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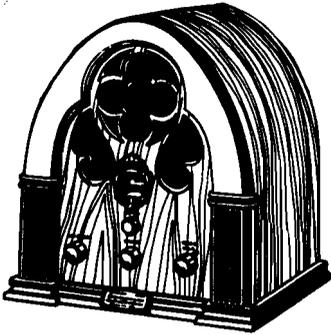


Virginia Clarke was over thirty-five and looking for love on *The Romance of Helen Trent*. The others are Bill Green (left), Bill Farmer, and Louise Fitch.



OCTOBER 1989
ISSUE #157

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.

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

Advertising Deadline - September 1

Wireless Wanderings



JIM SNYDER

I want to discuss a topic that I have dealt with in this column several times in the past. This is in relation to a letter to the editor written by Jack Palmer in the April IP. Jack commented on the exchange of letters between Thom Salome and Hal Widdison in which they had some pretty bitter things to say about each other. As a new member of the OTRC Jack was moved to say, "I got a terrible impression of your entire organization by reading those letters."

I am delighted that Jack took the time to voice his opinion on this issue, and I wish that others would also take the time to express their thoughts on any issue at all. However, I completely disagree with Jack's position. His has been a fairly commonly heard argument in this hobby for a number of years. For some reason, many feel that we should never say anything negative in regard to any facets of this hobby; that in some way this is hurting the hobby. I don't run into this feeling in any other activity of which I am a part. I subscribe to two numismatic newspapers and the letters to the editor in each of those are frequently dripping with nastiness. Yet no one seems to think anything about that one way or the other. My daily newspaper in Saginaw has frequent letters to the editor that make the Salome/Widdison thing seem about as bad as nursery rhymes. Back when I used to read Jack's own Battle Creek paper, I remember the same being true there. Even the letters in my U.S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT are frequently vituperative. I do not feel that this sort of thing is harmful. I consider it helpful. All is not well with all aspects of our hobby, or all the people in it. I find it healthy when people are free to air their concerns. Whether those concerns are based on fact or merely opinion, I find each equally valid. It also stimulates discussion and thoughts on the part of others, and that can only be

beneficial. I feel this way, regardless of whether I agree with the writer, or the way in which he is expressing himself, or not. I may totally disagree with what he is saying, but he does stimulate my thinking.

If Jack does find this sort of thing offensive then he should certainly try to find another club that does support his feelings. After all, it is his money and he should feel that he is getting something he wants for his money. I am afraid, however, that he is going to have a little trouble finding a club that rigidly avoids this kind of conflict. In fact, I can think of no major OTR club publication that hasn't had some of this "name calling" in their publication at one time or another. The only independent publication where I have never seen it is Chuck Shaden's NOSTALGIA DIGEST. And that is certainly a publication that I can heartily recommend to Jack for any reason at all, aside from the avoidance of controversy.

This type of matter came up again in the MAY IP when Larry Gassman, president of SPERDVAC, responded to a letter in that same issue which was critical of SPERDVAC. Gassman wrote, "I frankly believe that this policy of point and counterpoint in the monthly newsletters is counterproductive to the hobby. You have heard already from one member in your January issue who was bored with the entire ordeal." Since there were no letters in the January issue, I assume that Larry was referring to Jack's letter, from the April issue, that I have been discussing above. Jack didn't sound "bored" to me. He sounded disgusted, but as I have discussed above, I am not in agreement with him. The main items of interest that I find in Larry's letter is that he doesn't like the "ridiculous and pointless argument in other organizations newsletters" about other clubs. It is ironic that the very next month (June issue of the SPERDVAC RADIOGRAM) Larry's own club newsletter carried a letter to the editor which contained rather severe criticism of NARA (North American Radio Archives), one of the other national OTR clubs.

I guess my whole point here is that I find criticism and comment to be healthy for the hobby. I do not object to the name calling that bothered Jack. I can take that or leave it, depending on how I feel about the person, organization, or issue being discussed. Because an



A deadly wind that seems to be after one specific person. The crew of a spaceship floating amidst the pieces of their ruined ship...and their air is running out! A woman, walking home on a dark summer's night, sure that someone is following her. A children's playroom that contains death!

These are but a few of the tales that can be found in a cassette tape package put out by THE MIND'S EYE called "Bradbury 13".

Originally aired on NPR, these 13 stories are available now in a terrific collection of dramatizations of some of the best work Ray Bradbury has done.

In superb stereo, THE MIND'S EYE has seen fit to keep in the intro's done by the late Paul Frees that set the mood for these intense stories.

They don't get any better than this!

SPOKEN ARTS has in release a series of horror classics that will fit in perfectly to the Halloween season when things go bump in the night and every late night sound seems to be an omen of evil.

Done in straightforward, no nonsense style, these tales convey a sense of dread and fright into familiar, yet distinguished works from the best writers in literature.

Dracula, Frankenstein, Jekyll & Hyde, The Pit and the Pendulum - Now there's a foursome that's tough to beat. SPOKEN ARTS has tried though, with additional titles such as The Masque of Red Death, The Tell-Tale Heart, and The Monkey's Paw. Other horror titles are also available.

My only complaint, and it's a minor one, is that the stories tend to be of fairly short length - less than an hour each - but this is to be expected as most of them were short stories to begin with.

The readers/actors on these tapes are generally unknowns with the exception of Alexander Scourby and Hurd Hatfield who do masterful jobs.

This is sweet stuff for the fan of the genre.

RECORDED BOOKS INC. has, for sale or rental, a top-notch book-on-tape that is sure to please any mystery/adventure fan. It's titled "The Domino Principle" by Adam Kennedy (you may remember the movie with Gene Hackman).

The government arranged for Tucker to escape jail and set him up with a house and a small fortune. In return he had to do a job for them that even he didn't want to do. When he resisted...the trouble really began.

The tapes run 4½ hours and are narrated by Frank Muller, an old hand at dramatic readings. Story interest never lags and, when the end comes, you crave even more... and your cravings are answered.

RECORDED BOOKS INC. have also released the sequel called "The Domino Vendetta".

I haven't heard this one yet but if it's anything like the first it has to be thought provoking and exciting.

The production on "The Domino Principle" is a straight dramatic reading without music or sound effects but, as the case so often is, they aren't missed at all.

DURKIN HAYES PUBLISHING LTD. has recently released a tape package that contains two Ian Fleming short stories about the world's favorite spy James Bond. The two stories are "The Living Daylights" and "A Quantum of Solace", the first being the basis of the movie that introduced Timothy Dalton as Bond.

James Bond, with his target in his sights and his finger poised on the trigger, suddenly decides to disobey his orders to kill. Why? Listen to this well done tape and find out.

Anthony Valentine, the narrator, is a credible Bond and we hope that more will be forthcoming.

The toll-free numbers for the stories in this column are....

The Mind's Eye...1-800-631-8571
Spoken Arts..(not toll free)

914-636-5482

Recorded Books Inc..800-638-1304
Durkin Hayes...800-962-5200

Please keep in mind that these numbers operate during normal business hours.

There is a whole new world of entertainment out there, just waiting to be discovered. It is the intent of this column to be a guide into this world so you can be aware of the pleasures it holds.

All it takes is a simple listen. The stories will do the rest.

See ya next time.

THE SHADOW

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DECEMBER 15, 1942

by WALTER GIBSON

The Money Master

Chapter Sixteen: Crossed Battle

If there was one man who had to be included in The Shadow's calculations, that man was Pierre Dulaine. Not that The Shadow felt particularly obligated to Dulaine for rescuing him from Cassette's cellar. The Shadow himself had done the same for many like Dulaine in the past.

Indeed, the rescue could be written off because of the attempted assassination that happened at Dulaine's later; an oversight on Pierre's part, if not worse.

The Shadow counted Dulaine as a factor for other reasons.

First, Dulaine was seeking Zorva anyway, which meant that Dulaine might blunder into things at the wrong time, unless properly guided. So The Shadow preferred to guide him.

Again, Zorva doubtless knew that Dulaine was hunting for him. Therefore, Dulaine's entry into any situation would serve as a cover for The Shadow's own operations.

This was particularly applicable in Mardith's case, since The Shadow had left Zorva's mansion before the Money Master found the fragment of black cloth. On the basis that Zorva didn't know of his visit, The Shadow saw good reason to keep his own hand hidden for a while. Such a course naturally precluded using his own agents; hence this was the perfect opportunity to bring in Dulaine.

Unquestionably, Dulaine was impatient.

So The Shadow thought, and so he learned when he phoned Dulaine's headquarters. Nicco Pana answered the call but didn't stay on the wire. From the sounds The Shadow heard, Dulaine must have snatched the phone right out of Pana's hands.

As The Shadow stated recent facts, Dulaine responded eagerly. He was willing to co-operate in any way The Shadow wanted. That settled, The Shadow gave Dulaine

a letdown.

The Shadow would handle Mardith. The man was a weak link in Zorva's chain. Mardith had been to Zorva's, yes, but where Zorva lived, The Shadow wouldn't specify over the telephone. Once he'd interviewed Mardith and classified the man's whole story, he would supply Dulaine with other details.

Dulaine's business was to eliminate interference by Shep Ficklin and Bert Cowder, who had somehow landed in Zorva's camp. Dulaine's outfit, having proven their ability at hit-and-run raids, would be the very force needed in such work. To which Dulaine agreed, because The Shadow's tone was complimentary; whereupon, before Dulaine could recite a few objections, The Shadow named Mardith's address and hung up.

Holding the dead phone, Dulaine waved it angrily, meanwhile voicing his indignation to Pana.

"Bah! I am one fool!" stormed Dulaine. "Or The Shadow thinks me to be one. Why should we, who are many, show ourselves to others when The Shadow could scatter them . . . pouf!"

Dulaine snapped his fingers to show how The Shadow did it. Taking a breath, he sputtered more objections.

"This man Mardith . . . the very one we wish! Why should we not take him? We could bring him here and place him in the cell we have prepared for Zorva. There Mardith would talk. But no! The Shadow, who knows everything, must find out more!"

Others were beginning to agree with Dulaine, which annoyed him, because his rage had carried him farther than he intended. Only Pana understood Dulaine's full reactions.

"From the way you spoke yes to all The Shadow said," declared Pana, "he may have supposed that you had nothing else to say. Or

the call might have been cut off."

"Ah, Nicco, you are right," approved Dulaine. "I am the fool, though The Shadow does not think so. Or if he does, he is right. Perhaps he has planned best. Come let us start to Mardith's."

"This soon? Suppose The Shadow should call again."

"We cannot delay," returned Dulaine. "And yet that call may have been cut off, as you say. You stay here, Nicco, for a little while. Then hurry along and tell us if there is something new."

Dulaine and his crew were closing the back door, when the rugged leader heard the phone bell ringing. He told the others to go ahead, while he returned upstairs. On the stairway, Dulaine met Pana coming down. The darkish secretary nodded.

"It was The Shadow," declared Pana. "He thought that you had more to say. He asked what it was, and I told him."

"What then, Nicco?"

"We are to trap Mardith and bring him here. But no one is to question him until The Shadow arrives."

"And the men that Zorva sends?"

"The Shadow said to leave them to him," replied Pana, with a knowing smile. "He says he will be pleased to settle his score with them. He thanks you for the opportunity."

Much pleased, Dulaine and his henchmen piled into their car. They drove to Mardith's apartment house and began a sortie that was quite efficient.

Leaving Pana in the car, Dulaine found a back way into the building and took his men along. Discovering two doors to the required apartment, Dulaine put men to work on both.

They had tricks of getting into places, these fellows, as they had demonstrated at Cassette's. The back door yielded first, and Dulaine was summoned there. Entering alone, he stole through the kitchen to the living room.

There, Dulaine saw Mardith, the only person at home. He knew the man must be Mardith, from the man's worried look. People usually were worried after interviewing Eric Zorva. The Money Master had ways of dropping hints that were remembered a long while afterward. So Dulaine took it that Mardith must have had a

somewhat unsatisfactory business, perhaps failing to deliver something that Zorva wanted.

Unaware of Mardith's actual reason for worry, Dulaine decided to call in his men. Time was short, considering that The Shadow might at any moment open battle with Shep Ficklin and a tribe of crooks.

Dulaine was edging into the living room when Mardith turned suddenly toward a telephone on a table near an open window. That gave Dulaine the perfect opportunity to reach the front door of the apartment and open it.

A word to those outside, which they passed along, then Dulaine was staking into the living room with his men prepared to invade from both directions, a pair at each open door. Mardith had finally obtained his phone number, and right behind him stood Dulaine, hoping that the call was to Zorva.

It proved otherwise.

Over the phone, Mardith began to gasp his story. He was talking to the police and he wanted them to know about a menace of international proportions. From Mardith's crazed tone, the listener evidently took it for a crank call. Next thing, Mardith was jiggling the hook.

"Listen!" he insisted. "I can't wait to talk to the proper department. This is life and death -- not just for me, but for millions! The man behind it is named Eric Zorva --"

It was useless. Mardith's call was being transferred to the proper department. The frantic man started to put the telephone aside; turning, he saw Dulaine. Mardith froze, telephone in hand.

"It is well you did not make that call," spoke Dulaine, above a leveled gun. "You see for yourself how inefficient the police can be. Bah! They can never trap Eric Zorva. You must leave that to me!"

Unable to gasp, Mardith couldn't begin to talk.

"No need to speak here," resumed Dulaine. "I shall take you to a safe place. There, we may talk as friend to friend."

Another factor was at hand. Over the sill of Mardith's window came the head and shoulders of The Shadow. The cloaked invader was here for the original purpose that Dulaine had taken over. Except that in The Shadow's case, only Mardith's removal was necessary. Knowing all that

Mardith knew, The Shadow could easily have persuaded him to come along.

Different than before was the burn from The Shadow's eyes. The glow told that this was a situation he did not expect; nevertheless, since Dulaine was handling things, The Shadow made no immediate effort to draw an automatic. Instead, he came farther across the sill, pausing to put away the suction disks with which he had scaled the outside wall.

Dulaine chose that untimely moment to lower his own gun. The act was a prelude to chaos.

Wildly, Mardith hurled himself at Dulaine, swinging the telephone like a bludgeon. Diving away, Dulaine tripped across a chair; falling, he fired his gun in the air, hoping to scare Mardith and at the same time summon his men.

Both things worked. Mardith dodged away as he flung the telephone, and thereby missed Dulaine with his throw. In from both entrances of the apartment sprang Dulaine's men, a pair from each direction.

The arrivals didn't fire their revolvers; they didn't even swing them at Mardith. Dulaine was bawling for them to capture the man unharmed, which might go far to prove that they could really be friends to anyone who had turned against Zorva.

But Mardith, still frantic, thought that this was a trick originated by Zorva himself. he was fighting like a wild cat when The Shadow cleared the sill to spring into the fray.

"You're from Zorva!" Mardith was screaming. "He sent you here to murder me!"

The words were true, but they didn't apply to the men with whom Mardith struggled. The real culprits were in sight, coming with guns ahead of them. Shep Ficklin from one door, Bert Cowder from the other, each followed by a pair of new recruits signed up by telephone from Zorva's. They were here for murder, wholesale. Not just Mardith, but Dulaine and his crew were slated for victims!

Only The Shadow saw.

His guns tongued first as they whipped from beneath his cloak. expecting easy victims, arriving crooks were not prepared for such sudden fire. They didn't even see The Shadow, for he was beyond Dulaine's faction and he had the blackened window

as his background. However, the very fact that Dulaine's men obscured him was a boon to the incoming crooks.

Forced to stab shots wherever he saw an opening, The Shadow couldn't pick his targets; but the result was satisfactory. So fast did The Shadow's fire come, the invading crooks thought that Dulaine's whole crew had turned to meet them with blazing guns. Halting in their tracks, crooks turned and dived for doorways.

Even Shep and Bert joined the exodus. The Shadow's shifts in finding spaces between Dulaine's men, added to the illusion of a general gunfire. But it proved a backfire, too. The slugs that mouthed from The Shadow's gun muzzles whined quite as close to Dulaine's followers as to the crooks. Attracted by the gunnery, Dulaine and his men thought The Shadow was bombarding them.

They didn't stop to reason why or wherefore. Dropping Mardith, they flung themselves upon The Shadow. Fortunately, they tried to suppress him without bullets, otherwise this episode might have ended in the complete disaster that Zorva had designed. But the scene did produce an immediate tragedy.

Thinking himself free, Mardith fled for the front door of the apartment. A revolver jabbed from the passage to the kitchen, clipping Mardith as he dashed past. Shep was the marksman; hoarsely, he yelled for Bert to complete the job. Bert heard, and turned about in the front doorway to see Mardith staggering toward him. Bert's point-blank shots finished the job, though Shep, from his vantage point, added a few slugs to make sure.

Those blasts awakened Dulaine's men to their real danger. Over their shoulders, they saw Mardith's fate and realized that The Shadow was still their friend. The moment their hands relaxed, The Shadow wrested free and became their leader in a swift pursuit.

By the time they were downstairs and out through the back way, The Shadow was yards ahead. So far ahead that he almost neglected the prime element of caution. Crooks had fled around a corner ahead of Shep and Bert, but those two, the murderous ringleaders of the routed mob, were still in sight. As he halted, The Shadow could

have dropped them in their tracks, but he remembered the value of shelter whenever available.

There was a cellar entry, deep steps flanked by two wooden posts, directly by The Shadow's shoulder. It was a simple task to drop to the upper steps and still take aim before partners in crime could reach the safety of the corner. So The Shadow wheeled in what proved to be a vital moment.

Already a long knife was scaling his direction. Its whirl sounded in The Shadow's ear as he left its deadly path. With a clang, the blade buried in the near post as The Shadow reached the far one. Not for a moment did the cloaked figure pause. Remembering the expert knife work displayed at Zorva's, The Shadow spun from the second post and sprang clear down the steps.

Another clang resounded as he went. A second knife, hurled as ably as the first, had found the other post. Eluding one death stroke, The Shadow had escaped another, as only The Shadow could. But in the effort, he had pitched himself right out of the battle. When The Shadow

reached top step level, Shep and Bert were gone.

So were the knife throwers.

Dulaine's own men were firing a few futile shots at someone who had dodged around a corner. Dulaine was calling them off because he saw Pana, a short way down the street, beckoning frantically for them to return to the car. Dulaine and his men evaporated while The Shadow watched.

Alone on the scene, The Shadow delivered a strange, significant laugh as he crossed the street and merged with darkness beyond. That low-toned mirth was a link between the past and the future. The Shadow could picture how the hand of Eric Zorva had botched all plans regarding James Mardith.

There was little to regret in Mardith's death. The man was a traitor who had weakened; that was all. Rather, the episode should be remembered as an index to Zorva's future machinations. The Shadow had learned the methods of the Money Master. There would be allowance for those methods in The Shadow's future campaign.

Chapter Seventeen: Double Double

The murder of James Mardith smashed the front pages in such big style that all other crime news was relegated to forgotten pages of the newspapers. The thing was a sensation in its own right; it didn't tie in with the former crimes that concerned Shep Ficklin and Bert Cowder.

To begin with, Mardith not only wasn't a foreign refugee; he had no acquaintances whatever in that group of society. As for robbery as a motive, Mardith wasn't in the habit of keeping cash at his apartment. Even if he did have funds there, such men as Shep and Bert would hardly be tempted to have a try for them.

Shep and Bert already owned a million dollars; even though they might be afraid to spend the cash, they could find some easy way of obtaining travel money. Killing Mardith would have been too foolhardy for men in their position.

At least, such was the opinion of the law.

The crooks in question thought otherwise. Enconced in a lavish suite at Zorva's, they read the newspapers while they ate their breakfast, and grinned when a polite servant tendered them one of Zorva's calling cards on which he had written:

"Congratulations!"

"I guess the bulls would call us dopes," chuckled Shep, "if they had any idea we'd be around Mardith's last night."

"We would be dopes," returned Bert, "if we'd tried a job like that for anything less than another million."

"But we did it all for nothing," observed Shep. "Just to please a guy called the Money Master. All because he was nice to us."

"Very nice," added Bert. "He showed us all his dough, didn't he? And the longer we stick around here, the more chance we'll have to put our mitts on it some day."

Having thus revealed their mutual reason for having returned to Zorva's as star boarders, Shep and Bert finished operations with the ham and eggs.

Just as refugees had shuddered over the deaths of Brune and Cassette, so did men of wealth and business worry about the Mardith murder. Mortality in the high income brackets always caused the greatest stir at the exclusive Cobalt Club, where an oversized bank roll was one of the requisites for membership.

Mardith hadn't belonged to the Cobalt Club, but he was wealthy. So wealthy, that he'd banked a hundred thousand dollars only a short while ago. Mardith's business affairs were extensive, so no one wondered where that money came from. It simply happened that Mardith had cashed his One Tarka note at Zorva's the very night he received it.

However, the Cobalt Club did have a member named Hiram Hume.

Though only casually acquainted with Mardith, Hume was much concerned about the murder. Since Commissioner Weston was a member of the Cobalt Club, Hume agreed to head a committee to ask what steps the law would take to safeguard wealthy men, now that unknown crooks had apparently declared an open season.

Having admitted Zorva's craft, Hume was now demonstrating his own.

Not only did his committee job enable him to keep posted on the law's activities as they might concern the Money Master; Hume also had a chance to sound out the other members on matters of business and finance. He figured the Cobalt Club to be a perfect ground for obtaining new investors in Zorva's machinations.

Among those approached by Hume was Lamont Cranston.

At least, Hume thought he approached Cranston. You always had to approach Cranston, because he spent most of his time lounging around the club, except when exercising at the billiard table. But Cranston had a way of lounging where people would run across him, and that applied in Hume's case.

It didn't take long for Hume to find out how Cranston stood, where money was concerned.

Though overburdened with wealth, Cranston had little use for it. He could see no reason for accumulating more. Indeed, he held a high contempt for men who were so inclined, and he cited cases in proof.

Most horrible of examples was Lionel Dorfee, who liked to corner such things as copper. When the government had called an end to such proceedings, Dorfee had made eyes at the wheat crop, only to see the red light flash again. He was in New York at present, the covetous Mr. Dorfee, trying to learn what still could be grabbed. He'd even approached Cranston on the subject.

"I've met Dorfee," recalled Hume. "You are right, Cranston. He struck me as a madman, the way he wanted to corner everything. Of course, when a man's holdings go too far beyond his cash assets, he may find it necessary to pyramid his resources --"

"Which doesn't apply to Dorfee," interposed Cranston. "His interest in holding copper includes pennies. I'd say that Dorfee still has the first that he swiped from his toy bank. Speaking of banks, do you know how Dorfee insures the money that he deposits in them?"

Hume didn't know.

"He buys them outright," Cranston declared. "They can't go under while he holds the purse strings. Why, Dorfee controls banks in towns you never heard of!"

Hume puffed heavily on his cigar, using the smoke to cover the gleam that he knew was in his eyes. He'd learned the name of the very man he wanted to meet. Dorfee, the human key to dozens of bank vaults, was the logical candidate to supply much of the cash percentage toward Zorva's gigantic manipulations.

"Most amazing," observed Hume. "I wish I'd known all this when I met Dorfee. Why, he's a human curiosity!"

"Don't let him know it," Cranston returned, "or he'll charge money for people to see him. At present, he's a free exhibit around the Hotel Metrolite. We're having him as an added attraction here this evening, because he talked me into inviting him to dinner. I wish you could join us, Hume. It would relieve me immensely to hear Dorfee talk to someone else."

Hume curbed his eagerness to accept the invitation. He referred to an appointment book, fussed over it a while, and finally drew a pencil mark through some notations.

"Very well, Cranston," began Hume. "I shall cancel another engagement --"

"Dinner at seven," Cranston interrupted. "And now Hume, you must excuse me. My car is waiting outside."

Why Cranston should for once show haste over such a trifling matter as a waiting limousine, was something that puzzled Hume. He simply charged it off to the fact that anyone with Cranston's peculiar disregard for money would have other eccentricities.

Cranston did have another eccentricity. It was in the big car that had just stopped in front of the club. That eccentricity happened to be Cranston himself.

Sweeping past the doorman, Cranston sprang into the car and slammed the door. He gave an order to the chauffeur, and the big car wheeled away so suddenly that the doorman thought he saw Cranston's face in two different places.

Actually, the doorman did.

There were two Cranston's looking at each other in the rear seat as the limousine rolled along the avenue. The Cranston who came from the Cobalt Club gave a whispered laugh: The Shadow's.

"Your insomnia must be bothering you again," The Shadow told the other Cranston. "I never expected to see you arrive at the club so early."

"Blame yourself for it," replied Cranston. "If you'd kept that date with Margo Lane, she wouldn't have called up at two in the morning to ask where I was. After faking excuses for half an hour, I was too tired to go to sleep again."

"Margo never gets her dates straight," reminded The Shadow. "I was supposed to meet her tomorrow night, last night."

"I'll handle tonight's date then," said Cranston. "I promised to take her to dinner. It was the best way to finish an argument that I knew nothing about."

"Margo will have to wait," declared The Shadow. "You're inviting me to dinner at the club."

Cranston's life was one of continuous surprise because he was The Shadow's double, or vice versa. But this idea of having dinner with his other self, at the Cobalt Club of all places, was something that outdid all previous amazements. Cranston's face went vacant.

"Don't use that expression often," observed The Shadow. "I'd have a hard time copying it. Fact is, I'm giving you a vacation. I'm going to double for someone else tonight."

Gradually Cranston began to understand. Knowing from personal experience that The Shadow was a master of disguise, the whole thing became quite feasible. Cranston asked whose part The Shadow would play this evening.

"I'm going to be Lionel Dorfee," said The Shadow. "You're to introduce me to Hiram Hume. Dinner at seven, and the sooner you find an excuse to leave, the better. Why not call Margo and suggest a night club that has a nine-o'clock floor show? You could make it dinner at eight."

The plan pleased Cranston, so they left it that way. Leaving the limousine at a secluded corner, The Shadow strolled his way, while Cranston rode his way back to the club. Remembering an important phone call, The Shadow made it from the nearest drugstore.

In speaking, The Shadow used his whispered tone. The call was to Dulaine, though as usual, Pana answered.

At the other end, Pana asked The Shadow to wait a moment. Covering the telephone, Pana turned to Dulaine, who was seated in the same room, and announced:

"The Shadow."

Dulaine's lips tightened.

"How does he sound?" inquired Dulaine. "Is he angry about last night? Of course, the mistake was really his own --"

"I wouldn't tell him that," interrupted Pana. "Just say that you misunderstood his instructions. It is the best way."

"I believe you are right, Nicco."

Dulaine took the telephone and spoke a blunt apology. Without giving The Shadow time to answer, Dulaine asked what was next in their campaign against Zorva. From then on, Dulaine listened, while Pana watched him

with a worried gaze. Dulaine was smiling when the phone call ended, so Pana relaxed.

"The Shadow explained the Mardith matter," Dulaine told Pana. "It seems that Mardith was the go-between that Zorva used to meet a really important man named Hume."

Pana showed interest along with surprise.

"Hume is having dinner with a man named Dorfee," continued Dulaine. "Since Dorfee is also wealthy, Hume probably intends to introduce him to Zorva. The Shadow prefers to have us wait until that question is settled."

There was a flicker from Pana's eyes.

"You are doubtful, Nicco," remarked Dulaine. "I can hardly blame you, after what happened last night. But I believe The Shadow, because he even named the place where Hume and Dorfee are to meet. They are dining at the Cobalt Club."

Turning to a table, Dulaine thumbed through some copies of a bulky magazine that bore the

title: "Wealth." In one he found a portrait of Hume, in another a picture of Dorfee.

"The Shadow remembers everything," smiled Dulaine. "He must have noticed these magazines when he was here. He said that if I stopped at the Cobalt Club at seven, I could witness the meeting in question. He told me to study the pictures first."

"You will go there?"

"I do not believe so, Nicco." Dulaine began to shake his head, then paused. "Suppose you go instead. It will satisfy your doubts. I no longer have any."

Pana's shrug expressed indifference; nevertheless, he said that he would follow the suggestion. At which Dulaine smiled again, for he regarded Pana's curiosity as something to be encouraged. A man who probed into every question could prove himself a useful person.

How useful Pana was to prove this evening was something that Dulaine did not imagine.

Nor did The Shadow!

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NOTICE

By action of the Board of Directors of the Old Time Radio Club, the following changes go into effect on OCTOBER 1, 1989.

1. In order to retain dues at their present level, a \$2.50 processing charge will be added to all new memberships to offset the expense of mailing catalogs to new members.

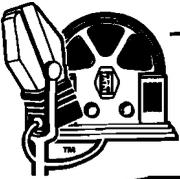
2. A \$25 deposit will be required from all members borrowing books from the Reference Library due to the high cost of these books. A check must be submitted with the order but will not be cashed unless the book is not returned in 45 days. If the book is returned on time, the uncashed check will be returned.

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BUT NOBODY ELSE DOES!

Carolyn and Joel Senter

If you happen to have read Bob Burnham's article "A New Legal Problem for the OTR Radio Dealers" in the August 89 Illustrated Press you know that some of our friends in old time radio are in a bit of trouble! If you didn't read the article, or if you haven't heard about it from some other source, could we, please, take a few moments to tell you about it?

We all know that there are many different attitudes concerning the role of vendors of old time radio programs in our hobby. We wouldn't presume to judge which of these views, or what compromise among them, might eventually turn out to be "right." Ultimately the evolutionary processes of time and custom will settle these issues in one way or another. Some of these processes of resolution will necessarily be legal ones. This is fitting and proper because it may well be that "due process," through our legal system, offers the only proper forum for the ultimate settlement of serious controversies. Unfortunately the price tag on "due process" can become very high! Just now a number of our OTR friends are being sued for alleged infringement on license of some classic radio shows. The plaintiff, allegedly, has refused what seems to us to be a more than fair monetary settlement (even if the alleged license were to turn out to be real) which has been offered to resolve the disagreement without further contest, but, instead, we are told, is holding out for a five-digit settlement from each of the half dozen, or so, defendants named! It certainly looks like the matter will very likely wind up in court. The defendants are beginning to incur considerable expense simply to insure that they get their proper "day in court" (and we all know that nobody gets rich selling OTR tapes). A pertinent question has arisen in our minds, i.e., "Can we as OTR fans help?!!!!" Can we help our friends, who have given so much to our hobby, to have their day in court without suffering the total financial burden by themselves?? Our personal answer is, "Yeah, sure, we'll be glad to lend a hand!!" We sincerely hope that all OTR fans will echo our personal feelings in this matter. As a start toward "lending a hand", we (the "authors" of this piece) have taken the liberty of setting up a fund at a local bank, which we call The OTR Defense Fund. We feel so strongly about this issue of legal defense that we will personally start the account with a contribution of \$100 (we wish it could be more!). We hope that many other fans will join us in the belief that our friends who happen to be directly involved in this litigation should not be left alone to bear the total cost of a contest which really stands to affect all of us! If you feel moved to help, please send whatever contribution you can and we will see that every cent goes to help defray the expenses incurred by our friends in their efforts to defend themselves. If we each gave a little, we could all help a lot! What say ye? Will you join us to help out our OTR friends?

Please make checks out to "OTR Defense Fund" and

send contributions to:

OTR Defense Fund

c/o Carolyn and Joel Senter

4003 Clifton Ave.

Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

Rest assured that whatever contribution you can spare will be most appreciated by those most directly affected. Thanks, in advance.



JAMES LEHNHARD

A new OTR magazine, LISTENING GUIDE NEWSLETTER, is starting publication. This is a quarterly magazine published by Bob Burnham, longtime member of our club, and frequent writer in this and other OTR publications. Each issue will present features on what is going on in the hobby, a traders column for those involved in that activity, information on the technical aspects of the hobby, interviews with radio personalities, and other articles about old time radio. A one year charter subscription for four issues can be obtained for \$12.00 from BRC Productions, PO Box 2645, Livonia, Michigan 48151.

Priceless Sound, PO Box 1661, Salinas, California 93902, has a catalog of 10,000 radio shows that they have for sale on both cassettes and reels. The catalog costs \$9.95 which will be refunded with a first purchase of \$50. They also have several books available that have been authored by owner Tom Price. A list of these can be obtained with a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Tuesday's Programs 1944

(Listings are in Eastern War Time—Programs are subject to change.)

6:00	News Sports	News, Sports	Quincy Howard-C	News Sports	Wings of Song
6:30	News Quiz Lowell Thomas	Music Fashions	Edwin C. Hill-C	Fill Tunes	Dinner
7:00	Music Shop-NBC	World News-Everything for the Boys-NBC	Fullon Lewis-M Front Page-M	Mystery-C John Neabitt-C	Music program St. Anthony's Novena
7:30	Johnny Presents-NBC	A Date With Judy-NBC	E. Singler-M	Pop. Young-M	News
8:00	Mystery Theater-NBC	Words at War-NBC	Screen Test-M American Forum of	Burns and Allen-C	Famous Jury Trials-B
8:30	Bob Hope variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	The Air-M Buffalo	Armed Services Forces-C	Harold L. Iles-B
9:00	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC
9:30	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC
10:00	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC
10:30	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC
11:00	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC
11:30	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC
12:00	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC	Billie Holiday variety-NBC

WEDNESDAY MORNING PROGRAMS

7:00	News Clint Bushman	News: The Sleepchaser Headlines: The Sleepchaser	Farm & Home Food Feature News Musical Clock	Waka Up News Early Bird
8:00	News Clint Bushman	News: The Sleepchaser Headlines: The Sleepchaser	World News-C Music Parade News Musical Clock News	Early Bird News Early Bird
9:00	News Early Dale Texas Rangers	News: Melody Mustangs Fiddle's Melody Troubadour	News Sing Along Club-C This Life-C	Breakfast Club, Don McNeill, Orchestra, You Like
10:00	Lora Lawton-N R. St. John-N Finders Keep-N Dave Harmon-N	News Are You Listening? America's Quartermaster Four Idea-M	Valiant Lady-C Light World-C Chang, Child-C Beach, World-C	My True Story-B Interviews Listen's Post-B
11:00	News of Life-N Vic & Sade-N Playhouse-N	Edlin: Rhythm Music Fashion Quartermaster Four Idea-M	Amanda-C 2d Husband-C Horizon-C News	Breakfast at Serilla-B Gli Marilyn-B Modern Kitchen-B

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News Between Lines About Johnny For Americans	Books Carter-M Nooday Revue Helen Trent-C	Kate Smith-C Big Sister-C Our Gal-C	Glamour Manor-B Familiar Music	News Lunch Music program
1:00	Baby Work Daytime Revue	Fiddle's Songs Jack Serch-M Love Orch-M Meet the Band	Life, Sketch-C Ma Perkins-C	Bankings-B Melody Inc., variety program	News Your Favorites Piano Cases
2:00	Gold Light-N Children-NBC Woman-NBC Hymns-NBC	Col. Foster-M Time Chat	Portia-C Joyce Jordan-C Dr. Malone-C Perry Mason-C	News-Mystery Chef-B W. Kitchin-B Ladies-B	News Album of Song
3:00	Woman Ann-M Ma Perkins-N Pop Young-N Flapjacks-N	News 'n' Music Hillins: News 'n' Music	Mary Martin-C Betty & Bob Women's Page Melodies	M. Downey-B Star Party-B variety	News Musical Review program
4:00	B' Stage Light-N Rodin Dallas-N Love, Jones-N Wolder Brown	W. Compton-M Truss, Chat News 'n' Music	Service Time-C QED, news Melaine: Scott	News Melody Inc. News-M Melody Inc.	Musical Review News Musical
5:00	Girl Marjorie-N Uncle Sam's Bulletin	News: Studio Chuck Carter-M Tom Mix-M	Fun With Dime-C News Wilderness-C	Terry-B Pick Tracy-B J. Armstrong-B Sea Round-B	Review program News Wings Song



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