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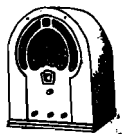
# THE Shadow

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EST. 1975



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# THE SHADOW

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MAY 15 1938

by WALTER GIBSON

## THE HAND SMASHING MYSTERY NOVEL

### CHAPTER TEN

#### Crime's Conference

When The Shadow reached the old residence that housed the Bubble Club, he went directly to the roof above the secret elevator. The Trapdoor was tightly fixed; but it didn't take The Shadow long to jimmy it.

His method of persuasion was both efficient and noiseless; and the latter as important. While The Shadow was at work, he heard faint sounds of the elevator making a descent.

That meant that Pinkev Findlen had arrived to hold conference in Ondrey's office.

The elevator was at the bottom of the shaft when the trapdoor came free. The taut cable offered a means of rapid descent. Hand under hand, The Shadow went downward, until he found a resting place upon the solid top of the elevator itself.

On his previous visit to Ondrey's office, The Shadow had observed that the wall panel was slightly higher than the elevator. Reaching from the top of the car, he probed in front of it until he found a catch. The panel was released; but the Shadow did not spread its sections.

Instead, he was content with a mere quarter inch of space, that enabled him to peer into the office and overhear what passed there.

The Shadow was correct in his assumption that Pinkey has arrived. The big-shot occupied the center of the office; and two others were present with him. One was Claude Ondrey; the other, Slick Thurley.

It happened that Bugs Hopton was absent; and from the

conversation, it became apparent that the leader of the strong-arm crew was not expected.

"Tonight, we frame Bron.:" Pinkey made that statement in a positive tone. "The way we'll handle it, the job will be the neatest one we've staged. There won't be a chance of The Shadow mooching in to queer it."

Slick Thurley added a nod; he knew all about the plan. But Claude Ondrey hadn't yet heard the details. His fat face showed worry; he was mopping sweaty spots from his baldish forehead.

"Don't get jittery;" rasped Pinkey, "We ain't yanking you into it, Ondrey! Bugs Hopton is the guy that's going to start things."

"Which means a mob," reminded Ondrey, "and that may bring cops-- and The Shadow."

"Not tonight," assured Pinkey. "Bugs is working alone. Just so you'll be posted, I'll give you the set-up."

Pinkey began his explanation.

"First of all," he declared. "Bron is going to be in his office until midnight. He's cleaning up an auditing job, so he can go over the World Oil interests books tomorrow. What's more, we know that Bron will be alone in his office. That's where Bugs will walk in on him."

Ondrey's nervousness returned. Pinkey gave a harsh laugh,

"Bugs won't begin by pulling a gat," declared the big-shot. "He's going to hand BRon a letter of recommendation given to him by a sap named Roy Parrinton. Bron will think that Bugs has come to ask for a job."

"Parrinton?" questioned Ondrey, suddenly. "I seem to know that name."

"Maybe you do." returned Pinkey.

"Parrington goes around to a lot of bright spots; he's probably been here. He's an advertising promoter; at least, that's what he calls himself. But he spends most of his time playing the races. That's how Bugs got acquainted with him-- by giving him tips on the ponies."

"And Parrington knows Bron?"

"Of course. That's why Bron won't be suspicious when he sees the letter. But he won't have a job for Bugs. That'll make Bugs mad."

For the first time, Ondrey showed a smile. Evidently, he had begun to picture certain fine points to this game.

"You know what Bugs is like when he pretends he's goofy," reminded Pinkey. "They don't him "Bugs" because of the way he can stage the nut act. From then on it's a cinch."

"Bron will get scared and try to heave him out. Bugs will yank a gat and BRon will make a grab for it. There'll be a blank shot and --blooey!--Bugs will be flopped like he was dead, with Bron holding the rod."

It was Slick who put in the next approval.

"Bugs can fake that dead stuff as good as I can," declared Slick. "We've both seen so many boobs get croaked, that we know the way it looks."

Pinkey strode across the floor, pointing here and there, picturing the future scene.

"Suppose this is Bron's office," he declared. "There's Bugs on the floor; Bron standing over here, with the heater in his mitt. The door opens; I step in, like some guy who heard the shot from another office."

"While I'm listening to Bron, like I was friendly and believe his story, in comes Slick. He flashes that badge of his, says he's Bill Quaine, the dick. Only, he won't believe BRon's story. He'll talk about pinning a murder rap on the guy."

"That's when I'll have the way to fix it. I'll tell Bron what I want done, and that if he'll play ball he won't have to worry about nothing. Tomorrow, he'll put his ok. on those books over at World Oil."

Pinkey's story was finished, and from Ondrey's delighted look, the big-shot was sure that the scheme would work. Ondrey was not the only listener who nourished that opinion.

From his hiding The Shadow had

heard all the details and could foresee the result, once the game reached completion.

Obviously, Lewis Bron would realize that he was framed, by the time Pinkey came to the climax; but that wouldn't help the auditor out of his dilemma. If Bron believed that he actually shot Bugs, and that Slick was really Bill Quaine, the game would work.

Knowing the skill with which Pinkey and his pals worked, The Shadow was sure that they would sell Bron on the proposition, provided nothing intervened to disturb their scheme. It happened, though, that crooks would be due for a surprise; because the Shadow saw a way to provide one.

The Shadow, too, could be a witness to all that occurred. When the game came to its high point, he could step in with a brace of guns and corner both Pinkey and Slick. Bugs, on the floor, would never dare a move.

A call to police headquarters would bring Joe Cardona, Manhattan's ace police inspector. Fuming crooks would be trapped, with their whole game exposed.

While the Shadow was speculating on that pleasant prospect, Pinkey stepped toward the elevator. The Shadow pressed the panel tight; rolled to the top of the car.

Pinkey slid the panel wide; The Shadow could hear him entering the elevator alone. Pinkey's words were also plain.

"I'm going over to watch Bron's office," he told the others. "You can come along later, Slick-- say in about forty minutes, because Bugs won't be due until eleven o'clock."

"You look too much like Bill Quaine to be seen around Bron's place until you're needed. You might bump into some harness bull who knows that Quaine is away on vacation."

The panel went shut. The elevator moved smoothly upward carrying its two passengers. It was a curious situation-- Pinkey Findlen starting off on a criminal venture, taking the Shadow along with him. However, Pinkey hadn't the remotest idea that such a case existed.

Nor did the Shadow disillusion him. When the car reached the top of the shaft, he waited while Pinkey went out through the door. After that, The Shadow stretched upward and opened the trap above his head, to emerge upon the roof.

Pinkey was gone by the time the Shadow reached the street below. There wasn't any reason to trail him, for the big-shot was going to the very spot where The Shadow wanted him to be. Shifting through the darkness, The Shadow reached a waiting cab. Entering it, he whispered to the agent who was at the wheel.

That aid was Moe Shrevnitz, the speediest hackie in Manhattan; but Moe didn't hurry on this occasion. He drove at an easy pace, while The Shadow contacted Burbank by radio. Over the short-wave set, The Shadow learned Bron's office address. It was in a small office building on Thirtieth Street.

The Shadow instructed Burbank to send an agent, Harry Vincent, to the Bubble Club, in case of chance developments there. That done, he put away the earphones; gave Moe the Thirtieth Street address.

But the cabbie didn't stop when they reached the destination. Instead, he merely slackened speed near the less lighted portion of the curb.

Dropping from the cab, The Shadow merged close to the darkness of a building wall. Blended with the blackness, he looked across the street to the small old-fashioned building where Bron's office was located.

The Shadow saw a lighted office at the front of the third floor. Its curtains were drawn; but he knew that the office must be Bron's.

While he watched, The Shadow spotted another light that suddenly appeared at the window of a side office on the same floor. That window was also shaded; but The Shadow could picture the scene with in as plainly as if he possessed x-ray vision.

The side office was the waiting place chosen by Pinkey Findlen. That fact brought a whispered laugh from The Shadow. Fake murder was shaping itself as crooks intended; and with its climax would come the Shadow's triumph.

That soft laugh would have faded, had The Shadow foreseen the change that chance was to produce. Already, events were leading to a different climax. Such matters, it happened, were unknown to Pinkey Findlen, as well as The Shadow.

Real murder--not false--was in the cards tonight, and through it would come success to present schemes of crime!!

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CHAPTER XI  
Bugs Swings A Deal

Very shortly after the Shadow's departure from the Bubble Club, two unexpected customers arrived there. One was Bugs Hopton, attired in ill-fitting tuxedo; the other was a stoopish, sly-faced man similarly attired. The two took a table; when Claude Ondrey stopped near by, Bugs beckoned.

Worried, Ondrey approached the table. Bugs clapped him on the back; then introduced his companion.

"Meet Mr. Parrington," announced Bugs. "Roy Parrington--one swell guy! Andyou, Roy-- shake hands with Claude Ondrey. He's regular."

Handshakes were exchanged; all the while, Ondrey was looking anxiously toward Bugs, wondering what twist of circumstances had brought him to the Bubble Club.

There was a burst of music from the orchestra; a trim dancer whirled to the center of the floor amid the applause of the patrons. Bugs nudged Parrington.

"Get an eye-ful, Roy," advised Bugs. "That kid is some looker--and can she dance! Here-- shove your chair around for a better look."

Parrington obliged. When his back was turned, Bugs shifted in the opposite direction, grabbed Ondrey's sleeve and whispered in the manager's ear:

"Is Slick in the office?"

Ondrey nodded; then began

"But---but what---"

"Don't ask questions," undertoned

Bugs, "See this hat check? Its Parrington's. Listen get a gat from Slick and plant it in the guy's coat pocket. Leave the rest to me.

Ondrey hurried away, still wondering what it was all about. He reached the office, to find Slick lounging there. Slick was mystified; but obligingly provided Ondrey with a revolver, in accordance with the request.

Hurrying from the office, the nightclub owner reached the cloak room near the street door. He spotted the garments that bore the ticket number. Getting rid of the check girl on a pretext, Ondrey fumblingly slid the revolver into Parrington's overcoat.

The task wasn't exactly easy, for Ondrey encountered a fat bundle in one pocket and had to shift the gun to another. Since Bugs hadn't mentioned the package Ondrey left it where it was.

Sidling from the cloakroom,

Ondrey neared the table where Bugs sat with Parrington. Bugs thumbed the manager toward his office; then leaned forward to watch the floor show.

"How do ylu like it, Roy?" he queried. While he spoke, Bugs was watching an approaching waiter. "Ain't this a classy joint, with plenty for the meney? I come here a lot."

The waiter had arrived. Bugs shifted suddenly in his chair, jolted the fellow and caused him to spill the contents of a tray. Mixed drinks poured over Bugs and Parrington. Both came to their feet.

In the argument that followed, Bugs blamed the waiter; so Parrington did the same. Bugs staged a portion of his "crazy act" in very competent fashion. The result was that Parrington agreed when Bugs gave loud decision: "Come on Roy. Let's get out of this dump!"

They were still arguing with a head waiter when they put on their hats and coats. It was then that Bugs became more reasonable.

"He ought to talk to Ondrey," he decided. "After all, he's a good guy. Come on Roy, we'll go to his office."

Parrington agreed that the protest would be in order. They reached the office, found Slick with Ondrey. Bugs shook hands with Slick; introduced him to Parrinton as Bill Quaine.

"A good guy," voiced Bugs, "even if his is a dick.: Then to Ondre: "Say--wait'll you see the way one of your cluck waiters messed us up."

Bugs took off his coat to show his soaked toxedo jacket. Parrinton did the same; Bugs planked both overcoats upon hte table. There was a clank when Parrington's pocket hit the woodwork. Bugs gave Slick an elbow poke; the fake dick took the cue.

"What's that?" snapped Slick. "That your coat Parrington? Lets see what you've got in the pockets."

Uneasily, Parrington lifted the coat, pulled out the thick bundle and laid it with his hat. That done he fished out gloves and cigarettes. Finally his fingers found the revolver. Parrington didn't realize it was a gun, until he brought it into the light.

Slick snatched the weapon from Parrington's fingers. While the man was gasping, Slick demanded:

"What's the idea of carrying the gun? Where's your permit?" Parrington tried to protest. He

failed. He said he didn't know how the gun was in his pocket; that was all, and it sounded pitifully weak. Even Bugs looked reproachful, especially when Slick cracked open the revolver and found it loaded.

"Better see what's in the bundle," suggested Bugs. "Maybe it will give us a line on the guy."

The bundle was filled with currency; the bills totaled five thousand dollars. Slick wanted to know where the moey came from.

"I'm--I'm a promoter," panted Parrington. "This was for--well, I'd arranged an advertising campaign, and this was--"

"And you flimflamed somebody out of the dough?"

"No, no! I--well, this was a commission--"

"In cash? Sounds phoney to me, Parrington." Slick shoved the money to the far side of the desk, along with the gun. "Tell us more about the dough."

Parrington confessed that the cash was tainted. It was a cut that he had received for swinging a national advertiser to a wildcat agency. Becoming bolder, he suddenly declared:

"But you can't prove anything because of that."

"We can prove plenty with this gun," interposed Slick. "Enough to put you in the cooler for a long stretch. Come along! We're going down to headquarters."

Parrington wilted. His head in his hands, he was moaning incoherently when Bugs motioned to Slick, signaling that the bluff had gone far enough.

Slick was mightily relieved when Bugs took over the burden; for even yet, the fake detective hadn't decided what Bugs was going to do next.

"Why don't you give the guy a break?" demanded Bugs. "His over coat was out in the cloakroom; maybe somebody planted the rod in his pocket. Go on out there, Quaine and ask the cloakroom doll about it."

Slick agreed that he would do so. He started to pick up the planted guy, remarking that it was evidence.

"Leave it here." suggested Bugs. "Let Ondrey lock it in that desk drawer. We'll look out for Parrington while you're gone."

The revolver was put away. Slick left the office; but he didn't go to the cloakroom, because that would be of no use. Slick knew well enough how the gun had come into Parrington's pocket.

What Slick didn't know was what he escaped by staying away from the cloakroom. AT that very moment, a young man was checking hat and coat there. He was Harry Vincent, one of the keenest of The Shadow's agents.

If Harry had seen Slick come to the cloakroom, he would have promptly sensed that something was up. But Slick didn't even leave the passage outside of Ondrey's office.

Meanwhile, in the office itself, Claude Ondrey was sweating more than ever.

Of all the screwy games he'd ever met with, this one was the worst. What did Bugs mean by passing the buck right back to him? Of course, Slick wouldn't come back with evidence that Ondrey had planted the gun; but Ondrey was beginning to believe that Bugs might be crazy enough to shout that out, himself.

Maybe Bugs was really as goofy as he sometimes looked.

In the mist of Ondrey's quandary, Bugs suddenly provided the reason behind his stunt.

"Listen, Parrinton,." spoke Bugs, quickly. "I'm for you--see? I got a way to snatch you out of this mess. He'll help."

Parrinton looked up, weakly hopeful.

"UNlock the desk drawer," Bugs told Ondrey. "Make it fast, before Quaine gets back here."

Ondrey obeyed. He was in a mood for anything that would end this crazy set-up. As soon as the drawer was open, Bugs grabbed the revolver that lay within. Pocketing it, he picked up Parrinton's five thousand dollars and planked the money in the drawer.

"Quaine won't find the gun when he looks for it," stated Bugs, with a grin. "He'll find the dough instead. I'll look dumb, and so will Ondrey, here. How about it, Ondrey?"

Ondrey nodded. He didn't like the looks of things, but he couldn't find his voice.

"So Quaine will forget the gun!" added Bugs, "and that the mazuma instead. That's fair enough, ain't it? You can make up that five grand easy, Roy, but you can't laugh off a stretch in the big house."

Parrinton's eyes had narrowed. He was becoming suspicious; but he was still worried, enough so to be handled. Bugs nudged to the wall panel.

"Bring down the elevator," he

ordered Ondrey. "Get Roy out of here before Quaine comes back."

Ondrey obeyed reluctantly. Bugs told Parrinton how to make his exist through the house next door. Sight of the open elevator made Parrinton suddenly eager for flight. Half a minute later, he was on his way.

Bugs gave a raucous chuckle after the panel had closed; but Ondrey didn't join with him.

The harsh mirth was heard by Slick came back into the office, looked about, perplexed, when he had failed to see Parrinton. Bugs yanked open the desk drawer, told Slick to take a look.

"How's that for a neat shake down, Slick?" he asked. "Say--you should have seen the sap fall for the finish of it!" Then, to Ondrey, Bugs added: "Stick that five grand in the safe, along with the dough you're keep for Pinkey. It's five thousand more in the pot."

There was an incredulous snarl from Slick.

"So that was your racket!" uttered Slick. "You're not smart, Bugs; you're dumb."

"Me, dumb?" rejoined Bugs, "When I picked up five grand that easy."

"I said you're dumb," repeated Slick. "You've wasted time her, when you're supped to head for Bron's office. What about that letter you were to get from Parrinton?"

With a grin, Bugs pulled the letter from his pocket.

"Right here," he siad. "I'm starting for Bron's now. Give me fifteen minutes start, Slick, and you'll get there just when you'll be needed."

Bugs pulled the switch to bring down the elevator. His grinning face was the last thing the others saw, when the panel went shut.

Ondrey flopped behind the desk, mopping his bald head.

"Bugs has me nuts!" he panted. "I'm glad that's over."

Slick Thurley didn't reply. His eyes had a hard gaze; his lips were set. He was thinking that Bugs Hopton had tossed a boomerang by trying that shakedown on Roy Parrinton.

Slick's hunch was right. Matters were to take a trend that crocks wouldn't like. But there was one element that Slick didn't include in his calculation; that was the part that chance was to play. Lady Luck was already riding along with crime.

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CHAPTER XII  
CHANGED TRAILS

The Shadow's first inkling that something had gone wrong, came when the lights went blank in Bon's office. That was curious, since Bron was supposed to be here until midnight. It couldn't mean that plotters were on the move, because there was only one entrance to the office building and Bugs Hopton hadn't arrived to use it.

Furthermore, another incident furnished The Shadow with proof that crime's plans had been balked. Half a minute after Bron's lights went out, the side office went dark. Pinkey Findlin had evidently learned that Bron had started out of the building.

Very soon, a man came from the front of the building. He was tall; his long legs made awkward strides toward the corner. The Shadow caught a glimpse of a tight-skinned face beneath a derby hat. Those features answered the slight description that The Shadow had gained concerning Lewis Bron.

Wherever Bron was going, he was in a hurry, for The Shadow saw him hail a cab. Blinking a flash light toward the next corner, The Shadow waited until his own cab came along. Boarding it, he took up Bron's trail.

Turning the corner, The Shadow looked back. He saw Pinkey come out of the office building. There wasn't another cab in sight. That left the big-shot stranded. The fact pleased the Shadow; but it was to prove another of the grim jests that fate was supplying tonight.

Unsuspecting that The Shadow was on Bron's trail, Pinkey strode away in the opposite direction, and reached a subway station. Huddled in the corner of a half-fried car, he rode a few stations northward, muttering all the while. It didn't take him long to arrive at the house adjoining the Bubble Club.

The elevator was on the top floor when Pinkey reached there. He stepped into the car; before he had time to push the button, some one at the bottom pulled the switch at the bottom of the shaft. When the car reached the ground floor, Pinky came face to face with Slick Thurley.

For once, amazement showed on the features of the fake Bill Quaine. Slick couldn't figure what had brought the big-shot here, until Pinkey broke the news that Lewis Bron had made an unexpected exist

from his office.

"We should have set it earlier," rasped Pinkey. "I didn't have a chance to tail the guy. Where he's gone, I can't even guess. But it looks like the deal is off for tonight; and that" Pinkey's lower lip thrust forward--"may ruin the works tomorrow."

Claude Ondrey, seated behind his desk, put in a sudden theory regarding Bron.

"Maybe Parrington called him!" exclaimed Ondrey. "And if Parrington squawked---"

Ondrey caught himself. He didn't know just how to break the news to Pinkey.

"Squawked about what?" demanded the big-shot. "Say, you mugs"--he swung from Ondrey to Slick--"what's been going on here?"

Gruffly, Slick gave the details, stating the facts in brief. When Slick had finished, Pinkey raged.

"And you helped him with that screwy idea!" ranted the big-shot. "Pulled a small-change shakedown, didn't you, on a guy that was supposed to know nothing?"

"How could I know what was up?" demanded Slick. "I thought maybe Parrington had got wise to Bugs, and wouldn't give him a letter to Bron. I figured that was why he wanted to put the heat on the guy."

Pinkey saw merit in Slick's alibi. He swung toward Ondrey, to blast the portly man.

"You saw what Bugs was pulling, didn't you?" roared Pinkey. "Why didn't you do something about it?"

"Bugs made me jitney," replied Ondrey. "Before I'd catch up with him on one thing, he was off on another, until finally---"

"Until finally he stuck Parrington on the elevator! That was swell. wasn't it? If Parrington wasn't wise by that time, he got his chance to really think it over. The guy knows all three of you were working together. So he tipped off Bron."

Silence followed. If Slick or Ondrey had any ideas, they didn't express them. They were letting Pinkey do their thinking for them; and it was the smartest system that they had yet used. Pinkey formed some rapid conclusions.

"Parrington must have called Bron right away," he decided, "from a phone down at the nest corner. The question is, what did he tell Bron? There 's only one answer."

"He told Bron that his friend Hopton was a phoney, and he advised Bron to get out of the office before Bugs showed up there. He may have



told him a lot more, but I don't think so. If Parrington is going to make a big squawk, it won't be to Bron."

"Maybe Parrington will figure that the bulls ought to know about one their own bunch." Pinkey swung toward Slick. "For instance, about a smart dick named Bill Quaine. That would put a bad crimp in your style, Slick."

This time, Pinkey was met with a steady stare, the sort that Slick used when he meant business.

"Parrington fell for the bluff tonight," reminded Slick. "He'll fall for it again, if I drop in on him."

The suggestion awoke a response from Ondrey.

"Of course he will!" exclaimed the nightclub owner. "After all, Parrington didn't see take the money. I've got it in the safe, Slick. You can take it with you--"

Pinkey interrupted Ondrey by shoving the portly man back in his chair.

"That dough stays where it is!" hoarsed the big-shot. "If things go sour, we'll make Bugs eat it. You're going to drop in on Parrington, Slick, but I'm the guy that's going with you. Between us" Pinkey produced a revolver--"we'll fix Parrington so he'll never blab to nobody!"

The next question was where Parrington lived. That was some thing that Bugs could have answered for he was the only one who had traveled around with Parrington.

Bugs wasn't needed, however, for the telephone directory provided the information. There was only one Roy Parrington in the book; he lived at an address in the Sixties, which Pinkey decided must be a small apartment house.

Slick remarked that he didn't have a gun, for he planted his revolver on Parrington and Bugs had kept it, afterward. Ondrey dug up a .32 that Slick decided would do. Shoving the gun in his pocket, Slick swung to Pinkey with the words;

"Lets go."

Pinkey told him to wait a minute. He wrote out a phone number on a slip of paper; handed it to Ondrey.

"Give a call there," he told Ondrey. "One of the mob will answer. Tell 'em you're calling for Bugs. They'll believe you, because they're dumber than he is. Have 'em cover up at Parrington's, because they may be needed."

Ondrey asked what he was to do in case he heard from Bugs.

"Send him up there too" ordered Pinkey. "and tell him to take charge of his outfit. Bugs ought to be calling here pretty quick, because, by this time, he's probably found out that BRon has left his office."

Pinkey glanced at his watch while he and Slick were riding up in the elevator. The big-shot was pleased to find that he hadn't lost much time by his trip to the Bubble Club. It was directly on the route to Parrington's address.

"I saved time coming by the subway," Pinkey told Slick, "because the slow-break had started at Times Square, and being drizzly tonight, there was a lot of traffic there."

Slick didn't reply. Pinkey gave him a poke, asking raspingly what Slick was thinking about.

"I'm thinking about Bron," declared Slick. "I've got a hunch that maybe he went up to see Roy Parrington."

"Yeah?" Pinkey was enthusiastic "Say that would be nifty, wouldn't it."

"Maybe. It's going to be hard to put the heat on BRon, though, if we walk right in and croak Parrington"

That comment brought a string of oaths from Pinkey; most of his remarks concerned Bugs Hopton, for the way in which the mobleader had queered tonight's set-up. By the time they had reached the street, however, Pinkey's fuming had ended. "What all that traffic jam," Pinkey decided, "Bron has just about had time to get to Parrington's. If we hop to Sixth Avenue and get a cab there, we'll be out of the tie-up. The two of them won't have time to gab much, before we show up."

"What we'll do when we get there. we can decided right then. It would be hoping too much, to expect to croak Parrington and frame Bron, the way we wanted to. Any way whatever we pull, there won't be nobody around to get wise."

Slick, the hunch producer, agreed with every word that Pinkey uttered; and, thereby, both were totally wrong. Matters were to take a twist that neither believed possible. They were to find that everything could turn out as they wanted it, more effectively than they could have planned.

They were mistaken also, on their second conjecture; namely, that whatever they did would remain unwitnessed. There was one being whose ability was unwisely discounted by both Pinkey and Slick. That personage was the Shadow.\*\*\*\*\*

# Vox Pop

## THE GREATEST LOVER OF MODERN TIMES

SEATTLE, WASH.—The John Barrymore love exploits, which ran in Liberty, perhaps were interesting to many of your readers. However, I wish my pen had the ability to express who the "Greatest Lover of Modern Times" really is.

I select a young man on the farm; in a factory; a mechanic; a clerk; a laborer. This young man meets some fine young girl and he falls in love with her, bestowing a true feeling of affection worthy of the name love. He marries her and starts life's journey, loving her alone to the end of the trail. He is willing to fight and make any sacrifice for her happiness. He builds a home and raises a family, and denies himself many personal comforts and pleasures for their education and health. He stands by his wife in sickness and accepts, without complaint, additional responsibilities. He is the foundation on which the liberty we enjoy rests.

There you have the "Greatest Lover of Modern Times" and he is in all walks of life.—Capt. C. J. Hutchinson.



## 'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

CHOP SUEY is not a typical Chinese dish. As a certain dish it is generally unknown in China. The words mean, in Chinese, a mixture. The dish apparently originated in New York.

PAUL REVERE did not ride to Concord on his "midnight ride." Despite the famous poetic description of this ride,



Revere was stopped by the British about halfway between Lexington and Concord.

MAD DOGS do not always foam at the mouth—in fact they usually do not. The flow of saliva does not greatly increase with this disease, although it does become viscid and clings to the teeth and other parts of the mouth.

**WORMS**

TAKE ALL THE JOY OUT OF MY LIFE. PLEASE GIVE ME GLOVER'S!

## The Movie Scene



Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo in a scene from *Camille*.

New



**HULL AUTO COMPASS**  
Saves miles of travel in wrong direction. This handsome, STREAM-LINE Airplane Type Compass keeps you on the right road. Easily installed. 3 1/2" high, Bakelite case, sapphire bearing. Built-in compensator. Only \$2.95. POST PAID. Satisfaction guaranteed.



Model A  
Airplane Type, 1 1/4" diameter. Sticks to windshield. Guaranteed. With separate compensator, only \$1.95 postpaid.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. \$1.95 HULL MFG. CO., Box 248-J, WARREN, OHIO

## ROSICRUCIAN SECRETS?

The wisdom of the ages was often suppressed, not lost. Their secret studies of man's inner mind, ways to success and HIGHER LIFE, are available to you. For FREE BOOK, write Scribner & Co., THE ASSOCIATION, INCORPORATED, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

## "HARDTACK"



"I flunked arithmetic again, pop—why in the heck don't you learn to count?"

## letters



Rochester, New York

August 17, 1991

Dear Editor,

I have been following the ongoing OTRC debate about the inclusion of the "pulp" in the *Illustrated Press* and noted that one of the arguments for their appearance in these pages was the absence of radio-centered articles and materials available to the editors each month. So I figured, why not send in my two cents worth? Never having read any of these pulps as a child,, they hold no interest for me, and I frankly, don't find them very interesting reading them now as an adult, either. I guess it's hard to feel nostalgic about something you never experienced for a first time! Which brings me to Old Time Radio. My interest in it isn't nostalgic either. Growing up in the '50s, I was more enthralled with TV. The only radio I can honestly remember were the daily soaps (*Our Gal Sunday*, *Helen Trent*, etc.) that my grandmother listened to. I often wonder how I ever came to give radio drama a second chance after remembering what those shows were like! So where did my interest in Old Radio come from? Early in the 1970's (my college days) I spent 3 years in my own apartment off campus. Funds being what they were (nonexistent) my furnishings did not include a TV set. As you might recall, the early '70s saw the wave of "nostalgia" sweep across the U.S.A., including the rebroadcast of some of the old radio shows (*Dimension X*, *Lights Out*, etc.) and the startup of the *CBS Radio Mystery Theater*. My enjoyment of these shows (and my marrying the daughter of a long-time CBS radio engineer) led me to explore all that I had missed by being "born too late" as it were. Over the past 10-15 years, I've tracked down and listened to a large number of old shows, trying to find the ones that hold up best today,



**TONIGHT**  
**"Fool's Gold,"**  
 Starring Marvin Adams and Tavi Keane, with E.G. Marshall, host. A scruffy diver's hunt for southern gold leads him to a confrontation with the ghost of Capt. Jean Lafitte, the notorious pirate.

MONDAY-SUNDAY

**11:30** **93**  
**PM** **WBEN**

that is, those that have stood the test of time, in my opinion. And so I'd like to share with you a different perspective, that of someone "new" to OTR, and whose critical eye isn't tinged with nostalgia. I thought I'd share some of my impressions on which old shows seem the most "dated" and which have the most enjoyment to give those of us who don't have the warm glow of memory to color our ears..

First of all, let me say that my opinions have changed somewhat over the past several years. The more old shows I listened to, the better I was able to make relative judgements as to the quality and resiliency of each particular show. Many of my favorite shows turned out to be more obscure old programs, some of which lasted only a season or two... I guess it's all a matter of taste. (I don't watch many of the top rated TV shows either.) In any case, let me present my case for the most enjoyable shows in each of several categories (realizing that I haven't heard them all -- maybe my fellow club members could write in and pitch me their favorite shows that I might have missed):

**Comedy:** Two shows stand out here. First *Jack Benny*, whose radio show holds up far, far better than his TV shows (which are currently seen on cable). This of course was a very popular show, and it's not hard to see why. The formula was always evident, but what a great ensemble! And **nobody** could do the running gag any better than J.B. An interesting comparison is to listen to an old Benny program and then one of Bob Hope's shows. Perhaps Hope was more topical in his humor, and that makes his shows seem more dated (and less funny) today. Runner-Up: *Duffy's Tavern*. Like Benny this show used a great collection of characters and clever writing. It's hard to take a steady diet of this show, however. My English ain't so good when I'm done!

**Drama:** One of the real pleasures of a hobby like OTR is uncovering a hidden gem. And if you've never heard *Nightbeat*, you're in for a treat. This finely done show was only on for about two years, sustained on NBC. Its mix of drama, humor, and suspense rested on the shoulders of Frank Lovejoy, one of the finest of radio actors, in my opinion. I've been able to collect about 45 episodes (including a couple from South Africa). Where are all the rest? *Nightbeat* is like a radio version of a tight b&w Republic Pictures late 40's-early 50's movie. Not a big production, but always well done. Runner-Up: *Adventures of Philip Marlowe*, which presented tales of Raymond Chandler's sleuth on CBS each week. Sometimes the formula was a bit repetitive, but the excellent production values (Norman MacDonnell) and solid cast (headed by Gerald Mohr, excellent in the title role) make this a *noire* treat. Try listening with the lights off...

**Anthology:** With all due respect to Carlton Morse (a legend, whose genius eludes me) I have found *The Whistler* to be much more fun. Perhaps, it's my nostalgic feelings for the *Twilight Zone*. I've read where Rod Serling's show has been likened to *Lights Out*. I think it's a lot closer to *The Whistler*. And you get all those great Signal Oil commercials, too! Runner-Up: *Suspense* (on a good night)

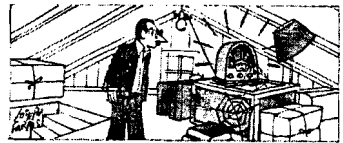
I've saved the best for last. And I'll admit that the first time I heard this show (about 5 years ago) I just sat there with my mouth open, slowly shaking my head.-- "What is this?" Still, if I had to be stranded somewhere with only one radio show, *Vic and Sade* would be it. This show grows on you. No other show works the magic of the imagination like this one, creating a unique feeling of place and time. Let's face it, no one can meet Uncle Fletcher and not be irreversibly changed! *Vic and Sade* is not easy to find, as most of the transcriptions were destroyed. But every episode is worth its weight in Crisco...there is

no place quite like the small house halfway up on the next block.

So there you have it. My votes for the old time radio shows that have survived the ravages of time better than the rest. I realize that to include a few is to exclude many. And there's a lot to be said for such shows as

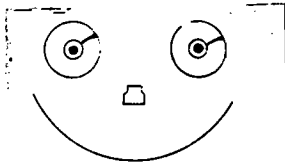
*Guns smoke, Johnny Dollar, Escape, Dimension X, Amos 'n Andy* and many others. Maybe those of you whose experience with old time radio is greater than mine can point me in some other enjoyable directions? I'm not in regular contact with many other OTR collectors (I think there are a lot of us in this same boat) and could benefit from some regular dialogue with fellow friends of old radio. Why not write in to the IP and tell us? It's better than reading the pulps!

Bob Kidera



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



**REEL-LY SPEAKING**#844 DAMERON

3-27-73 Flashback  
 4-3-73 Van Hoolen Curse  
 4-10-73 Run, Tony, Run  
 4-17-73 Come Home, John Doe  
 4-24-73 Ransome  
 5-1-73 The Tunnel  
 5-E-73 To Wake the Dead  
 5-22-73 Door that Wouldn't  
 Close  
 5-29-73 How Dose Your Garden  
 Grow?  
 6-5-73 Find a Tall Stranger I  
 6-12-73 " " " II  
 6-19-73 Transpacific Mis-  
 fortune

#845 DAMERON

6-26-73 Berryman Chamber  
 7-3-73 Last Commando  
 7-10-73 Pipedream  
 7-17-73 Seeds of Katmandu  
 7-24-73 Baked Alaska  
 7-31-73 Chinese Checker  
 Murders  
 8-7-73 Son I Never Had  
 8-14-73 In His Own Image  
 8-21-73 Man Who Was Beside  
 Himself  
 8-28-73 Mind Changers  
 9-4-73 World Series Caper  
 9-11-73 Earth Is Ours  
 9-18-73 Roostertail

#846 CRISIS

6-5-75 Haunted Plumbing og  
 Harlod Polle  
 6-12-75 There's Something  
 I Didn't Tell You  
 6-26-75 Desperation Island  
 7-3-75 Beasts  
 7-10-75 Broadcast from Big  
 Falls

7-24-75 Fall of the Year  
 8-7-75 Gravtrak  
 8-21-75 Concerto for Charlie  
 8-28-75 Anything yhr Mind  
 Can Conceive

#846 CRISIS con't

9-4-75 Pressence  
 9-25-75 Tweed Cap  
 10-2-75 Un-Masking  
# 847 CRISIS  
 10-23-75 Mayday Signal  
 10-13-75 My Name is Noah Singlet  
 and I'm Dead  
 11-6-75 Jinni With a "J"  
 11-20-75 King, Queen, Jack  
 11-27-75 Strange Reunion  
 12-4-75 Outlaw at Emmett's Cave  
 12-11-75 Siren in the Night  
 12-25-75 Spirit of Christmas

1-1-76 West for My Health  
 1-8-76 Hard Evidence  
 1-15-76 Scorpio Rising  
 1-22-76 Risk

#848 CRISIS

2-12-76 Presumed Dead  
 2-19-76 What Makes Dogs Howl?  
 2-26-76 Masks  
 3-4-76 Couple Next Door  
 3-11-76 Flight Plan  
 3-18-76 Man Who Never Slept  
 3-25-76 Best Thing for Sheila  
 4-1-76 Survivor  
 5-13-76 Clockwork  
 5-20-76 League of the Lost  
 5-27-76 Grampa & Queen of Venus  
 6-3-76 Dark in the Street

**NOTE:** FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO  
 PLAN AHEAD THE REEL LIBRARY  
 WILL BE CLOSED FOR THE MONTHS  
 OF OCTOBER, JANUARY AND FEB..



# 16th Annual Friends of Old Time Radio Convention

# GUNSMOKE

Oct. 24-26, 1991 Holiday Inn North · Newark, NJ

## Guests

Special Convention Guests who have given definite or tentative acceptance of our invitations:

### West Coast Guests

**John Archer** - FBI in Peace and War  
**Parley Baer** - Gunsmoke  
**Harry Bartell** - Gunsmoke, Charlotte Greenwood  
**Lillian Buyeff** - Gunsmoke, Suspense  
**Sam Edwards** - Meet Corliss Archer, Gunsmoke  
**Herb Ellis** - Gunsmoke  
**Ray Erlenborn** - (sound effects artist)  
**Ray Kemper** - (Sound effects) Gunsmoke, Straight Arrow  
**Tyler McVey** - Gene Autry, One Man's Family  
**Shirley Mitchell** - The Great Gildersleeve  
**George Petrie** - The Falcon, Charlie Wild  
**Willard Waterman** - The Great Gildersleeve

### New East Coast Guests

**Bob Bell** - (Prod./Dir) Decision Now (Am. Legion)  
**Vivian Block** - Let's Pretend, Wilderness Road  
**Eddie Bracken** - Aldrich Family; Eddie Bracken Show  
**Oscar Brand** - Folk music artist; 50 years on radio

### Returns

**Arthur Anderson** - Let's Pretend  
**George Ansbro** - (Announcer) Ethel and Albert  
**Barney Beck** - (Sound effects artist) Nick Carter, The Shadow  
**Jackson Beck** - (Announcer) Superman  
**Lox Clark** - Nick Carter  
**Bob Dryden** - Superman, Big Town  
**Louise Erickson** - Great Gildersleeve, A Date with Judy  
**Lucille Fletcher** - (Writer) Sorry, Wrong Number

**Earl George** - Captain Midnight, Ma Perkins  
**Raymond Edward Johnson** - Inner Sanctum  
**Peg Lynch** - Ethel and Albert  
**Gil Mack** - Chick Carter, The Thin Man  
**Ted Mallie** - (Announcer) Many Mutual shows  
**Charlotte Masson** - Nick Carter  
**Stella Reynolds** - (writer) John's Other Wife, Aunt Jenny  
**Adele Ronson** - Buck Rogers, John's Other Wife  
**Terry Ross** - Sound effects artist  
**Sidney Slon** - (Producer, director, writer)  
**Exra Stone** - The Aldrich Family  
**Arthur Tracy** - The Street Singer  
**Florence Williams** - Front Page Farrell  
**Betty Wragge** - Pepper Young's Family

## Events

The following events are tentatively scheduled. Some may be added or dropped depending on additional guests or other changes. Time will be announced at the convention.

### Thursday

Dealers Rooms: 3 pm - 7 pm; 9 pm - 11 pm  
 Cocktails and dinner: 5:30 - 8:30  
 Visit with your friends and the special guests  
 Meet Barbara Grossman, author of "Fanny Woman," the Story of Fanny Brice (3:30 pm - 7 pm)  
 "The Bickersons" with Sam Edwards and Shirley Mitchell  
 Big Band Party with Jim Albert

### Friday (Daytime)

Dealers Rooms: 9 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.  
 Presenting Raymond Edward Johnson  
 Community groups and re-creations (Gary Yoggy)  
 An informal radio quiz (David Zwengler)  
 Gunsmoke Panel (Gabe Barabas and an all-star cast)

The Dave Warren Players presents "A Christmas Carol"  
Raymond is "The Highwayman"  
Oscar Brand talks about folkiers and radio and much else  
Jack French talks about Axis Sally and Tokyo Rose

### Friday Night

Cocktails and dinner: 5:30 - 8:30 p.m.

Meet the guests

Re-creation (FBI in Peace and War with John Archer,  
Jackson Beck, George Petrie); also meet the cast

Re-creation (Ethel and Albert; with Peg Lynch and Bob  
Dryden); also meet the cast

More big band party with Jim Albert

### Saturday (Daytime)

Dealers Rooms: 9 a.m. - 3 p.m.

Re-creation (The Great Gildersleeve; with Willard Waterman,  
Shirley Mitchell and Louise Erickson)

BBC panel with Barry Hill and Brad Ashton

"The Teenager in Situation Comedies" with an all-star panel  
The Dave Warren Players presents "Buck Rogers" with Adele  
Ronson

A visit with Arthur Tracy

Meet the Authors (Joan Benny, others)

### Saturday Night

Cocktails and dinner: 5:00 - 8:00 p.m.

A tribute to Radio (Vignettes and parodies)

The Dave Warren Players present Allen's Alley

Re-creation (Gunsmoke; with an all-star cast)

Awards, raffle

### Getting There

**By Air:** Continental Airline is the official air  
line for our convention. See details on attached no-  
tices.

Free shuttle bus from airport. From LaGuardia or  
Kennedy, take limousine service or helicopter to Newark  
airport; then free shuttle

**By Bus:** Bus service from Manhattan's Port Authority to Newark  
Airport; then take shuttle bus.

**By Car:** From NJ Turnpike, take Exit 14; take second right  
marked SERVICE ROAD after toll booth. DO  
NOT TAKE FIRST RIGHT which is Rt 1 & 9.  
Take second right directly under bridge marked service  
road. You must take one of the right - hand tolls and  
stay on the right.

From Garden State Parkway south of airport, take Exit  
140 to Route 22E to Routes 1 & 9 North, local.  
Follow the blue sign marked SERVICE ROAD.  
Follow to hotel.

From Newark Airport, exit airport and follow route 1 &  
9 North to SERVICE ROAD.

**By Train:** Check your local train schedule; there's a station in  
Newark

### Cost

Reserve your spot as soon as possible. Prepaid tickets are held at  
the door

**Thursday, October 24th: \$27.00.** Choice of  
London broil, chicken cordon bleu, stuffed fillet of sole.  
Please indicate choice when you make your reser-  
vation.

**Friday, October 25th: Daytime only (9 am - 5:30  
pm) \$10.00** if paid in advance; \$15.00 at the door.

**Friday, October 25th: Daytime and evening** includ-  
ing buffet dinner (9 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.) \$37.00.  
Discount of \$4.00 for those over 62 and under 16.

**Saturday, October 26th: Daytime only (9 a.m. -  
5:00 p.m.) \$10.00** if paid in advance; \$15.00 at the  
door.

**Saturday, October 26th: Daytime and evening** in-  
cluding buffet dinner (9 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.) \$43.00.  
Discount of \$4.00 for those over 62 and under 16.

Complimentary coffee Thursday, Friday and Saturday; compli-  
mentary Danish on Friday and Saturday mornings; compli-  
mentary hors d'oeuvres Friday and Saturday evenings.

**Dealer's Tables** are \$35.00 each plus appropriate reg-  
istration fees. See enclosed sheet.

**Hotel:** \$60.00 for a single, \$65.00 for a double. Reserve  
rooms with me when you send in convention registra-  
tion. Pay for rooms upon arrival. Rooms should  
be reserved by October 5th. Give me details such as  
names, nights, etc.

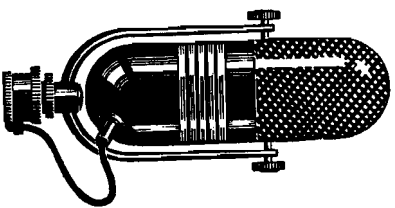
**Ads:** Ads may be placed in our program book. See at-  
tached notice. This will be a special, enlarged, 16th -  
anniversary book

### Registration

Advance dinner reservations must be made. Reservations are  
limited (Friday 300; Saturday 400). Make checks out to  
FOTR or Jay Hickerson

**Mail to Jay Hickerson, Box 4321, Hamden,  
CT 06514. (203) 248-2887**

Old Time Radio Club  
Box 426  
Lancaster, NY 14086



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