

[MUSIC - CHARLIE MURPHY, "GAY SPIRIT"]

It's called the "Gay Spirit." That's almost 10 years old from an album *Walls to Roses, Songs of Changing Men* on Folkways Records. And it's one of Michael [? Misch's ?] albums I guess that he donated to Wilde 'N Stein and the station and many other things. And tonight's program is dedicated to Mike [? Misch. ?]

Once again, the *After Hours* crew is out there in the lobby and they're getting ready to move into the studio getting ready for a night in Montrose haunted house. Who knows what's going to happen. Let's switch out to the lobby. Can you guys give us an idea of what's going on out there?

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Well, they don't seem to be coming in. Hello, and anybody in the lobby.

This is Old Testament yes--

Mr Mayor--

--real wrath of God type stuff.

Exactly.

Fire and brimstone coming down from the sky, rivers and seas boiling.

40 years of darkness, earthquakes, volcanoes.

The dead rising from the grave.

Human sacrifice, dogs and cats living together mass hysteria.

Enough. I get the point.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Hi. This is Kevin. This is Ron.

And we're from the Gay and Lesbian Switchboard Houston. And you're listening to *After Hours* on KPFT Houston, 90.1 FM.

And right now it's time for something that I can't guarantee you, but it's time for something, all right? No, it's not time for spirit. It sounds like Duane Bradley just came in and it's spirit all right. The spirit of Halloween is wandering around in the studio.

And it's time for *After Hours* original production entitled The Halloween Special. And thank God it's not television because if you could see the crew in there you would just start sending those pledged dollars to KPFT because no where else are you going to get radio like this. So I'll shut up and get out of here and turn this over to them.

[WATER RIPPLING]

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Our story this evening concerns a property dispute, not the scariest of things for a Halloween night unless it's your property that's in dispute. The Walden family therefore is in a near panic. A house in the Montrose area which various members of the Walden family have lived in since the turn of the century is now being claimed by someone who claims it free and clear.

The story is this. The house was built in the late 1800s by the Boorman family. At the turn of the century, the only remaining Boorman a young man-- wished to travel to the West Coast to find fame and fortune. He was reluctant to sell the home, which had been his parents and so made an agreement with his best friend David Walden, who had just gotten married and needed a place to live with his new bride.

Billy Boorman who had let David live in the house if he could care for it and pay the taxes as long as he promised to vacate it if Boorman ever decided to move back to Houston or wish to sell it. David Walden knew a good deal when he heard one and agreed enthusiastically. Only a few years later just after the turn of the century Billy Boorman had a thriving business in California and wish to sell the home in order to use the capital to expand his business.

Of course, he gave David first option to buy the house and of course, David did, at least that's the story that was handed down through the Walden family. Recently however, a man by the name of Jarvis Boorman had laid claim to the house. His claims say that David Walden never actually purchased the House and the Boorman family never asked the Walden's to live in it.

Therefore, Jarvis is the only heir to the Boorman estate and wanted the Walden family to vacate immediately. He was moving in. The Walden's were moving out. It was as simple as that.

His timing was suspicious in that Oscar Walden, who had been living alone in the house since the death of his parents had just died. The house was then passed Oscar's brother, William, who lived in Florida. William's son, Lloyd, however lived in Houston and was asked by his father to investigate Jarvis Boorman's claim.

Lloyd went to the house to get the deed which he knew would be kept in the safe in the master bedroom. To his dismay, however, someone had broken into the house and managed to open the safe. The entire contents of the safe were missing. Nothing else appeared to have been disturbed.

After reporting the theft to the police, Lloyd then went to City Hall to obtain a copy of the deed. No copy of the deed can be found however and the city clerk suspected foul play with the microfiche copy, which was missing as well. No one could explain the unusual disappearance of the documents, though.

Lloyd immediately thought of Jarvis Boorman and the timing of his claim. He knew that Boorman was behind the missing documents but had no proof. The only thing to do was to search for another copy of the deed or a similar form of irrefutable proof that the Walden family had purchased the home in the Montrose years ago.

Lloyd knew he couldn't search the whole house by himself before he was due to submit proof of ownership to the court of probate. So he called his friends Mary Helen, Linda, and Alan. They agreed to spend the weekend searching through the house with Lloyd. We've joined the group just as Mary Helen, Linda, and Alan arrive at the old house where Lloyd is waiting for them.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Hey, guys. Come on in. This is a neat house, Lloyd. Is it really 100 years old?

No, not quite but it does have a lot of history in it.

Is it haunted? It looks like it could be haunted.

Of course, it's haunted. There's a ghost that wanders the halls at night looking for lesbians. When it finds, when it ties her down and makes her face up like Tammy Faye Bakker's. This of course is the most horrifying fate a lesbian can dream of.

One of these days, Lloyd, pow right to the moon.

Children, please if I wanted to hear this I could go to jars. Would you let us get in the door before you start?

Really I think Linda would make a good Tammy Faye. Give me a paintbrush, I'll do her up.

And you, Mary Helen, would make a good queen. If you don't behave, I'll wave my wand and turn you into one.

Now who's starting?

Guilty as charged. Speaking of celebrities though, on our way over we pass City Hall and I swear I saw the mayor splashing around naked in the reflection pool. It was too dark to see clearly though.

It couldn't have been the mayor, she lives two blocks from us and I just saw her hanging out the wash.

Regardless, I think it was an omen. This is going to be a very strange night.

Hopefully this won't take all night. You packed clothes for the whole weekend, though, didn't you?

Are you kidding? Mary Helen, packed for a week.

Linda, I need every item I packed.

Only if you plan on taking a transcontinental trip later. Why can't you do like, Alan, he only brought one small bag?

What's that, Alan, your trick bag?

This is not a trick bag. It's a, what if I find a man in the woods bag.

On second thought, Mary Helen, don't pack a bag like Alan.

Leave your bags here for a minute and I'll give you a tour of the downstairs. Now here's the formal dining room. This table will seat 20 if all of the leaves are in place.

It's hard to believe people used to have dinner parties for that many people regularly. My grandmother says they used to have dinner for 12 at least once a month. It's too bad we don't do things like that anymore. Nowadays you're lucky if you can get half a dozen to sit down to dinner together.

I know, everyone says they're too busy to come over-- too busy going to the bars anyway. If I want to find most of my friends and acquaintances, I know where to find them, on Pacific Street.

Or Marcus or the ranch everyone's so busy looking for a good time they forget to have fun.

Tell me, it's a lot more fun to go out with my friends to the bars than go to bars looking for friends. Speaking of which, I'll take you all out when we finish here if we don't get into a bloody fight over where to go. We have a diverse little group here. We'll go everywhere then.

Sounds good as long as you don't expect me to drink all night.

We've sworn off alcohol. It causes problems, and we don't want to go through that again any time soon.

Amen to that. I get really down when I drink. The best time I had I was drinking orange juice all night. Besides, alcohol interferes with my performance. It's no fun to drink heavily to get your nerve up to invite someone home and then discover that in your condition your nerve is all you can get up.

Such talk. Lloyd, show us the rest of the house before he starts talking like Dr. Ruth.

Please through here is the kitchen. The stove is the original gas model installed when my family bought the house.

How neat. When was the electricity installed?

I'm not sure, but it couldn't have been too much later. I do know that the wiring was redone in the '60s so it's pretty modern. More wiring was done when central air was installed in the early '70s. Over here is the study. s

What a gorgeous roll-top desk? I bet it's worth a small fortune.

Probably. Most of the furnishings are early 1900s pieces. They've lasted all these years. It just shows what happens when you take care of the things you've got. My body should be in as good a shape as that desk.

Your problem is you don't have anybody to dust you off and rub you with polish.

I don't know about that. Does Crisco count is polish?

You're terrible. Do you really do that with Crisco?

Of course, Crisco will do you proud every time and it all comes back except for one little bitty tablespoon. Really using things like Crisco isn't considered safe, especially when you use the same container on different occasions. Nowadays we use synthetic lubricants that come in dispenser containers. They're water soluble so they clean up easier.

My, my, things we learn hanging around you. Pity we don't have a use for them.

Pass it on then. Let someone else know that safe is not a synonym for boring.

Oh, what other exciting things are considered safe?

Well, my favorites involve black leather and stainless steel.

Moving right along.

I'll tell you later.

Back here we have the veranda, perfect we're sitting around in the evenings and sipping mint juleps.

Oh, really, I've never had a mint julep.

Well, neither have I.

Me neither. How about you, Linda?

No.

Do you suppose they really exist? Has someone been pulling our legs all these years?

It can be. Hey, what's through here.

Oh, this is the parlor, suitable for entertaining gentlemen callers.

Oh, I call that a dungeon.

That's not the kind of entertaining I'm talking about.

We really are going to have to have a long talk, Alan.

Watch out, Mary Helen, he is going to give her ideas.

I hope.

Now, if you'll pick up your things and follow me, I'll show you to your bedrooms.

Linda, turn on your boom box and let's have some music.

[MUSIC - TOWENDA CHOIR ORCHESTRA, "CASPER"]

Casper, the friendly ghost, the friendliest ghost you know though grownups might look at him--

That's enough of that. Hey, have you ever noticed that Michael and Janet Jackson are never seen together? I mean, it's like Clark Kent and Superman.

Yeah, I heard a rumor that Michael and Janet are really Diana Ross with a lot of makeup on.

Oh, please. Here we are. Ladies, your room is here, Alan's is next, and mine is on the opposite side of the hall from Alan's. The master bedroom is at the end of the hall.

Which bedroom was Uncle Oscar's?

Why? The master bedroom, of course.

Oh, God, I don't think I could sleep in a bed that someone has died in.

Actually, enough people have lived in this house, there's probably not a room in this house that someone hasn't died in.

I'll keep that in mind.

Well, let's put our things in our rooms and get this search underway. I'll leave the radio here in the hall.

If we're all ready now, I propose that we split into teams of two.

I want to go with, Alan.

But don't let him give you too many ideas. You can find yourself sleeping on the couch downstairs.

All right, Mary Helen, and I will take the downstairs. You two take the upstairs and the attic.

I'm not going up into the attic.

Hey, no guts, no glory.

Unfortunately glory usually consists of getting your guts pulled out

Thanks, Linda. Just for that, I'm going to leave the toilet seat up in the morning.

OK troops, hit it.

Linda, do you really want to go look in the attic?

No. Do you?

No. Let's check the master bedroom first. If we find something helpful there, we won't have to go up in the attic.

Sounds good to me. At the end of the hall, right?

No, at the end of the hall left.

No, I meant-- I'll skip it.

Oh, nice.

Mm-hmm, uncle Oscar's taste is better than I expected.

A little too much satin for my taste. You take the dressers. I'll check the closets.

Fine with me, I've dealt with closets long enough now.

Hey, look at this.

What? Did you find something?

Well, it's something anyway.

Hey, that's a *Honcho* magazine.

Here's more-- *Blue Boy*, *Mandate*, and *Drummer*, oh my goodness.

What? Oh, the *Drummer*, one of my favorite magazines. Believe me, goodness had nothing to do with it. Oh my, look at him. He could do ads for Jimmy Dean sausage. Give me this.

Back off. We're supposed to be looking for something to prove that this house belongs to Lloyd's family. I don't think this counts.

Spoil sport. Oh, look at these divine gowns. You don't suppose they belong to Uncle Oscar, do you?

Would you get back to the dressers. I'll deal with this. I thought you'd had enough of closets anyway.

Well, excuse me, I'll just sashay over here and check out Uncle Oscar's drawers. And my, what interesting drawers they are.

Find anything helpful?

I don't think so.

Well, let's try the bed next.

That's a lovely offer dear but please don't be offended if I decline. I don't think we'd be very compatible in bed.

I meant let's check between the mattresses, goofus.

I just love canopy beds. I wish I had one like it.

Yeah, it's beautiful. At least uncle Oscar lived a great lifestyle.

I'm not so sure. Lloyd said that uncle Oscar was quite a loner, never invited the family over and seldom went to family gatherings.

Well, I think we know why now, though, the magazines would seem to indicate that he was gay.

And he didn't deal with it very well. I guess when he was younger he kept to himself so that other people wouldn't find out that he was a homosexual.

That's too bad there wasn't a Montrose counseling center back then. He could have found support there or gay switchboard, they could have given him information and support too.

I suppose we are fortunate in that respect anyway. Nowadays there are a number of organizations we can turn to.

Here, help me get this matters up.

Oh boy, is this thing heavy. Can you see anything?

No, nothing.

Done, what next?

Well, I guess we have to go to the attic after all.

We, what fun? Got the flashlight?

Yep.

Lead on, fair princess.

Well, there's the stairs. You go first.

Wrong, girlfriend, you first.

Oh, for heaven's sake. Fine, I'll go first. You can help hold the ladder-- the attic door up, though.

OK, got it. Up you go.

Don't push, I'm going.

Watch out for giant rats and spiders and God forbid, bats.

Would you shut up. I don't see signs of anything live up here.

Snakes can't get into addicts, can they?

Oh!

Oh, what is it? A snake?

Oh, no it was just a shadow on the wall cast by the tree outside that little window. Come on up, there's nothing here that can hurt you.

Well, if you decide to scream again, don't get between me and the door or you could get hurt. Hey, don't let this door down there's no handle on the inside.

Good thought, I wouldn't want to get stuck up here.

There's not as much up here as I thought there would be.

Good. We'll get through all the sooner then.

Shot that flashlight around and let's see what we're up against.

Oh, oh, there's more than we thought. I guess we'd better get started.

Let's see if I can get this trunk open. Shine the light over here please. Mhm, nothing here but clothes. Next.

Here, try this one.

More clothes. Done.

Wait, hold on a second, it makes sense that people would tend to put clothes in trunks and papers in boxes, right?

Aha. So let's try the boxes first.

right. Move that one down to the floor and let's see what's in it.

Bingo, papers, lots of papers, too many papers.

Start digging. Seems to be mostly correspondence. Mm-hmm, letters, cards. Ooh, look at this.

Oh, it's beautiful. It looks like a birthday card but it's almost like a book. What's inside?

Hey, it's poetry, pages of it. I bet this was handmade. Look at all the lace.

Let's take it to show Lloyd. He collects cards, he'll love it. I bet it's worth a fortune too.

Set it to one side and let's get back to work. Mhm, these look interesting. They look old enough, maybe there's something helpful in them. Oh, here's a date, 1912.

Mhm, they look like love letters to me. Look at all the hearts and flowers drawn in the margins. Let's see. "My dearest, my darling, center of my heart, mush, mush, mush, I was right, just love letters.

Mhm, and don't knock mush, it has its place in the world. There sure are a lot of letters, though. This long-distance love affair must have gone on for quite some time. Gee, I wonder how it turned out.

We'll look at the last letter that should answer your question.

Well, I knew there was a reason we keep you around here, a good snoop.



Thank you I think. What's it say?

Oh no, it's a Dear John letter-- it seems the writer found a love closer to home and now they're engaged-- signed, "Regretfully Virginia." Oh, wait a minute, this is a dear Jane letter. Look, it's addressed to Deborah Walden.

Well, how about that? It seems this family has had its fair share of homosexuals just like every other family on this planet. Too bad about Deborah, though.

I hope she had a close friend she could confide in. I'd hate to lose a love and not have anyone to talk to about it. It would be unbearable.

Yeah, I hope she did too. Well, I hear too many stories from people who knew they were gay but thought that somehow they had to live as though they weren't in order to fit in and were lonely and miserable until they discovered the gay community and the churches and the organizations that exist in it. I'm sure there are large numbers of people right now that feel alone and isolated because of their homosexuality. I wish we can let them know that they aren't alone.

Mhm, me too. It's too bad we can't let Deborah know that we understand. I doubt that she's still alive. She'd have to be nearly 100 by now.

Maybe Lloyd can tell us what happened to her.

Oh, she probably married a man just to have a place to fit into society.

Well, we're digressing again. Let's get back on the chain gang and keep searching.