



Rural Radio

THE ONLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR RURAL LISTENERS!

Vol. 1. No. 5

JUNE, 1938

Ten Cents

**PAT BUTTRAM • GEORGE HAY (The
Solemn Old Judge) • LAMDIN KAY
FOUR SOLID PAGE PICTURE
SECTION**

*New Stories • New Features • New Pictures
Of Old Favorites Seldom IF EVER
Published Before!*



LOUISIANA LOU
*Favorite of Millions of
Rural Listeners*



E. M. ALLEN, Jr., Publisher

E. M. KIRBY, Editor

Hats Off to NBC'S Farm and Home Hour

When on June 27, the hands of the clock turn to 12:30 P.M., the National Farm and Home Hour will begin its 3,000th hour of broadcasting in the service of agriculture and country life.

Long known as the "nation's bulletin board of agriculture," NBC's Farm and Home Hour has carried the voices of farm leaders of America throughout the country each week-day without interruption since the inaugural broadcast on October 2, 1928.

What a great record of service and accomplishment! What a great contribution this radio service has made to every farm family in America! What a great tribute to the American system of broadcasting—that this vital informational—yes *inspirational*—radio service is given each week-day to the forty million country folk of America, without cost, without tax, without partisanship!

Surely here is profound evidence of good stewardship of the radio franchise. But no testimony we can print on the pages of RURAL RADIO can exceed more eloquently the testimony of those millions of farm folks who each day leave the fields toward noon-time, to gather round their radios in home, in barn, or in cross-road store, to listen to the Farm and Home Hour. No evidence written or spoken, can exceed that profound picture of the farmer as he leaves his radio—better informed, better satisfied, better able to wrest from the soil the vast food supply which 130 millions of Americans need; better informed to demand fair prices for his labors in the field; better equipped to give his family some of the good things of life which no farmer in the history of the world before ever dreamed of!

Let those loud-voiced critics of American radio look at this record! Let them line up their voices and blend them into a chorus of criticism—and they will hear answering them from the fields and farm homes of the nation, one mighty chorus of *forty million voices* of the farm folk of America who say: Hat's Off to The NBC Farm and Home Hour! You have served us and the nation well!

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Published monthly by Rural Radio, Inc., Nashville, Tenn. Editorial and Advertising offices, Third National Bank Building, Nashville, Tenn. Entered as second-class matter February 4, 1938, at the Post Office at Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1938, by Rural Radio, Inc. All rights reserved. Single copies 10c; \$1.00 per year in the United States; \$1.35 per year in Canada, Mexico and Foreign Countries. Contributors are especially advised to retain copies of their contributions. Every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses for such matter contributed.

"LUM 'N ABNER"

Promoters of Better Understanding Between Rural and City Folk

By HAROLD HALPERN

After more than seven consecutive years of broadcasting, Lum and Abner leave the air this month. But there is no cause for alarm. They'll be back late in August over a larger CBS network. The boys are merely going to take a well deserved six weeks' rest.

And well deserved it is, too. Since 1931, Chester Lauck and Norris Goff have written their own scripts and acted every part in their drama of rural life in the small town of Pine Ridge. In fact, their creation and portrayal of characters has been so realistic that the town of Waters, Arkansas, changed its name to Pine Ridge in honor of them. And many city folk have visited Pine Ridge since it revised its listing on the map of Arkansas. For they enjoy Lum and Abner no less than the people back in Pine Ridge who are familiar with the little general store and familiar greetings of friends in a town where everybody knows everybody else.

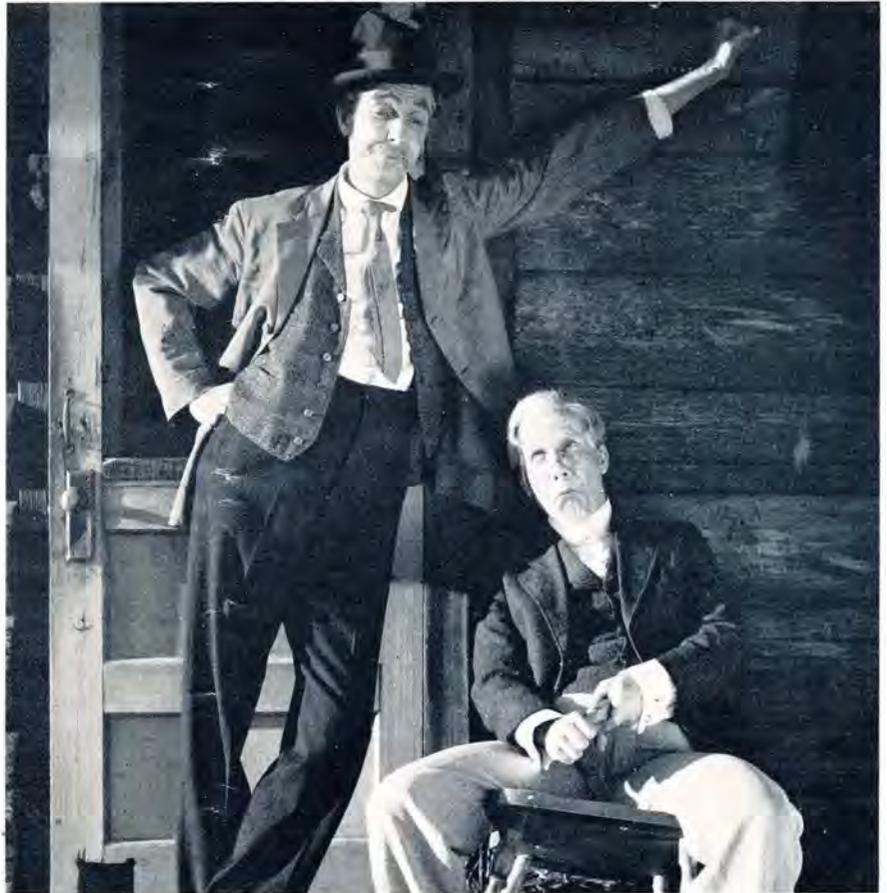
Their appeal to all types of persons isn't difficult to understand. Their homely wisdom and rural philosophy would attract the most case-hardened city sophisticate and the meanest man in Mena Corners. Mass appeal has been the keynote of their success from the first day Chester Lauck and Norris Goff approached the microphone of KTHS in Hot Springs, Arkansas, on the occasion of a Mena Day program put on by the Mena Lions Club.

"We'd worked up a pretty good black-face routine," relates Chet, "and were all set to wow 'em with it. But when we got to the studio we found the air dark with burnt-cork faces. About five minutes before we were to go on, the manager rushed up and asked us what we called our act.

"I call myself Lum', I said on the spur of the moment. And the next minute Norris popped up with the name of Abner. Without a rehearsal or even a script, we swung into an *ad-libbing* rural dialect routine imitating the various people we had come into contact with through business dealings. It was the hit of the show. We sure felt good when we got batches of mail!"

Response to that first broadcast resulted in a nine-weeks' engagement over the station. After that was concluded they moved on to Chicago.

From Chicago Lum and Abner moved to Cleveland and thence to New York and Radio City.



At present, they are broadcasting from Hollywood. But the pseudo-glamor and fairy-like tinsel surrounding the cinema capitol hasn't affected them one iota. They both dislike bridge. They hate invitations to parties that may keep them out late.

Both of them fish, hunt and ride as much as they can. They still retain their friendly Arkansas drawl and one of their best pals is another famed gentleman from the Bowie State—none other than Bob Burns, the Van Buren bazooka tooter.

Right now the boys have a small ranch of their own where they have as much live stock as the area will permit. They do all their work in a small office in Hollywood. They do not write any of the scripts in advance. The successful faculty of being able to *ad lib* a program has remained with them through the years and they

never rehearse a show except for timing.

Chet Lauck pecks out a line for Lum and then answers with a quip for Cedric Weehunt. Cedric is the slow-thinking son of the village blacksmith.

In addition to playing the role of Abner, Lum's business partner, Norris Goff handles the lines for Squire Skimp, a born promoter; for Spud Gandel, a kind-hearted old duffer, and for Dick Huddleston, another character drawn from real Arkansas life.

"We have given city folk a different picture of the people they call 'hicks'." Norris Goff believes "we have shown them that country people get more out of life, are more content and generally live a more wholesome life."

"Yes," added Chester Lauck, "rural folk spend more time building their lives than fortunes."

SHE'S SWEET SIXTEEN —IN RADIO *Mary Tucker*

By DICK JORDAN

One of the institutions at WFAA, Dallas, is Bera Meade Grimes, pianist, who has been tingling the keys of WFAA pianos since June, 1922, the year the station first went on the air.

This means that she will celebrate sixteen years on the air, come next month, and that's a long time for anyone to be in anything.

Bera still remembers the day, back in 1922, when Adams Colhoun, the station's only announcer and guiding force, called her by telephone and asked her to play piano on a half hour musical program next day. She consented to play but, presuming she would perform with other artists on the thirty-minute stint, she prepared only a few musical numbers for performance the next day.

As it turned out, she played the entire program alone, and was forced to play several numbers from memory. In fact, Mr. Colhoun says, she played some of the numbers over several times, varying them a little each time, in order to stretch over the entire program. She still says that was the longest program she ever played.

At various times during her radio career, she has been called the "Breakfast Hour Girl," was the accompanist for the WFAA Health Club, and once had a WFAA program under her own name, Bera Meade Grimes.

Her piano accompanied probably the only radio description of an ac-

tual shooting ever broadcast while she was the accompanist on the Health Club program.

One morning early, while she was playing and the narrator was chanting off exercises in time with the music, he looked out the window and saw one man, pistol in hand, chasing another.

"Look," he shouted into the microphone, "a man's going to get shot over there across the street!"

And he went on to describe the shooting, the falling of the victim, the collection of the crowd, while Bera continued to play her piano through the whole thing.

But the program which has made Bera so well known and, incidentally, changed her name, is "*Mrs. Tucker's Smile Program*" (12:15 p.m. CST) over WFAA. It was five years ago last February 14 that she became known as Mary Tucker, and she still goes by that name on the air. And so does her program, the same one that she started more than five years ago. The first musical number she played was "*On Moonlight Bay*."

The beginning of the program found Mary Tucker's piano teamed with the tenor voice of Jack Prigmore. The team was known as Mary and Tommy Tucker.

Mary and Tommy Tucker conducted the program for three years, and Mary and her piano carried it alone for almost a year, when the Big Brothers Quartet was added. Mary accompanied them, also played piano solo numbers, for approximately one year.

Now the quartet is gone, and Mary plays her piano with *Mary Tucker's Big Brothers*, novelty instrumental quintet. This group joined her program in January, 1938.

Although the program has undergone many changes, Mary and her smiling piano have stuck and are still going strong.

Mary's favorite musical number, which she plays often, is "Dizzy Fingers." Jack Benny is her favorite radio entertainer. Her pet hate is getting up early in the morning. This obsession probably arises from the Health Club days, when she had to be in the studio at 6:15 a.m. every day. She likes to play ping-pong, and to fish.

Her only activity outside radio is—guess what?—teaching piano!



WSB STAR IS A HAM

Charlie Smithgall Features Pig, Hen, Cow and Other Farm Pets on His "Morning-Merry-Go-Round"

By LESSIE BAILEY



Getting close to earth, Charlie Smithgall communes with nature and the ducks on his farm for inspirational material for his WSB broadcasts.

Charlie Smithgall, whose Morning-Merry-Go-Round wakes up the early birds over WSB each morning at 5:45, always opens his fan mail gingerly. He never knows what will pop out.

One morning it was a tombstone. Another time it was a live and yelping pig. The tombstone is doing temporary service on Charlie's desk as a paper-weight.

But the pig has become one of the stars of Charlie's radio show. It promptly joined Daisy, the discontented Cow, on the Merry-Go-Round cast, and became the subject of a hot pig-naming contest, finally emerging with "Hambone" for a monniker. Grown to maturity, he has long since become just a memory flavored with the incomparable taste of country fried ham.

The listener who questioned the veracity of "Old Man Smithgall's son Charles" may have been influenced by certain claims which Charlie makes about his pet hen, Gussie. Gussie has been known many times to lay a whole setting of eggs during one broadcast—a feat which might be open to question, since the Merry-Go-Round cranks up at 5:45 and comes to a stop at 7 o'clock. Some among Charlie's pre-dawn audiences have even expressed doubt as to there *being* a Gussie. Likewise, Robinson Crewso, the rowdy rooster, is heard with misgivings by a number of Smithgall fans who are not sure that he is a real flesh-and-blood Chanticleer. Charlie remains non-committal about these two members of his morning menagerie.

But at times he will admit that Daisy, the cow, is only embalmed in wax, and comes to life at the prodding of a phonograph needle. And he also confesses that he must depend on a record for the realistic way the milk strikes the bucket when he milks Daisy of a morning.

Daisy is the chief delight of a large percentage of Merry-Go-Rounders. Innumerable calves born all over Dixie have borne her name, and should Charlie fail to milk her on a broadcast, he faces a barrage of post cards protesting against the way Daisy is being mistreated. Charlie, however, maintains that it's udder foolishness to think a cow has to be milked every day.

The Duke of Hastings, the wire-haired terrier of Old Man Smithgall's son Charles, is the only member of his cast whom listeners accept lock, stock, and bark. For the

Duke's disposition is such that he has endeared himself to every one who hears him. A wire of very aristocratic vintage (Charlie has papers on him that go back beyond the Mayflower), he counts, adds, subtracts, and plays the piano, singing to his own accompaniment. Like Hambone, the pig, the Duke was named by means of a contest among Merry-Go-Round constituents. He was presented to Charlie by a client who participates on his co-operative program.

But Arry Brown, who "engineers" the Merry-Go-Round from the control room, probably excites the greatest curiosity among the hour's supporters. The silent member of the firm, he remains a complete mystery, except to serve as the mark for such severe Smithgall jibes as to prompt listeners to write Charlie begging him to be kinder to Arry. Others doubt that there is an Arry and regard him with the same suspicion that they bestow on Gussie and Robinson Crewso.

Whatever may be the status of the Merry-Go-Round menagerie, the animals on Charlie Smithgall's thirty-five-acre farm just outside Atlanta are real and very much alive. Carrie, the mule, can plow a row to a turn, and she's had many a row to plow this spring, for Charlie has gone in for truck farming in a big way. His corn, potatoes, beans, peas, and turnip greens are all up, and doing nicely, thank you, he reports. And his ducks and chickens are growing by cheeps and pounds. He has set out more than 300 fruit trees this season, too. Digging the holes for these trees bothered Charlie for a while, until he discovered that he could dynamite them in a fraction of the time with a minimum of the effort it took to do the job by brawn. And so the normal Smithgall lassitude set in again.

Charlie says that there may be plenty of people who don't like his Morning Merry-Go-Round, but they had better keep quiet about it. He received a letter from Man Mountain Dean the other day in which the bewhiskered wrestling king asked that all dissenters be turned over to him. "I'll get a toe-hold on them and make them cry 'Uncle,' Charlie," wrote the Mountain. And with such a bodyguard, Charlie Smithgall has little fear from man or beast.



As energetic as Charlie's Southern drawl is "Carrie," his faithful, if not ambitious mule.



Mei-Mei, it is plain, won't talk . . . just wants to play.

THE PANDA ON WLS

By LEO BOULETTE

Airplanes—Pony Express Riders—and a strange, bear-like creature from the far-off wilds of Tibet! This, of course, was "Mei-Mei," the greatest drawing card any zoo ever had, about to make her radio debut over WLS. Plainly, it was Mei-Mei's big day. Not only was she a featured artist on the broadcast . . . she even had her picture imprinted in a special cachet designed for the occasion. By way of explanation, this all happened at Brookfield, Illinois, on May 19th, as part of the celebration of National Air Mail week. The Post Office department had arranged a special air mail flight from Brookfield to Chicago—the first in history. The public had been invited—and throughout the morning hours bus-loads of delighted children arrived at the Zoo. From all over Chicagoland, automobiles kept

rolling in until the scene resembled opening day at the State Fair.

A private airplane stood by, waiting to carry the special assignment of air mail to Chicago. Horseback riders, dressed in boots, breeches and buckskin shirts, portrayed the old Pony Express days as they galloped up to the plane and delivered packets of mail for the flight. All of these letters from the Brookfield Post Office were stamped with the cachet of Mei-Mei, the famous giant baby Panda from the Tibetan wilderness.

In the midst of this huge throng stood the WLS portable transmitter—short wave station WOEB—waiting to relay a word picture of the happenings to WOEB-WLS listeners. Special events announcer, Chuck Acree, was easily the busiest man on the grounds as the signal was given to start the program. Post Office officials were interviewed, and Chuck was

just about to approach Mei-Mei the Panda when a shout went up from the crowd, followed by much cheering and applauding. Mei-Mei was momentarily forgotten as the crowd discovered the lovable old gentleman from "Rosedale, a friendly little city down in Cole County." Yes, sir—it was Uncle Ezra P. Waters, in person. Uncle Ezra had come out for the celebration as a private citizen—just plain Pat Barrett. But someone had spied him—and in a moment he was besieged by autograph hunters. At Chuck's invitation—and with the aid of a police escort—Uncle Ezra managed to get through the crowd and up to the microphone. Then Chuck and Uncle Ezra got together and tried to get a few words out of Mei-Mei. Mei-Mei, however, although accustomed to appearing before large audiences—was not to be coaxed. Her only comment was a couple of quizzical squeaks—which her nurse, Miss Mary Bean, interpreted as general approval of the goings-on.

An alert photographer—Mike Kostre—snapped some pictures for RURAL RADIO readers.

As evidence of Mei-Mei's popularity, the Zoo director stated that during 1937 Brookfield Zoo admitted around 1,750,000 visitors. During the first four months of 1938, over 2,000,000 persons have swarmed to Brookfield for a glimpse of the famous Panda from Tibet. Mei-Mei, believed to be the only Panda in captivity, is just as cute and playful as she looks in these pictures. Everybody falls in love with her on sight. When the nurse brought her up to the microphone during the broadcast—the whole crowd let out one big adoring "Oh-h-h-h-h!" This air mail week feature had some first hand impressions when Chuck Acree interviewed Captain Clayton Stiles, veteran mail pilot for United Air Lines. As the interview was drawing to a close, the private plane engaged for the special airmail flight to Chicago soared into the blue . . . and, with motors roaring a powerful crescendo, circled the WLS microphone and winged away toward the Chicago airport.

As the program concluded—autograph seekers descended en masse upon Uncle Ezra . . . and candid cameras began clicking away as Mei-Mei posed amiably.



Short wave mobile units WOEB and W9XH, which WLS uses to bring listeners special events programs of unusual interest. This powerful short wave transmitter makes short wave programs possible at a distance of forty miles from the studio.

SAN ANTONIO PATROL

—with Ken McClure



By CARL DOTY

Most of you RURAL RADIO readers are familiar with the voice of Ken McClure and his News Broadcast from San Antonio. Many have heard his editorial "afterpieces" on news events of the day and some of you have read McClure's published book, "Before 30."

Needless to say this human interest material doesn't flow from a typewriter without personal experience and contact. Covering the news front is the answer. Ken, for the most part, uses the *San Antonio Patrol* for this purpose. Let's take a few moments to follow—*San Antonio Patrol*.

Before we leave, let's visit the WOAI Newsroom and help Ken close up shop for the night. McClure leans over his typewriter deleting, rewriting and piecing the news together for the early morning broadcast. The noise of the United Press teletype machines click on through the night unnoticed until that deafening silence when they stop at 2 o'clock in the morning. The bookcase filled with overflowing with answers to the thousands of questions that arise in the course of the news business stands ready to serve. Mr. Webster's largest dictionary perches precariously in the corner. A long steel file stands in monumental silence against the wall. This is the Newsroom "morgue" where the news items of yesterday fade into the past and oblivion with each succeeding day. There is the all-important paste pot, the long clipping scissors, the huge wastebasket running over with ticker tape and printer copy of the day, private telephones, a flasher from the telegraph wire, buzzers and bells all of which go to make up a modern Newsroom.

The electric clock points to ten minutes after two in the morning—the news day is done and it's time for—*San Antonio Patrol*. Come with us. The McClure automobile awaits with police siren and No. 30 license plates spelling sesame to the heart of any news story. Slowly we proceed through the streets of San Antonio very much changed at night. No bustle, no blaring of horns, no shrieking



McClure and Dogs

breaks, no screeching tires, instead the canyons of commerce are dark and deserted.

The occasional light in an office building tells the toiling of scrub-women mopping tile floors for the business of the morrow. Diego, philosopher of the street, leans on his broom as we pause momentarily to listen to his latest philosophies of life. That fellow has some pretty good sense too. On through the streets we hear muffled jazz coming through the closed doors of the night spots—in front we listen to the sage advice of an officer of the law counseling some stray soul on the blessings of home. The policeman at the next corner winks at us as he directs a party of late merrymakers on for more fun by dawn.

A cruising police squad car halts at the curb for a few moments to relate the details of the four calls they have made so far in the morning—one was a murder with names withheld pending further investigation—we jot down a note to follow this first thing in the morning.

Although we haven't gone very far we have crossed the romantic little San Antonio river eleven times so far on the patrol. This river of charm and legend winds incessantly through the business district of the city popping up almost at every turn. Native San Antonians still pause at the

bridge handrails to gaze at its charm and romance. But unspoiled by admiration, the river flows placidly about its business between landscaped banks of closely cropped grass and swaying palms. Legend hangs heavy over this stream.

On the way again to meet a man taking a fine-looking police dog for a belated walk. McClure's immediate impulse is to stop and chat about dogs, a subject dear to the heart of this Scotsman. The *Patrol* moves on southward past the city's edge and the old world skyline of San Jose Mission becomes visible in the soft moonlight. Turning in through the old stone archway, we pull up to a stop in front of the most interesting part of the mission—the Rose Window. This window holds a favorite story of Ken's. We listen while he tells of the Spanish sculptor sent from Spain to help build the mission. How his loved one followed him later but unhappily took ill of a feverish malady at sea and died. Learning of this heart-breaking news the Spanish sculptor laboriously carved the Rose Window in fine detail as a lasting tribute to his beloved who never arrived. The Rose Window is nearly 300 years old.

We stop by Espada, San Antonio's oldest mission, with Ken's legendary narrative continuing. Many things to see at Espada, the aqueduct, the old moat, the chapel, the drawbridge. But the hour is growing late and as we wend our way back to the city gray patches of dawn begin to appear.

Ascending a clifflike formation of rock in Brackenridge Park the *Patrol* pauses for a glimpse at the beauties of nature as the sun rises over the Gulf of Mexico. The beautiful Sunken Garden lies before us a hundred feet below. Mist rises off the still pool of water. Rock bridges join the little islands. Many varieties of flowers line the flagstone paths. So with the beauties of the Sunken Garden still fresh in mind—*San Antonio Patrol* calls it a night, signs 30 and heads for dreamland.

Hope we haven't kept you up too late.

Lost Sheep Find Their Way Through An Inspiring Radio Program



By DOLLY SULLIVAN

Only a few weeks ago, a middle-aged man leaned over the desk in his hotel room at a small Tennessee town and wrote the most heart-felt letter of his life.

He addressed it to a friend, who had told him to listen to the radio program from WHAS and Asbury College each morning at 6 o'clock.

"I heard the program this morning," his letter began simply enough, "and it was an experience such as comes to a man only once in a lifetime.

"I couldn't sleep . . . tossed and tumbled on my pillow so through the night that I finally got up and tried to read. But I couldn't read either. I kept watching the clock as it moved around toward 6 o'clock.

"I had determined I would not listen to the program. But I found that I must. And I did. It seemed that the program was for me alone. *Before I knew it, I was down on my knees, praying for the first time since mother passed away.*

"I thank you for insisting that I listen to this program and pray God it will continue through years to come."

When that letter came to the desk of Credo Fitch Harris, director of Station WHAS, his face lighted in a smile as he declared:

"It is just such letters that prove over and over again what we believed, many years ago, when we first started the devotional from Asbury College."

Then he told us the story of one of radio's most inspiring programs—The Radio Devotional League, sponsored by Asbury College and Asbury Theological Seminary in Wilmore, Kentucky.

Some years ago, the Rev. Newton King, director of Asbury College, vis-



Hughes Memorial Auditorium

ualized the possibilities of a radio program that would enter the homes of a nation as a welcome guest; not only the homes of church members, but also those who do not belong to any organized body; a program that would unite hearts in the common cause of re-establishing the family altar. Accordingly this interdenominational idea was presented to Credo Fitch Harris, Director of Station WHAS, and to Dr. Henry Clay Morrison, President of Asbury College.

Said Mr. Harris of the plan: "There has never been a time in the history of our nation, even during the World War, when we needed the family worship in the home as much as we do today. I am in hearty sympathy with the Radio Devotional League. It has a noble purpose. It must succeed. I shall be glad to lend my support. If we can enlist hundreds of thousands of homes in this league and get them to participate in the programs each morning, singing with your singers the good old hymns of the church, then we will

have made a great contribution to the home, the church, the nation!"

Suiting word to action, Credo Harris placed the facilities of Radio Station WHAS, free of cost, at the disposal of the Radio Devotional League. In commercial value these seventy-eight hours amount to thousands of dollars a year.

With this major problem solved, Dr. Morrison who had from the beginning realized that in this channel lay a great opportunity for Asbury College and the Theological Seminary to share with the world the blessings of Christ, pledged the cooperation of the Administration, the faculty and the student body in the work.

That was nearly five years ago. The Radio Devotional League still opens Station WHAS at 6:00 o'clock each week-day morning. Beginning with "A Thought For the Day," preceded by the theme, Lwoff's Russian Hymn, the singing ranges from Asbury's Radio Male Quartet, the men's and women's glee clubs and girls trio to a 150-voice chorus, to the accompaniment of Asbury's four-manual, 54-stop Austin organ, the gift of Mrs. Ella Magee of Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, in memory of her son.

Ministers of practically all denominations have given their services to make the programs possible. Such nationally known speakers as Doctors E. Stanley Jones, Z. T. Johnson, J. C. McPheeters, P. B. Smith, M. B. Stokes, S. H. Martin, Harold Paul Sloan, Bishop Wascom Pickett and the Rev. Alexander Reid have been heard on the morning Devotional programs. Each Saturday morning, through the cooperation of the Kentucky Sunday School Association, a discussion of the International Sunday School Lesson for the following

day is presented by well-known and qualified men and women who are teachers of Sunday school and Bible classes in various churches in and around the vicinity of Louisville, Kentucky.

Thousands of letters have been received by the Radio Devotional League from persons in every walk in life and from every state in the Union as well as foreign countries, expressing appreciation for these Morning Devotional programs.

The following is an excerpt from a letter sent from the home for the aged: "Every morning our household—there are seventy-five in our family—is astir early enough that we may not be late for our radio service. Before 6 o'clock the sitting room is seated to capacity as is the sun parlor and other rooms in hearing distance—all happy to have such a fine beginning of the day. Breakfast immediately follows."

Asbury College is located in Wilmore, Kentucky, in the heart of the famous "Blue Grass Region." It is less than three miles from the site of Bethel Academy, the oldest church-school in Kentucky and the second oldest in America, and which was founded by Bishop Francis Asbury in 1790. In memory of this bishop, Asbury



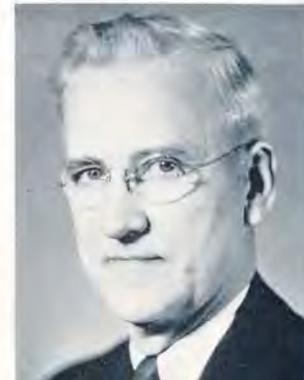
Helen Margaret Harper, Organist

College was named and the Bible truths so earnestly and successfully proclaimed by him have been and are to this day the precious heritage of this school.

There are usually about forty states represented in the student body, together with a number of foreign countries, symbolizing something in the neighborhood of twenty-five different denominations. The interdenominational and definitely Christian features, together with the wonderful Christian spirit that always prevails in the student body, make it especially fitting that Asbury College should sponsor such an organization as the Radio Devotional League.

The Managing Committee is composed of Dr. H. C. Morrison, President of Asbury College; Dr. Newton King, Director; Mr. Credo Harris, Honorary Member and Director of WHAS; Dr. Z. T. Johnson, Treasurer. The Advisory Committee is made up of Dr. W. D. Hicholls, Secretary of Kentucky Rural Church Council; W. Lee Coulson, Executive Manager WHAS; Henry M. Johnson, President, Kentucky Sunday School Association, and Joe Eaton, Program Director of WHAS.

Faculty members, ministers, committeemen, students who furnish the musical programs, as well as the director of singing and the organist, in fact all who take part in the services and broadcasting, give of their time and talent. The only expense is due to telephone line charges for the broadcast and the printing and mailing of the Radio Devotional League certificates. This expense is met by free-will offerings of friends of Asbury College. There are no membership fees, no assessments. Certificates of membership are mailed absolutely without cost, in the hope that one day hundreds of thousands of families in the RADIO CONGREGATION will look at their certificates of membership and say to themselves—"I am part of a great congregation united in the greatest cause of our land, the building of Christian character and the promotion of the Kingdom of Our Lord through the greatest



Rev. Newton King

medium of the day—A Radio Devotional program."

The members of this great radio family get an added thrill. For they know that through the medium of radio and their inspiring program, they reach those who otherwise would probably never reach a Church . . . turning countless persons from the road to ruin to the road of richer life.

Indeed, the program of Asbury College is a supreme illustration of one of the songs frequently heard on their broadcasts:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay

*In the shelter of the fold
But one was out on the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold*

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine

Are they not enough for thee?"

*But the Shepherd made answer
"This of mine has wandered away from me,*

And although the road be rough and steep

I go to the Desert to find my sheep."

**ALONG THE
WAY**
WITH
Lambdin Kay



THANK YOU, MR. KOOS!

This column is being written three or four days after Editor Ed Kirby's implacable deadline for copy. So if you never see it, it's because it arrived in Nashville too late for publication.

I'm running late because I couldn't decide what to write about. I was fretting over a choice of several topics basically significant to the wellbeing of the American radio public. But writing about important things is hard work. And I hate work.

Besides, you're liable to stick your neck out when you monkey editorially with material matters.

Then, considerably after the eleventh hour, came a dispensation. It was in the guise of a letter from a very urban (Chicago) RURAL RADIO reader. He jumped down my throat, with feet and elbows spraddled out, for what I had said in this column about hillbilly music.

That's how it goes, I guess.

For instance, I christened this column in RURAL RADIO's initial issue by taking a whack at the Mae West embroglio. I was jittery about writing it. And Editor Kirby was jittery about printing it. He almost didn't.

And our mutual qualms seem justified. For, later, my views turned out to be violently contra to what the Federal Communications Commission officially thought about the episode, and the FCC can pull a station up by the roots, if it feels like it.

But the backwash from that column was negligible.

Then I got chesty again and wrote a column subtly chiding the President of the United States, flatly contradicting United States Senator Burton K. Wheeler and tactfully admonishing FCC Chairman McNinch.

And nothing happened.

So I ventured a didactic endorsement of super-power—one of the most complex and controversial questions beclouding the future of American broadcasting.

And nothing continued to happen.

But when I write a column saying that I like hillbilly music, vox populi begins to vox, or pop, or whatever it does.

I heard more from that column than from all the others put together. And I'm obliged to tell my Chicago flagellator that he was in the minority—a prodigious minority, he being it entirely.

But that needn't bother him. I'm so generally lined up with a forlorn minority, myself, that I get suspicious on infrequently discovering that my side is tops.

At that, my Chicago heckler didn't assail my opinion nearly so much as he lambasted what he branded as my disregard for fact, my lack of modesty and the implied irrelevance of all I said.

He didn't comment on whether he thought I could write or not. Which was doubtless in my favor.

Perhaps it's time to name my critic. He signed himself Curtis Koos, Chicago.

Now, before I try to dodge this gentleman's arrows of reproof, I hope he won't mind my telling him one thing. And that's this. He will never know how deeply I am beholden to him.

The one thing columnists can't stand is silence. They lapse into nail-biting, beard-mumbling and other forms of the fidgets when their public remains mute. Because that means indifference or utter absence of a public.

They buy their wives boxes of candy, lend money to casual acquaintances, whistle cheerily while cleaning the furnace and tolerantly humor anybody else's stupid political notions—after hearing from a reader.

It doesn't matter what they hear.

And it always gives them something to write about, too. As proof, I've about filled up my space already without even getting at what I started to discuss—which was Mr. Koos' indictment.

I'll try to squeeze in a vest-pocket answer. If I stop abruptly in the middle of a sentence it's because I ran off the page.

Mr. Koos starts off by indulging my "preference" for hillbilly music. I claimed no such preference. I said I liked hillbilly music. I also like hog-jowl and peas. But it would be grossly unfair to spare-ribs and sauer kraut to charge that I favored one over the other.

He then insisted the Indians DID give us some folk music. I say they gave us nothing but tom-tom rhythm—and that it took the imaginative genius of men like Cadman to create the melodies the aborigines never thought of.

He objects to my referring to Cadman's stuff as "stuff." I thought it obvious that I considered it inspired stuff. I know some big-time composers and writers. The bigger they are the more habitually they refer to their stuff as stuff.

I've never run into any sort of an artist who spoke of his stuff as his "work" or his "art" who wasn't bush-league or pure phoney.

Mr. Koos' letter further charged that I had tried to "discredit" Stephen Foster because I said I thought he had never been south of Cincinnati. I consider Foster an immortal who eternally brightened the music of the ages.

And I don't hold anything against people above the Ohio River. I was born considerably north of it myself.

He accuses me of "bravado" for stating the plain fact that I run a fifty-thousand-watt station. And then he proves his case by citing the example of a station that bought and paid for an advertisement bragging about how modest it was. Ah, well.

And Mr. Koos hammers the final nail in my coffin by quoting a slogan to the effect that a man's "judgement" is no better than his information.

I'm quite sure that Mr. Koos' judgment is better than his spelling.



W. Lee O'Daniel

Sponsor • Poet • Song Writer • Philosopher

**54,900 PEOPLE ASKED HIM TO RUN
FOR GOVERNOR OF TEXAS!**

By ELBERT HALING

Back in 1927 W. Lee O'Daniel as president of a thriving flour mill decided to use radio as an advertising medium. He hired three musicians and "just to get 'em off to a good start," served as master of ceremonies for a program advertising his flour.

Perhaps this Irishman with the sparkling blue eyes and keen wit was born under a lucky star. Perhaps the characteristic showmanship instinct of the true Irishman coursed in his veins, but from the beginning O'Daniel and his entertainers made a distinct hit with Southwestern radio dialers. One of the three original entertainers was the late Milton Brown, whose singing immediately attracted attention and who later fell heir to his own and one of the nation's most popular radio and recording bands until his untimely end several years ago.

In his four weekly quarter-hours from Station WBAP, Fort Worth, O'Daniel dwells not so much on the sale of his Hillbilly Flour as on the better human emotions. Let some unfortunate individual be called to his

attention and at the last minute he has been known to re-write his entire program. When reminded by his wife, who also acts as his secretary, that he has forgotten to include a commercial announcement he'll say, "Yes, I know, but I have four programs a week to peddle my flour and this unfortunate needs my help now!"

In accomplishing such unselfish work the O'Daniel entertainers, known as the Hillbilly Boys, have trekked hundreds of miles throughout Texas and visited such institutions as hospitals, old-age homes and the penitentiary many times. His frequent visits to such institutions have afforded him sources of inspiration for many of his songs and poems, some of his better known songs being "Beautiful Texas," "Texas Centennial March," "Your Own Sweet Darling Wife" and "Someone in Heaven Is Thinking of You."

His better known poems are "The Boy Who Never Got Too Big to Comb His Mother's Hair" and "God's Potted Flowers." Each song and poem has

a human heart-throb story behind it. The tears of a wayward son or daughter, the boy's lost dog, a widow's sorrow. His mail is filled daily with requests for prayers, poems and songs to be dedicated to certain unfortunates with the hope of their salvation.

Several weeks ago his listeners began a "O'Daniel For Texas Governor Campaign." In characteristic fashion O'Daniel stated that "I am no politician—merely a plain citizen of humble birth. What would you do in my case?"

The reply came back in the form of 54,900 letters from O'Daniel fans. Letters came from ten states, from Canada and Mexico. Only four letters were adverse to O'Daniel running for Texas Governorship!

His announcement to run for the office was made April 24, 1938 over WBAP and Dr. J. Leslie Finnell, Fort Worth, offered a benediction. Just four years previous, Dr. Finnell had offered a benediction over the head of one James V. Allred, now retiring after his second term as Texas Governor.



Hollywood-bound are the GOLDEN WEST COWBOYS. These famous WSM Grand Ole Opry stars will make a movie with Gene Autry for Republic Pictures before returning to WSM. Left to right: Pee Wee King, Abner Simms, Texas Daisy, Cowboy Jack Skaggs, Milton Estes and Curley Rhodes.



You can hear this four-some on the WHAS Early Morning Jamboree daily from 6:45 to 7:45. Left to right, they are Walter Leverett, Arnold Hyles, Vernon Hyles (seated) and George Hughes.



Beautiful and talented as well is Edna June Jump, WOAI musical leader and popular Texas personality.



The "Story Book Land" adventures of Sunshine, flanked on the left by Sargent Jimmy and on the right by Captain Dunn have thrilled countless kiddies who listen to the Pepper Cadets over WFAA.

RURAL RADIO ROUNDUP



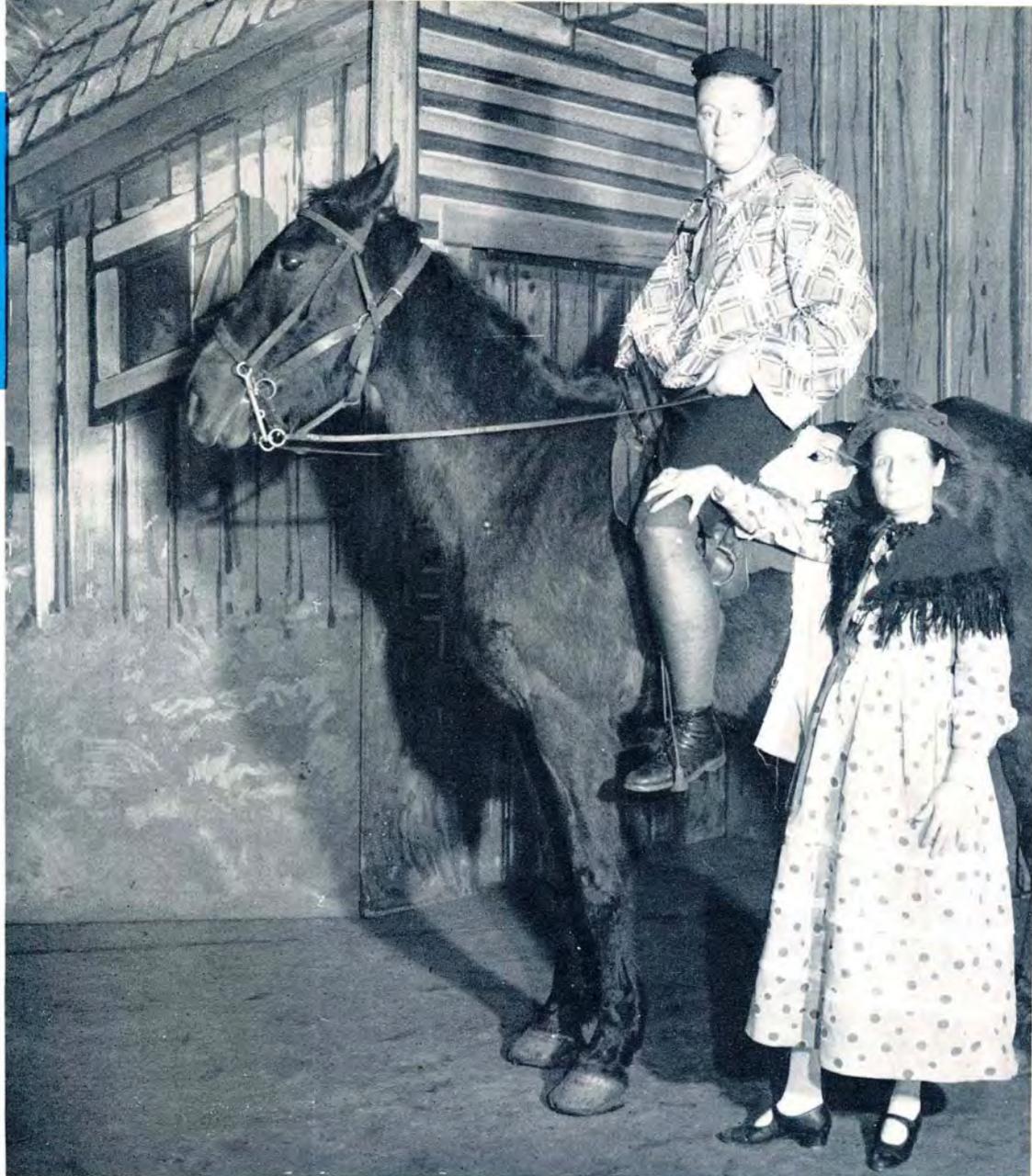
Your Musical Host for the melodic Melodiers at WOAI is smiling Jean Sarli.



Probably no man in the radio industry has more on his mind at one time than Charles Siver-son, WHAM's Program Director, Musical Director and Arranger, who not only schedules a program and conducts the music but also arranges the musical score.



One of radio's youngest and most charming is six-year-old Ann O'Dell, who plays Mary Elizabeth in WOAI's "Helen's Home" series.



Aunt Idy and Little Clifford, who weighs well over 200 pounds and stands over six feet in his stocking feet, are favorites with the "Renfro Valley Barn Dance" fans. Although Little Clifford never talks, Aunt Idy says enough for both during each Saturday night broadcast over WLW and the Mutual network at 9 p.m., EST.



The Coon Creek Gals, left to right, Violet, Rosie, Lily Mae and Daisy, are featured on the Renfro Valley Barn Dance, heard over WLW and the Mutual network.



They practice what they preach. This is the cast of the Coffee Pot Inn, heard over WHO and the wireless network. Seated are Kay Neal (Sugar), Cliff Carl (Philbert McNutt) and Dick Anderson, author-producer and master of ceremonies.

Anyone can read part of this sign. But it takes an expert to know that the flasher on the neon sign is so set that it spells out in Morse code dots and dashes which continually identify the station as WHO.



Winner of the 1938 National Hill Billy Tournament is in this corner. Left to right are Frankie Krajcir, "Pappy" Cheshire, leader of the gang, and Skeets Yaney. That is "Banjo Murphy" McClees, kneeling. You can hear "Pappy" Cheshire and his gang over KMOX any morning at 5:30.



Recently chosen singing mascot for WBAP's Lightcrust Doughboys is 14-year-old Charles Burton, seen here with Parker Willson, master of ceremonies.



SWEET AS A SONG and pretty as this picture is Nedra Gordenier, soloist with the WHAS orchestra.



ATLANTA'S MIGHTY ATOM, tennis star Bitsey Grant, (right) talks things over with WSB's Frank Gilreath on the Atlanta Journal Editorial Hour.



Smiling Jack and His Missouri Mountaineers, featured WSM stars, Saturday night and frequently in the mornings. Left to right, Leader Jack Shook, Nap Bastien, Mack McGarr, Dee Simmons, and Elbert McEwen.



This "The Happy Family" of the Future Farmers of America is heard regularly on the NBC Farm and Home Hour each second Monday. Left to right: William Shaffer (Jack), Vera Neely (Mother), J. A. Linke (Dad), Clark Nicholson (Joe), Vivion Anidon (Dot), and W. A. Ross, Director.



Jolly Joe Kelly is a favorite among millions as jovial master of ceremonies of the National Barn Dance, originating at WLS and heard over the NBC network.

RURAL RADIO ROUNDUP



The singing "Mr. and Mrs." of WLS are as pleasant to look at as to listen to. They are Don and Helen Bush.



Silent screen star talks. At least Colleen Moore talked plenty when Ernest Rogers led her to a WSB microphone.



FARM RADIO HIGHLIGHTS

For the Month of June

The National Farm and Home Hour will feature the following special broadcasts over the NBC-Blue network during June:

June 1—Home Demonstration Day program.

June 3—Conservation Day; dramatic sketch portraying the life of Theodore Roosevelt and his contributions to the conservation movement.

June 4—National 4-H Club program; United States Marine Band.

June 10—Report on convention of the National Fertilizer Association.

June 11—American Farm Bureau Federation program.

June 13—Future Farmers of America broadcast; United States Army Band.

June 15—Broadcast from the campus of the University of West Virginia.

June 18—National Grange program; United States Army Band.

June 20—Broadcast from National 4-H Club Camp, Washington, D. C.

June 25—Farmers Union program.

June 27—The 3000th broadcast of the Farm and Home Hour will be aired.

The Farm and Home Hour is heard each week day at 10:30 a. m. CST (11:30 a. m. CDST) over the NBC-Blue network.

OVER THE CRACKER BARREL

Lulu Belle and Sky and Scotty, stars of the WLS National Barn Dance, plan to spend part of their vacation at their cabin home in the mountains near Ingalls, North Carolina.

Down there, among Scotty's "home-folks" their mailbox reads "Mr. and Mrs. Scott Wiseman." Of course their little two-year-old child, Linda Lou will go along with them. There is an unconfirmed rumor that this famous Barn Dance pair will go to Hollywood to make a picture later this summer.

You can take this with a grain of salt, but on what purports to be reliable authority, we learn that Senor Gene Baugh, musical director of the weekly WBAP Latin-American programs dips his baton in chili sauce before each broadcast! Just for atmosphere!

Speaking of food, did you ever hear of a "Dana Dozen"? Down at WSB, staff members get their butter and eggs from Dana Waters who is heard with Penelope Penn every morning at eight o'clock. Dana raises chickens and ducks and sells the eggs to the WSBees. And when he finds a new customer he slips a duck egg in each dozen of hen eggs, just to "cinch" the sale, he says.

The Duke of Paducah and the Girls of the Golden West can now be heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System through WGN or WLW, at 10:30 Eastern Daylight Time.

Listeners to WSM on Parade, heard Mondays at 9:30 Central Time, have been swamping Announcer Tom Stewart for pictures of his new baby which he somehow just can't "stop talking about." He's now taking pictures of it every four weeks, so when young Tom grows up he can give him a photographic parade of his growth

into manhood, month by month. Not a bad idea, if you've got a camera.

By the way: We're happy to announce the arrival of a baby girl in the home of Mrs. Paul Rose, better known as Patsy Montana of the WLS Prairie Ramblers. This is her second daughter.

Frank Seibold of WHAM's Music Department spends his spare time building model ships.

We hear from San Antonio that Edna Jump's mother has outdistanced most of the staff in recent popularity surveys. Reason? When June comes over to conduct her Musical Missionaries at 9:15 each Sunday evening, she brings a basketful of old-fashioned cookies her mother makes for the WOAI staff members.

Three singing cowboys rode out of the West on sturdy cow ponies two week ago to cross the continent from Hollywood to New York over trails blazed by American pioneers in covered wagon days.

They are the Ranch Boys, one of America's most popular radio trios, great favorites on the Farm and Home Hour. They will broadcast from the various cities on their 2,875 mile route eastward. June 11 will find them in Denver; June 18 North Platte, Nebraska; June 25 Omaha and July 2, Des Moines.

Here's the answer to what's become of Asher and Little Jimmie, famous father and son radio performers who have been heard from WFAA, WHO, WHAS, WSM, and more recently, KDKA. Asher and Jimmie are now on the NBC Blue network, giving Eastern listeners a treat. You may hear them any Thursday afternoon on NBC Blue at 3:15 Eastern Daylight Time.

Hank and Herb, WHAM's favorite rural program, continues to pack 'em in at the Saturday night broadcast. Radio friends from all over Western and Central New York drive over to see the boys do their seven P.M. show.

From the Technical Service Editor

W. C. Watson, Fort Gaines, Ga.

Question—Will a large aerial wire of smooth, solid type give better radio performance than the small stranded types?

Answer—At broadcast frequencies, Mr. Watson, there is no choice between the two kinds, so far as electrical performance is concerned.

E. Puckett, Gal, New Mexico.

Question—I am using a 500-foot, ¼-inch steel cable for my aerial. One end is tied to the top of a 100-foot steel oil derrick. By using the cable and the derrick combined my reception is better. Why?

Answer—Mr. Puckett, this is a rather crude form of a very well recognized and extremely efficient receiving antenna, known as a *wave antenna*. You will no doubt find that you receive stations best which are in line with the *direction of the wire*. Reception from the stations whose direction is at right angles to the wire will probably not be very good.

RURAL RADIO for June



Livestock Markets

5:30-6:10 A.M.	WLS (870)
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
8:28 A.M. (Livestock receipts and hog flash)	WLS (870)
9:15 A.M.	WBAP (800)
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
10:00-10:05 A.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:45 A.M.	WFAA (800)
11:50-12:00 Noon (Market review by Dave Swanson of Chicago producers)	WLS (870)
12:35 P.M.	WHAS (820)
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
12:35-12:45 P.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
2:15-2:30 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)



Farm News and Views

6:30 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
7:15 A.M. (Pete 'nd Joe)	WHAM (1150)
9:15 A.M. (Georgia State Bureau of Markets, conducted by Mrs. Robin Wood)	WSB (740)
11:30 A.M. (Texas Farm and Home Program from Texas A. & M. College)	WFAA (800)
11:30-11:45 A.M. (Texas Farm and Home Hour)	WOAI (1190)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:45-12:15 P.M. (Dinnerbell Program)	WLS (870)
12:00 Noon	WHO (1000)
12:15 P.M. (Voice of the Farm)	WHO (1000)
12:15-12:30 P.M. (College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky)	WHAS (820)
12:15 P.M. (4-H Club Meeting)	WHAM (1150)
12:15-12:30 P.M. (Lord Burlingham)	WLS (870)

12:15-12:30 P.M. (Voice of the Farm)	WLS (870)
12:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
12:30 P.M. (Bill Burnett's Farm Scrapbook)	WSM (650)
12:30-12:35 P.M. (Voice of the Feedlot)	WLS (870)
12:30-12:35 P.M. (Cornbelt Peeper)	WLS (870)
12:45 P.M. (Farming in Dixie—Extension Service of Georgia's College of Agriculture)	WSB (740)
1:00 P.M. (Agricultural Conservation)	WHO (1000)

Grain Reports



6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
7:00 A.M. (Liverpool Cotton and Grain)	WFAA (800)
9:20 A.M.	WBAP (800)
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:45 A.M.	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M.	WFAA (800)
12:30-12:45 P.M.	WHAS (820)
12:50-12:57 P.M. (F. C. Bisson from Dept. of Agriculture)	WLS (870)
2:15-2:30 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
2:25 P.M.	WBAP (800)
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)
4:45 P.M.	WSM (650)

Weather Broadcasts



5:30 A.M.	WLS (870)
5:45 A.M. (Charlie Smithgall's "Morning Merry-Go-Round")	WSB (740)
6:30-7:00 A.M. (Dial-A-Smile)	WOAI (1190)
7:00 A.M.	WHO (1000)
7:00 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
7:00 A.M.	WSM (650)
7:02 A.M.	WFAA (800)
7:15 A.M.	WSB (740)
9:00 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
9:00 A.M.	WSM (650)
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)

11:30 A.M.	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:50 A.M.	WFAA (800)
12:00 Noon	WSB (740)
12:05 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
12:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
12:30 P.M. (Jack Sprat News Reporter)	WHO (1000)
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
12:40 P.M.	WHAS (820)
2:15-2:30 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)
3:30 P.M. (Betsy Ross and News Bulletins)	WHO (1000)
5:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
5:30 P.M.	WHO (1000)
6:00 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
6:30 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
10:00 P.M.	WHO (1000)
11:00 P.M.	WHAM (1150)

Program Highlights of Interest to Women

What to Serve Today	WHO	9:30 A.M.
Mary Lee Taylor	WHAS	9:00 A.M.
Coffee Pot Inn	WHO	8:00 A.M.
Enid Day (Dept. store reporter)	WSB	9:30 A.M.
May I Suggest	WHO	9:00 A.M.
The Party Line	WOAI	11:00 A.M.
Modern Homemakers	WFAA	10:30 A.M.
Bureau of Missing Persons	WHO	11:55 P.M.
Leona Bender's Woman's Page of the Air	WOAI	9:00-9:15 A.M.
Mrs. Winifred S. Bell	WSB	10:15 A.M.
Homemaker's Hour—Conducted by Ann Hart	WLS	1:15-2:00 P.M.
Ann Ford—A Woman Looks at the News	WSM	3:00 P.M.
Peggy Tudor	WOAI	9:00-9:45 A.M.
Penelope Penn	WSB	8:00 A.M.
Women Only—Conducted by Hazel Cowles	WHAM	11:45 A.M.
Georgia Women's Markets—Mrs. Robin Wood	WSB	9:15 A.M.
Betty and Bob	WHAS	2:00 P.M.; 12:00 Noon
Home Folks—Conducted by Ethel Strong	WOAI	9:00-9:15 A.M.
Helen's Home	WBAP	8:30 A.M.
Our Book—Conducted by Mrs. A. V. Fitzgerald	WOAI	5:15-5:30 P.M.
Courtney Carrell	WFAA	11:00 A.M.
Betty Crocker	WHO	12:45 P.M.

Two Country Boys Take to the Air

PIE PLANT PETE
AND
BASHFUL HARMONICA JOE

It's just as Herb Higgins was sayin' the other day—"most of the hillbilly teams on the air today are just city dudes slicked up in store clothes and puttin' on an act." However, with due respect to Herb, there is always an exception to any rule and WHAM has the exception to this one in the presence of "Pie Plant" Pete and "Bashful Harmonica" Joe—a couple of rustic sod-busters if there ever were two.

By ART KELLEY

On WHAM Monday through Saturday at 7:15 A.M., (E.S.T.) the boys do a bang-up job presenting cowboy and hillbilly songs, harmonica solos, duets and novelties; gay humor and amusing imitations.

Pie Plant Pete and *Bashful Harmonica Joe* (Claud Moyer and Joseph Troyan, respectively) are from the Central states—Illinois and Ohio to be exact. Both fellas started out on farms and gave up country life to get an easy "city job." As Pete says, "I left the farm because I didn't like gettin' up early. When I landed my first radio job I had to be on the air every morning at six o'clock."

Harmonica Joe as a boy spent his spare time playing the harmonica and studying barnyard sounds. After winning first prize in every amateur contest around his neck of the woods he auditioned for *Rudy Vallee* at Cleveland. His luck held and Rudy picked him with six others from a thousand contestants. From there he joined with Lum and Abner and later worked with Bradley Kincaid.

Why Joe Is Bashful

Why do they call Joe bashful? Well, during one of his earlier stage appearances he was actually stricken with stage fright that he swallowed convulsively ever few seconds, making his little red bow tie bob absurdly up and down. He clung to the stage drapes and acted like a bashful boy appearing in public for the first time. His audience roared with laughter and Joe decided that it was such a good stunt that he would keep the business in the show as "regular routine."

PIE PLANT PETE



BASHFUL JOE

While doing a radio program at *WTAM* Pete met Joe. The two boys got along so well that they decided to form a team. From *WTAM* the trail led to *WBZ*, Boston, where they stayed for nearly two years. The fall of 1937 saw Pete and Joe knocking on the front door of *WSYR*, Syracuse. The management seemed glad to see the boys and they went to work, staying there about a year. All this time Pete 'n Joe were spending spare time playing every theatre, town hall, school auditorium and Grange hall in their vicinity. It was just last November that they played twenty-nine straight theatre dates.

As for the rest of the boys' history—well it's more or less just the same as yours or mine. Every morning just before their program they take a few minutes out and sorta talk things over. During years of playing and traveling they have built up a lively store of experiences and stories.

As for hobbies . . . *Joe's* most active hobby is sending his mother a picture postcard of every town or city that he performs in. His mother has a large album in which she saves the cards. He also likes to take pictures of interesting spots that he visits. *Pete* says his hobby is a big steak smothered in fried onions, and French fries. He also likes to play golf, write songs, play bridge and drive his car.

Joe has spent seven hundred dollars in the past six years just on harmonicas. He carries the first silver dollar he ever earned, and, when time permits, likes to visit zoos. *Joe* does about a hundred imitations that range all the way from the sound of a rusty hand pump to the cry of a new-born baby. He also plays the harmonica, being considered one of the country's finest players.

Pete is lucky at cards . . . plays golf in the low eighties . . . plays the guitar . . . sings like a Nightingale (or is it a Barn Owl?) has played before an audience of twenty-one thousand people and plays the harmonica a close second to *Joe*.

The mail man is always glad to reach *WHAM* for it is always possible to leave behind a big bag of mail addressed to *P.* and *J.* Aside from fan letters and requests, the mail frequently contains candy, cigars, cigarettes and linens of all kinds. As a feature of each morning program *Joe* does an imitation of perking up a pot of coffee. Listeners like the trick and send *Joe* all kinds of do-dickies to assist him in making the morning brew. Among the gifts are numerous hot pads, percolator pads, aprons, bibs and dust caps.

A book could be written about Pete and Joe but the boys are too busy making radio history to write about it for awhile.

FAMILY GOSSIP

By PEGGY STEWART

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

Bradley Kincaid of WTAM was born in Garrard County, Ky. Was always anxious to have an education; entered sixth grade when 19 years old and finished high school at the age of 26 after being overseas in the World War. Started in radio at WLS on the Barn Dance program while a student at YMCA College in Chicago—has been on WLW and WGY, Schenectady—married and has four children: Alene, Barbara, Billy and Jimmy—is heard daily at 7:00 A.M. from WTAM, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Adelia L. Shaffer, Sandy Ridge, N. C.:

I am answering some of your questions here and will write you the rest later. The Vagabonds are all married. Texas Daisy is unmarried, as are the Lakeland Sisters. Roy Shaffer is not on the air now. We gave his home address last month, and you see in the thumbnail sketch that you can hear Bradley Kincaid at 7:00 A.M. from station WTAM.

Miss Blanch Jordan, Scranton, S. C.:

Clayton McMitchean and his Georgia Wildcats are not broadcasting at present, according to our information. Curly Fox is heard every morning at 6:45 from WAPI in Birmingham.

Miss Madge Cochran, Talking Rock, Ga.:

Sometimes the information is not available about whether artists are married, so we can tell you only about those we are sure of. The Delmore Brothers are both married and Alton has a little girl four years old. They all have red hair and blue eyes. Pop Eckler of WSB is thirty-two years old and Kay Woods of his gang is twenty-four.

Miss Florence Baker, Laurel Creek, Ky.:

Cousin Emmy's Band is a favorite of so many people that I am answering your question about them here. Joy May White (Cousin Emmy) was born in Lamb, Ky., on March 14, 1911; has blue eyes and blond hair; is 5 ft. 5 inches tall and weighs 126 pounds. She is unmarried.

Alfred K. Creasy was born in Sugarsville, Tenn., on May 16, 1913, has blue eyes, light brown hair, is six feet tall and weighs 180 pounds.

Owen J. Kissinger was born at Fairchance, Pa., Sept. 3, 1914, has brown

eyes and sandy hair; is five feet nine inches tall and weighs 158 pounds. He plays the guitar.

Bynum Googe was born in Cranberry, N. C., October 3, 1921, has brown hair and eyes, is five feet nine inches tall and weighs 128 pounds. He plays bass and guitar.

Arthur Kissinger was born in Fairchance, Pa., December 16, 1918, has brown eyes and red hair, and is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 138 pounds.

Fred Herran was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on December 1, 1918, has brown eyes and red hair; is five feet five inches tall and weighs 143 pounds. He plays fiddle and bass fiddle.

Mrs. Clare Gividen, English, Ky.:

The Coon Creek Girls of WLW are not sisters but they all come from the same part of Ky., the original Renfro valley section. Aunt Idy is not related to them either. Sunshine Sue and Johnny of WHAS are married in real life.

Mrs. John Brit, Louisville, Ky.:

Joe Eaton of WHAS will not be singing any songs on the Ky. Play Party, but you can hear him as master of ceremonies on Monday evenings in a new program called "Spotlighting the News."

Miss Ruth Bowles, Litchfield, Ill.:

We suggest that you write the Pickard Family in care of NBC in Hollywood. They have been there for a short while and even if they have left when you write, they will have a forwarding address at that studio. Just address them in care of the National Broadcasting Co., Hollywood, Cal.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH OF OUR COVER GIRL

Louisiana Lou of WHO was born in Shady Dell, Miss., May 18, 1907—real name is Eva May Greenwood—majored in music at Clark Memorial College, Newton, Miss., and taught high school music at Jayton, Miss.—started in radio at WJDK, Jackson, Miss.—joined WHO five years ago when auditioned on a visit to sister in Des Moines—gets homesick for the South, and loves grits and gravy—has unaffected Southern drawl—honorary member of American Legion Auxiliary because of voluntary appearances at VFW broadcasts and in Veterans' hospitals—married—calls her husband "Dutch."

Dear Friends: The mail-bag gets bigger every day, and more and more questions continue to roll in, which makes me very glad indeed. That's what I'm here for—to answer all your questions, and I'll do my best to answer them as quickly as possible. That's where those stamped, self-addressed envelopes you've been sending me come in handy. They mean I can write all of you that I don't have space for on this page. So, thank you for helping me. And don't forget to send along any suggestions you might have as to how I can better answer your questions in this column.

*Sincerely yours,
Peggy Stewart*

Mrs. Ben O'Callaghan, Blue Springs, Miss.:

The last we heard of Al Bernard, he was in New York City and was not broadcasting at that time. He can be reached by mail in care of the National Broadcasting Co., in that city.

Miss Ethel Jackson, Reedsburg, Wis.:

Jerry Smith of WHO was born in Annapolis, Maryland, July 15, 1911. He is unmarried. George Gobel of KMOX is unmarried and was born in Chicago. The Texas Drifter does not reveal his real name and he is a "hobo" in so far as he never stays at one place very long at a time. We have not been able to locate the Callahan Brothers since they left the Log Cabin Boys of WWVA in Wheeling, W. Va. The Pickard children's ages are as follows: Bub Obed, Jr., 28; Ruth, 26; Charlie, 21; Ann, 14; Bub's baby, 3.

Your questions about Louisiana Lou and Cousin Emmy are answered elsewhere on this page.

Mrs. J. E. Ricks, Gracey, Ky.:

Roy Acuff of WSM was born Sept. 15, 1907 in Maynardville, Tenn., and was graduated from Central High School at Fountain City, Tenn. He is married and has no children. He says he has always been interested in Hill Billy music. He organized the Smoky Mountain Boys six years ago and they have been together ever since. Went to WSM from WROL in Knoxville. Previous to being in radio, Roy worked as call boy for the L.&N. Railroad and as a levelman for the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Mrs. Effie Mitchell, San Augustine, Tex.:

The O'Neill program is heard at 12:15 central standard time since the time change.



The Party Line

By Marjorie Arnold



BEAUTY BEHIND THE SCENES

Who says that radio artists are the only ones capable of taking the limelight? Here are two pretty Misses that help to make your WOAI programs more enjoyable. Joyce Williams (left) and Mary Harvey are members of the WOAI staff.

Joyce prepares for hot summer days in a navy linen trimmed with touches of white. Her off-the-face halo hat is of rough straw with the new "chin strap"; her stitched bag of navy kid; navy and white cotton gloves; and open-toed pumps of navy and white kid.

Mary preserves that "cool as a cucumber" look in a soft black-sheer-and-print combination ensemble. Practical for wearing in town or traveling, this dress may be assembled into three outfits. Her brimmed hat is of white baku linen straw; bag and shoes of white kid.

Wheaties Announcer, Allen Stout, on WHAS, is no mean cook, and his favorite dish, when he hies to the kitchen is what he calls "Good Little Cakes."

Here's the recipe: 1 egg white, beaten stiff; ½ cup sugar, folded into the egg; ¼ cup nut-meats; ½ cup cocoanut; ¼ teaspoon vanilla and 1 cup Wheaties, folded into the sugar and egg mixture. Drop by teaspoonful on a greased baking sheet and bake in a very slow oven, about 15 minutes.



An enamel saucepan that has been burned should be filled with strong salt water and allowed to soak a few hours. Then, if covered tightly and brought slowly to the boiling point, the burned particles will come off without difficulty. Deep spots curl off when dried over the fire.

* * *

Salmon colored electric light globes will keep bugs from congregating around the outside doors. Used in your reading lamp, they'll keep those little green bugs from annoying you.

* * *

To clean and polish copper, for a dull finish, clean the piece with a paste of rottenstone and linseed oil. For a bright finish, polish with fine whiting and alcohol. When dry, polish with a soft cloth. Treat brass and pewter in the same way.

* * *

Keep a roll of paper towels in your kitchen. They're handy for draining grease from bacon, French fried potatoes, fritters and so on. Mop up spilled liquids with them. Dry fruit and vegetables on them. Polish glasses with them and clean the top of the stove.

* * *

A piece of charcoal in an icebox will absorb all the food odors, while a pan of hot water will hasten the defrosting process.

* * *

If you want to boil a cracked egg, rub it with butter. Though we speak of "boiling" eggs, they should be "cooked" below boiling temperature, not boiled.



Mrs. Winifred S. Bell, WSB's domestic economist, makes some chicken chow mein according to her own recipe, printed below.

CHICKEN CHOW MEIN

Boil until tender a 4-pound fowl in water to cover, adding one-half pound of spinach and three sprigs of parsley for flavoring. Or use left-over chicken.

Boil a package of medium-width noodles in a large amount of salted water. When tender pour into a colander and let stand 15 or 20 minutes, shaking occasionally to let the steam escape. When well-drained, fry a few at the time in deep vegetable oil, draining on paper towels to remove excess grease.

Both noodles and chicken can be prepared the day before, if a hurry-up meal is desired.

Cook one cupful of onions, cut in quarter-inch slices, and two cupfuls of sliced celery, in four teaspoonfuls of vegetable oil. When just warm through, add the chicken, which has been cooled and cut into strips, and cook together only five minutes, as the vegetables should retain much of their original crispness.

Serve the vegetables and chicken on a bed of fried noodles, and pour over them a sauce made of two cupfuls of strained chicken stock, flavored with two tablespoons of soy sauce and thickened with three tablespoons of flour which has been made into a paste with a little cold water.

An appropriate garnish may be easily made by beating two eggs slightly and pouring them over a tablespoonful of vegetable oil in a hot frying pan. Cook slowly until set and dry, then turn out onto a board and cut into long narrow strips. Pile them neatly on top of the chow mein in regular order as cut.

Chicken chow mein is best served with rice.

HOMEMAKER ANN HART'S "PIE SUPREME"

Perhaps you've made pie crusts with crushed vanilla wafers, or the more familiar graham cracker crumbs. Well, just try this one made from crushed chocolate cookie crumbs! Yumie!



The following recipe will make two pies, and you'll need them both when the family once gets a taste. Besides, while you're at it, it's as simple to make two as one.

Take 1 pound of plain chocolate cookies and grind them through the food-chopper. Reserve 2 tablespoonfuls for the top of the pie. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of butter and mix with cookie crumbs. Line the pie tins, pressing the cookie mixture firmly against the sides of the tin. Bake in a slow oven—250 degrees—for 15 minutes; then allow to cool.

Here is the pie filling. Dissolve 2 tablespoonfuls of gelatin in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water. Add 1 cup of boiling water and 1 cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt. Cool. Add 5 egg whites which have been beaten very stiff and $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of whipping cream ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cups measured before beating) and vanilla flavoring. Sprinkle the chocolate crumbs you have reserved over the top of the pies.

If your family doesn't "Oh! and Ah!" when they taste this dessert, there must be something wrong with your family.



PRETTY, PETITE, PRACTICAL!

Petite Lucille Hodge, soloist on the Skeets Morris Band program, heard over WHAS Mondays through Saturdays at 8:00 A.M. and on the Saturday Night Kentucky Play Party, made a wise and becoming summer shopping selection in the model pictured here. The entire ensemble combines the colors of Beige and British Tan—and psst!!—the little lady is a real shopper—hat, bag, slippers and dress cost her slightly under ten dollars.



Rural Radio's DADDY GANDER

A Page for Children



DEAR GRANDMA

Grandma's curls show 'neath her cap
Soft and fair;
And she nods and takes a nap
In her chair.
And her dress is full of puffs,
Lacy collar, also cuffs,
And she has some dimples where
Something kissed and left them there
Long ago.

When I'm sitting on her lap
In the gloom,
I can feel her smile, for that
Fills the room,
And her tales I love the best,
They're so different from the rest,
All about the time you see
When she was a child like me
Long ago.

Have you got a grandma, too?
"Ain't" she fine?
I just know I couldn't do
Without mine.
When she's sitting in her chair
You should see us gather there.
She's an angel on the place,
Beautiful in soul and face—
Dear Grandma.

JUNE

The pretty red Clover which covered
the field
Said to me on a bright summer
morn,
"The field will grow richer because I
am here,
Next year they will plant it in corn.
"The honey-bees tell what fine honey
I make,
Of course, I make splendid hay, too,
I think I'm as useful as I can well
be,"
Said pretty Red Clover—, "don't
you?"



AMELIA

Our cow is named Amelia,
She's the shade of reddish mud;
Her jaws are always working
'Cause she's chewing on her cud.
She's not so very pretty,
For she's clumsy and so wide,
Her hip-bones stick way up,
And they make valleys in her side.

Then too, it's not attractive much,
That long old tail of hers,
The end is like a bristle brush,
Stuck full of cockle burrs;
She gets them in the thicket
Where she wanders every day
To nibble grass, and find herself
The coolest place to stay.

Amelia hasn't any horns,
And never had I 'spose,
She wears a bell hung on her neck
To tell us where she goes,
When she comes home at night her
bag
Is big as it can be,
It holds just gallons full of cream
And milk,—you ought to see!!



We can put our books away
For school is out for keeps today.
No more lessons will we get
Are we happy—boy, you bet!!!

© 1938 Daddy Gander—Through Special arrangements with Maude McGeehan Hankins, author.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

WITH

George Dewey Hay

(The Solemn Old Judge)



Howdy, Neighbors:

It seems to us that one of the most important problems in this world is to find the right job for the right person and in this connection we express the opinion that parents will do well to let their children choose their own life-work, within reason, of course. The unhappiness caused by those who are trying to do things for which they are utterly unfitted is far-reaching on the left side of the ledger. This situation is undoubtedly found in all lines of endeavor, but particularly is it prevalent in the field of the arts. The urge for expression in the entertainment line sometimes rises to a point of frenzy but after things cool down, and they usually do, it is discovered that there was reason behind all of the to-do. Sometimes we go at things with hammer and tongs when the calm use of intelligence would serve much better.

A few days ago we received a letter from a gentleman whose attitude set forth therein was the exception which proves the rule. *He told us that if his son showed up at our station to send him home, because he didn't want any performers in his family!* Sure enough in a day or two the youngster, who has not reached his majority, made formal application for an audition. Of course we complied with his father's request. The boy may have talent or he may not have it as a performer, but it is a certainty that he has talent for something useful and one of the best ways for him to find out is to try. Old Mother Nature knows what she's about. Water running down a hill finds its way around all sorts of obstructions and finally gets to the creek or the river regardless of the way you or I think and do about it.

Judging from our experience over a period of years the before-mentioned case is one in ten thousand. Our problem in radio is to say no at the right time, because we receive applications by the score each day. The spotlight, like its cousin, the arc light, attracts many strange and curious subjects, many of which are temporarily dazzled. There are a number of people in the show business who should be in other lines of work and the same rule holds good in other fields. We may be wrong in our assumption, but we believe that nobody ever made good in his or her job without liking it. Otherwise there is no interest and without interest there cannot be success. When we are able to do our work so easily that it seems almost like play, we are usually doing a good job. In speaking about working on a certain radio show a youngster who has attained the ripe age of fourteen said: "Why, you don't call that work, do you?" The performer's job was so smooth and easily done that it did not seem like work to the child, which proves that work should not be

drudgery nor careless, but easily, yet thoughtfully done. All of which points out that those of us who have children should realize that they have their own lives to lead and must be guided but never driven along the right road. History is filled with cases where great men and women had severe parental opposition to the work which brought them unusual success and in many cases, fame.

We are delighted to receive a few verses from our good friend, Dad Short, of Dallas, Texas, which are as follows:

When poppies grow upon my grave
After I've been called to die,
I care not for the poet's pen
To laud me to the sky.

I care not for a monument
That points up toward the sun,
To tell the passing traveler
Of the deeds that I have done.

I care not for an epitaph
That starts off with "Here lies,"
Nor any of the other things
They write when a fellow dies.

The things I want most of all
When this life I do depart,
Is for a dear friend like you
To say, "His name is written on my heart."

Dad Short is one of Nature's noblemen and one of the reasons for it is that he has always stayed close to the ground. He's never been cured of the farming fever and proudly says that he never will. Few people can be called experts but Dad is one of them. What he doesn't know about farming hasn't been put down on paper. Furthermore he knows every other man, woman and child in that grand State of Texas. Good luck, Dad!

Radio has presented thousands of different broadcast features since KDKA opened the way in 1920. How many of us during childhood have thrilled at the whistle of a train? Even today with the advent of the air age, many of us love to hear that long, low moan, rising to a high pitched, piercing whistle, followed by the onrush of a locomotive and a dozen cars. The kid who runs down to the railroad crossing to see No. Nine go by knows what he's about, because No. Nine means drama to him. It means a change of pace. It enables us to go back to our job of shucking corn or running a bank, or what have you, with a little more pep.

But what we started to tell is the story of a particular broadcast of the L. & N.'s crack passenger train, the Pan American, which is a daily feature of WSM. Our transmitter home and tower is located about a half mile from the L. & N. tracks, twelve miles south of Nashville. Alongside the tracks near a wagon bridge sets a little shed with a microphone and its attendant equipment. Each evening one of our engineers occupies the shed before train time. When the Pan rounds the curve about a mile up the track, the operator gives the signal to the announcer on duty at the studios to begin his short talk which ends something like this: "And here is the Pan American . . ." All of this business went on the air the other evening but the Pan had to slow down for reasons of its own. The mike was blank for a quarter of a minute and then in place of the familiar sounds of the big train and its whistle, there appeared to the WSM audience the *cloppety-cloppety-clop* of old Dobbin crossing the bridge with a load of vegetables. This very friendly horse took his time, and the benefit of his easy and rhythmical stride showed us the progress made in transportation in the period of a few years. The moment the bridge was crossed the Pan steamed by in all of its glory making up the lost half minute.

WSB—ALL BACHELORS



Yes sir. All these boys on the Atlanta station are bachelors—every member of the WSB announcer's staff!

And all these boys on the Nashville station are married—every member of the WSM announcer's staff!

And they're happy—despite the cook book the bachelors are reading—and the book of dangerous title the WSM married men are reading.

WSM—ALL MARRIED



MONEY!

Everything
GOING OUT
Very Little
COMING IN

*Here's Your Chance
To Cash In!*

Money is a problem to a lot of folks right now! It just seems that there's not enough to meet all the demands of the family. That's why so many men and women are glad of the opportunity to add to their income materially by taking subscriptions to Rural Radio magazine.

You, too, can use some of your spare time profitably. Not full time work—just a few calls each day on your friends and neighbors. Or make several calls to them by phone. You'll be surprised at the results!

There is no money required for you to get started in this paying business. All that is necessary for you to do is to use this copy of Rural Radio as your sample, call on the folks in your neighborhood that do not subscribe to it, and let them see for themselves what a wonderful magazine it is! Be SURE to point out all the interesting pictures of their favorite radio stars—and all the fascinating stories about them!

This is the only radio magazine in America published exclusively for the rural listener—so be sure to tell your friends all about it! The subscription price is \$1.00 per year, and our commission to you is 20% (20c) on each order you secure. The work is easy. Try it and make some of that extra money you've always wanted!

Don't Delay! Act Now!

Write your name and address on a piece of paper—and below it list the names and addresses of the people whose subscriptions you take to Rural Radio. (Print or type names and addresses.)

For every subscription you take, send us 80c—you keep 20c. Address all letters to:

CIRCULATION MANAGER
RURAL RADIO, Inc.
418 Third National Bank Bldg.
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

SPRING WHITTLIN'S

By PAT BUTTRAM



Before ye try to keep up with th' family next door be shore they're goin' yore way.

They say ye can't teach a old dog new tricks . . . maybe ye could if ye knew more'n th' dog.

A blotter is somethin' ye're allus lookin' fer while th' ink is dryin' on th' paper.

If opertunity knocks at yore door . . . open it. But be shore ye shet th' back door first.

Sum people think they're opertunity itself, but opertunity knocks jist once while others are always knockin'.

If ye're a-gonna criticize a mule ye'd better do it to his face.

Yung men here's a good rool to fol-ler . . . What ye don't owe won't hurt ye.

About th' hardest fall a man kin git in this world is to fall over his own bluff.

It don't require no teachin' to larn economy these days. . . . It's jest like th' feller that larned to swim after he wuz pushed offa th' dock.

They say a woman's jaw is smaller than a man's. . . . If it is, it ain't from lack uv exersize.

Yourn til a worm bites a fish.
PAT.

BY PUBLIC DEMAND

RURAL RADIO does try to please its readers.

Particularly when so many readers down Louisiana, Texas, way wanted a picture of HAPPY FATS AND HIS RAYNE-BO RAMBLERS, who have been making quite a stir along the KVOL airwaves at Lafayette.

So here are the pictures of the boys, left to right: Nason Guidry ("Uncle Nason"), Robert Thibadeaux ("Bobbie"), Uncle Andrus, Orin Guidry ("Bookie"), Leroy LeBlanc ("Happy Fats") and Roy Romero ("Blackie").

Limerick Winners in Our First Month's Contest

Well, folk's, here are the winners! If you remember, last month we published the first four lines of a limerick and left the last one up to you. Our limerick went:

An up-to-date farmer named Jerry
To a radio milked in his dairy.
Bossy "fell" for the thing,
'Til it started to "swing."

Now we received a lot of last lines, and we had a hard time picking out the winner. The first prize of \$3.00 goes to:

Miss Lesta Brower
Route 1, Keota, Iowa

Miss Brower's last line:

"Then she swung!—new man necessary."

The second prize of \$2.00 is awarded to:

Mrs. Chester Mast
Route 2, Goshen, Indiana

The third prize of \$1.00 to:

Crisie Wilburn
Louisville, Tennessee

Five prizes, each one year subscrip-tion to RURAL RADIO, go to:

Mrs. H. H. Golay, Route 2, Hop-kinsville, Ky.

Alton Boone, Box 302, Lubbock, Texas

W. H. Fletcher, Carrollton, Geor-gia

Mrs. L. Morris Davis, 1015 Gar-field Ave., Springfield, Ohio

Mrs. Della Miller, Route 4, Ma-quoketa, Ia.

Congratulations to all you folks, and better luck next time to all the rest. We hope you have had as much fun writing the last lines as we had reading them.

Now, as you know, we offered another prize of \$3.00 to the person who sent in the best limerick. That

prize went to Miss Louise Knight, Beach Cove Ranch, Lampasse, Texas. We hope everyone feels like Miss Knight's limerick. Here 'tis:

We are up to the minute, I guess.
Do we take RURAL RADIO? Yes.
We read "Party Line"
Think "Whittlin's" are fine.
Why don't YOU send in your ad-dress?

I showed the pile of answers I got to the last month's contest to Editor "Ed," and he was so satisfied that he told me to offer the same number of prizes this month. Well that was swell, but it meant that I had to sit down and put on the old thinkin' cap again. I thought and thought; began to realize what a tough time you folks have in a contest like this, and then finally hit on these four lines:

The bow of a fiddler named Jule
Was made from the tail of a mule.
When he started to play,
He heard a loud bray

Fill in the last line. And for the best "fill-ins" we will give the follow-ing prizes:

- First Prize \$3.00
- Second Prize \$2.00
- Third Prize \$1.00

And then FIVE additional prizes of one full year's subscription to RURAL RADIO.

I am still looking for some limericks, 'cause I can't keep thinking them up forever. Whoever sends me one to use next month (that is, the best one) will receive \$3.00 in cash.

My work's all done now until you start sending in your last lines. So if you want to keep me off the relief roll, you better get to work at once. . . . Goodbye and don't forget to send your entries to: Limerick Editor, RURAL RADIO, Nashville, Tennessee.



RFD

RADIO FARM DIGEST

WE HELP AT THE DAIRY

We run a dairy and have to be on the job every day, so we depend on radio for our news and entertainment. You can see, therefore, how much RURAL RADIO means to us. . . . It gives us stories and pictures of stars we like best.

Mrs. Annie Swearinger, RFD 1, Palestine, Texas.

WE'LL NOT GO HOLLYWOOD

I enjoy the magazine very much for it contains more of the pictures of my favorite entertainers and not so much Hollywood stuff. Keep it that way.

Mildred Carlan, RFD 1, Elberton, Georgia.

We folks who live in the country don't often have the chance of visiting the radio stations. That's why we enjoy your magazine so much. . . . it's the next best thing to a personal introduction.

Miss Mona Davis, RFD 1, Worth-ington, Pennsylvania.

We are keeping each copy of RURAL RADIO. We think your magazine is tops. Keep up the good work. You have no idea what real enjoyment you are bringing people.

Vera Donelson, Beecher City, Illinois.

NOT A DRY PAGE IN IT

I want to send a word of appreciation for your excellent magazine. It is unique, far surpassing any other radio magazine. It is truly what rural listeners have been waiting for so long. RURAL RADIO hasn't a dry page in it.

Wilma Pate, 108 Matable St., West, Texas.

The RURAL RADIO Magazine is the Best book I have ever seen.

It has everything about radio And that is why I like it so.

The Solemn Old Judge, just look at him. He is Geo. D. Hay, of WSM.

The Judge sure is a fine looking man Standing there, with paper in hand.

The Delmore Brothers side by side. With big straw hats, with brims that are wide.

All dressed up like farmer boys Strumming the tunes we all enjoy.

There is Gordon Sizemore In a checked suit.

And little Betty sure is cute. Standing there with a great big smile.

I think she is a sweet little child.

I saw other pictures that were okay.

. . . wouldn't sell my remaining 8 issues for a \$1.00. . . . I hope to keep every one, even though they are worn, rubbed, and faded looking from so many people reading them.

Mrs. A. W. Scribner, Dermott, Texas.

SAYS WE'RE EASY MONKEYS!

I notice that both publisher and editor's initials are "E. M." Does this mean "Easy Monkey?" Well it should—for anyone giving out as fine a book as RURAL RADIO for a thin dime surely must be Easy Monkeys! Now don't get excited—I was only fooling about the monkey part, but you are giving us so much for so little, I don't see how you can afford to do it.

By the way—Mr. Easy Monkey Allen and Mr. Easy Monkey Kirby, by giving us RURAL RADIO, you're both big radio stars to us now! So let's have a look at the picture of our publisher and our editor. What say you, my lads?

Mrs. E. Bruce, Timber Ridge, Virginia.

Them that's mighty nice words, Mrs. Bruce. But we always were told that publishers should be heard and not seen . . . and editors are always funny looking people anyway. By the way, we're awfully sorry to say, but it looks like we're going to lose our editor next month. He's been called to Washington to do a big job for the National Association of Broadcasters in furthering the service of American Radio. Of course, it's a mighty big compliment to Rural Radio and to him too—but we hate to lose him. But he's given us a magazine worthy of carrying on and we shall try our best to take up where Editor Ed leaves off . . .

Was I surprised as I turned cover to cover through the pages of RURAL RADIO—the first copy I have ever seen! It's really swell.

I think Miss Daisy Burger has the right idea about putting some limericks in about different radio people we hear everyday. It's big fun to find out how many home-spun poets we have in this world today!

I wouldn't miss RURAL RADIO for anything in the world. I am passing it on to all my friends. They'll become subscribers too, when they see it.

Sincerely,

La, Donna Shaner, Bowling Green, Ohio.

CITY GAL LIKES US

Even though I'm a city gal,
I'd like to have you know
I'm right there with the news-stands
To get my RURAL RADIO.
I read it from cover to cover
A dozen times or so,
And I enjoy every bit
For RURAL RADIO'S all the go!

Sincerely,

Miss Hazel Bonnell, East Royalton St., Waupaca, Wisconsin.

RURAL RADIO is getting better all the time. Will it be too much to ask you to print some of the songs the radio stars sing? We would love to get copies of the songs our favorites sing—then we could sing along with them when they sing over the radio.

Miss Esther Daniel, Ruckersville, Virginia.

I have all four copies of RURAL RADIO bound. I got a ten-cent notebook, took the front and back cover off and use them as a binder so I can keep my RURAL RADIOS always, and enjoy them over and over again.

Mrs. J. B. Brown, Bridgeport, Texas.

ANOTHER BINDER

We have loaned our copy of RURAL RADIO around the neighborhood. Now we plan to make a book of RURAL RADIO and keep as an album of our radio friends. Can hardly wait for the next issue.

Mrs. J. C. Ricks, Gracey, Kentucky.

I spent a dime for the May issue of your magazine—first one I've ever seen. I am thrilled to death with it. So much so, here's my dollar for a whole year's subscription!

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Marvin Ray, Route 2, Mitchell, Indiana.

I like RURAL RADIO because it gives the pictures of my favorite radio entertainers which I have been unable to find in any other magazine. Here's my dollar for a year's subscription.

Believe me, nobody sold me on RURAL RADIO—after reading one copy, it sells itself.

Here's wishing success and prosperity to your new magazine.

Mildred A. Kelly, Box 35, Ushers, New York.

. . . wouldn't let a month pass without RURAL RADIO.

Mrs. Jos. L. Lineski, Fayette, Michigan.

. . . most entertaining magazine on the market.

Mrs. J. W. Bright, Route 1, Ragland, Alabama.

. . . can hardly wait from month to month for RURAL RADIO.

Edna Maye Barnes, Westerville, Ohio.

. . . your pictures are the clearest I've ever seen.

Fred Williams, Old Hickory, Tennessee.

. . . You have become a welcome visitor in our house month after month.

Mrs. Alice L. Hunter, Waldo, Ark.

What a pip of an issue you had for May! Mrs. Bertha Burkhardt, Kenvin, Kentucky.

RURAL RADIO'S REQUEST CORNER

RURAL RADIO wants to publish the pictures you want most to see. It wants also, to get on the air, the people, the songs, the information you want most to hear. So this Request Corner will be run in every issue. What pictures do you want us to publish in the RURAL RADIO Roundup Section?

(1) (2) (3)
What requests have you to make of your favorite program or radio artists? Please give station, name of program or artists, time of broadcast.

(1) (2) (3)

If more space is needed write us a letter. Signed
Address

Rural Radio will see to it that your requests reach the program or person concerned. . . . Cut out and mail to us:

RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE, Nashville, Tennessee

DR. FIX-IT



Duke Howard, Baxter, Ky.

Suggest you make sure you have a good antenna for your set, then if you still can't get results as good as the others, your set is in trouble. Take it to a service man for examination.

G. E. Bennett, 101 Main St., Lamar, Ark.

During daylight the field strength of WSM at Lamar, Arkansas, is very low due to attenuation and the distance. The same thing applies to WLW. Provided your location is quiet and you have a good antenna and ground the only solution to your problem would be more power at the transmitter. At night sky wave increases the signal and you get reception.

W. J. Shacklett, Hodgenville, Ky.

From your letter it appears that you must have bad variations in line voltage. First, you should have the power company check up on the voltage at your house to be sure it is not excessively high. Then you should have your radio service man check your antenna and ground system to be sure they are in good shape. When this has been done, if the interference continues it must be a power line noise which follows the high tension lines, and since you are so near them is quite annoying to your reception. Put it up to the power company to check upon it.

... And Hats Off to Bill Drips, Too ...

William (Bill) E. Drips, the genial Director of Agriculture for the National Broadcasting System and directly in charge of the National Farm and Home Hour which this month celebrates its 3,000th hour of broadcasting.

On June 27th this unprecedented record of radio service will be celebrated. Among the groups which will participate in the Anniversary program will be the United States Department of Agriculture, The National Grange, The American Farm Bureau Federation, The Farmer's Union, The National 4-H Clubs, Future Farmers of America, The Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities, and other organizations representing every phase of agriculture which has cooperated throughout the past nine years with NBC in presenting the daily Farm and Home Hour.



OLSEN FAMILY ORCHESTRA

Every member of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Olsen of Vernal, Utah, are in this Orchestra. Norma the youngest, age 4, plays drums.



NEXT MONTH

We are happy to announce two sparkling articles for next month's RURAL RADIO readers:

One—written by Bob Burns, himself . . . yes, sir—the old sage of Van Buren, Arkansas, has sat himself down to write a story exclusively for our readers. And its a wow, too!

And the second big feature we will have will be written by one generally recognized far and wide as the "daddy of agricultural" broadcasting, Mr. Frank Mullen.

So get ready folks for a real RURAL RADIO Fourth of July reading celebration!

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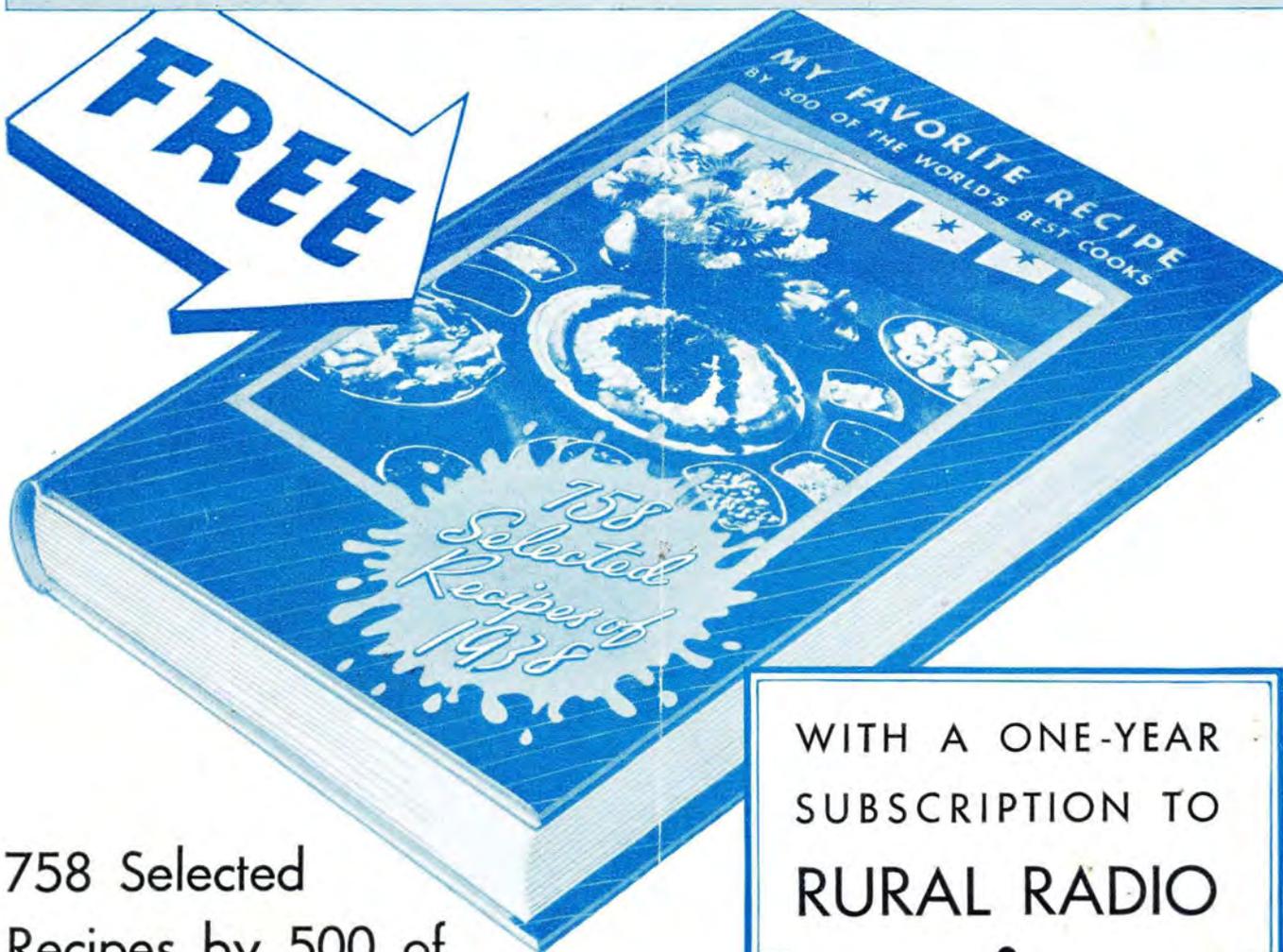
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