Gary Owens' thrill-packed story so far ... in the last episode, Gary had set his mouth on automatic pilot up through the McLendon chain; had blamed the Korean War on Ben Fong-Torres, and had written his first screenplay, "The Eyes Of Marty Feldman." Despite the fact that it was long, no one seemed to care for it. Today, we find G.O. saying:

Todd Storv (who created Top 40 radio) and his famous national programmer Bill Stewart were at KOWH in Omaha and (I found out later) got me a job offer in Denver at KIMN and the Mutual Intermountain Network. (It's always been common practice to get competitors out of the market and a better job because it disrupts the flow of programming). PD Ted Nelson hired me for the morning show at KIMN. Ken Palmer was with Clarke-Brown Radio Reps at the time with offices at our studios. They helped me to utilize a broader and hopefully more sparkling personality. (I feel every station helped to strengthen my knowledge of the biz and I don't regret any of the early moves).

Ken is, of course, one of the most respected broadcasters in the country and Ted is Vice President of the Las Vegas Hilton, bringing them millions of dollars a year through conventions.

From lovely revnede (we often pronounced the city's name backwards in the mid-'50s) the marvelous McLendon chain escalated me to another plateau.

Don Keyes, Gordon's creative National PD, hired me for that powerful bunch of cookin' stations (KLIF/Dallas, KILT/Houston, KTSA/San Antonio, and WNOE/New Orleans, owned by McLendon's father-in-law, former Governor James A. Noe.) There were so many great people who befriended me: Elliot Field, Buddy McGregor, Bruce Hayes, Ken Knox, Bob Stevens, Jack Elliot, Don French, Doug Chima, Gene Crockett, Eddie Dunn, Bud Connell, Harry Burrell, Bill Stanley, Jim Stewart, Larry Fischer, Dick Morrison, Jack Fiedler, Joel A. Spivak, Joel Somerset, Jimmy Noc, Jr., Bill Weaver, Joel Sebastian and I hope I haven't left any old chums out ... but as you know, your memory is the second thing to go!

John Box hired me for the Balahan stations and offered a choice of working in Milwaukee, Dallas or St. Louis. I chose St. Loo because it was the largest market of the three and the money that was paid in that city at the time was unbelievable. At least seven personalities were making over $60,000 a year in 1958! Jack Carney was Program Director; Sam Holman, Bob Osborn, Dick Clayton, Ed Bonner, Reed Farrell — all great D.J.'s made up the staff. Stan Kaplan was our phenomenally sales manager and Jerry Blum a wosser of a salesman. It was fun there until a tornado leveled the house next to mine in Brentwood and a job offer was held dangling carrot-like from Chuck Blore with Crowell-Collier in L.A.

This amazing conglomerate had just purchased KLX in the S.F.-Oakland area and was changing it from a classical music station owned by the Oakland Tribune to a personality rocker like their proud grand poobah KFWB in Hollywood. My love for the West Coast was overwhelming and my Nietzschean overtones of super-belief in myself helped shuffle the darker quadrants of my mind westward. (I don't know what I meant by that. I read it on the back of a matchbook cover belonging to Edgar Allan Poe.)

The Gary Owens saga will conclude next week.