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DICK POWELL AS RICHARD DIAMOND



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

## Wireless Wanderings



**JIM SNYDER**

In mid-July, when I was in New York City, I visited the Museum of Broadcasting which has now changed its name to the Museum Of Television and Radio, and has since my visit, moved to new quarters at 25 West 52nd Street. Everything I have read and heard about this place over the years has been negative. Because of this I went expecting the worst and it certainly lived up to its reputation. Those of you who have followed my column over the last fifteen years know that when I write these reviews I don't let those I am writing about know my purpose until I have completed my research, and then I give them an advance copy to respond to if they wish. Well, this time I was completely "up front". Every person I talked to at the museum was informed that I would be doing an article on it, before I asked them about anything at all. They have been given the usual copy inadvance.

The "suggested donation" is \$4.50. I suppose they used the "donation ruse" to avoid taxes, but it is exactly that, a ruse. A donation is a voluntary contribution but the elevator operator refused to take me to the upper floors until I proved I had paid by showing my ticket. So, this was a required ticket price of \$4.50.

There was a large number of people working there, but every time I asked a question I was referred to the librarian on the third floor. He wasn't able to answer my questions on the operation either. Apparently the directors kept him in the dark about their plans regarding a possible deal with the North American Radio Archives (NARA).

They had a large card catalog section and I checked two shows with which I have extensive knowledge: the LUX RADIO THEATER, and JACK BENNY. While they had many moreshows that the museum in Chicago, that I reviewed a year ago, they had only a tiny fraction of the number in my own personal collection, although I am not sure that proves

anything. I picked a JACK BENNY radio show at random to see what the sound was. That same librarian told me I couldn't have a listening station for thirty minutes. After checking and seeing that eleven stations were not being used, I went back. No explanation (about some not working or whatever), I would simply just have to wait thirty minutes. I didn't bother to do so.

I counted 19 audio/visual consoles. The literature said 23 and so I asked one of those "helpful" people about that and he just waved his hand at the room we were in (it had about a dozen) and didn't even give a verbal response to my question. As I said above, only eight of those were in use. Three were kids and their parents looking at cartoons, one was watching a Mary Tyler Moore tv show, and three were watching things I didn't recognize. One of those was taking notes and seemed involved in serious study. Only in one of the eight was the person listening to an audio tape.

They had two theater presentations when I was there. The first was titled "28 Week Restoration" (TV I suppose), and was about the rebuilding of Carnegie Hall. Certainly an esoteric presentation that attracted a total of three viewers, at least until I walked out after about five minutes. The other was a Monty Python thing from England. That did attract 22 viewers, although I thought it a rather strange choice for a place such as I expected this to be.

When I wanted to leave from the 2nd floor we couldn't get the elevator, and the line of people in a very tiny hallway got longer and longer. Finally someone mentioned that they had previously had trouble with the elevator call button and asked one of the workers, who was doing absolutely nothing but sitting, to call downstairs and ask them to tell the operator. She said, "He'll get here sooner or later," and went on doing nothing. Someone else asked if we could go down the fire stairs and was told that was prohibited.

There were no radio or TV displays of any kind. All I found were the two theaters, the card catalog room, and the listening console rooms. From my point of view I would not call this a museum at all. It seemed to me to fit the definition of an archive much more accurately. I can't imagine why you would want to go there, unless there is some show

that they have that you are desparate to hear/see, but be aware that you will not be permitted to make a copy of it.

Frankly, I found the place pooly organized, poorly run, and poorly staffed.

On that same day I took the one hour NBC studios tour in Rockefeller Center. To my surprise I found the first fifteen minutes of the tour devoted to radio. A display of old radio equipment, information on sound effects, a live radio demonstration with with participants from the tour group, and that a video presentation that largely dealt with radio.

On my way home I stopped in Buffalo and had dinner with former IP editors Chuck Seeley (thefounder of the IP and MEMORIES), Kean Crowe (the only editor to do an issue in crayon), and Dan Marafino (who had the position until last spring), and also with columnist Bob Davis. These are four truly intelligent and talented people with a great deal to offer. It's too bad that the OTRC no longer considers their ideas worhtwhile. Anyway, thanks for a great evening gys.

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IF the gentlemen mentioned in the last part of Jim Snyder's column would care to start contributing articles to the I.P. this editor would be more than happy to print those articles in this publication. Thanks.

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JUST THE FACTS MA'AM  
BY  
FRANK C. BONCORE

Just like Freddie Krueger, I'm baaaack! There may have been several reasons for my absence so I'll just list some and you can pick or more out.

Was I a victim of burnout like good old Jim Snyder and not so good but old Bob Davis?

Was I a victim of burn up with my anger directed at our former editor and our do nothing Board?

There have been several rumors of a serious illness to my wife and my brother.

Did our new editor, the semi lovely Linda, the tatooed lady, threatened to move in with me if I did not resume my column?

Does anyone know what happened to Frank Bork, Elderly Librarian Emeritus, since he moved to the shores of Lime Lake in Cattaraugus County? I do.

It seems that Frank Bork was having a problem servicing his 1948 Kaiser-Frazier. Now we all know Frank's philosophy on money: A penny saved is a penny **not** spent! So a **new** car, like a Hudson or DeSoto was out of the question. So, Frank figured that the best way to get out of this predicament and not spend any money was to tell his son, Frank Bork Jr.

Now Frank Bork Jr. is just the opposite of Frank Bork Sr. He is a well to do yuppie who resides in the well to do town of East Aurora, New York.

East Aurora is located to the south of Buffalo and the north of Lime Lake. There are no phone books in East Aurora because everyone has an unlisted number. There are no prices in the stores because if one needs to know the price, one cannot afford the item. There are no parking lots for restaurants in E.A. since one is dropped off and picked up by his chauffeur. The hired help can phone (716) 655-2110 to fax their orders to the local McDonalds. Equestrians need not worry since there are equestrian crossings throughout the town and there is also a polo field is one has a polo pony. For the less well to do bulk polo pony food is available at the local supermarket. Now East Aurora has a Kaiser-Frazier service center. (a photograph of it will appear in a future IP.)  
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I HOPE TO SEE YOU AT THE FOTR CONVENTION IN NEWARK. SORRY TO HEAR THAT JOEL SENTER WON'T BE THERE.  
XX

THE DEALERS CORNER WILL RESUME NEXT MONTH WITH A MUCH OVERDO ARTICLE ON ANDY BLATT.

THOSE ARE JUST THE FACTS MA'AM  
FCB



Jim Stewart can't be called handsome, but



John Howard wanted to teach "English Lit."

RADIO MEMORIES

by Francis Edward Bork

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Dot, dash, dot, ot, dash----  
 Its Little Orphan Annie time brought to you by that delicious tasting chocolate flavored drink--Ovaltine. Now you too can get annie's new Secret Code Badge and join Annie's Secret Society. Be the first in your neighborhood to have Annie's Secret Code Badge. Send just ten cents and the inner foil seal from a jar of delicious Ovaltine. Be sure to send for it today, then you and your friends can send secret messages to each other and no one in your school can read them except you and your pals in Annie's Secret Society. Oh, boy a real secret code badge, i gotta have one of those I told myself on that snowy afternoon after school in the 1940's while listening to one of my favorite /radio shows Little Orphan Annie. Back then when money was in short supply at our house, it wasn't easy to convince my mother to buy a jar of Ovaltine so I could get Annie's Secret Society code badge. Then there was still another problem to work out. My older sister, would she take the inner foil seal for herself and send for the secret code badge?? This really worried me because if you ever had a big sister, they you know how bad they can be, just to make your life rough when ever they can. It just wasn't easy having a big sister who always did the fight thing at home. Well, thats what she always said and besides her school marks sere always in the middle ninety's, while mine were just passing, seventy five or six, that was it for me. There was one exception and that was religion, where I always got in the high ninety's and beat her every time. How I did that I'll never know, to this very day I still don't know. But that fact was my saving grace many times at home. As it turned out my big sister didn't want the secret code badge. When mom did get the jar of Ovaltine my sister took out the foil inner seal and gave it to me. Frankie she said why don't you send for that badge they are always talking about? You and your friends could have a lot of fun with it. I nearly fell off the chair. This can't be my sister talking, its got to be someone else here. No wait there was some sinister plot

she had in mind, yeah, thats it. I know, I thought when I get my code badge, she'll beat me to the radio so I can't hear Orphan Annie's secret message when she sends them to the members of her Secret Society. That's it, now I know, well I'll fix her I'll make sure I get to the radio first. I couldn't wait to try a large glass of that delicious, nutritious chocolate flavored Ovaltine. At supper that night my mother sat a large glass of Ovaltine before me. I took the glass in my hands expecting sheer delight, so I took a big drink of it. Yuck, this stuff is terrible, I said, I don't want it. I paid good money of it because you wanted it my mother told me, no you drink it, and I mean all of it, we can't afford to waste it. Now I had to drink the entire jar of it myself, because my sister was exempt from drinking it, because I was the one who asked for it not her. Big sisters are always favored all the time and thats for sure. Two weeks later I was the proud owner of Annie's Secret Society Code Badge. All the Ovaltine had been consumed by me alone, no help from anyone. Well, I didn't die from it after all, which I had promised my nother, I would do if I drank it all. A couple pf guys in my class at school already had their code badges so now I was in with a select group of class mates. We passed messages around class all day long letting the other guys see the notes because we all knew they couldn't read them without the code badge, ha, ha, we would laugh at them. Well, my luck again, Sister Mary Louise caught me writing a secret message when I should have been doing my arithmetic problem, I got a tap on the shoulder, when I looked up to see Sister standing over me, she was ten feet tall. I'll take that please, she said. What could I do so I handed her my prize possession, sadly I must add. After school I lingered after class to ask for my badge back. No, Francis she told me, I'm going to teach you a very important lesson, there is a time and a place for everything, here is the time and place to study and learn not to write foolish messages. Do you understand Francis? Yes Sister I said, I understand, If you give me my badge I won't do it again, I promise. No Francis I'll return it in one week and thats final. Adults like to say "that's final"

it makes them sound important but we really know that's because their mean and don't understand how important a secret code badge really is. That was the longest week of my life. I missed four secret messages from Annie and besides that the other guys in my class still passed around their secret messages all day, but they wouldn't let me in on them, because I didn't have my badge. And to make things worse I had all the terrible stuff to drink, Ovaltine, yuck. I thought it was all gone, well no such luck here it is, drink it. One night when my dad was working late, my sister and I ate out supper alone because my mother was waiting to eat with dad. We both had a huge glass of Ovaltine to drink with our meal, when I got a bright idea. I took my glass of Ovaltine and dumped it down the toilet. I put the empty glass on the table smiling because I had outsmarted my mother. Just as I was about to announce I was finished with my supper, my sister grabbed my glass and filled it with her Ovaltine. Here smartie you can drink this junk, after all you're the one that wanted it for that dumb code badge. I'm gonna tell ma on you I replied. Go ahead tell ma, my sister told me. You're the one who wasted all that milk and Ovaltine not me. Who do you think mother will punish she asked? You stink I told her, you know that, I said almost crying. Drink baby, my sister sneared at me, drink all of it or you don't get to hear the Lone Ranger tonight. So I drank. I drank all of that terrible stuff as fast as I could, just so I wouldn't taste to much any way. The next day after school, Sister Mary Louise gave me my badge back. That night Little Orphan Annie had a secret message for all the members of her Secret Society. At last I could read the secret messages once again. Here it is, "Don't forget to drink your Ovaltine". Yuck, after I drank all of that awful stuff, no matter what Annie offered I would never drink that stuff again, ever. Well, that's just one of my Radio Memories. Till next time remember-- drink Ovaltine.

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**Radiomania** By Joe King



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1991

43 The Saginaw NEWS

# In tune with the world

## Shortwave radio opens the door to other countries

By Popular Mechanics

Shortwave radio can put you in touch with the world — it is the CNN of radio but with cultural and music programs added.

With a myriad of worldwide places demanding attention, a shortwave radio — according to an article in the current issue of Popular Mechanics — probably is the tabletop radio of the future. Traditional AM-FM seems outmoded with shortwave radio models that seem so striking and primitive in comparison.

Shortwave radio is more than just listening. The hunt for an overseas radio station is exciting. Don't be surprised to hear local insurgents operating in various countries. Clan-destine groups have used shortwave within the United States as well.

Fiddling with the tuning knob has given way in the newest shortwave radio models to pushbutton tuning and advanced circuitry to lock on to one of the more than 1,000 radio stations that can be heard.

Finding a radio station in the desired frequency is as easy as punching in the desired frequency on a numerical keypad. Numerical keypads now are included on models that list in the \$190 price range. Direct-access tuning also makes it easy to scan the airwaves for new voices.

Shortwave reception is the result of broadcasters in faraway places aiming their signal to reflect off the ionosphere, a region of gases that extends 25 to 400 miles above the surface of the Earth.

Depending on the radio frequency and the angle, a signal can skip or bounce back and forth between the Earth and the ionosphere several times, covering vast distances in the process.

The ionosphere is an inherently unstable, often stormy place. Also affecting shortwave transmissions are sunspots and even the aurora zone over the North Pole.

Shortwave transmitters are found on 13 bands where applicability depends on the time of day and the time of year.

**Fiddling with the tuning knob has given way in the newest shortwave radio models to pushbutton tuning and advanced circuitry to lock onto one of the more than 1,000 radio stations that can be heard.**

Ships of the ionosphere are most effective at night so you get the widest range of stations to choose from when the sky is dark. The 31- and 49-meter bands are considered the best for year-round night listening. The 25-meter band is best the two hours before and after dawn and dusk. For daytime listeners, the 16- and 18-meter bands are preferred.

A shortwave radio will just tune these five bands would allow you to listen to English language broadcasts from at least 38 countries on six continents during a 24-hour period.

The 25, 31 and 49 bands carry the bulk of programming during peak sunset years — such as 1990 — because they are least affected. Nearly every shortwave radio includes these three bands.

Programming is scheduled according to Universal Coordinated Time, also known as Greenwich Mean Time, World Time and Zulu Time. UTC, based on the time in Greenwich, England, is five hours ahead of Eastern Standard Time.

The UTC is regularly broadcast on five shortwave frequencies. Never, shortwave radio models include clocks so you can see the UTC at a glance. Radios with a signal strength meter also are a good idea so you can tell how well you are receiving the signal.

Radios with shortwave capability offer more knobs and buttons than standard AM-FM radios. Models vary, but in general a row of buttons gives you a choice of radio formats.

The FM button accesses normal FM broadcasts. To receive normal AM broadcasts, you push in the button marked MW — midfrequency — the more common worldwide designation for this group of frequencies.

The AM button in this instance lets you listen to the entire AM frequency band, a wide range of frequencies that includes ham operators. The LW — longwave — button accesses frequencies used by ships and other commercial operators.

SW or shortwave, electronics editor Frank Visard wrote in Popular Mechanics, of course tunes in the world.

## The born loser



# THE SHADOW

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STREET & SMITH

MAY 15 1938

by WALTER GIBSON

## THE HAND SMASHING MYSTERY NOVEL

### CHAPTER XIII MISTAKEN MURDER

Lewis Bron had actually started for Parrington's apartment. That had been the burden of Parrington's phone call---that he had to talk with Bron right away, regarding a matter of vital importance to both of them.

But Bron had been a long while getting to his destination, precisely as Pinkey had calculated. That fact was worrying Roy Parrington as he paced the living room of his little apartment. It didn't occur to the promoter that traffic might have delayed Bron.

Parrington's face was haggard; his lips had an increasing twitch. The gradual strain became too much for him. When his nerves finally broke, he showed it by pouncing for the telephone.

Within a few minutes, the haggard man was talking to police headquarters. Across the wire, he heard a gruff voice that announced the speaker to be Inspector Joe Cardona.

It took Parrington a few gulps, before he could talk. When he found control of his vocal cords, he was loath to explain matters fully. At last, he decided to take the line of least resistance: to blame the one man whose name would make Cardona eager to listen.

"Listen, inspector," gulped Parrington, "I want to tell you something about a man I met tonight---a fellow who says he's a detective. His name is Bill Quaine."

"What's taht?" Cardona's query was sharp. "You saw Bill Quaine tonight? You couldn't have, He's away on vacation. Say---who is this calling, anyway?"

Parrington gave his own name and address. He insisted that he had seen Quaine, and began to

describe the detective. Parrington's memory was good; his description graphic. The sketch that he gave of Slick Thurley was a thorough one.

Cardona, totally ignorant of the fact that Quaine had a crooked double, was soon convinced that Parrington had actually met the vacationing dick.

"Funny thing, Quaine being here in town," gruffed the inspector. "Just what did he have to say to you?"

"He threatened to arrest me." returned Parrington, "for something that I didn't do! If you come up here, inspector, I'll give you all the details."

"You bet I'll be yp there!"

Parrington hung up the receiver, highly pleased with himself. He resumed his pacing of the living room, to be interrupted by a hard rap at the door. Thinking that it Bron, Parrington went to the door. As he turned the knob; he asked hoarsely:

"Is that you, Mr. Bron?"

For a reply, the door itself came banging inward, so hard that it staggered Parrington across the room. By the time the haggard man had stopped against a chair, a hard-face arrival was upon him.

A revolver jabbed Parrington's ribs; he stared into the face of Bugs Hopton!

The gun that the mobleader held was the one that had been recently planted on Parrington. With it, Bugs started Parrington toward the door. Reaching it, Bugs halted, simply closing the door with one hand, until it was almost latched.

"So, you called Bron, huh?" Bugs prodded harder with the gun. "Well, I got an idea maybe you would, so I came up here instead of going down to his office. The boys seem to have got an idea that I ain't smart. They'll think different

after this!"

Leaving the door as it was, Bugs backed Parrington toward the center of the living room. Frightened, Parrington began to plead. He swore that he had told Bron nothing, and Bugs began to believe him.

It was mere coincidence that changed Parrington's tune. His hand brushed a table; his knuckles slid past the base of a heavy lamp. Eye to eye with Bugs, Parrington suddenly had the thought that his tormentor hadn't noticed the lamp, which stood unlighted.

A frantic scream came from Parrington's lips as grabbed the lamp and swung it toward the other man's head. He tried to twist away from the gun muzzle at the same moment, but Bugs shoved his hand forward to prevent the victim's escape.

The dodge that Bugs gave saved him from the swing made by Parrington. Simultaneously, Bugs pulled the revolver trigger. Parrington was spinning as the lamp crashed to the floor. Clamping his hands to his side, the haggard man slumped to a cahir.

Bugs pounced toward him, flourishing the revolver under Parrington's nose.

"Want another dose of it?" he taunted. "you're going ot get it, whether you want it or not! I came here to croak you, Parrington---"

Bugs was interrupted by the victim's sudden move. Shooting his hands forward, Parrington made a frenzied clutch for the gun. He was mortally wounded but he didn't know it, and the pain drove him to a show of strength that took Bugs totally off guard.

Bugs tried to twist away. His move merely hauled Parrington from the chair. They reeled across the floor together, and by the time they jounced the wall, the gun was in Parrington's possession.

During the stagger, it would have been doom for Bugs, if they hadn't encountered a chair just as Parrington was showing the revolver against the mobleader's temple. The two took a long spill; it caused Parrington to lose the gun. But Bugs didn't wait to snatch up the weapon.

The door to an inner room was open. Bugs dived through, slammed the door behind him. Parrinton found the gun; came to his feet unsteadily.

He had heard the slam, but couldn't locate the door. The room was going black. All that Parrington could think of was the hallway, the

natural exit, that Bugs would have choosen. Parrington reeled toward other door.

Someone was knocking when he arrived there, but Parrington didn't hear it. The knocks sent the loose door invard; staggering sideways Parrington almost fell into the arms of a man who had arrived outside.

He didn't recognize Lewis Bron Parrinton was thinking in terms of one man alone: Bugs Hopton.

With a strength that would have suited a death-grip, Parrinton pointed the gun toward BRon. All BRon could was shove the weapon upward, while he threw his weight against the attacker. He didn't realize that Parrington was badly wounded. BRon was wrestling for his own life.

The pair rolled into the living room. From the hall stair way came a figure in black. Though he hadn't kept too close to Bron's trail, The Shadow was near enough to witness the struggle at the door way; and his expert eye had noted something of Parrington's plight.

Ready to intervene from the doorway, the Shadow suddenly whipped back into the hall as a gun muzzle came pushing over Bron's shoulder. With a final burst of strength, Parrinton pulled the trigger. The bullet whistled through the space where the Shadow had been.

There was a thump; a groan; the dull clank of a gun against the carpet. Peering into the apartment, The Shadow saw Lewis Bron rising slowly from beside the body of Roy Parrington.

It took Bron a few minutes to recuperate from his daze. Once his wits were gathered, he was horror-struck.

He saw a broad bloodstain upon Parrington's shirt front. The fellow was dead; and Bron thought himself responsible, supposing that the gunshot had occurred while the muzzle was pressed toward Parrington.

The Shadow waited for Bron to recover his nerve; meanwhile, he looked for signs of the man who had accually shot Parrington.

The Shadow saw the door to the inner bedroom. It had evidently been slammed, for a key was out of the lock and lying near the middle of the living room floor. however, the murderer, if actually in the other room, seemed to have no intention of showing himself.

That was why The Shadow continued his policy of letting Bron recuperate. Given a few minutes more, he would be in a mood to remember accurately what had

actually happened. Those needed minutes were to be denied, however.

The Shadow became conscious of a sound that Bron did not hear. Creaky footsteps were coming up the stairs.

The hall was dark just past the apartment doorway. Suspecting the nature of the visitors, The Shadow stepped into that front darkness to let the arrivals pass. Once in the apartment, they would be in the light, where he could easily cover them. It would mean no danger for Bron, under such circumstances.

Two men arrived; they made a quick movement for the open doorway. The light from the apartment showed their faces: Pinkey Findlin and Slick Thurley.

That cleared The Shadow's last doubts regarding the identity of Parrington's murderer. With Pinkey and Slick accounted for, Bugs Hopton was obviously the killer.

Bron heard the two men enter the apartment. He gave a hoarse cry when he faced them; made a move as if to pick up the revolver.

Slick, snapping into his accustomed style, was prompt to wrench Bron's arm behind him, holding the man helpless, while Pinkey stooped and reclaimed the dropped revolver.

Bron slumped to a chair when Slick released him. He was burying his face, gasping that he hadn't tried to kill Parrington.

Again at the doorway, The Shadow saw the glances exchanged by Pinkey and Slick. They had been puzzled, first, when they saw Parrington's body; but their expressions were becoming triumphant.

This was better than the frame-up that the crooks had planned. It wasn't necessary to display a scene of faked death to make Bron worry.

Instead, they had trapped Lewis Bron with the evidence of real crime against him!!

\*\*\*\*\*

CHAPTER XIV

CROOKS GET THE GOODS

If ever an innocent man believed himself a murder, the case fitted Lewis Bron. Pinkey observed that; and he saw something else. The bedroom door had cautiously opened; Bugs poked his head into sight. Pinkey nudged Slick, who also took a look.

"Do your stuff," whispered Pinkey. "Flash that badge and sell

this guy Bron on the idea you're Quaine."

Slick flashed the badge. Bron eyed it fearfully; when Slick announced he was Bill Quaine, from headquarters, Bron took it for granted. He stammered an argument of self-defense, but it sounded feeble and Bron knew it.

"Suppose you write out a confession," suggested Slick. "It'll go easier with you, if you do. Better get it down."

Bron took the pen and paper that were handed him. With Parrington's body still in sight, he was shaky; ready to do what ever was told. Slick began to dictate; and Bron copied. The way the smart crock handled it would have been a lesson to the real Quaine, had he been present as a witness.

Meanwhile, The Shadow made no move.

This wasn't the sort of situation that could be cleared, like the one intended in Bron's office. There, death was to have been a sham; here, it was real.

Bron had become so eager to swear that he had killed Parrington, that it would be difficult to make him realize the truth.

The Shadow decided to let the plotters go futher with their game, before he terminated it. Apparently, they had plenty of time, but that didn't last. Crooks were due for an interruption, as sudden as the one that The Shadow had experienced.

From somewhere came the faint wail of a police car. Bugs caught that sound, gave a warning gesture that his pals saw.

"Come along!" snapped Slick, to Bron "you've written enough. We're going to take you somewhere else to finish it."

He started Bron out through the door, with Pinkey and Bugs following. BRon had scarcely noticed Pinkey; he didn't even see Bugs.

When the group reached the stairs, The Shadow followed. He wanted to see the finish of this game; and he wasn't worried about BRon's safety.

He knew that the auditor was too valuable for thugs to harm him.

At the bottom of the stairs, the crooks could hear the police car stopping in front of the old apartment house. Pinkey drew Bugs aside.

"We're going out the back," Pinkey told him. "The mob's here you take care of the bulls, while Slick and I haul Bron to the hide-

out. Come around there, afterward."

In less than half a minute, Pinkey and Slick were gone with BRon, while skulking thugs were joining Bugs in the darkness of the rear hallway. Brought in from the back alley, those lurkers were eagerly watching the men who entered from the front.

A smarter crook than Bugs would not have pitched into Joe Cardona and the detective sergeant who came with the ace inspector. In fact, Pinkey had meant it that Bugs was simply to cover the departure of BRon. But Bugs, with one kill to his discredit, was anxious for more. Pinkey had said to "Take care" of the bulls; and with Bugs, that meant to drill them.

Moreover, Joe Cardona was the one member of the Force who had lived far too long, according to the mode of calculation used by Bugs Hopton.

Cardona was a man of hunches. He wasn't halfway to the stairs, before he scented danger. His swarthy face went suddenly grim; he shoved his stocky body in front of the accompanying detective sergeant.

"Look out, Markham!" With the words, Cardona reached for a gun. "Dive off cover!"

Foemen were leveling revolvers when Cardona shouted; but those crooks weren't the first to fire. Intervention came from the stairway. There, a strident laugh offered challenge that no crook could ignore. Thugs snarled their recognition of The Shadow's sardonic laugh; changed their aim to his direction.

The Shadow was speaking with bullets, as well as mirth.

His two guns produced a sudden staccat, as they coughed their leaden message. Crooks went diving for cover of their own, and all of them didn't make it. Their own shots might have been blanks, for their aim was halted on its way.

Those who tried to get in accurate shots were dropped where they stood. The ones who dived weren't able to keep their muzzles on the blackness where they knew the Shadow lurked.

Joe Cardona recognized the Shadow's laugh. From its tone, he knew the cloaked fighter had a route of retreat, if he heeded it. That was why Cardona, made for the street taking Markham with him.

Out front were two patrolmen; Cardona wanted them with him, when he made another sally.

From among the scattered crooks, Bugs Hopton made a sudden lunge; then turned in the direction of the

alley. He wasn't anxious to face The Shadow's fire; nor were the gorillas who went with him. Nevertheless, they were due to experience more battle. They could hear the Shadow's laugh, as he pursued them.

In the alley, mobsters spread. The Shadow kept to the doorway, stabbing shots that were aimed for the surts of his foemen's revolvers. Occasional yells told when crooks were clipped; and finally a shout was proof that Bugs and his crew had lingered too long.

The shout came from Cardona. he and his small squad had round the block to reach the alleyway.

Thugs took to their heels; and sweeping close behind them came the Shadow. Bugs saw him; tired to dive away from an aiming automatic muzzle. The Shadow's arm swung; his fist sledged the mobleader's head.

It wasn't that Bugs was just lucky. The Shadow was easy with him, for a reason that was to become apparent later. That was why Bugs received The Shadow's weighted fist instead of the metal barrel of a gun. As it was, the jolt left Bugs half groggy.

Bugs didn't even wonder where The Shadow had gone. Hazily, he tried to find a car with mobbies in it. He didn't realize that his crew was hopelessly scattered.

As he thought of it afterward, Bugs was in luck when some one grabbed him by the shoulder and shoved him behind the wheel of a coupe.

"Get going, Bugs," came a gruff voice, "You gotta drive, while I wqtch for the bulls."

Avenue lights were dancing ahead of him, but Bugs managed to maneuver the car, while the man beside him occasionally yanked the wheel to keep the coupe off the curb. As Bugs steadied, he kept his eyes straight ahead, while he sidemouthed the inquiry:

"That you, Joey?"

"Yeah," was the reply. "Don't waste no time, though. There's a car tailin' us. Wait! I guess it's O.K.: just some more of the mob."

Taking a roundabout course, Bugs finally reached a darkened parking space alongside an old garage. He told Joey to wait, while he talked to the others. When Bugs returned, he ordered Joey to come up with him.

They entered a doorway; reached the second floor of an old house that looked deserted. There, Bugs

left Joey in a darkened hall while he went in to find Pinkey and Slick.

Bugs didn't have a chance to tell what had happened. Pinkey motioned for silence. Slick was still working on Bron. The confession was nearing its completion. Bugs watched Bron scrawl the last line, then apply his signature.

"Thanks for bringing me here." said Bron, plaintively. "It's quiet. I could think. I'm ready to go with you to headquarters."

It was Pinkey who snorted a rebuke to Bron's suggestion. Pinkey had snatched the confession, and was reading it.

"You won't have to take a rap for this," he told Bron. "There's an easier way out. Listen, while I tell you."

Bron listened. He was amazed when he learned what Pinkey wanted done on the morrow. Even in his present plight, he foresaw bad consequences.

"If I accept those books," he exclaimed, "I can go to jail for it!"

"It would be easier than a murder rap, wouldn't it?" demanded Pinkey. "Anyway, you won't be found out. And neither will this be."

Pinkey wagged the confession under Bron's eyes. He made it plain that Detective Quaine was a regular guy; to which Slick added his own declaration. Bron finally capitulated.

"I'll go through with it," he gasped. "But if you blackmail me once, you may try it again-----"

"Not me." interrupted Pinkey. "This is the only deal you can handle for me, Bron. So why should I bother you?"

It became evident that Bron was suspicious of the supposed Bill Quaine. He felt that he could trust an ordinary crook; but not a detective who had double-crossed the law. Pinkey listened seriously to that argument.

He nudged Bugs, who caught the idea. Pinkey wanted the gun that had the blank cartridges. Bugs slipped it to him. Shoving his face toward Bron's, Pinkey rasped:

"You've got guts Bron. That's why I'm listening to what you tell me. You think Quaine's a double-crosser; so do I. We don't need him, neither of us!"

Pinkey jabbed the gun muzzle against Slick's ribs, so suddenly that the fake dick was startled. There was a tug of the trigger; a muffled shot. For the moment Slick thought that Pinkey had actually handed him a bullet. Staggering back, hand against his side, Slick

suddenly understood.

The fall that he made won the approval of even Bugs Hopton. Afterward, Bugs was willing to concede that he couldn't have faked a death scene any better. Slick was writhing when he reached the wall; his collapse came with the same suddenness that Bron had noted in Parrington's death.

Bron stared---partly awed, partly fearful.

"You--you've just killed him!" he told Pinkey. "Like I killed Parrington!"

"Yeah," agreed Pinkey. "only there's a difference. They've found Parrington's body; but they won't find Quaine's. I know where to bury my dead. Anyway, I've done you a favor. There won't be no double cross while I'm around. That goes for you Bron, like it did for Quaine."

Turning Bron over to Bugs, Pinkey told the mobleader to have one of his men take Bron home. Bugs said he'd use Joey, because the latter was in the hall. He took Bron outside; then returned to find Slick alive again receiving Pinkey's congratulations.

Riding in the coupe with Joey, Bron didn't have a word to say. The hoodlum driver dropped him near his home; watched Bron walk away like a person waking from a dream. When the coupe pulled away from the curb, a whispered laugh came from Joey's lips. That tone proved that Bugs had made a bad mistake. It wasn't one of his own thugs who had rescued him; it was the Shadow. From beneath his sweater, The Shadow was producing black hat and cloak, placing them on the seat beside him.

Once he had taken his coupe back to where it belonged, he could vanish, letting Bugs think that Joey had simply gone with the rest of the crew. But it wasn't his clever ruse, alone, that caused The Shadow's laugh.

A silent witness to the scene at the hid-out, The Shadow had linked a few more facts. He was willing to let Bron go through with the matter of the oil company books. For The Shadow knew that Pinkey Findlen wasn't through with crime.

There was a pay-off coming, larger than any before. That was when the Shadow would find his greatest opportunity to expose the present reign of New York's biggest racketeer.

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Friday, February 28, 1909

COMEDIANS TALK ABOUT COMEDY—XII

By Larry Wilde

# Hope Doesn't Need to Worry Anymore About 'Laugh Climate'—His Is Perfect

FROM A BOB HOPE MONOLOGUE:

Last year I received the Humanitarian Award and this year "Doctor of Humane Relations" . . . If I can just stay human for one more year I get to keep 'em.

There's a dangerous side to these honorary doctorates. The last time I was sick I took two aspirins and called myself in the morning.

But I want to tell you ladies and gentlemen, some friends of mine had a very exclusive wedding. They threw a Chinaman with every grain of rice.

WILDE: What are the circumstances or conditions that cause a comedian not to get laughs on one particular night?

HOPE: Well, there'd be a lot of reasons for that. I died a lot of times . . . For instance, I was forced down in Australia in 1944 in a place called Lorryton and these people had seen all my pictures.

I was doing a routine that I'd been doing for the troops down there I knew was sure-fire. I

Bob Curran is on vacation. His daily columns on this page will resume next week.

walked out to do this show for about five hundred of these people and they looked up and just smiled at me — they just smiled me right out of town. I finally said to myself: "I gotta do something broad here," and I did a broad joke — the oldest joke in the world.

I SAID: "I was in Brisbane and it was raining and this woman was standing with her dress up over her head and I said: "Lady, you're getting your legs all wet," and she said: "I don't care, my legs are fifty years old but the hat's brand new."

And they liked that and they laughed and I said: "Well, here's Frances Langford," and got off. That'll give you an idea how much of a hero I am.

WILDE: At a personal appearance, do you have definite opening lines that you use to establish a laugh climate or your character before going into any routine you're going to start with?

HOPE: Nn, you got a head start as you see before . . . they recognize you and they know you. You don't have to establish any laugh climate, all you have to do is come up and say something they're going to laugh at.

I USED TO challenge an audience when I first started. I used to just look at them. I told a joke about going into a restaurant, and when I got up to

the cash register I said: "Sorry, I left my money in my other clothes in the theater."

And she said: "That's all right, we'll just put your name on the wall and you can pay it the next time you come in." And I said: "But wait a minute, I don't want people to see my name on the wall." She said: "That's all right, your coat will be hanging over it."

And I used to just look at the audience for maybe twenty seconds and wait till they all got together and decided that that was pretty funny. I'd just look at them and stare and that was how I established my laugh climate back in those days.

WILDE: Wasn't that after a number of years, after you had developed the courage and the confidence to wait?

HOPE: Yes, I should say after I had a little bread money.

WILDE: In a TV Guide story by Melvin Durslag, he quoted an associate of yours saying that one of the maxims you were guided by was that you felt no audience was an audience as such but a jury. Could you explain that, please?

HOPE: (Laughing) Well, I think that's one of Mel's conclusions . . . that isn't my idea at all. I don't look upon it that way, in fact, I don't even worry about it . . .

There's only one audience that bothers me and that's a Command Performance in London where you might have to change the material and switch around. I just experienced that.

NOW, I'M A little concerned at the Academy Awards — it's a long show, like an hour and a half, two hours — I'm concerned, but I'm not nervous.

But the other night at the Palladium in London I was going on as the last act, the sixteenth act, and there were four or five comedians on, doing every joke in the world . . . and I found myself scrounging around for an act.

They had done every subject, every topic, and there was nothing left. Backstage I walked around and I said to myself: "Well, I can do the joke about that and I can do that routine and I can do that one . . ."

When I finally got on it was 11:30. The Queen was still there and I said: "I've been waiting and I've been made up since breakfast" and I got a big laugh.



BOB HOPE In a Familiar Role

HOPE: Well, Mel's a pretty smart fella . . . maybe he means this: I don't think a comedian should feel secure. Whenever you get the feeling that you're the greatest around and you stop being objective, then I think you're in danger . . . and I think that's what Mel is talking about.

WILDE: One last question. Are there any words of encouragement you can give to a beginning comedian?

HOPE: Yeah, forget it! We've got enough and stay out of our

packet. No . . . they've just got to study and try to get a lot of work. What we discussed before is the most important thing — getting out and working and applying different techniques.

The greatest thing is to come up with a fresh approach.

For instance, Mort Sahl came in with something different . . . Jonathan Winters did . . . that's the thing that will grab immediate attention.

Nice seeing you.

Excerpted from "The Great Comedians Talk About Comedy," by Larry Wilde. Copyright 1988 by Larry Wilde. Published by Citadel Press, Inc.

THE END.

WILDE: How do you decide which jokes to use?

HOPE: Well, that depends on

your taste and what you want. That's the whole story.

WILDE: What is the difference in the reaction of an audience composed of armed forces personnel, a TV studio group, and the people who see you at a paid personal appearance?

HOPE: There's a different routine for all of them. You see, when we do shows offshore for a GI group, we try to point it a little more their way but they laugh at the same things that the TV audiences do.

WILDE: Common denominator material.

HOPE: Yes . . . right, right. With a GI audience, every place we play we steer a more to local jokes.

WILDE: In that article by Melvin Durslag, he said that you believe that no comedian was secure. What did you mean by that?

HOPE: He said that?

WILDE: Yes.

HOPE: What do you mean by secure?

WILDE: Having the courage and confidence to continue in spite of setbacks, bad ratings, bad notices . . .

CBS RADIO  
**My Story Theater**

**TONIGHT**  
"Fool's Gold,"  
Starring Mason Adams and Teri Haines with EG Marshall, host. A double bill in a continuation with the show of Capt. Jean Little, the notorious pirate.

**MONDAY-SUNDAY**  
**11:30 PM** **93 WBEN**

## AS I REMEMBER THEM—IV

# Humor, Drinking Shared Equal Billing With Fields

By EDDIE CANTOR

DURING the Ziegfeld Follies of 1917 and 1918, W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, and I were so close we'd even lay down our laughs for each other. When the Follies went on tour, I roomed with W. C.

A more curious combination never existed: Cantor, a skinny kid with a nervous stomach, whose strongest drink was cocoa; Fields of the hardy constitution, lusty appetite, and aversion to anything less than 100 proof.

One afternoon, just before we left for the theater, Bill came home and announced, "Son, I've just come from the Red Cross."  
"You actually donated blood?" I was surprised.

"Yes, son, I did. The doctors were pleased, too . . . told me there was so much alcohol in it, they'd use it to sterilize their instruments."

I REMEMBER one night after we had played a date just across the border in Canada. Coming back into the States, the customs officer opened Field's suitcase and asked, "What do you have here?"

Fields answered, "Nothing but clothes."

The customs man was about to shut the bag when he pulled out a bottle. "Nothing but clothes, eh? What do you call this?"

Fields answered, "That happens to be my nightcap."

## ED'S WANAT CORNER

Well I'm back again with "As I Remember Them—IV"—remember back in 1969 when you could pick up the Buffalo Evening News and read about your favorite comedians? Let's return to yesteryear and read "As I Remember Them" by Eddie Cantor, This month W. C. Fields



W. C. FIELDS

Fields had a phobia about poverty. In his early career as a juggler, he had been stranded in so many places that when he became a success, he opened a bank account in every city he entered.

After his death several hundred bank accounts in various cities under different names were discovered. It seems appropriate that Fields should have had liquid assets.

During the last years of his life he was quite sick. He confessed to me that the doctor had warned him that if he continued to drink he'd lose his hearing. I asked him, "Are you going to quit?"

He answered, "I don't think I will, Eddie. You see the stuff I've been drinking is much better than the stuff I've been hearing!"

Toward the end, I visited him at a hospital.

The next day, Christmas, he breathed his last. The world lost a great funny man who, for 86 years, had kept people laughing.

WHAT LITTLE education I have I owe to this funny man. Very early in life he played in Australia. Before he left San Francisco for the land of the kangaroos, he went to a book store with an empty trunk and told the proprietor: "Fill this up."

The owner thought it was a gag and asked, "What colors and what sizes would you like the books?"

When he realized that Fields was serious, he filled the trunk with classics—Milton, Chaucer, Shakespeare.

For years thereafter Bill Fields read, studied, and even memorized the writings of these great writers. Some of it I'm certain rubbed off on me.

Excerpted from "As I Remember Them," Copyright 1969 by Eddie Cantor. Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign outside a Vermont furrier's:  
"Mr. Smith, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up coats, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

# Vox Pop

## WHEN CIVILIZATION FLOPS

SPOKANE, WASH.—Many writers tell us that in the event of war civilization will be doomed. The end of civilization is also promised by certain reformers. They predict that civilization will meet its doom through liquor, or through communism, or because women smoke cigarettes, or because there are not larger families.



Maybe they are right. But if civilization flops, will we lose so much? Modern civilization means living in prisons of steel and brick fifteen or twenty stories above ground, adding up tire-some columns of figures all day in another prison called an office, then hanging on a strap for an hour to return home, and for diversion witnessing moving pictures which are as far removed from art as Bob Burns' bazooka from Zimbabist's violin.

When we become roving nomads, with no taxes, no radio announcers, and no autos, chasing our food across the veldt, then life will take on new freshness. We will regain our pristine vigor.—J. T.

Use the word "Fortify"



"This coat cost me fortify dollars."

ED WANAT'S CORNER

By Eddie Cantor

AS I REMEMBER THEM—Part IX

# Cohan — Blarney on Broadway

ONE of the most talented figures ever known in the American theater was the producer-writer-actor-singer-dancer-and-all-round-wonderful-guy, George M. Cohan.

Show business had Fourth of July fireworks and flag-waving every day when George M. Cohan was around. Cohan loved America so deeply that it was reflected in almost every play and every song he ever wrote.

HE WASN'T satisfied to be known merely as "the first actor of the theater." No, this billing, which is the lifelong ambition of most men in show business, wasn't enough.

The sentimental Irishman with the twinkling eyes and busy brain wrote two hundred songs, hits, wrote forty plays by himself and forty more in collaboration with others, made ten thousand appearances as an actor, and produced and directed his own shows.

No one in show business ever captured the big street in quite the same way as the Yankee Doodle Boy. He wore Broadway in the buttonhole of his lapel for 25 years — and on him it looked good.

He was one of the softest touches in show business. For many years he sent weekly checks to unemployed actors, disabled wardrobe women, stagehands, and others who, at one time or another, had been associated with him.

ONE AFTERNOON we were having lunch together at the Oak Room in the Plaza Hotel in New York City. George was called to the telephone. He came back chuckling all over the place.

"Eddie," he said, "this is a beaut. There's a guy I've been

giving 50 bucks a week for a couple of years. He just told me on the phone that I got to raise him to \$75. It seems he met a girl and \$75 will impress her more than \$50."

I said, "The nerve of the guy. You're not going to give him \$75, are you?"

Cohan grew serious. "No, of course not. A man who's been getting 50 bucks for two years and wants \$75 just to impress a gal. I should say not. The most he's gonna get from me is \$60."

ONCE AT THE FAMOUS Dinty Moore's restaurant on West 46th St., George M. was dining with his partner, Sam H. Harris. Dinty Moore was sitting at their table, just kibitzing.

The waiter handed the dinner check to Harris. Cohan pointed his finger in the waiter's direction and said, "If Mr. Harris says this check, I'll never come into this place again." The waiter took the check from Harris and handed it to Cohan.

Mr. Harris said, "You shouldn't have done that. If Cohan pays for this dinner, so help me, I'll never enter Dinty Moore's as long as I live."

This business went back and forth for several minutes until Dinty Moore said, "Waiter,

hand me the check, I'll sign for it."

There was a twinkle in George's eye as he said to his partner, "It never fails, does it, Sam?"

The Buffalo News/Monday, January 18, 1988

# People in the News



George Burns and Gracie Allen in a 1935 publicity photo. He is writing a reminiscence about her.

## Burns Older, Wiser; Not Shy or Retiring

Associated Press

FORT LAUDERDALE, Fla. — Comedian George Burns, who turns 92 Wednesday, has some advice on longevity.

"Don't retire, because you don't enjoy anything when you're retired," Burns told an audience of 3,000 people Saturday night in the Sunrise Musical Theater. "And fall in love with what you're going to do for a living."

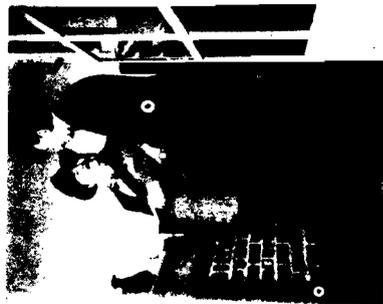
Burns, who clearly loves what he is doing, has been in show business for nearly 85 years. His

latest movie, "18 Again," will be released in April.

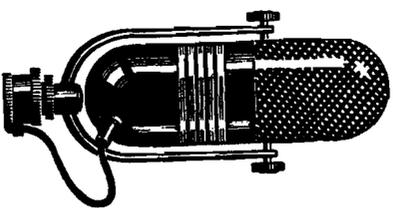
He is working on his eighth book, "Gracie," a reminiscence about his late wife, Gracie Allen, and is booked to appear in London's Palladium on his 100th birthday.

As if that weren't enough, he has put together a one-man stage show.

"I tell jokes, sing, dance and smoke cigars," said Burns, adding that he smokes 15 to 20 cigars a day.



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