that Tom has the unique ability to take high quality sound and produce copies of very inferior quality. He claims in his catalog that over 95% of his customers are very satisfied with his product yet when I was in his home I noticed a very large stack of letters complaining that Tom had sent materials that were not requested, tapes with muffled sound, cross talk, and missing tracks, bad tapes, etc.

From what I have been able to discover, Tom tends to report to others that he has rare materials in order to stimulate trades or sales. For example, he discovered that Roger Ritter in Pasadena, California has some unusual materials in good sound. Tom used my restricted materials as bait to lgain access to Roger's materials. What Tom fails to realize is that those involved in OTR tend to talk with each other so it was inevitable that I found out what Tome was attempting to do. Roger had materials that he did not want to get into general circulation just yet and Tom promised that they would stay in his archives until Roger released it. I told Roger not to believe it and showed him a copy of a letter from Tom offering the materials that he told Roger would remain restricted. As a result, Roger informed Tom that he was

suspending trading, and would not be sending the restricted materials after all. This infuriated Tom as he had a lot of "deals" pending receipt of Roger's materials. I have been informed that, because of this, Tom has told a number of people back East that Roger is dishonest, unreliable and cannot be trusted. This really infuriated me and was the direct cause of this letter. I know Roger Ritter and he is very conscientious collector whose major concern is in preserving old time radio shows in high quality sound. He is very honest, dedicated, and does his best to insure quality work. Because of these characteristics, his turn around time is quite lengthy but the quality of the sound is worth the wait. It is sad when men such as Tom Salome are in a position to besmarch the reputation of good honest men such as Roger Ritter.

I would caution anyone contemplating doing business with Tom Salome's Shadow Sounds of The Past. It is my experience that he cannot be trusted, his written guarantees are suspect, and his word means nothing. It is true that he has donated materials to various OTR clubs, including NARA. He uses this as a sign of his good faith and humanistic concerns. However NARA has had to pull all of his donated materials from the archives because of the sound quality was so poor.

I am a bit puzzled as to why "The Friends Of Old Time Radio" permit him to peddle his wares at the Newark Convention. A lot of innocent people get burned by his materials. True, his costs are quite low, but does that justify his snake oil carnival techniques? It is my impression that the dealers room is one of the highlights of the convention, and I would hate to see Tom Salome ruin it.

If you wish to discuss my observations with me directly or any other matter concerning OTR, please feel free to write me:

Dr. Harold A. Widdison  
 Box 15300  
 Northern Arizona University  
 Flagstaff, Arizona 86011

And if any of you have had similar experiences with Tom Salome or other dealers/traders, I would be very interested in hearing from you. A copy of this letter is being sent to Tom Salome, Roger Ritter, and other individuals who received

HIS LIST OF RARE MATERIALS from the "large ware house in Utah"....

Dr. Harold Widdison

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# A Special Service For Club Members Only

WANTED: Photographs, preferably glossy, of any of the following radio actors: Richard Leland, John Brown, Griff Barnett, Parker Fennelly.

Willing to pay

Mickey C. Smith  
 School of Pharmacy  
 University, MS. 38677

WANTED: Radio Tapes Wanted:  
 The Kraft Music Hall program of 12/11/47 (Al Jolson as host and violinist Yehudi Menuhin as guest)  
 The Fred Allen fued with Jack Benny in which a young boy plays "The Bee" on the violin (date??). The Jack Benny program in which Jack reciprocates and plays "The Bee".  
 The Sekretary Hawkins "Ghost of Lake Tapaho" episodes (Ralston Purina Sponsoring). The Fiorello LaGuardia (major of New York City) tribute to Nikola Tesla over WNYC on Jan. 10, 1943. Any programs featuring famous violinists.

Harry Goldman  
 RR6 Box 181  
 Glens Falls, N.Y.  
 12801

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO MEMBERS

Our reel to reel library is being split. James. R. Steg will handle reels 1-600 until a replacement can be found. Please note our new reel librarian for reels 601 and higher: Thomas Harris, 9565 Wehrle Drive, Clarence NY 14031 Phone: (716)759-8401. Interested parties wanted to assume librarian duties for reels 1-600, contact Old Time Radio Club.



# THE SHADOW

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STREET & SMITH

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

## "THE MONEY MASTER"

### CHAPTER SIX

#### MASTER OF MILLIONS

Eric Zorva was seated in his magnificent library, reading the leather-bound volume that his secretary had brought him. Zorva detested anything cheap or tawdry, and newspapers came under such classification. Hence Rymol, his secretary, always clipped the items that he knew would interest his master and pasted them carefully in a finely bound scrapbook. Later, such volumes were filed away for future reference.

A singular man, this Eric Zorva. Well fitted to bear the title that Bert Cowder had blindly bestowed upon him--that of Money Master. For everything in Zorva's surroundings, even the atmosphere, teemed of wealth and affluence.

The library was costly to the veriest detail. Its books with their gold embossings were but the background. Chairs, tables were carved of rare woods, with inlaid designs of ivory and pearl. The lamps and other fixtures were of solid silver. The floor was carpeted with Oriental rugs, each an individual antique. The door-nobs were not simply glass; they were perfect specimens of pure rock crystal.

On Zorva's fingers glittered huge diamonds, set in rings of heavy gold. The saffron buttons that adorned his fancy smoking jacket were of genuine topaz, well suited to the jacket's weave, which was from cloth-of-gold. Even the pipe that Zorva smoked was a rarity, its long stem a tube of flawless amber, the monogram on its bowl composed of tiny jewels, contrasting in their colors.

Mingling with the perfume that pervaded the room, the aroma of the pipe produced a soporific effect, which to Zorva was a stimulus. With each puff of smoke, his broad lips spread in a smile that was truly satanic, for it had a double significance.

Those dark lips, like the tawny countenance that formed their background, could show approval with their smile; then, without a change deliver a foreboding expression. Perhaps the answer lay in Zorva's eyes, dark orbs that sparkled like the gems he wore. They could shift from friendly welcome to a hatred deadlier than a snake's, as if at their owner's will.

Zorva's gaze being as deceptive as his smile, his face itself might be the real key to this amazing man. For Zorva's features were a mystery in their own right. Tawny was the proper word for his complexion, because it was impossible to tell whether tropical climes had produced that darkness, or whether it was the true hue of Zorva's skin. His face had firmness in its oval mold, patterned almost to the contour of the famous Egyptian sphinx.

In brief, Eric Zorva appeared as a member of some ancient race tossed bodily into modern times. Which made him, in a sense, a member of many modern nationalities, since his visage held traces that were found in all. He could have been a European who had taken on the mark of the East. Equally, he might have posed as a light-hued Hindu rajah, or a modern Egyptian who could trace his lineage back to the pharaohs.

Those who classed Eric Zorva as a man without a country soon changed that estimate. Rather he was a man of every country, a representative of every clime. Certainly he was quite at home in

this magnificent New York mansion that he had chosen as his American residence. His manner, too, was suited to his surroundings.

Looking across the library, Zorva saw his sharp-faced secretary dozing in a chair and snapped his fingers in the manner of an impatient New Yorker calling for a dinner check.

"Wakeup, Rymol!" Zorva's tone was cold, imperative. "I have finished the scrapbook." Then, as the secretary started from his chair Zorva added in a voice quite musical "You did an excellent job with it. Chronologically, it is perfect. Your footnotes, indicating the discrepancies in the various news accounts, were well chosen. The entire case evolves itself into a recognizable pattern."

Rymol gave a pleased smile.

"It was simply a case of ordinary robbery," continued Zorva, "perpetrated by the same criminals-or racketeers, as I believe they term them in this country. The same group that has been preying upon the various refugees, victimizing them of trivial sums."

"But Elvor Brune was a different case--"

"They didn't know it, Rymol. They mistook Brune for an ordinary refugee, because he was trying to pass as such. By blind luck, they went to our discount office. Fortunately, Anton reported the fact."

Rymol shook his head.

"All over Ten Tarka," he declared. "Such a trivial sum."

"Trivial to us, perhaps," returned Zorva, "but here in America, one hundred thousand eagles constitute a fortune."

For a moment, Rymol hesitated: then:

"Excuse me, Herr Zorva," said the secretary, "I must remind you again that Americans do not speak in terms of eagles, even though the eagle is the official unit for ten dollars. To them, one hundred thousand eagles is a million dollars"

"Ah, yes," nodded Zorva, "How stupid of them! I always have trouble remembering data that pertains to minor currency. You will mark a debit of Ten Tarka on our books, charged off to the account of Elvor Brune."

"I have already done it, Herr Zorva."

Rising from his chair, Zorva rested one hand on a table. As if by accident, he encountered an object that he was using as a paper cutter. It happened to be an Italian poniard, long-bladed, sharp

pointed, and with a jeweled handle. Picking up the dagger, Zorva toyed with it absently as he remarked:

"Must I remind you, Rymol, that in America I am called Mr. Zorva? Such mistakes as the misuse of a simple title are very trivial. But human life is very trivial also."

Thirty feet across the library a tray, on it a wine bottle of Zorva's favored vintage. This particular wine was a sort that always was kept in a bottle resting on its side. The cork of the bottle was facing straight toward Zorva. Taking the blade of the poniard delicately between his fingers, Zorva gave a deft flip.

There was a whirr, a flash of jewels as the dagger scintillated across the room and scored an absolute bull's eye in the bottle cork. Strolling over, Zorva lifted the bottle and found the blade so deeply driven, that he uncorked the wine with a single twist. Pouring himself a glass of the ruby liquid Zorva added in the same absent tone:

"The most trivial of mistakes can sometimes prove fatal to persons who are equally unimportant. Make a note of that for my collection of epigrams, Rymol. You might also refresh your memory on other of my wise remarks. You have been lax of late."

Rymol's face was deadly white. That dagger point could have found its mark between his ribs, squarely to his heart, as easily as it had driven home in the bottle cork. Shakily, the secretary was putting down the epigram on paper, when a musical chime sounded.

Zorva's mild laugh was tuned to the chimes.

"Our visitor," he remarked. "Come along, Rymol, and you will learn how much a single Tarkon can mean to the average American."

The visitor was waiting in a room that Zorva called a study, though it looked like a portion of a royal suite. Zorva allowed Rymol to introduce him to a self-important person whose name was James Mardith. At a mere glance, Mardith stood for big business, American style. Eric Zorva took cognizance of both points.

"Suppose we discuss finance at once," suggested Zorva. "In terms of eagles, or rather dollars. Let me see--" He paused to calculate. "I should like to acquire a few billion of your American dollars."

Mardith's pudgy face dropped like a deflated balloon.

"A few--billion?"

"About two and a half," returned Zorva modestly. "I want to convert them into Japanese yen. Have I made

myself clear?"

So clear was Zorva's statement that Mardith's deflation ended deep in a teakwood chair, where the visitor's hands lay flabby on the chair arms, like a pair of embryo winds. Zorva sat down at an ebony desk, calling for financial documents that Rymol brought him.

"Some men let money become their master," spoke Zorva, in a tone replete with irony. "I have mastered money. It is the commodity in which I deal during this period of rapid changes. Wealth, property, have been destroyed in titanic measure and are no longer symbols of value. But the money situation can be controlled."

Zorva illustrated with sases familiar to Mardith. He named certain wealthy citizens of occupied countries who had fled their homelands prior to the Nazi invasions. he asked if Mardith considered those persons to be destitute.

"Why, no." replied Mardith. "Naturally, they have investments in other countries."

"What countries?" inquired Zorva coolly.

"Almost any country." began Mardith. "That is, any land where their investments would be secure."

"Can you specify any such land?"

So satanic was the gleam in Zorva's impressive eye that mardith felt inclined to name a realm where only a Mephistopheles could rule. Eric Zorva had suddenly metamorphosed into a prince of demons. mardith cold almost imagine a whiff of brimstone in the atmosphere.

"To put it delicately," suggested Zorva, his lips matching the demonic expression of his eyes, "the world has gone to Hades. No money is safe anywhere.... except with Eric Zorva."

Therewith, Zorva cited other cases. He asked if Mardith had heard the rumor that important men in Axis nations were secretly investing elsewhere. Of course Mardith had. He declared that he was sure the rumor was well founded.

"Suppose such investments were uncovered." remarked Zorva, retaining his smile. "What would become of such funds?"

"Here in America." rejoined Mardith, "we would seize them."

"Exactly!" agreed Zorva. "Thus the very purpose of the thing would be thwarted. Do you think that men who have acquired the loot that

came from Nazi conquests would risk sending their profits to America, even by proxy? Bah! They are not such great fools."

New light was dawning on James Mardith, as though the glow from those devil eyes of Zorva had imbued the visitor's own personality.

"I understand!" exclaimed Mardith. "You are the man with whom they placed their money. First, tjpse wjp feared invasion were your customers. Afterward, the invaders themselves gave you the profits of their loot. And in return?"

Zorva began passing papers to Mardith, who was amazed by the figures that he saw there. The records showed how millions of Czech koruny and Polish zloty had been delivered to Zorva and paid off in other currencies. More sheets of figures revealed vaster sums in French and Belgian francs, along with Dutch gulden.

Mardith's eyes looked startled when he saw transfers into German marks and Italian lira. Zorva merely smiled and informed him that such was the trend for a while, even English pounds having been changed into Axis currencies.

"I accept all money at face value," declared Zorva, "but only while there is still a market for it. I put it into currencies that promise to rise, lending at interest to persons in those countries. You will note a strong trend to dollars" hw passed Mardith another sheet.-- "with the result that I became over loaded."

"Fortunately, I foresaw a good investment in yen and made the most of it. There is still a demand for yen, at high interest, because of Japanese establishment in the East Indies. Should that market wane, I shall again anticipate the situation Such is my business."

Worrimment was evident in Mardith's gaze.

"But this is trading with the enemy," he began, "Surely you must realize--"

"What enemy?" queried Zorva, his smile belying that blank tone of his voice. "I have no enemies. In fact, my next investment may be in Russian rubles. But it makes no difference. When you deal with me, you transact business with Eric Zorva, no one else."

Slowly, Mardith nodded.

"You spoke of guarantees," said Mardith. "How do you recompense individuals for the huge sums they intrust to you while you are till negotiating for other currencies. What is the carry-over?"

From the desk, Zorva brought some crisp notes printed in green, with ornamentations in silver, gold, and red. Mardith stared curiously, for he had never seen the like of them before.

"This is currency of my own issue," explained Zorva. "International money, payable in any form of specie. Other currencies may decline or become worthless. NOT this. Mine is always good. The smallest unit" --Zorva displayed a bill embellished in silver-- "is the Delthon. It is equal to one hundred of your American eagles."

"One thousand dollars" put in Rymol from beside the table. "You wanted me to remind you on that point."

"Thank you Rymol," To Mardith, Zorva continued, "A mere fractional unit, the Delthon. One hundred Deltha equal One Tarkon."

As Zorva held up a green bill stamped with gold. Mardith's lips expressed a breathless, avaricious gasp: "One hundred thousand dollars"

"And a hundred Tarka," resumed Zorva, "are worth the sum that I have named in honor of myself. One Zorvon."

He displayed a bill that bore red letters and numerals, with Aorva's own portrait stamped on it. Since only the wealthiest of customers could acquire a Zorvon note, the Money Master had no reason to conceal his connection with such high-valued units.

Mardith's lips could be seen to utter: "Ten Million dollars."

Placing the Zorvon bill aside, Zorva plucked the Tarken note from the desk and handed it to Mardith. At the same time he beckoned his visitor up from the teakwood chair and toward the door.

"An advance payment, Mardith" affirmed Zorva, "In return, you are to introduce me to men who might supply a fraction of the sum I wish, two hundred and fifty Zorva, otherwise two and a half billion dollars. Once I have met a few such persons, I can easily contact others. It always works that way."

Mardith was nodding eagerly as his fingers toyed with the One Tarkon note. At the door, he queried: "Could I cash this... now?"

"Certainly," assured Zorva. "Rymol will introduce you Anton, the man who handles such transactions. Good-bye Mardith."

As Rymol conducted Mardith from the office, Zorva the secretary a gleaming, significant smile. The Money Master's point was proven.

He had shown the effect of a single Tarkon upon the average, American, as represented by James Mardith.

One of Zorva's epigrams was this: "A fool will do anything for money except ignore it." Which meant that Eric Zorva privately considered all men to be fools.

AS yet, The Money Master had never met an individual known as The Shadow!

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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## Radiomania

By Joe King



THE MAN  
WHO WENT  
CAMPING TO  
ESCAPE THE  
FAMILY RADIO

### GOOD NEWS -- BAD NEWS

The bad news is that this issue is the last for editor Linda DeCecco due to increasing job and family commitments. The good news is Dick and Arlene Olday will return next issue until we can find a permanent editor. Interested parties should write to the Old Time Radio Club.

FU MANCHU: SATAN'S  
EMISSARY ON THE AIR

BY Ken Weigel

In Fu Manchu, a author Sax Rohmer created the ultimate expression of Oriental cunning and one of the most malignant personalities in pulp fiction. Created in 1913, Fu Manchu was Rohmer's response to public apprehensions about the Yellow Peril, the social neurosis that bred suspicion and cruelty between Oriental and Occidental.

THE YELLOW PERIAL

The prejudice against the Oriental began in California during the Gold Rush. The Californian sized up "John Chinaman" as a job-stealer who organized secret orders, refused any western allegiances, and was loyal only to his homeland. His presence on American soil was seen as a move to subvert the country, or at all events California, in preparation for its overthrow.

This stereotyping spread up and down the coast in a wave of anti-foreign feeling, bringing with it a general hostility toward the Oriental. Politicians, authors, and journalists exploited the bias in a variety of libelous books, plays and essays. In time, the stereotype found its way to the nation's capital, worked its influence on the immigration laws, and crossed overseas.

This, in a nutshell was the Anglo-American attitude toward the "heathen Chinese" in the second decade of this century, when Sax Rohmer applied his talents to it. Rohmer was sensitive to social trends and steeped in the occult. He saw its commercial potential, and Fu Manchu was the result. ---Or, you can believe the Rohmer folklore, which is inclined to couch the archfiend's origin in romanticism. Rohmer, it is said, based his character on a "legendary Chinese racketeer, a drug and gambling baron known in the London underworld as "Mr. Big". Rohmer once spied the vice king stepping into a limousine on a foggy street and described his as looking like "Satan".

THE PRINCIPALS

In any case, Rohmer's Fu was every bit the social lout the stereotype portrayed, times ten. His appetite for mayhem was enormous. When he wasn't torturing or killing enemies, he was toying with schemes of ruin or destruction. Probably not since Moriarty, Sherlock Holmes' rival, had a single fictional character turned such vast intelligence to the perpetration of crime. Surrounding all of Fu's dark deeds was an air of the supernatural by virtue of his elusiveness. He struck suddenly, then vanished in London's dark underworld.

Fu's constant rival was Special Inspector Denis Nayland Smith. Smith was the consummate British sleuth this side of Holmes. (Indeed, both lived on Baker Street.) His credo was submission to the cause of right, even (gulp!) to the ultimate sacrifice. he rarely cracked a smile under that stiff upper lip, and for good reason: Fu was usually giving him the slip, often when his capture or death seemed imminent.

ON THE AIR

By the latter 1920's radio had yet to find its niche as an art form and its novelty was wearing thin. Broadcasters were looking for new ways to boost the entertainment value of their programming. The few dramatic shows then airing were theater "remotes" (Shakespeare was in) and shows that confined themselves to picture-book "period" material, e.g., "Great Moments in History", "Biblical Dramas." and the continuing "Everready Hour."

Then, in 1927, the newly formed National Broadcasting Company added Fu Manchu to its Blue network roster of dramas on the popular Collier's Hour, a variety show. It was a shot in the arm for radio. Fu's weekly fictional escapes didn't make audiences forget Charles Lindburgh or the new Model A Ford, but they helped swing the drama in another direction, and gave the larval network new grounds to explore.

FU MANCHU MYSTERIES

Over the next four years Fu's mayhem continued apace. At least

four of Rohmer's novels were serialized under Collier's sponsorship, all in weekly 15-minute installments. None of these shows is circulation today. But in 1932, the year after Fu Manchu went into comic strip syndication, radio listeners tuning into CBS heard a new half-hour series. This one belonged exclusively to the sinister Oriental. The program was "Fu Manchu Mysteries", a Monday night offering sponsored by Campana Balm out of Chicago. Amid much ballyhoo, Rohmer himself sailed from England to oversee the production.

With John C. Daly in the title role, Charles Warburton as Nayland Smith, and the entire cast in full costume, "Fu Manchu Mysteries" went on the air on September 25, 1932. The country was hard hit by the Depression, but by then wireless had gone coast-to-coast, and radio was in full swing. "Fu Manchu Mysteries" quickly became one of the bright spots on the dial.

In its short season-- it lasted 31 episodes--only "Sherlock Holmes" in the growing thriller field had a wider audience. "Fu Manchu Mysteries" outpulled "Buck Rogers", "Charlie Chan," "Eno Crime Club," "The Shadow," and "The Orange Lantern." ("Orange Lantern" was NBC's entry in the Fu Manchu sweepstakes. It starred Arthur Hughes, who earlier played "Fu" on the Collier Hour.)

#### RADIO LUXEMBOURG

In 1936-7, Radio Luxembourg, Europe's most powerful radio station, broadcast a British version of Fu Manchu, throwing Fu and his dark fictions into the cauldron of Europe's growing war fears. Storm signals from across the seas were a topic of world interest. A remilitarized Germany had entered the Rhineland, and the Nazis had decreed Prussia out of existence, leaving the Junkers powerless. IN Spain, General Franco's rebels, with Hitler and Mussolini backing them, were at war with Loyalist forces. Mussolini continued his conquest of Ethiopia, and Hitler, on the brink of dictatorship, was fixing his eye on the Sudetenland.

With war and rumors of war rife, radio news was pushed to the forefront. (In America, commentators-- among them Lowell Thomas, Gabriel Heatter and H.V. Kaltenborn already household names-- were earning new credibility.) However the series was received, there is

little doubt that European audiences, already jumpu from Nazi and fascist antics, could have listened to Fu's Luxembourg tyrannies without being reminded of the turmoil brewing around them.

#### THE SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

Back in America, in the spring of 1939, a series called "The Shadow Of Fu Manchu" went on the air. Roughly half of the 77-episode series has survived. It's worth a closer look to show the Fu menace at work.

"Shadow of Fu Manchu" begins some years after the Boxer Rebellion (1900). Nayland Smith and his close associate, Dr. Petrie, are summoned from Mandalay by the British Government to halt the criminal activities of Fu Manchu. Fu oversees the Black Poppy Society, a vile contagion of super criminals similar to the Harmonious Fists, the secret order that instigated the Rebellion. Its aim is to eliminate Europe's most powerful leaders, and thus pave the way for Fu's evil empire. The survival not only of the British Empire but of the entire white race depends on the success of Smith's mission.

Midnight in fog-bound London. Smith and Petrie hurry to the home of Crighton Davy to warn the British statesman that he is on Fu's list to be destroyed. But they arrive too late--Sir Chirgton is dead in his study. Dr. Petrie's post-mortem reveals that death was caused by the sting of a poisonous insect, called the "Zayat Kiss." Hours later, Smith himself narrowly escapes a Zayat Kiss meant for him. When Fu learns of it, he has the dacoit who blundered the assassination put to death.

Smith and Petrie double their efforts to find Fu and put a quick end to the Black Poppy menace. Fu also knows that he must put Smith out of hte way if the Black Poppy's mission is to succeed. Thus he kidnaps Petrie, and lures Smith to his dank riverfront hideout. But Smith alertly dons a disguise and surprises Fu in his den. As Smith is about to lay hands on Fu, the wily Oriental springs a trap door, plunging Petrie into the Tames. While Smith is rescuing Petrie, Fu escapes into the night.

Before you can say John Bull, Fu and his dacoits attempt two more assassinations.

Smith and Petrie next are summoned by the Reverend Elson, the heroic "fighting missionary." to

investigate a series of mysterious occurrences at his estate. This is the same Reverend Elson who distinguished himself in the Boxer Rebellion. With only a small garrison of cripples, the Reverend held a hospital in Nan Yang against 200 Boxers, inflicting heavy casualties. When the Reverend makes plans to return to the Orient these many years later to expose the corrupt activities of the Black Paddy, the Society begins sending him death threats, warning him to keep away. The Reverend ignores their threats, but sends for Smith and Petrie to protect his daughter.

By the time Smith and Petrie arrive at the Reverend's estate, Fu already secluded himself on the fortified grounds and has begun tormenting the Reverend and his daughter. One such ploy has Fu clubbing the Reverend's watchdog, abducting the Reverend's daughter and injecting her with a memory-erasing serum. After being subjected to other terrors, the Reverend finally gives in and abandons his planned return to the Orient. In all if Fu's storied plottings, this is one of the very few where he fails to leave a corpse behind. It is, therefore, only a partial success for Fu.

Meanwhile, Fu escapes again, and Smith is no nearer to capturing him than the day he left Mandalay.

Tensions build and bodies pile up. A state of terror grips Europe's elite. Every shadow, it seems, threatens death for them and for Smith and Petrie.

Back in London, Smith is called to investigate a pair of mysterious deaths that have occurred in a house supposedly haunted. Each victim was found in a separate part of the house sitting bolt upright with a look of horror on his face, an apparent victim of fright. Both victims had links to the East. The servants tell of hearing "astral bells" and seeing "fiery hands" wielding "luminous daggers" and dark figures wandering the corridors. Smith smells a rat. As we shall see, his instincts were never better.

Late the next night, Smith and Petrie are poking around with flashlights in the cellar of the mysterious house when suddenly the floor opens and they are hurled downward. Smith comes to and finds himself chained to the floor. Petrie is strapped to a chair. Standing over them taunting them in their ill-lighted surroundings is Fu Manchu, fulminating about the exquisiteness of refined torture.

Fu lowers a wire cage over Smith's body, leaving only Smith's head and feet exposed. Six small "gates" are lowered through slots placed at odd intervals along the length of the cage-- one gate partitions the ankles, another the lower legs, another the upper legs, and so on up Smith's body. The mechanics of the torture are tantalizing; a sack of ravenous rats is released into the cage at the ankles. In due course the first gate is lifted, and the rats rush to the compartment. One by one the gates are lifted, freeing the rats to gnaw their way higher up the Smith smorgasbord.

Petrie's hands, meanwhile, are free of restraints. Hanging on a wall nearby is a samurai sword. Fu explains he has placed the sword within Petire's reach so that Petrie may, in the sacred hari-kari tradition, mercifully sever Smith's spine when Smith's agony becomes too great. I mean, it's guys like this that gave the neighborhood a bad name..

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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Radiomania

By Joe King

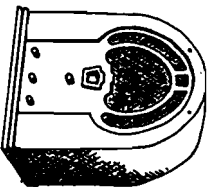


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