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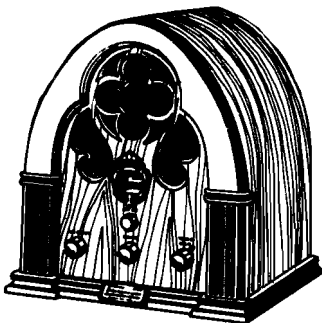
THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB



SINCE 1975



Bob Hope
The Pepsodent Show



THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:

Club dues are \$15.00 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), a semi-annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$3.00 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 \$7.50 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$15.00 for the year; Feb., \$14.00; March \$13.00; April \$12.00; May \$11.00; June \$10.00; July \$9.00; Aug. \$8.00; Sept. \$7.00; Oct. \$6.00; Nov. \$5.00; and Dec. \$4.00. 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.

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The Old Time Radio Club meets the second Monday of the month (September through June) at 393 George Urban Boulevard, Cheektowaga, New York. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meeting starts at 7:30 p.m.

DEADLINE FOR IP #69 - May 10
#70 - June 14
#71 - July 12

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ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

\$25.00 for a full page
\$15.00 for a half page
\$ 8.00 for a quarter page

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

Spring Issue Deadline - March 15th
Fall Issue Deadline - September 15th

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Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

The largest of the old time radio organizations is SPERDVAC ("Society to Preserve and Encourage Radio Drama, Variety and Comedy"), a California based outfit to which many of you belong. It is an organization of immense promise, and extreme problems. A great deal has been written in the Illustrated Press and other OTR publications about this organization over the last several months, and all of this commentary has been negative. At the OTR convention held in Connecticut last October, SPERDVAC was the main topic of conversation, and again all I heard was negative. The organization has been plagued by dissension and mismanagement.

SPERDVAC's dues, until recently, were higher than any other organization, and they are still as high as any organization. Most of the membership is outside the southern California area, but most of that dues money seems to go only to benefit those who live in that area. They have frequent, and outstanding programs for those who live there, but these are of no benefit to the many paying members who live too far away to attend. I don't mean to suggest that they should do away with those programs (I certainly wish I could attend), I am simply saying that those who cannot attend are paying for these local programs and activities and are getting darn little for their money. What do we get? Well, there is a monthly newsletter, but unlike the publications of other organizations, this newsletter does not present information on the general OTR hobby, it instead deals with the happenings of the southern California area, and so if you don't live there, you won't find much of interest or of use. There used to be an annual magazine that was of general interest, and perhaps you could rationalize the high dues on the basis of receiving that magazine, but that has now been dumped and we no longer receive it. The only other benefit from the organization is the use of two tape libraries, a "regular library" and an "archives library."

While these are both welcome, a fee is charged to use the tapes from either one, and so you are paying for what you use exclusive of the dues. In short, we are really receiving absolutely nothing for our high dues assessments; we are being ripped off.

The organization does not take criticism well. I know of at least three people (myself included) who have written letters of criticism, and no criticism has ever appeared in print. They do include the letters of praise, however. They issued a questionnaire a year ago, but did not print any of the information from those responses that might be considered critical.

The organization has gone off on several "crusades" in the past year. Last June, for example, the board of directors decided to donate a portion of the tape rental fees to a cause that would provide financial aid to the performers of OTR. Now that is a worthwhile activity, with which I find no fault, but then, THE VERY NEXT MONTH, the board of directors "condemned" all OTR dealers who weren't also doing so. In short, they came up with a good idea one month, and then the following month "Condemned" everyone who didn't happen to think of it before SPERDVAC did. I have talked to several dealers and none of them have been contacted by SPERDVAC, either before or after this condemnation, to seek their cooperation in such a project. These were the same dealers from whom SPERDVAC requested financial support when they were still publishing a magazine. SPERDVAC finds it far easier to "condemn" than to come up with a definite positive plan of action, and to seek cooperation for that plan.

If SPERDVAC offers so little for its money, why is it the largest organization? Why have so many people paid out to belong? A few years ago, a very young member, John Tefteller wanted to form a special "archives tape library" where all selections would be taken directly from discs, in order to get the very best sound quality available. His emphasis throughout all of this was on quality. He followed through and did form such a library, and it was a terrific idea that appealed to many of us. I would suspect that it is this library that has brought in the members. While the material in the archives library is very good, there are many problems, and that promise of only the most outstanding recordings possible, has been compromised. Mr. Tefteller has been too busy with SPERDVAC "politics" to do the job he set out to do. These politics have caused him to go rather

overboard in many directions. Because his tape library has been a success he seems to have taken this as a mandate for all of his ideas, and he is very demanding with all of them. For example, because it has been a recurring theme of his, I assume that the ill advised and ill conceived "condemnation" mentioned above was sponsored by Mr. Tefteller. He has been a very strong proponent of the idea that shows should not be sold without compensation being paid to the performers "or their heirs." I have no objection to his beliefs on this, or any other subject, but he is ignoring the fact that the courts have now spoken, and spoken firmly, on this issue. Nearly all OTR shows have now been legally declared to be in the "public domain" with no inherent rights (financial or otherwise) due the performers, writers, etc.

A year ago Mr. Tefteller ran a complete slate, designed to take over the board of directors. I consider his campaign to have been very questionable, at best, and his slate was defeated. He then went into a "snit" and resigned from the board. Unfortunately the newly elected board members talked him into coming back. The price of that return seems to have been such things as that "condemnation." The discs from which the archives tapes are cut (there are supposed to be thousands of them) were donated to SPERDVAC, not to John Tefteller, and yet I have been unable to find out where they are. It would appear that Mr. Tefteller is maintaining possession, and he could (and perhaps does) hold the organization hostage with them. Those not currently being worked on should be held by the organization, not Mr. Tefteller. He has gone overboard in what he considers his responsibility in regards to those discs and tapes. He threatens lawsuits for any infraction of his rules. He is clearly dividing the membership and threatening to tear the organization apart. Apparently he feels that only John Tefteller knows what is best for the hobby, and he insists that the rest of us follow his lead.

All of this is unfortunate. Mr. Tefteller started with a fine idea in the archives library. That library has brought in a large membership, but now Mr. Tefteller is following a course that seems to be, in effect, destroying the organization that he helped so much. He would be well advised to spend his time trying to do what he promised in the first place, to provide through the archives library the very best sound recordings available. He has something to offer,

but not in the direction he is going.

James L. Snyder
517 North Hamilton St.
Saginaw, Michigan 48602

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

"When Broadcasting Was Great" is looking to increase its collection by trading with collectors for shows they do not have. Shows must be in very good & excellent listening quality. They are not interested in rebroadcasts. Shows should be complete as to storyline and contain original commercials, if possible. Cassette trading only. Catalog \$1.00, refundable with first exchange. P.O. Box 103, Central Park Station, Buffalo, N.Y. 14215

Gary Bales, 2265 Partridge Lane, Washington, Ill. 61571 I am looking for collectors who would like to trade. I collect Jack Benny, Gunsmoke, and Juv. serials and Sci-Fi on old radio. Would like to find some breakfast club shows if possible. Please write or send catalog if willing to trade.


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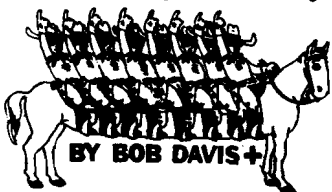


DON'T MISS - - - - - DON'T MISS - - - - -

7:00 DEULAN	8:00 MYSTERY THEATER
7:15 JACK SMITH	8:30 MR. & MRS. NORTH
7:30 CLUN 15	9:30 ESCAPE
7:45 EDW. R. MURROW	10:00 PURSUIT

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?



BY BOB DAVIS+

While reading through Hy Daley's column in the February issue of the I.P., I ran across his listing of a show named The Johnny Fletcher Show with Bill Goodwin. Now I've got a show in my collection named The Johnny Fletcher Mysteries and I was wondering if this might be the same series, although the one I have stars Albert Dekker and Mike Masursky. Does anyone know anything about this show? Is it possibly the pilot show for the series? I think the one show that I have is terrific and I'd like to get more but, as far as I can tell, there are no others available.

Another show that I'd like to get more of is a little gem called I Fly Anything. This one starred Dick Haymes in a non-singing role and although I've heard some people bad-mouth it, I thought it was pretty good. It obviously was not one of radio's all time biggies, in fact, I couldn't swear that it wasn't just another pilot show. Anyone know anything about this one?

Twilight Zone Department... I can't help but wonder what has happened to an awful lot of shows. Sam Spade was a popular show and it was on the air for years but there are only a handful of the shows in circulation. The same goes for Blondie...many of them were broadcast but where the heck are the rest? The Fat Man with J. Scott Smart also falls into this category. Every once in a while a "new" one will pop up out of nowhere but then - nothing.

Certain shows like Jack Benny, Johnny Dollar, Suspense and many more are in abundant supply and "new" ones seem to be showing up all the time but when was the last time you've seen a "new" Death Valley Days? Only Rod Serling knows!

In a recent copy of Hello Again, Jay Hickerson announced that the 1982 OTR Convention is going to be held in

Newark, New Jersey. Chuck Seeley and I are already sewing together our bullet-proof vests as we intend to be there for the festivities. Chain mail sweaters might also be of use but we've decided against it as it might clash with our brass knuckles. ONLY KIDDING, we both are really looking forward to the con and are hoping that this will be the best one yet. We're behind you all the way Jay.

The first meeting of G.O.S.H. will be held this Thursday at Chuck Seeley's house. G.O.S.H. stands for "Get ol' Seeley His" and is dedicated to the goal of getting Chuck nominated for, and ultimately winning, this years "Rocky" award at the OTR Con. We'll be setting up a slush fund and plotting our stratagies. This will be our year. Refreshments of Cherry Kool-Aid and Fluffermutter sandwiches will be served. We're working on slogans right now but the only one we've been able to come up with is "Send in a Buck for Chuck". That's kind of weak but it is a start. At least it's better than the one he wanted to use, "Give Freely to Seeley"...More on this as it happens.

Open request to the readership... It would be a real boon to many of us if someone in the know could come up with a list of OTR shows that are in Public Domain. I'd do it but don't know even where to start. Is there anyone out there that knows for sure any that are not in copyright? If you have a listing, please send me a copy in care of the I.P. and I'll do a column about them...better yet, write your own column and we'll print it, but please be absolutely sure of your information...See ya next time.

* * * * *

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 \$1.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$.50 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.

THE SHADOW

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CHAPTER XII NINE O'CLOCK STROKE

It was nearly nine o'clock, and Commissioner Weston was annoyed. *He had wasted a full two hours with Latiner Dawson, a stodgy jeweler who didn't seem to have an idea in his egg-shaped head, even though he scratched its baldish top on every provocation.*

Two hours which Weston could have spent in the quiet of the Cobalt Club, instead of in the ancient office of a second-rate jewelry store. The commissioner had been mentally beefing over that point, until he suddenly remembered that the Cobalt Club was no longer a haven of restfulness since Marvin Kelford had taken permanent possession of the billiard room.

That thought caused Weston to pay some attention to Dawson. He showed his interest by stating:

"You were saying, Mr. Dawson--"

Wearily, the egg-pated jeweler looked toward the two detectives who had accompanied Weston on this visit. What Dawson had to say was very little, but he had been repeating it off and for two hours. He'd begun to wonder if Weston would ever really listen.

"I said that I have put my best stock in storage," declared Dawson. "None of these gems are valuable"-- he gestured to trays of glittering jewels that topped his desk and overflowed to a table in the corner--"but they make an excellent appearance. If thieves were in a hurry, they would take them. Of course, if they had time to examine them--"

"Which they won't have," interposed Weston. "Particularly if the Blur starts to blink the lights. He and his men will see nothing but the glitter."

Dawson smiled wanly. This was the first constructive statement that Weston had supplied.

"Ah," said the jeweler. "then you don't want me to put the gems in the safe?"

"Who said anything about the safe?"

"I did, commissioner," answered Dawson patiently. "Several times. I asked if we should put the stock

THE BLUR

away in the safe, to make it more troublesome to get at them."

Weston looked at the safe. It was older than any he had ever seen. He couldn't see how it would delay crooks, even if they happened to be carrying toothpicks only with them, but he didn't express that opinion to Dawson.

"Leave the jewels in sight," ordered Weston. "They will be better bait. Now, Dawson, it is almost nine o'clock, if that wall clock of yours is right."

"Exactly right," assured Dawson. "It was adjusted only today."

"You sit behind the desk," declared Weston. "I'll be in front of it, with my back to the door, so I'll look like a customer. One man will be posted in here, the other outside the room."

Rising briskly, Weston posted the waiting detectives. He put one in an alcove that gave a straight view of the door; the other found an excellent place behind an empty counter in the shop outside the office. Weston left the door slightly open, so that light from the office trickled into the store.

Only a few minutes more. Hoax or no hoax, Weston hoped soon to return to the club, where Cardona was about due back from his trip to suburban Westchester County. No use in calling headquarters, since Cardona would report directly to the Cobalt Club.

It didn't occur to Weston that he might have learned direct facts concerning the Blur, if he called headquarters.

Having informed no one of this excursion, except his friends Cranston and Kelford, Weston was entirely out of touch with such little matter as murder on Long Island, at the home of James Carstairs.

At present, he had found something to really intrigue him--the octagonal clock on the wall behind Dawson's desk. Its big hand was only a fraction of an inch from the number twelve.

The hand reached its mark.

Instantly, the Blur declared himself, in a fashion that brought Weston jumping from his chair and caused Dawson to bleat with fright.

The thing was so uncanny that it seemed that the Blur must actually be present.

For, with the touch of the minute hand at the exact top of the clock dial, the lights in Dawson's office began to flicker!

Crime's setting, without a criminal in sight!

Much differer: from Weston's experience at the Century Casino, where he had made a belated arrival with the lights already blinking. This was more like Carstair's--an episode which Weston didn't know about--where men had been startled into forgetting their security and paving the way for crime to enter.

A gun in his fist, Weston was waiting for something to happen--and happen it did, in a style that lacked finesse, but made up for it with rapidity.

There was a crash from the glass door that fronted Dawson's store. Through the smashed barrier came a surge of men whose pounding feet were bound straight for the office with the rapid-blinking lights.

Dawson gave a howl and dropped behind the desk. The two detectives were utterly transfixed. They'd been told to watch, and show themselves only when crooks appeared. But there wasn't any telling men from ghosts amid these blurring lights.

Only Weston stood his ground, largely because he couldn't do anything else. The lights were flicking on and off so fast that they seemed like the pattern of a revolving checkerboard. The only thing real amid that dusty gray was the scintillation of the jewels spread over Dawson's desk.

They were cheap gems, but they made a show, catching each blink of light and holding it through momentary darkness. In the artificial dusk, they were even better bait than Weston had expected.

From the surge of entering men, the leader detached himself and sprang between Weston and the desk. Against the sparkling background of the cheap jewelry, the commissioner saw the glint of a gun.

Weston sprang for the intruder. Slashing guns clashed together. The pair veered the desk, and Weston slapped a hand toward the woodwork to catch himself. He hit a jewel tray and overturned it, spilling a kaleidoscopic cascade to the floor. His antagonist made a grab to stop him from strewing more of the gems.

The two were fighting for those trophies, and it was impossible for the rest to tell which was trying to

seize the gems, or protect them. In spilling toward the fighters, the others only balked themselves. Weston's two detectives had sprung to life and were grappling three opponents, but they couldn't risk shots for fear they would hit each other.

Only two persons were qualified to take extreme measures. They were the two at the desk: Weston and his adversary. Though shuffled so others couldn't identify them, each knew that he had an actual opponent in his grasp. Missing each other with their gun swings, they brought the weapons around to firing position.

The duel was forestalled by another smash of glass. This time it was a skylight near the rear of Dawson's office. A skylight that Weston hadn't regarded as important. It was small, its frosted glass was thick and it opened to nothing more than an air shaft. But air shafts could be entered, and even through frosted glass keen eyes could detect the blink of lights in the room below.

As the glass crashed, a cloaked figure was vaguely outlined against the faint glare of the city sky, far up the air shaft. No one caught a good view of that form, for those close by were dodging the showering glass. The figure, itself, came through the opening like a human thunderbolt following a spasm of rain.

Striking the floor, the arrival was promptly blacked out. His quick vanish wasn't surprising, for he was cloaked entirely in black, a garb perfectly suited for quick fade-aways amid this intermittent light. It had so proven on other occasions. This new arrival was The Shadow.

Only Dawson was close enough to grab for the thunderbolt in black. The Shadow hoisted the frail jeweler across the desk, hurling him in a long parabola against the contestants on the other side.

Dawson shrieked crazily, as he realized that he was landing upon two fighters, one of them the Blur, but he struck them off balance and they sprawled.

Then the desk, too, was hurling over, impelled by The Shadow. Gems were flying everywhere, encrusting the floor with a dewlike sparkle. The desk blocked off brawlers who had suddenly decided to go after the new adversary from the skylight. It delayed them long enough; for when they cleared the fallen desk, they couldn't find The Shadow.

He had sprung atop a table at the rear wall of the room. Despite the tumult, The Shadow was conscious of a foreign sound that came from

high on the wall, an odd whirl, like that of an electric fan. The Shadow had already recognized the ingenuity of the Blur, and therefore took it that the whirring sound might have some bearing on the present strife.

It did have.

The thing that The Shadow encountered was Dawson's clock. He yanked it from the wall, and with that action, the curious buzz ended. The effect upon the lights was instantaneous. They stopped their flickering and the room was filled with a steady glow.

Dawson's clock, adjusted that day, was fitted with a blinker that had been set for nine o'clock!

Keen strategy on the part of the Blur, but the Shadow did not pause to analyze it. Flinging the clock in one direction, where its smash attracted attention, The Shadow took a swift leap the other way, toward the door out of the jewelry store.

Through before a single hand could grasp him, The Shadow pivoted in darkness beyond the door and pointed a gun in readiness for attackers. No one, not even the Blur, could have come through that doorway without a disaster.

No one tried. The brawlers hadn't even seen The Shadow's long lobe for the door. Their struggle stopped, frozen men were staring in the other direction.

They weren't looking at Dawson's clock, though it was worthy of inspection, with the broken wires protruding from it--hookups to the lighting system of the jewelry store. There was something more important--the two men who were rising from the floor, clutching guns that were muzzle to muzzle, like the faces of the men who gripped them.

Neither of those battlers was the Blur!

One, of course, was Commissioner Ralph Weston. The other, of all persons, was Inspector Joe Cardona!

Dawson, on hands and knees, was still giving frantic bleats. He didn't know the situation, never having met Cardona. Weston shoved the jeweler aside and took a look at Cardona's companions. They were detectives, like the pair that the commissioner had brought.

"I came here to find the Blur!" stormed Weston. "I had a tip-off--a letter that came to Dawson, from the Blur, saying he'd be here at nine o'clock."

"I heard from the Blur, too," returned Cardona. He flourished a crude note that matched the one

displayed by Weston. "This was in your box when I came back to the Cobalt Club. They told me about it, because it was addressed to me. Read it, commissioner. The Blur said he'd be here at nine, and would be glad to see me. So I came."

Understanding, Weston mopped his forehead. This was more than a hoax. It was a plot, on the Blur's part, to match two representatives of the law against each other, in the hope that they would both be eliminated. Weston and Cardona, either or both, would have suffered seriously, had The Shadow failed to arrive and end the beleaguered struggle.

Remembering The Shadow as an unseen factor in the climax, Weston strode to the office door. He called for Dawson to turn on the store lights, which the jeweler did. The outer shop was empty.

Perhaps it was Weston's strained imagination, but he fancied he heard a whispering laugh float back through the shattered door where Cardona and his squad had entered.

The laugh of The Shadow!

CHAPTER XIII WORD TO THE SHADOW

Sauntering into the Cobalt Club, Lamont Cranston nodded to acquaintances and kept on toward the grillroom. His leisurely entrance was typical. It indicated, as usual, that Cranston was bored with life outside and was returning to the quiet of his club.

Immaculately dressed in evening clothes, Cranston was so unruffled that no one could have possibly imagined him as a recent factor in stirring exploits that had included a battle in a boathouse, and a trip down an airshaft, with a crash through a skylight for a finish.

Even afterward, The Shadow had shown speed quite out of keeping with his Cranston pose. Leaving Dawson's he outdistanced Weston and Cardona in a trip here to the club. They'd be along shortly, and to emphasize his part as Cranston, The Shadow decided to make appearances show that he had been at the Cobalt Club a long while.

A faint smile traced itself on Cranston's lips as he heard the batter of billiard balls next door to the grillroom. He entered the billiard room and found Marvin Kelford, in shirtsleeves and eyeshade, practicing a very tricky reverse English shot.

The Shadow waited until Kelford had made the shot. Then:

"Hello, Kelford," he greeted, in Cranston's fashion. "Want to take me on in that match you suggested?"

"More than glad to," returned Kelford. "I've been practicing ever

since you left, and I'm getting weary of it. Why I joined this club, I don't know. The old fogies here don't like you to invite too many strangers; but when you offer to play billiards with the members themselves, they're too tired even to pick up a cue!"

Cranston was indicating that he didn't belong to the tired class. Though deliberate in manner, he meant business. He parked his dress coat on a hanger, gave careful choice to the selection of a proper billiard cue. He was chalking the cue tip, and eyeing the table, when he asked:

"Heard anything from the commissioner?"

"Not a word," replied Kelford. "I suppose he's still soothing the intimidated jeweler. He ought to be back. The commissioner never is still hanging in the grillroom."

"That doesn't prove that he'll be back. The commissioner never remembers his overcoat. He's lucky to have a first-class man like Inspector Cardona. One of the inspector's sidelines is hunting down the alpaca whenever the commissioner loses it."

"I haven't seen Cardona, either," recalled Kelford. "Well let's concentrate on billiards, Cranston. When they do get back, they'll be sure to interrupt us."

Kelford's prophecy was fulfilled. Soon after the game started, footsteps and voices sounded from the grillroom, indicating that a sizable party had arrived. Then the connecting door swung open and Weston stood on the threshold.

"Come in with us, Kelford," barked the commissioner. "I have a lot to tell you. But first, have you seen Cranston anywhere?"

"Right over there," Kelford made a movement with his thumb. "I invited him to play billiards, right after you left, and he finally accepted."

Kelford's statement pleased The Shadow. It indicated that Cranston had remained at the club all evening. Though The Shadow didn't need an alibi to cover the recent whereabouts of Cranston, he felt that one would be helpful. He was convinced of that, when he saw who had come in with Weston.

Two men had met the commissioner out front and accompanied him to the grillroom. The two were James Carstairs and Thomas Wellwood.

Detectives had come in with them from Long Island.

The detectives gave a concise report of the robbery that ended with the death of Roger Doone. There

wasn't a question as to the murderer. The Blur had killed again.

It was bitter for Weston, as he listened, considering the false trail that he had taken. But he felt he understood why. The Shadow had come to Dawson's. Obviously, The Shadow had been at Carstairs' first. Weston supposed that the cloaked fighter had taken up the trail from there.

The police report was based largely upon the testimony of Carstairs and Wellwood. They went into further details for Weston's benefit. What baffled Carstairs was how the Blur had learned of the opportunity for crime.

"No one could have known that the funds were in my possession," asserted Carstairs. "I mentioned it to no one, and warned my two associates to be careful. Wellwood, here, can testify to that. He was with Doone when I warned them both."

Wellwood was nodding, but his lips were twitching as though he wanted to speak. The Shadow decided to drop a bombshell before one came his own way.

"Wellwood did not follow your admonition," he declared. "When he was here at the club, early this evening, he mentioned the matter to me." Turning to Weston, The Shadow added: "That was shortly after you went to Dawson's, commissioner."

"Before you began your billiard game with Kelford?"

"Yes," came Cranston's acknowledgment. "I ran into Wellwood upstairs. He'd come here to talk to you, but when he learned that you had gone, he decided to abide by Carstairs' advice from then on. Of course, he may have discussed the subject with others before he met me---"

"With no one else, Cranston!" blurted Wellwood. "I knew you were the commissioner's friend, otherwise I would not have spoken, even to you. I'm sure I wasn't responsible for the news leaking out."

The bombshell had worked. In putting Wellwood on the defensive, The Shadow had diverted suspicion from himself--a good point, since it eliminated waste timing in useless investigation. Moreover, the alibi of the billiard game came in handy. It was Weston who mentioned it.

"I can vouch fully for Cranston," declared the commissioner. "I have often given him my complete confidence. To satisfy your doubts, if you have any, Wellwood, I might add that Cranston was playing billiards this evening, here at the Club, with Kelford."

"I haven't any doubts," returned Wellwood earnestly. "I did feel worried--guilty, in fact--when the trouble started out at Carstairs's. I was so confused, that I temporarily believed that my mention of the matter had brought on crime."

He turned to Carstairs.

"That was why I rushed into your study," continued Wellwood. "A horrible mistake, for it set a bad example for poor Doone. If I'd only met Doone earlier, here at the club! Instead, I was late, and he had gone. Otherwise, we could have talked to Commissioner Weston before he left, and the terrible outcome would have been avoided."

Looking toward Weston, The Shadow saw the commissioner nod, but there wasn't much conviction behind it. Weston was recalling how he had botched matters at Dawson's and realizing that he might have done even worse at Carstairs's. Bluntly, Weston dropped his speculation and began to question Carstairs.

"Your servants, Carstairs. Could the facts have leaked out through them?"

"Positively not!" returned Carstairs. "I brought the money in while they were out."

"You have checked on that?"

"Absolutely! It was never my practice to bring funds to the house, so they couldn't have suspected it. Nor could any have been spying on me at the time. I cross-questioned them, and they bore each other out."

He reached for the report sheets and turned to the back pages. There, Weston read the testimony of the servants. He'd gone through two paragraphs, when he queried

"The dead man, Albert--what could be have learned?"

"The least of all," assured Carstairs. "Read through the testimony, commissioner. You'll find that everyone of the other servants can vouch for Albert, poor fellow."

Such evidence was doubly important, from the Shadow's viewpoint. He knew Albert to be a crook; therefore, it was plain that the false servant had been safeguarding himself through constant contact with the others.

But it was equally clear that Albert, thus engaged, could not have gotten information regarding the funds and passed it to the Blur.

There were deeper answers to the riddle. Answers that must hinge, not upon one fact, but several. Only a full view of the case--and more--could produce the real story. Matters

outside the testimony would have to be considered. Conclusions could only be reached by comparing mentioned things with unmentioned possibilities.

Facts were piecing themselves together in The Shadow's keen brain, when an attendant entered to say that Mr. Cranston was wanted on the telephone. Excusing himself, The Shadow went upstairs. In a phone booth, he heard a methodical voice across the wire:

"Burbank speaking--"

It was word to The Shadow, of a sort that put all other matters in the background. When Burbank had finished, The Shadow responded:

"Report received."

Coming from the booth, The Shadow summoned the attendant.

"Take a message to Mr. Kelford," he said. "Tell him we'll have to postpone our billiard game until tomorrow."

"Yes, Mr. Cranston, anything else."

"Yes." A smile showed slightly on Cranston's lips. "You might remind Commissioner Weston not to forget his alpaca coat."

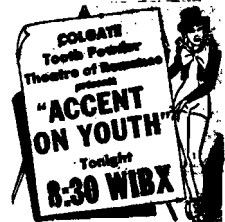
The added suggestion was merely The Shadow's way of adding a light touch to Cranston's departure, so that no one would suspect that a serious matter had summoned him away. But the semblance of a smile had faded from The Shadow's firm lips by the time he reached the outer door.

Never had word to The Shadow been more urgent. Burbank's call to Cranston concerned the fate of Margo Lane:

*** CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE ***

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel-\$1.50 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1200' reel-\$1.00 per month; cassette and records-\$.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. For Canada: \$1.35 for one reel, 85¢ for each additional reel; 85¢ for each cassette and record. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.

9/26/44





CHARLIE'S FINAGLES

by Chuck Seeley

Say, didn't Bob Davis used to do a column for the IP? You remember Bob Davis, big fella, won the trivia contest at the 1981 OTRcon?

I've been reading with interest Hy Daley's catalog of radio shows in the IP. So I got to thinking: if he can do it, so can I. Easy way to do a column. This one's different, though. I'm not about to list every show in the ether. I got rid of most of my collection and kept just the shows I really liked. For example, I just can't put up with FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. Can't stand it. Just don't like the characters, I guess.

For my money, the best comedy show in OTR is the PHIL HARRIS/ALICE FAYE SHOW. It's an early example of the ensemble comedy that made MARY TYLER MOORE and M*A*S*H so successful on TV. The characters on the HARRIS/FAYE show work together incredibly well. And even though the situations are formula, the shows can be listened to repeatedly and still be very funny. That's a tribute to the writers as well as the actors, I suppose.

Unlike many OTR shows, the HARRIS/FAYE half-hour doesn't seem to date. Oh, there are a few references here and there to then-current events, but the flow is not disturbed. It's a show that never would have worked on TV. A lot of the absurdities just wouldn't make it on the tube; Curley and Remley perched on a refrigerator in a flooded kitchen, Julius zooming through the air because of a defective furnace blower, and many others. The show is perfect for the mind's eye.

I find it difficult to classify THE ADVENTURES OF SAM SPADE as anything other than comedy. It's a detective show, to be sure, but it's so funny. I speak here only of the Howard Duff shows. His replacement (whose name I forget and am not inclined to look up) was awful. Duff's Spade was his along, so different from Bogart's as to make it another character entirely. Duff's Spade is readier with his wit than with his

gun and seems at times the only sane man in a weird landscape of California crazies. It is his wit that keeps him sane. And that makes the show funny.

My other favorite comedy may not qualify as OTR but it's certainly radio: THE ADVENTURES OF CHICKENMAN. It is frequently hysterically funny. And it is much, much superior to TV's superhero

satire, BATMAN. That was just plain ridiculous. Perhaps CHICKENMAN is successful because the hero is sympathetic. Chickenman is really Benton Harper, a shoe salesman. He desperately tries to be a superhero but is constantly defeated by his overbearing mother, incompetent city officials, a hostile public, and, primarily, by his own incredible ineptness. But he keeps trying.

The various Hollywood shows (LUX, SCREEN DIRECTORS, SCREEN GUILD, HOLLYWOOD STARTIME, etc.) I enjoy if I enjoy the movie that's being adapted. The adaptations are not always close, given the limitations of time, a different music score, and sometimes different actors, but when they work, they work really well. The LUX version of "The Day the Earth Stood Still" is superior and the various versions of "Laura" are fine. Less successful were LUX's "Casablanca" (SCREEN GUILD's was better by far) and "The Naked Jungle," which was vastly more effective as ESCAPE's "Leinengen vs. the Ants."

The best radio adaptation of a movie that I've heard is the 6 1/2 hour STAR WARS. It's more than faithful to the film because it includes scenes deleted from the movie. Good stuff.

Like the Hollywood shows, my enjoyment of anthology series such as ESCAPE and SUSPENSE depends on each story. Most I find mediocre, but there are stand-outs. The above-mentioned "Leinengen vs. the Ants," for example, and "Shipment of Mute Fate," possibly my all-time favorite single OTR show. TALES OF FATIMA I like because it's so bizarre. Basil Rathbone plays Basil Rathbone. His cultured suavity is set against the background of strange crimes and it all seems kind of weird. I like it.

THE SHADOW, well...I like the Orson Welles' shows. The others are just detective shows. Although there is one that I enjoy (the title of which escapes me) wherein the Shadow battles a baddie atop a water tower and has acid thrown on him. My gruesome nature, I guess.

BIG TOWN, as you might guess, is a favorite of mine. Not so much the Robinson shows, though. They were too straight. I much prefer the Edward Pawley shows, where Steve Wilson is a tough guy and talks like one, with all that great Forties tough guy slang.

I enjoy ADVENTURES BY MORSE much more than I LOVE A MYSTERY and/or ADVENTURE. Captain Friday and Skip Turner believe in action; Jack, Doc, and Reggie talk too much. However, I wonder of my prejudice isn't due to the fact that I heard ABM before ILAM. Such things made a difference.

There's a serial called MOON OVER AFRICA on which I haven't been able to discover information. I've got the first 26 15-minute episodes and the lead is played by the same guy who played the professor in "The Land of the Living Dead" on ADVENTURES BY MORSE, whoever that is. The serial grabs me for some reason. It's definitely Morse-like in conception and execution. I'd like to know more about it.

BOLD VENTURE I like a lot. It combines the best features of "Casablanca" and "To Have and Have Not." Bogart and Bacall are at their impudent best. It's a terrific show. More next time.

It's a proud and lonely thing to be an IP columnist.

I mean, everyone else who spoke or wrote to me about it thought my OTRcon column was funny. Except Wally Lydecker. Geez, Wally. You ought to try cultivating a sense of humor. You know, smile once in a while, maybe even chuckle. Tell you what, I'll try to be even funnier from now on, just to help you. Okay?



3/8/82---"First Impressions"

A police detective searches for the motive when a wealthy industrialist is murdered by the wife who adored him.

CAST: Tery Keane, Carole Teitel, Keir Dullea, Mandel Kramer
WRITER: Victoria Dann

3/9/82---"The Acquisition"

A multimillionaire trying to clear his mind crashes in the depth of the Pacific.

CAST: Tony Roberts, Patricia Elliott, Mandel Kramer
WRITER: Sam Dann

3/10/82---"The Heart of Boadicea"

The Iceni Queen, Boadicea, of Britain, fights the Roman Army of Nero for control of her kingdom.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Russell Horton, Lloyd Battista
WRITER: Sam Dann

3/11/82---"The Last Orbit"

The wiles of a mysterious red-head captivate an American hero.

CAST: Marian Seldes, Larry Haines, Russell Horton
WRITER: Douglas Dempsey

3/12/82---"The New Man at the Yard"

Famed novelist Charles Dickens lends a hand at Scotland Yard in investigating a neighbor's death.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Court Benson, Evie Juster, Gordon Gould
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

3/15/82---"The Face of the Waters"

A jealous uncle will go to any lengths to keep his beloved niece from marrying his chauffeur.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Norman Rose, Jada Rowland, Lloyd Battista
WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

3/16/82---"The Real World"

A naive rookie cop is assigned to a seedy murder case.

CAST: Joyce Gordon, Mandel Kramer, Ray Owens, Evie Juster
WRITER: Sam Dann

3/17/82---"Tippecanoe and Tyler Too"

An elderly spinster tries to prevent the murder of a lifelong friend.

CAST: Carole Teitel, Cynthia Harris, Arnold Moss, Earl Hammond
WRITER: Sam Dann

3/18/82---"Gate 27"

The once-proud cop's instincts are aroused in a bum when his favorite marker turns up missing.

CAST: Fred Gwynne, Court Benson, Teri Keane, Bernie Grant
WRITER: Sam Dann

3/19/82---"The Magic Stick of Manitu"

A diplomatic junket to a remote mysterious planet spells romance for one visitor...and death for another.

CAST: Keir Dullea, Fred Gwynne, Marian Seldes, Sam Gray
WRITER: Victoria Dann

3/22/82---"The Tool Shed"

The author of books on the occult finds his family steeped in mystery from another world.

CAST: John Vickery, Evie Juster, Bernie Grant

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

3/23/82---"To Be An Empress"

A lesser countess once pledged to a German baron becomes Empress of Russia.

CAST: Amanda Plummer, Joan Shea, Russell Horton, Louis Turenne

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

3/24/82---"The Old Country"

A young man finds himself transported back through time to his father's war-torn village, where he faces charges of treason -- and a sentence of death.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Court Benson, Carole Teitel, Joan Shea

WRITER: Sam Dann

3/25/82---"Dickens of Scotland Yard"

Author Charles Dickens tries his hand at solving crime.

CAST: Paul Hecht, Earl Hammond, Bob Kaliban, Tudi Wiggins

WRITER: James Agate, Jr.

3/26/82---"In the Cards"

Josephine, Empress of France, allows tarot cards to dictate her life, her love and her downfall.

CAST: Tammy Grimes, Teri Keane, Louis Turenne, Earl Hammond

WRITER: G. Frederic Lewis

3/29/82---"On the Night of the Dead"

A self-proclaimed god appears to a drought-ridden island with promises of relief and salvation.

CAST: John Vickery, Marian Seldes, Tracey Ellis, Earl Hammond

WRITER: Sam Dann

3/30/82---"The Good Ship Aud"

A legendary Irish patriot gives the last full measure of devotion to his country.

CAST: Earl Hammond, Court Benson, Lloyd Battista, Marian Seldes

WRITER: Sam Dann

3/31/82---"I Am the Killer"

A young doctor searches for the killer of young mothers in the maternity ward of a Viennese hospital.

CAST: Keir Dullea, Mandel Kramer, Lloyd Battista, Evie Juster

WRITER: Sam Dann

4/1/82---"The Mysterious Slumber"

Eyebrows raise when daughter Mary's moods flutter from petulance to euphoria after awakening from a long slumber, in this dramatization of a true story.

CAST: Diana Kirkwood, Elspeth Eric, Mandel Kramer, Don Scardino

WRITER: Elspeth Eric

4/2/82---"The Naval Treaty"

Famed super-sleuth, Sherlock Holmes, comes out of retirement to help a young British diplomat -- and recovers a top-secret government document.

CAST: Gordon Gould, Lloyd Battista, Bernard Grant, Carole Teitel

WRITER: Murray Burnett

ACROSS THE AIRWAVES

I received a couple of letters this month. "I'm writing to say the Illustrated Press is the best. I love every bit of it. I would like to see more news of current shows. I will send a copy of my column called TUNE IN as soon as it's published in my H.S. newspaper. Keep up the good work." Jeff Muller 439 Faltoute Ave., Roselle Park, N.J. 07204

"I would like to congratulate you on the I.P. for Feb. It is one of the best to date. Liked the pictures of old radio very much. Keep up the good work. Hope to get my copy of reference library material soon.

Also loved the article by Jim Snyder on the rating of Old Time Radio dealers. Hope it helps the new collectors keep from making some of the mistakes that I made, when I first started collecting. My friend and I fought with Nostalgia Sound, Lone Pine, California for 8 months, before we got our order, then some of them sounded atrocious. So I hope Jim continues to rate these dealers, I'm sure it will keep them on their toes, or put them out of business". Gary Bales, Washington, Illinois 61571

Our cover and inside back cover come from Radio Row Magazine, Fall 1945. (Notice the spelling of Riley) I promised to keep this column short this issue so I'll close with the following 2 articles on OTR radio that were in the Buffalo Sunday News. R.A.O.



Was there a series, about 1960, called "The Creaking Door"? I recall it was a very scary show. - B.M.

How about "The Inner Sanctum"? It started on radio in early 1941 as "The Creaking Door" but got the new title almost immediately. It lasted until 1952. Two years later, a TV version turned up, but lasted only a year.

The signature opening of the radio show (borrowed for TV) followed the usual menacing organ music with the sound of a door opening slowly on rusty hinges. Then came a voice, "Good evening, friends. This is Raymond, your host, welcoming you to the inner sanctum."

The idea started with a studio door that creaked when opened. Said producer Hilman Brown, "I'm going to make that door a star." He did. Radio buffs rank the creaking door as the best-remembered sound in radio history.

What was the theme music of the old radio drama series, "First Nighter"? I've wondered for years. Is there a recording? — A.P.

It was a slow version of a tune called "Neapolitan Nights." For the first 14 years, 1930-'44, Eric Sagerquist directed "The First Nighter Orchestra." Frank Worth finished the show's run, 1944-'49. Frank Smith wrote original music for the dramas. Recent albums of radio nostalgia have included "First Nighter" excerpts. Check your favorite record store for these albums.

Bob Livingston's Hollywood Career Fortified by Omen

The sages say that "coming events cast their shadows before," and the future indeed was broadly hinted to the family of Bob Livingston, the "Lone Ranger" of the screen, while he was still teething!

Bob's father being a newspaper man and his mother a writer, it was logical that he spend some of his early youth in a print shop. One day the family discovered that their pride and joy was cutting his teeth on a slug of type. Further investigation proved that the bit of metal carried one word only: "actor."

Bob has since become an actor of consequence in Hollywood, being featured in Republic's popular "Three Mesquiteers" series, as well as "The Lone Ranger," a serial which struck a new popularity high and, according to box office authorities, was responsible for elevating the prestige of episode thrillers.

The first chapter of Republic's 15-episode serial, "The Lone Ranger Rides Again," a follow-up of "The Lone Ranger," opens . . . at the . . . Theatre.

A large, stylized graphic advertisement for the radio show "Radio Orphan Annie's Secret Society." The title is written in a large, bold, serif font at the top. Below it, the year "1937" is prominently displayed in a large, black, blocky font. The background features a silhouette of a woman in a dress and a man in a suit walking together, with a large, glowing moon behind them. At the bottom, the phrase "BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER" is written in a bold, sans-serif font.



Bob Livingston and Silver Chief in the new Republic serial "The Lone Ranger Rides Again."

RED-MAN SPEAKS MANY LANGUAGES

Something of a linguist is Chief Thunder Cloud, who plays "Tonto" in "The Lone Ranger Rides Again." Republic serial whose first episode opens . . . night at the . . . Theatre. In addition to all the Indian dialects and languages, Chief Thunder Cloud speaks Italian, Spanish, Japanese, Chinese and Hungarian fluently.

Bob Livingston, who first rose to screen eminence as "Stony Brooke" in Republic's Three Mesquiteers series, is cast as the "Lone Ranger." The roster of supporting players includes Duncan Renaldo, Ralph Dunn, Jinx Falken, William Gould, Rex Lease, Eddie Dean, Bob McCung, George Burton, Glenn Strange, Stanley Blystone and Edwin Parker.



Chief Thunder-Cloud, as Tonto in the new Republic serial "The Lone Ranger Rides Again."

TUNE IN

Sundays

South Orange, N.J.
New York, N.Y.

WSOU National Radio Theatre
WNCN-104.2FM National Radio Theatre

6:00 p.m.
10:00 p.m.

Saturdays

Canada

CBC Stereo Nero Wolfe

7:05 p.m.

LIFE OF REILLY

NBC Saturdays at 8:00 to 8:30 P.M. Eastern Time
8:30 to 9:00 P.M. Pacific Time



L. to r. William Bendis as "Chester A. Riley," Sharon Douglas as "Babs Riley," Scotty Beckett as "Junior Riley," and Paula Winslowe as "Mrs. Peg Riley."



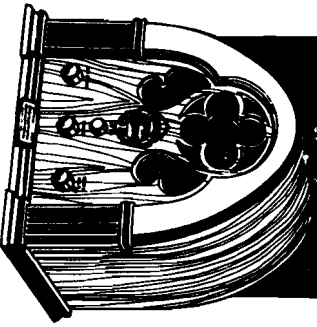
John Brown as "Digger O'Dell" with William Bendis.



Paula Winslowe



Dink Trout as "Waldo Binny."



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