

The Illustrated Press

VOLUME ISSUE

JUNE 1941

# RADIOLAND

OC

50 in Canada



**KATE  
SMITH**  
TELLS YOU HOW  
TO SING FOR RADIO

Glady's Swarthout

**AMOS AND ANDY EXPOSE THE KINGFISH**

THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB

EST. 1975



Affiliated With  
The Old Time Radio  
Network

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

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**Wireless Wanderings**



**JIM SNYDER**

Again this year I attended Cincinnati's OLD TIME RADIO AND NOSTALGIA CONVENTION held in late April. This was their fifth and my second. I felt that I had some problems with it this year.

First is its location. I find that I have difficulty with the spelling of that city. I just wrote to someone about the convention, and said in my letter, "After two years I have finally learned how to spell Cincinatti." Before I sealed the letter I checked it out again, just to prove my superior spelling ability, only to once again discover that it has two N's and only one T. I don't see why they can't locate it in a place that can be spelled with ease. Perhaps they could move it to Michigan and hold it in Pebshawestown. Maybe it could be held in the Pebshawestown Casino. But then, I suppose the dealers would lose too much business with the people spending their money at the roulette and craps tables instead of OTR stuff, so maybe that wouldn't be such a good idea.

Speaking of dealers, that brings me to the second problem of this convention. Don Aston, of AVPRO, actually talked me out of a tape that I was going to buy. Instead he talked me into another one that he said I would like better, and that was cheaper. Now that is absolutely un-American and against all the principals of the free enterprise system to talk some one into paying less for something that is better. And I found all the dealers to have this same attitude. What is the world coming to??

My final complaint was that there was a "singles dance" being held in the hotel the night of the convention, and it was loaded with beautiful women, but Bob Burchett (or is that supposed to have two R's and one T). that it was too late for me to go to the dance.

Now, apart from those glaring problems with the weekend, I feel that I can't rate the overall convention any higher than simply "magnificent". First, it is small and extremely friendly. For example, Dave Warren told me about some foods indigenous to southern Ohio. I expressed an interest so the next morning, while I was having breakfast in the hotel dining room, Dave rushed in with a plate of hot food that he had just made for me at home. The hotel people weren't

pleased with this, but I was delighted.

I thoroughly enjoyed the programs, so much so that I even skipped lunch (a major item for me) so I wouldn't have to miss any. The two "performing" guests were Ezra Stone, who was radio's Henry Aldrich, and Bob Hastings who played Archie Andrews on radio. Both performed in re-creations of the Lux Radio Theater, and a Henry Aldrich episode. I particularly enjoyed Bob Hastings presence. He was available throughout the convention spending hours talking to, and with, the people in attendance.

Another guest was Barney Beck, the sound effects man from many old radio shows. He put on a "sound effects" workshop. Every convention seems to have one of these. I have attended a number of them and they were always about the same, so I had shipped this particular presentation at all the recent conventions that I have attended. But, for some reason, I decided to take this one in. It was fantastic! Mr. Beck included new things in the way of sound effects that I had never seen before, and he is himself a performer, a comedian. His workshop was both informative and highly entertaining.

Something new was added to this year's program. As a conclusion, a final dinner was held in a private dining room for more OTR conversation, and each of the three "guest stars" sat at separate table so that we had still another chance to visit with them and hear more of their stories. NO program, just a pleasant evening.

All of the credit, and certainly thanks, goes to Bob Burchett for a wonderful weekend. If you live anywhere in the midwest, this is a program you should try to take in next year, late in April. You can get information on it from Bob Burchett, RMS & Associates, 2330 Victory Parkway, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206, phone (513)961-3100.

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**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.

Letters



Dear Editor,

Just finished reading the latest edition of THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS. MY copy was waiting when I returned from the OTR convention in Cincinnati, where I finally got to meet a few of the people I had previously known only by name. Anyway, as suggested by Richard Olday, I'm chiming in with my opinion on your new look.

As I have expressed often enough in the past, I can not understand why an OLD TIME RADIO newsletter is stuffed with some extract from a pulp magazine. The only tenuous connection with Old Time Radio is the fact that The SHADOW was a radio program. If the people want to read old pulp magazines, let them go buy them, or borrow them, but leave THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS for news and features about Old Time Radio. Personally, I never thought THE SHADOW was that great a program, anyway!

In the second place, I fail to understand Dick's comments about the so called "soapbox" use of the newsletter. As an outsider whose only contact with any member of the club has been by mail. I never understood the problem so many members seemed to have with Dan's editorship. It seemed to me he tried to cover all bases with a wide variety of items. I never felt he was trying to push certain ideas or opinions, since he presented such a range of topics through out the time he was editor.

One further question. Since THE SHADOW is supposedly under copyright at this time, how can the episodes continue to be printed in THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS? Besides, with all the problems THE SHADOW is creating withing the hobby, why would you want to print it?

I can not believe the majority of this organization prefers reprints of the SHADOW instead of the information or discussion about OLD TIME RADIO. If I am so out of step with this organization perhaps I don't belong here., Thank goodness, there are other clubs which do seem more interested in OTR than in old time pulps!

Sincerely,

Jack Palmer

Editor's DESK



Dear Jack,

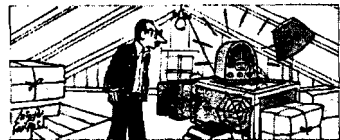
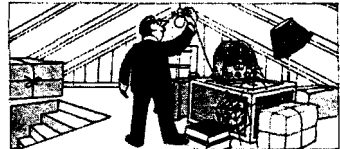
It's a shame that you feel like that about the pulp magazines. They are as much old time material as the radio shows themselves. But I must agree that not all our members are interested in the old pulp magazines but there are many who are interested in them. I for one am interested in the old pulp magazines. And right now we are experiencing a shortage of columns from our regular contributors. So if you would like to see less of the pulps may I invite you to start writing a long monthly column for the ILLUSTRATED PRESS and also send in whatever news clippings pertaining to OTR that you can find. I don't recall you getting so upset when the ILLUSTRATED PRESS ran some columns over BOOKS ON TAPE which in my opinion have absolutely no bearing on old time radio at all.

And if anyone else wishes to write a column for future ILLUSTRATED PRESS issues I'll be more than happy to put them in the I.P.

Sincerely,

Linda DeCecco

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"... and now, direct from the White House, we bring you President Roosevelt."

RADIO STARS NOV 1932

# THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD GIRL ON THE AIR



By HELEN  
HOVER

**F**AME is a funny thing. A girl works unceasingly hard to establish herself on the radio, quickly skyrockets to fame—and then suddenly realizes that her popularity is a boomerang that is striking back at her.

The girl is Kate Smith. Dozens of malicious little stories are circulating about her. They say she is "publicity-mad"—they say she is "high hat"—and they say many other things about her. And I just want to tell about the Kate Smith that I know so that her fans, who mean so much to her, will be able to understand her better.

Kate has always been a "homey," regular sort of a person, from the time when she was the tomboy leader

of "the gang" in Washington, D. C., to the present time when her daily swim and two pet canaries mean more to her than all the clothes and parties in the world. When she was seven, she queened it over a group of boys in the neighborhood. They called themselves "The Midnight Riders."

"Why, I don't know," Kate laughed, "because none of us could stay out later than eight. But Lordy, did we have fun! The dues were bags of marshmallows, and there was never any reserve in the treasury."

Incidentally, one of the "Midnight Riders" was Nat Brasloff, and one of the first things Kate asked for, when she was in a position to ask for things and get them, was that Nat be her orchestra leader. And he is to this very day.

No one ever taught Kate to sing—and she can't remem-



RADIO STARS 11-32

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Unpleasant things have been said about Kate Smith but you have to know her true story to judge them fairly



(On opposite page) Two pictures of Kate Smith at the tender age of thirteen. Oh yes, she was quite a bicyclist. The picture in the snappy bathing suit was taken at Colonial Beach in Virginia. On this page we see the lady as she is today.

ber the time she hasn't sung. It was as natural to her as eating those marshmallows. At first she sang only for "the gang." Then came school affairs. There was something fascinating and humorous in watching the little fat girl dance and sing. Even then she inserted spontaneous bursts of patter to "break" a song. She was stamped, oddly enough, not as a budding singer, but as an embryonic comedienne.

Pretty soon "that funny little fat girl who dances and sings" was getting herself known as a good bet to liven up parties. After school hours she entertained for various social and fraternal organizations. Whatever money she made then never went to the Smith household, but swelled "the gang's" coffers for ice cream sodas and chocolates.

When the war broke out, the detachment of the A. E. F. who were quartered in Washington were treated to the appealing spectacle of a pudgy little girl who overflowed her short skirt and socks singing, "Long, Long Trail," "Rose of No Man's Land" and other war classics. It might have looked funny, but it sounded swell, and the soldiers were crazy about her. Now it isn't difficult to

understand why Kate has a particularly tender spot in her heart for all war veterans.

WHEN Kate graduated from high school, she had to put aside "the gang" and think of a vocation—a serious vocation. So, coming from a family of doctors, it wasn't long before she found herself in the George Washington University for Nurses. But Kate had a taste of the stage and applause and she left the school in a year.

"However, as much as I hated medicine at that time," Kate once told me, "I do love to take care of people when they're sick or in need of care. Now that I'm on the radio I enjoy nursing them with songs."

Kate's singing for the soldiers gave her a reputation in Washington. She attracted the attention of the higher officers who invited her to entertain at many affairs. The late President Harding, in particular, admired her and told her she'd "make good some day with that voice."

She yearned for a theatrical career. But she was fat, and her friends and family were frank in telling her that she could never make good because nobody loved a

RADIO STARS 11-32



[Above] A portrait of Katie taken some years ago. Like the bongos? [Right] Just some of the day's fan mail. That's her secretary with her.

of a young girl who got homesick quickly. The best substitute, at least, would be a New York show, without the discomfort and inconveniences of one-night stands. Soon she was playing more comedy bits in "Hit the Deck." After that came her delightful rôle as Pansy Sparks in "Flying High."

At this time she began to become interested in radio. When she auditioned for the Columbia Broadcasting System her music tumbled in her fingers. But her sweet, clear voice couldn't help but get her the job. She was put on at 7 P. M. by CBS, in direct competition to Amos 'n' Andy. It was a tough spot, but it was Kate's biggest chance. And Kate surprised the studio officials, and even her own confident self, with her instant popularity.

And now Kate has arrived. She has money, fame, success. She has everything, you'd think. But she hasn't. For many of her actions are so misconstrued that she's actually unhappy about them.

People say her practise of dedicating numbers to invalids, war vets, hospitals, etc., is just a publicity stunt.

I hope I have shown how her great love for the sick and weary has been the only motive for these dedications. When little Herbert Fuchs was spending those long, lonely hours in a hospital respirator fighting infantile paralysis, she sang to him and made a touching plea for listeners to write to this game little boy. The next day Kate received a mention in the papers, and Herbert received thousands of letters and telegrams cheering him



fat girl—particularly on the stage. But Kate wasn't made of the stuff that is howled over by adverse criticism. She remembered how her youthful audience laughed at her when she was a chubby kid hoofing and singing, and she decided that her forte was comedy. So now she did all she could to increase her weight—which wasn't at all difficult considering her happy-go-lucky disposition and natural love for double ice-cream sodas.

HER first professional job was in a Washington cabaret. She was plugging away night after night, until the man who was to be indirectly the cause of her success walked in. Eddie Dowling saw her that night and urged her to come to the bigger fields of New York. Kate saw her opportunity and took it.

She played small, comely hits in Dowling's "Honey-moon Lane." When the massive girl came out, the audience expected to laugh. But when those rich, full and powerful notes poured from her throat, they leaned forward and gripped their seats with nothing but the greatest admiration for her.

But Kate was homesick—homesick for her family, "the gang" and the Potomac. An hour after the show closed its two-year-run, she was on the train bound for Washington. But the stage bug was already in her blood, and a month later she accepted a fifteen-week

up. In whose favor did the scales tip—Kate's or the little sick boy's?

AND, once, after Kate sang for hours for the war veterans, she awoke to find herself with four lines of publicity and a severe case of laryngitis. And I know for a definite fact that she had to forego a vaudeville engagement that day, one that would have put more money in her pockets than all the publicity she ever received. That would have been enough to cure anyone of "benefit performances," but next week Kate was singing her head off to a group of delighted little kids in an orphan asylum. Would you call a girl like that "publicity mad"?

"She's high hat," they say. Now that she's so successful she's besieged by pluggers. (Continued on page 30)





# THE SHADOW

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STREET & SMITH

MAY 15 1938

by WALTER GIBSON

## THE HAND SMASHING MYSTERY NOVEL

Chapter Five:  
Links to Crime

In all the reports of the Masked Playboy's final crime, there was no inkling of the real purpose. The public, like the law, assumed that the tuxedoed criminal had merely led his crew in another profitless expedition--this time with such bad results that the Playboy might well be tired of his crooked business.

One badly wounded thug had tried to slow the police, and had received more bullets. That thug was dead; hence, he couldn't talk. It seemed plain, though, that something had gone wrong before the police arrived. That made the law decide that rival crooks had tried to muscle into the Playboy's ill-timed game.

There were reports of flashes that had been seen from the windows of the loan office prior to the blasting of the safe. Those were attributed to tests with fuses, before the charge was set.

No investigators guessed that flash bulbs had been used for photographs; that the whole episode of the Masked Playboy was a frame-up. That knowledge belonged to one lone personage, who had been an eyewitness; namely, The Shadow.

From his personal observation, The Shadow knew that blackmail was the motive behind the game. To prove that case was a more difficult proposition.

The identity of the Masked Playboy was a riddle. The Shadow correctly sized him as a dupe; probably a young man of good social status, fallen in with bad companions. That helped little. There were probably a few thousand such young men in New York. Any one of them might be eligible for the part of the Playboy.

Similarly, it was a hazy problem to identify the crook who had actually led the invading crew.

The Shadow classed him as a small-time mobleader; and the underworld was full of such ugly char-

acters. Recently, New York had undergone a clean-up, wherein a special prosecutor had smashed a wide-spread racket ring. Lots of little fish had slipped through the mesh, but they were big enough to be leaders of hoodlum crews.

Last came the mobbies themselves. There, again, The Shadow drew a blank.

The actual thugs had been recruited from here and there, through an endless chain wherein each knew only a few others and none was acquainted with the persons higher up.

The Shadow had personal knowledge of that situation, for he had posed as one who was "in the know." That was how he had managed to receive the hand-stamped message down at Chatham Square.

The man who had passed the match pack to The Shadow was merely a messenger, slipping partial information to any one who gave him the password. By mentioning a "hand," The Shadow had become one of the recipients.

From that incident, however, The Shadow gained a link with the past. He knew the meaning of the crudely stamped "hand" symbol. It went back to conditions that had existed many months ago, during the clean-up of the so-called "racket ring."

There hadn't been a single racket ring; there had been several. All had learned the advantages of cooperation in shaking money from prosperous businesses. New York had been a land of plenty for the racketeers. Expecting trouble from the law, they had avoided strife among themselves.

In fact, their organizations had reached an interlocking stage, even to the point where they had "fixers" and other peacemakers, who had kept everybody satisfied and happy. Eventually, perhaps, gang wars would have come; but the law hadn't let it get that far.

Rackets had been shattered right and left, with The Shadow and his agents playing an active but hidden part in the clean-up. Prominent racketeers had been brought to trial, to be rapidly convicted and sentenced. The public thought that those men had been the brains of the racket ring. That was true; but only in part.

For every big-shot who had found the interior of a prison cell, there had been three or four who had fled from New York before crime's citadel crumbled.

The Shadow had not forgotten those who had vanished.

Seated in the corner of his sanctum, The Shadow was at work beneath the bluish light. From a stack of files, he drew one that was stamped with an appropriate symbol: a human hand, with extended thumb and fingers.

This was a case-book dealing with one group of racketeers who had teamed together, with double result. Not only had they made their profit while rackets were going strong; every member of the group had cleared New York before the clean-up.

Where they were, what each was doing, were matters that concerned The Shadow. That was why he laid a stack of recent reports close at hand, where he could refer to data as required.

Upon a sheet of paper, The Shadow inscribed five names:

"Thumb" Gaudrey  
 "Pointer" Trame  
 "Long Steve" Bydle  
 "Ring" Brescott  
 "Pinkey" Findlen

One by one, The Shadow checked the list. Gaudrey was in Bermuda, posing as a retired business magnate seeking a rest cure. Trame had headed for Havana, to gamble some of his ill-gotten gains at the casino. Bydle had actually gone into business, in Chicago.

Brescott had made a trip to California, probably to test some racketeering enterprise; but without result. Latest reports stated that he would soon be coming East.

One man alone was unaccounted for. He was Pinkey Findlen, the last crook on the list.

The Shadow laid the sheet aside. He began to visualize recent crime in terms of Pinkey Findlen. It was plain that the pack had become lone wolves; that each was dangerous in his own right. Of the five, Pinkey was the first to start an individual

enterprise. Therefore, The Shadow had to deal with him alone.

Pinkey knew rackets thoroughly. Therefore, he certainly recognized that the usual sort of racket would be hopeless in New York, at present. Rackets depended upon numerous small collections from many harassed business men. They required too many collectors, all weak links in the chain.

So Pinkey had simply reversed the procedure. Instead of building up many small profits, he was working to gain a few large sums. That meant contact that Pinkey could handle personally, with enough precautions to prevent leaks.

He needed his strong-arm men; but he wasn't using them as collectors. Their job was to frame dupes like the Masked Playboy, thus giving Pinkey opportunity for big-time blackmail on a high-pressure basis.

Upon the table came clippings: past reports of the Masked Playboy. The Shadow's whispered laugh was audible beyond the bluish light. He was studying the past crimes attributed to the Playboy. They had simply been build-ups to the final one.

Whether the Playboy had been shoved into those crimes, or whether some one had impersonated him, did not matter to The Shadow. He was interested in the crimes themselves; and among the list of pitiful raids, he saw one that stood out strongly.

That robbery had been committed at a place called the Bubble Club. The Masked Playboy had marched in upon Claude Ondrey, owner of the night club, trapping him in his own office. Ondrey had passed over some cash; he provided the police with an elaborate report of the episode.

From The Shadow's viewpoint, Ondrey had talked too much. That happened to be a habit with Claude Ondrey.

When the police had cracked the night club racket, during the big clean-up, Ondrey had been one of the most talkative informants. As a victim of the racket, he had paid many visits to the special prosecutor's office.

The Shadow had records of Ondrey's testimony. Oddly, with all his talk, Ondrey had provided nothing new. He had simply corroborated statements that other victims had given before him. That marked Ondrey for what he was.

The Shadow had him labeled

as a man leagued with crooks. For everything that Ondrey told the prosecutor, he brought back valuable facts for the big-shots who ruled him.

Claude Ondrey could be blamed for the fact that five big men of crime had left New York before the prosecutor was ready to order their arrests. The law had missed that fact, but The Shadow hadn't.

From the past, The Shadow had his key to the present. Pinkey Findlen, back in New York, was employing the human tools that he had used before. Claude Ondrey was one of them; and his Bubble Club was also valuable. It was one place that Pinkey Findlen could use as a headquarters, when he wanted.

But Pinkey hadn't been there the night when the Masked Playboy had visited the Bubble Club. That was just the old game over again. It had strengthened Ondrey's position with the law, enabling him to retain his pose as a victim of crime, instead of a man leagued with crooks.

The Shadow clicked off the sanctum light. His whispered laugh brought shuddering echoes from walls that were invisible in the pitch-darkness. Those echoes faded. The Shadow had left the sanctum. But he still chose paths of blackness.

Evening had come to Manhattan. In the darkness of narrow side streets, The Shadow was no more than a gliding shape as he chose a route to his waiting limousine, a few blocks away. Stepping into the big car, The Shadow dropped his hat and cloak.

A street lamp showed his face at the window. No longer was The Shadow disguised as a droopy-faced panhandler. His features were hawk-like; impassive and distinguished. He was immaculately attired in evening clothes.

The order that The Shadow gave the chauffeur was spoken in a calm but lazy tone--that if a man who seemed bored with life and was looking for some diversion:

"Bubble Club, Stanley!"

The Hand

Chapter Six:  
At The Bubble Club

The Bubble Club was located on a side street not far from Times Square. It rated high among night clubs, and many well-known persons chose it as their favorite bright spot. Drinks and meals were reasonably priced, and no other nitery provided a better-balanced floor show.

In fact, every evening was a triumph for Claude Ondrey, who was always on hand to greet his patrons. Ondrey was portly and genial, with a bald head that kept bowing as he walked from table to table. His handshake, though, was flabby, and his smile a sham. Ondrey didn't make his real money from the customers who thronged the Bubble Club.

That was apparent on this present evening, when Ondrey finished his rounds and returned to his fancy office at a back corner of the club.

Three men were seated in the office. One was Pinkey Findlen, who wore a hard grin on his lippy, sallow face. The second was Slick Thurley, maintaining his usual wise pose, in constant imitation of Detective Bill Quaine.

The third arrival was a chunky block-faced man, who looked presentable despite the squinty way he shifted his eyes and the side-mouthed manner in which he grinned. He was "Bugs" Hopton, leader of Pinkey's strong-arm crew.

Ondrey was pleased to see his visitors. From his coat pocket, the night club owner brought a notebook that he handed to Pinkey. While the big-shot studied red-ink figures, Ondrey spoke an explanation.

"The place is packed," he said, "But it can't make money. Not at the prices we give them. If I could put on a cover charge, we'd break even."

"Forget it!" snapped Pinkey. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket and counted off the required amount. "This clears you, Ondrey. Keep running things the

way you have. I don't want you to run no clip joint. That brings squawks."

"But some of the best places have cover charges--"

"So what? That makes this joint better than them, don't it? Better than the best; that's the way I want it. I'm willing to pay for a front that everybody falls for. When you spend dough that way, it ain't wasted."

Pinkey gestured Ondrey to a chair. Then:

"We're sitting pretty, Ondrey," declared the big-shot. "So pretty that we're going to tell you all about it. We've finished three jobs out of four; and when that one goes across, we'll have a million bucks in the bag!"

Settling back in his chair, Pinkey began to recount the victories to date.

"First was Howard Milay," Pinkey declared. "General manager of Sphere Shipping. He was a cinch, because he had a past that he was trying to forget. We dug up the dirt; he had to come through."

"So he let one of his boats go to the bottom, when we fixed it for him. Only an old tub that ought to have sunk, anyway. It was loaded with a cargo of junk metal, and that helped the dive. That cargo"--Pinkey chuckled--"was on the books as supplies worth three hundred grand. Milay collected the insurance dough and passed it to us."

Ondrey knew of the case, but hadn't heard all the details. His shammy smile took on a genuine appearance.

"Next was John Thorry," continued Pinkey. "He was the president of a company called Western Oil Fields. He won't forget that trip he made to New York. We framed him a couple of ways, and let him crawl out by buying some junk oil wells. He'd been

lucky at picking good ones, so he can laugh off some lemons. Anyway, that brought the total up to half a million."

"And after that"--the interruption came from Bugs Hopton, who spoke with raspy tone--"the going go tough!"

Pinkey swung about angrily in his with raspy tone--"the going got tough!"

"I mean last night," retorted Bugs. "You said it would be soft, framing young Meriden. But it wasn't--not with The Shadow barging in on us."

"Forget The Shadow!" scoffed Pinkey. "He got left behind, didn't he? And to-day, Slick and me put the deal through with the kid's old man. That's one thing The Shadow ain't wise to."

Bugs didn't continue the argument. He helped himself to an expensive cigar from a box on Ondrey's desk. Scratching a match on the mahogany, he lit the cigar and puffed it in silence.

"The next job is soft," assured Pinkey. "We've already put through a lot of forged checks and notes with World Oil interests. There's only one guy who can spot that phony stuff. He's Lewis Bron, the auditor. He'll smell a rat as soon as he goes over the books."

"What we're going to do is get to Bron before he sees the books. When we've done that, he'll see things the same way we do. Once the books have his O. K., there'll be no more worry."

No one asked Pinkey how he intended to handle Bron. The big-shot's word was good enough for the listeners. Even Bugs had no objection. He knew that Pinkey always changed his game when occasion required. There wouldn't be another tangle like the Masked Playboy proposition.

It was Ondrey who voiced the main thought that all the others held.

"Over a million bucks," said the night club owner, in an eager tone. "You get half of it, Pinkey, and we three divvy the rest. Fair enough."

"That's only half the story," inserted Pinkey. "This ain't just a million-dollar proposition. I'm going to double it, before I've finished."

Eyes popped, including those of Bugs Hopton. That was unusual; it took plenty to surprise the chunky mob-leader.

"Here's the lay," confided

Pinkey. "All these companies we've nicked are owned by one outfit, and that's the World Oil interests. They call those companies subsidiaries; but that's just a business term. Big business is just a racket anyway, from my way of looking at it."

"western Oil Fields pumps the oil. Sphere Shipping runs the boats that bring it here. Eastern Refineries peddles the gasoline to the public. The gravy all goes to World Oil, because it owns the rest of them.

"The biggest guy in the whole game is Giles Jondran, because he's the president of World Oil. He's the head of what they call a fifty-million-dollar corporation; and he's worth about ten million on his own. So when we've finished with the rest of them, we'll work on old Jondran himself.

"We'll tell him that we've snagged a million, and how we got it. We'll say to him: 'All right, old buzzard, you're going to double the ante!' And if he don't, we'll spill the whole works. It won't be us that'll take the rap. It will be guys like Milay, Thorry, and Meriden, along with this auditor Bron--"

A buzzer interrupted. It meant a house call for Ondrey. Pinkey waited while the night club owner spoke over the telephone. Ondrey was brief; when he hung up the receiver, he turned promptly to Pinkey.

"There is a gentleman who wants to arrange a banquet; and he's the sort of customer that I ought to bring in here. His name is Lamont Cranston."

"You mean the guy that pals around with the police commissioner?" queried Pinkey. "Say--that's neat! You're right, Ondrey; he's one guy that oughtn't to be kept waiting. Come on you lugs"--Pinkey turned to his other companions--"we're moving out."

Slick was nearest to the wall behind Ondrey's desk. He pressed the edge of a panel; the woodwork slid apart, to reveal a tiny elevator. The three men entered it; Slick was about to close the secret door when Pinkey stopped him.

"Listen, Ondrey," remarked Pinkey, "we're going back to the hide-out. I got a phone there, but there's some calls I'd rather make from here--"

"You mean to Maude Revelle?"

"Yeah. So you call her for me. Tell her I'll meet her at the usual place, an hour from now. That'll give you time to talk to this Cranston guy, first."

Ondrey nodded. Mention of Cranston reminded him that he didn't want to keep the visitor waiting. He reached for the telephone, gave the order to usher Mr. Cranston into the office. While Ondrey was doing that, Slick closed the elevator door.

Ondrey prided himself on that secret elevator. It was slow in operation, because it was designed for silence. There wasn't the slightest rumble from the hidden shaft; not even the vibration of a cable as the elevator made its ascent.

Ondrey stepped to the office door. He opened it, to see Cranston coming through the passage from the night club.

A few moments later, Ondrey was bowing a hawk-faced visitor to a seat in front of the desk. Reaching into a drawer, the night club owner brought out a box of very special cigars, finer even than the brand that Bugs liked to smoke.

It was while Ondrey was bent above the desk drawer that Cranston's ears caught a distant sound, so slight that Ondrey did not notice it. That noise was the muffled clang of an elevator door, closing, somewhere, a few floors above.

With the sound, Cranston's eyes went instinctively to the paneled wall behind Ondrey. There, his keen eyes picked a vertical line in the ornamental woodwork. Gauging sight with sound, Cranston had the answer. He knew that Ondrey had talked with at least one visitor to-night.

More than that, Lamont Cranston could name the man who had departed. He was sure that Ondrey's principal visitor had been the lone-wolf racketeer, Pinkey Findlen.

For behind the masklike countenance of the supposed Lamont Cranston lay the brain of The Shadow!"

TILL NEXT MONTH.

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# A STROLL ALONG SUNSET BOULEVARD

by

Bob Shannon

I've said to myself many times, "You're lucky to have lived and worked in that short span of time, on the Hollywood radio scene.

It was 1944 when I first arrived there, fresh from Army duty at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. I was thrilled when CBS hired me as a staff announcer after a long and tedious audition. At that time I was twenty-three years old.

Radio was alive with the top talent in the country arriving in Hollywood from Chicago, New York, Cincinnati and all points east. It was the Mecca for top actors and announcers to display their "voice-talents" to a nationwide audience. Comedy shows with Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Eddie Cantor, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy - dramatic shows from the Lux Radio Theater on Vine Street. One Man's Family, Suspense, The Whistler, Dr. Christian with Gene Hersholt (on which I

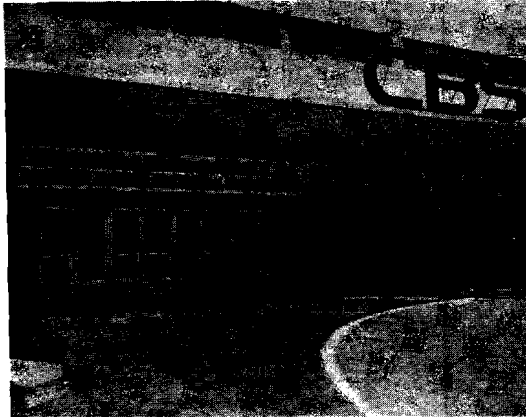


Bob Shannon with long-time radio announcer Ken Carpenter. Photo was taken at a Pacific Pioneer Broadcasters luncheon in 1984.

worked many times as an actor) and Mayor of the Town with Lionel Barrymore, on which I also worked.

If you were a radio listener in the Forties I'm sure you remember "California Caravan." I was an actor on this show practically every Sunday afternoon. The show was produced and directed by the late Lou Holzer. It was on "California Caravan" that I first worked with such talented voice people as June Foray, John Dehner, Jack Kruschen, Virginia Gregg, Ralph Moody, Herb Vigran, Sidney Miller, Vic Perrin, Bob Purcell, George Chandler and many more great talents. Everything was "live" - we could afford no mistakes or re-takes.

It was my good fortune to work first as a staff announcer at CBS and also as an actor and



Sign over entrance to Studio A at CBS Radio in Hollywood when Stu Wilson and Bob Shannon were featured on the game show *Surprise Party*.

Master of Ceremonies. Van des Autels and Frank Graham, two of my dearest friends, had a radio production company at 6000 Sunset Boulevard. They produced a show on KMPC in the late Forties called "Three Alarm." It was at this time that "The Man Says Yes," a quiz show, was born and I was selected as the Master of Ceremonies. This show was one of the top-rated quiz shows of its time and was broadcast five days a week from the studios of KMPC with a "live" audience. I don't know how the expression "live" audience started but everybody used it. Of course the audience was live. Otherwise it could have originated at Forest Lawn.

It was at this point in my broadcasting career that I met Charles Crowder, an ebullient character indeed. Charlie was writing one-man radio shows for such radio greats as Pat McGeehan, Frank Graham and Knox Manning. Charlie and I have been steadfast friends ever since. As a matter of fact, Charlie, who is now eighty years old and still going strong, is writing a one-man show for me called "Tales of the Old West." This show is currently heard on National Public Radio Station KCSN-FM five days a week. I narrate these authentic stories of the Old West and do all the voices.

But let's get back to the fabulous forties. On any given day of the week you could see a radio, motion picture or stage star rushing from studio to studio performing for eager listeners across the country. Radio was big—everybody wanted to get into the act. Talented actors sometimes did more than half a dozen shows a day. But I believe the record is held by Pat McGeehan, who did as many as 42 broadcasts in

one week.

This was an era too of great music, not the "junk" we hear blaring from the loud speakers today. My very close friend, Walter Gross, composer of the ballad "Tenderly," called me one day at CBS. He asked me to meet him in "Gower-Gulch" at our favorite watering hole, the Naples Restaurant (near the corner of Sunset and Gower and just a martini or two away from CBS Radio). Walter had just purchased a brand new Mercedes Benz with his first royalty check and he wanted to take me for a ride. As we cruised down Sunset Blvd. the radio serenaded us with the strains of "Tenderly." Oh, what wonderful memories!

It's all gone now - the scene has changed. The famous corner of Sunset and Vine, known the world over, once boasted a unique drive-in restaurant, a drug store, Music City and the NBC Radio studios. Home Savings now occupies the spot on which NBC Radio was once located. In the basement of Home Savings you will find a radio museum established by the wonderful people of Pacific Pioneer Broadcasters. The nostalgic room holds memorabilia of early radio. The walls are lined with pictures of the all-time radio greats.

It is on this very spot that these same radio stars actually performed when the NBC Studios stood there. And perhaps a ghost or two, refusing to leave, can be heard. If you listen carefully, as I have, you can perhaps hear a dear old friend saying: "This program came to you from Hollywood. This is Ken Carpenter saying goodnight. This is the National Broadcasting Company." (NBC Chimes)

#### TALES OF THE OLD WEST

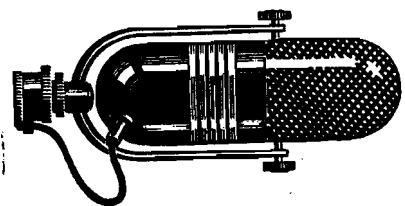


Bob Shannon (left) narrates Tales of the Old West, written by Charles Crowder (right).

Those who have romanticised about the history of our western states can get a liberal fulfillment by listening to "Tales of the Old West" on KCSN, 88.5 FM, in Northridge, CA, Monday through Friday at 10:55 a.m. or 1:55 p.m. These vignettes of Western Americana are written by writer and historian Charles Crowder and are narrated by actor and announcer Bob Shannon. These veteran broadcasters have worked together off and on for almost forty years and match well in ideas and temperament.

The stories run the gamut of Western events, including comedy, discovery, places of historic interest, and the lives of men and women who opened the West for settlement. The program presents, in colorful and interesting stages, a veritable encyclopedia of not only California, but of our entire historic West.

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