

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

EST. 1975

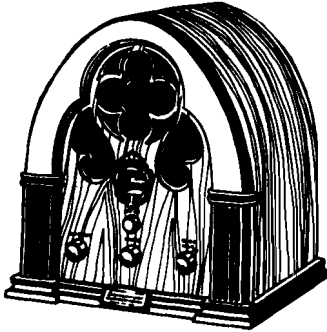
FEBRUARY 1990
ISSUE #161



On *One Man's Family* Mother Barbour, Jack, Claudia, Paul, Hazel, and Father were played by Mary Adams, Page Gilman, Barbra Fuller, Russell Thorson, Bernice Berwin, and J. Anthony Smythe.



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB



**THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION**

New member processing fee \$2.50 plus club dues are \$17.50 per year from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library list, 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 \$13.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: If you join in January-March dues are \$17.50 for the year; April-June, \$14.00; July-September, \$10.00; October-December, \$7. ALL renewals are due by January 2! 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 \$29.75. Publications will be airmailed.

The Old Time Radio Club meets the **FIRST** Monday of the month (August through June) at 393 George Urban Blvd., Cheektowaga, NY. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome. Meetings start 7:30 pm.

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: Richard Olday; Production: Arlene Olday. Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A.

DEADLINE FOR I.P.: 10th of each month prior to the month of publication.

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

NEW MEMBERSHIP DUES:

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

ILLUSTRATED PRESS: Letters, columns, etc.) & **OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:**

Richard A. Olday
100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-1604

REFERENCE LIBRARY:

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393 George Urban Blvd.
Cheektowaga, NY 14225

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS, MAILING OF PUBLICATIONS

Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
Grand Island, NY 14072
(716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARIES: REELS 1-600

Bill Weber
226 Harding Rd.
Williamsville, NY 14221
(716) 634-7021

REELS 600 and up

Thomas Harris
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(716) 759-8401

CANADIAN BRANCH:

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960 - 16 Rd., R.R.3
Fenwick, Ontario LOS 1C0

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Lancaster, NY 14086
(716) 684-0733

VIDEO & RECORDS

Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Place
Buffalo, NY 14312
(716) 884-2004

BACK ISSUES: All **MEMORIES** and **I.P.s** are \$1.50 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, NY 14213

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES:

\$60.00 for a full page (ALL ADS MUST \$40.00 for a half page **BE CAMERA READY**)

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

Advertising Deadline - September 1

LETTERS



In your December issue, you requested comments on MEMORIES. Being somewhat of a newcomer, I have only seen "Gunsmoke" and VARIETY 49". Both were very good and by means continue them. Now in answer to your queries about contest, etc. Suggest future issues should deal with:

Top comedians of Radio

Detective Series

Soap Operas

Late Afternoon Shows (Tom Mix, Little Orphan Annie etc.).

Use generalized areas rather than a particular show and perhaps suggest some of the better shows in several categories.

To pay for it, perhaps skip your summer issue and money saved go toward paying for MEMORIES.

Stan Rubenstein

2735 Beebe Dr

Cutchogue NY 11935

You asked for input regarding MEMORIES, well here it is DROP IT!... and use the money to issue a new catalog for tapes etc. MEMORIES can be read and discarded but he catalog goes on until you issue a new one and that isn't often. At least you can issue an updated supplement. (((Catalog supplements are now being updated and will be mailed to all members in October...Ed)))

I regularly donate reels and cassettes and this can go on forever as Chicago radio offers a lot. However, I got to a point where I'm not sure what I donated. Also out of pure curiosity I want to see what others have donated and without a new catalog I don't see much.

And then there's new members who don't know what's all available as they missed some IP supplements.

I hope to see a new catalog soon. Then I'll resume donations. Also I want to order some new stuff.

Thanks.

Jack Mandik

4732 N. Paulina

Chicago IL 60640

Thanks again for the nice pitch for the OTR Defense fund and for the Sherlock Holmes tapes; much gratitude for the former, much good listening with the latter.

If I could presume to pester you again, I'd like to call a couple of matters

to your attention. First, Carolyn and I got a nice letter from a former OTR vendor who asked that his/her name and former company be withheld for fear of further litigation. I have taken the liberty of editing the letter somewhat to help conceal the identity of the writer, but it essentially read like this:

"I've just read your article in October's Illustrated Press and I felt I wanted to write to tell you how much I appreciate what you are trying to do for those...involved in these suits.

(Some vendors have) gone out of business as a direct result of this action. As you mentioned, the cost of settling this suit out of court is an astronomical figure, and that doesn't even consider what attorney's fees are!

(My spouse) has been a fan of OTR for many years and still enjoys listening, but this whole affair is something which will always be a sad note in OTR and in our lives.

...Thank you again for what you are trying to do. God bless you."

(Name of undersigned withheld by request)

OK, Next - the Sherlock Holmes quiz was a lot of fun (things like that are most fun when you win!! What do you think of running another quiz? How about a Fibber McGee and Molly quiz (which might bring a better response than Holmes quiz from your OTR readership)? We are taking the liberty of suggesting some questions.

1. What was Fibber & Molly's home address in the town of Wistful Vista?
2. How much did the home at the above address cost the McGees to acquire?
3. As we know McGee had a neighbor named Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve. What was Gildersleeve's address?
4. Fibber often referred to an old buddy with whom he used to work in vaudeville; what was this old show business partner's name and where was he from?
5. Who played the little girl character, "Teenie: on the show?
6. What was Mrs. Carstairs' first name?
7. During the war the McGees rented a spare bedroom to a war plant worker. What was this factory worker's name?
8. We all know that the first "closet gag" occurred March 5, 1940 but when was the second closet gag?
9. What were the McGees looking for when they opened that famous closet for the very first time?
10. What was Molly McGee's maiden name?
11. When the Gildersleeve character first appeared on the show his name wasn't Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, what was it?
12. The character "Teenie" had little boy friend. What was his name?
13. The town of Wistful Vista boasted

what must have been one of the most crowded street intersections of all time because so many things, including the Court House, City Hall, an the Bijou theater were all located there. What was this famous street corner?

14. In the name Horatio K. Boomer, what does the "K" stand for?

15. Molly had an old "pre-Fibber" boyfriend who was mentioned (and caused problems) from time to time; what was this old swain's name?

16. For whom did the character "Beulah" work before becoming the McGee's cook?

17. Everyone knows that Bill Thompson played numerous roles on the show. One of the lesser known roles was that of the Carstairs' butler. What was this butler's name?

18. Wallace Wimple's "Big Old Wife" was usually referred to as "Sweetie Face," but what was this character's real first name?

19. Speaking of "The Old Timer" this character was almost always called "The Old Timer," but what was the character's actual name?

Entrance fee \$5.00 to be donated to the OTR Defense Fund ((this will also qualify you for free rental from our library...see Frank Boncore's column ...Ed.))

1st Prize - A genuine cathedral top radio sweat shirt donated by us.

2nd Prize - A genuine cathedral top radio t-shirt donated by us.

3rd Prize - "I Love Old Time Radio" bumper stickers (as many as I can talk Bob Burnham out of)

Joe Senter
4003 Clifton Avenue
Cincinnati, OH 45220

The question about the future of MEMORIES was brought up in the December IP, and the membership was asked for input on the question. I think that the decisions relating to the financial end of things must be left with the Buffalo crowd, for they are the only ones who really know the financial situation. I do, however, have a few thoughts about MEMORIES.

First, it was stated that this issue had to be "reduced by half." I did a page count of the text material (not the ads which I certainly hope are self supporting) in last year's issue and found 42 pages. This year there were 28. Double that would have been 56 pages, a great deal larger than last year. I wonder if the editors had made their plans for a greatly expanded issue known to the Buffalo membership in advance. Perhaps it was optimistic to feel that the present financial situation would support such an increase in size and cost. A second thing I noticed was the very heavy cover paper, much heavier than last year's. I wonder if there is any real advantage to using heavier paper for the cover, which I assume costs more, and perhaps more in postage. Perhaps

savings could be made, without harming the magazine at all, by using the same weight cover as the pages on the inside. It appears to me that this was the practice several years ago, and my old copies are in fine shape. A third point would be the vast amount of space devoted to full page ad reprints, such as the Al Jolson one. Would not the same effect be produced by greatly reducing the size of such reprints and putting several on the same page? I took that particular page to the place where I do my photocopying and reduced its size as much as their machine would allow (65% of the original size). After reducing it that amount three time (at a cost of 18¢) I wound up with a brilliant copy, with everything fully legible, that was less than three inches high. It seems to me that there is no advantage to full pages being used by such reprints. Supposedly the theme of this issue was a salute to VARIETY. I found four articles, covering ten pages, that didn't appear to have any tie in with VARIETY at all. Now they were all excellent and interesting pieces, but since they didn't particularly fit in with the theme, I wonder if they wouldn't have been exactly as effective in the pages of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS, where they might give us some relief by pushing the pulp stories, that many of us object to, out of an issue or two. Another money saving possibility would be to issue MEMORIES in place of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS in the month that it come out. That would also serve the purpose of giving the IP editor an occasional break.

Yes, I would like to see MEMORIES continue if it can be economically feasible, and if it is really producing something that is beyond the scope and capability of the ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Jim Snyder
314 North Colony Drive #2-D
Saginaw MI 48603

JUST THE FACTS MA'AM
By: Frank C. Boncore

In response to a letter written by Carolyn & Joe Senter, I would like to add my comments.

\$800 may seem like a lot of money, but when the lawyer cost \$200 per hours, its not really that much.

"Cowboy" Don Aston & Bob Burnham have been members of the OTRC for several years. Both have made several contributions to Old Time Radio and have actively supported the Old Time Radio Club. Both men have also made several donations to our reel and cassette library.

Now is the time for the OTRC to help them. At the January Club meeting, the members voted unanimously the following:

Each OTRC member who contributes a minimum of \$5.00 to the OTR Defense Fund will receive a FREE RENTAL of 4 CASSETTES or 4 REELS from the OTRC library.

Please send your donations to:
OTR Defense Fund
c/o Carolyn & Joe Senter
4003 Clifton Avenue
Cincinnati OH 45220

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

In the premier issue of his LISTENING GUIDE NEWSLETTER, Bob Burnham has written an article that absolutely infuriates me. The basic reason for my displeasure is because, deep down, I know that he is right and I don't want to accept it. He has written that the "quarter track reel format is obsolete" for storage and playing of our old radio shows.

I try to resist his logic in any way I can. These machines are still available. For instance, my winter catalog from Long's Electronics lists one of these machines at \$895 plus \$10.21 shipping. This is 50% more expensive than the first such machine that I bought from Long's back in 1974, but my most recent car cost me 300% more than it did back then. He is correct, however, that these machines are rapidly going the way of the Edsel and before long they will not be available at any price. Repairs, as Bob points out, are also going to become an increasing problem, although parts availability currently seems to be rather capricious. I have a 30 year old Sony that I just took in for repairs (an old tube type machine) and the repair shop was able to get the necessary parts in four days. However, a Pioneer that is only four years old has been in the shop for over nine months and they still haven't received the requested parts.

Although I have been unwilling to admit it, I have "deep down" recognized this problem for years. So, I now own, and have stored, one dozen reel-to-reel machines that I can fall back on when others go kaput. The problem will be getting repairs as those machines get older and older. I have a good reliable place here in Saginaw, but does anyone know of a good place in the Phoenix area, where I will be moving in five years?

One of Bob's suggestions is to switch my collection from reels to cassettes. That is patently impossible. For a number of years, I have been saying that I would run out of storage room when my collection hit 20,000 shows. Well, as I write this, my collection is only 113 shows short of that number, and I will have passed that 20,000 mark before you read this. There is absolutely no way that I can

transfer that number of shows to cassettes, in my lifetime, and find a way of storing those shows in the much greater space consuming cassette format.

I guess I am now reduced to listening to the shows that I have that do interest me, until the last of my dozen reel-to-reel machines become unrepairable. Then I guess the whole collection of reels will go in the trash.

Of course, I do have a number of cassettes, all duplicates of shows in my reel-to-reel collection. These are for travel times in my car. This summer, for example, I will be taking a seven week trip in my car, and I already have my boxes of cassettes all ready for that jaunt. But moving my whole collection to cassettes is a project that does not interest me in the least.

So, Bob Burnham has brought me rather brutally to accept the fact that my tape collection is not going to entertain me in my old age as I had always expected it to do. I can hate Bob for pointing this out to me, even though he is dead right.

Let me add, by the way, that I found Bob's initial issue of THE LISTENING GUIDE NEWSLETTER to be outstanding. He has a number of features that are not found in other OTR publications. I always have found Bob's writing to be interesting. Very often he is controversial, but his ideas are well thought out and he is never boring. If you have not already subscribed I would certainly urge you to do so. He is going to give you something to think about, as well as entertain and inform you. You can subscribe by sending \$12 (for a one year subscription of four issues) to:

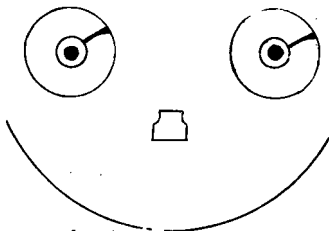
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6. The Mad Scientist Caper 7/25/48-CBS
7. The Hot Hundred Grand Caper 9/19/48-CBS
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- 12/20/53 #272 A Story for Christmas
- 12/27/53 #272 Fly by Night
- 1/3/54 #274 One of the Boys
- 1/10/54 #275 Experiment in Space
- 1/17/54 #276 Finishing Kick
- 1/24/54 #277 Rest Cure
- 1/31/54 #278 The New Shoe
- 2/7/54 #279 The Officer Who Never Gives Orders

- 2/14/54 #280 Birthday Salute for Fort Riley
- 2/21/54 #281 Safety is no Accident
- 2/28/54 #282 Hourglass Combo

- #773-THE JACK BENNY SHOW
- 4/1/51 Jack Prepares to Depart for NY
- 4/8/51 The IRS Wants to Visit Jack
- 4/15/51 Jack and the Cast Go to the Circus
- 4/29/51 How Jack Reserved a Room in Las Vegas
- 5/6/51 Jack Reads "I Was Shanghaied"
- 5/13/51 Jack Prepares to go to NY
- 5/20/51 The Cast is Dissatisfied with the New Contracts
- 5/27/51 Jack Visits the Doctor
- 6/3/51 Last Show of Season
- 9/16/51 Jack Returns from USO Trip to Korea (AFRS)
- 9/23/51 Jack's Version of "Horatio Hornblower" (AFRS)

- #774-PROUDLY WE HAIL
- 5/31/53 #243 The Kid with Five Lives
- 6/7/53 #244 Orphans for the Storm
- 10/4/53 #261 Recipe for Deceit
- 10/11/53 #262 The Safety Factor
- 10/18/53 #263 Military Mission
- 10/25/53 #264 Wings for a Tiger
- 11/1/53 #265 Ranger Tab
- 11/8/53 #266 Fox Peter One
- 11/15/53 #267 The Big Blow
- 11/22/53 #268 Daring Young Man
- 11/29/53 #269 Lucifer Heads North
- 12/6/53 #270 Focus on Mig Alley

- #775-THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE
- 9/26/43 Leila Returns Home
- 10/31/43 The Halloween Party
- 11/14/43 Rejected
- 1/9/44 Hospitalized
- 1/16/44 Income Tax Reforms
- 1/23/44 Love Returns
- 1/30/44 The Aspiring Actress
- 2/6/44 The Big Sleigh Ride

- 3/19/44 Mayor Gildersleeve
- 4/9/44 Running for Mayor
- 4/30/44 Engaged
- 5/7/44 The Campaign Heats Up

- #776-THE JUDY CANOVA SHOW
- HALO SHAMPOO/PALMOLIVE
- 2/22/47 Judy on the Wishing Well Program
- 4/12/47 In the Spring, A Young Man's Fancy
- 4/19/47 Hollywood Glamor Contest
- 4/26/47 Opera Masquerade
- 1/10/48 Judy Dejected over Humphrey Cooper
- 1/17/48 Cantor for President (with Eddie Cantor)
- 1/24/48 No Progress Romantically
- 2/7/48 Judy Visits Benchley Betsford
- 2/28/48 Publicity
- 3/20/48 Publicity Man/New Image
- 4/3/48 Famous PR Man

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- EPS #296 thru 299, 301-302
- July 1-4, 8-9, 1935
- EPS #303 thru #308
- July 10-12, 15-17, 1935
- EPS #309, 312, #317 thru 320
- July 18, 23, 30-31; Aug 1,2 1935
- EPS #321 thru 32 Aug 5-8 1935
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TAPESPENDENTS: Send in your wants and we'll run them here for at least 2 months.

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Chuck Wheeler
6210 Shull Rd.
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Ph: (513) 236-4570

WANTED: "Radio: A Reference Guide" (book), by Thomas A. Greenfield. Also, trading OTR & entertainment books, comics histories. Send \$1 for 40-page book list.
Ken Weigel
7011 Lennox Ave. #126
Van Nuys CA 91405

WANTED: Vintage table model radios in working condition.
Stan Rubenstein
2735 Beebe Drive
Cutchogue NY
Ph: (516) 734-7543

Tapespondents is a free service to all members.

THE SHADOW

DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

The Money Master

Chapter Twenty: Broken Barriers

Slowly, shakily, The Shadow's hand was working at the vault dial. As though aware of guns that were moving closer to his back, he was still posing in the infirm way of Dorfee. There was more, however, to that part than The Shadow's captors supposed.

Actually, The Shadow was timing the turns of the dial. His slow operation was due to the fact that he was simply doubling the intervals that Zorva had demonstrated. All the while, The Shadow was listening to the buzzing device, which he alone was close enough to hear properly.

Buzzer's special detector had its faults. It was apt to miss when used quite independently. But The Shadow found it perfect as a checker. Each time he reached a known number, he paused and listened for a slight click. Sometimes it came right where he expected; occasionally, it was one number off, left or right. Mentally, The Shadow tabbed each correction.

The Shadow was using Zorva's timing, set to the first few numbers that Buzzer had correctly gauged. With the instrument taking care of any deviations, the task became a matter of mere minutes. Coming to the final number, The Shadow halted. Then, to the surprise of his watchers, twirled the dial.

"What's the matter?" demanded Shep. "I thought you were getting somewhere, Shadow."

The Shadow furnished a Dorfee quaver.

"One slight mistake," he pleaded. "It spoiled everything. I must begin again...without this."

Pulling the detector from the vault from where Buzzer had clamped it, The Shadow flung the device away. His disguised lips

formed an impatient wince as he began to turn the dial anew.

Shep gave Bert a knowing nod. The prisoner must be The Shadow, if he could work without Buzzer's machine. Guns shoved hard against The Shadow's ribs, to prod him to new effort.

Instantly, The Shadow froze. His voice became more quavery than before. Somehow his plea sounded genuine, when he declared:

"You are making it impossible! How can I concentrate while guns press me? You are saying without words that you do not intend to keep your promise!"

The statement was too true to please the crime partners. They shifted back a few paces.

"Take a look," remarked Shep. "This ought to suit you better."

The Shadow turned and surveyed a bristle of guns, quite as threatening at four-foot distance as when they snuggled against his ribs. He found his cane leaning beside him. Shifting his weight to the stick, he shook his head.

"Buzzer can tell you how I feel," he pleaded. "When I shut my eyes, I see the numbers. Then, when I think of guns, the numbers are gone."

"Yeah," agreed Buzzer. "That's it. Only I kept thinking of box cars instead of guns. Box cars with big numbers, like millions of bucks. Maybe billions of bucks!"

Shep furnished an ugly glower.

"We're not falling for that stuff, Shadow," he said. "If you think we're going to stow away our rods, you're guessing wrong. Give you an inch, you take a mile. We know!"

"Yeah, we know," repeated Bert. He turned to Shep: "Still, the guy has to concentrate.

Buzzer says so, so he ought to know."

It was The Shadow who offered a compromise. One hand resting on the cane, he gestured the other toward a closet door.

"Put me in there," he declared. "Give me darkness and silence. Every number of the combination will then return."

Mention of darkness particularly impressed Shep, who knew The Shadow's liking for that element. Each closet door bore a heavy lock; the hinges were huge and strong. Shep began to like The Shadow's suggestion. Once in an air-tight closet, he could stay there and die by slow degrees. That might be the right fate for The Shadow after he solved the vault combination.

Shep told his men to open the closets. Finding them half filled with papers, the mob transferred the contents of one to the other, while Shep and Bert kept covering The Shadow. One closet empty, they marched The Shadow into it.

"Start tapping when we close the door," ordered Shep. "We'll let Buzzer turn the dial. And no stalling Shadow, or--"

Shep finished the sentence with a gun gesture that Bert and the rest copied, with the exception of Buzzer who was standing ready at the vault. Closing the closet door, Shep heard the lock drive home. He turned to Buzzer.

"Use the gadget," ordered Shep. "Maybe you can tell if the guy is dealing them straight."

Tap--tap--tap--

The first number was coming from the closet door as Buzzer hastily affixed the detector. Shep called the total, and it corresponded with the first number on Buzzer's short list. Buzzer turned the dial accordingly.

A pause; then more taps. Steadily, number by number, The Shadow was sending the combination through. Strange, those muffled clicks, like messages from a tomb. Shep liked the comparison; it fitted with his plans for The Shadow. Catching the gleaming gaze that Shep turned toward the closet, Bert understood and nodded.

Number by number, with Buzzer giving a pleased grunt as he finished each turn of the dial. He could hear those tumblers now, Buzzer could, with the strain gone and the right combination coming through. It

all hinged on that final number, the one that had stumped The Shadow earlier.

A long pause, this time.

Then three taps. Buzzer gave a final turn, raised his hands wisely as he detected a click. He pulled the door handle and it yielded. As though taking credit as his own, Buzzer swung the vault door wide as Shep and Bert shoved forward, with others close behind them.

Built on the solid rock of Manhattan Island, the great mansion withstood the shock that came, but it must have quivered to its topmost eaves.

The shock was supplied by one terrific blast that burst from the opened vault and crashed against the crypt walls. Every cubic foot of air seemed compressed into a corresponding cubic inch. So terrific was the concussion, that the stone walls bent. Doors yielded even farther, as The Shadow could testify, for the barrier that shielded him from the explosion pressed him clear back to the stone wall behind him.

Hard on the blast came a giant cough as the vault sucked back the air that it had banished. Crashes followed, denoting the collapse of stone arches and supporting pillars. Tremendous crashes that gave way to dwindling echoes.

The Shadow didn't have to fake Dorfee's shakes when he reached to find the closet door. Not that the explosion had exceeded his calculations. The Shadow knew that Zorva would go in for everything in a huge way, applying the rule to TNT as well as wealth. The Shadow had simply supposed that he could stand the shock for which he was prepared, thanks to the intervening door. He'd stood it, but the thing remained a nightmare.

Seemingly, The Shadow had landed in a bottomless abyss, for he found no door when he groped forward. Next, he was stumbling over blocks of stone that jarred him to his senses. His probing hands found fragments of the door. It hadn't merely been rocked from its hinges, a happening on which The Shadow banked. The door had gone to slivers, metal as well as wood, when relieved from the impact of the blast.

Past other stones, The Shadow tripped across mangled bodies. There was no need to

survey them. The fate of Shep Ficklin, Bert Cowder, and the rest, was all too obvious. No one could have stood the full concussion of that blast and lived, let alone survive the crush of fallen masonry that carpeted the crypt to a thickness of three feet.

The outer door was gone, like those of the closets. The difficulty was to distinguish it, with its pile of debris, from gaps that were broken in surrounding walls.

Groping through absolute darkness, The Shadow joggled a tilted arch and a block of granite toppled from above. The smash was diverted by another projecting stone, while The Shadow, squirming through the nearest hole, found himself landing at the bottom of the concrete stairs.

Those steps had survived the blast. At the top, The Shadow saw a wavering flashlight gripped by Shank, the posted guard. In dazed fashion, Shank saw the figure of Dorfee come into the glow. The crook raised a gun, snarling for the prisoner to stop. Shank didn't expect the drive that came.

Tightening, The Shadow became himself in action. He lunged for Shank, bowled him back before he could fire. Wrestling gun and flashlight from the guard, The Shadow gave the whispered laugh that all crooks recognized. Subdued, Shank marched ahead at the point of his own gun, through the mansion where all lights had been extinguished by the explosion.

The blast had been heard throughout the neighborhood, but no one had located its source. The only person who suspected the explosion's origin was a cruising cab driver, who kept circling the block. Passing the rear gate, the cabby saw two figures emerging from it.

The cabby was Moe Shrevnitz; he stopped to receive his chief and the latter's prisoner.

Huddled in a corner of the cab, Shank heard the swish of an unfolding cloak, accompanied by whispered mirth, subdued but sinister. The captive crook quailed.

This laugh was a prelude to the last. That last laugh would come when The Shadow held his final meeting with the Money Master, Eric Zorva!

The Money Master

Chapter Twenty One: The Hand That Failed

Pacing the upstairs room at his headquarters, Pierre Dulaine kept staring at the telephone. At moments he paused to glance at his trusted lieutenant, Nicco Pana, whose face showed a strain as great as Dulaine's, though Pana's anxiety was pretended.

"Two hours have gone," spoke Dulaine. "A long time, Nicco, since you saw Hume meet Dorfee."

"Not too long," returned Pana in a hopeful tone. "They must have spent an hour or more at dinner. Perhaps their business with Eric Zorva held them another hour."

"In that case," asserted Dulaine, "we should have heard from The Shadow. It is time he told us where Zorva can be found."

Pana shook his head.

"Never by telephone," he declared. "The Shadow is too wise. Suppose, for instance, that Zorva has tapped this phone wire --"

Pausing, Pana watched the effect he wanted. Sudden understanding showed on Dulaine's face. Pana's suggestion explained things that had puzzled Dulaine; indeed, Dulaine had begun to suspect that his own camp contained a traitor.

Which made Pana's suggestion all the more subtle, inasmuch as it diverted suspicion from himself.

"Perhaps The Shadow will send a messenger," remarked Dulaine. "He has workers of his own, who would team well with my men."

"I thought of that," returned Pana. "So I gave orders to receive them if they should come. I knew you would agree."

Dulaine clapped his hands upon Pana's shoulder.

"You think of everything, Nicco!"

Pana did think of everything, though his ideas were

inspired by another mind, his real master, Eric Zorva.

Hardly had Dulaine finished complimenting his lieutenant before footsteps sounded, coming up the stairs. One of Dulaine's rugged followers appeared, conducting a stranger behind him, as soon as the two entered the room, another pair arrived in tandem fashion. As they turned sideward, just within the door, Dulaine saw suddenly that these strangers couldn't be The Shadow's agents.

Each newcomer gripped a knife, the points pressing the backs of Dulaine's men, who had been helplessly forced upstairs under threat of death. The captives had come more or less willingly, however, feeling that when Dulaine saw their plight, he would take action.

Dulaine didn't disappoint them. With one sweep, he brought a revolver from his pocket, only to halt his hand before he could aim.

A third knife supplied its threat.

The blade was Pana's, produced while Dulaine was reaching for the gun. Dulaine himself was the target of the lieutenant's treachery, for Pana's knife was pointed straight at Dulaine's heart. The leer on Pana's face told Dulaine that the trusted Nicco was the man responsible for recent misadventures.

Nicco Pana, servant of the Money Master!

The fact was certified by the cold tone that spoke from the doorway. Looking, Dulaine saw the man who had checked him at every turn. Eric Zorva, his tawny face wearing an appropriate smile, was here in all his satanic majesty. From the stairway behind him came the wavering glow of firelight from a downstairs fireplace. It gave the effect of a magical arrival from some hellish domain.

"I regret this intrusion, Dulaine," mocked Zorva. "Unfortunately, it was necessary to abandon my more commodious residence, which, for your information, was the Lanstead mansion, of which you may have heard. Dealing in traitors as I do, I can always mark them.

"Recently I hired two such men: Shep Ficklin and Bert Cowder. I did so largely through expediency, but I foresaw their purposes in joining in my service. They had hopes of opening the vault wherein I keep my fabulous fortune. By this time, they have probably accomplished it.

"How easy it was to arrange a massive bomb so the detonator would strike the moment the vault door opened. Those fools will be found in an empty mansion, victims of a crime that will be classed as their own idea."

As he finished, Zorva looked around Dulaine's quarters and gave a disappointing shrug.

"I expected something better," said Zorva, turning to Pana. "However, Nicco, I can put up with this. The cell room downstairs is too important in comparison. I understand it has been specially fitted to contain me as a prisoner. In that case, it should be strong enough to house my wealth, which I brought with my luggage.

"Rymol is transferring it there at present. Your other men" -- Zorva turned to Dulaine -- "are aiding him. That finished, I shall decide what to do with you, though the choice will not be difficult. Elimination is always the best policy with enemies."

The phone bell was ringing. Dulaine's eyes became hopeful, Pana's went anxious. Looking from one to the other, Zorva smiled.

"It is not The Shadow," declared Zorva. "I left him in the strong room to take his share of the explosion, providing his captors let him live that long, which is unlikely."

Drawing his jeweled poniard from his belt, the Money Master stepped beyond Dulaine and pressed the knife point against the chief prisoner's back. Across Dulaine's shoulder, Zorva spoke to Pana:

"Answer the phone, Nicco."

The conversation was short, but important. Finishing, Pana dropped the telephone hurriedly.

"It was Hume!" he exclaimed.

"Dorfee is just leaving the club. Hume is worried; he thinks that Dorfee tricked you. If so, he will probably call the police when he reaches his hotel.

Zorva's eyes glared like balls of living fire. He knew that Hume could be right. Zorva had taken the real Dorfee for granted while dealing with his double, otherwise The Shadow. Indeed, the Money Master had violated one of his own strict rules, by showing his hand in crime during his first reception to a new visitor.

A canny man, Lionel Dorfee. Perhaps he'd actually been won by Zorva's promises. But that business in the library, the sight of his own double awaiting death sentence, could have weakened Dorfee. It might have made him think in terms of his own future, if he dealt with Eric Zorva.

Yes, the Money Master had slipped in his deal with Dorfee, leaving too much to Hume. Still, Hume had detected the flaw when talking to Dorfee afterward. There was still time to offset the damage. Dorfee's hotel was a long way from Hume's club. Across Dulaine's shoulder, Zorva gestured Pana to the door.

"Go with Rymol!" ordered Zorva. "Do with Dorfee as you should have with The Shadow. This time, do not fail!"

A laugh echoed in response to Zorva's words.

Pana didn't utter the laugh. He wouldn't have dared. In fact, Pana's face was too frozen to deliver a laugh. He was dropping back from the doorway to let Zorva see who stood beyond. On the threshold, the Money Master saw the Nemesis that he thought was forever banished.

The Shadow!

Fully cloaked, his slouch hat obscuring all features except his burning eyes, The Shadow was armed with a single automatic. He preferred a lone .45 for this excursion, since he has but one enemy with whom to deal, the Money Master.

So dominant was Eric Zorva, that his followers would be helpless should they lose him. They, like Dulaine and The Shadow's other friends, could stand as witnesses to this duel upon which all depended. It was The Shadow's automatic against Zorva's poniard, with one reservation.

That reservation was Dulaine.

Squarely in front of Zorva, Dulaine was the Money Master's shield. But should Zorva attempt to fling his dirk, he would necessarily flash his hand in sight. Chances were that The Shadow would clip that hand with a timely bullet before Zorva could make a deadly fling.

One minor factor remained.

Cowering within the doorway, his own knife hand lowered, Nicco Pana looked very useless. Ordinarily the traitor wouldn't have dared a mad thrust at The Shadow. But there were things at stake sufficient to urge Pana to the risk. This wasn't just another meeting between The Shadow and the Money Master.

This was a time when moments counted. Unless word went to Rymol regarding Dorfee, Zorva's cause would be lost, even if he managed to eliminate The Shadow. And Pana knew that if he could personally fill this breach, his reward from Zorva would be fabulous.

Pana didn't hesitate another second.

Knife and all, Nicco sprang for the Shadow. With a backward step, the cloaked fighter turned his gun. A sudden shot angled into Pana's chest. The driving knife flew from the jarred man's grasp and missed the Shadow by a yard. But Pana kept on, though his wound was mortal.

Twisting as he staggered, he clutched The Shadow, smothering his gun. With a wild grab, Pana drove The Shadow's free hand at an upward angle toward the hat brim.

There was The Shadow pinned against the wall, like a wrestler to a mat. Even a second's duration would be enough. Pana knew it as he coughed his last word to Zorva:

"Now!"

Like a cobra's head, Zorva's hand lashed across Dulaine's shoulder and the jeweled dirk was on its way, speeding straight for The Shadow's heart!

Swift as Zorva's hand was the Shadow's, his free one. It plucked the slouch hat by the brim and sent the headpiece spinning toward Dulaine just as the poniard was leaving Zorva's hand.

They met in midair, those rival objects. Cleaving the slouch hat, the poniard carried it onward through sheer weight.

But the throw was deflected badly, not by the bulk of the hat alone, but by the spin The Shadow had given it.

Slapping past The Shadow, grazing his face with its brim, the hat was pinned against the wall, with the jeweled knife glittering from the center!

Dulaine was around, drawing his gun to settle Zorva. Over Pana's slumping form, The Shadow was nicking Zorva's men with gunshots to release Dulaine's two followers. Madly, Zorva grabbed Dulaine's gun hand, and though the first shot stabbed his shoulder, the Money Master managed to get the weapon.

Gun in hand, Zorva aimed for The Shadow as Dulaine gave a frantic cry. Both fired, but The Shadow side-stepped as he pulled his trigger, a thing which Zorva overlooked. The years that Zorva had devoted to the knife had given him a contempt for guns. And contempt could mean neglect.

It did in Zorva's case.

Another epigram for Zorva's next volume, had he lived to state it. But Zorva, like his schemes, was finished. The Shadow's bullet had found its mark in the Money Master while Zorva's slug was whining through the space from which The Shadow stepped.

Staggered, Zorva never recuperated. Dulaine's two sharpshooters were loose. They riddled the Money Master permanently, their shots ringing like repeated echoes to The Shadow's vital gun stab.

Downstairs, more gunfire was beginning. With only a glance at Zorva's crumpled form, The Shadow started below. He arrived to apply the finishing touches to a one-sided battle.

The Shadow's agents had arrived, to trap Rymol and the rest of Zorva's followers. Whatever the merits of knives against guns, the blades had proven useless under a surprise attack. Clipped before they could begin their throws, Rymol and his crew were easily suppressed, The Shadow's agents being aided by Dulaine's men, who swung the luggage they were carrying at Rymol's order.

Only Rymol and Anton were still fit for action when The Shadow arrived. His laugh brought the two about; madly, they flung their knives at blackness. Shots answered from another angle, felling Zorva's last fighters into the arms of Dulaine's men. Then with a laugh, blackness was gone.

Blackness that was The Shadow.

Pierre Dulaine heard that parting mirth and took it as a signal. It meant that he was to clear these premises, taking his men along. By this time, Dorfee's call had reached the police, and Hume, soon to be a prisoner would weaken and reveal where Zorva had gone.

So it proved.

Half an hour later, Joe Cardona arrived with Vic Marquette, accompanied by their respective squads. While Cardona was counting the dead and wounded, Marquette ripped into the luggage. Bag after bag revealed great batches of Zorva's hoarded millions, wealth that would enter the American treasury to become the property of the government that the Money Master had sought to rob.

As for Eric Zorva, Cardona and Marquette found him when they went upstairs. Even in death, Zorva's features marked him as the satanic schemer that Dorfee had described. Only one fighter could have won a duel with a fiend of Zorva's caliber:

The Shadow!

The slouch hat was gone from the wall, but the jeweled knife remained. Cardona and Marquette were viewing that token of the vanquished Money Master, when a strange tone reached them.

It was the laugh of the victor.

The Shadow had remained at hand, guarding Zorva's wealth until the law could claim it. That done, the black-cloaked fighter was making his departure. Strange, solemn as a knell was The Shadow's triumph laugh as it floated back from distant darkness.

A laugh unheard by Eric Zorva, the Money Master.

THE END



EDITOR

Next month's I.P. will be a special giant anniversary issue celebrating our 15th anniversary. This will also be my last issue as editor although I'll still be involved in the production of each issue..more about this next issue.

Set aside October 18-20, 1990 for the next FOCTR Convention at Newark. Also, Jay Hickerson is revising his Network Log and Circulating Show Log and needs help. If you have new shows or an extensive collection, Jay would like to see your catalog. Jay is also looking for special expertise about certain shows and more info on all network shows such as dates of broadcast, sponsors, days of broadcasts, etc. Jay will be happy to reimburse any expenses you have in helping. Contact:

Jack Hickerson
Box 4321
Hamden CT 06514
Ph: 203-248-2887.

In my opinion MEMORIES can only continue in present form (24 pages & ads) if our members sell several ads to offset our costs or we increase our dues (Something we may have to do when postage rates are increased anyway). Send us your comments.

The Shadow story has concluded with this issue. If you would like to see more pulp stories (we have more), write to the I.P. at 100 Harvey Drive, Lancaster, NY 14086. If you do NOT write in, chances are that our new editor will NOT continue these stories Don't wait, write now!

See you next month for the last time...Ed.

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: All reels and video cassettes - \$1.25 per month; cassettes and records - \$.50 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 tape \$1.50; 3 or 4 tapes \$1.75. Cassettes: 1 or 2 tapes \$.65; for each additional tape and \$.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 material and return the originals to you. See address on page 2. Please include \$25 refundable security deposit for each book borrowed.

1943

Saturday's (Jan. 16) Programs

(Listings are in Eastern War Time-Programs are subject to change)
WBER 830 kc | WERN 1240 kc | WERTV 1430 kc | WGB 800 kc | WENTV 1490 kc

Table with 5 columns: Time, Program Name, Location, Program Name, Location. Rows include 3:00 Minaret, 4:00 E. Johnson-N, 5:00 Doctors, etc.

SATURDAY EVENING PROGRAMS

Table with 5 columns: Time, Program Name, Location, Program Name, Location. Rows include 6:00 News: music, 7:00 Buffalo Phil, 8:00 Able's Irish, 9:00 National Barn, 10:00 Sports-NBC, 11:00 News: Music.

OTHER NEARBY BROADCASTING STATIONS

Table with 4 columns: Station Name, Frequency, Program Name, Time. Rows include WHEM-1180 kc, 2:00 WMBZ, 3:30 WJLA, etc.

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The Saginaw **NEWS**

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1989

Bold radio reporters thrilled listeners in Filipino fighting

MANILA, Philippines (AP) — They told listeners where the snipers were hiding, where the bombs were falling. They filled the airwaves with information, some of it frenetic, some of it wrong, all of it thrilling.

"I'm hit," screamed a woman reporter over the air when a shell landed nearby. She continued to broadcast as her van rushed her to the hospital, where doctors found she was suffering only from shock.

Such was the wild, free-wheeling style of radio reporting here during the eight-day uprising launched by mutinous soldiers on Dec. 1 in an unsuccessful effort to topple President Corazon Aquino.

Filipinos listened to the rebellion on the radio, absorbed by round-the-clock running coverage by what is the major medium for news and information here.

Stations that adopted a more balanced editorial policy faced a problem — fending off threats from both government officials and the rebels.

"We got threats from all kinds of people almost every day," said Nolan Sison, managing editor of DZRH radio. "We tried to balance our reporting, and the threats from both sides made us think we did have a balanced programming."

Differences in reporting style showed the slant of individual stations.

Reporters and anchor persons for DZMM screamed at colleagues from rival stations for airing "tactical information," such as positions of government forces and the types of firearms and vehicles used.

"You are traitors to our country," a reporter lectured on the air.

As tension mounted, the government warned it would strictly enforce existing guidelines giving it

authority to close stations that broadcast hostile propaganda or "disinformation."

Newspapers are exempt from such controls. Publishers say they received no directives from the government on what to print. Individual reporters claim, however, they have been lectured by military and civilian officials angry at stories perceived as favorable to the rebels.

The National Telecommunications Commission closed Manila radio station DZEC after it erroneously reported that Aquino fled the palace at the height of the coup attempt.

The station has been the chief outlet of supporters of Ferdinand Marcos, who died in Hawaiian exile this year after being ousted as president in February 1986.

The commission also shut down Cebu radio station DYLA after it broadcast a taped interview of rebel leader Brig. Gen. Edgardo Abenina. A week later, the commission reopened the station at the request of church leaders.

So far, the government has issued no formal warnings against other stations. It did not prevent the stations from interviewing rebels after they gave up strongholds in the Makati financial district on Dec. 7, despite the "ban" on rebel propaganda.

But stations that adopted a more balanced editorial policy faced another problem — fending off threats from both government officials and the rebels.

Sison of DZRH said the staff received frequent calls from Defense Secretary Fidel Ramos and military officials demanding that the station omit detailed reports of rebel attacks on military camps.

Rebels also demanded that reporters covering the street fighting broadcast their propaganda.

Brig. Gen. Oscar Florendo, chief of the military-civil relations office, complained at one point that such detailed reporting was helping rebel soldiers correct their aim during air and artillery attacks at the armed forces headquarters at Camp Aguinaldo.

4/26/32

Wednesday, December 27, 1989

OBITUARIES

Betty Garde is dead; acted in radio plays

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Actress Betty Garde, who appeared in hundreds of radio plays and portrayed Aunt Eller in the original Broadway production of "Oklahoma," died Monday at age 84, said Elliott Reid, a longtime friend.

She probably was best known as the wife of "Lorenzo Jones" and as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

She had a few motion picture and television roles, notably as Wanda Skutnik in the film "Call Northside 777."

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The Saginaw NEWS
TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1990

'Lady Chatterley' sparks a bedtime story row

LONDON (AP) — Thousands of Britons started listening to "Lady Chatterley's Lover" as their bedtime story Monday night, complete with sexually explicit passages and four-letter words that have outraged anti-pornography campaigners.

The British Broadcasting Corp. decided to go ahead with its 15-part radio adaptation of the unexpurgated version of D.H. Lawrence's novel despite efforts by the country's leading TV watchdog, Mary Whitehouse, to keep it off the air.

In addition to broadcasting the first part of Lady Chatterley's romp down the primrose path with the gamekeeper, BBC Radio 4 preceded it with a nearly 2 1/2-hour reconstruction of the 1960 trial at which Penguin Books was charged with obscenity for publishing the

sexually-explicit version. Both programs started with warnings they contained words and descriptions of sexual acts some listeners might find offensive.

It took 30 years from the first printing of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in Florence, Italy, to the celebrated Penguin edition of 1960 and another 30 years before that version was judged fit to be heard on radio. The unexpurgated version was published in the United States in 1959.

The Penguin trial gave the all-clear for the book's full publication in Britain and was regarded as one of the key events that led to a more permissive attitude to sexual morality in the 1980s.

The rebirth of the original "Lady Chatterley's Lover" to launch the 25th year of BBC Radio's "A Book at Bedtime" was one of its

most daring in a highly unusual move, the choice was approved by the BBC Board of Governors, who don't normally get involved in such program decisions.

Listeners to "A Book at Bedtime" have heard a wide range of titles, from the classics to popular literature. Recent titles include the James Bond thriller "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" and John Le Carre's "The Russia House," read by the author.

The BBC says an average of 250,000 listeners tune into "A Book at Bedtime." The audience is predom inantly middle-class and over 50.

Lawrence said after he wrote "Lady Chatterley's Lover" that he knew it would bring "only abuse and hatred." The BBC said it is expecting fresh protests.



**TODAY
ON
WHEC..**

TUNE IN MR. KEEN--8:30 P. M.

The slaying of an elderly woman who apparently had no enemies occupies "Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Pastors", tonight, when he investigates "The Yellow Parrot Murder Case". Bennett Kilpack stars in the title role. American Home Products is the program's sponsor. For thrills, and chills, and plenty of good entertainment, tune in "Mr. Keen" tonight at 8:30!

Other Highlights Tonight:

- 6:00—Goodrich—Bond News
- 7:15—The Jack Smith Show
- 8:00—FBI in Peace and War
- 9:00—Suspense
- 9:30—Crime Photographer
- 10:00—Hallmark Theater



Yesterday on WHEC..

1949—This was the year that the great galaxy of STARS fell on WHEC! Yes, it was last year that the Columbia Broadcasting System was able to attract to its already-brilliant firmament a great number of radio stars of the first magnitude:—Jack Benny, Amos 'n' Andy, Edgar Bergen, Red Skelton.



Horace Held, Groucho Marx, Big Crosby, Burns & Allen, Joan Davis, the Goldbergs—and others! Never before in the entire history of radio had such a great array of top talent become the property of one radio network and its affiliated stations. And still they come! Only last January, Art Linkletter joined our famous family!

Yours at 1460.

James O. Wing
General Manager



Myrt and Marge—Myrtle Vail and Donna Demerel.

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