

OTRC

MEMORIES 1993



The Games Afoot
by: Francis Edward Bork

The games afoot, yes Sherlock Holmes really did say that. In many of his cases it was a release from the boredom when he had no case to occupy his mind. Off they would go these two, who had never lived, therefore will never die.

Since radio was first conceived, Sherlock Holmes has been solving mysteries via the medium and even now somewhere in the world he is still saying "Come Watson, the game's afoot", over the air-waves.

Movies and now T.V. has also brought Holmes and Watson to millions in the theaters and into our own homes. A new generation of Sherlock Holmes fans has come forth to carry the "Holmes Banner".

"Elementary my dear Watson" was never said by Holmes in any of the Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stories be they one of the sixty-four short stories or one of the four full length novels. That catch-phrase is strictly Hollywood. I don't know which movie it was first used in, but then does it matter?

It's not that important that little "catch-phrase" which has identified Holmes and Watson more than any other group of words in the English language. Score one for Hollywood.

Books. In my personal collection of books about Holmes and his cases, I have listed forty-six authors other than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. I'm sure there are a dozen more authors whose Holmes books I do not have in my collection. These books, of course, are all written in English. There are also hundreds of books written in every language around the world. There must be dozens of actors who played Holmes on stage and screen. Even in Japanese. Can you imagine Holmes saying, "Ah-so most honorable Dr. Watson" or "Ja volt mein herr Dr. Watson"?

Holmes had cases from the Boer War, World War I, World War II, from Inner Space and Outer Space. Just recently he was found in a frozen state, without Watson, by Dr. Mary Watson, the great granddaughter of the late Dr. Watson who later became Holmes' assistant. In still another story, frozen again, Holmes was found by another lovely young lady and the granddaughter of Mrs. Hudson in 1993 Baker Street. Alas, although Dr. Watson is not with him, Sherlock Holmes lives on, well in these two cases anyway.

But for me, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson live on and "it's always 1895".

GREAT AMERICAN RADIO

Post Office Box 504, Genesee, Michigan 48437

OLD TIME RADIO CASSETTES - Still Just \$2.50 each

Deadline: November 15, 1993 -- Minimum Order: 12 Cassettes

USE YOUR VISA OR MASTERCARD

Phone (313) 686-5973 -- FAX (313) 686-1878

Memories Magazine is published annually by the Old Time Radio Club,
100 Harvey Drive, Lancaster, NY 14086

THE CROOKED MAN by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



H-1

To my astonishment it was Sherlock Holmes whom I found upon my doorstep when I answered the bell at midnight.

"Ah, Watson," said he, "I hoped that I might not be too late to catch you. Could you put me up tonight?"

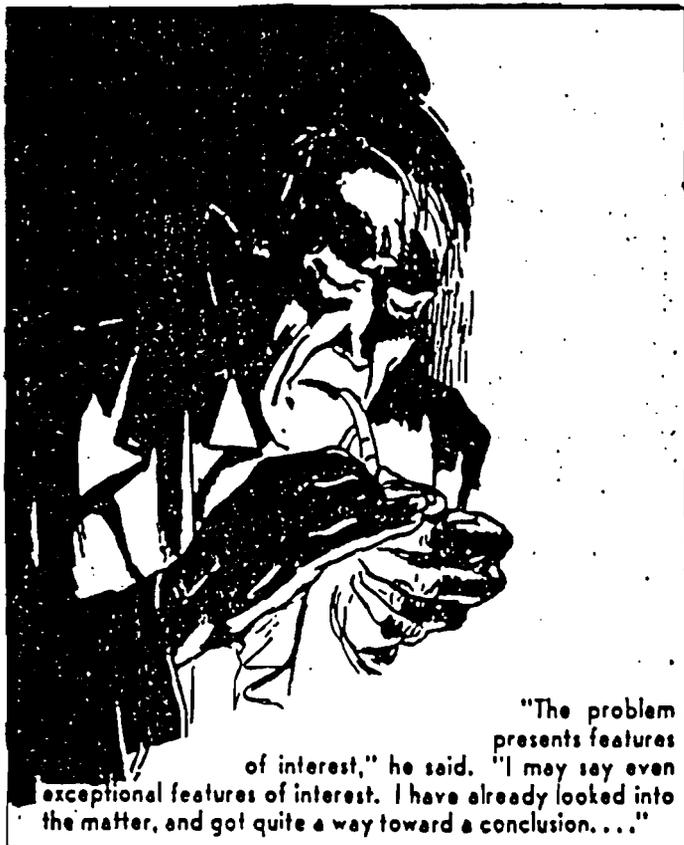
"With pleasure. Come in, my dear fellow."



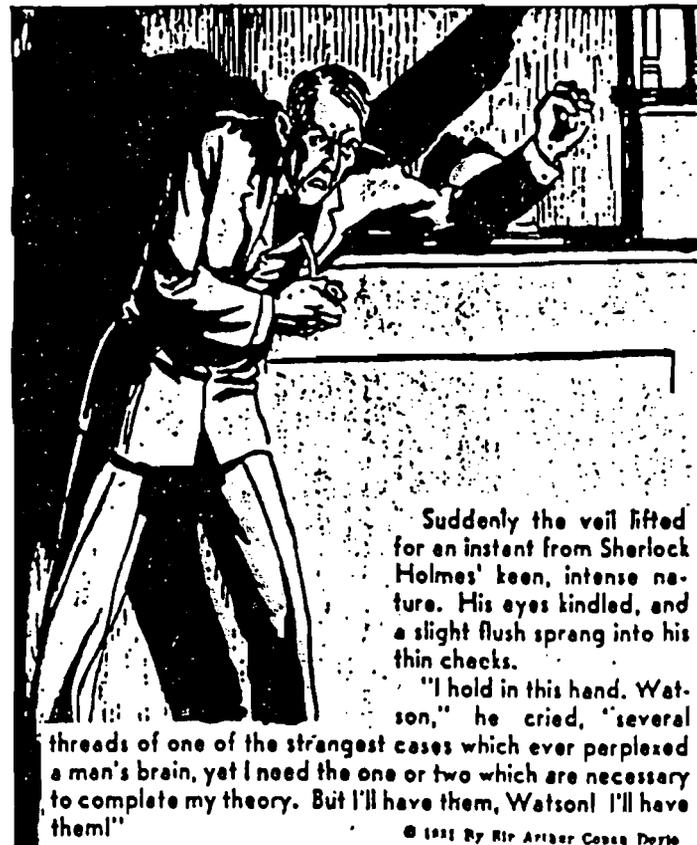
I knew that nothing except business of importance would bring Holmes around at such an hour. When I had handed him my tobacco pouch and he had filled his pipe, he said:

"Could you go as far as Aldershot tomorrow? You might be of considerable service to me. I am investigating the supposed murder of Colonel Barclay of the Royal Munsters."

"I shall be delighted to go. . . ."



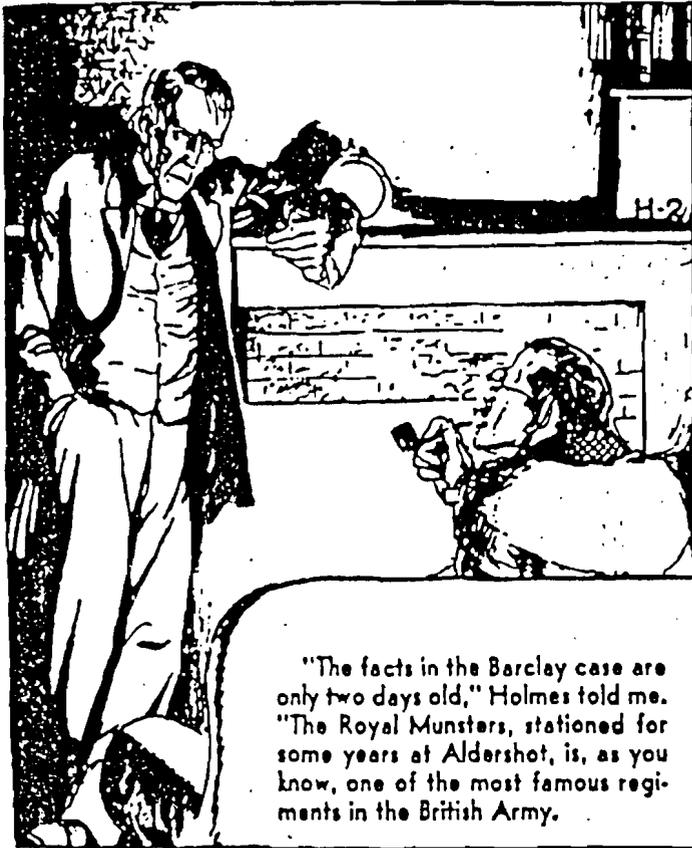
"The problem presents features of interest," he said. "I may say even exceptional features of interest. I have already looked into the matter, and got quite a way toward a conclusion. . . ."



Suddenly the veil lifted for an instant from Sherlock Holmes' keen, intense nature. His eyes kindled, and a slight flush sprang into his thin cheeks.

"I hold in this hand, Watson," he cried, "several threads of one of the strangest cases which ever perplexed a man's brain, yet I need the one or two which are necessary to complete my theory. But I'll have them, Watson! I'll have them!"

© 1922 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



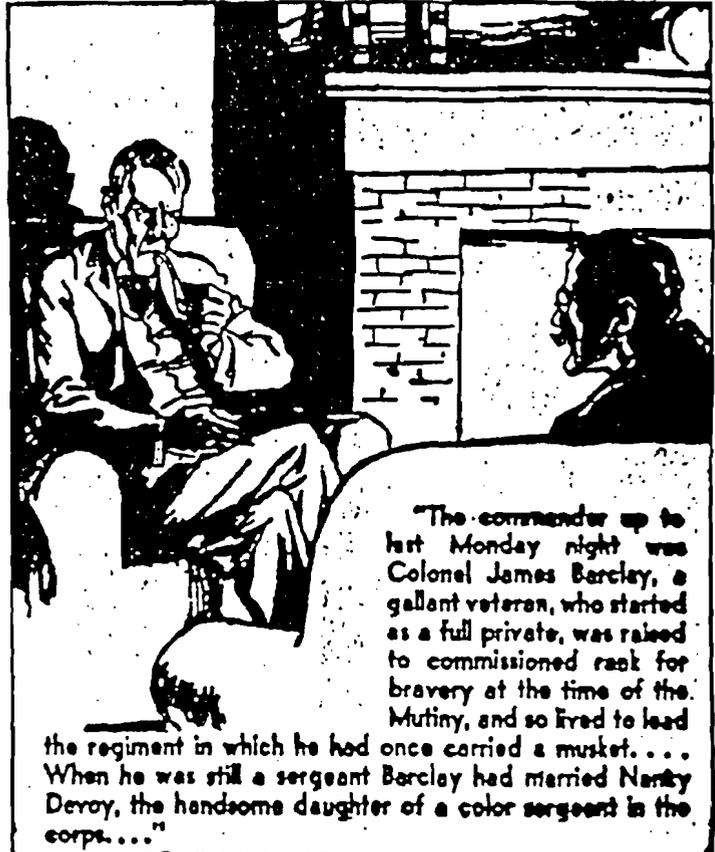
"The facts in the Barclay case are only two days old," Holmes told me. "The Royal Munsters, stationed for some years at Aldershot, is, as you know, one of the most famous regiments in the British Army.



"The corps did wonders both in the Crimean War and in the Indian Mutiny, and since that time has distinguished itself on every possible occasion.



© 1911 By The Arcturion Press, Dept.



"The commander up to last Monday night was Colonel James Barclay, a gallant veteran, who started as a full private, was raised to commissioned rank for bravery at the time of the Mutiny, and so lived to lead the regiment in which he had once carried a musket. . . . When he was still a sergeant Barclay had married Nancy Devoy, the handsome daughter of a color sergeant in the corps. . . ."



"Colonel Barclay's family life appears to have been uniformly happy," Sherlock Holmes continued. "Mrs. Barclay, though married upwards of thirty years, is still of striking and queenly appearance. They were regarded in the regiment as the very model of a middle-aged couple—though some felt that Barclay's devotion to his wife was greater than hers to him."

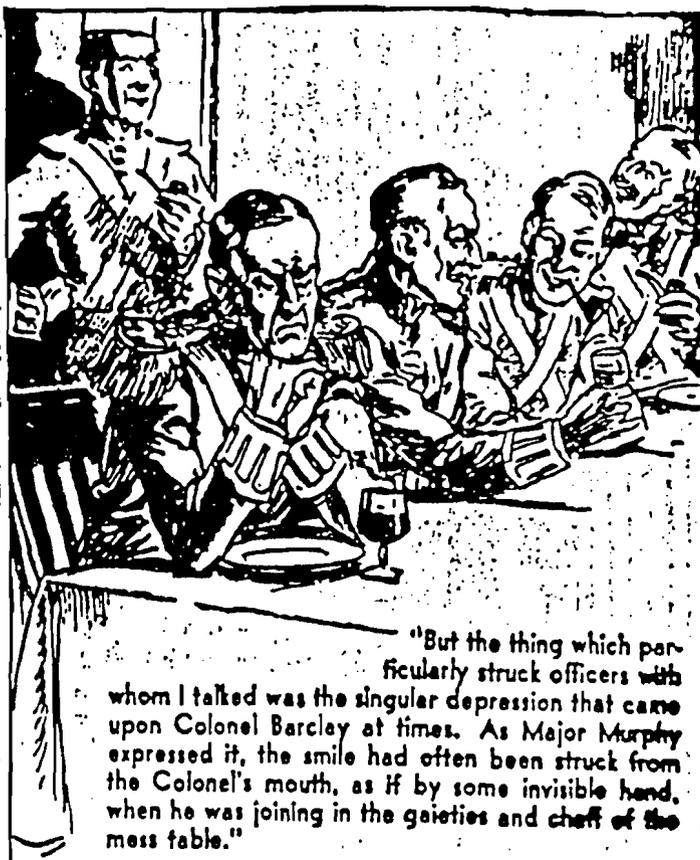


"Colonel Barclay seems to have had some odd traits in his character. He was a dashing, jovial soldier in his usual mood, but there were occasions when he seemed to show himself capable of considerable violence and vindictiveness. He never exhibited this side of his nature toward his wife, it appears."

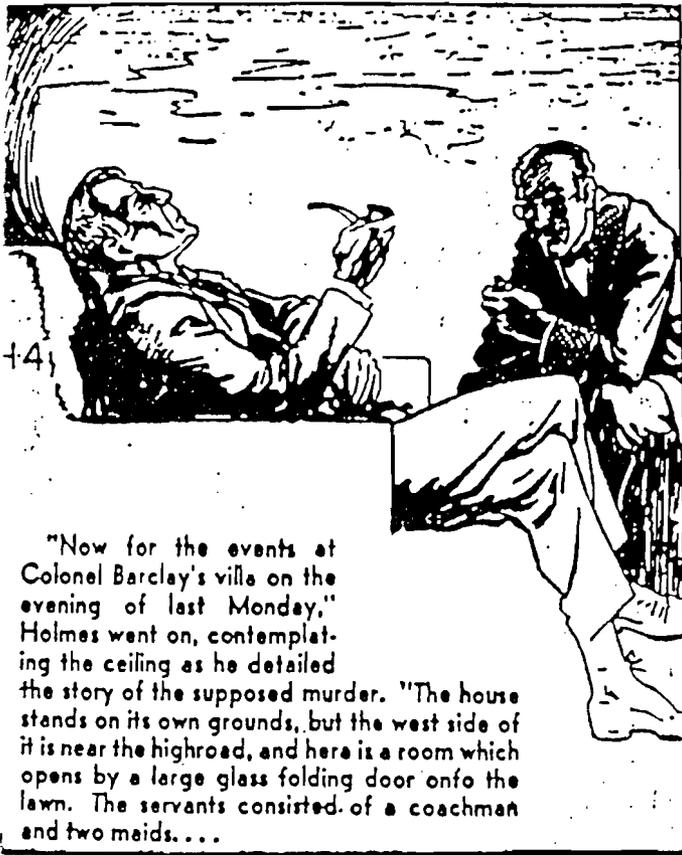


"There was a tinge of superstition in Colonel Barclay, which took the form of a dislike to being left alone, especially after dark. This quirk in a nature conspicuously manly had often caused comment among other officers."

© 1911 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



"But the thing which particularly struck officers with whom I talked was the singular depression that came upon Colonel Barclay at times. As Major Murphy expressed it, the smile had often been struck from the Colonel's mouth, as if by some invisible hand, when he was joining in the gaieties and chaff of the mess table."

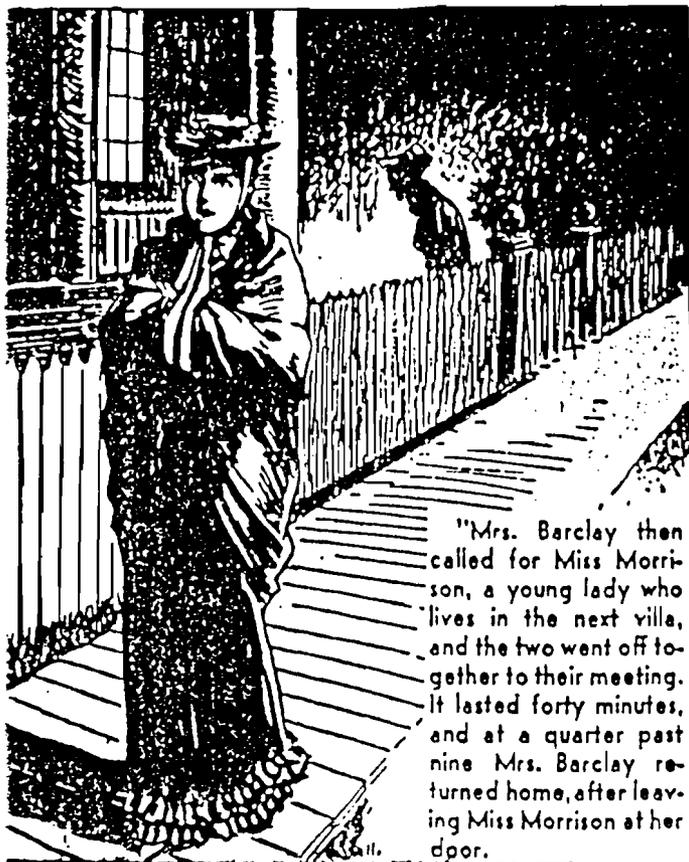


"Now for the events at Colonel Barclay's villa on the evening of last Monday," Holmes went on, contemplating the ceiling as he detailed the story of the supposed murder. "The house stands on its own grounds, but the west side of it is near the highroad, and here is a room which opens by a large glass folding door onto the lawn. The servants consisted of a coachman and two maids...."

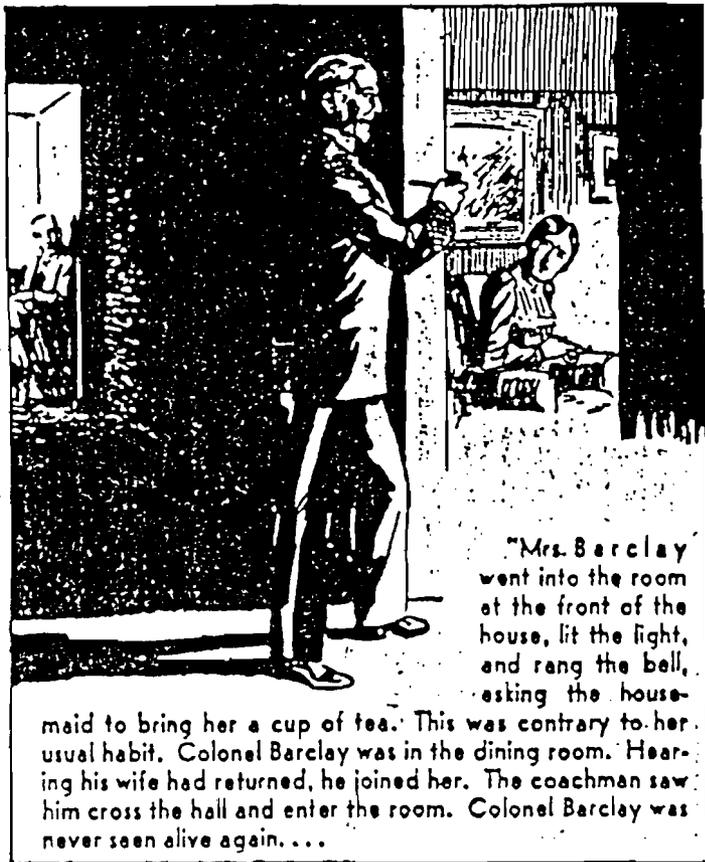


"On this evening Mrs. Barclay hurried through her dinner to attend a meeting of a church society at eight. She was overheard by one of the maids to make some commonplace remark to her husband, and to assure him that she would be back before very long."

© 1911 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



"Mrs. Barclay then called for Miss Morrison, a young lady who lives in the next villa, and the two went off together to their meeting. It lasted forty minutes, and at a quarter past nine Mrs. Barclay returned home, after leaving Miss Morrison at her door."



"Mrs. Barclay went into the room at the front of the house, lit the light, and rang the bell, asking the housemaid to bring her a cup of tea. This was contrary to her usual habit. Colonel Barclay was in the dining room. Hearing his wife had returned, he joined her. The coachman saw him cross the hall and enter the room. Colonel Barclay was never seen alive again...."

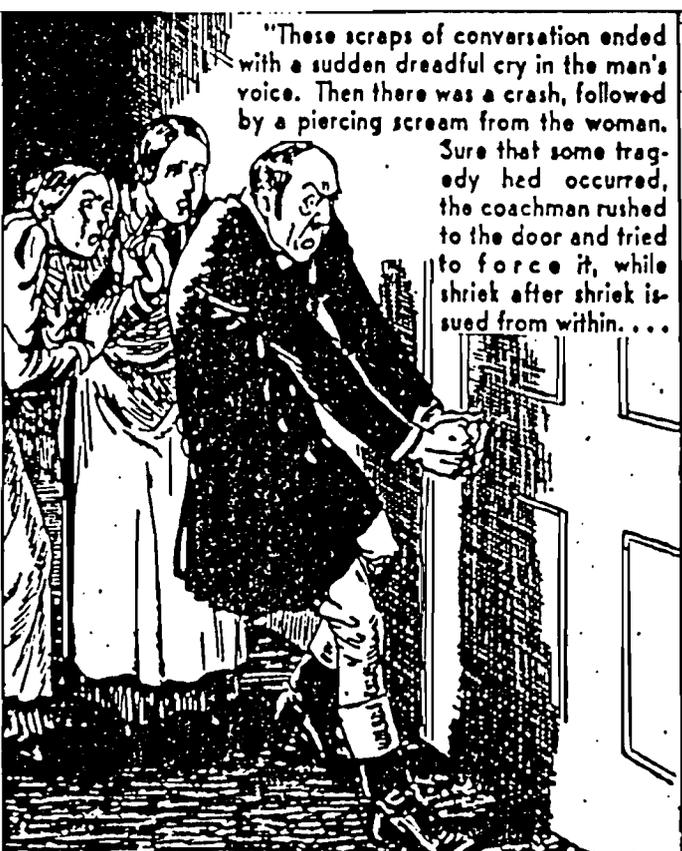


"As the maid approached the door with the tea Mrs. Barclay had ordered," Sherlock Holmes recounted, "she was surprised to hear her master and mistress quarrelling furiously. She knocked without getting an answer, and on turning the handle, found the door locked on the inside...."

H-5



"The maid ran downstairs and told the cook, and the two women, with the coachman, came up into the hall, where they listened to the dispute. They could not hear Barclay's subdued remarks, but Mrs. Barclay's were most bitter. 'You coward!' she repeated over and over. 'What can be done now? Give me back my life! I will never breathe the same air with you again!'"



"These scraps of conversation ended with a sudden dreadful cry in the man's voice. Then there was a crash, followed by a piercing scream from the woman. Sure that some tragedy had occurred, the coachman rushed to the door and tried to force it, while shriek after shriek issued from within...."



"The coachman ran through the hall and out onto the lawn. Through the wide glass doors he saw a horrible sight. His mistress had ceased to scream, and was stretched insensible upon a couch. Colonel Barclay, with his feet tilted over the side of an armchair and his head upon the floor near the corner of the fireplace fender, lay stone dead...."

© 1911 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



"On finding his master dead," continued Sherlock Holmes, "the coachman hurried out for a policeman and a doctor. The lady, against whom the strongest suspicion naturally rested, was removed to her room, still unconscious. . . .

H-6

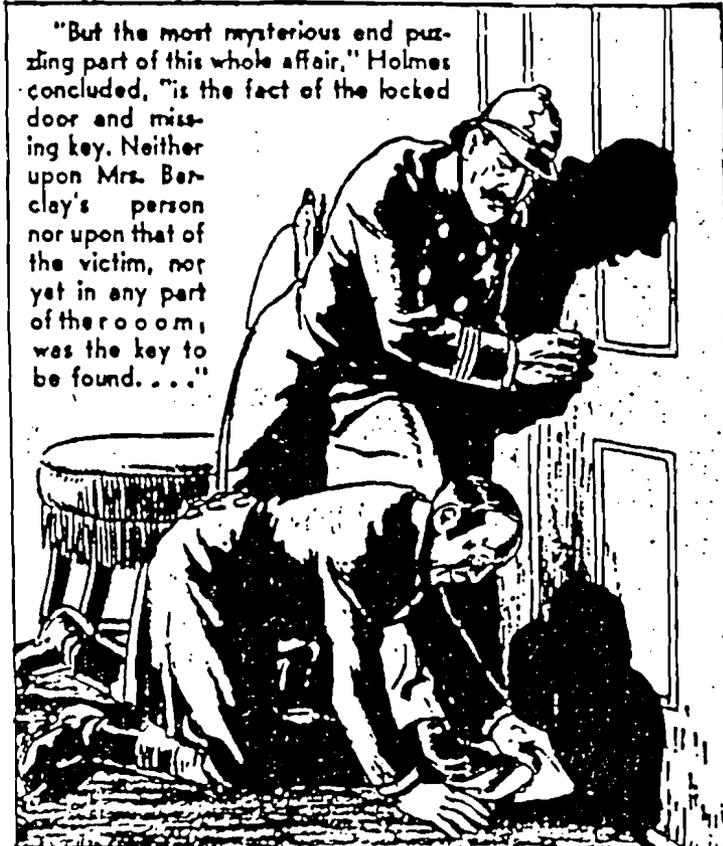


"The injury from which the unfortunate Colonel Barclay suffered was found to be a jagged cut some two inches long at the back of his head, which evidently had been caused by a violent blow from some blunt weapon. Nor was it difficult to guess what the weapon may have been. . . .

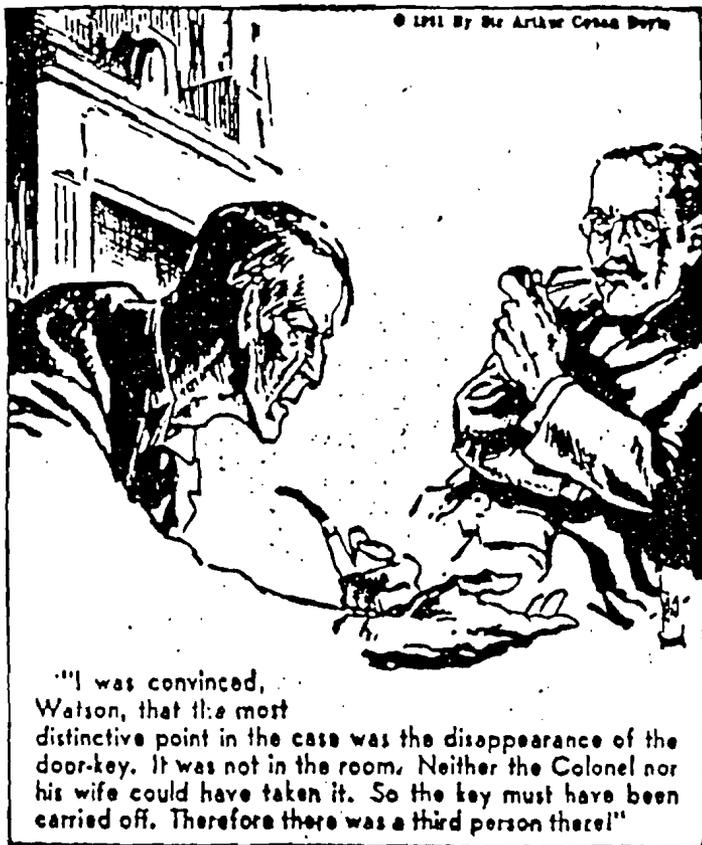
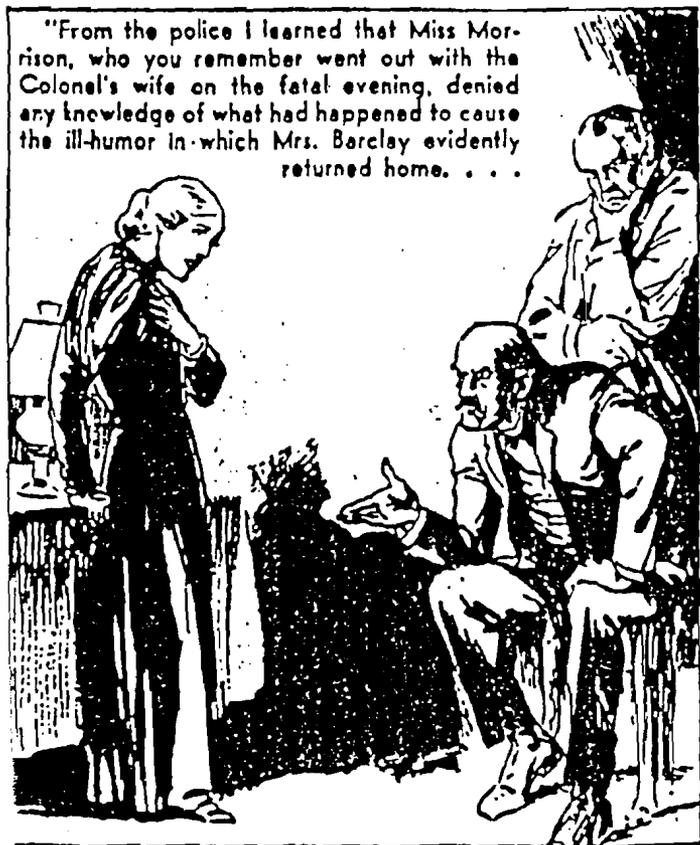
© 1931 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



"On the floor close to the body was lying a singular club of hard, carved wood, with a bone handle. The Colonel had a large collection of weapons, and the police conjecture the club was among his trophies. The servants deny this, though they may be mistaken, of course. . . .



"But the most mysterious and puzzling part of this whole affair," Holmes concluded, "is the fact of the locked door and missing key. Neither upon Mrs. Barclay's person nor upon that of the victim, nor yet in any part of the room, was the key to be found. . . ."



"You know my methods, Watson," Holmes went on. "I found footmarks of a man upon the lawn. He had evidently run across the grass toward the glass door, because the toe-marks were much deeper than the heels. . . ."



© 1931 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



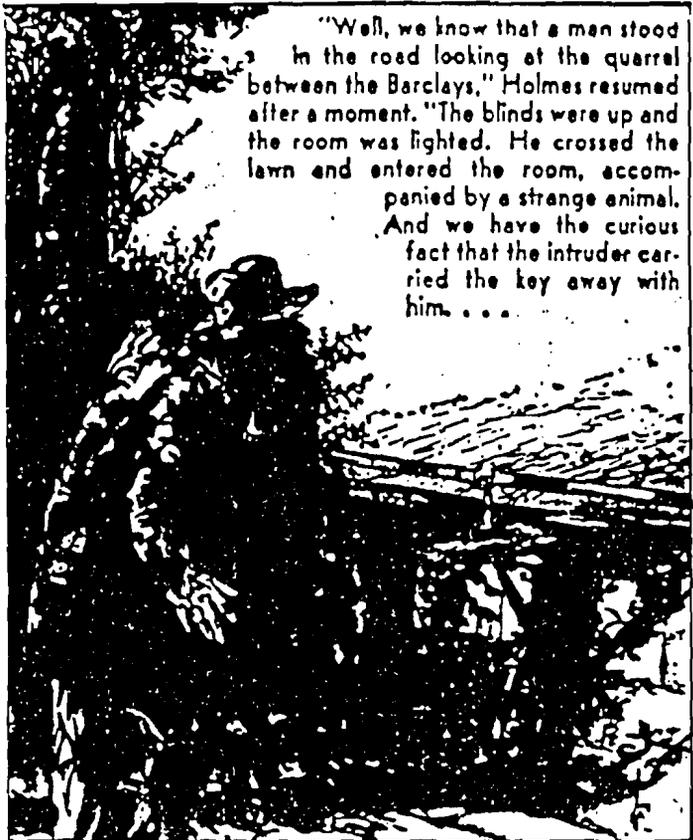
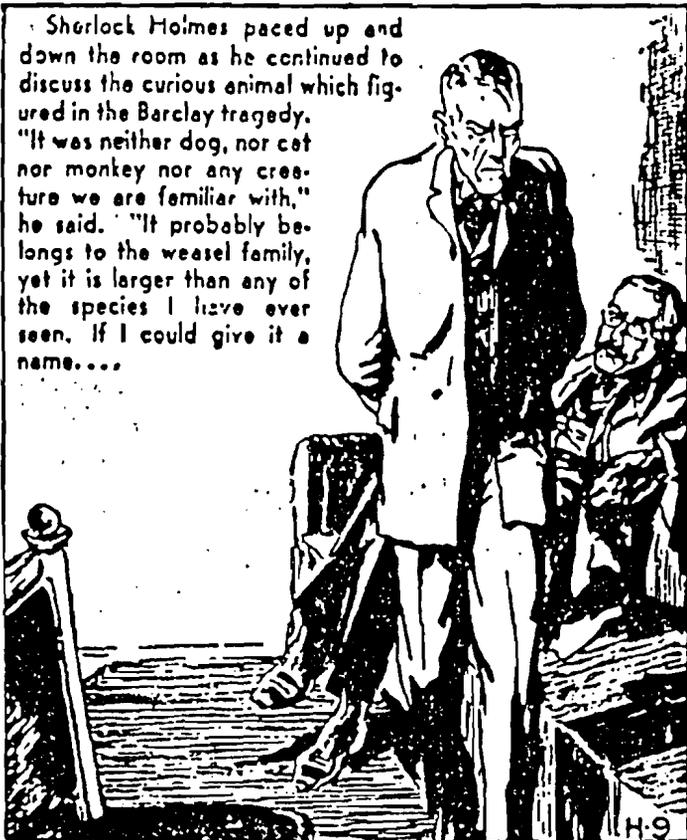
Holmes produced a large sheet of tissue paper from his pocket, and carefully unfolded it upon his knee. "But it was not the man who surprised me," he said. "It was his companion!" "His companion?"

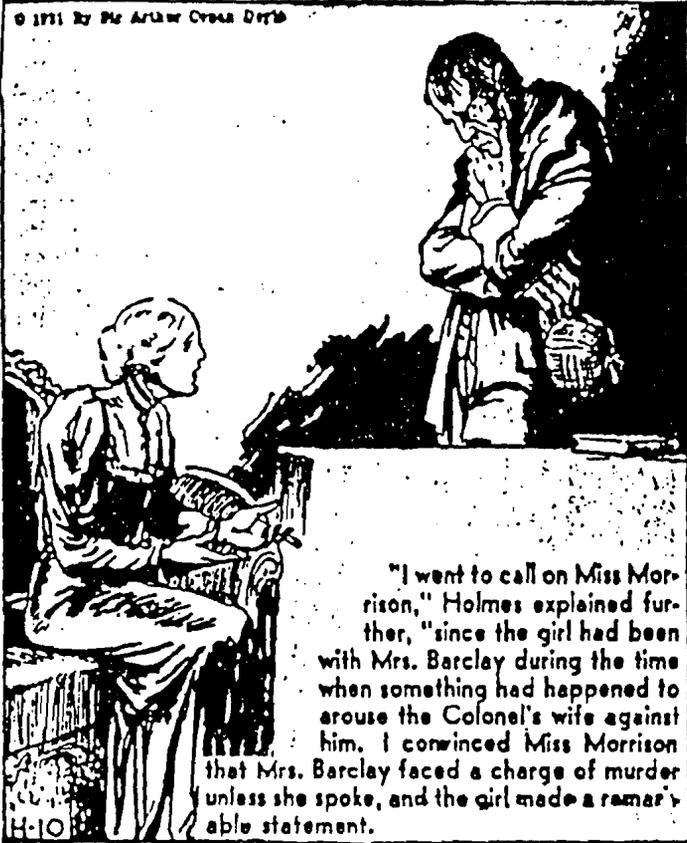
"What do you make of that?" Holmes demanded, and pointed to the paper, upon which appeared the tracings of the footmarks of some small animal. It had five well-marked footpads, an indication of long nails, and the whole print might be nearly as large as a dessert spoon. "It's a dog," I said.



"Did you ever hear of a dog running up a curtain?" Holmes retorted.







"I went to call on Miss Morrison," Holmes explained further, "since the girl had been with Mrs. Barclay during the time when something had happened to arouse the Colonel's wife against him. I convinced Miss Morrison that Mrs. Barclay faced a charge of murder unless she spoke, and the girl made a remarkable statement.

H-10



Sherlock Holmes then detailed Miss Morrison's story. She said: "Mrs. Barclay and I were returning from the Watt Street Mission about a quarter of nine. On our way we had to pass through Hudson street, which is a very quiet thoroughfare.

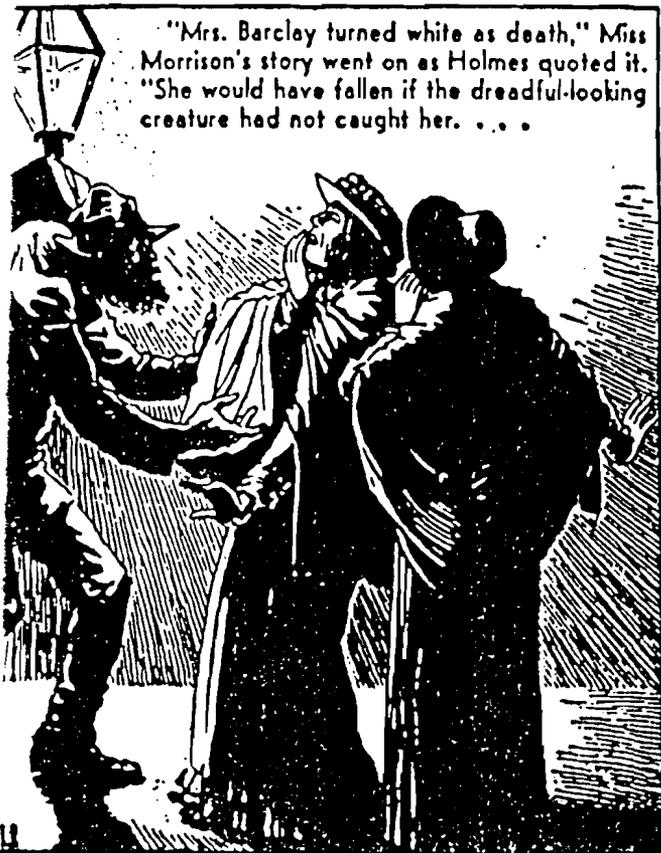


"There is only one lamp on the street. As we approached it, I saw a man coming toward us. His back was bent, and he carried a box slung over one shoulder. He appeared to be deformed.



"We were passing him, when he raised his face to look at us in the circle of light from the lamp. Then he stopped, and screamed out in a dreadful voice: 'Nancy!'"

"Mrs. Barclay turned white as death," Miss Morrison's story went on as Holmes quoted it. "She would have fallen if the dreadful-looking creature had not caught her. . . ."



© 1911 By Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle



"I was going to call the police, but Mrs. Barclay, to my surprise, spoke quite civilly to the fellow. 'I thought you had been dead this thirty years, Henry,' she said in a shaking voice. 'So I beval' said he, and it was awful to hear the tones which he spoke. He had a dark, fearsome face that comes back to me in my dreams."



"Just walk on a little way, dear," said Mrs. Barclay. "I want to have a word with this man. There is nothing to fear." She tried to speak boldly, but she could hardly get her words from her trembling lips."



"I did as she asked me, and they talked. Then she came down the street with her eyes blazing, and I saw the crippled wretch standing by the lamppost, shaking his clenched fists in the air as if mad with rage. . . ."



Holmes concluded his account of the encounter related by Miss Morrison. "Mrs. Barclay begged the girl to say nothing," he said, "and made no explanation except that the crooked man was an old acquaintance fallen on evil times.

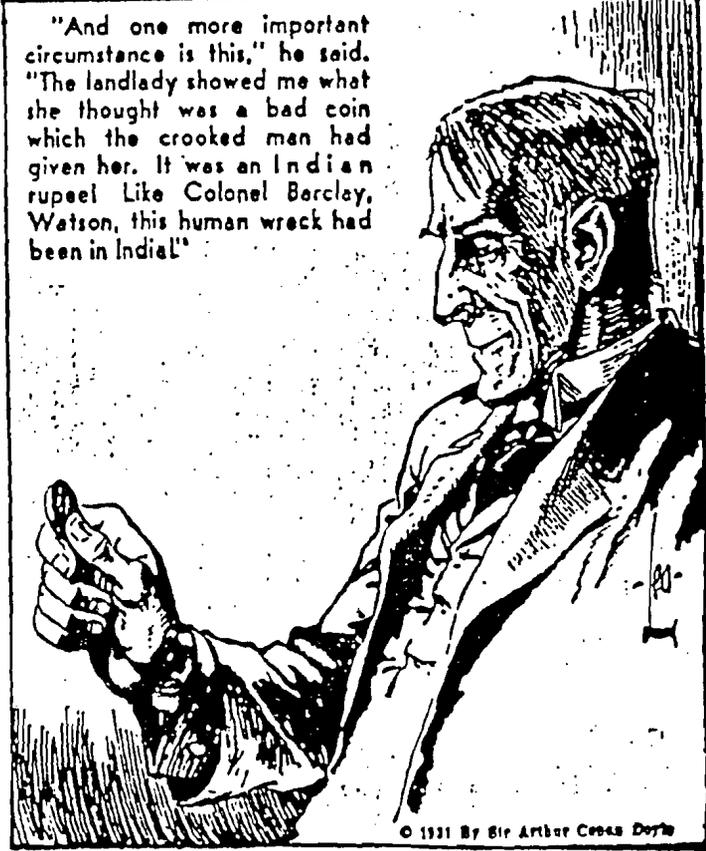
H-12



"Miss Morrison's story gave me a shadowy idea of the whole sequence of events and I set out to find the cripple. By evening—this very evening, Watson—I had run him down. His name is Henry Wood. He lodges in the street where the ladies met him. . . .



"The landlady told me about him. He is a conjurer and performer, going around the soldiers' canteens after nightfall and giving a little entertainment. He carries some creature about with him in that box, using the animal in some of his tricks. She had never seen such a curious beast. . . .



"And one more important circumstance is this," he said. "The landlady showed me what she thought was a bad coin which the crooked man had given her. It was an Indian rupee! Like Colonel Barclay, Watson, this human wreck had been in India!"

© 1931 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



"The crooked man, Watson, is the only person who can tell us what happened in that room where Colonel Barclay died after a violent quarrel with his wife," concluded Sherlock Holmes. "I intend to question that man, with you as a witness. We go to Aldershot in the morning."

We were in Aldershot at midday, and proceeded to Hudson Street, where Mrs. Barclay had talked with the cripple. A ragged urchin came running up.

"He's in, all right, Mr. Holmes," cried the lad. This was one of Holmes' crew of "Baker Street boys," whom he had left on watch.

"Come along, Watson, this is the house," Holmes said.



Crouched over a fire in a room that was like an oven, though it was summer, the man we sought sat twisted and huddled. His appearance gave him an indescribable appearance of deformity. He looked suspiciously at us out of yellow-shot, bilious eyes. . . .



"Mr. Henry Wood, late of India, I believe," said Holmes affably. "I've come over this little matter of Colonel Barclay's death."

"What should I know about it?"

"Well, unless the matter is cleared up, Mrs. Barclay, an old friend of yours, will be tried for murder!"

The crooked man gave a violent start . . .

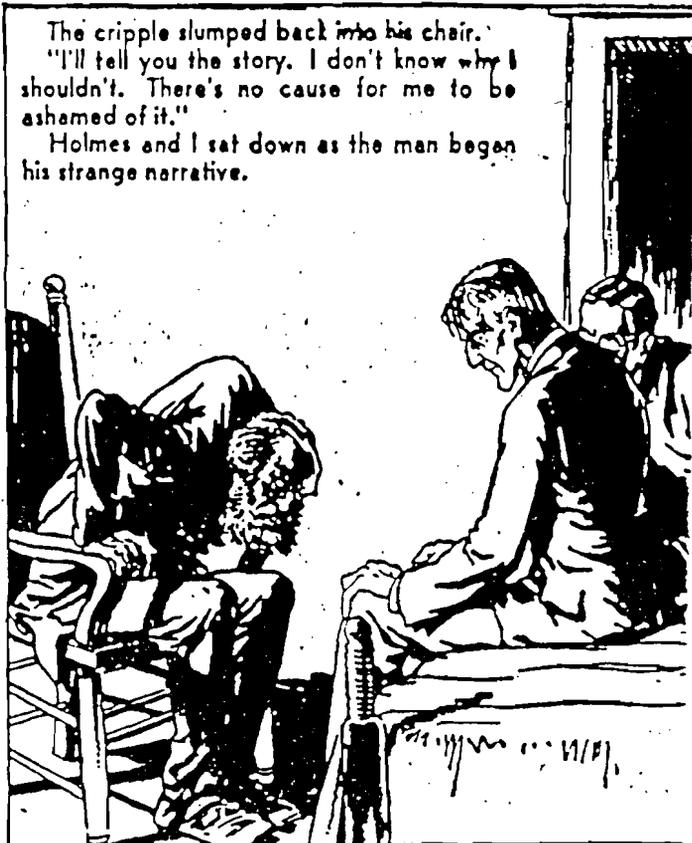
© 1911 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



"You can take my word that Mrs. Barclay is innocent," cried the cripple, glaring at Sherlock Holmes.
"Then you are guilty!" Holmes shot back.
"No, I am not."
"Who killed Colonel James Barclay, then?"

H-14

The cripple slumped back into his chair.
"I'll tell you the story. I don't know why I shouldn't. There's no cause for me to be ashamed of it."
Holmes and I sat down as the man began his strange narrative.



"There was a time," the crooked man said, speaking in a low, monotonous voice, "when Corporal Henry Wood was the smartest man in the 117th Regiment, though you see me now with my back like a camel and my ribs all awry . . . We were in India, at a place we'll call Bhurtee . . .

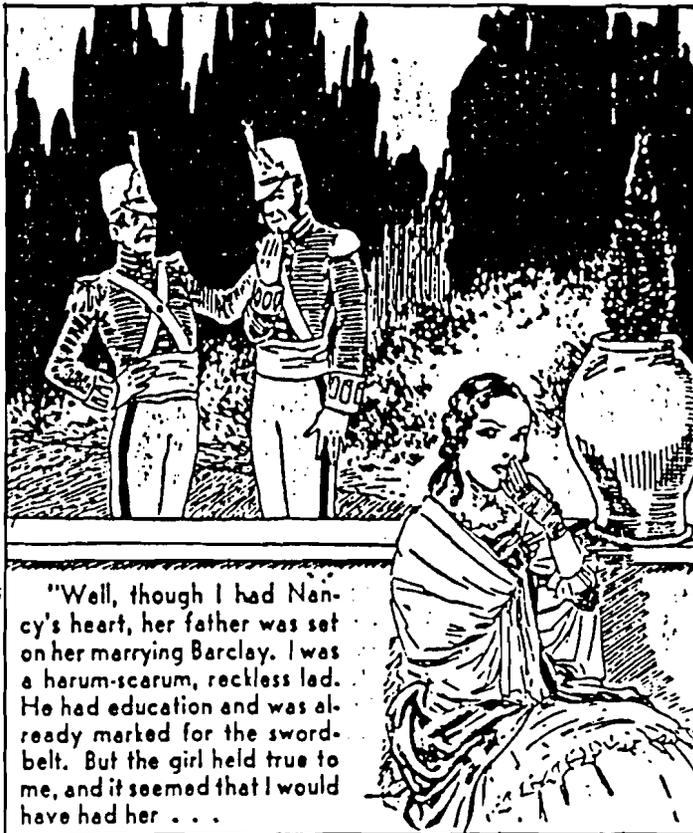


"Barclay, who died the other day, was a sergeant in the same company as myself and the belle of the regiment, eye, and the finest character that ever had the breath of life between her lips was Nancy Devoy, the daughter of the color-sergeant. . . ."

"There were two men that loved Nancy Devoy," the crooked man went on with his narrative, "and one that she loved, and you'll smile when you look at this poor thing huddled before the fire and hear me say that it was for my good looks she loved me . . ."



H-15

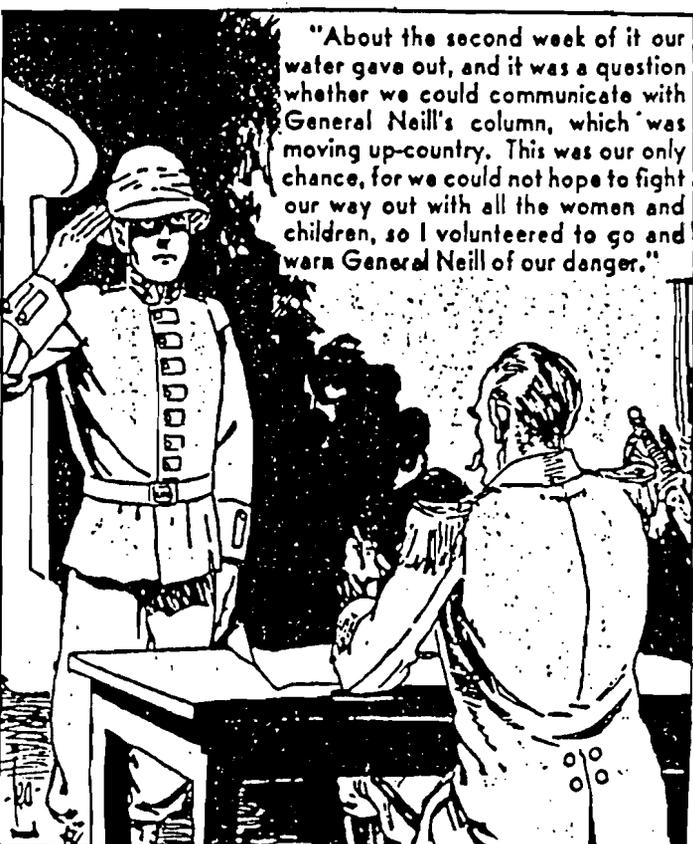


"Well, though I had Nancy's heart, her father was set on her marrying Barclay. I was a harum-scarum, reckless lad. He had education and was already marked for the sword-belt. But the girl held true to me, and it seemed that I would have had her . . ."



"Then came the Indian mutiny, and a million brown devils turned against the English. Our regiment was shut up in Bhurtee, with a lot of civilians and panic-stricken women-folk. There were ten thousand rebels around

U.S. . . . © 1922 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

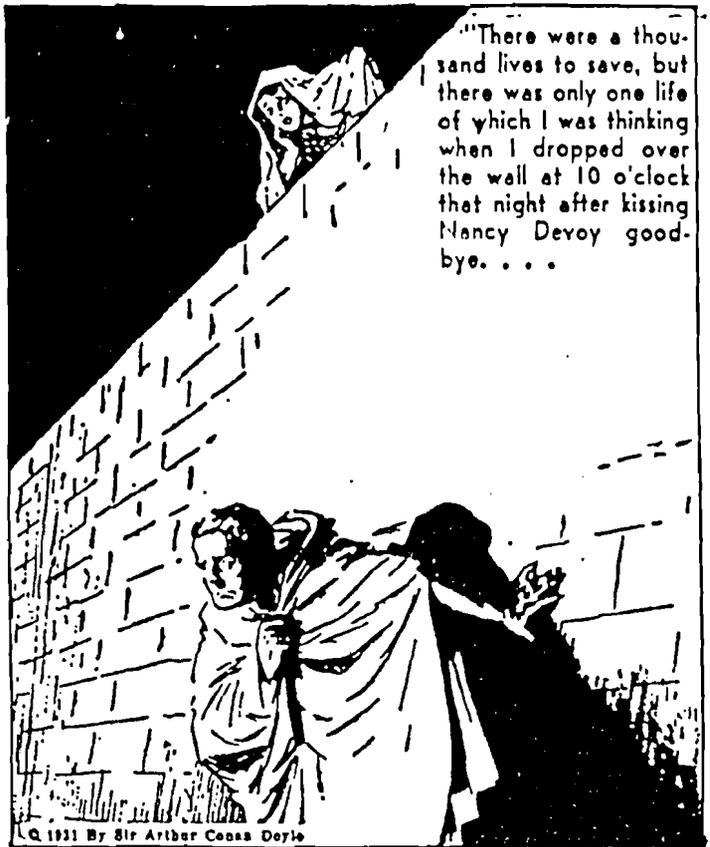


"About the second week of it our water gave out, and it was a question whether we could communicate with General Neill's column, which was moving up-country. This was our only chance, for we could not hope to fight our way out with all the women and children, so I volunteered to go and warn General Neill of our danger."



"I talked over the route with Sergeant Barclay," related the one-time Corporal Wood. "He knew the ground better than any other man. We discussed the matter at length, and Barclay drew me a rough map which showed a way by which I might get through the rebel lines . . ."

H-157



"There were a thousand lives to save, but there was only one life of which I was thinking when I dropped over the wall at 10 o'clock that night after kissing Nancy Devoy good-bye. . . ."

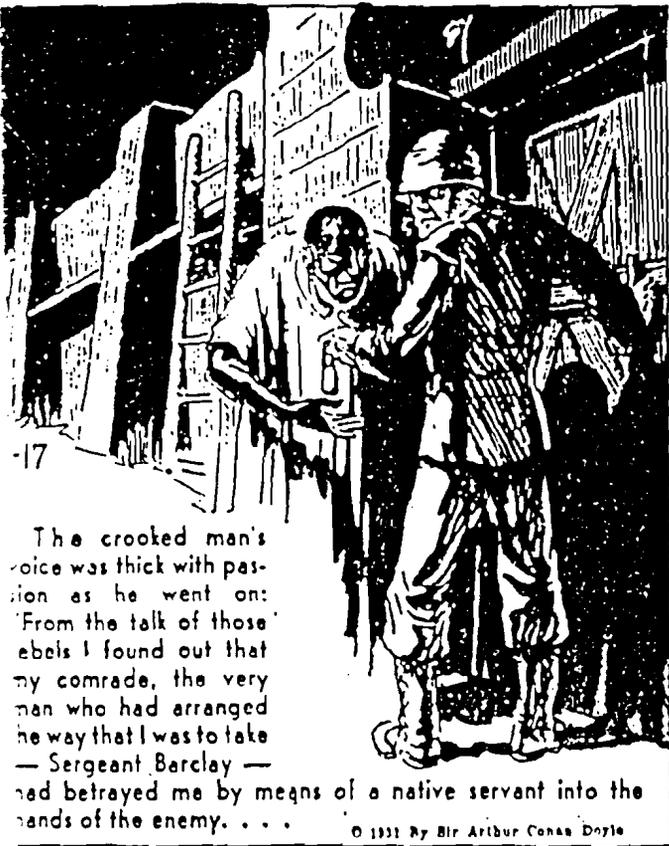
© 1931 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



"My way ran down a dried water-course, which I hoped would screen me from the enemy sentries. But as I crept along I walked right into six of the rebels, who stunned me and bound me hand and foot. . . ."



"But the real blow was to my heart and not to my head, for as I came to and listened to what I could understand of their talk, I learned that I had been betrayed. . . ."



The crooked man's voice was thick with passion as he went on: "From the talk of those rebels I found out that my comrade, the very man who had arranged the way that I was to take — Sergeant Barclay — had betrayed me by means of a native servant into the hands of the enemy. . . .

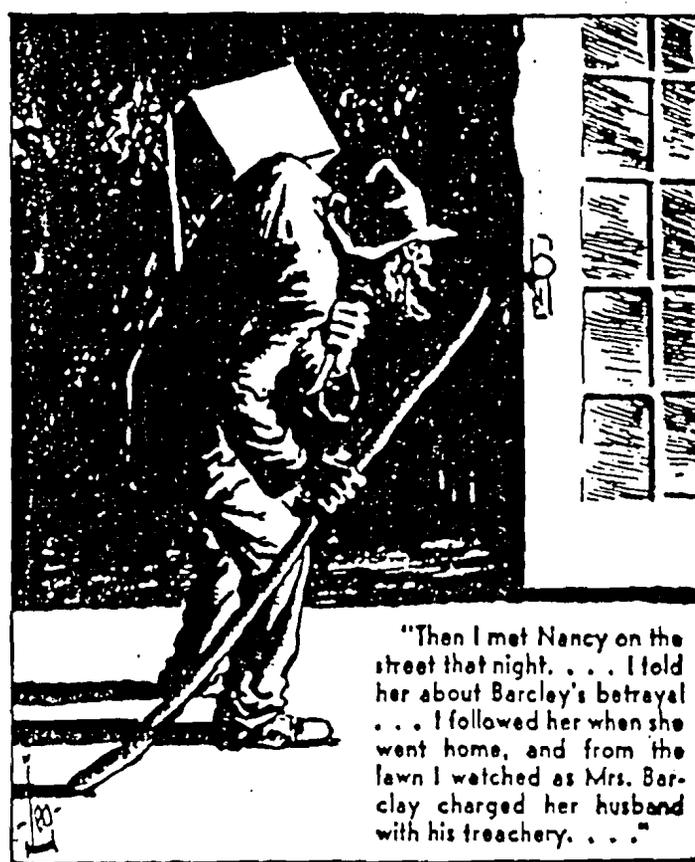
© 1931 By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



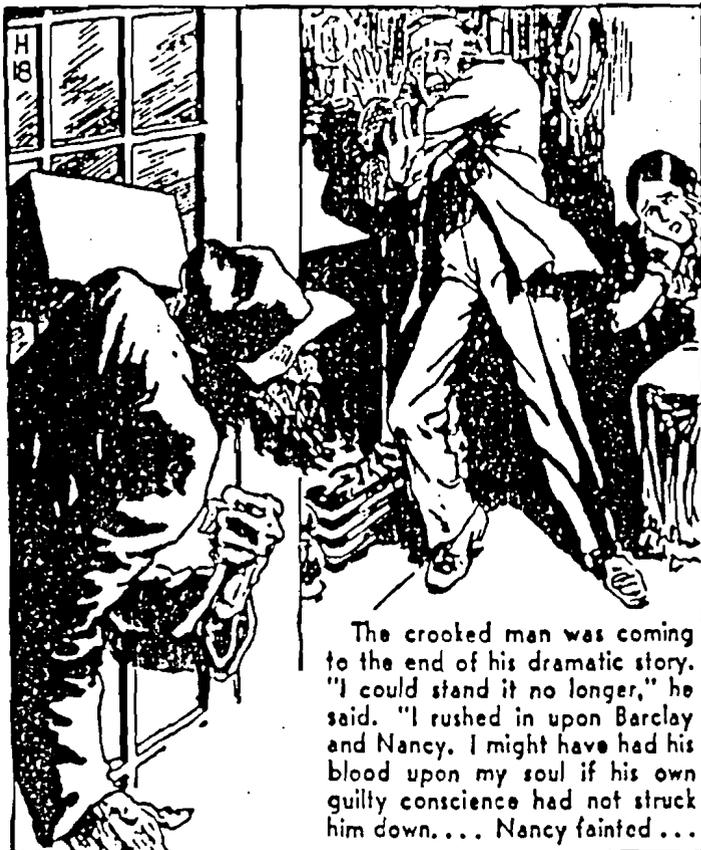
"Years of slavery followed during which I was often tortured by the natives, who had taken me far away. . . . I heard that Bhurtee was relieved next day and all were saved, but it was a long time before I saw a white face again. At last, I got back to the Punjab, and lived among the natives, picking up a few conjuring tricks to make a living . . .



"I heard that Barclay had married Nancy, but I had no wish to return to England. Even my thirst for revenge couldn't make me do that. I'd rather that Nancy and my old pals could think of Harry Wood as having died with a straight back, than see him living, and crawling with a back like a chimpanzee. . . . But when you get old you long for home . . . at last I came back . . .



"Then I met Nancy on the street that night. . . . I told her about Barclay's betrayal. . . . I followed her when she went home, and from the lawn I watched as Mrs. Barclay charged her husband with his treachery. . . ."



The crooked man was coming to the end of his dramatic story. "I could stand it no longer," he said. "I rushed in upon Barclay and Nancy. I might have had his blood upon my soul if his own guilty conscience had not struck him down. . . . Nancy fainted . . .

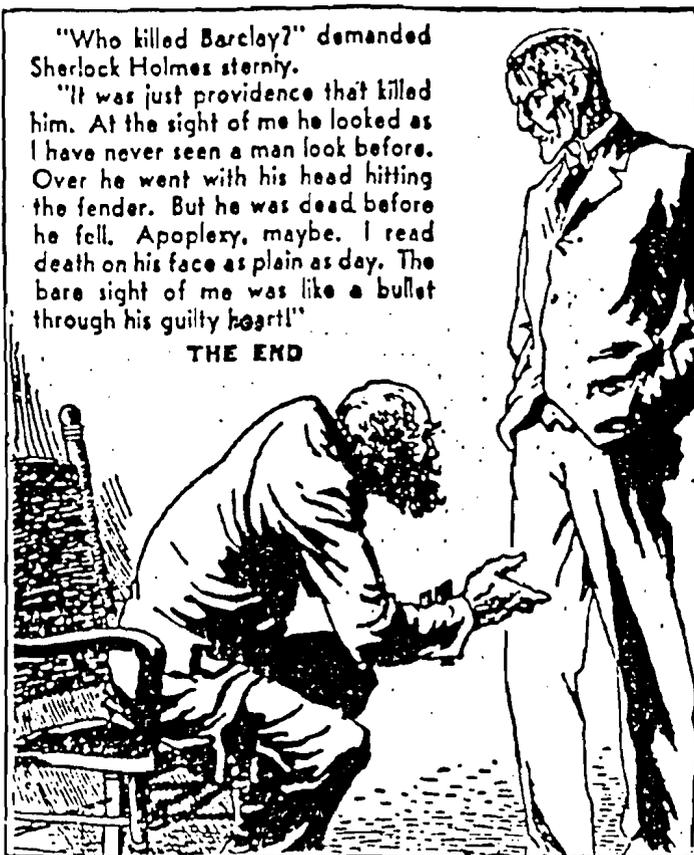


"Teddy, my mongoose, got loose from the box and ran up the curtain. I caught him. Then I was going to unlock the door and get help, but the thing looked black against me, and I thrust the key into my pocket and fled. . . ."

"Who killed Barclay?" demanded Sherlock Holmes sternly.

"It was just providence that killed him. At the sight of me he looked as I have never seen a man look before. Over he went with his head hitting the fender. But he was dead before he fell. Apoplexy, maybe. I read death on his face as plain as day. The bare sight of me was like a bullet through his guilty heart!"

THE END



R. I. P.

In 1975 The Old Time Radio Club of Buffalo published the first edition of its semi-annual magazine **MEMORIES**. The first article was written by our president Pete Bellanca and it dealt with the show I Love a Mystery. Dom Parisi, Chuck Seeley, Bob Davis and Dan Marafino all contributed articles to the initial copy of **MEMORIES**. Later editions dealt with the Shadow (two separate magazines), Fibber McGee and Molly, Tom Mix, The Lone Ranger and Sherlock Holmes.

After much discussing and soul searching, it has been decided that the upcoming issue of **MEMORIES** will be our last. The cost of printing and postage have contributed to this decision. Our primary reason though was the simple fact that we could not find an editor for **MEMORIES**. Failing to do this, we feel our only alternative was to cease publication of this magazine.

I wish to thank all those who contributed articles as well as those who faithfully read **MEMORIES** from cover to cover. We have also decided to lower membership dues by \$2.50 to offset the loss of this magazine.

Jerry Collins
President Old Time Radio Club

EDITORIAL

We're back again, but this is positively the last time!!! We have filled in at the last moment with the Bobby Benson, Captain Midnight and now Sherlock Holmes issue because other members did not follow through on their obligations. Membership apathy more than any other reason is bringing an end to **MEMORIES** magazine. Nobody is willing to spend the time putting together an annual magazine. Arlene and I did the I.P. for 10 years and we are "burned out". We regret the demise of **MEMORIES** but not enough to continue with minimal assistance from the membership. On the bright side, annual dues will be reduced to \$15. in 1994 and hopefully we will receive enough material to continue the I.P. as a monthly publication. If you want our club to remain in existence, it's up to you!!! Send material to the editor of the I.P. With your help, our club will remain viable for many years to come.

Basil Rathbone (1892-1967) The popular British stage and screen actor, who is best known for the 15 films in which he appeared as Sherlock Holmes between 1939 and 1946, also appeared as the radio Sherlock Holmes during the same period, first on NBC-Blue and later on Mutual. Rathbone was first heard as Holmes on Monday, October 3, 1939, in "The Case of the Sussex Vampire," sponsored by Grove Bromo-Quinine. Two years later VARIETY (October 8, 1941) commented, "One of radio's most satisfying acts is that of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes." In addition, Rathbone was heard as Inspector Burke on the 1947 SCOTLAND YARD series on Mutual.



Vintage Broadcasts

42 Bowling Green Staten Island, NY 10314

**OLD RADIO SHOWS ON REELS AND CASSETTES
SERVING THE PUBLIC WITH QUALITY SERVICE SINCE 1976**

**GOOD SELECTION • REASONABLE PRICES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**

**CATALOG \$2.50 POST-PAID
(\$1 IS REFUNDABLE WITH ORDER)**

RELIVE THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RADIO