

#189

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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY



Affiliated With
The Old Time Radio
Network

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

New member processing--\$5.00 plus club membership of \$17.50 per year from Jan 1 to Dec 31. Members receive a tape listing, library listing, monthly news letter, the Illustrated Press, the yearly Memories Publications 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 the regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 12 yrs of age & younger who do not live with a regular member. This membership is \$13.00 per year and includes all the benefits of regular membership. Regular membership are as follows: If you join in Jan- Mar \$17.50-- Apr- Jun \$14.00-- July-Sept \$10-- Oct- Dec \$7.00. All renewals should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be sure to notify us if you change your address.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available. Annual memberships are \$29.75. Publications will be airmailed.

The Old Time Radio Club meets the first of every month on Monday evening from August to June at 393 George Urban Blvd. Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225. Anyone interested in the Golden Age of Radio is welcome. Meeting start at 7:30 P.M.

CLUB ADDRESS:

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P.O. Box 426
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086

DEADLINE FOR THE I.P.--10th of each month prior to publication

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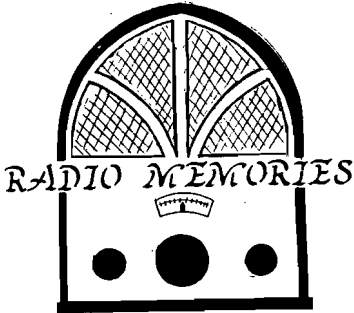
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TAPE LIBRARY RATES: All reels and video cassettes-- \$1.85 per month; cassettes and records-- \$.85 per month. Rates include postage and handling.

CANADIAN BRANCH: Rental rates are the same as above, but in Canadian funds.



Francis E. Burke

McGee don't open that closet Molly cried. Too late. Crash, bang, rattle, rattle ca-plop- went a hundred and one items that Fibber McGee managed to jam into the McGee hall closet. Fibber McGee and Molly were one of our families favorite radio programs. It was broadcast every week (although I can't remember which night) by the Johnson's Wax company, a product which my mother used faithfully, doing her part to keep Fibber and Molly on the radio.

Even now some fifty years later I can visualize my mother, father and older sister gathered around our Zenith radio listening to the McGee's Always waiting for Fibber to open the hall closet door and hear all the junk fall out. Yes, I can still see in my minds eye the many things that came tumbling out of that wonderful hall closet. Oh, my gosh, oh my gosh, Fibber would say after the hall closet door was opened. And everything in it would come crashing out into the McGee hallway. I gotta clean out that closet one of these days Fibber would tell Molly.

Our country was at war with Germany, Japan and Italy way back then. We needed something to take our minds off that terrible war. Also there was rationing of gasoline, leather shoes, paint, many items of food and a lot of other things we were so accustomed to having and buying freely here in America. But the war changed all that.

Even Fibber did his part for the war effort by becoming an Air Raid Warden, yeah Fibber an Air Raid Warden, wow!! He also organized scrap drives for metal, rubber and old newspapers. Molly told her radio listeners to save fat and grease for the war effort

and that when turned in to your local butcher you would get two cents a pound for it.

War time was a terrible time in the lives of Americans, for so many of our young men and, yes, young women too, went to serve and fight for our country. Yet, it was a wonderful time too, because America was united to a single purpose. That was to defeat our enemies, who had attacked us, and to bring peace once again to the world. Back then we were proud to be Americans, we flew our nations flag with pride and everyone respected it.

Almost all the radio shows went to war. But poor, Fibber never did clean out that hall closet. I was sure there were a lot of things in there that could have been used for the war effort. But, Fibber just said I'm gonna clean that closet one of these days. I guess he was to busy doing all the other things he did and just couldn't find the time to clean out the hall closet. Maybe after America won the war Fibber would clean the hall closet? Every week without fail Fibber and Molly found something new to entertain their listeners with. Billy Mill orchestra played all the popular music of the day while The Kings Men sang many great songs for the listeners.

On one Christmas show Fibber lost his key ring while coming home one evening. He shoveled the snow off the sidewalks all the way down to the Elks club. Every sidewalk but his own that is, because he knew the key ring wasn't on his own property for there was no snow last night he told Molly. Molly brought Fibber hot coffee all day long while he shoveled, but no luck, no keyring was found. I remember my had had said now who on earth would had a lock on their hall closet? That was the main reason Fibber had to find the key ring because that was the only key to the closet and all the McGee's Christmas presents were locked inside. Now who ever would have a lock on their hall closet still mystifies me, but, Fibber had a lock on his closet. Why?? Well I guess we will never know. As it turned out little Teenie had found Fibber's key ring, but every time she tried to tell him he was to much in a hurry to listen to her. Then Kenny, and Buddy and Roger and Teenie sang, "The Night Before Christmas" for Fibber and Molly, and that was the end of the Christmas show.

In another episode, Fibber and Doc Gamble got into an argument over Fibber's hip boots. Or were they really Doc Gamble's boots; as it turned out the boots were the good doctor's boots but Fibber retained them. Fibber and the Doctor trade insults until Fibber asks what lure Doc Gamble uses for trout. Now they are friends again and exchange fishing secrets and also plan to go fishing together very soon.

Life was really simple way back then at least for a twelve year old who had just joined the Boy Scouts and thought of nothing but his favorite radio shows and the heroes who would protect our country from the enemy. Even at Scout camp and meetings, while we did not listen to our favorite radio shows did talk a lot about them and how some day we would join in with our hero and fight all the bad guys. Or maybe some day go to Wistful-Vista and help Fibber McGee clean out the hall closet. We could also help Fibber repair the lawn mower he borrowed from his neighbour, Gildersleeve.

Well so much for dreams of a youngster way, way back then. Maybe that why I enjoy old time radio so much because it reminds me of another day when things were much simpler then, when I was just a kid growing up. Even now when I listen and my grandchildren are visiting here I'll pop in a Lone Ranger show or Fibber McGee just to watch their faces when Fibber opens that hall closet. "Ah Radio Memories".

Well so long for now. Till next time good radio listening and happy radio memories.

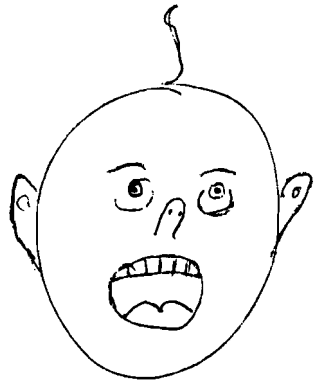
TRIVIA

STATION CALL LETTERS

FOR EACH OF THE FOLLOWING STATIONS, STATE WHAT THE CALL LETTERS ORIGINALLY STOOD FOR:

- 01. WCBS NEW YORK CITY
- 02. WGN CHICAGO
- 03. WLS CHICAGO
- 04. WABC NEW YORK CITY
- 05. WCNN ATLANTA

source for trivia, 595 Radio Questions Your Friends Can't Answer by Harry Castlemen & Walter J. Podrazik



HELP!

BY Francis Edward Bork

Over the years that I have been a member of "The Old Time Radio Club" I have received a lot of help from some of our local members, borrowing their tapes, reels, and records. I think that Ed Wanat had loaned me close to a hundred records mostly of the Big Band Era, some Western and some of the radio shows he has on record. The old guy's alright I don't care what Prof Boncore says about the old fellow after all he is very old so what can one expect.

Now you take Prof Boncore our one and only Original Radio Club Defective. Whoops, wrong spelling I mean Detective. Yes please take him anywhere just take him. A few months ago when I was in the hospital. The Prof loaned a lot of reel to reel taped to me, by the way of my son-in-law Poor Jim. Four great reels of Christmas shows, two of which were from a local radio station Christmas day broadcast. Great Stuff. These shows I have copied on cassette using poor Jim's reel to reel unit. I still have five reels of Star Wars made for radio, and two reels of Red Skelton. Now at the May club meeting I'm going to return the Christmas reels and after I have copied the others I shall return, them that is if the Evil One, Prof Boncore stops bugging me. Maybe he'll get them back who knows (besides the Shadow) that is.

Another source of records and cassettes is my friend Ed Coons who has quite a large collection of records of Big Bands, singers,

WESTERNS AND even a record of old Army bugle calls.

So it helps when other Club members are so willing to share with others what they themselves have worked and searched far and wide to acquire for their collections. This is what makes Old Time Radio Clubs so great. Till next time keep trading.

REFERENCE LIBRARY: A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$2.00 to cover rental, postage and packaging. Please include \$1.00 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library, the OTRC will copy material and return the originals to you. See address on page 2. Please include \$25 refundable security deposit for each book borrowed.

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

\$60.00 for a full page
\$40.00 for a half page

ALL ADS MUST BE CAMERA READY

SPECIAL - OTR members may take 50% off these rates.

Advertising deadline-Sept. 1

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I.P.'s and MEMORIES

\$1.50 ea. postpaid

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Contact--Dominic Parisi
38 Ardmore Pl.
Buffalo, N.Y. 14213

RETURN WITH US TO...



CHARLES LINDBERGH

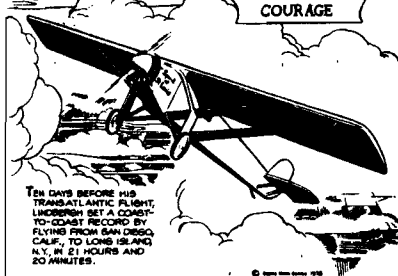
LINDBERGH DOES IT!
TO PARIS IN 33 1/2 HOURS; FLIES 1,000 MILES THROUGH SNOW AND SLEET; CHEERING FRENCH CARRY HIM OFF FIELD... FRONT PAGE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1927.

THE LONE EAGLE

TODAY HUGE JET AIRLINERS SKIM THROUGH THE SKY AT SPEEDS ABOVE THAT OF SOUND. BUT IT ALL BEGAN WHEN A BRAVE YOUNG MAN BOLDED IN HIS SMALL CRAFT OF ST. LOUIS FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS, 8,000 MILES IN 33 1/2 HOURS. CHARLES LINDBERGH PIONEERED AIR ROUTES TO LATIN AMERICA, ASIA AND EUROPE. HE HAD BEEN A STUNT FLYER, A MAIL PILOT AND A MILITARY AVIATOR. FLYING WAS EVERYTHING TO THE LONE EAGLE.



COURAGE



TEN DAYS BEFORE HIS TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT, LINDBERGH SET A CONTOUR-TO-CONTOUR RECORD BY FLYING FROM SAN DIEGO, CALIF. TO LONG ISLAND N.Y. IN 21 HOURS AND 20 MINUTES.

OTTO WATT
By BARRIE PAYNE

OLD TIME RADIO CONVENTION IN CINCINNATI

I arrived in Cincinnati about 6 PM Thursday evening after stopping at the Air Museum at Dayton, OH on the way down. Quite interesting and worth a stop if you have the time. As an ex Air Force member, I enjoyed it. I arrived on Thursday evening, since I had to pick up my brother later at the airport. He was driving in from Texas for his first convention.

I had barely settled in at the hotel when I ran into Tom Monroe, from NARA and ORCA of England. He advised me over dinner that several other old timers had already arrived. However, I didn't meet them until the next day. Later I made my 40 minute drive across town to pick up my brother.

Since nothing was scheduled before 3 PM, we spent the morning doing a little sight seeing in Cincinnati, and browsing through a large, local book store. After lunch we joined the group in the Dealer's Room and I started looking for acquaintances from previous conventions, both to renew our friendship and to introduce them to my brother. Not only did I meet half a dozen old acquaintances, I also had a chance to meet some of the people I had often corresponded with, or read about. Among the group were the Kings from RHAC in Denver; Jim Snyder, who seems to pop up everywhere; Bob Burchett from Old Time Radio Digest; Janis DeMoss from NARA; Tom Aston from NARA; Terry Salmonsén who writes about OTR and computers in several publications, and a good friend of mine whom I first met at last year's convention (we were both first timers), Tom McConnell.

The rest of the afternoon was spent visiting and browsing through the dealer's tables. I always swear I won't buy any more shows, but I always end up adding to my collection. Too many bargains. This time they even had several reel dealers there, so I had to check into that. I ended up buying over 20 reels, plus a flock of cassettes! In addition I ran into several collectors who were interested in trading shows, so I have enough activities to keep me busy for the next year.

That evening Willard Waterman met with the group and answered questions about radio and his activities in it. They also held auditions for those interested in acting in the re-creations scheduled for the next day.

Saturday the browsing and the visiting continued in the Dealer's Room. A re-creation of THE WHISTLER was performed during the morning, followed by a sound man demonstration by Barney Beck. Willard, Shirley Mitchell and Louise Erickson appeared in the re-creation, and later talked to, and signed autographs for, their many fans.

After lunch I was joined by a friend, who drove up from Kentucky just in time to attend the re-creation of THE GREAT

GILDERSLEEVE. The crowd was so large, that the show had to be presented twice! Willard, Shirley and Louise all re-created their original roles. Great show, and great fun.

That evening there was the annual banquet with a chance to visit with everyone, including the honored guests. I enjoyed this convention even more than last year. I'm not sure if it was because I was more familiar with the people and the layout, or because there was a much larger crowd this year. Writing all this down, it doesn't sound like such a great affair, but the entire thing was very enjoyable. You have a chance to visit with people that are interested in the same thing you are, meet old acquaintances that you haven't seen for a year and even to browse through 100's of old radio shows looking for something new, unusual, or just a great bargain. I recommend a visit to a convention for everyone interested in ORK. My brother also enjoyed it, and plans to be back next year. I know I'll be back. And I'll be also be at the one in Newark again this year.

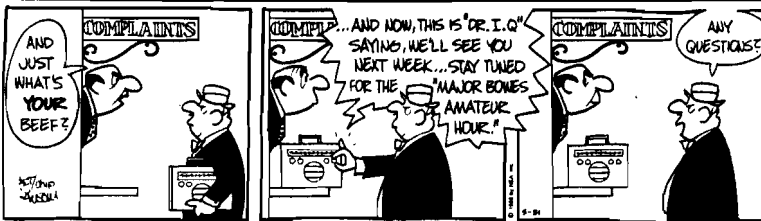
THE END

JACK PALMER

WINTHROP



The born loser



THE SHADOW

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MAY 15 1938

by WALTER GIBSON

THE HAND SMASHING MYSTERY NOVEL

CHAPTER XIX

THE FINAL TERMS

Giles Jondran lived in a pretentious mansion secluded behind a high wall that cut it off from the hubbub of Manhattan. It wasn't easy for visitors to gain entry there; but Pinky Findlan had a way. He depended upon Slick Thurley.

"You tell 'im, Slick" ordered Pinkey. Then with a derisive snort: "I mean, you tell 'im, Bill,"

Pinkey's companion told him. He informed Jondran's servant that he was Detective Quaine, arrived on an important duty from head quarters. The servant was convinced but the two visitors didn't see Jondran right away.

Instead, they cooled their heels in a huge reception room that looked as high as it was wide.

"Who'd want to live in a joint like this?" grumbled Pinkey. "Say dthat thing"--he referred to a massive crystal chandelier--"Looks like it would come down and crack you on the konk. But, getting back to the point; why ain't Jondran seeing us, Slick?"

Slick didn't reply. Pinkey saw him peering out into a hallway listening for the approach of servants. Finally, he must have heard some one, for Pinkey saw him step back wearing one of the knowing grins that suited the part of Bill Quaine.

A flunky arrived to conduct the visitors to Jondran's study. They followed a long hall; came to a massive doorway. Entering a little anteroom, Pinkey saw a heavy metal grille barring a doorway on the left.

Beyond the grille was a room; it was dimly lighted, and Pinkey spied the door of a huge vault. There was another door on the right it was of oak. The servant rapped

at that door.

There was a call to come in; the visitors were introduced to a large study, where Giles Jondran sat behind a massive desk. The only lights were near the desk itself, leaving the depths of the room vague, except at one wall, where flames were crackling merrily in a wide fireplace.

Jondran's face was kindly, but marked with lines that gave him a keen expression. His eyes had a steady sparkle, beneath the grayish brows that matched his hair. His tone was businesslike, when he asked:

"Which one of you is Detective Quaine?"

Pinkey nudged toward the man beside him. Jondran inquired regarding Quaine's business here. It developed that Quaine had come for the sole purpose of introducing Mr. Findlan, which he did.

"Just call me Pinkey," announced the big-shot, seating himself at the end of Jondran's desk. "I'd call you by your first name, too, if I knew how to pronounce it. Anyway, we're acquainted. So let's talk turkey. Hand me those envelopes, Bill."

Receiving the envelopes, Pinkey opened the that was unmarked.

"Take a gander at these," he told Jondran. "First, here's some dope on a guy named Howard Milay. You ought to know him. He runs one of your companies; an outfit called Sphere Shipping."

Giles Jondran nodded, but his expression was perplexed.

"Here's the proof of how Milay swindled a big insurance company," continued Pinkey. "Letters, showing that he knew one of the ships was loaded with junk metal and was due to hit the bottom of the ocean. Only, Milay collected on a cargo of supplies."

Stupefaction came over Jondran's features.

"Next comes John Thorry," announced Pinkey. "Here's the dope on how he bought a lot of punk oil wells and charged them off to another of your companies-- Western Oil Fields. He knew those wells were phoney. We've got a letter from him, admitting it."

Pinkey didn't even bother to watch Jondran wilt. He brought out the evidence incriminating Martin Meriden.

"Meriden pulled the same sort of deal," declared Pinkey. "he bought up a bunch of service stations that were only on paper. That did another of your nice little companies out of a quarter-million. Meriden gypped Eastern Refineries, just like it shows here."

Jondran started an interruption. Pinkey stopped it with a wave of his hand. He planked Bron's confession on the table, along with photographs of Meridan's son, Reggie.

"You think there's an explanation," declared Pinkey. "Sure there is! Meridan wanted to keep his kid out of jail; and Lewis Bron is scared he'll go there himself. That's why Bron put an O.K. on your books, Jondran."

"Get it? Your own company was gypped out of the fourth quarter-million. Yes sir--World Oil has plenty to cover up for itself. Here, Bill!"---Pinkey shoved the papers and the envelope across to his companion---"Put these away."

Pinkey watched Slick sort the papers. Jondran did the same. His eyes showed contempt for Pinkey; but he thought that persuasion might work with the big-shot's companion.

"I can't believe this, Mr. Quaine!" exclaimed Jondran. "You represent the law, yet you ally yourself with a blackmailer!"

Bill Quaine himself could not have registered a blunter look. Jondran heard his gruff voice:

"Yeah, I'm in on the racket. So what?"

Jondran couldn't answer; but Pinkey did.

"We've got a million," snapped the big-shot. "Now we're all set to smear the front pages with this stuff about your companies. How would you like that, Jondran?"

"It would mean ruin!" gasped Jondran. "Stock of World oil would drop, with that of all its subsidiaries!"

"Yeah. Your fifty-million-dollar company would be lucky if it was worth ten million. And half

of your own money would go in the smash. But there's a way out of it, Jondran."

"There is?"

"That's right. An easy way out. Just pay us dollar for dollar. Double the ante. With another million bucks, we'll be satisfied!"

Jondran's hands seemed feeble as they drummed the desk top. He, too, was thinking in terms of two million dollars; for he knew that he would have to restore the funds that the crooks had already rifled. But Jondran apparently could see no other way out of the dilemma.

"Very well," he decided. "you shall have your million-- but with one proviso. I must have a positive guarantee that it is all you intend to ask."

Pinkey opened the second envelope. From it tumbled a different sort of evidence. Here were facts that refuted the incriminating statements in the first envelope.

"Here's the whole way we worked the racket," affirmed Pinkey. "Copies of letters that we swiped. Forged papers pinning things where they didn't belong. Signed statements by some of the boobs that worked of us--particularly a guy named Bugs Hopton."

"For instance, Meridan's son wasn't a safe-cracker. Bron didn't shoot that guy Parrington. All this stuff will square the guys we framed, up to a certain point. It's good enough, ain't it, for you to keep as a receipt?"

He pushed the papers across the desk; with the order;

"Put 'em in the envelope, Quaine."

"Suppose I made that evidence public?" queried Jondran. "WHAT could you do then?"

"You won't spill it," rasped Pinkey, "because you'd have to tell everything that happened. What you'll do is keep it, so that you can explain what we've got, if we use it. All right, Jondran. Let's get back to the million."

Pinkey nudged for Slick to hand Jondran the second envelope. It came over, and Pinkey noted the mark on it. Jondran fumbled the envelope between his hands.

"About the million dollars," his tone was pathetic---"if you can wait a few days----"

"I thought you'd stall!" snarled Pinkey. "All right, we'll wait, but there'll be somebody else waiting, too."

He reached for the telephone, dialed Ondrey's number. When Ondrey answered, Pinkey asked if

Beth was all right. Mention of the name brought a startled look from Jondran. Pinkey was grinning at Ondrey's assurance that the girl was a prisoner.

"Put her on," suggested Pinkey. "Her old man wants to talk to her."

It was Maude who actually talked across the wire to Jondran: but she had Beth's tone to perfection. Jondran let the receiver clatter. Pinkey politely replaced it on the hook.

"When we get the million," he told Jondran, "you get your daughter. No strings to it; we just want to make sure that we get the dough without no trouble."

Fumbling in his vest pocket, Jondran produce a key; he passed it weakly to Pinkey. He said that it was the key to the strong room that his visitors had seen when they entered. With a pencil, Jondran scrawled the combination of the vault.

"You've got a million bucks in there?" demanded Pinkey. "You keep all that money in the house?"

"Much of it is in securities," returned Jondran. "There are jewels, also--priceless jewels; but they mean nothing, compared to my daughter's safety! Take all of it, and be welcome. If you will promise only to release my daughter to return her--."

"We'll do that," assured Pinkey. "Come on Bill."

"Wait a moment." Jondran arose holding the envelope that had been given to him. "I want to show you how much I trust you, because I know my daughter's life depends upon a show of good faith. I am placing everything in your hands."

He tossed the envelope into the fire, wher the flames licked it into oblivion. With a sweep of his arms, Jondran sat down in the chair at the desk, with the gesture of a man who had done all that was humanly possible.

"How was that, Slick?" chuckled pinkey, as he and his side-kick crossed the anteroom. "The way it's worked out, we can make the old geezer again, if we want to. Hang on to that envelope/ Here--let me have it."

Slick made no objection. Pinkey pocketed the envelope; indulged in a shor laugh, in which his companion joined.

"This is one job that's as good as done," voiced Pinkey, "and nobody can queer it. Nobody!"

By the emphasis that Pinkey put on the word "nobody" it was plain that included the Shadow.

CHAPTER XX
THE FINAL MEETING

Pinkey Findlen never mistrusted his own ability when he embarked on crime. He was doubtful only of the tasks he left to others; and tonight, for once, he had no qualms regarding events elsewhere. That telephone call to the Bubble Club had convinced pinkey that all went well there.

All had gone well---but not for Pinkey. The Shadow, through his agents, had taken over that part of the game. He was the one who had real reason to be confident.

Wherever the Shadow might be, he knew that his preliminary plans had worked. It happened, however, that circumstances were to undergo a sudden reversal.

Trouble came to the Bubble Club immediately after Pinkey's phone call, trouble in the persons of arrivals who were capable of producing it.

Maude Revêlle had replaced the telephone on the desk, after her well-disguised chat with Giles Jondran. Looking toward Claude Ondrey, she saw puzzlement upon the pudgy man's face.

"Didn't get it, did you?" queried Maude. "Well, that was to fox Pinkey. So he wouldn't start any rough stuff over at Jondran's house. See the point?"

Ondrey saw it; but Bugs Hopton apparently didn't. He stared at Ondrey, as if hoping to read the answer in the latter's expression. What Bugs acually saw was something that awoke his entire interest.

The wall panel was sliding open!

Whatever Bugs lacked in careful calculation, he was at least an opportunist. He had proven that on various occasions. Bugs could take long chances in a pinch. He proved it once again.

Bugs was the only person who saw the panel start to open. Before the noiseless wall section was fully open, Bugs guessed that the newcomers were members of his own gun crew.

"Look out!" Bugs shouted. "We're covered by guys that are working for the Shadow!"

Two men sprang from the elevator. Bugs was right; they were members of his outfit. They had come here, wondering what was keeping Bugs. Finding out, they did their best to change the situation.

Like Bugs, they didn't reckon with the ability of the Shadow's agents. Having been told about the elevator panel, the agents swung to meet the invaders.

Guns spoke. Harry Vincent beat one mobster to the shot. So did Cliff Marsland, another agent, stationed just inside the doorway.

Cliff was reputedly a tough guy, known as a killer in the underworld, which he patrolled for the real purpose of supplying information to the Shadow.

Cliff stayed in the background to avoid recognition. His range was more difficult; but it didn't matter, Cliff was even quicker with his trigger than Harry.

In dispatching those shots, however, both gave the opportunity to others. The two thugs who had been trapped with Bugs, made maddened dives. One reached Harry; the other grabbed Cliff. Though unarmed, they put up a hard struggle.

Even Claude Ondrey came to action. He made a grab for Clyde Burke, third of the Shadow's squad. Wrestling with the reporter, Ondrey had temporary advantage, thanks to his weight. Everyone in the room was in a struggle, except Bugs and Maude.

Bugs didn't rush for the girl. He'd seen too much of Maude's nerve when she had taken things over on her own. Instead, Bugs dived for the elevator, reaching it behind a barricade of stragglers. The men who had launched forth were sprawled on the floor. Bugs cleared them with a bound.

By the time Maude was able to train her gun on Bugs, the panel when shut. The shots that she fired merely ruined the decorative woodwork that concealed the slit in the secret door.

Maude couldn't even reach the wall. She was jounced about by the brawlers. Forgetting Bugs, she turned to aid the Shadow's agents. By that time, they had matters in hand.

Outside the Bubble Club, Bugs found the remnants of his gun crew. He decided that he wouldn't risk a counterattack on Ondrey's office. It would be too risky; furthermore, Bugs knew of some one who might need important aid.

"Listen, guys," he told his outfit, "The big-shot in this racket is Pinkey Findlen. With him is a fellow named Slick Thurley who looks like a dick named Bill Quaine. So don't let that fool you, when we meet up with them."

"They're calling on a guy named Jondran, and that's where

we're going. I'll slide in there first, and you lugs be ready when I call for you."

It wasn't too far to Jondran's mansion. The street was silent; Bugs opened the gate and sneaked his five-man crew in among the shrubbery that lined the inner side of the big wall.

Approaching the front door, Bugs rang boldly. He had his gun pocketed by the time a servant appeared.

"I'm here to see a guy named Findlen," began Bugs. "He's talking to Mr. Jondran."

The servant looked blank.

"There's a dick with him," added Bugs. "A headquarters guy named Bill Quaine. I'm a friend of his."

"You're a detective?" "Sure! See this badge?" Bugs whipped his coat back, flapped it quickly. "That fixes it. Let me through."

The servant hadn't seen a badge; but he attributed that fact to the darkness. Obliging, he let Bugs through, pointing out the way to Jondran's study.

Bugs reached the anteroom. He saw the grilled gate; it was wide open. Beyond, he observed the two men he had come to see; Pinkey and Slick. They had opened the main door of the vault, and were just finishing the combination of an inner barrier.

They didn't even hear Bugs enter. The inner door came wide; the room lights showed an empty space backed by a brick wall. Bugs heard Pinkey voice an oath.

"Jondran's stalled us!" rasped the big-shot. "This vault is empty! It ain't even a vault. It hasn't been finished. Wait'll we talk to Jondran. He won't get nowhere with this stuff!"

Pinkey turned about, growling for Slick to do the same. They saw Bugs; Pinkey came up with his gun. Recognizing his own man, Pinkey lowered the weapon. Angerly he demanded:

"What're you doing here?"

Hurriedly, Bugs explained how matters had gone bad at the Bubble Club. That was all Pinkey needed to know.

"Jondran must have got wind of it!" he grated. "A wise guy, huh? Thinking hi's safe because we haven't got the dame. We'll show him how safe hi is! Come along!"

Pinkey strode to the door of Jondran's study; thrusting it open, he faced the big desk, Jondran was behind it; hearing the clatter

he raised his head. Pinkey expected to see a terrified face. He was disappointed.

Jondran's pose of fear had been a mask. He had dropped it, after bluffing Pinkey.

His face stern, Jondran eyed the invaders with a sharp, defiant gaze. Pinkey strode three paces forward, started to lift his gun.

It was a murderous gesture; but Pinkey didn't intend to rub out Jondran just yet. Maybe Jondran knew it, for he smiled.

"You're coming through with that dough, Jondran"---Pinkey's rasp meant business---'and you're coming through quick! Next time you stage a bluff, make sure you've got something to back it!"

Jondran did not budge. Nor did Pinkey's gun rise further. The big-shot saw the full reason for Jondran's calm. The gray-haired man was not alone. Pinkey hadn't notice that at first; nor had his companions.

For the form near Jondran's desk was immobile; a statue that might have been carved from solid ebony. That figure was cloaked; upon its head rested a slouch hat. Against the blackish background, Jondran's protector would have passed unnoticed, except for a sound that issued from his lips.

That tone was a taunting laugh; a quiver that brought shuddering echoes from every wall; a mirth that rose amid the crackle of the flames in the fireplace. The flickery glow showed other features of that living shape in black.

Pinkey faced the burn of brilliant eyes that peered from beneath the hat brim. Below those brilliant orbs, he saw the twin muzzles of two automatics trained straight toward the doorway where he stood.

pinkey found his voice. He spat the name: "The Shadow!" But the racketeer's words were weak.

They were drowned by the strident challenge that came from the Shadow's own lips!

CHAPTER XX I
FORGOTTEN CRIME

Thoughts were drumming through Pinkey's brain-- thoughts that he didn't like. He realized that the Shadow had been here all along; that he had talked to Jondran while Pinkey and Slick were waiting in

reception room.

That was all part of the build up for the pay-off that The Shadow wanted. Jondran had cooperated, by telling the Shadow about the unfinished vault.

A neat game. One that ought to have forced pinkey to quit. Perhaps it would have, if Pinkey hadn't caught a sudden brain wave. He realized that he still held a threat.

That threat was the envelope in Pinkey's own pocket; the one with the evidence incriminating four men who were important in Jondran's big business enterprises.

And Jondran had overplayed the blugg. He had chucked the other envelope in the fire!!

With that deed, Jondran had destroyed the only evidence that could save his huge corporation. He had edivently made the gesture to strengthen his bluff. No wonder; he had the Shadow with him. But he'd given Pinkey an opportunity.

If Pinkey could only get out of this tight spot, he still would be able to bring Jondran to terms!

Slowly Pinkey backed away from the Shadow's guns. He tried to make his retreat seem a fear-inspired action; but all the while, Pinkey was remembering that he had two men with him. He could depend on Slick and Bugs; and he knew that Bugs had a gun crew in readiness.

But that wasn't the only way in which Bugs counted. Bugs was dumb enough to be what Pinkey termed a "fall guy" which meant that Bugs would bear the brunt when the Shadow attacked.

Almost at the door, Pinkey made a sudden sidestep. He grabbed Bugs, who was on his left. Making a gesture with his own gun, Pinkey shouted:

"Get the Shadow!"

Bugs lunged forward. He was aiming as he came; but his shot never reached the Shadow. A big automatic spoke; Bugs went sprawling his own gun tonguing at an angle toward the floor. He served one purpose, though, in that mad endeavor.

Pinkey was out through the doorway before Bugs fell. Wisely, the big-shot had ducked behind Bugs.

As he scrambled across the anteroom, Pinkey found a man beside him. He gave hurried approval:

"Good work, Slick! You made it too! Come on--give a yell for the crew, and we'll go back after the Shadow!"

The mob heard the sound of gunfire. They were piling in through the front door, all five of them. Pinkey pointed them toward Jondran's study, giving the only

shōuē ēhat was needed:

"The Shadow!"

Thugs saw the Shadow at the doorway. His guns began to boom. They were joined by other shots, that came from the front of the house.

Crooks sprawled, their guns unfired. The few who turned, writhing from the floor, saw INspector Joe Cardona heading a squad of detectives!

The Shadow had turned this house into a trap, letting the law decide the final issue.

That wasn't going to save the Shadow. Not if Pinkey knew it! HE had reached a corner, hauling Slick with him. In the mix-up, Pinkey saw his chance. He aimed straight for the Shadow, pulled the trigger of his gun.

The bullet missed.

Pinkey was toppling when he fired, twisted by the impact of a bullet. Who had fired that shot, Pinkey couldn't guess. It hadn't been the Shadow; he was busy with the last of the thugs.

Somehow, though, the Shadow had known that Pinkey would be handled; for he had not bothered with the racketeer.

While his wild shot echoed, Pinkey rolled on the floor. He dropped his gun; clamped his hands against his side. He heard the Shadow's triumphant laugh, then stared up to see eyes that were glowering down at him.

It wasn't the Shadow who stood above Pinkey; it was Joe Cardona.

Pinkey's eyes were glazing; but they took in more. He saw Slick Thurley, with detectives grouped about him. Pinkey snared his contempt for Slick's surrender:

"So you're yellow, Slick----"

Another face came into view.

It was that of Giles Jōndran. The gray-haired man took no delight in fact that Pinkey was mortally wounded; but the big-shot didn't want Jōndran's sympathy.

Pinkey hadn't managed to finish the Shadow; but he could fix Giles Jōndran.

"You though you pulled afast one, Jōndran," coughed Pinkey. "but you didn't. These bulls have got me; but I'll live long enough to make you squirm!"

Propped on one elbow, Pinkey pulled the big envelope from his pocket, thrust it into the hands of Joe Cardona.

"That's evidence!" gulped the racketeer. "I'm telling you that in front of witnesses. When you get evidence, you've got to use it! Screwy, aint it?" But that's the

way the lāw works."

Cardona gruffed a stolid query; "Want me to open this, Pinkey?"

"Yeah"--Pinkey's voice came with a spasm--"open it-- look it over. I want to see Jōndran, when you do---"

Cardona pulled the papers from the envelope. He spread them in front of Pinkey's eyes. Those eyes went wide, not from the approach of death, but from sheer amazement that made Pinkey forget the finish that soon awaited him.

This wasn't the evidence that Pinkey wanted Cardona to have! These were the other papers; the negative evidence; the batch that Pinkey thought Jōndran had tossed into the fire!

It wan't imagination. Jōndran had actually destroyed an envelope. But the one that he had burned was the one that Pinkey intended to keep. Only one man could be responsible; Pinkey's gaze rolled in his direction. Blood flecked Pinkey's lips, as he coughed:

"you--you have double-crossed-me, Slick!"

There was a negative headshake from the man that Pinkey had mistaken for Slick Thurley. For the first time, Pinkey noticed that his side-kick was not a prisoner. Enlightenment dawned, when Pinkey heard the statement;

"You weren't double-crossed. I'm not Slick Thurley; I'm Bill Quaine!"

Flat on the floor, Pinkey starred upward with bulging-eyed gaze. Recollections were throbbing through his numbed brain. He remembered how Slick had spotted some one in the alley outside the hideout. For the first time, Pinkey knew what really happened.

Slick had encountered the Shadow there, in the dark. After the one swift blow, it was Slick who had sprawled on the cobbles. But there had been another man there also, waiting with the Shadow. That man had been Bill Quaine.

The Shadow had turned crime's own game full about.

Bill Quaine had rejoined Pinkey to play the part of Slick Thurley. Together, they had looked at a stunned snooper, and Quaine had been smart enough to keep Pinkey from seeing that the flattened man was Slick!"

Pinkey remember how Quaine had loitered in the elevator at the Bubble Club; how he had strolled into the hallway outside Jōndran's reception room. Those had been chances for Quaine to contact the Shadow; to learn what was needed.

In Jondran's study, Quaine had coolly replaced the batches of papers in the wrong envelopes. Pinky hadn't been watching him when he did it, for the big-shot had never guessed that Quaine was not Sicik Thurley.

Clutched by the final agony of his death-wound, Pinky knew who had delivered it. The Shadow had left that task to Quaine, in case of emergency. The pinch had come; Quaine had delivered.

Standing men eyed a silent figure on the floor. The motionless form was all that remained of Pinky Findlen. The racketeer had died in the throes of those final thoughts.

A sound stirred the stillness; it was like a knell, that mirthless laugh that betokened the Shadow's departure.

The rest was easy for the law Crooks as the Bubble Club were taken into custody, Claude Ondrey among them. Slick Thurley was found bound and gagged, in a place where the Shadow had left him.

Funds from Ondrey's safe were identified by Jondran; they were placed in Jondran's unfinished vault, with detectives on guard. All those details were completed by midnight--the hour when Beth Jondran came home with some friends.

Beth found her father in the study; with him was Maude Revelle. The story that Beth learned did not entirely surprise her. She had already recognized that Maude was a girl whose friendship had no limit.

And Maude knew, in turn, that she had found a lifelong friend in Beth Jondran. Maude could have wanted no better reward from the Shadow.

At that same hour, The Shadow was alone in his sanctum. Beneath the bluishlight rested the list that he had made early in his campaign against recent crime. Five names composed that list:

- "Thumb" GAudrey
- "Pointer" Trame
- "Long Steve" Bydie
- "Ring" Brescott
- "Pinky" Findlen

That list, however, had changed. Through the name of Pinky Findlen, the Shadow had stroked a long line, that marked the obliteration of the racketeer.

A whispered laugh stirred the blackwalled sanctum, as the Shadow replaced the list within the folder that bore the stamped symbol of a hand.

One finger of that hand had been obliterated. It was the end

of one phase of the work. Not even the Shadow knew how very soon he was to meet another of The Hand; how soon he would again have to meet the challenge of these racketeers.

The Hand would reach across the Shadow's path once more; and then another time, and still another. Before that symbol would be wiped off The Shadow's record!!

THE END

TRIVIA ANSWERS

STATION CALL LETTERS

01. WCBS stood for Gimbel Brothers Store, a large department store in New York.
02. WGN stood for World's Greatest Newspaper and was run by the Chicago Tribune's company.
03. WLS stood for Worlds Largest Store and was run by Sears Roebuck, a Chicago based department store that distributed its shop at home catalogs throughout the country--thus claim the worlds largest store.
04. WABC stood for ATLANTIC BROADCASTING COMPANY, a corporation formed in 1926 to take over WAGH in New York from Alfred H. Grebe. CBS later bought WABC from Atlantic Broadcasting and changed the call letters to WCBS. In 1953, the American Broadcasting Company (formerly the Blue network) reactivated the WABC call letters as the new identification for its New York station, WJZ.
05. WCNN stood for Cable News Network. In 1982, when WRNG in Atlanta began carrying a radio version of Ted Turner's all-news service for cable television, it adopted the CNN call letters.



TONIGHT
"Time Killer"
 Starring Mandel Kramer, with I. G. Marshall, host. Able to place himself into any period of time, past or present, a professor of parapsychology attacks a man in a New York speakeasy in December 1932, but doesn't know whether or not he'll kill him.

MONDAY-SUNDAY

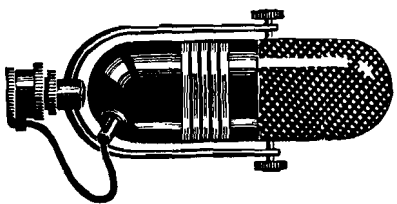
11:30 PM **93 WBEN**

REEL Critique-

The following are comments by the users of the reel library on the quality of the reels they borrow.

R-1 Lux/Suspense	OK but 2L2 Marginal
R- 3 Henry Morgan Show -	some disc surface noise but good
R-8 The Devil & Mr. O	Lost
R- 9 Whistler	Reasonable
R-11 Mixed	Much Squeal
R-14 Inner Sanctum	tape too fast & low volume
R-17 Al Star West Theat	Excellent, but some low & scratchy
R-21 Bing, Burns etc.	Bing ok, Burns clicks and skips
R-22 Blank	Never Made
R-24 Clavade of America	Lost
R-26 Crime Club -	one cut a bit wobbly listenable the rest are good to very good
R-27 Spike Jones	BAD!
R-36 Mystery House	shows incomplete w/ drop out
R-38 Lux	Squeals
R-40 My Friend Irma	Satisfactory
R-41 WJSV	one sid unlistenable w/x-talk
R-49 Fatman	low level, but good quality
R-54 Suspense	tape squeals
R-58 Screen Dir Playhou	tape squeals
R-60 Broadway is My Beat	Squeal and cross talk
R-64 Harry Lime	some segments sound draggy
R-65 FBI	very bassy & muffled
R-66 I was a Communist	tape squeals
R-68 Golden Age of Comed	Excellent
R-71 Mel Blanc Show	sound good to very good
R-73 Black Museum	slightly muffled some tape squeal
R-74 Mixed	satisfactory
R-75 Fibber McGee	sound fair to good
R-77 Cinnamon Bear	volume fluxuation
R-80 Great Gildersleeve	very good
R-82 Escape etc.	Good
R-84 Lux Radio Theater	Lost
R-85 Frontier Town	Good some repeat on one program
R-86 Frontier Town	Good
R-87 Escape	Lost
R-90 Bright Star	All clear quality
R-91 Life of Riley	Lost
R-95 Dragnet	Lost
R-101 Fibber McGee	very good w/xtalk
R-107 All Dameron	All OK
R-108 Blind Spot etc.	Lost
R-114 Nick Carter	All Very Good
R-115 Great Gildersleeve	muffled w/ hum
R-116 Si & Elmer	All Very Good
R-119 Phill Harris	All clear quality
R-120 Bickersons	satisfactory
R-126 Mixed	Lost
R-128 X- Minus one	ends missing x-talk muffled

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