

December 1990

In Memory Of

GERMA GARRETT

Longtime Pine Ridge area resident Germa Garrett passed away on September 29. *Journal* readers may recall that she won a place in Lum and Abner history when she had a baby at her Pine Ridge home on the night of December 25, 1935, during the annual radio broadcast of Lum and Abner's Christmas Story, in which a very similar event occurred. (See "The Strange Prophecy of Lum and Abner," reprinted in the December 1984 issue, and "Pine Ridge's Christmas Story," in the December 1985 issue.) Because of the coincidence, the baby was named Chester Norris Garrett, after Chester "Lum" Lauck and Norris "Abner" Goff. Mrs. Garrett was an extremely shy woman who never wished to receive any publicity from the event. We extend our sympathy to Chester Norris Garrett and the rest of the family.

(Information provided by Kathy Stucker)



ABOVE: The Garrett home outside Pine Ridge, shortly after the birth of Chester Norris Garrett (1935).

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COVER: The Chet Lauck
family is surprised on
Christmas morning by the
unexpected present from oil
tycoon Corny Stroube, circa
1948; see story, page 8. (Photo
courtesy of Delmar Watson).

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THE JOT 'EM DOWN JOURNAL

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LEFT: Cover of RADIO GUIDE,
September 10, 1938
(see article reprinted on Page 5)

LUM & ABNER.[®]

and the

CHRISTMAS SEALS

(A 1938 Special Broadcast)

MUSIC: Eleanor

ANNCR: Yes, you recognize that music, don't you? It's *Eleanor*, the theme that identifies two lovable old characters from the hill country, whose adventures you follow each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening. And now we present them in a special broadcast...LUM AND ABNER.

MUSIC: Theme continues to its end

ANNCR: And now, let's see what's going on down in Pine Ridge. As we look in on the little community today, we find Lum and Abner over at the Jot 'Em Down Store. Abner is working behind the counter, and Lum is opening the morning mail. Listen...

LUM: I grannies, that's the finest thing I ever heered of, ye know it?

ABNER: Whut's that, Lum?

LUM: This stuff I'm readin', here. That's a great idee.

ABNER: Huh?

LUM: Grannies, I'm gonna help 'em, too.

ABNER: Whut iz it yo're gonna do?

LUM: "Fight Tuberculosis."

ABNER: Fight?! Well, now, I wouldn't be in too big a resh ta jump on him, Lum. Recollect, you jumped on Luke Abernathy over at th' 4th of July picnic an' nearly got yore face beat off. How big iz he?

LUM: Who?

ABNER: That thar "Berkylocus," or whatever you said.

LUM: "TU-berculosis."

ABNER: TWO? I doggies, if they's two of 'em, I'll help ye! Jes' like them MacMillan Boys...jump on one an' ye gotta whip th' whole family!

LUM: Hit's a disease, Abner.

ABNER: Well, I dunno what it tiz, but they'll all jump on ye, I know that.

LUM: I mean tuberculosis iz a disease! You know whut tuberculosis iz!!

ABNER: Oh...

LUM: We gotta git out here an' help 'em raise money ta fight it. That's whut this litteren-ture's about here... "National Tuberculosis Association."

ABNER: "Sociation?" Well, I knowed that thar tuberkylocus wuz bad, but I never knowed it had itself orgynized now.

LUM: Well, this is a organization ta fight it.

ABNER: Oh.

LUM: They susport an' conduct clinics so's they kin locate th' cases an' help 'em git took care of...educate th' public on how ta pervent it...an' in lots o' cases furnish nurses, an' medical attenshun, an' all sech ez that...



ABNER: Ah-hah.

LUM: Oh, hit's a fine thing.

ABNER: Oh yeah, I know hit's a fine thing. But you kin count on me helpin', Lum.

LUM: Yeah, me an' you kin git out here in town an' sell some Seals.

ABNER: Why shore, we.....seals???!! Whut fer??

LUM: Ta help fight tuberculosis. See, all th' money we git fer th' Seals, we'll send in ta th' headquarters of th' Association, an' they kin use it durin' th' year ez they need it.

ABNER: Well...we couldn't sell no seals aroun' here, Lum.

LUM: Why, shore we kin! We'll 'splain to 'em whut we're raisin' th' money fer an' all...

ABNER: Yeah, but whut in th' world would they do with 'em after they got 'em? Why, hit'd jes' be a nuasance tryin' ta take keer o' th' things, Lum! Gotta have a lotta water fer them things...course, they could put 'em down thar in the mill pond, I reckon. But they'll shore ruirn th' fishin', Lum! Them things lives on fish! You git a whole bunch o' them down thar, an' they'll eat ever minner in that whole....

LUM: Abner, yo're talkin' 'bout one kind o' seal, an' I'm talkin' about sumpin' else! I'm talkin' 'bout Christmas Seals, an' yo're talkin' 'bout th' kind o' seals that lives up in Alaska!

ABNER: Lives up whar?

LUM: Alaska!

ABNER: Whut's that?

LUM: You mean "whar's that?" Hit's a country, way up north.

ABNER: Up by Kansas City?

LUM: Kansas City?

ABNER: Yeah, that's up north.

LUM: I mean WAY up north...ten hunderd er a thousan' miles north o' Kansas City! Up whar th' Eskymoes live.

ABNER: Eskymoes?

LUM: Yeah, you've saw Eskymoes...look sorta like people...walk on their hind legs...got fur all over 'em, 'cept their face.

ABNER: Fur?

LUM: Yeah, allus see pitchers of 'em settin' aroun' fishin' through a hole down in th' ice.

ABNER: Oh yeah, shore! Sech ignorance! Whatsa matter with me? Shore, I know...they got two big long teeth that come down in front, ain't they?

LUM: No, no, no...them's walruses yo're thinkin' about! Eskymoes lives in houses built outa ice. See, hit's turrrible cold up thar.

ABNER: Well, hit'd be cold ennywhar, livin' in a house built outa ice.

LUM: Yeah, 'cept they don't call 'em houses, though...they call 'em "gigolos."

ABNER: Well.

LUM: They go in thar an' stay all winter. See, th' nights is six months long up thar.

ABNER: Six months long?!

LUM: Yessir, six months o' night an six months o' day.

ABNER: Fer th' land sakes. I doggies, a feller'd be in a turrrible fix if he had that in-somny an' couldn't go ta sleep, wouldn't he?

LUM: I grannies, I hadn't thought about that.

ABNER: Why shore. Well sir, ye know, Lum, come ta think about it, them long nights'd work out all right if a feller could git out fer a lodge meetin' once in a while.

LUM: Yeah, it'd seem kinda funny, though...a feller'd sneak in an' go ta bed...next mornin' hiz womern'd collar him an' say, "Whut time'd you git in last night, ennyway?"

ABNER: Yeah, they allus do.

LUM: He'd say, "Oh, 'bout December er January," er sumpin' like that, an' she'd say, "Ye never did no sech a thing; I heered ye come in an' 'cordin' ta th' calendar hit wuz clean up in March!"

ABNER: Yessir. Ye know, that'd work out all right fer night fishin', though, ye know it?

LUM: Night fishin'?

ABNER: Why shore! A feller could set out a hook 'long late in th' shank o' th' evenin'...put out a minner on it...if he never ketched nothin', th' minner'd be big enuf ta eat th' next mornin'.

LUM: I grannies, that's right. Be all right plantin' crops up thar, too.

ABNER: Crops?



LUM: Yeah, plant a crop in th' evenin' 'fore ye went ta bed...git up th' next mornin' an' start shuckin' corn.

ABNER: Iz that all they grow? Corn?

LUM: Well, pertaters.....

ABNER: Now, ye cain't shuck pertaters er peanuts, Lum!

LUM: That's right...well, ye could shuck...hmm, corn's about all ye kin shuck, ain't it?

ABNER: Well, I wouldn't go so fer ez ta say that...I shuck some apples outa a tree when I wuz a little bitty feller. Ha, ha, I never will fergit it...I wuz walkin' along, an'...

LUM: Well, nobody ain't innerested in whut you done when you wuz a youngun.

ABNER: Bet I wuz cute. Wish I'd knowed myself better then. I musta been a sight, from whut everybody sez.

LUM: You musta been.

ABNER: As*u* igh!! Doggies! Them Eskymoes, Lum, iz that fur enny count?

LUM: I dunno whar it tiz er not.

ABNER: Well, I jes' figgered if it twuz enny good, I might go up thar an' trap a bunch o' 'em...

LUM: Oh, I don't think they allow ye ta do that...thar's a closed season on 'em.

ABNER: Dad blame it, jes' my luck. Are they enny towns up thar?

LUM: Mmm, let's see.....Nome.....

ABNER: Ain't, huh?

LUM: Yeah, Nome's up thar...

ABNER: Well, no 'em is er no 'em ain't?

LUM: Nome is!!

ABNER: Well, when ye say "no 'em," that means they ain't, Lum.

LUM: All right, have it yer way...

ABNER: Ain't no towns up thar.

LUM: Iz towns up thar! An' they's seals up thar!

ABNER: Well, wouldn't be no use in tryin' ta sell them no seals, Lum.

LUM: Well, they're jes' coat seals, though. They ain't got no Christmas Seals. But we got enuf ta do ta git everybody here in Pine Ridge ta buy 'em.

ABNER: Yeah, I doggies, I'll git out here an' sell 'em! Shore I will!

LUM: I wuz jes' thinkin', Abner...we might make a talk over th' party line 'fore we strike out. 'Course, most everybody knows about 'em, but hit'll give me a chance ta 'splain ta them that don't.

ABNER: Yessir, that's a good idee. Ring th' fire alarm ring, Lum; everybody'll pick up their receivers ta lissen in an' find out whar th' fire's at...that'll git 'em ta th' phone...

SOUND: Fire alarm ring on phone

LUM: Scare the daylights outa 'em when they hear this ring.

ABNER: Why shore, they'll think th' whole town's burnin' down.

LUM: Ye know, this makes me feel good all over, doin' sumpin' like this. A feller jes' cain't sprinkle the prefume o' happiness aroun' without spillin' a littul o' it on hisself, I reckon.

ABNER: No....air they lissenin' in, Lum?

LUM: Yeah, I kin still hear 'em pickin' up their receivers...everybody's jabberin', wantin' ta know whar th' fire's at.

ABNER: Well, go ahead! Tell 'em, Lum, 'fore they hang up!

LUM: Er, HOWDY, EVERYBODY! THEY AIN'T NO FIRE, BUT I GOT SUMPIN' MORE IMPORTANCE THAN THAT TA TALK TA YE ABOUT. A HUNNERD AN' SEVENTY-FIVE PEOPLE WUZ KILLED TODAY...

ABNER: Fer the...whar, Lum?!



LUM: NOW, IF THAR WUZ THAT MANY KILLED IN A FIRE, TH' NEWSPAPERS WOULD A BEEN FULL O' IT. BUT THAT'S TH' TRUTH...AHUNNERD AN' SEVENTY-FIVE FOKES DIED WITH TUBERCULOSIS TODAY, AN' EVER DAY O' TH' YEAR. THIS DREADED DISEASE MIGHT STRIKE ENNY O' US, YOUNG AN' OLD AN' RICH AN' POOR ALIKE. AN' THIS SUFFERIN' AIN'T AT ALL NECESSARY. NOW, IF THAT'D BEEN A REAL FIRE ALARM JES' NOW, YOU'D A COME RUNNIN' WITH BUCKETS O' WATER TA PUT IT OUT. WELL NOW, THIS DISEASE KIN BE PUT OUT BY BUCKETS O' DOLLARS AN' PENNIES. 'COURSE, A LOT O' YE HAVE BEEN GIVIN' FREELY TA THIS CAUSE FER YEARS...AN' YOU'VE LIVED TA SEE HOW MUCH GOOD YER CONTRYBUSHUNS HAVE DONE.

ABNER: Amen!

LUM: I WONDER IF IT HASN'T MADE YE FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTUR, KNOWIN' THAT YE WUZ HELPIN' TA PERVENT SO MUCH SUFFERIN'. NOW, HIT'S ALMOST CHRISTMAS TIME, AN' TH' TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION IS SELLIN' CHRISTMAS SEALS AGIN. WE'RE ASKIN' THAT YE BUY ALL YE KIN. THEY SELL FER ONE CENT APIECE, A DOLLAR FER A WHOLE SHEET. AN' DON'T WAIT FER SOMEONE TA BRING 'EM TO YE...FIND OUT WHAR THEY'RE FER SALE AN' BUY ENUF TA DECORATE ALL YER CHRISTMAS PACKAGES THIS YEAR. I KNOW WE'RE GONNA STICK 'EM ON EVER PACKAGE HERE AT TH' JOT 'EM DOWN STORE...

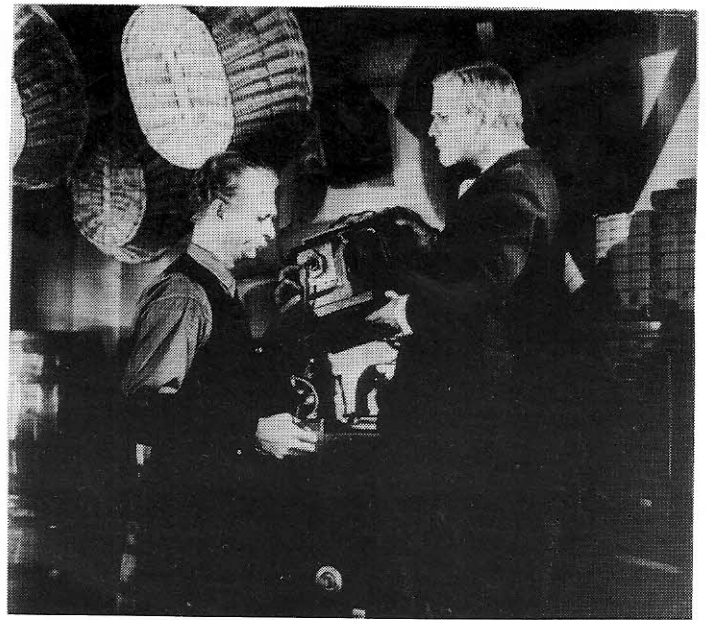
ABNER: Yessir.

LUM: REMEMBER, EZ WE GO ABOUT OUR DAILY LIFE AN' EZ WE LOOK FORWARD TA TH' HOLIDAYS, THEY'S THOUSANDS O' PEOPLE WITH TUBERCULOSIS THAT NEVER SHOULD A GOT IT. BUT THEY NEVER KNOWED HOW TA KEEP FROM GITTIN' IT, AN' NOW THEY NEED TA KNOW HOW TA GIT WELL FROM IT. SO...BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS, EVERYBODY, AN' HELP A GREAT CAUSE. FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS!

MUSIC: Eleanor

ANNOUNCER: You've just heard Lum and Abner in a special broadcast. Hear them regularly each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday night. And remember that old saying, "You can't sprinkle the perfume of happiness around without spilling a little on yourself." This is Lou Crosby speaking. Good night. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

(The original 1938 recording from which this script was transcribed can be found in the NLAS Tape Library on Tape #270.)



SPECIAL NOTICE:
THE NLAS TAPE LIBRARY WILL BE
CLOSED FROM THANKSGIVING
DAY UNTIL NEW YEAR'S DAY.
PLEASE DO NOT SEND ANY TAPE
ORDERS UNTIL AFTER
JANUARY 1. THANK YOU.

The Golden Era by Gary Stivers



LUM and ABNER® In the News

REPRINTS OF PAST LUM & ABNER ARTICLES

(This article appeared in Radio Guide, September 10, 1938. It erroneously implies that Lauck and Goff wore makeup during their radio broadcasts.) Courtesy of George Lillie.

CREATING "LUM AND ABNER'S" CHARACTERS



Norris (Abner) Goff and Chester (Lum) Lauck always create new characters for their program on paper before attempting to put them on the air. Chester Lauck, once a professional cartoonist, sketches the figures as Goff looks on, offering suggestions and criticism. They play all the dozen or more characters on the show themselves.



The sketches on this page were drawn especially for Radio Guide. Above: "Lum" (top). "Abner"



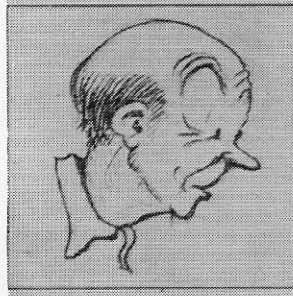
Squire Skimp

VITAL to the success of all entertainers is the make-up man—make-up artist would be a better phrase. For the days when a bit of crepe hair and a touch of grease-paint constituted a complete make-up job are long since past. Today the business of making up an actor is a highly organized, extremely complex one, and painstaking perfection is the only standard recognized. Probably the best make-up work done by radio stars is that of "Lum and Abner," who can add forty years to their appearance so deftly as to deceive almost anyone completely. On these pages Radio Guide shows how it's done. Working with the two radio comedians on make-up problems is Ray Sebastian, of the Westmore Salon in Hollywood. Ninety percent of all screen actors and actresses are made up by the Westmore staff. Regularly assigned to the 20th Century-Fox lot, Sebastian makes up Alice Faye, June Lang, Virginia Field, Phyllis Brooks, Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power. Charts detailing all make-ups are kept constantly up to date, so that necessary characterizations can be repeated. "Lum and Abner" return to the air Monday, Sept. 5, at 6:45 p.m. EDT.

Exclusive Radio Guide Photographs by Jack Albin



Cedric Weekunt



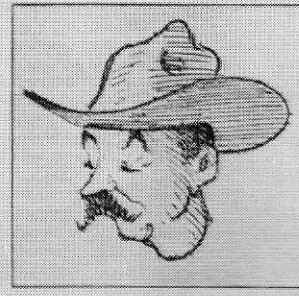
Grandpoppy Spears



Dick Huddleston



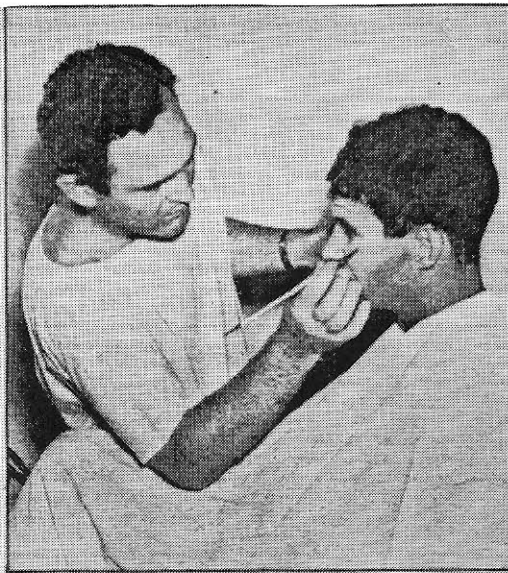
Spud Gandel



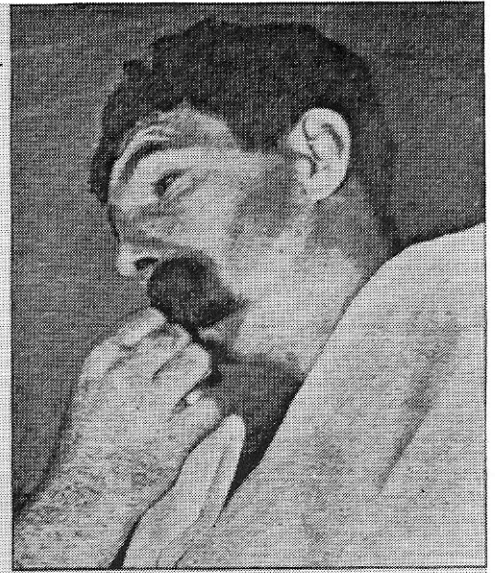
Snake Hogan



The beginning of the transformation. Ray Sebastian paints age lines in "Lum's" face with a fine-pointed brush of camel's hair



Crow's-feet around the eyes are an important part of any make-up designed to show age. A special pencil is used to draw in the lines



Human hair—at \$80 a pound—is used in all wigs, mustaches, and so forth. Attached to the face with gum, it's later trimmed down



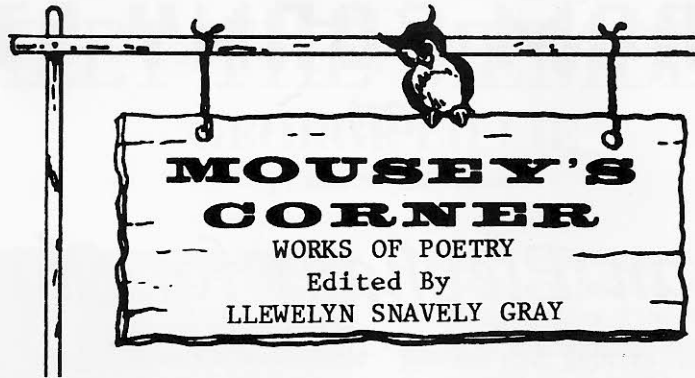
Under Sebastian's skilful fingers, old age begins to creep up on "Abner," too. Note the shadow on the right cheek, used to give a "hollow" appearance. Careful darkening of the chin adds years to the mouth



New eyebrows for "Abner." As is the case with all "extra" hair used in make-up, the eyebrows are made much larger than is necessary, and then trimmed down. A liquid solvent—acetone—is used to remove them



Finished! "Lum and Abner" completely made up. No detail has been overlooked. Notice the old-fashioned styling of the actors' clothes. Many radio actors insist that "dressing" the part helps to play it



(It is well known that Lum and Abner's favorite piece of music was "They Cut Down The Old Pine Tree." The diligent research of our Publicity Director, Rex Riffle, has turned up the sheet music to that song...or at least one version of it. Published by Miller Music Corporation, the song is credited to George Brown, Willie Raskin, and Edward Eliscu, and was "featured by Rudy Vallee" [!]. It still seems likely that the tune started out as a folk song, with more verses being added by professional songwriters at a later time. At any rate, here are the complete lyrics to this version of "They Cut Down The Old Pine Tree":)

They cut down the old pine tree,
And they hauled it away to the mill,
To make a coffin of pine
For that sweetheart of mine,
They cut down the old pine tree.
But she's not alone in her grave tonight,
For it's there my heart will always be;
Tho we'd drifted apart,
Still they cut down my heart,
When they cut down the old pine tree.

Stop a while and listen to my story,
I've just come down from the hills,
I went there to find my childhood sweetheart
Midst the roses and the whippoorwills.
I returned to look for the old pine tree
That haunted my memory so,
It was there she said she'd be waiting for me
When we carved our hearts long ago.
But the old pine tree has gone;
Still my love for her lingers on...

They cut down the old pine tree,
And they hauled it away to the mill,
There'll be no cabin of pine
For that sweetheart of mine,
They cut down the old pine tree.
But she's not alone in the hills tonight,
For it's there my heart will always be;
Now I always will roam,
For they cut down my home
When they cut down the old pine tree.

Now that you have listened to my story,
I'm going back to the hills,
Just to be alone among my memories
Midst the roses and the whippoorwills.
I had promised her I would soon return
And bring back a gold wedding ring,
Underneath the old pine tree we would be wed
When the first rose bloomed in the spring.
But the spring has come and gone,
And the old pine tree is no more...

They cut down the old pine tree,
And they hauled it away to the mill,
There'll be no cradle of pine
For a baby of mine,
They cut down the old pine tree.
But she's not alone in her grave tonight,
For it's there my heart will always be;
Now I'm lost and forlorn,
Wish I'd never been born,
Since they cut down the old pine tree.

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A GIFT FROM CORNY STROUBE

OR,

I Want an Elephant for Christmas

What could be more fun and more exciting than rushing downstairs on Christmas morning and finding the biggest gift you ever received? Well, back in the late 1940's, that is exactly what happened to Chet Lauck and his family. The Laucks might agree that it was exciting...but fun? Hardly.

Here's what happened: Chet and his Texas oil tycoon buddy, Corny Stroube (the last name pronounced "Stroo-bee"), were carrying on a contest to see who could come up with the worst, most outrageous Christmas gift. One year, Chet thought he had beaten his friend so completely that there was no chance for retaliation. His gift to Corny? A parrot. So, what's so terrible about a parrot? Well, this one had been trained to say a lot of words...most of them off-color! To make it worse, the parrot talked loudly and constantly!

Corny knew a winner when he saw one, but Chet's gift only challenged him to greater effort. And that is why on the following Christmas, Chet was stunned when he threw open the door of his lovely Beverly Hills home and came face to face with a huge, live elephant! Already the elephant had made a

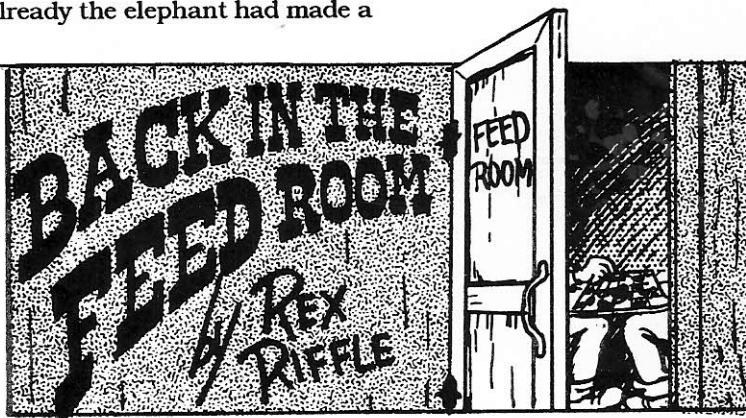
total mess of the front yard. Mrs. Lauck shouted at Chet: "Quick! Shut the door! I just had the carpets cleaned!!" Of course, there was no way that beast could ever have gotten through the doorway.

Actually Corny had just rented the elephant for the day, but the trainer he had sent along with the animal was able to convince the Laucks that the beast was officially theirs and what they planned to do with it was strictly up to them.

Soon the newsmen got wind of some strange goings-on concerning an elephant and "Lum" of Lum and Abner. They wanted to get some shots of little Chet Junior astride the elephant, but according to him he was scared to death of the elephant and wouldn't go near the thing.

All in all, it was a Christmas to forget. And who finally won the outrageous gift contest? Nobody knows... because nobody ever mentioned it, ever again!

- Roswell Rogers



It seems that Ulysses S. Quincy was walking down the street when he met Doc Withers. "Hey, Doc!" he yelled. "What do you do if your horse has the colic?"

Doc Withers stopped and replied, "Oh, hello Mr. Quincy...say your horse has the colic? Well, when my horse had the colic, I gave him turpentine."

"Okay, thanks," answered Ulysses. About a week later Ulysses saw Doc again. He called out, "Hey, Doc, I gave that horse turpentine for the colic, like you said, and the thing died!!"

"Yes," replied Doc, "mine did too."

Cedric Weehunt was visiting his Uncle Dave who lives in Ft. Smith. One day while Uncle Dave was at work, Cedric tried to cook some lunch on the newfangled gas stove. In no time at all he had flames shooting out of it a foot in the air. Cedric ran to the phone and after some effort reached the Fire Department. "Halp!" he yelled, "thar's a fire in the kitchen!"

"How do we get there?" asked the fireman on the other end.

"Th' best way iz across the back porch," answered Cedric. "Come in th' back door an' turn to th' right..."

"But how do we get from where we are to where you are?!" asked the exasperated fireman.

Cedric replied, "Ain't y'all got one o' them big red trucks?!"

The Publicity Director's son Paul is nine years old and has been subjected to Lum and Abner all his life. One day while riding in the car with his dad, he suddenly asked, "Hey Dad, who's Irene?"

"Irene? Irene who?"

"You know, the Irene on *Lum and Abner*."

"There's no Irene on *Lum and Abner*!"

"Yes there is! She's on every show!"

"Every show? What in the world do you mean?"

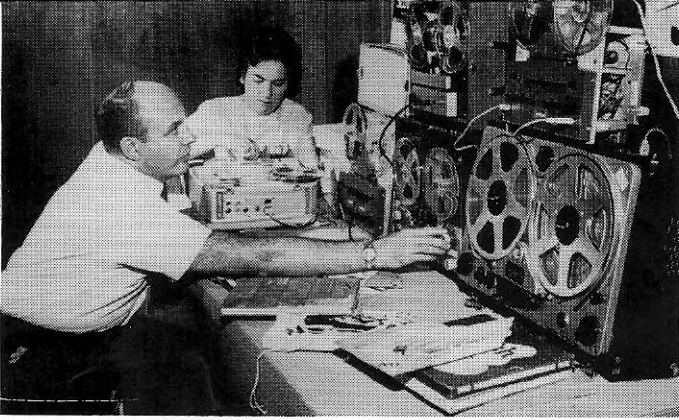
"You know, one of them is always saying to the other one, 'I believe that's Irene!' [Our ring]"

-Rex Riffle

MEET THE MEMBERS

GEORGE LILLIE

of Cedar Rapids, Iowa



Welcome to our second installment of *Meet the Members*! It is our policy to publish the photos and stories of our members in the order that we receive them, and since our third article (following last issue's Charles Thurman and John Knuppel) comes from a gentleman important to the resurgence of interest in Lum and Abner as well as to the history of the NLAS, we felt he deserved a full-page treatment!

George W. Lillie grew up listening to the classics of radio, but the most welcome sounds that emanated from his cathedral-style Zenith were the squeaking door and jingling telephone of the Jot'Em Down Store, operated by his favorite radio characters, Lum and Abner. In a 1981 Associated Press story, George said, "I can't explain it, it's just a love for it. It's just the idea that when you hear that screen door squeak, it transports you back."

Within the past year, the publishers of *Good Old Days* magazine released a special edition entitled *Radio in the Good Old Days*, with an article by George in which he discussed his early attempts at recording radio programs in the days before magnetic tape. He started with a record cutter, but the resulting discs did not survive many repeated playings. A friend introduced George to the wonders of the then-new wire recorder. After obtaining one of his own, George recorded the Bing Crosby show, to preserve the performance of a relative, Beatrice Lillie, for his mother. This led to recording other radio programs on wire, which often resulted in frustration if the wire became tangled: "The day I got my original wire recorder, I recorded a half-hour of sound. Rewinding at terrific speed, it went through a V-shaped head. It caught in the V, and I had a living room full of wire. All I could do was dispose of it."

One of the programs George did not lose was his recording of the January 1949 Lum and Abner program in which our two Pine Ridge friends travel to Washington D.C. for the inauguration of Harry S Truman. Called "the greatest half-hour on radio" by George, this episode inspired him several years later to get involved with Chet Lauck and Tuffy Goff. As reported in *The Cedar Rapids Gazette* in 1982, George listened to this particular program continuously at work, and in the AP story said, "I've heard this show so many times and enjoy it more each time." At other times, George has been quoted as saying

the show "gets funnier every time I hear it."

"When you listen to it," said George in the *Gazette*, "you realize the genius of the writers, the actors who portrayed the parts, of the very unique situations that they always found themselves in. It's just the greatest in comedy. These people were beautiful in spirit. I can think of nothing you could say against the program."

In the late 1960's, when Chet Lauck was making arrangements to syndicate the existing Lum and Abner recordings, he met the enthusiastic George Lillie, who started a massive letter-writing campaign designed to encourage both OTR fans and radio stations to begin requesting the programs. After these efforts paid off, the duo of L&A gave George the rights to release the "Off to Washington" program in record form. Further meetings with L&A yielded George permission to produce additional material: "I have the rights to bring Lum and Abner to television in puppet form for commercials, the rights for a TV comedy show using puppets, rights for a Lum and Abner book covering the entire 'Wonderful World' story [aka Diogenes Smith], and the rights for a Lum and Abner game...either a board game or a television game." George has contacts with an artist who will make the L&A puppets, and has plans for an extensive talent search to secure writers and voice actors to recreate the classic radio characters for television.

George Lillie is by far the most publicized member of the NLAS, and it was because of some of the wire services' articles on him that a couple of the future NLAS Ossifers met in 1982. Uncle Donnie had seen a magazine article on George in the mid-to-late 1970's (which incidentally featured the photo accompanying this article), and was drawn to it by the photo of the Lillies' recording equipment (Donnie owned a 3M Revere recorder identical to the one Mrs. Lillie is shown operating). In addition, the NLAS Prez-to-be was already a fan of OTR. In 1982, Singin' Sam Brown read a newspaper article on George, as did Allen, Texas, enthusiast David Miller, Donnie's L&A-tape-trading buddy. David called George, leaving both his and Donnie's phone numbers. Sam likewise called George, who passed the numbers on to Sam. George has been an enthusiastic supporter of the NLAS since its official beginning in 1984.

As for his ongoing plans for various revivals of L&A, George says, "We have a great potential. All we're doing is just hoping day by day that the whole idea will come true. It's going to become a reality. I honestly believe it's going to become a reality. And if I ever get discouraged, I can put on a Lum and Abner comedy show. I listen to it and I realize this is the greatest show and the greatest radio program that was ever created, and what a joy it would be for young people, children, and adults to see Lum and Abner on the screen. Any reader of *The Jot'Em Down Journal* who can help me bring any of my contracts to reality will receive a contract giving them 10% of our profits."

George asks that anyone interested in contacting him send a self-addressed stamped envelope to him at 4021 Flicker Lane, Cedar Rapids, IA, 52402.

-Uncle Donnie Pitchford



Merry Christmas!



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