

RETURN WITH US

The Radio Historical
Association of Colorado

NOW...



Volume 4, Number 10. April, 1979



Orson Welles
Edgar Bergen
George Burns

OZZIE AND HARRIET

Mercedes McCambridge

BETTE DAVIS

Jack Benny

WICKO MARY

APRIL MEETING -- The April RHAC meeting will be on the 12th at 7:30 at the Majestic Savings & Loan building, 2807 So. Colo. Blvd. The Board of Directors has determined that an increase in dues is necessary, and this matter will be brought up at the meeting. Also, there will be a trivia quiz.

JOHN DUNNING'S APRIL SCHEDULE:

- 4/1 - THE THIRD MAN, based on the Graham Greene novel, starring Orson Welles as Harry Lime. "Too Many Crooks", the first in the series, from 1950.
RICHARD DIAMOND, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, "Two Hundred Grand", starring Dick Powell, 9/29/49
THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, "The Water Department Calendar", with Willard Waterman, 11/22/50
- 4/8 - ROGUE'S GALLERY, "Mystery at a Ski Resort", with Dick Powell, 5/9/46
BROADWAY IS MY BEAT, "Corpse in a Strange Room", 7/25/53
GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, "Leroy's First Date," Willard Waterman, 11/29/50
- 4/15 - ROMANCE, "The Grasshopper", 12/10/55
367 GUNSMOKE, "Roundup", 2/14/53
GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, "Leroy's Laundry Business", Willard Waterman, 12/6/50
- 4/22 - THINK (ABC RADIO WORKSHOP), "The Word" by Arch Oboler, c. 1953
SCREEN DIRECTORS' PLAYHOUSE, "Chicago Deadline" with Alan Ladd, 3/24/50
GUNSMOKE, "The Big Con", 5/16/53
- 4/29 - X-MINUS ONE, "The Sense of Wonder", 4/25/56
RED SKELTON SHOW, "Hospital Capers", 2/5/46
SUSPENSE, "A Good and Faithful Servant", starring Jack Benny, 6/2/50

In this month, John is concluding a four-program run of Willard Waterman as GG, running two Dick Powell detective programs, featuring two more Gunsmokes and beginning a run of Suspenses that feature comedians in the starring role. My thanks to Jerry Appleman for sending me John Dunning's written schedule.

MARCH MEETING

Twenty-two brave souls slogged through a wet snowstorm to attend the March meeting. The blizzard had been unexpected; as Gene Amole would say, it was "twenty-percenting all over the place." It was mostly a routine business meeting, but I did learn from Jack Richards that not many of the missing tapes listed in the March issue are turning up. Please check that list, and let Jack know if you can throw any light on their whereabouts.

EVADNA HAMMERSLEY TO SPEAK AT MAY MEETING

It is with great pleasure that we announce that Denver radio personality Evadna Hammersley has tentatively agreed to appear as speaker at the RHAC meeting to be held May 10. Ms. Hammersley is a familiar name to native Denverites, and was recently mentioned in Gene Amole's tribute to Starr Yelland, having worked with both of them, among many others. We will look forward to hearing her reminiscences.

KEEP THOSE COVERS COMING IN

This month's cover is courtesy of John Adams, and Jim Vaughan has sent me a number. This, plus one of Pat Lloyd's, plus one I plan, probably puts me in good shape for my remaining term as editor. My thanks to all of you.

The March additions to the RHAC library were inadvertently omitted from last month's edition of Return With Us Now. They are listed below:

MARCH 1979 ADDITIONS TO RHAC LIBRARY

REEL 096	THE SEALED BOOK	1200 ft
1L	THE HANDS OF DEATH	SYND
	KING OF THE WORLD	SYND
2L	DEATH SPINS A WEB	SYND
	DEVIL ISLAND	SYND
1R	ESCAPE BY DEATH	SYND
	DEATH AT STORM HOUSE	SYND
2R	THE ACCUSING CORPSE	SYND
	STRANGER IN THE HOUSE	SYND
REEL 097	ROGERS OF THE GAZETTE	1200 ft
1L	LANCE O'NEAL, TROUBLEMAKER?	6-10-53
	TOWN COUNCIL ELECTION	6-12-53
2L	JIMMY REYNOLDS STORY	7-3-53
	SUPRISE ENGAGEMENT	7-29-53
1R	THAT TAYLOR BOY	7-30-53
	THAT TAYLOR BOY	8-5-53
2R	LAND DEAL	8-12-53
	C.J.GRIFFITH, JOURNALISM STUDENT	8-26-53
REEL 098	SUSPENSE	1200 ft
1L	THE CARD GAME-w/ RICHARD WIDMARK	4-19-54
	THE ESCAPE OF LACEY ABBOTT w/WM POWELL	1-19-50
2L	TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE-w/DANA ANDREWS	5-17-45
	LOVE HONOR OR MURDER w/ CHARLOTTE LAWRENCE	8-9-55
1R	TO NONE A DEADLY DRUG w/HARRY BARTELL	10-25-55
	THE BUTCHER'S WIFE-w/KIRK DOUGLAS	2-9-50
2R	THE LADY IN THE RED HAT-w/VIC PERRIN	8-30-55
	A STUDY IN WAX-w/WM CONRAD	8-16-55
REEL 099	LET GEORGE DO IT (BOB DAILEY)	1200 ft
1L	THE BOOKWORM TURNS	12-11-50
	OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS TWICE	12-18-50
2L	THE MAN BEHIND THE FRAME	1-8-51
	TUNE ON A TRIANGLE	1-15-51
1R	KNOCK ON WOOD	1-22-51
	CHRISTMAS IN JANUARY	1-29-51
2R	WAR MANEUVER	4-21-52
	OPERATION EUROPA	4-28-52

THE DEATH OF AL HODGE -- A DOUBLE TRAGEDY

Most RHAC members probably saw the newspaper article concerning the death of Al Hodge, who played Captain Video on TV. A few OTR buffs probably recall that he was the first to play The Green Hornet on radio.

Not only was the death sad in itself, but other unfortunate circumstances came out in the news. The first is how neglected he was at his death. It is a pity that there is no organization of radio and TV pioneers to get together, say, once a year just to have a dinner, talk over old times, and honor their own. The greater tragedy, and I'm sure Hodge himself would have agreed, is that most of his TV programs have been thrown out. I saw a few, and remember them as quite campy, but that's not the point. They were representative of their era, and deserved to

be kept. We know already that most if not all of the "Mr. Peepers" shows are lost; Steve Allen mentioned that most of his Tonight shows were thrown out. TV is making the same mistake as radio. What a blunder.

APRIL 1979 ADDITIONS TO RHAC LIBRARY

REEL 100	THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE	1200 ft
1L	BIRDIE QUILTS	11-9-41
	SERVICEMAN FOR THANKSGIVING	11-16-41
2L	LEROY SMIKES A CIGAR	11-23-41
	THE CANARY WON'T SING	11-30-41
1R	SELLING THE IRON DEER	12-14-41
	CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR FIBBER MC GEE	12-21-41
2R	LEROY'S NEW DOG	12-28-41
	GILDY GOES ON A DIET	1-4-42
REEL 101	NIGHT BEAT	1200 ft
1L	DOCTOR'S SECRET	8-21-50
	GUNNER'S LAST FIGHT	8-14-50
2L	OLD HOME WEEK	9-4-50
	THE HUNTED BECOMES THE HUNTER	9-11-50
1R	WANNA BUY A STORY?	9-18-50
	A CASE OF BUTTER	9-25-50
2R	AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?	3-13-50
	NUMBER THIRTEEN	3-6-50
REEL 102	CBS RADIO WORKSHOP	1200 ft
1L	SPEAKING OF CINDERELLA w/V. Price	4-6-56
	NO TIME FOR HEARTACHES w/ S. Tucker & M. Whiting	1-13-57
2L	THE CRAZY LIFE w/ HENRY MORGAN	1-27-57
	THE BALLAD OF THE IRON HORSE	3-3-57
1R	EPITAPHS (SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY) w/ WILLIAM CONRAD	6-2-57
	THE HOUSING PROBLEM	6-16-57
2R	YOU CAN LOOK IT UP	7-7-57
	GRIEF DRIVES A BLACK SEDAN	9-1-57
REEL 103	DRAGNET	1200 ft
1L	ROWELL AND SHELBY	3-20-52
	BANK ROBBER, HARRY FIELD	
2L	THE LEWIS BABY (130th SHOW FOR FATIMA)	4-10-52
	FACTORY SWINDLE	4-17-52
1R	DEAD WOMAN IN HOSPITAL ELEVATOR	4-24-52
	SAFES AND MC KINLEY	5-1-52
2R	HOUSTON MAIL ROBBERY	5-15-52

GOODY GOODY, A CONTEST!

At John Lloyd's suggestion, we are sponsoring a writing contest. The rules are simple: the best-written article on radio appearing in Return With Us Now between May and October wins a prize which is a surprise, but is a interesting new book on radio you probably don't have. The judges are John Lloyd, Irving Hale and Dan Daugherty who, along with their families, are barred from entering (a good thing. We'd win it going away.). We look forward to printing the initial entries in next month's issue.

MINERVA PIOUS DIES

On their March 25 broadcast, John Dunning and Harry Tuft mentioned that Minerva Pious had died. You will recall her as Mrs. Nussbaum on the Fred Allen show ("You were expecting, maybe, Weinstein Churchill?"). It's so sad

to see the ranks continue to thin.

MICHAEL BERG IS NOT MICHAEL BERG

Those of us who saw his excellent recreation of Lux Radio Theatre's "The Thin Man" know that RHAC club member Michael Berg is director of the Metro State College Players. You may have also seen a sign around town put up by the Vannoy Talent Agency showing two mimes (male and female) touching tongue tips. The male mime is named Michael Berg (he also appeared at Governor Lamm's inaugural fete). Is it is same as our MB? It turns out to be another. The sign, though, attracted a lot of attention, including outrage, which of course is exactly what it was designed to do.

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

A new member, F. J. Furman, is looking for everything put out by Norman Corwin. His address is 1225 Penn., Denver, 80203. Let's help Mr. Furman out, and show our new members how we give them our support.

Speaking of Norman Corwin, isn't it a delight to see him introducing movie short subjects on Channel 6? He has not lost his gift for facility of language.

IT RAINED WHEN WE LOST YOU

Over the past three months, we have had to drop a lot of members for non-renewal of dues. Despite the fact that expiration dates have been well publicized, we suspect that many of them just forgot about it. To help jog their memories, we will be putting the expiration date on the address label. Renew promptly! We cannot afford to "carry" you for even one issue.

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES:

New Members

Abbott, Steven D., 7233 W. Roxbury, Littleton, 80123.	973-1459.	3/80
Schaller, Nicholas, 1905 Division St., Denver, 80202		3/80

Renewal

Griffiths, Don 3/80

SEARS AND CBS MYSTERY LOG AVAILABLE

Jerry Appleman tells me that we can obtain logs of both Sears Radio and CBS Mystery Theater by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Old Radio Warehouse, 5 Valley View Drive, Yonkers, NY 10710. Jerry loaned me the logs for March, which I copied in case anyone wants them.

DUSTY IS UNDERWHELMED

Speaking of the Sears programs, in his March 30 column, Dusty reviews them, and is less than thrilled. "...Sears Radio Theater...is having trouble gaining its broadcasting legs. The programs are without the quality offered on the popular 'CBS Radio Mystery Theater.'

"The Sears series has bitten off more than it can chew, trying to mix comedy, adventure, mystery, westerns and that old radio standby, love and hate. Unfortunately, a good share of the programs sound like a parody of old-time radio. And this isn't the intent."

ANOTHER OLD-TIME RADIO PROGRAM


In the same column, Dusty Saunders points out that Bill Saul is broadcasting OTR programs on KOA at 1:10 P.M. He will feature "The Great Gildersleeve" on Monday, "Dragnet" on Tuesday, and "Suspense", "Lone Ranger" and "Duffy's Tavern" the remaining three weekdays.

JOHN DUNNING WRITES ANOTHER BOOK

We were delighted to read in Gene Amole's column, that John Dunning is coming out with a novel:

Rocky Mountain News-

3/9/79



**Amole's
corner**

By Gene Amole

Kolorado's KKK

Oh, Justice.

That's what Denver author John Dunning wants to call his new novel about the takeover of Colorado government by the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s.

He has taken the title from the sign over the entrance to the Denver Post building. It says now, as it did then, "Oh Justice, When Expelled From Other Habitations, Make This Thy Dwelling Place."

"It's a fictional story using real characters," Dunning said. "Real characters interchange with the fictional ones." This technique of writing an historical novel is called "faction."

Dunning said the 200,000-word novel will be published by the book division of the New York Times. "The editor took one look at the size of my book and almost had a cardiac arrest."

"He said that to get it in any kind of shape for the market, they were going to have to cut 20,000 words. A special editor has been hired. I won't even get to see what is taken out until the gulf gets through," Dunning said.

HE HAS SOLD FOUR books, including the highly successful "Tune in Yesterday," an encyclopedia of old-time radio. That 700-page volume is now in its second printing.

Dunning said the New York Times editors don't like the "Oh, Justice" title. They feel that it wouldn't mean much outside of Colorado where Denver Post history is not so well known. "The Times people may just decide to call it 'Denver,'" Dunning said.

The book starts in the year 1923 and ends in 1925. There is one important flashback, Dunning said, that goes back to 1900. While it had nothing directly to do with the Klan, the incident gives a perspective to later events.

"There was a lynching that really happened near Limon in 1900. A black sheepherder by the name of Preston Porter was burned at the stake for allegedly raping and murdering a girl. I would certainly put up an argument if the editors cut that part. It is essential to my story," Dunning said.

The lynching was witnessed by a boy who became a reporter for the Denver Post 23 years later. It is through his eyes that Dunning tells the story.

"The day after Porter confessed, they took him out of jail and lynched him. They chained him to a railroad spike driven in the ground and burned him alive. The girl's father actually lit the fire," Dunning said.

"The newspapers played a role in all of this and they sent reporters to cover the lynching. Bonfils and Tammen almost crusaded for the lynching," Dunning said. F.G. Bonfils and H.H. Tammen had founded the Post five years earlier.

DUNNING SAID THERE are 90 characters in the book. Bonfils and Tammen have principal roles. So does Gene Fowler, author of "Timberline," a best-selling anecdotal account of those same years.

Another major character is Ben Stapleton, who was Denver's mayor for 20 years. "He had strong Klan ties . . . and the word was that he had made a deal with John Galen Locke, who was Colorado grand dragon of the Klan," Dunning said.

Also in Dunning's book is Gov. Clarence Morley, another Klan member. There are many other names people will remember. Among them is Judge Ben Lindsey, the father of Denver's juvenile court system, and Phillip S. Van Cise, the district attorney who finally broke the Klan's power in Colorado.

Dunning believes that all the real characters in his book are dead. A number of their descendants still live in Denver, however, and Dunning said, "I really don't know how they'll react" to the book.

Dunning used to be a Post reporter. He got the idea for his book after hearing Post editorial page editor Bill Hosokawa give a talk about the early days at the newspaper. Hosokawa had written "Thunder in the Rockies," an authorized Post history.

Needless to say, there's nothing authorized about Dunning's book.

PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT -- It may or may not interest readers to know that your editor is connected with two people mentioned in John's book. Mayor Ben Stapleton served under my grandfather, Brig. Gen. Irving Hale, who led the First Colorado Volunteers in the Spanish-American War. Such was Ben's

loyalty to my grandfather that he established Hale Parkway, put up a plaque which still stands on the south side of the Capitol and helped name Camp Hale, where the 10th Mountain Division trained at Pando, near Leadville. My uncle, William D. Sanborn, assisted Dist. Att'y Phillip S. Van Cise in his biggest case, breaking up the Blonger gang, which was commemorated in Van Cise's book "Fighting the Underworld." Uncle Bill was a driver, transporting a carload of "baddies" to a church for safekeeping, since it was thought the Denver cops would immediately let them go free. Bill is still alive, and his recollections of early-day Denver go back as far as listening to the piano-player at Mattie Silks (though not partaking of that establishment's other attractions).

KPOF's 51st ANNIVERSARY

In the absence of John Lloyd, it was your editor's pleasure to attend the 51st anniversary celebration for radio station KPOF, held at Alma Temple on Sunday, March 11. While it was an honor to be introduced from the congregation, for me the highlight of the afternoon was hearing Mr. L.S. Wolfgang's recollection of how KPOF got started. He went down to the old Knight-Campbell's on 16th & California Sts., where he met a young man who had his own broadcasting studio in his home in North Denver. It had a power of five watts, and he went on and off whenever he liked. He sold everything for \$2,000, and Mr. Wolfgang carted it away in a wheelbarrow.

Bishop Alma White requested an increase in power to fifty, then 500 watts. They now broadcast in several languages with an output of 5000 watts, and it is our hope those devout Christians celebrate at least 51 more years of inspirational broadcasting.

NIFTY MASTHEAD

I should have mentioned long before this that our new spiffy masthead is the courtesy of Phil Normand, a new member. My thanks for what is obviously an improvement over my shakey-hand tracing in the past.

A VAUGHAN-RICHARD-LLOYD ORGY!

No. No. The gentlemen aren't doing anything strange. It's just that we have had a buildup of quizzes, puzzles, etc. from these three, so what follows is a festival of OTR fun and games. We begin with a quiz by John Lloyd:

- 1) In 1947, a radio star kidded his network and its vice-presidents, and was cut off the air for 25 seconds. Identify him.
- 2) Brenda and Cobina were characters on what program during the late 1930's?
- 3) Who was called the "Street Singer"?
- 4) Who was the star woman reporter on "Big Town"?
- 5) What role did Minetta Ellen play for the entire 27 years of a program?
- 6) Archibald MacLeish, Norman Corwin and Arch Oboler were three of the top writers of dramas heard on what unsponsored program on CBS?
- 7) Name the program that was a "gigantic stage on which are played a thousand dramas daily".
- 8) What was the occupation of Floyd on "The Great Gildersleeve"?
- 9) What was the theme song of "Easy Aces"?
- 10) What was the name of Amos Jones's little girl on "Amos 'n Andy"?

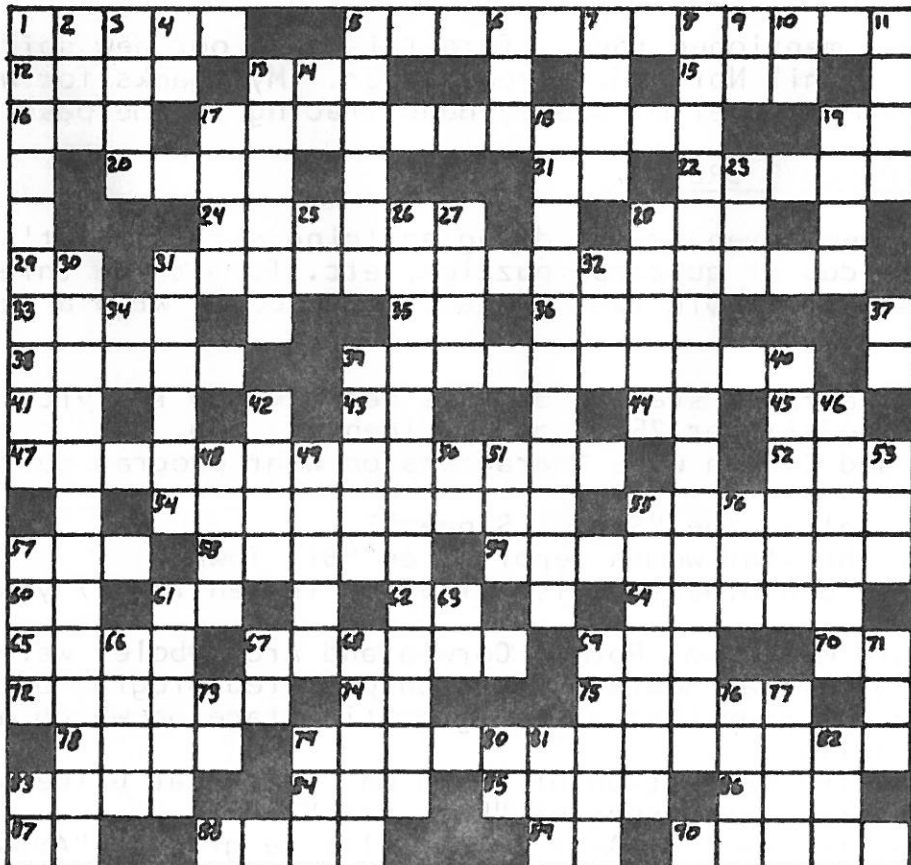
RADIO QUIZ NO. 8, BY JIM VAUGHAN

DIMENSION X

- 1) What was the title of the first program heard on NBC, April 8, 1950?
- 2) What was the last program, heard on NBC September 29, 1951?
- 3) One story by Ray Bradbury stands as a classic today. Name this program, heard on July 7, 1950.
- 4) Name one of the two directors on Dimension X.
- 5) Who was the deep-voiced narrator?
- 6) Who was the in-house script writer?
- 7) Dimension X was the result of combined efforts of NBC and what magazine?
- 8) Who contributed technical advice for Dimension X?
- 9) How many shows were aired during its run?
- 10) Name at least two of the actors who appeared regularly on the program.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ NO. 7, WILLIAM POWELL -- 1. Himan Brown 2. Les Damon and Claudia Morgan 3. Ceiling Unlimited 4. Orson Welles 5. Hollywood Hotel 6. The Lux Radio Theatre 7. Carole Lombard. They were divorced two years later. 8. John Dillinger 9. Elissa Landi 10. Mr. Roberts

AND NOW, COMPLETING OUR THREE-BAGGER, A CROSSWORD PUZZLE BY JACK RICHARDS:



1. MARY _____ BACKSTAGE WIFE
 5. RADIO'S TEENAGER
 12. SMELL
 MORE THAN ONE
 15. GIRL'S NAME
 16. PRIMARY COLOR
 17. RADIO & MOVIE DETECTIVE
 19. MISTER
 20. UNIT OF TIME
 21. PRONOUN
 22. WHAT THROCKMORTON WAS
 24. SPECIAL
 28. PAYMENT
 29. SOUTH CAROLINA
 31. LATEST ADDITION TO SMITHSONIAN
 33. FESTIVE SHOW
 35. TANTALUM
 36. AFFECTIONATE
 38. MUSICAL PRODUCTION
 39. RADIO/TV ACTOR
 41. UNIT OF MEASURE
 43. ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
 44. UNIT OF MEASURE
 45. EAST CENTRAL
 47. SHOW FEATURING RONALD COLMAN
 52. GREEK LETTER
 54. SCARY RADIO PROGRAM
 55. NOT CRICKET
 57. INSECT
 58. SELECT
 59. MAKE STRONGER
 60. CENTRAL PLACE
 61. EXCLAMATION
 62. RUBINIUM
 64. AFTER FIVE
 65. EJECT
 67. GILDY'S DRUGGIST
 69. FRONT END
 70. OF TO BE
 72. CONCEDES
 74. MATH QUANTITY
 75. GOVERNED
 78. ATHLETIC ORGANIZATION
 79. ANOTHER RADIO TEENAGER
 83. PARTS OF PLAY
 84. CRUSTED FOOD
 85. SPOKEN
 86. _____ BURROWS SHOW
 87. COMPASS POINT
 88. FRUIT SKIN

89. RADON
 90. FLOWERING PLANT

DOWN

1. PLAYED ABNER PEABODY
 2. POEM
 3. CORPUS DELICTI
 4. LIVING ROOM
 5. MEAT PACKER
 6. FISH SPAWN
 7. PAIN
 8. BAD DETECTIVE SHOW
 9. REGISTERED NURSE
 10. PREPOSITION
 11. PLAYED BEULAH
 13. SEWING IMPLEMENT
 14. WASHINGTON
 17. MONEY
 18. BOY DETECTIVE
 19. MORE THAN A FEW
 23. STEEP
 25. LIVING ROOM
 26. MUSIC SPONGER
 27. DUCK
 28. BARBOUR'S MATRIARCH
 30. SERVED AT FORT LARAMIE
 31. J. _____ NAISH
 32. LABOR GROUP
 34. LEFT END
 37. SAME AS 21 ACROSS
 39. VEGETABLES
 40. SHIP OUT
 42. HUDSON OR MADISON FOR EXAMPLE
 46. STAR OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL
 48. WEALTHY
 49. PERTAINING TO THINGS
 50. PREPOSITION
 51. BELONGING TO ONE
 53. ANGER
 55. DISHONEST
 56. FUR ANIMAL
 57. GREETING
 61. TOPOGRAPHICAL CHART
 63. EXIST
 66. RELIGIOUS GROUP
 67. POST SCRIPT
 68. MONTH
 69. TEACH
 71. DISTRESS SIGNAL

CONCLUSION OF CLUES TO JACK RICHARD'S PUZZLE:

DOWN

- 73. JAY JOSTYN WAS ONE
- 76. PERIODS OF TIME
- 77. IOU
- 79. MIMIC
- 80. OF TO BE

- 81. HEAD ORNAMENT
- 82. SMALL
- 83. ARTICLE

TWO MESSAGES FROM JOHN LLOYD:

It is with a great personal sadness that I report the untimely death of Allen Rockford. Allen was the editor of the Nostalgia Radio News, a pioneer in collecting and broadcasting of OTR and close personal friend of many RHAC members. He was 35. I met Allen several years ago on his trip to Denver and took an immediate liking to him. He was a warm and sincere person.

He wanted to start an OTR club in Syracuse, so a few of us did a tape with him. Unfortunately, the club didn't start, but it wasn't because of a lack of effort by Allen. He worked hard at everything he did.

Allen was in contact with several of us here in Denver, and his passing is a loss for us all. He left us much too soon, but we are all richer for having known him. We will miss him deeply.

Good news! Dusty Saunders can now be heard on radio. He will begin his new show on KOA Sundays from 5 to 7 p.m. (right after John Dunning's show goes off on KADX). It will be a call-in show and should be very interesting. Dusty is Entertainment Editor of the Rocky Mountain News, and an Honorary Member of the RHAC, having spoken at a meeting a while back. Give him a listen.

AND WE HAVE ROOM FOR ANOTHER QUIZ BY JOHN LLOYD!

Unscramble the following old time radio shows. Each scrambled word contains the letters you need to make it correct.

- 1. BOBYH BOBYL
- 2. DAVECLAVA FO REACAMI
- 3. SUJT NAILP LIBL
- 4. MALHAKRL HAPYLOUSE
- 5. LAPHOGNO DISYACS
- 6. GRANDTE
- 7. NERZOLO NOSEJ
- 8. HATTIRGS ORWAR
- 9. ROARDIAL RUHO
- 10. RADREYEE HORU
- 11. TEAGR SLIDERVEEGEL
- 12. NORFT GAPE LAFRERL
- 13. NOE SANM MIFYAL
- 14. LONTIM REBEL WOSH
- 15. SKUMGENO
- 16. ELM CABLN WOSH
- 17. ROHU FO CRAHM
- 18. IXS TOSHROE
- 19. LIPH RIHARS HWOS
- 20. HARCDIR MINDOAD

(This looks like the first draft of Return With Us Now, or the final draft of a John Adams article.)

BONUS: DOIRA ROSTLIACHI ONOTACISASI FO DALOROCO

THE PHANTOM OF THE GREY SKELETON MINE
Part 3--An Excursion Is Planned

by Daniel Daugherty

Jack turned off the gravel road they had been negotiating when they first sighted Aurora and her runaway Ford, and onto the older road that led up to Foley's Folly and Battle Mountain. If the gravel road was primitive compared to the Million Dollar Highway, then this road was absolutely prehistoric.

As the car bounced up the hills and down the valleys of the roadway, Reggie reached his hands up to the roof of the sedan, hoping that some pressure applied at the right moment would help his head to avoid a series of unhappy collisions. "Jove! I'm more inclined now to believe that Aurora's brakes were sabotaged!"

"Why's that, Reggie?" asked Jack.

"The condition of this road, if road is a fair name for it. I presume that Miss Ashe drove it this morning, and I can't help but feel that such punishment would have demolished her car completely, or not at all. I mean to say, it wouldn't have shaken loose just one bolt and no other."

"On the other hand, a person might have loosened a bolt enough that such a trip would have been sure to shake it loose," continued Jack.

"I think it's a very good possibility,"

"But none of this is conclusive, Reggie, so let's try to keep an open mind."

"But I say, Jack, it's not easy to keep an open mind about a creature that would throw a young girl into a shaft full of poisonous snakes."

"He didn't throw you into the shaft, did he Miss Ashe?"

"No," the girl admitted. "I blundered in on my own, but he talked as if he would be quite willing to throw me in--or anyone else he got his hands on!"

"Of course he would. See here Jack, are you suggesting that this phantom fellow might not be such a bounder after all?"

"We don't know enough about him to say anything yet, Reggie. All I'm saying is that we wait before passing any judgements. I would suggest that Miss Ashe take us up to the Grey Skeleton Mine, though."

The girl started. "No! No, I couldn't! I'm not going there again, and don't you boys go either. I couldn't stand to see any of you hurt or killed!"

Jack laughed at the girl's concerns, and assured her that she needn't worry. "Doc would be very disappointed if you told him not to go near this old phantom and his pit of snakes. He'd be at a terrible loss trying to choose between the wishes of a pretty girl, and the chance for some excitement."

"So would I, for that matter," said Reggie York. "We three didn't form the A-1 Detective Agency just so we could hide in a corner, away from a bit of danger, what?"

"You boys are detectives?"

"Yes, after a fashion," Jack replied. "So you see, Miss Ashe, no detective worth his salt could resist the temptation to go to the mine and investigate your phantom."

"Go then, if you're going to be stubborn about it. But I can't promise that I'll come with you to watch you all get yourselves killed."

Jack looked over at the girl. He didn't like women who were always getting

themselves into trouble, but this one was different. Of course Jack didn't know much about her, but he had made a few judgements--pretty accurately, he felt. She had the spunk and determination needed to face trouble, and some of the common sense needed to avoid it. He liked that about her. He liked the way she had gotten control of herself and handled things fairly well in a situation that would have had most girls in a helpless state of hysterics. He liked the openness and frankness in her voice. He liked the little brown curl over the left eye, and the eyes themselves. She had sounded genuinely concerned earlier when she talked about them getting hurt, and had looked straight at Jack when she talked. Did that have any special meaning, or was he just imagining things?

Many thoughts about the girl flashed through Jack's mind in a few seconds space, yet all he said was, "Well, if you're going to stay behind, then you might talk Doc out of coming, after all."

The road straightened out for a mile or two, and leveled somewhat as it ran through a clearing. Scattered along either side were about two dozen cabins, made of rough hewn wood and unpainted. Some looked long deserted, others showed signs of occupancy. There was one that stood out from the rest by virtue of being larger, made of pine board, and having a genuine (if somewhat blistered and faded) paint job. The wooden sign over the door read:

The Pinewood Ashe
Hotel and General Store

Aurora pointed out the building and asked Jack to stop there. An old man rocking on the front porch, whittling away at a ten-inch long piece of wood, was also pointed out by the girl. He was 'gramps'. "The man who used to run the place died shortly after we moved to Folly. He didn't have any relatives--he was ninety, and hadn't ever married--so some bank back in Durango put it up for auction. Dad bid fifty dollars and that was enough. We don't really make any money off it, but it's better to live in than gramps' old cabin."

The old man came trotting up to the car, that being the closest he could come to a run. He had a look of great concern on his face as he squinted at Aurora and asked, "What happened to the ol' bucket, honey, and who're these fellas?"

"The brakes gave out on the road to Gobey, gramps, and these boys saved me. I still don't know how they managed it, but they stopped my car with their own. They're detectives, too! They've got a real detective agency. Imagine that, gramps!"

The old man scratched a wiry white and grey beard with one hand, and kept a firm hold on his steak with the other. "I can imagine a lot, honey, but not three detectives just coincidentally like showin' up right now--and that in a town that don't see more'n one visitor in a whole year."

Doc reacted to the man's unfriendly attitude. "Look here, fella! You're actin' kinda ungrateful to the heroes who just saved your granddaughter's pretty little self from getting all smashed up. Anyway, you ought to be glad to have some detectives around to check into this phantom fella you've got running around here."

The old man's eyes narrowed. "So you know about the phantom, do ya? Seems as Aurora's been sayin' a lot to you fellas. You should

know better than to talk so much to strangers, girl."

They aren't strangers, gramps. Not now, anyway. And I trust them."

"Mr. Ashe," said Jack, "your sign calls this place a hotel. We'd like to have some rooms for a couple of days."

"If you want them, they're yours. You can take your pick."

"Thank you." Jack's eyes rested upon the piece of wood the old man had in his hands. "That thing you've been working on looks like a stake."

The old man sniffed and considered his answer for a minute. "I can't say I've ever run into detectives before, but somehow I always knew they'd be nosey critters. It ain't none of your business what this is, nor what it's for!"

"Have it your way, gramps." Jack turned to his companions. "Let's get our bags and get settled in; then Reggie and I can satisfy your curiosity, Doc."

"Oh, I say, you don't really think that's possible, do you now, Jack?"

Jack and Reggie were still laughing as they fetched their luggage, little as it was, and stepped up onto the porch of the 'Pinewood Ashe'. Just before passing through the doorway, Jack turned back to the old man. "You've been misinformed, gramps."

"Huh? What're you talking about now, you young fool. Why, I've had more good thoughts pass through here (he tapped his forehead) than could fit in ten of your noggins."

"I woun't argue with you about that, gramps. But you've apparently forgotten all you ever knew about killing phantoms. Steaks are for pinning up vampires. Phantoms have no substance to pound one into."

"Humph! Think you're real smart, don't ya. I'd like to see what you do when you come face to face with the phantom."

"Haven't given it much thought, gramps. Guess I'll just say "boo" and see if he fades away."

"Aw, go on and git into some room or the other, and leave me alone! Lunch is at twelve. Come down if you've a mind to, or do us all a favor and have lunch sent up!"

"Oh, we'll be down. I wouldn't pass up the chance for more good fellowship and interesting conversation." Jack joined his friends, leaving the old man muttering to himself.

A few hours later Jack, Doc and Reggie sat back from the lunch table and thanked both gramps and Aurora Ashe for an excellent meal. Doc had just downed his seventh and last biscuit when a bearded young fellow of about 30 walked in. He stood six-foot-two and was well built. His face had smooth good looks and was lightly tanned; his beard and hair were short and neatly trimmed; and his clothes were well chosen, well fitted, and very expensive looking. In sum, the man took great pains to look devastatingly handsome, and succeeded. It was not in the least suprising that Aurora's face lit up like it did. The man returned the smile and asked how she was.

"I'm fine, Dan. Why do you ask?"

"I saw your truck chained to a car outside. It looked as though someone had towed you back." The man spoke to Aurora, but looked closely at Jack, Doc, and Reggie, each in turn. "I thought something might have happened to you on your way to town this morning."

"Something did, Dan. My brakes stopped working, and I was nearly killed! I'm scared, Dan. I don't think the brakes gave out by accident. I think someone wanted me to die!"

"Don't be silly, Aurora, dear. No one could want to kill you. Whoever gave you such an idea?" Again he was looking at the three companions.

"Well," the girl looked at the three now, too, "Reggie says the brakes might have been tampered with. In fact, you said you thought they were, didn't you Reggie?"

"Well, not precisely. . ." Reggie began, but the girl interrupted.

"Just ask Fletcher to look at them, Dan. He knows all about cars, seems like. I guess it'll convince you if he says the brakes were rigged to go bad."

Dan Macon looked uncomfortable. "You have a habit of always making people out to be more than they really are, Aurora. Fletcher Mallet and I have been together for years, and I can assure you he's no auto mechanic. By the way, which of you is 'Reggie'?"

The girl quickly introduced all three companions as the 'real live detectives' who had saved her life. The man gave a half smile. "I'm glad to meet anyone who helped bring Aurora back to us safely. I can't tell you how much she means to the people here in Folly." Aurora came as close to a blush as was in her nature to, but Jack was more aware of the suspicion in the man's voice, and how ill at ease he was. He cursed himself for having bragged to the girl about his line of work, and wished he could have foreseen that she would go telling everyone she met about it. Before long, she would have the whole town watching his friends and himself behind their backs, and wondering why the men had showed up in Folly and what they were about. It would make investigation doubly difficult to have such suspicions aroused.

Macon was addressing Jack now. "Do you men work for some agency, Mr. Packard?"

"We run our own, Mr. Macon."

"In Denver, perhaps?"

"No, in Hollywood. The A-1 Detective Agency. We were on a job in St. Louis, and are on our way back to California."

"I see. Well, again, I'm glad you happened to be on the right road at the right time, even if it is a bit out of the way for someone headed to California. You have some suspicions about the truck's brakes also?"

"It does seem a bit of a coincidence to think that a girl whose life has been threatened should lose control of her truck just as she is going down a dangerous mountain road."

Macon seemed to dismiss the idea. "Well, as to that, all of the roads around here are dangerous, and the truck is old and probably in much need of repair. This wouldn't be the first time an old vehicle's brakes have given out at a bad moment."

"Aurora, I think you've become overly distraught over the death of your father. It was tragic, happening so suddenly, and not even being able to arrange a proper funeral, but don't let it prey on your mind. I'm sure your father died by accident, and I can't believe anyone would want to hurt you. If these men really are detectives, then it's their business to be suspicious, even if there's nothing to be suspicious about. Don't let them frighten you."

"Hey now, hold on there son," Doc said. "There ain't nobody tryin' to frighten Miss Aurora. But if she is frightened, then I say she's got every right to be, what with a phantom after her and all."

Dan looked at the girl. "You haven't been telling them about your phantom now, have you? I thought you didn't believe in those old stories."

"I didn't, Dan. Not until. . . Oh, let's just forget about it."

"Forget about it, my Grandma," Doc exclaimed. "We're going up and have a talk with this phantom fella."

"You mean up to the mine?" Macon asked quickly.

"A whole heard of snakes couldn't keep us away," Doc answered.

"Now you're talkin' boys!" gramps shouted. "Let's go up and throw him to the snakes, and have done with it! And I think I'll take my whittlin' along with me, just in case phantoms and vampires have anythin' in common, if you take my meanin'."

"Does that mean you plan to come with us, gramps?" Jack asked.

"Does a mule have ears? You'll need someone to show you young fools the way, so's you don't end up in the bottom of Stonewall Gap. Come with us, Dan."

"Sounds like a waste of time to me, grandfather. I think I'll stay behind, and I hope Aurora will do the same."

"Don't worry about that, Dan," the girl replied. "Let them all go chase spooks 'till the sun goes down, if that's what they want to do. I've had enough of mines."

"Then if you'll excuse us, Miss Ashe," said Jack, "now seems as good a time as any to start. Lead on, gramps."

"I'll just go get a few things, and be right with you, son. We'll need a lantern, maybe a pickaxe, and might not hurt to have some rope. . . ." The old man walked off to another room, still enumerating all the items they would find useful. Dan Macon turned to Packard.

"I wish you well, Mr. Packard, in finding whatever it is you're looking for. I hope you fare better than the last man who tried to go up to that mine."

"I say, that's a rather cruel thing to say in front of Miss Ashe, don't you think?" said Reggie.

"Maybe, but phantom or no phantom, the trail to the mine is dangerous--more so now than ever, since part of it was wiped out by Jim Ashe's accident. The spring thaws have left a lot of loose rock and dirt. Anyone going up there now might have the trail cromble away beneath his feet, or be buried in a rockslide."

"Or find something he's not supposed to?" Jack put in.

"I don't understand you," Macon said.

"Yes, Jack," Aurora added, "What did you mean by that?"

"I don't know yet," said Jack Packard. "I hope I can tell you later, when we get back from the Grey Skeleton Mine."

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FUNKY WINKERBEAN



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