

"Cold Feet Before Sunrise"

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Thank you, Mr. President, for that exceptionally well-written and exquisitely-delivered introduction.

In case you haven't noticed, things have changed a bit since 1955.

This sentence will, no doubt, be taken as more than an understatement by most of you; perhaps even considered a "blinding glimpse of the obvious" to some.

For openers, there was no Internet in 1955. After all, Al Gore was only 7 years old at that time and would not claim to have "invented" the Internet for another 35 years.

In 1955, if you owned an automobile it would be very unusual if yours had air conditioning, but it could be a Nash, or a Kaiser or even a Packard, although all three marquees would soon be retired. Your car probably had a manual transmission and might not even have a radio, if you were like my grandfather, who always opted for the "radio delete" option on his Buicks until his dying day in 1973.

Some folks called Indianapolis "Naptown," and counties like Hancock, Hendricks and Hamilton were known primarily for agriculture in 1955. Suburbia was a term that was coming into vogue but there were no shopping malls and central Indiana mothers still ferried their daughters to L.S. Ayres in downtown Indianapolis to perfect their manners at the Tea Room. Central Indiana dads, meanwhile, were discussing how Offenhauser engines ruled the roost at the intersection of 16th street and Georgetown Road, as they did until 1976 (except for a few years when those pesky Ford engines powered the winning entry at the annual 500 Mile Race.)

Of particular interest to your essayist and, one would expect, to other members of this club, Francis "Scrapper" Blackwell in 1955 was working at a local asphalt plant, having traded his guitar for a shovel after the death of his recording partner, LeRoy Carr. It would be three more years before Art Rosenbaum and others, including our club's Duncan Sheidt, would give Scrapper his second chance at fame in the late 1950's and early sixties.

But that, as they say, is another story for another time, perhaps even next year about this time...

Some families possessed a television and Indianapolis, like most other major cities by 1955, had network television representation from NBC, CBS, ABC and DuMont. If you were fortunate enough to own a television, chances are that you were envied by your neighbors and would gather in the evenings to watch such stars as Ernie Kovacs, Milton Berle or Jack Benny, already established entertainers in their own right from their years on radio.

In 1955, *Gunsmoke*, *The Lawrence Welk Show* and *The Honeymooners* made their television debut. And, had you lived in Shreveport, Louisiana and turned on Channel 17, KSLA, on Saturday, March 5, you would have seen the television debut of a truck driver turned singer named Elvis Presley. Incidentally, and tangentially germane to this essay, The Radio Corporation of America (RCA) would purchase Elvis's recording contract later that year for \$35,000 from Sam Phillips of Sun Records in Memphis, Tennessee.

Those Americans who were literate might read a daily newspaper and, if that was your habit and you lived in Indianapolis, you could turn to *The Star*, *The Times* or *The News*. The thought that one day metropolitan daily newspapers would struggle to survive was as remote an idea in 1955 as was the idea at that time of landing a man on the moon.

But for most people, *radio* was the choice for entertainment and “news as it happens.” Nearly every home had at least one radio, whether or not that home was “electrified,” as rural homes usually had a battery-powered radio despite being without electricity or indoor plumbing.

Radio was “now.”

Radio was “real.”

You could count on radio.

Radio station owners and managers, as they touted their medium’s immediacy relative to television or newspapers were fond of saying “you can read about it tomorrow, you can watch it tonight or you can hear it NOW on the radio.”

While employed as a radio advertising account executive in northern lower Michigan in the early 1980’s, your essayist was witness to this bias. It was at a local chamber of commerce event that he overheard his boss, the owner of the small station at which he was employed, say to the owner/publisher of the Iosco County News, published weekly, this same well-worn phrase regarding radio’s immediacy but added “of course, in your case, Neal, you read about it *next week!*”

(There was no love lost between the two, you may have gathered.)

If you were listening to the radio in 1955, you might be enjoying such programs as *Fibber McGee and Molly* (for one more year), *The Lux Radio Theater* (in its last year), or *The Great Gildersleeve*, one of broadcast’s earliest “spin offs.” If dad controlled the dial, you might be informed of the day’s events by a Valpo graduate named Lowell Thomas who would end his broadcasts by reminding his listeners to tune in again with his standard closing of “so long, until tomorrow.”

And, on Sunday July 12, 1955, at 4 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time, if your radio was “on,” and the dial was set to the local affiliate of the National Broadcasting Company, no matter where you were listening, you would have heard this sound:

(Insert Monitor Beacon here) 30 seconds

This unique identifier, spuriously referred to by NBC’s competition as “boops and beeps,” ushered in a new weekend program that the NBC radio network was introducing on this particular Sunday.

A program so anticipated that its first hour would be simulcast on NBC television.

A program that would be broadcast for the next 20 years and would see itself reinvented time and again.

A program that had hosts as staid as Dave Garroway and Hugh Downs and as unique and indelicate as Don Imus and Wolfman Jack throughout its 20 year run.

This somewhat peculiar sound, an amalgam of telephone tones and Morse Code for the letter “M,” heralded NBC Radio’s new weekend program, *Monitor*.

For the next 20 years, *Monitor* began and ended segments with this sound, *The Monitor Beacon*, which was conceived to create a unique and distinguishable sound as identifiable to a radio audience

as the cacophony created by opening the door to a certain hall closet at 79 Wistful Vista. (Fibber and Molly McGee's hall closet.)

Monitor Radio was the brainchild of the president of NBC, Sylvester "Pat" Weaver, Jr. who is probably more famous for being the father of his actress daughter, Sigourney, than for his belief in a national radio network's mission to unite an audience, and in *Monitor's* ability to "save" network radio. Yet, believe Weaver did, convinced of *Monitor's* ability to stanch the runoff of listeners who were abandoning radio in favor of that new medium, television.

This is not to say that Weaver was *against* television, quite the contrary. In fact, it is arguable that no broadcast executive, before or since, had the prescience of Pat Weaver, who conceived and was responsible for two of television's longest running programs, *The Tonight Show*, in the 7th longest running spot and *Today*, which is third in longevity but number one when measured by greatest number of episodes produced.

But *Monitor*, a radio program, was Weaver's attempt to create an experience that would not only bring an audience together, but would go one step further. Uniting a radio audience was nothing new, Orson Welles had done it particularly well in 1938 with his *War of The Worlds* Broadcast. But *Monitor*, by providing interesting and non-repeating content all weekend long, would allow its listeners to tune in, leave, then return, without really missing anything of substance. This would differ considerably from, say, the listening experience of someone who left *The Shadow* in the middle of an episode and then forewent knowing that episode's plot resolution.

The author Dennis Hart, no doubt the foremost expert on the subject of *Monitor*, described Weaver's endeavor as "so audacious and grandiose that nothing like it had ever been heard on radio."

Critics (notably programmers at CBS, ABC and Mutual) referred to *Monitor* as "Weaver's Folly."

Weaver, when pressed by a reporter to describe *Monitor*, referred to his new program as a "kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria." In *Monitor's* inaugural broadcast Weaver said *Monitor* was "for all of you, wherever you are," alluding to *Monitor's* programming that was specifically created to be broad, rather than narrow.

David Sarnoff, the legendary Chairman of RCA, NBC's parent company, wasn't quite so optimistic and needed to be sold on at least one of Weaver's ideas. The General, upon hearing the distinctive sound of the *Monitor* Beacon, expressed his irritation with the "boops and beeps" to Weaver. Weaver is said to have replied "General, we really don't care about what you think because, you know, we're really doing it for the population. I don't expect *you* to listen to the show."

Sarnoff, a bit of a "highbrow" who spared no expense in creating the NBC Orchestra for Arturo Toscanini, relented and the *Monitor* Beacon became one of the two most recognizable sounds ever utilized by the National Broadcasting Company, the other being the distinctive notes of "G," "E," and "C" as an homage to RCA and NBC's original parent company, The General Electric Corporation.

So Weaver's idea of a program for everyone, wherever they were, was born. It was *broadcasting* in its truest sense.

Monitor would originate from "everywhere in the world," but its nerve center was located in New York City, specifically the RCA Building at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Weaver authorized the expenditure of \$150,000 (\$1.2 million in today's dollars) to create the "Radio Central" studio which would serve as the command post for everything *Monitor* did.

If you were a broadcast journalist or entertainer of any renown, unless you worked for a competing network, you either spent some time in the “air chair” at *Monitor’s* Radio Central or you dropped by for a chat at some point during *Monitor’s* 20 years. A partial list of hosts over the years, in addition to those already mentioned, include:

Gene Rayburn
John Cameron Swayze
Walter Lanier Barber, who went by his nickname, “Red”
Frank Blair
Joe Garagiola
Henry Morgan
Bob Elliot and Ray Goulding
John Bartholomew Tucker
Monty Hall
Hugh Downs
Frank McGee
Mel Allen
Arlene Francis
David Brinkley
Bert Parks
Ed McMahon
Ted Steele
Robert W. Morgan
Durward Kirby (The only movie star whom your essayist ever intruded upon to obtain an autograph; Mr. Kirby was purchasing groceries at the time)
Garry Moore
Curt Gowdy
Bill Cullen
Frank Sinatra, Jr.

In actuality, none of these individuals was referred to as a “host,” but were called “communicators” by Weaver, who had originally coined the term to describe Dave Garroway and his colleagues on *The Today Show*. The intent was to more appropriately describe the role of the host as one who genuinely interacted with his audience, to become one with them and draw them into the production.

Each communicator endeavored to create a style that would be uniquely his, calling upon his experience and voice to make his particular segment of the show his own.

Perhaps the most distinctive “voice of Monitor,” and one of the few female voices on the program, was that of Tedi Thurman, who came to be known as “Miss Monitor.” Tedi’s job was to read the weather report in a way that, well, just had not been done before. Unlike the perky, camera-savvy “meteorologists” of today, Miss Monitor’s forecasts were described by New York Times critic Jack Gould as an “irresistible invitation to an unforgettable evening.”

Tedi, a former model, was also described by writer William Saroyan as cooing “the weather as if she were standing under the nose of her lover, looking up into his big blue eyes.” (By the way, he wasn’t being complimentary).

From 1955 to 1961, Miss Monitor gave us the weather across the country like no one had ever done before. (Or has since, one might argue).

Let's listen to Tedi telling us just how warm it was with this clip from 1959, from a show in which Monty Hall and Bob Wilson were the communicators.

(Insert Miss Monitor here) Start at 21:25, end at 21:55; 30 seconds

Initially, Tedi would spend the entire weekend at the studio, waiting for her turn at the microphone, ready to provide "fill" as needed. Every weather report she gave was real, the one exception being that which occurred when communicator Henry Morgan set Tedi's script on fire in the middle of her delivery, requiring Miss Monitor to ad lib the temperature for those cities that were "consumed by fire."

For an only and often lonely child in Gaylord, Michigan between 1967 and 1972, *Monitor* represented a window to a world which was very different from his own rural existence. It was easy to picture *Radio Central* in all its bustling activity, with reporters from around the world organizing their words for all to hear. No one broadcast in particular is recalled, but two commercials, or spots as they are termed in radio, created a nerve path in the brain that lingers decades later.

On *Monitor*, Dupont regularly made us aware of the benefits of Rally, their "half an hour wax" for cars, using an easily remembered jingle. And, it was cars that were being waxed, as only ranchers drove Jeeps, it was usually contractors that drove pick up trucks and vans were the nearly exclusive domain of painters. Like the old man in *A Christmas Story*, some dads were still waxing with Simonize, but the idea of being able to completely wax your car in half an hour probably resonated with most fathers who were, quite possibly, listening to *Monitor* as they waxed their car.

In addition to Dupont, the Retail Clerks International Association, or RCIA, was making one last attempt to create public awareness by regularly advertising on *Monitor*. Today, the idea of a labor organization representing those working the retail trade seems almost unfathomable. It did prove to be unsustainable and, in 1979, the RCIA merged with the Amalgamated Meat Cutters Union to form the United Food and Commercial Workers. Yet, to a young man coming of age in the pro-labor state of Michigan, hearing the message of the RCIA and its work on behalf of clerks everywhere produced fodder for thoughtful contemplation.

Since the local radio station only operated between sunrise and sunset, *Monitor* was your essayist's *daytime* weekend companion for humor and information. But nearly all evenings, weekdays and weekends, were reserved for listening to the sounds emanating from another metropolis that was, in reality, a short trip across lake Michigan but, in perspective, may as well have been as distant as New York.

The Chicago radio stations WLS and WCFL were easily received after sunset in Gaylord, which sits upon the 45th parallel at nearly 1400 feet above sea level, nearly twice as high as Indianapolis. WCFL, "the voice of labor," owned by the Chicago Federation of Labor, was your essayist's favorite companion after dark, often prompting his father to exclaim "get that damned earplug out of your ear and go to sleep!" before he retired.

It is recalled that on the first Monday of September, however, WCFL would interrupt its music in order to broadcast George Meany's annual address to Labor. Committing the time to listen to the AFL-CIO's President's address was solely for the purpose of not missing the resumption of music that would follow when Meany's address concluded.

At the time, this once a year interruption was seen as an irritation. In time, the annual addresses came to be viewed as a fond memory and, now, as witness to the beginning of the end of the Golden Age of the American Labor Movement.

Back in New York, at Radio Central, one of the best “on air” NBC communicators was not always the friendliest off the air nor even eager to jump on board for *Monitor’s* maiden voyage.

Garroway, who was hosting the Today show in 1955, had “cold feet” when initially approached to become a communicator on *Monitor*. When an emissary of Weaver’s requested Garroway’s participation in the new endeavor, he said “no thanks.” It was only later, when Garroway became aware of Weaver’s personal request that he join the *Monitor* team that Garroway acquiesced, understanding that his career was directly attributable to Weaver’s faith in him.

Despite his hosting *The Today Show* and being an inaugural communicator on *Monitor*, Garroway was anything but glib. One of *Monitor’s* producers, Bud Drake, who worked with Garroway, relates how, when he first arrived at *Monitor* and wanted to introduce himself to Garroway, he found him engaged in conversation with one of the writers. Drake approached the duo, waited for an appropriate lapse in their discourse and said “Dave, I’m Bud Drake.”

Garroway replied “so you are” and continued conversing with the writer.

Years later, when asked what his most memorable moment on *Monitor* was, Garroway said that the most memorable moment occurred on his first day, when he interviewed Marilyn Monroe.

Before we listen to a short clip of this interview, two points seem pertinent to underscore:

First, as was typical during this time, one can hear the sound of a teletype in the background, which was thought to lend an air of authenticity to an interview.

Secondly, Marilyn inadvertently delivers a punch line at the end of the interview, when she says she has moved to New York and then mentions the locale to which she intends to retire. You be the judge of whether her punch line was intentional or inadvertent.

Let’s give a listen to this clip, which begins with Garroway asking if he should be scared or frightened of Ms. Monroe.

(Insert Garroway/Marilyn Monroe interview) 41 seconds

Perhaps the communicator most associated with *Monitor* was the long-time Saturday host, Gene Rayburn, who sat in the Communicator’s chair for more than 9 years and, unlike Garroway, was as nice off the air as he sounded while broadcasting. He began on Saturday afternoons but is usually remembered for his stint as a Saturday morning host of *Monitor*.

Rayburn had already established himself as an affable ad-libber, yet was well liked by writers and producers for his genuine good-natured temperament. Rayburn was Steve Allen’s first announcer on *The Tonight Show* and is perhaps best known for his role as host of *The Match Game*, first on NBC, later on CBS.

Today, on our radios, we can routinely be assaulted with discussions of a scatological nature and language that was once considered coarse. Therefore, it might be difficult to imagine the gnashing of teeth that occurred when, on Rayburn’s watch, the end of a conversation between two staffers is inadvertently broadcast nationwide.

Note that even the usually unflappable Rayburn has trouble regrouping after hearing what he hears and realizing that it had just gone out over the air on national radio.

(Play Rayburn Oops) 19 seconds

In case you missed it, that was writer Charlie Garment putting his opinion stamp on a comment made by a producer during a commercial break and with Garment's response instantaneously following the opening of Rayburn's microphone.

Weaver had always wanted *Monitor* to be fun, and humor played a role in each weekend's broadcast. For years, Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding stood at the ready, jumping in to adlib a sketch live anytime it was needed due to technical difficulties that precluded sticking to the script.

In actuality, nearly everyone who was known for making people laugh made an appearance on *Monitor*. Some were megastars in their own right, like Bob Hope, while others were "up and coming" newcomers, like Bill Cosby. A partial list of other comedians who were on *Monitor* includes:

Jackie Gleason
Steve Allen
George Burns (with Gracie Allen, before her death in 1964)
Groucho Marx
Jimmy Durante (Both Marx and Durante would have birthday tribute shows on *Monitor*.)
Nichols and May
Ernie Kovacs
Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis
Milton Berle
Bert Lahr
Buster Keaton
Jack Benny
Abbott and Costello
Jonathan Winters
Woody Allen
Phyllis Diller

And each communicator would add his own brand of humor such as when, in 1959, Peter Roberts and Hugh Downs were co-hosting (in the early days of *Monitor* two communicators were used for each shift) and Roberts legitimately introduced "five minutes of music on *Monitor*" then added "none of which is included in the new album: 'Hugh Downs hums Ludwig Von Beethoven.'"

As we begin to wrap up this discussion of *Monitor*, it is important to remember that, while we may listen to radio to be entertained or informed, a commercial radio station or a network exists for one reason, to generate revenue and, ultimately, turn a profit. This is what is now termed "maximizing shareholder value."

Pat Weaver knew this better than anyone. In addition to having an excellent knack for programming, Weaver understood that, for *Monitor* to remain on the air, he needed to sell airtime to pay for the programming.

Always the innovator, Weaver took a radical approach to selling air time, just as he did to programming. Instead of selling sponsorships, which was standard practice at the time (think of the *Lux Radio Theater* or *The Lucky Strike Program* starring Jack Benny), Weaver suggested selling short, seconds-, vs. minutes-long portions of air, called "spots" throughout *Monitor's* weekend broadcast. Now, instead of 15, 30 or 60 minute blocks during which no competing products would be mentioned, advertisers could spread their message across the weekend, effectively reaching a wider audience for a lower cost.

Weaver's brilliancy and innovation paid off. An advertiser could now obtain national exposure, during a prime listening period, by advertising on *Monitor* throughout the weekend

One month before *Monitor's* debut, Weaver announced that nearly 500 one-minute spots had been sold, which represented a 138 percent increase in sales from the prior year.

Although this was a great coup for Weaver, the *Monitor* team and NBC, local NBC radio affiliates weren't so happy and let their network know it. While the gross cost for one minute on *Monitor* was expensive at \$1000, the "unit" or "per listener" cost was very, very low. In other words, in the same way that General Motors could lower its per-vehicle overhead cost allocation by building more vehicles, advertisers could now reach far more listeners by spending \$1000 on *Monitor* than by purchasing spots on a local affiliate. Naturally, as local station owners saw their revenues decline, they griped.

NBC responded two ways, objectively and subjectively. While the aforementioned "unit cost" might, ultimately, cause some advertisers to forego local purchase of spots, it was also true that NBC was assisting their affiliates by providing a program to which people would make it a point to listen. This, of course, created a demand that would result in those affiliates being able to charge a higher price for spots on *Monitor*. NBC also enlisted the help of those stations whose revenues had been enhanced by the addition of *Monitor* and, ultimately, once the stations adjusted to the new way of selling their airtime, revenues rebounded and the griping stopped.

After initially running 40 hours of programming each weekend, *Monitor* was quickly reduced to 30 hours per week. By 1960, programming was reduced to 15 hours per week where, after the addition of one more hour on Sunday that year, it would remain for the rest of its run.

Things at *Monitor* remained pretty stable for the next decade, despite Weaver's departure from NBC in 1956, initially displaced because David Sarnoff wanted his son, Robert, to run the network. "The beginning of the end" for *Monitor* may have occurred in 1970, when WNBC-AM, which was owned and operated by NBC, forewent *Monitor* in favor of local programming. The blow, although mostly psychological, begged the question by the affiliates that "if the flagship station is dropping the program, why should we continue to run it?"

In response, *Monitor* continued to adapt its content and its programming to reflect changing mores and to try to keep its broadcasts fresh and relevant. Revenues held fairly steady, at least until 1973 when some radical programming changes were tried in an attempt to reach a new audience.

Monitor brought in "hip" communicators like Don Imus, who was New York based; Robert W. Morgan, known throughout Southern California as a "rock and roll disc jockey" and a guy named Robert W. Smith whose broadcast could be heard throughout the southwest on the "border blaster" XERB in Tijuana, Mexico. It was there that Smith wore the hats of both station manager and night "DJ" and was reported to be clearing \$50,000 a month on his operations.

Oh, I should mention that Robert Smith used the pseudonym "Wolfman Jack" when on the air.

Wolfman Jack, or not, however, *Monitor's* days were numbered. Many ideas would be tried to keep the program afloat.

In addition to new communicators, changes in how the spots were sold which allowed local affiliates to sell more airtime, and even an attempt to customize the program to let local affiliates "pick and choose" what they wanted to air, were tried. Of course, the idea to customize the program to

accommodate the affiliate stations was exactly the *opposite* of what Pat Weaver originally envisioned and was a portent of the end of *broadcasting* in favor of *narrowcasting* to a target audience.

Essentially now a national version of a local “DJ anchored” pop music show, *Monitor’s* beacon began to grow dimmer.

In April, 1974, *Monitor’s* final hosts were hired although, when they took the job, no one knew that John Bartholomew Tucker and Big Wilson would end the show 9 months later.

Wilson was well known in the New York market and was, unbeknownst to listeners at the time, about to be fired from his WNBC job.

John Bartholomew Tucker was a bit better known nationally, having worked in many major markets and in television, as well as radio. Some of you might recall Tucker’s later stint as one of many rotating guest hosts on Allan Funt’s *Candid Camera*, the aforementioned Durward Kirby being one, as well, and the reason for your essayist’s approaching him for an autograph.

Despite Wilson and Tucker’s best efforts, *Monitor’s* figurative signal continued to fade. Sponsorships dwindled, affiliates abandoned the broadcast and, finally, in late 1974, the decision was made to throw in the towel and end *Monitor’s* nearly 20 year run in January of the following year.

Charles Garment (whose comment on his colleague’s view of the Vietnam War we heard earlier) relates how, after it was clear the program was going to be cancelled, he and other long time *Monitor* staffers asked NBC brass to do “one final show” in the true *Monitor* style of the early days, with reports from across the globe. NBC gave a cold-hearted “no” and the production team did their best to create a retrospective during *Monitor’s* last weekend, using archive materials and a few new interviews.

Finally on January 26, 1975, John Bartholomew Tucker began the shift that would end *Monitor’s* nearly 20-year run.

Tucker started his shift by playing Mr. Sandman by the Chordettes, the first song every played on *Monitor*, then airing interviews, both new and old, including one with *Monitor’s* creator, Pat Weaver. Weaver conveyed that he was “saddened that the show was going off the air because (he thought) “such a show could still be done and, run properly, would continue to be effective both for the network and the advertisers.” He then complimented everyone involved with *Monitor* with a universal compliment of a job well done.

Finally, Sammy Cahn performed a song he had written especially for this occasion, the last day of *Monitor*, mentioning many of the *Monitor* personalities over the years. Then, when Cahn’s song ended, John Bartholomew Tucker said these words:

(Play Tucker Clip) 37 seconds

While it is tempting to let those final words ever spoken on *Monitor* close this essay we are, after all, a Literary Club. Therefore it seems fitting to, instead, close this remembrance with something a little more than an audio clip.

Here is what Barry Farber, now a veteran radio talk show host, had to say about *Monitor* when he heard of its cancellation. It should be noted that, at the time he said these words, Farber was working for a competing radio station, WOR in New York City and had devoted one hour of his three hour show to a discussion of *Monitor*.

Quoting Farber:

"I am proud to come from a country that could spawn Monitor, and I question the changing values of a country where the network that spawned Monitor 20 years ago can say 'Sorry, we're canceling Monitor for a restyled network service.'

What it means is that one rock-and-roll record after another on the hundreds of stations that make up this network is somehow more profitable,

and therefore more compelling,

and therefore more desirable

and, therefore, more inevitable, than the collected talent of the National Broadcasting Corporation to take us around the word regularly at any given minute on a weekend."

As I age, and have trouble remembering to take my daily vitamin, or the fresh vegetables my wife asked me to pack into her lunch, why is it that my memories of listening to Monitor seem, counter intuitively, to grow sharper, more vivid as I get older? How can thinking of a radio show that went off the air more than 30 years ago instantly transport me to that time? What biochemical reaction occurs within us, as we grow older, that causes our recollection of mundane days spent listening to the radio to become so poignant that they are recalled with fondness and a sense of loss?

A mystery of life, I suppose, easily understood by members of this club.

Thank you.

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All quotations are from *Monitor, The Last Great Radio Show* by Dennis Hart