

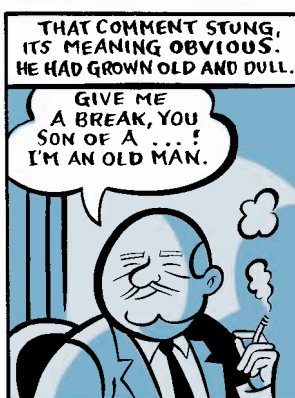
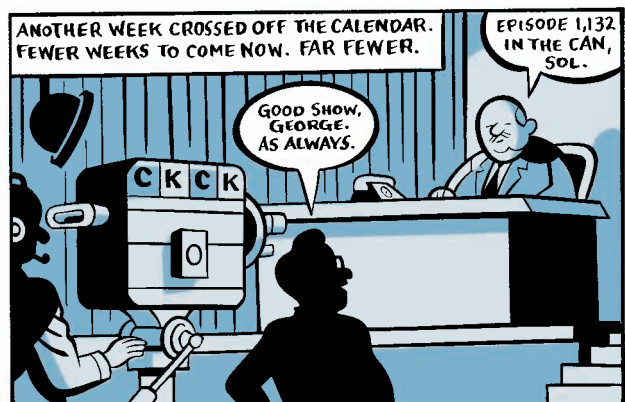
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9.17.06

# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH







OLIVE WAS DEAD.



GEORGE HAD LOVED OLIVE PASSIONATELY BETWEEN THE AGES OF 20 AND 22.



HE HAD LOVED HER IN A WAY THAT HAD DEFINED HIS WHOLE IDENTITY. GEORGE AND OLIVE.



EVEN NOW, SOME 60 YEARS LATER, HE FELT A PANG OF HURT THAT SHE HAD NOT LOVED HIM QUITE AS MUCH.



HE HAD BEEN SULLEN...AND NEEDY. NEEDY IN THE AGGRESSIVE WAY THAT ONLY A 20-YEAR-OLD BOY CAN BE.



EVENTUALLY SHE HAD TIRED OF GEORGE, AND THEIR PARTING HAD BEEN AN UGLY ONE.



FOR A YEAR OR TWO AFTER, GEORGE HADN'T FULLY KNOWN WHO HE WAS.



LATER, WHEN HE WENT NORTH FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE BEGAN TO WRITE TO HER AGAIN.



IF SHE EVER ANSWERED, HER REPLIES NEVER FOUND THEIR WAY TO GEORGE'S REMOTE LOCATIONS.



HOW COULD OLIVE HAVE LIVED HER WHOLE LIFE AND DIED WITHOUT GEORGE'S HAVING SEEN HER AGAIN--EVEN ONCE!



GEORGE FELT AS IF HE HAD WOKEN UP FROM A LONG SLEEP. AS IF, IN 1916, HE HAD FORGOTTEN WHO HE WAS...



YET HE HAD GONE ON, TRAVELED NORTH, EDITED THE MAGAZINE, MARRIED, CREATED THE TV SHOW, BURIED HELEN...



AND THEN, ONE DAY UNEXPECTEDLY, REMEMBERED WHO HE WAS AND WHERE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE.



BUT UPON REMEMBERING, DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS NOW AN OLD, OLD MAN.



LIKE SUDDENLY RECALLING AN ARRANGED DATE AND KNOWING YOU WERE TO HAVE BEEN ON A CERTAIN STREET CORNER AT 4 P.M.--



BUT 60 YEARS AGO.



AND THE ONE YOU WERE TO MEET HAD SINCE DIED OF OLD AGE.



OH, CHRIST! IS THAT HIM SNORING?



HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP ON AIR AGAIN!



CUT TO CAMERA 2.



WAKE HIM UP! WAKE HIM UP!



GEORGE, WAKE UP. UHH?



YOU'RE ON. HELLO THERE.



THAT WAS MY FILM OF FROBISHER BAY FROM 1936.



WHEN WE COME BACK, WE'LL TALK TO TIM OF HUDSON LODGE.



HERE AT DOMINION BREWERS, WE BREW WITH A MASTER'S CARE.





# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

## GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH

CHAPTER 2



IN THE PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS OF THIS STORY, YOU MET OUR TITLE CHARACTER: MR. GEORGE SPROTT, HOST OF THE TV SHOW "NORTHERN HI-LIGHTS."



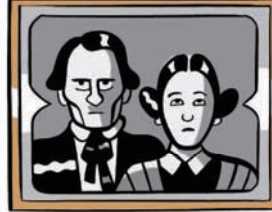
AS YOUR NARRATOR, HOWEVER, I MUST ADMIT I HAVE DONE A RATHER POOR JOB OF "SETTING THINGS UP."



I FAILED TO TELL YOU ALMOST ANYTHING ABOUT THE MAN. I APOLOGIZE.



I THINK IT BEST IF WE JUST START THE WHOLE THING ALL OVER AGAIN.



PERHAPS A SUMMARY IS THE WAY TO GO--A BARE-BONES ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.



I COULD PRETEND TO HAVE ALL THE FACTS, BUT TRUTHFULLY, I HAVE SERIOUS GAPS IN MY INFORMATION.



STILL, LET'S BEGIN. GEORGE WAS BORN JUNE 15, 1894, IN CHATHAM, ONTARIO. THOUGH OTHER SOURCES SUGGEST IT MAY HAVE BEEN GALT, ONTARIO. I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE.



HIS FATHER WAS A PROSPEROUS DOCTOR... OR PERHAPS A LAWYER OF SOME SORT.



AS AN OMNISCIENT NARRATOR, I REALIZE I LEAVE MUCH TO BE DESIRED. AGAIN, I APOLOGIZE.



GEORGE ATTENDED SEMINARY FROM 1914 TO 1918. THE EXACT YEARS OF THE GREAT WAR.



I DON'T WISH TO IMPLY ANYTHING BY THESE DATES, ESPECIALLY AS HE LEFT WITHOUT TAKING HIS VOWS.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID ANYTHING. NOW I'VE PUT IT IN YOUR MIND.



HE WAS BRIEFLY ENGAGED TO A MISS OLIVE MOTT DURING THESE YEARS.



AFTER SEMINARY (ANGLICAN, BY THE WAY), HE WORKED ON A NEWSPAPER FROM 1920-26.



ODDLY, MY FILES SHOW THAT HE ALSO WORKED A VARIETY OF UNLIKELY JOBS DURING THESE SAME YEARS: BELLHOP, STEEPLEJACK, ANNOUNCER.



FROM '26 TO '30, HE WAS EDITOR OF THE BOYS' ADVENTURE MAGAZINE JUNIOR WOODSMAN.



AND THEN GEORGE WENT NORTH. NINE TRIPS INTO THE CANADIAN ARCTIC BETWEEN 1930 AND 1940.



A GREAT DEAL OF SILENT-FILM FOOTAGE WAS SHOT ON THESE EXPEDITIONS.



GEORGE WAS CERTAINLY NO SCIENTIST... AND THE VALUE OF THESE "EXPEDITIONS" IS OPEN TO DEBATE.



HE THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS MORE A "GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER" THAN AN EXPLORER ANYWAY.



HE RAN SOME SORT OF SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE IN THOSE YEARS UNDER THE NAME NORTHERN DISPATCHES.



IN 1941, HE BEGAN HIS LECTURE SERIES AT CORONET HALL, AND IN 1953 HIS CKCK TV SHOW FIRST WENT ON AIR.



THESE BOTH RAN UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1975.



OH, YES-- HE MARRIED HELEN TRUPP IN 1944. SHE WAS KILLED IN A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT IN 1960.



GEORGE HIMSELF PASSED AWAY IN 1975. OH, WAIT-- I ALREADY MENTIONED THAT, DIDN'T I?



BY THEN, HIS TV SHOW WAS ALREADY AN ANACHRONISM-- EVEN FOR THOSE COLORFUL DAYS OF LOCAL BROADCASTING.



AND HE... DAMN! THIS IS NO GOOD! I'VE ENTIRELY FAILED TO GIVE YOU ANY OF THE FLAVOR OF THESE EVENTS. I'M SORRY.



AND ONCE AGAIN, I'VE IMPARTED NOTHING "REAL" ABOUT THE MAN HIMSELF.



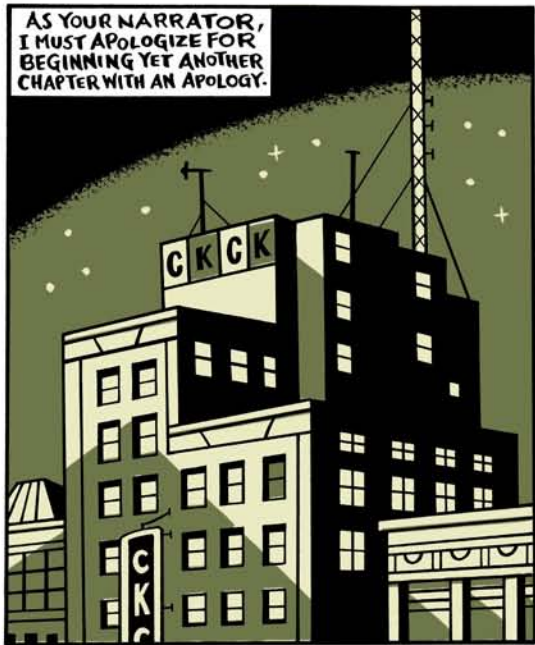
I'M SO TERRIBLY SORRY.



AN INTERVIEW WITH SIR GRISLY GRUESOME FANTASTICON '97







AS YOUR NARRATOR, I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR BEGINNING YET ANOTHER CHAPTER WITH AN APOLOGY.



HOWEVER, IT SEEMS I'VE NEGLECTED TO MENTION THE MOST IMPORTANT ASPECT OF OUR STORY.

GOOD EVENING, JOHN.



WHAT WE ARE WITNESSING HERE ARE THE LAST THREE HOURS OF GEORGE'S LIFE.

HI, TOMMY. GOOD TO SEE YOU, MISS DAISY.



I THINK YOU'LL AGREE THAT THIS IS SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED WAY BACK AT THE START.



SORRY ABOUT THAT. FROM HERE ON, I PROMISE TO BE ON TOP OF THESE THINGS.



HERE'S A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY. SEE THAT GIRL? LET ME INTRODUCE HER.

HEI, SOLLY. HELLO, DAISY.



THAT'S GEORGE'S NIECE. SHE'S BEEN TAKING CARE OF HIM THESE LAST FEW MONTHS.

HEY, UNCLE GEORGE.



ISN'T IT TOUCHING HOW SHE DOTES ON HIM? ESPECIALLY AS HE CAN BE A BOTHER.

DID YOU TAKE YOUR PILL? DON'T FUSS OVER ME! I'M NOT A CHILD.



THAT SOUR ATTITUDE HAS BEGUN TO SEEP INTO THE SHOW, CAUSING SOME WORRY TO THE BOYS UPSTAIRS.

HAS HE BEEN DOZING AGAIN, SOL? YOU NEED TO ASK?



THOUGH THIS IS THE LEAST OF GEORGE'S WORRIES.

GO GET YOUR THINGS, UNCLE GEORGE.



TONIGHT, OF ALL NIGHTS, GEORGE IS PREOCCUPIED WITH DEATH.

WE'VE GOT TO GO.



MIND YOU, NOT HIS OWN.



IF YOU RECALL, THIS MORNING GEORGE READ OF THE DEATH OF AN OLD FLAME.



THIS SPARKED A RATHER REGRETFUL MOOD IN HIM.



AT THIS MOMENT HE IS THINKING OF THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

JUST NEED A MOMENT TO GET MY BEARINGS.



BACK IN 1952.



GEORGE HAD ALWAYS CONSIDERED HIMSELF A LOVING SON.



IN FACT, HE'D PRIDED HIMSELF ON THE DEPTHS OF HIS TENDER FEELINGS FOR HIS MOTHER.



NOT MUCH OF LOVE WAS EVER SAID BETWEEN THEM.



YET HE HAD FELT SECURE IN THE UNSPOKEN BOND THEY SHARED.



IT WAS ONLY AS HE SAT BY HER DEATHBED THAT IT OCCURRED TO HIM.



AS SHE LAY GASPING, HE REALIZED HE HAD NOT VISITED HER IN TWO YEARS.



NOW, WHAT DO I NEED?



THE IMAGE OF HIMSELF AS A LOVING SON NOW SEEMED AN UNCOMFORTABLE LIE.

LECTURE. BAG.



ONE HE HAD BEEN TELLING HIMSELF FOR YEARS.

HAT. WHY IS IT MEN WON'T WEAR HATS TODAY?



RIGHT THEN IT STRUCK HIM THAT HE HARDLY KNEW THIS WOMAN.

I GUESS THEY DON'T WANT TO MESS UP THEIR PRETTY HAIR.



LATER HE WONDERED IF HE HAD EVEN LOVED HER, AND HAD SHE LOVED HIM?



GEORGE HAD BEEN UNABLE TO RESOLVE THIS QUESTION BACK THEN...



SO HE HAD PUT IT OUT OF HIS MIND.

DING! DAISY'LL BE OUTSIDE BY NOW.



TONIGHT, 23 YEARS LATER, HE THOUGHT OF IT AGAIN.

OH, THERE YOU ARE.



A HOT BLUSH OF SHAME PASSED OVER HIS FACE...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YES, DARLING.



AS HE CONSIGNED HER MEMORY, ONCE AGAIN, TO THAT MENTAL UNCOMFORTABLE ASPECT OF THINGS HE COULD NOT STAND TO FACE.

TAXI!



AN INTERVIEW WITH JIMMIE FREEZE CARTOONIST, 1980

GEORGE SPROTT-- HE WAS POMPUS, VAIN, SELFISH... A REAL HEEL.

PERHAPS THAT'S TOO HARSH, BUT THAT'S THE LASTING IMPRESSION I HAVE OF HIM.

GEORGE SUCKERED ME INTO COMING ALONG ON HIS FIRST TRIP NORTH TO FROBISHER BAY IN 1930.

HE'D COOKED UP A SCHEME TO FUND HIS EXPEDITION WITH THE DIMES OF LITTLE BOYS.

A PERFECTLY LEGIT VENTURE. THEY'D SUBSCRIBE AND RECEIVE A BINDER IN THE MAIL.

ALL GREEN AND GOLD AND EMBOSSED "NORTHERN DISPATCHES."

EVERY WEEK THEY'D GET A HECTOGRAPHED LETTER FROM GEORGE REPORTING ON HIS TRAVELS IN THE "FROZEN NORTH."

MY JOB WAS TO MAKE THE DRAWINGS THAT ACCOMPANIED IT.

WE'D SHIP OUR WORK SOUTH EACH WEEK BY PLANE, WHERE IT WOULD BE PRINTED AND MAILED.

THE BOYS WOULD CLIP THE LETTERS INTO THE BINDER, AND IN THE END THEY'D HAVE A BOOK.

I'M BETTING GEORGE SWIPED HIS SUBSCRIPTION LIST FROM THAT BOYS' MAGAZINE HE'D WORKED FOR.

ANYWAY, THOSE LETTERS READ GREAT-- POLAR BEARS, NORTHERN LIGHTS, CONTACT WITH PRIMITIVE PEOPLES...

THEY HAD EVERYTHING IN THEM BUT THE TRUTH.

WAITING AROUND IN SHABBY CAMPS, WORMY BLUBBER MEAT, DIARRHEA AND LOTS OF INFERIOR-QUALITY BOOZE.

AND THOSE POOR, KIND, STARVING ESKIMOS-- SO NICE TO US CRUMBUMS.

WE'D ROLL IN AND GET THEM TO FROLIC ON AN ICE FLOE OR PRETEND TO HUNT SEALS FOR GEORGE'S CAMERAS.

EVEN THEN YOU COULD SEE A WAY OF LIFE COMING TO AN END UP THERE.



AS FOR GEORGE-- I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS HE FANCIED HIMSELF A JUNIOR BYRD OR AMUNDSEN.

OH, HE WAS A HAND-SOME SON OF A GUN BACK THEN-- PARADING ABOUT IN HIS CARIBOU-SKIN PARKA.

YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT TO LOOK AT THE DISGUSTING FAT PIG HE BECAME LATER IN LIFE!

I KNOW HE KNOCKED UP AT LEAST ONE ESKIMO GIRLIE ON THAT TRIP.

THE WORST THING HE DID TO ME WAS TAKING OFF WITH HIS CAMERAMAN FOR TWO WHOLE MONTHS.

HE LEFT US TO FEND FOR OURSELVES! WE DIDN'T KNOW A DAMN THING AND ALMOST FROZE TO DEATH.

HE NEVER EVEN UNDERSTOOD WHY I WAS SO PEEVED! HA, HA.



EVEN SO, I STILL KIND OF ADMIRER HIM. HE MAY HAVE BEEN A HEEL, BUT HE WAS AN EARNEST HEEL.

BACK HOME, WE LOST TOUCH. I WENT TO TORONTO AND BEGAN MY COMIC STRIP, "STUBVILLE?"

AND GEORGE, HE BEGAN A CAREER IN TELEVISION.

HE TRIED TO BRING ME ON AIR A FEW TIMES, BUT I ALWAYS BRUSHED HIM OFF.

I HAD NO DESIRE TO REHASH ALL THAT HOGWASH.

I'M BACK. MISS ME, JIMMIE?





# I 10:29.06 The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH

CHAPTER 6

IT IS 7:25 PM. OF OCT. 9, 1975.

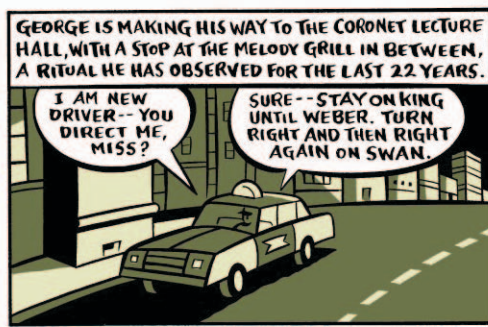
HI! WOULD YOU TAKE US TO THE MELODY GRILL AT SWAN AND LAKESIDE?



GEORGE IS MAKING HIS WAY TO THE CORONET LECTURE HALL, WITH A STOP AT THE MELODY GRILL IN BETWEEN, A RITUAL HE HAS OBSERVED FOR THE LAST 22 YEARS.

I AM NEW DRIVER-- YOU DIRECT ME, MISS?

SURE-- STAY ON KING UNTIL WEBER. TURN RIGHT AND THEN RIGHT AGAIN ON SWAN.



IT IS JUST UNDER AN HOUR AND A HALF UNTIL GEORGE'S DEATH.

IF THEY'RE GOING TO HIRE FOREIGNERS, THEN YOU'D THINK...

UNCLE GEORGE! PLEASE!



PERHAPS, AS YOUR NARRATOR, I'VE BEEN SOMEWHAT VAGUE ON CERTAIN POINTS UNTIL NOW, BUT ON THIS EVENT I HAVE MY FACTS STRAIGHT.

VERY WELL.



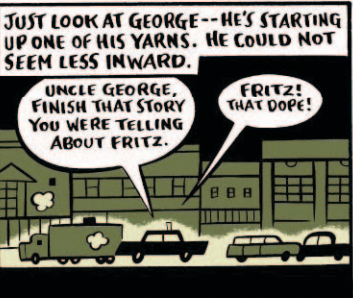
Y'KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS FOUND THE CONTRAST INTERESTING BETWEEN THE INSIDE AND THE OUTSIDE OF A PERSON. THIS DUALITY MIGHT BE THE MOST PROFOUND EXPERIENCE IN HUMAN LIFE.



JUST LOOK AT GEORGE-- HE'S STARTING UP ONE OF HIS YARNS. HE COULD NOT SEEM LESS INWARD.

UNCLE GEORGE, FINISH THAT STORY YOU WERE TELLING ABOUT FRITZ.

FRITZ! THAT DOPE!



YET, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, HE IS LOOKING BACK TO THE DECK OF AN ICEBREAKER ON HIS MAIDEN VOYAGE INTO THE ARCTIC.

HE WAS ONE OF MY CREW ON THE TRIP TO BAFFIN ISLAND IN 1937.

THAT FOOL FELL THROUGH THE PACK ICE, SLEDGE AND ALL-- WE BARELY FISHED HIM OUT IN TIME.



STANDING AT THE RAIL, LOOKING OUT ON THAT VAST GREEN SEA, HE'D SEEN HIS FIRST ICEBERG.

IT TOOK US TWO HOURS TO DRY HIM OUT, AND 10 MINUTES LATER HE FELL IN AGAIN.



IT IS A MOMENT HE HAS OFTEN RETURNED TO.

WE WASTED SO MUCH TIME DRYING HIM OUT THAT WE HAD TO TURN BACK.



THERE AT THE RAIL, AWASH IN CONFLICTING EMOTIONS.

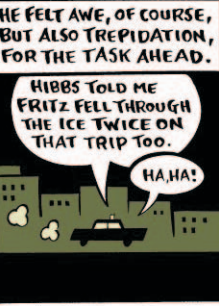
I CERTAINLY NEVER HIRED HIM AGAIN, BUT CAPTAIN HIBBS DID THE NEXT YEAR.



HE FELT AWE, OF COURSE, BUT ALSO TREPIDATION, FOR THE TASK AHEAD.

HIBBS TOLD ME FRITZ FELL THROUGH THE ICE TWICE ON THAT TRIP TOO.

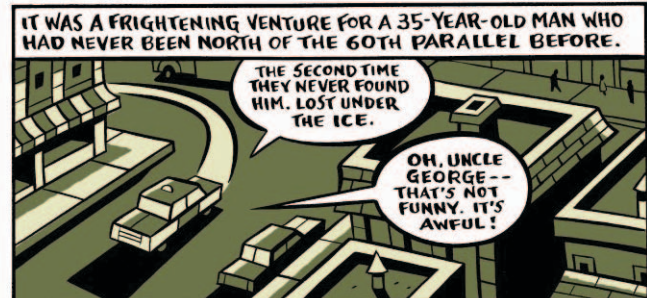
HA, HA!



IT WAS A FRIGHTENING VENTURE FOR A 35-YEAR-OLD MAN WHO HAD NEVER BEEN NORTH OF THE 60TH PARALLEL BEFORE.

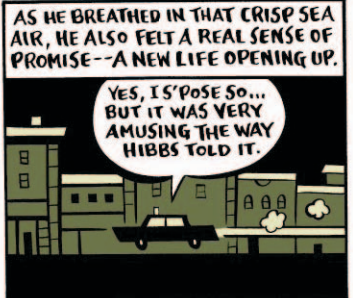
THE SECOND TIME THEY NEVER FOUND HIM. LOST UNDER THE ICE.

OH, UNCLE GEORGE-- THAT'S NOT FUNNY. IT'S AWFUL!



AS HE BREATHED IN THAT CRISP SEA AIR, HE ALSO FELT A REAL SENSE OF PROMISE-- A NEW LIFE OPENING UP.

YES, IS 'POSE SO... BUT IT WAS VERY AMUSING THE WAY HIBBS TOLD IT.



AND HERE, IN 1975, IS GEORGE NOW THINKING OF THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED THAT VOYAGE?

HERE WE ARE.



IS HE THINKING OF THE DECADES SPENT IN DUSTY OFFICES AND DINGY LECTURE HALLS?

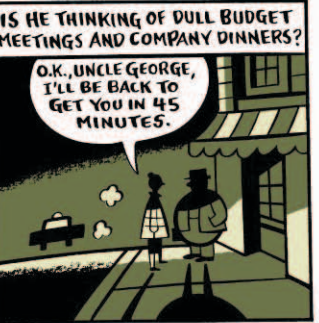
KEEP THE CHANGE.

AND SORRY.



IS HE THINKING OF DULL BUDGET MEETINGS AND COMPANY DINNERS?

O.K., UNCLE GEORGE, I'LL BE BACK TO GET YOU IN 45 MINUTES.



IS HE WONDERING WHETHER THIS WAS THE LIFE OF PROMISE?

GET SOMETHING TO EAT!

YES, YES.



THERE I CANNOT HELP YOU.



MELODY GRILL

BARGAIN

CARDS + GIFTS

ON THIS MATTER YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN.



AN INTERVIEW WITH DAISY SPROTT, 2006

I MISS HIM TO THIS DAY.

UNCLE GEORGE WAS A LARGE MAN. PLEASE RESIST THE FAT JOKES-- I DON'T MEAN HIS SIZE.

HE SHARED SOME QUALITY WITH THOSE ARCTIC LANDSCAPES HE SO LOVED-- EXPANSIVE, DISTANT, HARD TO GRASP.

UNCLE GEORGE WAS COMPLICATED. EVEN WHEN BRAYING OUT ONE OF HIS "TALES," HE SEEMED ALONE-- ISOLATED.

DON'T MISUNDERSTAND-- HE WASN'T WITHDRAWN-- HE'D SEEN HIM HOLD COURT OVER AT THE MELODY GRILL WITH A DOZEN RAPT LISTENERS.

AND HE HAD A CUTTING WIT-- WHETHER AT HIS OWN EXPENSE OR SOMEONE ELSE'S.

STILL, FOR A MAN WHO TALKED SO MUCH ABOUT HIMSELF, HE NEVER REALLY LET YOU INSIDE.

THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HIM I COULDN'T PUT MY FINGER ON-- SOME ACHE OR REGRET.



MOST FOLKS REMEMBER HIM AS A SILLY OLD MAN MUTTERING ABOUT PAST GLORIES ON A BACKWATER TV SHOW.

THEY'D SAY THAT I'M ROMANTICIZING HIM-- BUT THEY DON'T KNOW. EVEN AT THE END HE WAS A WONDERFUL MAN.

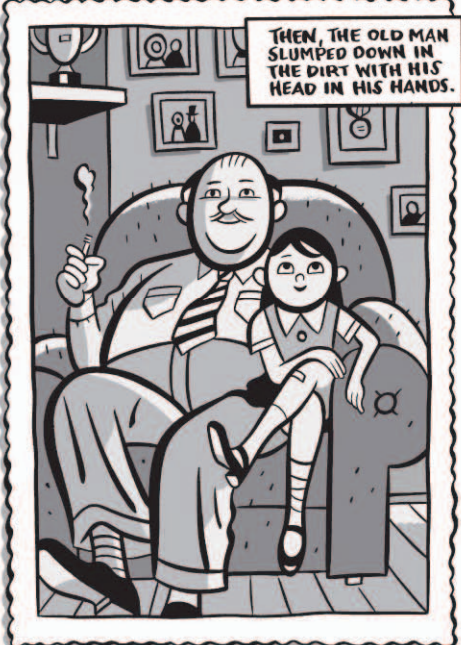
ONE OF MY FEW TRULY GOLDEN MEMORIES IS A SUMMER I SPENT WITH UNCLE GEORGE AND AUNT HELEN.

I BARELY REMEMBER AUNT HELEN. SHE WAS SO QUIET. I THINK SHE WAS UNHAPPY THEN.

THAT'S JUST A GUESS. I NEVER KNEW HER. SHE DIED THE MONTH I WENT BACK HOME.

UNCLE GEORGE TOLD ME A LOT OF STORIES THAT SUMMER, BUT ONE STUCK IN MY MIND-- A LITTLE NOTHING OF A STORY.

AS A BOY, HE SAID, HE'D SEEN HIS FATHER IN THE YARD SUDDENLY TOSS HIS TOP HAT ROUGHLY TO THE GROUND.



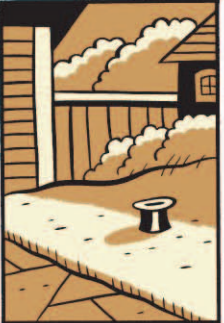
THEN, THE OLD MAN SLUMPED DOWN IN THE DIRT WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

LATER ON, UNCLE GEORGE FIGURED THIS MUST'VE BEEN THE START OF THE SENILITY THAT ENDED HIS FATHER'S DAYS.

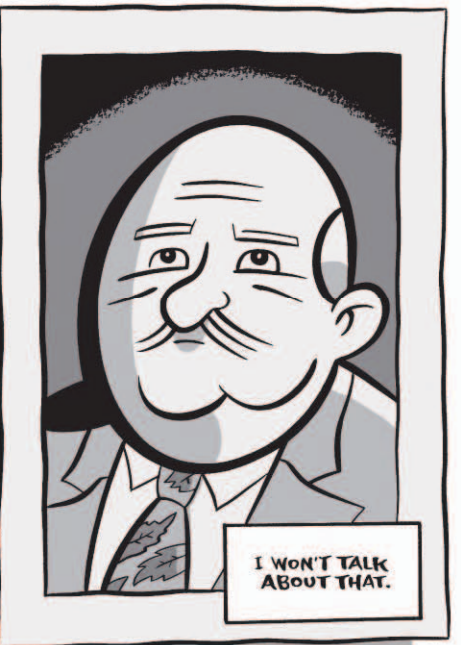
WHEN HE TOLD ME THIS STORY, HE SHRUGGED IT OFF WITH A LAUGH. "THE CRAZY OLD COOT," HE SAID.

BUT EVEN THEN I KNEW IT WAS NO LAUGHING MATTER-- THIS HAD BEEN A POWERFUL EXPERIENCE FOR THAT LITTLE BOY.

THIS WAS A PEEK INSIDE UNCLE GEORGE. NOT SO MUCH THE INCIDENT ITSELF, BUT THAT HE HAD REMEMBERED IT AT ALL.



I WAS THE ONE WHO FOUND UNCLE GEORGE WHEN HE DIED.



I WON'T TALK ABOUT THAT.



11.19.06

# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

**GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975)** by **SETH**

CHAPTER 8

**AN INTERVIEW WITH LESTER SQUARE PHARMACIST, 2006**

AS A TEENAGER BACK IN THE 70'S, I WORKED DOWNTOWN FOR PEER-LESS PRINTING--CLEAN-UP AND DELIVERY MOSTLY.

I'VE FORGOTTEN JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING TO DO WITH THAT JOB--THOUGH I REMEMBER ONE PART REAL WELL...

ONCE EVERY MONTH I HAND-DELIVERED FLIERS AND LECTURE PROGRAMS TO GEORGE SPROTT. **THAT'S RIGHT, THE TV GUY.**

I WASN'T TOO INTERESTED IN HIS SHOW MYSELF, BUT MY DAD USED TO WATCH HIM ALL THE TIME. **HA, HA!**

IN THOSE DAYS, IF YOU WERE ON TV AT ALL, YOU WERE FAMOUS! I WAS VERY IMPRESSED TO KNOW HIM.

HE HAD THIS RAT HOLE OF AN OFFICE, AT THE END OF A MAZE OF HALLWAYS, UP ON THE NINTH FLOOR OF THE ELGIN BUILDING.



ON THE DOOR, IN GILT, IT SAID "INSTITUTE OF POLAR STUDIES."

I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT IT THEN--BUT I GUESS THAT GRAND NAME SEEMS A BIT SAD NOW.

THAT SMALL OFFICE CONTAINED JUST A DESK, A PHONE AND STACKS OF BOOKS. AND WITH GEORGE IN THERE IT LOOKED EVEN SMALLER!

I MEAN, HE WAS AN ENORMOUS GUY. REALLY FAT.

HE WAS SURPRISINGLY NICE TO ME. HE'D TAKE THE TIME TO ASK ABOUT MY LIFE--OFFER ADVICE. **SIT DOWN, MY BOY.**

HE ALWAYS HAD A JOKE OR RIDDLE. HE KNEW A LOT OF DIRTY JOKES. **THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM AUSTRALIA...**

I DON'T KNOW -- LOOKING BACK, IT SOMETIMES SEEMS KIND OF PATHETIC...

MAYBE HE WAS SO LONELY THAT EVEN A DUMB KID WAS SOMEONE TO TALK TO.

OTHER TIMES I THINK: THIS GUY WAS IMPORTANT. HE COULD HAVE JUST BRUSHED ME OFF.



USUALLY AT HIS OFFICE, I'D HAVE TO KNOCK, BUT THIS ONE TIME HIS DOOR WAS OPEN, AND HE DIDN'T SEE ME.

I STOOD THERE A SECOND, CONFUSED, BEFORE I RAPPED ON THE DOOR-JAMB. **KNOCK KNOCK**

BUT IN THAT SECOND, I SAW HIM THERE, SITTING IN THE DIM LIGHT, WITH THE ODDEST LOOK ON HIS FACE.

HE WAS JUST STARING BLANKLY--EMPTY OR MAYBE SAD. I COULDN'T TELL.

WHEN I KNOCKED, HE INSTANTLY CAME TO LIFE. **COME IN, COME IN.**



**CORONET HALL**

**PROGRAM**

**GEORGE SPROTT LECTURE SERIES**

TONIGHT'S TOPIC  
**PANGNURTUNG**

THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1975

IT WAS ONLY A MOMENT--BUT I FELT LIKE I HAD SEEN SOMETHING FAR TOO PRIVATE.

LIKE I SAID EARLIER, WE TALKED A LOT. MOST OF WHICH I FORGOT THE MOMENT I WALKED OUT OF THERE.

I DO RECALL ONE CONVERSATION, THOUGH. HE SAID TO ME, "WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I NEVER GAVE IT A THOUGHT..."

BUT ONE DAY I LOOKED AROUND, AND THERE WERE ALL THESE "NEW" YOUNG PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, AND I WASN'T ONE OF THEM.

THEN HE SAID, **ONCE THAT HAPPENS, IT ALL SPEEDS UP...** **HA, HA!**

ONE DAY YOU'RE 30 YEARS OLD, AND THE NEXT, YOU LOOK UP AND THERE'S AN OLD MAN IN THE MIRROR.





### A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MELODY GRILL

YOU'LL FIND THE MELODY GRILL IN THE ONCE-GRAND NEIGHBORHOOD OF LAKESIDE -- NOW A RUN-DOWN COMMERCIAL STRIP MADE UP OF DOLLAR STORES AND LOW-END CLOTHING JOBBERS.



ITS EXTERIOR TODAY IS RATHER SHABBY, BUT IT STILL RECALLS BETTER TIMES.



AND THOUGH IT LOOKS OLD, MOST FOLKS WOULD BE ASTONISHED TO HEAR IT OPENED IN 1933. OF COURSE, BACK THEN IT WAS CALLED DER HIRSCHSPRUNG AND SPECIALIZED IN GERMAN FOOD.



FOUNDED BY OTTO KLUG, A SHY IMMIGRANT WHO LEARNED HIS TRADE IN THE FINE RESTAURANTS OF THE TYROLEAN MOUNTAINS.



**AN INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN KLUG OWNER, 1978**  
I LOVED GEORGE SPROTT. THAT BOOMING LAUGH!  
A GENUINE RACONTEUR.

IT WAS SAD TO SEE HIM DIM AS HE AGED.  
HE ORDERED THE EXACT SAME MEAL FOR 20 YEARS.  
A RIB-EYE, A BAKED POTATO AND A GYPSY PUDDING.

HE WASN'T THE ONLY BIG TALKER HERE, Y'KNOW.  
AUSTIN WADE, THE ANCHORMAN, GAVE HIM A RUN FOR HIS MONEY.  
NATURALLY, THEY HATED EACH OTHER.

EVEN NOW, KLUG'S DESCENDANTS RUN THE PLACE.



IT WAS DURING THE WAR THAT KLUG, UNSURPRISINGLY, DECIDED A GERMAN RESTAURANT WAS NO LONGER A GOING CONCERN.



HE RECHRISTENED IT THE MELODY GRILL AND ADDED THE MODERN FACADE IT STILL WEARS TODAY.

DESPITE ITS DINERISH NAME, THE MELODY WAS ALWAYS SOMEWHAT HIGH-END.



I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHY, BUT IN THE EARLY '50S IT BECAME THE WATERING HOLE FOR THE LOCAL ENTERTAINMENT CROWD.



RADIO AND TELEVISION PERSONALITIES, NIGHT-CLUB PERFORMERS, SHOWGIRLS...



THAT'S WHEN GEORGE SPROTT BEGAN TO FREQUENT THE PLACE.



YOU'D OFTEN FIND HIM HERE, OF A NIGHT, CIRCLED BY ADMIRERS AND RAMBLING ON.



IT WAS IN THOSE GLORY YEARS (SAY, '52 TO '67) THAT ITS WALLS FILLED UP WITH 8 X 10 GLOSSIES OF ITS FAMOUS PATRONS.



IT WAS ALSO THESE YEARS THAT ITS CUSTOMERS WOULD RECALL AS THEY FADED AWAY IN OLD-AGE HOMES.



THOSE PHOTOS ARE STILL THERE--THOUGH INCREASINGLY, TODAY'S CUSTOMERS REMARK, WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?



RESTAURANTS, TOO, HAVE LIFE SPANS. THEY DIE YOUNG OR AGE GRACEFULLY OR SINK INTO NEGLECT AND DECLINE.



FOR THE MELODY IT WAS DECLINE. ITS DRESS CODE LONG FORGOTTEN.



NOW FREQUENTED BY LOCAL MERCHANTS, DAY LABORERS AND TRADESMEN GRABBING A CHEAP LUNCH.



IN A FEW YEARS YOU MAY NOTICE THAT IT HAS BEEN BOARDED UP.



AND EVEN IF YOU PAUSE TO CONSIDER IT, YOU WILL BE HARD-PRESSED TO PINPOINT JUST WHEN IT PASSED FROM THE LIVING TO THE DEAD.



BOB BURRMAN



DUSTY HAYES



AUSTIN WADE



DEE DILLON



GEORGE SPROTT



THE BOWLING KING



FLORA AIKEN



MISS RITA



SIR GRISLY GRUESOME



FRED KENNEDY



I HATE TO DO A COUNT-DOWN HERE -- BUT IT IS 7:45 P.M. AS GEORGE ENTERS THE MELODY GRILL.

ABOUT AN HOUR AND A QUARTER UNTIL HIS FATAL HEART ATTACK.

GOOD EVENING, GEORGE.

I'M NOT TRYING TO BE A GHOUL ABOUT THIS--JUST KEEPING YOU AWARE OF OUR LITTLE TIME LINE.

HELLO, RUDY.

HIYA, GEORGE.

THIS ISN'T A TRAGEDY. GEORGE IS 81 YEARS OLD AND HAS LIVED A LONG LIFE.

SLOW NIGHT, SAMMY?

SADLY, YES.

IT WAS, FOR THE MOST PART, A GRATIFYING ONE. HE HAD HIS MOMENTS IN THE LIMELIGHT.

A GIBSON PLEASE, THEO.

RIGHT AWAY, MR. SPROTT.

HE SMOKED, HE DRANK, HE ATE HIS FILL. HE SUFFERED LITTLE EXERCISE.

DON'T TELL DAISY.

HE MADE ENOUGH MONEY. HE HAD HIS SHARE OF SEXUAL CONQUESTS.

MUM'S THE WORD.

IF HE EXITS WITH A HANDFUL OF REGRETS... WELL, WHO DOESN'T?

ANYTHING TO EAT TONIGHT, SIR?

MR. SPROTT?

CLEARLY, HE SLEEPS SOUNDLY ENOUGH.

Z

I WISH I COULD SAY THAT AT THIS MOMENT GEORGE IS DEEP IN A PROFOUND DREAM-- BUT IT'S NOT THE CASE.

SAMMY.

I SHOULD JUST LIE! Y'SEE, I KNOW OF A DREAM THAT WOULD BE DRAMATICALLY PERFECT IN THIS SPOT.

GET GEORGE HIS USUAL MEAL.

SO I'LL USE THIS EXCUSE TO SHOEHORN IT INTO OUR NARRATIVE ANYWAY.

Z

I'LL WAKE HIM WHEN IT COMES.

IT WAS AN ODD, EMPTY DREAM GEORGE HAD SIX MONTHS AGO.

Z

WHEN HE THINKS OF IT, HE THINKS OF IT AS "THE WHITE DREAM!"

IN IT, HE'S PEERING INTO A BLANK VOID-- EYES RIVETED AHEAD.

GEORGE CAN'T REALLY BE SAID TO HAVE A BODY IN THE DREAM-- IT'S MORE A GHOST BODY.

BUT THERE IS A SENSE OF MOTION. HE'S MOVING FORWARD INTO THE VOID.

GEORGE BECOMES AWARE OF A SERIES OF DOORS SHUTTING.

HIS PAST-- HIS LIFE-- IS CLOSING BEHIND HIM.

AND WHAT IS LEFT OF GEORGE LIES AHEAD IN THE WHITENESS.

HE UNDERSTANDS THAT IT WILL SOON ALL BE OVER, YET HE STRAINS FORWARD...

HOPING FOR JUST ONE MORE SECOND OF EXISTENCE BEFORE OBLIVION.

BUT... TOO LATE! THE WHITENESS EVAPORATES LIKE A DREAM WORLD AS THE DREAMER AWAKENS.

AND THEN, HE DOES AWAKEN.

IT WAS 5 IN THE MORNING.

GEORGE LAY IN A HALF-SLEEP, DISTURBED BY THE DREAM...

CONVINCED THAT HE WOULD AWAKEN FROM THIS AS WELL.

SURELY, HE THOUGHT, THIS LIFE IS BUT A DREAM ALSO.



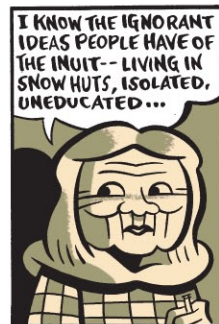
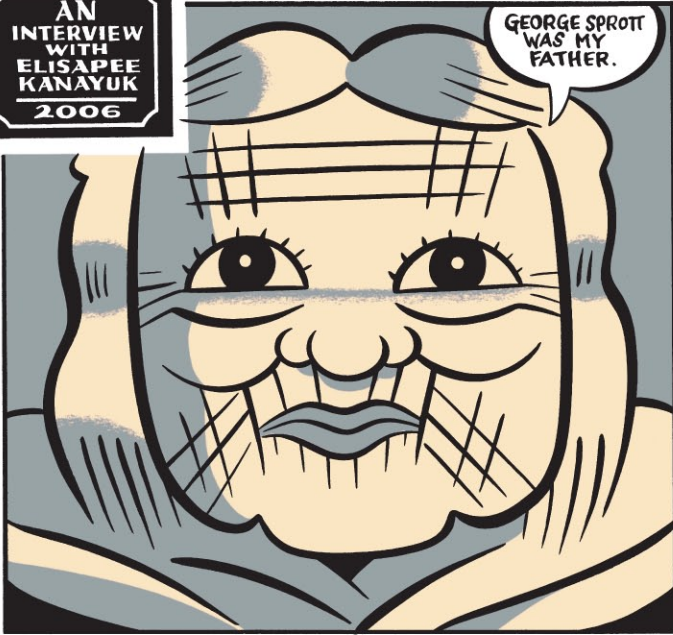
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THE STRIP

GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH

CHAPTER 11

AN INTERVIEW WITH ELISAPEE KANAYUK 2006





<b>ON YOUTH</b>	THERE IS SOMETHING INHERENTLY UNDIGNIFIED ABOUT YOUTH. ALL THAT STRUTTING!	RACING ABOUT LIKE A WHIFF IN A WINDSTORM. IT LOOKS VERY TIRING.	<b>ON MODERN LIFE</b>	I JUST USED THE WORD "UNDIGNIFIED." NOTHING COULD BE LESS DIGNIFIED THAN THIS MODERN WORLD.	SITTING IN PLASTIC CHAIRS AND EATING OUT OF CARDBOARD BOXES.	YOUNG FOLKS WITH TORN PANTS AND DIRTY FEET.
AT LEAST I WON'T LIVE TO SEE IT GET MUCH WORSE.	<b>ON TELEVISION</b>	TRASH, MOSTLY! BACK IN THE EARLY DAYS THEY AT LEAST HAD A FEW GOOD IDEAS.	BUT TODAY?! NO, THANK YOU! I NEVER WATCH THE THING.	<b>ON SEX</b>	I RECOMMEND TO ALL YOUNG MEN THAT THEY SLEEP WITH AS MANY WOMEN AS THEY CAN PERSUADE.	WHEN YOU'RE AS OLD AS I AM, YOU'LL BE GRATEFUL FOR THOSE MEMORIES. TRUST ME.
<b>ON FOOD</b>	THE SADDEST THING ABOUT GETTING OLD IS HOW MUCH YOU LOOK FORWARD TO LUNCH.	<b>George SPROTT</b> ON LIFE			<b>ON WOMEN</b>	I HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WOMEN--NOR HAVE I MADE THE SLIGHTEST EFFORT TO CORRECT THAT.
<b>ON LONELINESS</b>	PEOPLE CLAIM THAT LOVE IS THE DEEPEST FEELING, BUT DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT.	LONELINESS IS THE MOST AFFECTING OF HUMAN EMOTIONS. NOTHING MAKES LIFE MORE VIVID.	IF YOU WISH TO LIVE IN THE MOMENT, I RECOMMEND INTENSE LONELINESS.	<b>ON MONEY</b>	I NEVER HAD A POT TO ... I MEAN, I NEVER HAD TWO DIMES TO RUB TOGETHER UNTIL I WAS 50 YEARS OLD.	NOT A CENT UNTIL I GOT ON TV! I'M THE LAST PERSON TO ASK ABOUT MONEY.
I'M IN MY 80s, AND I'M STILL WORKING EVERY DAY!	<b>ON FAME</b>	YOU NEVER BELIEVE ANY OF THE GOOD THINGS SAID OF YOU-- ONLY THE BAD.	<b>ON MEMORY</b>	I HAVE TRIED HARD TO LIVE A LIFE UNDISTURBED BY THE PAST.	HOWEVER, OLD AGE HAS A WAY OF BRINGING IT ALL BACK TO YOU.	AND WITH A POTENCY THAT IS COMPLETELY UNEXPECTED.
<b>ON REGRET</b>	NIGHT IS THE DIFFICULT TIME.	THAT'S WHEN YOU SEE THE REGRETS PALPABLY BEFORE YOUR EYES.	YOU LIE THERE AND YOU SUFFER AND YOU COUNT THOSE OLD WRONGS AGAIN-- FAR TOO LATE TO FIX THEM NOW...	<b>ON THE FUTURE</b>	I HOPE TO SEE A BIT MORE OF IT.	HOWEVER, AT 81 YEARS OF AGE, I'M NOT READING ANY SERIALIZED STORIES!



AN INTERVIEW  
WITH  
HADRIAN DINGLE  
HOTEL MANAGER,  
1995

THE RADIO HOTEL OPENED  
IN 1925. THE NAME WAS  
MEANT TO SOUND ULTRA-  
MODERN--FUTURISTIC EVEN.

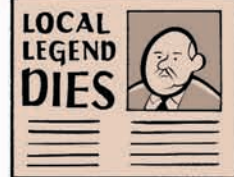
OF COURSE, JUST 10  
YEARS LATER, THE NAME  
WAS TERRIBLY OUT  
OF DATE.

BY THE '70S, WHEN I  
WORKED THERE AS A  
BELLHOP, IT SOUNDED  
POSITIVELY PREHISTORIC.

TODAY WE'RE PART OF  
THE MARRIOTT CHAIN--  
THE OLD NAME IS LONG  
GONE.

BACK THEN, MUCH OF  
THE HOTEL WAS GIVEN  
OVER TO PERMANENT  
RESIDENTS-- LIKE  
MR. GEORGE SPROTT.

HE MOVED HERE IN 1965.  
HE HAD THREE ROOMS  
UP ON THE TOP FLOOR.

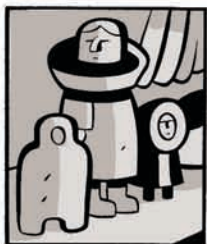


AFTER HE DIED (THOUGH CLEARLY  
AGAINST HOTEL RULES), I WENT  
INTO HIS ROOMS AND JUST STOOD  
THERE AND LOOKED AROUND.



SURE, HE WAS A SELF-  
SUFFICIENT GUY... BUT I  
COULDN'T HELP THINKING  
OF THE HUNDREDS OF  
NIGHTS SPENT HERE ALONE.

AND WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE THINGS  
LEFT BEHIND IN THAT PLACE?  
DID THOSE RELICS MAKE UP  
A RECORD OF A MAN'S LIFE?



A WEEK LATER--THE ROOMS  
WERE COMPLETELY EMPTIED.



**ANOTHER GEORGE SPROTT DREAM**  
 THIS ONE TWO WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH





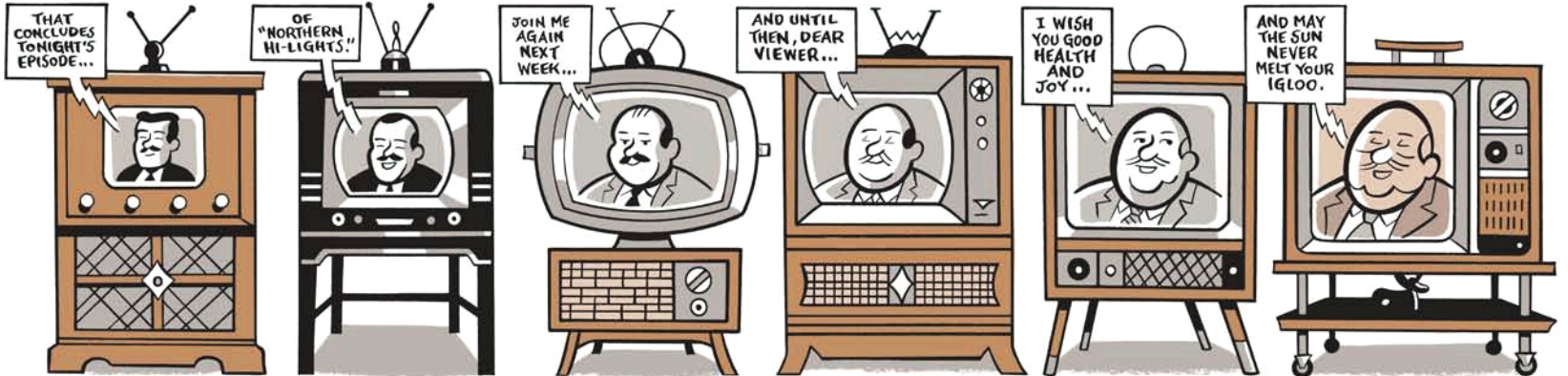
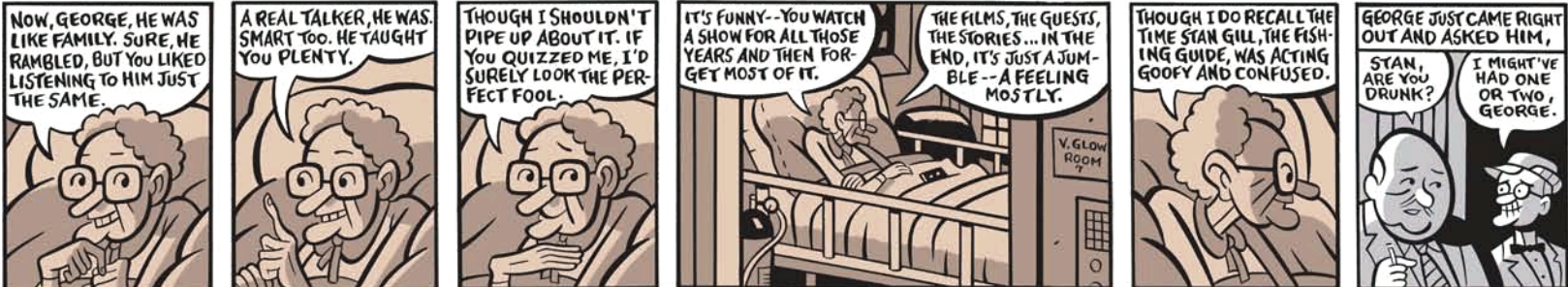
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THE STRIP

GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH

CHAPTER 15

AN INTERVIEW WITH VIOLET GLOW LONGTIME VIEWER, 1979



AN INTERVIEW WITH FRED KENNEDY AFTERNOON-MOVIE HOST, 1979





# I












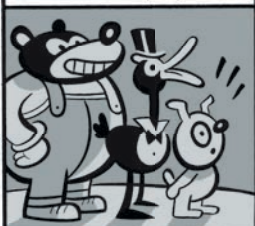













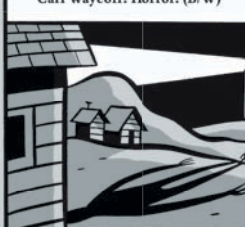



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# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

**GEORGE SPROTT**  
(1894 - 1975) *by* **SETH**

CHAPTER 16

<p><b>CKCK VIEWER'S GUIDE</b> for <b>THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1975</b> (THE DAY GEORGE DIED)</p>	<p>6:00 A.M. <b>VOICE OF THE FARM</b> "Building Better Barns."  HOST <b>MEL KING</b></p>	<p>6:30 A.M. <b>TV SCHOOLROOM</b> "Trees Into Logs."  WITH <b>FRAN TOLLIE</b></p>	<p>7:00 A.M. <b>CARTOONS WITH THE MERRY-GO-ROUND GANG</b> Children's show. </p>	<p>8:00 A.M. <b>MISS RITA'S GOOD-MORNING MOVIE</b> </p>	<p>"Love on the Layaway Plan" ('49). Long-lost husband returns after 10 years. Stars Jill Jennings. Melodrama. (B/W) </p>
<p>10:30 A.M. <b>BUSY BOB'S SHOEBOX SHOWCASE</b> Host: Bob Burrman. </p>	<p>11:30 A.M. <b>KILLJOYS</b> With Ted Downie. Game show. </p>	<p>12:00 NOON <b>GREEN RIVER</b> Soap opera. </p>	<p>12:30 P.M. <b>HEN PARTY</b> Canapés. Host: Flora Aiken. </p>	<p>1:00 P.M. <b>THE AFTERNOON MOVIE</b> Host: Fred Kennedy. </p>	<p>"The Loneliest Salesman" ('57). Desperate bumbler must make a sale. Stars Gordie Nye. Comedy. (B/W) </p>
<p>4:00 P.M. <b>CARTOON PARADE (WITH GUS GOOSE)</b> Cartoons. (B/W) </p>	<p>5:00 P.M. <b>CKCK NEWS (LOCAL)</b> Anchorman: Austin Wade. </p>	<p>6:00 P.M. <b>NORTHERN HI-LIGHTS</b> Host: George Sprott. </p>	<p>Tonight's film: "Frobisher Bay, 1936." </p>	<p>7:00 P.M. <b>TRANS-CANADA CALENDAR</b> Host: Dee Dillon. Current events. </p>	<p>7:30 P.M. <b>SAINTS ALIVE!</b> O'd MacIntosh misunderstands again! Comedy. Repeat. (B/W) </p>
<p>8:00 P.M. <b>ROUND THE RINK WITH COACH YOUNG AND COACH SMALL</b> Hockey talk. </p>	<p>Guest: Jean-Guy Lavoie. </p>	<p>9:00 P.M. <b>KRAFT PRESENTS: ROYAL PLAYHOUSE</b>  PLAYHOUSE</p>	<p>Tonight's teleplay: "Along the Chalk Road." Stars Drew Provost. FROM THE BOOK BY <b>FRANK PYNE</b> </p>	<p>10:00 P.M. <b>COUNTRYTIME JUBILEE</b> Guest: Myrtle McKinnon. </p>	<p>Special guests: Marshall Cormier and His Musical Milkmen. </p>
<p>11:00 P.M. <b>NEWS (NATIONAL)</b> Anchorman: Nash Nolton. </p>	<p>12:00 A.M. <b>NIGHT-OWL THEATER</b> </p>	<p>"Fiend of Fog Harbor" ('37). Supernatural killer stalks remote fishing village. Stars Carl Waycoff. Horror. (B/W) </p>	<p>1:30 A.M. <b>CHEZ FRANÇOISE</b> Cooking. Tourtière. </p>	<p>2:00 A.M. <b>ALTAR OF THE AIR-WAVES</b> Religious. </p>	<p>2:30 A.M. <b>SIGN OFF</b> </p>



THE STRIP

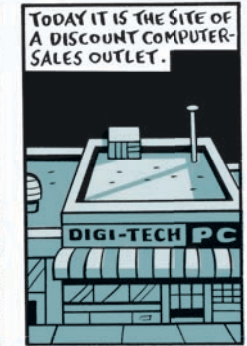
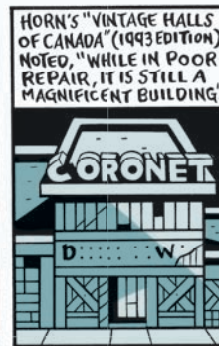
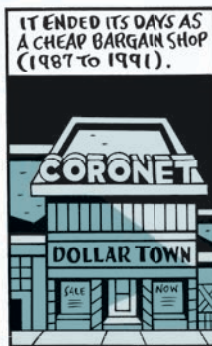
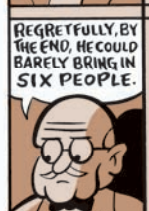
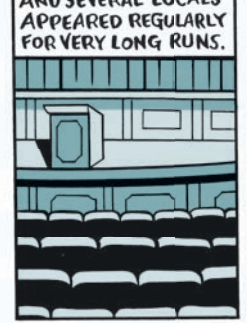
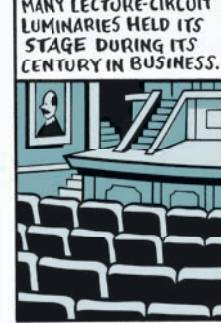
**GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH**

CHAPTER 17

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CORONET LECTURE HALL



### AN INTERVIEW WITH ARTHUR DUFF HALL MANAGER, 1978



ALICE TIBBITS



CLINTON HALL



FRANKLIN TWO-HUSBANDS



PROFESSOR ALLGOOD



GEORGE SPROTT



MME. BROSSIEAU



KING KHAN



FELIX KITCHENER



WAKEFIELD HAYES



DARNLEY COOTE



THE STRIP

**GEORGE SPROTT**  
(1894 - 1975) *by* **SETH**

CHAPTER 18

AS YOUR NARRATOR, I HAVE TRIED TO BE THOROUGH, BUT I AM THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT SOME OF MY FACTS HAVE BEEN SKETCHY.

TRUTHFULLY, THERE ARE WHOLE AREAS OF GEORGE'S LIFE OF WHICH I KNOW NOTHING.

WHAT CAN I SAY? I CAN WORK WITH ONLY WHAT I HAVE AT HAND.

WHEN WE LEFT GEORGE, IT WAS 8 P.M. AND HE WAS DOZING BACK AT THE MELODY GRILL.

IT IS NOW 8:25 P.M. AND HE IS ARRIVING AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE CORONET LECTURE HALL.

DID YOU EAT A FULL MEAL LIKE I ASKED YOU TO?

YES, I ATE SOME. MY APPETITE'S BEEN POOR.

I FEEL A TERRIBLE HEAD-ACHE COMING ON.

OH, YOU POOR THING.

I'LL GET YOU AN ASPIRIN AS SOON AS YOU'RE IN YOUR DRESSING ROOM.

I'M ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT, BUT SOMEHOW I'VE A GAP OF 25 MINUTES IN MY STORY.

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO PIECE TOGETHER WHAT'S MISSING.

DAISY HAS GATHERED HIM UP AND USHERED HIM DOWN THE BLOCK TO THE CORONET HALL.

NOTHING CRUCIAL, I'S POSÉ. STILL-- GEORGE WILL BE DEAD IN HALF AN HOUR...

IT'S NOTHING. DON'T FUSS.

IT'S NO BOTHER.

DID YOU GET--?

HOLD ON.

BEFORE YOU START, LET ME PUT YOUR MIND AT EASE.

I'D HATE TO LOSE OUT ON ANY OF HIS FINAL MOMENTS.

WHO KNOWS WHAT WE'VE MISSED. A REAL SHAME.

I MEAN, IT SURE DOESN'T LOOK AS IF MUCH IS HAPPENING NOW, BUT TRUST ME, THIS IS ALL VITAL STUFF!

IN THIS SHORT WALK HE IS PASSING THROUGH THE LAYERS OF HIS OWN LIFE.

GEORGE LECTURED HERE FOR 34 YEARS! HE CAN'T TURN A CORNER WITHOUT BUMPING INTO A MEMORY.

HERE'S THE SPOT WHERE HE SHOOK HANDS WITH HIS HERO, THE ARCTIC EXPLORER STEFANSSON.

YOUR FILM HAS ARRIVED AND IS READY TO ROLL.

AND IT IS THE CORRECT FILM, "PANGNURTUNG."

PROGRAMS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON THE SEATS.

THE LIGHTING HAS BEEN SOFTENED AS YOU REQUESTED.

WATER IS INSIDE THE LECTERN.

YOU HAVE YOUR LECTURE IN YOUR BAG.

STAIRS

THIS IS WHERE HE FIRST AGREED TO BE HOST OF HIS TV SHOW IN 1953.

OVER HERE IS WHERE FRED KENNEDY CRIED LIKE A BABY THE NIGHT HIS DAUGHTER DIED.

AND THIS IS HIS DRESSING ROOM-- RESERVED ALWAYS FOR GEORGE ALONE.

NOW-- DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING ELSE TO WORRY ABOUT?

HA, HA! NO--NO, MY DEAR.

HIS OH-SO-FAMILIAR DRESSING ROOM.

IN THE TIME I'VE SPENT STUDYING GEORGE, I'VE GROWN FOND OF HIM.

I'M ALWAYS SAD WHEN I SEE HIS END APPROACHING. POOR GEORGE.

THE REGULARS ARE ALREADY SEATED.

THE BOX OFFICE IS OPEN.

LOOK-- HE'S CLOSING THE DOOR. WHAT A NICE TOUCH.

YOU ARE A GEM!

THE FINAL DOOR CLOSÉS. LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY.

GEORGE'S OBIT IN THE TELEGRAM BEGAN: "LAST NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT DOWN ON ONE OF THE GRAND OLD MEN OF TELEVISION..."

GEORGE WOULD HAVE LIKED THAT.

IT RAN ON PAGE 2 OF THE FRONT SECTION.

O.K., THEN, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH THAT ASPIRIN.

HE'D HAVE LIKED THAT TOO.



I

2.18.07

# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

**GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH**

CHAPTER 19

**AN INTERVIEW WITH ROSE HUMBLY LECTURE ATTENDEE, 2003**

I ATTENDED EVERY GEORGE SPROTT LECTURE FROM 1956 TO 1975.

I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE EITHER. THERE WERE FIVE OF US WHO CAME EVERY WEEK.

ALL SEATS 5¢ DAILY

CENTURY THEATER

DOMINO

I'M SURE GEORGE MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED OUR FACES-- THOUGH HE NEVER SPOKE TO ANY OF US PERSONALLY.

IN LATER YEARS WE WERE THE ONLY FACES IN THE HALL.

IT ISN'T THAT I FOUND GEORGE SO RIVETING-- I ATTENDED EVERY LECTURE AT CORONET HALL.

AS DID THE OTHERS. MOST HALLS HAVE THEIR REGULARS--THOSE WHO WILL LISTEN TO ANYONE.

FOR ME, IT WAS JUST A PLEASANT HABIT I FELL INTO.

I NEVER MARRIED, AND I DIDN'T CARE MUCH FOR MOVIES OR TELEVISION.

GOING THERE GAVE ME THE FEELING OF BEING IN THE THICK OF THINGS.

ESPECIALLY IN THE EARLY YEARS, WHEN IT WAS WELL ATTENDED.

LATER ON, IT WAS A RESTFUL PLACE, AWAY FROM THE WORLD.

Y'KNOW, IN ALL THOSE YEARS, WE REGULARS NEVER SPOKE TO ONE ANOTHER.

I KNEW EACH OF THEM ONLY BY A PRIVATE NICKNAME.

THERE WAS THE BIRD LADY...

THE LUMBERJACK...

MR. MUSTACHIO...

THE ADMIRAL.

LORD KNOWS WHAT THEY CALLED ME!

COME TO THINK OF IT, PERHAPS THEY SPOKE TO ONE ANOTHER WHEN I WASN'T AROUND... IT'S POSSIBLE.

I IMAGINE GEORGE THOUGHT WE WERE THERE JUST FOR HIM-- HIS BIGGEST ADMIRERS.

THAT'S FINE. I HOPE THAT MADE HIM HAPPY.

Y'KNOW, I NEVER ACTUALLY SAW GEORGE'S TELEVISION PROGRAM.

NOT EVEN ONCE.

WHEN THEY TORE THE CORONET DOWN, I MADE AN ARRANGEMENT TO ACQUIRE THE HUGE LETTERS THAT SAT UP ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING.

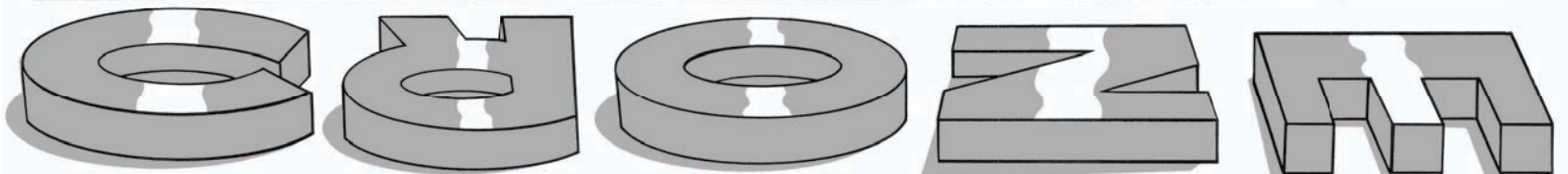
I HAVE A LARGE HOME, AND I'D PLANNED TO SET THEM UP IN THE BASEMENT.

UNFORTUNATELY, AN ODD THING OCCURRED BEFORE I COULD PICK THEM UP.

SOMEONE BROKE INTO THE WAREHOUSE AND STOLE THE T AND ONE OF THE O'S.

WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING? NOW THEY ONLY SPELL "CRONE"!

GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT WILL I DO WITH THAT?!





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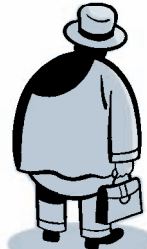
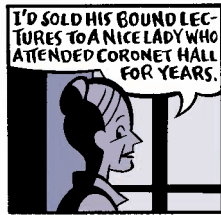
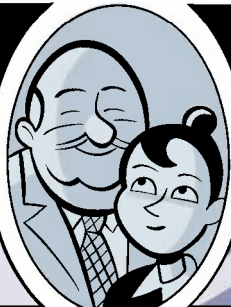
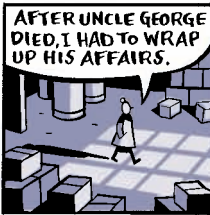
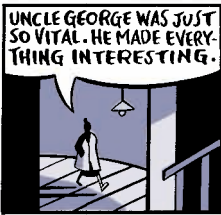
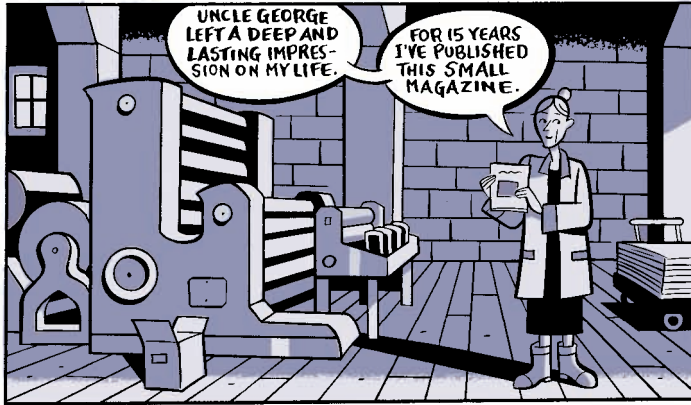
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# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

**GEORGE SPROTT** (1894 - 1975) *by* **SETH**

CHAPTER 20





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3.4.07

# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH

CHAPTER 21



AND SO HERE WE ARE.

NINE O'CLOCK AND MERE MOMENTS UNTIL GEORGE'S DEATH.

DAISY IS OFF WANDERING ABOUT, TRACKING DOWN AN ASPIRIN.

SHE'LL BE GONE ONLY 10 MINUTES, BUT A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN 10 MINUTES.

POOR DAISY. SHE'LL NEVER SEE UNCLE GEORGE ALIVE AGAIN.

CONSIDERING MY TRACK RECORD, YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED AT HOW WELL I KNOW THESE LAST MOMENTS.

BUT TRUST ME, I KNOW THEM INTIMATELY. SECOND BY SECOND.

IN FACT, IT IS RIGHT NOW, AS GEORGE MENTALLY REHEARSES HIS LECTURE, THAT IT STRIKES.

JUST 7 SECONDS AFTER 9 O'CLOCK, A PAIN BEGINS IN GEORGE'S CHEST.

AND NOW THAT THE MOMENT HAS COME... I FIND THAT I CAN'T SHOW IT TO YOU. IT'S TOO AWFUL.

INSTEAD, LET'S JUMP A MINUTE AHEAD TO GEORGE. NOW CRUMPLED ON THE FLOOR...

STRUGGLING LIKE A TURTLE STUCK ON ITS BACK.



EVEN NOW, EVERYTHING IS DIMMING -- HE HAS BUT A FEW SECONDS OF COGNIZANCE LEFT.

IT IS IN THESE FINAL SECONDS THAT A GHOSTLY PROCESSION PASSES BEFORE HIM.

DISTANT OLIVE MOTT...

ABANDONED KULLU KANAYUK...

AND DISAPPOINTED HELEN SPROTT.

OH, WHAT A DIS-HEARTENING PARADE.

PERHAPS GEORGE WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPIER TO SEE ALL THOSE OTHER, BRIEFLY KNOWN WOMEN PASS BY INSTEAD.



HIS MANY CONQUESTS-- WHO MAY HAVE JUDGED HIM LESS HARSHLY.

AT LEAST HE WAS SPARED A VISIT FROM HIS NEGLECTED MOTHER AND HIS BASTARD CHILD.

AS THE GHOSTS DEPART, GEORGE IS OVERCOME BY A GREAT WAVE OF REGRET.

HE FEELS A SHOWER OF TEARS POUR DOWN HIS FACE.

THOUGH IN REALITY NOT A SINGLE TEARDROP HAS FALLEN FROM HIS EYES.

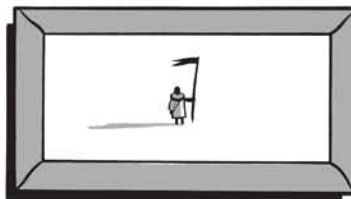
WHY AM I LOOKING UP AT THE CEILING? HE WONDERS.

GEORGE CONCLUDES HE MUST BE TAKING A NAP. HE IS VERY TIRED.



HE WHISPERS A FEW CONFUSED WORDS INTO THE EMPTY ROOM.

AND AT 9:01 P.M. OF OCT. 9, 1975, GEORGE SPROTT PASSES FROM THIS LIFE.



AT 9:03 P.M., DAISY RETURNS.

KNOK KNOK IT'S JUST ME. I'M COMING IN.

I WILL SPARE YOU THIS SCENE AS WELL.





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3.11.07

# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH

CHAPTER 22

<b>ON FAITH</b>	CONSIDERING I SPENT MY YOUTH IN A SEMINARY, YOU'D EXPECT I'D HAVE SOME DEEPLY HELD BELIEFS.	WHATEVER I HAD THEN... SLIPPED AWAY. I CAN'T EVEN RECALL WHAT THAT FAITH FELT LIKE.	<b>ON THE AFTER-LIFE</b>	IN MY OLD AGE, I'VE COME TO THINK THAT THE AFTERLIFE MAY OFFER A CHANCE TO UNDERSTAND ALL THIS.	AN OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK OVER THIS LIFE IN MICROSCOPIC DETAIL-- BUT WITH WISDOM.	MAYBE WE WILL GET TO RELIVE IT-- AND THIS TIME, CLEARLY KNOW WHAT OUR ACTIONS MEANT.
SURELY WE ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO PASS INTO OBLIVION WITHOUT SOME RESOLUTION TO THIS STRUGGLE?	<b>ON FRIENDS</b>	I'LL BE MISSED-- NO DOUBT-- BUT THEY'LL CARRY ON FINE IN MY ABSENCE.	PERHAPS THAT SPEAKS POORLY OF THE QUALITY OF MY FRIENDSHIP.	<b>ON FAMILY</b>	I'VE BURIED THEM ALL. ONLY DAISY IS LEFT.	I WILL SORELY REGRET LEAVING THAT SWEET LITTLE GIRL BEHIND.
<b>ON HEAVEN</b>	I DON'T BELIEVE MY CONCEPTION OF HEAVEN SHOULD BE DISCUSSED IN MIXED COMPANY.	<b>George SPROTT ON DEATH</b>		<b>ON HELL</b>	WHAT I SAID EARLIER-- ABOUT SEEING YOUR OWN LIFE WITH ABSOLUTE CLARITY-- THAT MIGHT BE HELL.	
<b>ON WISHFUL THINKING</b>	SOMETIMES I ENTERTAIN THE IDEA OF AN INUIT GUIDE AWAITING ME BEYOND THE VEIL.	HE'LL LEAD ME ACROSS THE FROZEN HORIZON TO SOME HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.	TALK ABOUT WISHFUL THINKING! HA, HA!	<b>ON LOOSE ENDS</b>	WHEN YOU GET TO MY AGE, YOU SEE JUST HOW MANY THREADS IN YOUR LIFE WERE LEFT HANGING.	THERE'S NO POINT IN DWELLING ON IT. YOU WON'T BE TYING THEM OFF NOW.
YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED, AND YOU'D BEST LEARN TO LIE IN IT.	<b>ON YOUR LEGACY</b>	I'VE GIVEN THIS A GREAT DEAL OF THOUGHT.	I'VE WORKED HARD IN THIS LIFE, AND I'D LIKE TO LEAVE SOMETHING OF VALUE BEHIND ME.	BUT I'M NO FOOL. MY WORK WAS EPHEMERAL IN NATURE. IT'S LIKELY TO MELT AND LEAVE LITTLE TRACE.	<b>ON FUNERALS</b>	WHO CARES? THOUGH A LOT OF WEEPING WOULD BE NICE.
<b>ON DYING</b>	I SAW MY FATHER PASS. HIS MIND WAS GONE, AND HE WAS LEFT NO DIGNITY WHATSOEVER.	NO ONE DESERVES TO DIE LIKE THAT.	<b>ON LAST WORDS</b>	OH, I'VE COME UP WITH SOMETHING RATHER PITHY-- HAD IT PLANNED FOR YEARS.	I WON'T GIVE IT AWAY.	I'LL SAVE IT FOR THE APPROPRIATE TIME.



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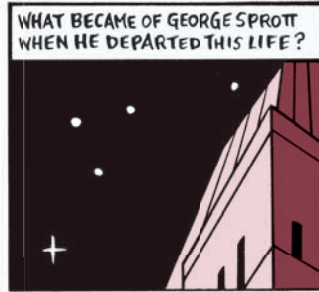
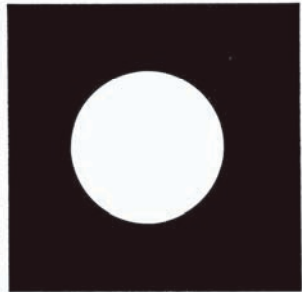
3.18.07

# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

**GEORGE SPROTT**  
(1894 - 1975) *by* **SETH**

CHAPTER 23



WHAT BECAME OF GEORGE SPROTT WHEN HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE?

EVEN AS AN OMNISCIENT NARRATOR, I DON'T HAVE AN ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION.

I CAN TELL YOU THIS, THOUGH...

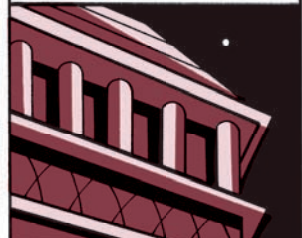
AS MUCH AS HE FANCIED THE IDEA, THERE WAS NO INUIT SPIRIT GUIDE WAITING FOR HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE.

AS POETIC AS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN-- NO ONE WALKED HIM INTO A DAZZLING ARCTIC LANDSCAPE.

PERHAPS HE IS STILL HOVERING ON THE EDGE OF THIS LIFE.

IF YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, THERE ARE A FEW SPOTS YOU MIGHT LOOK FOR HIM.

YOU MIGHT TRY THE SMALL WOOD ON THE EDGE OF THE CREEK WHERE HE PLAYED AS A BOY.



OR YOU MIGHT LOOK INSIDE THE BROKEN HULK OF THE MELODY GRILL.

ESPECIALLY BY THE BAR, WHERE HE ALWAYS HELD COURT.

OR YOU MIGHT HEAD FAR NORTH.

OUT ON THE TUNDRA, AT THE SITE OF A GROUPING OF ANCIENT STONE HOUSES.

HE ONCE SPENT A GLORIOUS NIGHT THERE ALONE, UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.



THESE WERE THE PLACES WHERE HE WAS THE HAPPIEST.

PERHAPS A GHOST CAN BE IN MORE THAN ONE SPOT-- HE MIGHT BE FOUND AT ALL THREE.

I DON'T HAVE A SATISFYING ANSWER FOR YOU ON THAT MATTER.

THEY DO NOT FEEL HIS PRESENCE IN THE WORLD ANYMORE.

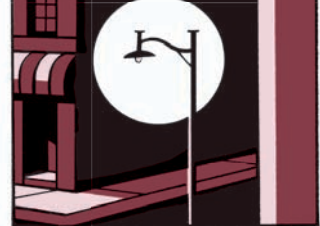
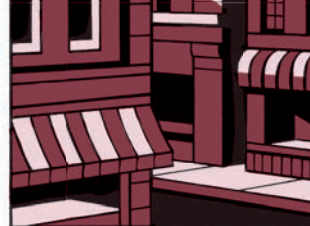


I DO KNOW THAT FOR A FEW MONTHS AFTER GEORGE DIED, THOSE WHO KNEW HIM WELL COULD STILL STRONGLY FEEL HIM NEARBY.

BUT NOW, ALL THESE YEARS LATER...

THEY DO NOT FEEL HIS PRESENCE IN THE WORLD ANYMORE.

THEY DO NOT FEEL HIS PRESENCE IN THE WORLD ANYMORE.





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3.25.07

# The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

**GEORGE SPROTT (1894 - 1975) by SETH**

EPILOGUE

**EPILOGUE**  
AN INTERVIEW WITH  
**OWEN TRADE**  
COLLECTOR, 2007

I AM PRIMARILY A COLLECTOR OF MEMORABILIA FROM THE CKCK TELEVISION STATION.

SPECIFICALLY, I'M FOCUSED ON SIR GRISLY GRUESOME--THE HORROR HOST.

BUT OF COURSE I'M INTERESTED IN ALL OF THE ON-AIR PERSONALITIES.

AND I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD GEORGE SPROTT COLLECTION.

LET ME WALK YOU THROUGH A FEW OF THE CHOICER ITEMS.

HERE'S A SIGNED COPY OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY FROM 1965.

NOT THAT RARE... BUT GETTING HARDER TO FIND.

NOW THIS ONE IS TRULY SCARCE! HIS FAMOUS SUBSCRIPTION BOOK--NORTHERN DISPATCHES.

THE BINDER AND THE COMPLETE LETTERS. 1930. PRACTICALLY MINT!

I POSSESS ONE BOUND VOLUME CONTAINING MANUSCRIPTS FROM HIS CORONET HALL LECTURES.

THERE WERE MANY OTHER VOLUMES, APPARENTLY... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

I ACQUIRED THIS ONE FROM A FORMER BELLHOP AT THE RADIO HOTEL.

THAT'S WHERE GEORGE LIVED.

AND THIS-- HIS PHOTO FROM THE WALL OF THE MELODY GRILL.

HERE'S AN ULTRA RARITY-- A VIDEOTAPE OF ONE OF HIS SHOWS.

AN EARLY '70S EPISODE-- BUT STILL WATCHABLE.

I'LL PLAY IT FOR YOU LATER.

THE STATION DUMPED ALL ITS OLD SHOWS. EVERYTHING. EVEN SIR GRISLY. THE BASTARDS!

THIS IS THE ACTUAL PAINTING FROM HIS SET.

LEGEND HAS IT GEORGE PAINTED IT HIMSELF.

AND THE CENTERPIECE OF THE COLLECTION-- A GENUINE SPROTT ARCTIC FILM STILL IN THE CAN.

ONE OF A KIND! CKCK TRASHED ALL OF THESE AS WELL.

THIS ONE SURVIVED ONLY BECAUSE IT WAS LEFT BEHIND AT CORONET HALL.

OH, THESE? THEY'RE UNRELATED.

JUST SOME BIG LETTERS I FOUND.

O AND T. MY INITIALS, THAT'S ALL.

I GOOGLED GEORGE THE OTHER DAY AND GOT ONLY ONE HIT.

NOBODY UNDER 40 EVEN KNOWS HIS NAME ANY LONGER.

THIS STUFF I'VE SAVED HERE... IT'S HIS LEGACY.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN HIS GRAVESTONE?

PRETTY DULL.

THEY SHOULD HAVE CARVED HIS FAMOUS LINES ON IT.

THE ONES HE SAID AT THE CLOSE OF EVERY EPISODE...

"I WISH YOU HEALTH AND JOY..."

AND MAY THE SUN NEVER MELT YOUR IGLOO.

*The End*