

RETURN WITH US

The Radio Historical
Association of Colorado, Inc.

NOW...



Volume 20, Number 4

November, 1994



The Fat Man was played by J. Scott Smart



BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING: There will be a board meeting January 5, 1995, 7:30 p.m., at the home of John Adams, 2811 S Valentia St, Denver CO 80231. ALL MEMBERS are welcome and invited to attend and participate at the Board of Directors Meeting.

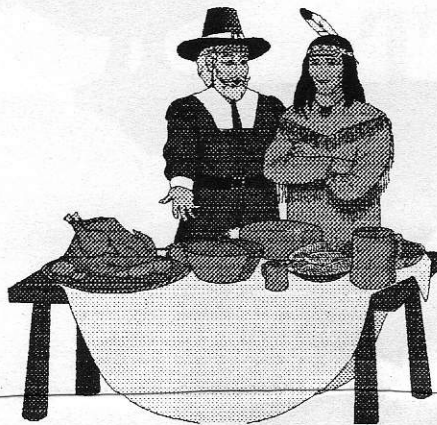


There will **NOT** be a regular monthly meeting in November, 1994

The next meeting will be a Yuletide Gathering, Saturday, December 10, 1994, 5 p.m. at the Clubhouse at 7101 W Yale Ave, Denver CO 80227.



The Larry Cox Show can now be heard Saturday nights, 10 p.m. to midnight, on **KHOW**, 630 AM



RETURN WITH US NOW... is the official publication of *The Radio Historical Association of Colorado, Inc.*, a non-profit organization. Cost of membership is \$20.00 for the first year with \$15 .00 for renewal. Each member has full use of the club resources. For further information contact anyone listed below.



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BRAT'S BIRTHDAY

Few serial characters of our time have excited such mixed emotions as Fanny Brice's Baby Snooks. Regarded by some as a loathly brat, by others as a most comical moppet. Snooks has been a mainstay of the Maxwell House *Good News* show since December 1937, currently attracts, with the help of Frank Morgan, the latest thing in Munchausens, an audience estimated at about 15,000,000.

Snooks first came into being at a private party in Manhattan. In the course of singing a patter song, *Poor Pauline*, Miss Brice lapsed into baby talk. Years later Moss Hart wrote a Snooks skit for *Sweet and Low*, but Snooks was officially recognized when she was included in the Brice routine for the 1934 *Follies*. The late Dave Freedman and Phil Rapp, who still writes the Maxwell House script, collaborated on material for Snooks. A couple of years later Fanny ran through the Snooks skit as a guest of Maxwell House. Signed up as a permanent attraction on the program, Miss Brice cooed, gurgled and whined her way to a berth in radio. Now 49, she boasts: "I could do Snooks blind. I don't have to work on it. It's part of me. It's like stealing money to get paid for it."

As Snooks, Fanny goes through all kinds of strange contortions before a mike, mugging, squirming, jumping up & down. Unlike Colleague Morgan she never ad libs, gives Scriptwriter Rapp and Hanley Stafford, her "Daddy," plenty of credit for helping her put Snooks across, threw a party last week in honor of them and Snooks's seventh anniversary. Favorite situation cooked up for Snooks involved the purchase of an Easter bonnet. First she demands flowers for the hat, then fruit, eggs, vegetables. Remarks the clerk: "Shall I wrap it up?" Replies Snooks: "No, I'll eat it here."

For doing Snooks, Fanny is paid \$5,000 a week. A bit moody now and restless, she is sometimes difficult to handle, gets whims like refusing to wear glasses for fear of spoiling Snooks's appearance to radio audiences, which necessitates writing her script in triple size type. A great one for entertaining, she lives in an 18-room Beverly Hills mansion, which she has

furnished ornately with French and English antiques. Among recent drop-ins have been the socially hard-to-get Aldous Huxley and Somerset Maugham. Describing the occasion, Fanny remarked, "Like jerks, we played parlor games." Most unusual of her guests was one Roger Davis, who dropped in on her in 1916, has been around ever since. She dotes on her two children (by Nicky Armstein), is rated a good painter by the Chouinard Art Institute, which she attends. She never discusses past matrimonial ventures if she can help it. When she does, she is a little bitter about her last spouse, whom she refers to as "That Rose."

Time, March 10, 1941

Grandmother Snooks

When "The Follies of 1921" opened, it starred an actress who had been a Ziegfeld mainstay since 1910. A little character comedienne with a generous nose and a wide mouth, Fanny Brice during the show stepped out of character to sing a haunting song called "My Man." It fast became a great song hit and a Brice trademark.

"My Man" has gone the way of the hip flask and the flapper, but Miss Brice is still around. This week she is celebrating a somewhat arbitrary **silver anniversary**. It toasts what was a very minor occurrence in 1921, the birth of a precocious, bratty character known today as "Baby Snooks."

At a party Fanny burlesqued the burlesque song, "Poor Pauline," singing it as a six-year-old might. A guest dubbed the voice "Babykins" and suggested it go into Miss Brice's routine. But it wasn't until Fanny's third husband, Billy Rose, produced "*Sweet and Low*" in 1930 that Babykins hit Broadway. Although Fanny did her best, Babykins was dropped from the review after a few weeks. In the "Follies of 1933" the brat came back as Baby Snooks. By the time the "Follies of 1936" crossed the boards Snooks was breaking into reviews. Eve Arden was Snooks's mother, eventually to be replaced by a shapely young woman named Gypsy Rose Lee.

In 1938, Fanny and Snooks took to the radio and in September 1944 settled down in their own show (CBS. Sunday. 6:30-7

p.m., EST). Ever since Snooks has been on the air, Hanley Stafford has been her harried, short-tempered father, Lancelot Higgins. Miss Brice herself picked Stafford from 30 applicants and is now so attached to him that he is paid \$1,250 a week on her show, although his top on other programs is a mere \$750. Miss Brice herself earns a hefty \$6,000 from her sponsor, Sanka Coffee.

The Former Fanny: Born in New York's lower East Side, Fanny Borach was 5 when her family moved to Newark where "Momma and Papa got some saloons." Fanny reminisces: "Momma was a wonderful cook and got famous for her free lunches.

At 13 Fanny won first prize (\$5) at an amateur contest at Keeney's Theater in Brooklyn, singing "When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget." She stayed in this general salary range until 1910 when she ran into Irving Berlin. He gave her a song called "Sadie Salome" and suggested she do it with a Jewish accent. That song got Fannie into her first Follies and turned her to the Jewish comedy that for the next dozen years made her a vaudeville headliner. "Just think," she once mused for publicity, "if Irving had happened to have a Swedish song in stock that day I might have been Greta Garbo."

Currently, Miss Brice—mother of two and grandmother of one—lives quietly in a sprawling house in Holmby Hills, a fashionable suburb of Los Angeles.

By and large Fanny leaves the radio program up to her three writers. Her judgment on scripts is infallible—but in reverse. If she tells the writers, "That's a weak one, boys, fix it up," they know they've got a good show.

Newsweek, March 11, 1946

The Private Eye

Who Really Was...

By Mildred Ross

Bill Gargan is one actor who can boast that his private eye portrayals have a ring of authenticity. Long before Bill ever dreamed of becoming a thespian he was a

sleuth for a nationally known detective agency.

"Both my sleuthing and my acting happened accidentally," Bill admitted frankly. "My father had been a member of the secret service and he kept it so secret I never knew about it until long after his resignation. Dad's occupation, however, had nothing to do with my becoming a detective. While on the road selling I met someone who told me of an opening with a credit investigation company. I became an investigator simply because it paid more than my selling job. After learning the ropes with a small outfit I applied for a job with the William Burns Detective Agency. It was with this organization that I learned a lot about the ins and outs of sleuthing. Some of the people I met were incongruous characters and completely unbelievable if written into any fictional piece.

"My on-the-spot experience has been of the utmost help in portraying my various detective roles. These roles include 'Martin Kane' which I created, 'Ellery Queen,' 'Ross Doland,' 'I Deal in Crime,' and my current assignment, 'Barrie Craig, Confidential'."

Like any normal, cocky young man Bill Gargan became resentful when after doing all the leg work on a case a more experienced detective was called in for the "kill." Because of this frustration he bent a willing ear when his actor-brother Edward Gargan told him of an opening in the Broadway musical "Rose Marie."

And so Gargan again changed his profession. The footlights fascinated the young ex-detective and after "Rose Marie" he landed a job in "Aloma of the South Seas," in which he was disguised as a Tahitian. Gargan found his niche and from then on moved right in.

The high spots in his career were "Animal Kingdom" which starred the late Leslie Howard, after whom one of his sons is named. Gargan literally stole the show and as a result of his performance was elected by the Drama Critics as the Outstanding Actor of the year. He has also been nominated for an Oscar for the best supporting actor award for his role in "They Knew What They Wanted."

After more than a quarter of a century as an actor, Gargan is a man with ideas and

he knows what he wants. He plans to combine his acting and detective experience and package a series based on the county medical examiner's reports.

This could be a combination of "Drag-net" and "Medic," both award winners. Is this bad?

Radio and TV Guide, May 27, 1955

ROBERT L(EROY) RIPLEY

Cartoonist; author

"Believe It or Not, this is Ripley," says a road marker before a certain American town—a bow to Robert L. Ripley, probably the best-known "disseminator of the incredible truth," whose daily audience numbers some eighty millions. A nationwide survey showed that, with the single exception of front-page news pictures, Ripley's *Believe It or Not* cartoon was the greatest reader-interest feature in newspapers, exceeding even the front-page headline news; and its creator has also been successful on the radio, in writing books, as a lecturer, and in producing "Odditoriums."

LeRoy Ripley, who added the name Robert twenty years later, was born in the small town of Santa Rosa, California on Christmas day, 1893. His mother, Lily Belle (Yocka) Ripley, whose parents were Western pioneers, had been born in a covered wagon; his father, Isaac Davis Ripley, was a carpenter. At eleven, Roy was graduated from grammar school and entered the Santa Rosa High School, where his English teacher recalls him as "a dear, shy boy." She noticed his skill in drawing and, aware that he disliked composition, offered to accept an illustration in place of each assigned paper. Young Ripley therefore illustrated nearly all the classics studied, doing research to insure the accuracy of his drawings. When the boy was twelve his father died, and he had to help support his mother, younger sister, and brother Douglas, whom he looks on as more a son than a brother. Roy got a job after school polishing gravestones for a tombstone company, and later left high school to go to work; but although he never graduated

he drew the cover of the graduation number of the school publication.

When Ripley was fourteen he sold his first commercial drawing to the old *Life* magazine for eight dollars. Titled *The Village Belles Were Wringing*, it showed three girls wringing clothes over a wash-tub. During the summers the boy pitched for a semi-professional baseball team, receiving anywhere from seven to fifteen dollars a week for pitching and drawing a weekly baseball poster. His baseball career was to be cut short by an arm injury sustained while trying out for the New York Giants, but his posters brought him to the attention of the editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, who hired the sixteen-year-old boy as sports cartoonist for eight dollars a week, later raised to ten dollars. When Ripley asked for another raise he was fired, went over to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and repeated the process, this time getting up to twenty dollars a week before being discharged. In 1913, when Ripley was twenty, he left the West Coast for New York, where he was hired by the *New York Globe* for twenty-five dollars. The *Globe* insisted that their sports cartoonist should have a more athletic-sounding name than LeRoy, so the Californian became Bob Ripley, demoting LeRoy to a middle initial, L; his old friends still call him Roy, however. Here Ripley drew one or two sports cartoons a week, spending most of his free time playing handball at the New York Athletic Club. He also did some wrestling, and in 1916 he and "Bugs" Baer put on a wrestling match at the old Lexington Opera House.

In December 1918, Ripley had a deadline to meet, and no idea as to subject. At last he "hurriedly gathered together a few athletic oddities," drew cartoons of seven men who had set records for running backwards, hopping, broadjumping on ice, and so forth, and grouping them under the heading "Believe It or Not!" Reader response was so favorable that Ripley was encouraged to devote himself to athletic oddities, and then to oddities of all kinds, making a regular weekly feature of it. In 1919 he was married to a *Follies* girl named Beatrice Roberts, who had been a

beauty contest winner in Massachusetts. (They were divorced some years later.)

When the *Globe* ceased publication, in 1923 Ripley joined the staff of the *New York Evening Post*, with which he remained until 1928. (His two books on travel, on handball, and another on boxing had been published before this time.) His feature was syndicated in about thirty papers, and Ripley also drew pictures for *Collier's*, but, as Geoffrey T. Hellman remarked in the *New Yorker*, "he never made as much as ten thousand dollars a year" until 1928, when the publisher Max Schuster finally persuaded him to put *Believe It or Not* into book form.

Simon and Schuster sent a copy to William Randolph Hearst, who instructed his gigantic King Features Syndicate to sign Ripley to a contract paying over one hundred thousand dollars the first year. By the beginning of the forties Ripley's *Believe It or Not* was appearing in nearly three hundred American newspapers and was being translated into seventeen languages for publication in thirty-eight other countries. It is said that no newspaper had ever canceled its subscription to *Believe It or Not*, even in the depths of the depression, until the Second World War; and that the cartoon brings the creator a gross income of half a million dollars. From this amount, however, he has to pay a staff of sixty-six, including the researchers who unearth his material and a dozen secretaries—this in addition to the nine persons King Features assigned to the Ripley mail, which is said to be the heaviest received by any individual in the world. In 1930 the Post Office finally refused to attempt to decipher the many trick addresses of letters to him.

Another consequence of the first *Believe It or Not* book was a three-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar contract to make twenty-six movie shorts for Warners Brothers-Vitaphone in 1930 (he has done more since); and in April of that year Ripley put his feature on the air in dramatized form, under the sponsorship of Colonial Beacon Oil Company. Ripley's voice is not "radio-genic," but he took diction lessons to such good effect that he no longer stutters, and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Oratory from Staley College of the

Spoken Word in 1940. After completing his first radio series, Ripley was sponsored successively by Standard Oil, the Hudson Motor Car Company, Standard Brands, and Nehi Company (for Royal Crown Cola). *Believe It or Not* is described as the first commercial program to use remote pick-ups consistently; Ripley used them for interviews with persons who spoke from the rapids of the Colorado River, an iron lung, the North Pole, underneath Niagara Falls, and from the air. One of his two-way interviews from New York was with Douglas "Wrong-Way" Corrigan in Dublin; another time Ripley gave a "play-by-play" description of fire-walking. On the program which began in 1940, *See America First with Bob Ripley*, he went further, transporting his entire program staff, including the vocalist, agency representative, and all the writers and engineers, in order to broadcast from such unlikely places as the bottom of the Grand Canyon, a snake pit, and an underwater garden. In November 1940 Ripley's program was described by *Radio Guide* as "consistently the most interesting and thrilling program on the air." In 1945 he went on a CBS program, *Romance, Rhythm, and Ripley*.

Not only has *Believe It or Not* gained wide popularity through Ripley's writings and radio work but also through his "Odditoriums," or exhibits. His first large-scale exhibit was shown at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933; it is estimated that more than two and a half million people visited the display. At both the New York World's Fair and the San Francisco Exposition, the "Odditorium" was one of the most successful displays. Ripley's later books, devoted to oddities, include *The New Believe It or Not Book* (1931), *Believe It or Not Omnibus* (1934), *Believe It or Not Big Book* (1939). Several disclosures in *Believe It or Not* have historical importance. He revealed, for instance, that "The Star-Spangled Banner" had never been officially recognized as the national anthem of the United States. More than five million people signed a petition urging Congress to rectify this lapse, and Congress complied in 1931.

For the educational value of his work, Ripley has received many honorary degrees. He has kept out of politics, although

the local democrats offered him their nomination for mayor. He is a member of the Circumnavigators, Explorers, Lotus, and Adventurers clubs, of the American Geographical and National Geographical Society, and of the British Royal Geographical Society.

Ripley has a passion for traveling, and intends to visit all countries of the world which, he has calculated, number two hundred and fifty-three. When the United States entered the Second World War, he still had fifty-three more to go—his entry in *Who's Who in America* says he has traveled in two hundred countries. (This makes no allowance for territorial changes resulting from the war.) Ripley claims also to have employed every known method of transportation. When traveling by air he likes to take along a batch of unanswered mail (he says he has a million unanswered letters) and writes replies, tossing the old letters casually out of the plane. He enjoys the thought of people receiving his answers "several years late, and postmarked from Sarawak or Cambodia."

Bion, his island home (the name is formed from the initials of *Believe It or Not*), lies off Mamaroneck in Long Island Sound. It also houses a museum of curios whose worth the owner estimates at two million dollars. "My home is my hobby," he says, pointing out that it is his first real home—he bought it in 1930, fifteen years after his mother's death. A big, energetic man with dimples and a receding hairline, Ripley has not allowed his protruding front teeth to be completely corrected because he felt they were familiar to millions of people. The cartoonist draws from seven to eleven in the morning and his assistant fills in details and lettering. He spends much of his time arranging new acquisitions (he is said to have three agents covering the auctions for suitable curiosities) and rearranging old totem poles, Buddhist shrines, instruments of torture, and other "oddities." He never eats lunch, making up for it with frequent snacks, and he maintains a steam room to keep his weight down. Ripley believes that people grow old by relaxing too frequently, and his own motto is "Keep going."

Current Biography, 1945

The Inside Story of The Telephone Hour

Carnegie Hall is, as most people know, no small-time nickelodeon. The huge theater devoted to the best in music is a mecca for those who want to hear the finest musical artists in the world. Now it is also the place where NBC's "The Telephone Hour" originates. And each week finds the hall packed with eager audiences who are on hand to hear the world-famous artists who have made this radio show such a stand-out for fifteen years.

There's plenty of excitement on stage, but there's even more going on behind the scenes.

Wallace Magill, producer of "The Telephone Hour" and one of the most renowned musical authorities in New York, is a man with a very real sense of humor. He'd have to have one to deal with some of the problems he encounters with the artists who appear on his show.

Jascha Heifetz is, of course, associated with many memorable moments—and also a harrowing one," Wallace said in New York. "It was during a broadcast. In the particular composition he was playing there was a pause for a long tutti passage from the orchestra. It was just when the passage had begun that Heifetz broke his E string. Immediately two fiddle players from the orchestra got up and gave Heifetz their violins. But Dave Frisini was the only one who had a Stradivarius, so Heifetz took his. Dave then took Jascha's fiddle, put a new string on it, and returned it to him after the number was over. Heifetz later confessed that it was the first time he hadn't put on a new string before the performance. Then he told us the full story. He was late getting to the rehearsal and was hurriedly driving to the studio. He had to make a fast stop, and his fiddle fell to the floor.

"There is another incident in which Heifetz took part. I was trying to get a novel approach to the program so I asked him to play an encore twice. He said he didn't want to do that so I suggested letting the orchestra play the encore the second time. Heifetz agreed—and one of the moments I'll never forget was seeing this great artist standing on the stage while the orchestra played the number just for him."

In dealing with notables of the musical world there is bound to be some temperament—and Wallace has had his hands full on more than one occasion.

"I've always felt that an artist is temperamental because he's trying to cover up an inadequacy," Wallace said. "Or else he has no respect for the people with whom he works. We on 'The Telephone Hour' haven't the first problem because we don't use people who have no experience. And I also try to know enough about each artist to forestall any temperament for other reasons. When I engage a musician I either call him on the phone first or go to see him at his apartment or take him to lunch. It is at these meetings that I discuss the program I have planned for the artist. I usually make the musical selections myself. Most of the time this system works. Jose Iturbi, however, doesn't like to build programs until the last two weeks—and I've had some difficulty here.

"I have to know my artists well in order to deal with them. Because I try to understand them I haven't had many real crises. One artist did threaten to walk out on me before the broadcast. She was a pianist. I went to her apartment, she agreed to do the program I had arranged, but wanted one substitution made. The number she particularly wanted to do ran two and a half minutes more than the schedule would allow, so I rebuilt the first half of the program to get it in. We were on the air when she called me to the piano and said she had decided she wanted to do the program I had originally

suggested instead. I told her I couldn't make a change then and asked her to go ahead with the schedule set up. She did but while Floyd Mack, our announcer, was announcing her encore she got up and walked off the stage. He quickly went into an ad lib to cover up. Believe me, there was some scurrying around then to take care of the extra time with which we were suddenly confronted.

"We have been faced, too, with last minute substitutions due to illness. Grace Moore was to appear with another artist, but after the rehearsal it was obvious the artist wasn't well enough to sing and I told him not to appear. I then went to Grace and asked her to carry the whole show. She went on without a rehearsal and was sensational.

"Then there have been the late arrivals of artists at broadcast times, not a nerve-soothing thing. Bidu Savad couldn't get a cab and arrived five minutes before the broadcast began. Gladys Swarthout had the same trouble and came in a minute before show time.

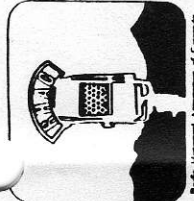
Magill makes no secret of the fact that he'd like to see "The Telephone Hour" go on TV.

"I believe there must be a more honest approach to music on TV," Wallace remarked earnestly. "Most people in charge of TV programs don't know good music or how to present it. As a result, there is less good music on the air today than ever before. But have no fear—the public will soon demand it and then the shows will be done with honesty and integrity. We can wait until that time."

Magill then went on to praise announcers Floyd Mack and Tom Shirlev—and to pass a generous kudos to Donald Voorhees, who has been the conductor for years.

But it is to Wallace Magill that the major credit for this show's success must go. He is "The Telephone Hour."

Radio and TV Guide, January 28, 1955



RADIO HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

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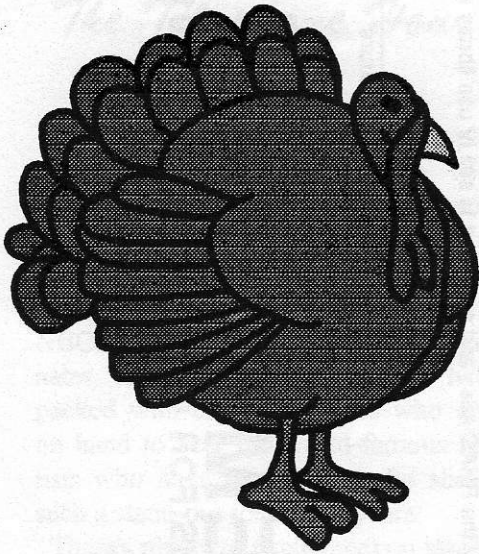
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