

The
**KWTO
DIAL**



July, 1948



Vol. VII.

No. 12

\$1 per year

10c per copy

Paid circulation of the June issue as of June 30th: 12,027, notarized.

The Dial is published the first of every month and serves radio fans in more than 100 counties in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Oklahoma, as well as former Ozarkians in other states.

If the numbers 7-48 appear after your name on the address label at the top of page 20, your subscription expires with this issue. Address correspondence and renewals to Editor of The Dial, care of KWTO, Springfield, Missouri.



BABY OF THE MONTH

Springfield-born Rhea Beth Bailey offers her teddy-bear to the cameraman, seems as glad as are her parents, Bill and Louise, to be back in home territory after two years in Iowa.

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO

BY THE EDITOR OF THE DIAL

Lee George reports that a neighbor of his, Maj. Lex Jarrett, is home from a long tour of duty with the U. S. Army of Occupation in Germany with news of interest to the K-A-K cast. "Everytime I told someone where I hailed from," Jarrett says, "they'd say, 'Sure enough? That's where they broadcast Korn's-A-Krackin'!" Korn, it seems, is transcribed and re-broadcast over the G. I. network, is a favorite jamboree with the overseas khaki-clads . . . Just visitin': Bob White, home for a few weeks after finishing a Columbia picture featuring Shorty Thompson's Saddle Rockin' Rhythm crew, Zed Tennis, Smokey Lohman et al. Bob will rejoin the Thompson troupe for fall engagements and another movie . . . Aunt Martha and Junior Haworth dropped by early one morning to share a chorus with Slim when Junior was home for a few days from Des Moines.

* * *

The Brothers Matthews have named the two tunes for which they receive the most requests on personal appearances: "Low

Down the Chariot" and "Coney Island Baby," the latter such strong "barbershop" you can smell the hair tonic . . . If there's a bird or a bush, a fish or a flower that C. C. Williford doesn't know about, you might as well call in the Smithsonian. Currently, he's wondering why he's bothering to raise to blooming maturity a Devil's Lily, which he says grows without dirt or water to a height of three feet and then produces a magnificent blossom—but with such an odor of rancid butter that it can't be kept indoors . . . Heap Big Rainmaker had so many speaking engagements for awhile, "I didn't have time to apologize for the dry spell or those three-inch worms that were punishing the trees around Nixa." He spoke at Tunis, Fair Grove, Wheatland, Pierce City, Ozark, Branson and Everton commencements, at the Optimists' District Convention, the Eagles' State Convention.

* * *

Neither Betty Hindeman nor your editor is exactly overboard when it comes to (Continued on PAGE 18)

NEW WEATHER SPONSOR HEER'S INC. SIGNS BIG KWTO CONTRACT

C. C. Williford's rain-or-shine broadcast at 8:15 a. m. July 26th will mark the beginning of a new contract between Heer's, "the dominant store of the Ozarks Empire," and KWTO, the radio station "dominating the Ozarks Empire." The contract calls for a year's sponsorship of the early weathercast with an option to renew, and a schedule of ten spot announcements a week in addition to those Heer's already carries.

F. William McClerkin, managing director of Heer's, and Ralph D. Foster, president and general manager of KWTO, expressed warm satisfaction with the new agreement, reached late in June. "There is an interesting parallel between the growth of these two enterprises into positions of Ozarks-wide dominance," Foster told The Dial. "I am pleased that we have been able to offer Heer's a program of real service to all the people in more than 150 counties who rely on KWTO."

Promotional details of the new contract were discussed when B. Earl Puckett, President of Allied Stores, with which Heer's is affiliated, arrived in Springfield in his private plane on July 4th. Foster and McClerkin, mixing business with pleasure, accompanied Puckett on his third Ozarks float trip, a three-day fishing junket, the early part of the week.

Signing of the contract with a store which has introduced many new merchandising methods and promotional ideas to this area was coincident with the July 1st anniversary of weathercasting in the Ozarks—a service in which KWTO was a national pioneer. This station was one of the first in the country to install remote control broadcast facilities in a U. S. Weather Bureau, and probably the first in the nation to offer daily weather programs on a regularly scheduled basis. The practice trail-blazed by KWTO in 1935 has been adopted by over 200 radio stations in 42 states and Alaska. Williford's distinction is that of being longer on the air over the same station than any other official forecaster.

Allied Stores acquired Heer's, founded in 1869 in a one-story building on Booneville "Hill," in February, 1940. A big

clean-out sale preceded the introduction of all-new methods, management and merchandise. Ray McCreery, first managing director and now holding the same post with Peck's, Kansas City, was succeeded by McClerkin in the fall of 1942.

Many changes and additions—including the opening of the new Home Store on Olive last fall—have greatly increased the trade area served by Heer's, until now the store's trucks travel daily as far as 200 miles in all directions. Parking areas have been added to and improved as a special courtesy to out-of-town customers throughout southern and central Missouri and northern Arkansas. Modern merchandising and management explain the fact that Heer's volume has doubled several times in the past seven years.

The present executive staff of Heer's includes E. J. Buchanan, service manager; O. R. Reynolds, sales promotion; Robert Reiner, home furnishings merchandiser and assistant managing director; R. Keet McElhane, credit manager.

In building an Ozarks-wide, rather than just a "Springfield" institution, the management of Heer's has adopted the same policies which have given KWTO its pre-eminence in the four-state area: Simplicity, friendliness and helpfulness in dealing with those it serves.



C. C. Williford combines two of his favorite roles—those of fisherman and ardent Shriner.

COVER STORY GEORGE, PERCY AND SOME OLD MEMORIES

If the gentleman and his feathered friend on the cover need any introduction, where on earth have you been? Maestro George Earle and Meek's 12:45 p. m. Man-on-the-Street broadcast have made Percy the Parrot a more famous bird in the Ozarks than the Thanksgiving turkey, Donald Duck and the Bronx cheer combined, and you may throw in Woody Woodpecker and his hysterical ha-ha.

Percy's performances over KWTO with co-workers George and Goo-Goo are now heading into their fourth year and still captivate young and old alike. But to add even more grown-up appeal to the program, George is curtailing the exercise of Percy's limited vocabulary to three days a week—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—and introducing a new gimmick for the alternate days. Program visitors will be invited to try one of 13 keys to a Treasure Chest, to which a dollar

a day will be added. Only one key unlocks the box, and if the key fits—take it!

George's pal with the polychromatic plumage graciously yielded to his boss's judgment in the matter with a cry of "purty gurrl!" He seemed to think that his mentor's record of more than 20 years in radio without laying an egg (vaudeville term for a flop, and not to be confused with some of the things that go on in Percy's family) entitled George to run the program his own way. And speaking of those more than 20 years in radio . . .

Back in 1924, when air, to most people, was used mostly for inflating tires and breathing, KWTO President Ralph Foster opened a radio station. Sort of. He was in the tire business at 1200 Frederick Ave. in St. Joseph, Mo., and he closed off a four-by-twelve-foot corner of this establishment and installed Fritz Bauer as con-
(Continued on PAGE SEVENTEEN)



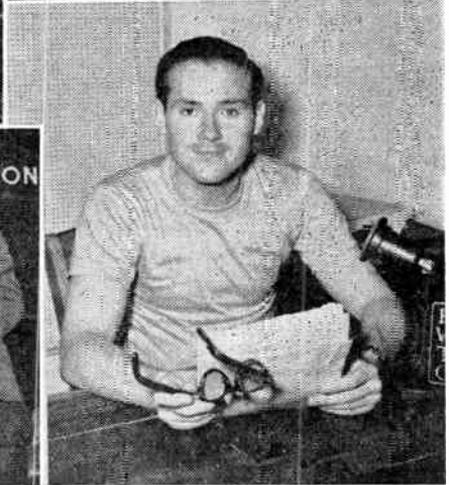
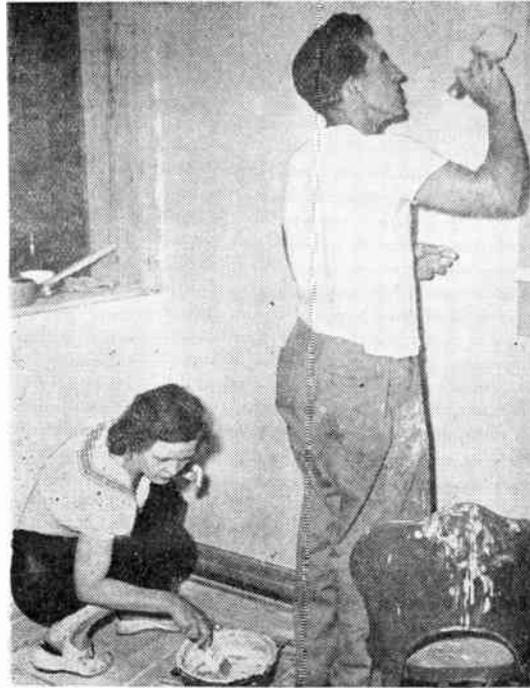
VICARIOUS VACATION

Jim "Swing" Lowe (right), who's winning superlatives as KWTO's Shah of Shellac on "Best By Request," shares vacation reminiscing with Matt Matthews over a copy of a sportsmen's magazine. Jim is confined to a second-hand sampling of

other people's holidays this year. He took his last final exam at Missouri University one Monday morning, reported for KWTO duty that afternoon. Matt is back from two weeks of well-earned idleness during which he fished the Sac, Finley and McDaniel Lake, caught his crappie limit twice.

FLASHES IN THE PANORAMA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY REUEL HAYMES



TOUR DE FORCE

Handsome, smiling Chuck Hesington worked the Freedom Train special event broadcast with Program Director Bill Ring, handled ad lib interviews with the smoothness and aplomb of a network veteran. "I thought he was just learning to be an announcer," murmured Al Stone in amazement. "Where did he get so good?" Our hero's secret: Chuck was an announcer on a Miami sight-seeing boat following his wartime naval career.

1. Dixie and Lee George tried to beg off having pictures taken when they were elbows deep in remodeling, but we caught them at what she describes as "our most informal."
2. The Baileys house-hunting—Mrs. B. at the telephone while Bill dreams.
3. Emil Mazey, acting UAW President, at the microphone, moderator George V. Denny, Jr., and former KWTO announcer Tom Reid at Town Meeting, Drury.
4. Tom Westbury, one of the three most recent additions to the announcing staff.

CONTEST

... FINALS AUG. 14

"Don't you want to go to Hollywood?" George Earle asked the gloomy little boy.

He shook his head vigorously, lower lip protruding a full inch. "No!" he said.

"Then why are you here on the stage of the Gillioz Theater?"

"My mother wants to go."

Lots of laughs break at the preliminary judging every Saturday morning at the Gillioz in the Little Miss America—All-American Boy Personality Contest for children between five and 13, sponsored locally by the theater, McElwee Studio and KWTO, and offering free round trips to Hollywood for two winners and one parent each. On July 3rd, the judges had such difficulty picking two semi-finalists that they asked a couple of children to return the following Saturday. Winners will compete for the national titles in a contest sponsored by the Screen Children's Guild, with Republic Pictures contracts among the national prizes.

Although selection of semi-finalists continues until Aug. 14th, pictures of entrants must be taken before July 17th. They will be taken free by McElwee, phone 3118.

Judges Elmer Lee Steury of Cavin's, Larry Blanchette and Richard Meyer make a preliminary selection of 20 each week from photographs already taken, and George Earle calls those children to the stage between Saturday a. m. shows at the Gillioz, with a portion of the proceedings heard over KWTO at 10:30. Semi-finalists already chosen are Rickey Prosser and Patricia Derrickson, Springfield, Mickey Clements of Willard and Betty Ann Enke of Monett.

■ OZARKOLOGY

Selby Cofeen, who's a wise one for his 30 years, says it seems like people don't take time to understand the simple things much anymore. "I read somewhere about this big business fella who said science was wonderful. You can send a message clean around the world in one-seventh of a second, these days, but it may take years to force a simple idea through one-fourth inch of human skull."

GRADUATION

... HONORS FOR BILL

Two of the proudest parents in the KWTO family were Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Hickman of Willard when Bill, staff pianist, walked off with top laurels at the Drury College commencement exercises. Bill was senior Salutatorian, a fancy word meaning that he ranked second, next to the Valedictorian, in a class of 120.

Bill has been four years at Drury where he was a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity and of Seven Sages, honorary scholastic group, and president of the latter one year. His Bachelor of Music degree entitles him to teach music, and he is already experienced—as Dean Skinner's assistant for three years, instructing in piano and assisting in harmony classes. He has a twin talent in mathematics, is a whizz at calculus, logarithms and similar mysteries.

The program for Bill's senior recital read like a Carnegie Hall bill-of-musical-fare: a Bach prelude and fugue, the Waldstein Sonata of Beethoven, two Chopin etudes, selections from Villa-Lobos, Gershwin preludes, some Debussy and a Grieg violin-piano sonata.

As KWTO listeners know, Bill's sure and sensitive musicianship is always evident, whether he is playing his solo on the Matthews Brothers' MFA program at 12:15, or accompanying a Korn's-A-Krackin' hoe-down.

■ THE SPONSOR'S CORNER

New spot announcement schedules are those of Eagle Lye and Knox-Out Insecticide, Robin Hood Flour and Vess Cola.

Renewals include Sunway Vitamins' Haden Family show, Tide's 9 a. m. music program, Taystee Bread's Bill Ring Show, Ozark Motor and Supply Co.'s 6 p. m. newscast.

New AEC sponsors are Arabian-American Oil Co. with 15-minutes of Earl Godwin's "The Hope of Peace" news analysis Sunday evenings at 5:30 . . . P. Lorillard, makers of Old Gold Cigarettes, who now support a half-hour of the 6 p. m. Sunday Stop the Music ditty-quiz.



Audie Linden Fellows (center), better known as Buster, is extremely popular with his fellow KWTO-ers. Here he goes over an arrangement with Jean Paulding of Pratt, Kan., who served a brief radio apprenticeship this spring, and bass fiddler Luke McNeely.

Like so many staff members, farm-born Fellows found it a natural adaptation from the good times of rural gatherings to the good times and fellowship of radio.

THE SPOTLIGHT

DIogenES VISITS BUSTER FELLOWS

Lou Black and Pat Evans stepped into a lull in Korn's-A-Krackin' rehearsal the week of July 4th and announced that all the cast was invited to an ice-cream-and-cake-bring-your-wives party at their house on the following Thursday. Goo-Goo buried his face in his hands and sobbed softly, "Ain't got no (sniff) wife!" Chuck Bowers took up the wail: "Neither have I!" Goo-Goo shed a few more phoney tears, then looked up brightly: "I'll marry you," he offered. "Then we can both go!"

In a matter of seconds, Buster Fellows had set a black box on his head, lowered a music stand to serve as a pulpit, opened a song book, lined up Chuck and Goo-Goo, and was intoning a mock marriage service. Luke McNeely hung Pat's scarf on Chuck for a veil. Selby Coffeen stepped over to give the "bride" away

while Monty Matthews sniveled through the role of the "mother," alternately weeping and smiling. Slim Wilson came forward at the proper moment in the ceremony to show cause why it should not proceed: The groom had promised not to do another thing until he'd learned all the words to the latest "Flash and Whistler" number.

This little vignette seems to involve everybody, but it especially illustrates one side of Buster Fellows' personality. If there's nonsense going on, oftener than not he started it. "One of those natural comedians who don't try to be," is the way Slim describes this lanky, grinning KWTO mainstay. And Slim should know. They used to play square dances and "all kinds of gatherin's" together in every community from Humansville to Bolivar.

(Continued on PAGE ELEVEN)

"KORN'S - A - KRACKIN' " THAT NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT

It takes a lot of work and worry to present a network broadcast.

But it takes even more work and worry not to present one.

Let me tell you what happened in Mountain Grove, Missouri, on Saturday, June 5th. It's a date that the Korn's-A-Krackin' staff won't forget for a long time.

Our chartered bus rolled into Mountain Grove at 3:30 in the afternoon, on schedule. The sun was shining. The thermometer registered 85 degrees. "What a beautiful day," we all said. "What a swell night this will be for the show." Little did we know! At the High School we set up our broadcasting equipment and ran through our time rehearsal. "This'll be a good show," said Lou Black, "It ought to sound fine tonight."

Since the Matthews Brothers had brought along their insatiable appetites, the usual cry of "Food! Food!" went up as soon as we finished rehearsal, and we all headed downtown. It was while we were busy eating up our profit that the skies clouded over and a quick summer rain drenched Mountain Grove. By the time we finished our meal and went outside, the rain seemed to be almost over. **Seemed** to be, that is.

We returned to the High School shortly after 6:00 p. m. Folks were already beginning to arrive. . . and so was the second part of the storm. In a few minutes the sky was blacker than midnight and ominous thunder was beginning to roll in the distance. But it wasn't until 7:00 that the storm really let loose. And what a storm! Rain poured down in a steady stream. Lightning cracked and the wind blew small trees over until their tops touched the ground.

Then the lights went out. At that point our worries really began. "Head for the cyclone cellar," cried Slim Wilson, who doesn't care much for electrical storms. The rest of us didn't care much for this one either. We waded through mud and rain, transferring costumes and instruments from the bus to the High School. We stumbled around on the pitch-black stage and through the dark auditorium,

where the only sign of light was that furnished by the frequent flashes of lightning and the beams of flashlights.

But the people of Mountain Grove were counting on seeing Korn's-A-Krackin', and they kept coming. The seats filled up and the 8:30 p. m. curtain-time arrived. Still no lights. Still no power for the public address system. So we waited. . .

Our broadcast was scheduled for 9:30 p. m. As the minutes ticked by, Lou Black tore out more and more of his hair—a practice he can't afford to indulge in. Reuel Haymes, our technical engineer, was six different places at once checking lines, checking rumors that the power would be on again. It wasn't until ten minutes before we were supposed to start our Mutual broadcast, Koast-to-Koast, that we called Springfield and made the sad announcement that it would be impossible for us to feed the show.

And all this time the crowd sat patiently—in the dark—and waited. One small boy called out, "It's my bedtime." Jovial Bill Ring retorted from the stage, "You ain't got nothin' on me, son. It's **past** my bedtime." By 9:30, we secured a portable power unit, which made it possible to light the stage. So, at long last, the show started. The first twenty minutes were rather difficult, for without a public address system, the boys and gals of the staff had to shout to be heard. But the show went on—and the people seemed to love it. The show went on, in fact, until 11:00 p. m. Everyone had a great time—especially the staff members, who outdid themselves putting on a swell performance. It was the least they could do for such a wonderful audience.

And, come fall, we're going back to Mountain Grove. They're going to get their network show—or else! (Or else it will storm again.)

By Betty Hindman

SAYS GOO-GOO:

Women who don't powder their noses are mighty often held up as shining examples.

HOMECOMING

. . . THE BAILEYS

If you happen to know where there's a piano box with running water and a southern exposure, "Desperate Bill" Bailey will wring your hand and call you friend. "I now know more about the housing shortage," he confided to *The Dial* in tearful tones as he munched thoughtfully on a handful of fingernails, "than a capitalist caught in the Kremlin."

Bill has been "home" for a month, and Louise and small, prankish Rhea Beth have made two trips here from Shenandoah to aid in his search for some sort of tepee in which to hang their coats—and Bill's oratorical contest citations. Confounding the problem is their hesitation to dispose of their house in Shenandoah until they find something here.

During his eight years at KWTO between 1938 and 1946, Bill had more tasks, tricks and titles than a one-man road show. As "The man with the flowing white whiskers" he clowned in a hairless wig-piece and a chin-tippet. He worked man-on-the-street programs, filled all announcing shifts at one time or another, originated the *Spotlight* column in *The Dial* beginning with its first issue in 1941, dreamed up the first Korn's-A-Krackin' jamboree at the old Electric Theatre, and gave birth to so many ideas he was repeatedly tested for Tularemia. Bill was absent for 22 months in the service, lending his publicity-wise talents to the Naval Air Arm in Indiana, Illinois and California. He was here for the birth of Rhea Beth, then didn't see her for a year, and swears his fatherly pride will never catch up with the wartime twelve months he lost.

In May, 1946, Bill went off to Shenandoah as promotion manager of KMA, a station so similar in operation and programming to KWTO that practically half our staff has worked there at one time or another—and vice versa. Lou Black, Pat Evans, the Haden Family, Luke McNeely and Buzz Fellows have all cornered its Iowa ozone, and KWTO alums Elmer Axelbender, Jerry Fronek, Hugh Aspinwall (Chick Martin) and Merl Douglas are still there in tall corn country.



NO REINDEER?

Bert Parks, high-tension master of ceremonies of the 6 p. m. Sunday give-away, Stop the Music, may not look much like Santa Claus to you. But he's the spittin' image to Mrs. Mary Farber, 42-year-old grandmother and wife of a New York taxi driver, who named the "Mystery Melody" the night of June 28th and won \$20,000 worth of prizes. High-flying Parks is also master-mind of Bristol-Meyers' Friday night quiz show, Break the Bank.

■ PARKER FAMILY

. . . DALE JR. ILL

Much of mid-June was spent by Dale and Dixie Parker in long hospital vigils while their oldest child, Dale, Jr., recovered from a tansilectomy hemorrhage. The routine and relatively simple operation came close to proving fatal and the eight-year-old was rushed to the hospital for a transfusion and emergency treatment.

"You never know how many friends you have until you have some trouble," Dale, Sr., said. "It seemed like hundreds of people offered to donate blood—everybody at the station, people at the laundry, folks we know and folks we didn't."

The boy lost nine of his 60 pounds during his illness, was fed at the hospital through a nascl tube. Dale and Dixie and six-year-old Jean, four-year-old Jackie agreed that he must be getting well when the first day home, he asked for hot dogs and watermelon. "Ate 'em, too," according to his father.

SCHEDULE FOR JULY

WHAT'S GOING
ON AT KWTO?



WEEKDAYS AND SATURDAY

- 5:00 a. m.—Ozark Pals
- 5:30 a. m.—Carl Haden
- 5:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
- 6:00 a. m.—Slim Wilson
- 6:15 a. m.—R. F. D. Roundup
- 6:30 a. m.—Haden Family
- 7:00 a. m.—Hillbilly Homesteaders
- 7:15 a. m.—Slim Wilson
- 7:30 a. m.—Newscast
- 7:45 a. m.—Matthews Brothers
- 7:45 a. m.—Haden Family (S)
- 8:00 a. m.—Bob Wills and Playboys
- 8:15 a. m.—Bill Ring Show
- 8:15 a. m.—Church Page (S)
- 8:25 a. m.—Weatherman Williford
- 8:30 a. m.—Breakfast Club—ABC
- 8:30 a. m.—Matthews Brothers (S)
- 8:45 a. m.—Gospel Rocket (S)
- 9:00 a. m.—Pleasure Parade
- 9:00 a. m.—Chuck Bowers (S)
- 9:15 a. m.—Do You Know?
- 9:20 a. m.—Slim Wilson
- 9:25 a. m.—Betty Crocker—ABC
- 9:30 a. m.—Dial Editor (S)
- 9:45 a. m.—Newscast
- 10:00 a. m.—Breakfast in Hollywood—ABC
- 10:00 a. m.—Sat. Morning Roundup (S)
- 10:30 a. m.—Galen Drake—ABC
- 10:30 a. m.—Little Miss America (S)
- 10:45 a. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
- 10:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock's Scrapb'k (S)
- 11:00 a. m.—Ozark Farm Hour
- 11:00 a. m.—Meet Your Neighbor (S)
- 11:15 a. m.—Markets, Slim Wilson
- 11:30 a. m.—Ark. Conservation Com. (S)
- 11:45 a. m.—Man at Stockyards
- 11:45 a. m.—Farm Forum (S)
- 12:00 noon—Baukhage Talking—ABC
- 12:00 noon—Farm Forum (S)
- 12:15 p. m.—Matthews Brothers, MFA
- 12:30 p. m.—Newscast
- 12:45 p. m.—Man on the Street
- 1:00 p. m.—Welcome Travelers—ABC
- 1:00 p. m.—Fascinating Rhythm - ABC (S)
- 1:30 p. m.—Bride and Groom—ABC
- 1:30 p. m.—Hitching Posts—ABC (S)
- 2:00 p. m.—Judy and Jane
- 2:00 p. m.—Piano Playhouse—ABC (S)
- 2:15 p. m.—Kitchen Talks
- 2:30 p. m.—Linda's First Love
- 2:30 p. m.—Sports in Review—ABC (S)
- 2:45 p. m.—Ladies Be Seated—ABC
- 3:00 p. m.—Hayloft Frolics
- 3:00 p. m.—ABC Symphony—ABC (S)
- 3:30 p. m.—Telephone Quiz (M-W-F)
- 3:30 p. m.—Chuck Bowers (T-Th)
- 3:45 p. m.—Cornfield Follies

- 4:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 4:15 p. m.—Markets, Meditations
- 4:30 p. m.—Weatherman Williford
- 4:35 p. m.—Ozark Newsettes
- 4:45 p. m.—Haden Family
- 4:45 p. m.—Decision Now—ABC (S)
- 5:00 p. m.—Haden Family
- 5:15 p. m.—Children's Show—ABC
- 5:15 p. m.—Voice of the Army (S)
- 5:30 p. m.—Songs by Floyd Rutledge
- 5:30 p. m.—Abbott & Costello—ABC (S)
- 5:45 p. m.—To Be Announced
- 5:55 p. m.—Animal World Court
- 6:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 6:15 p. m.—Sports Spotlight
- 6:30 p. m.—Lone Ranger—ABC (M-W-F)
- 6:30 p. m.—Green Hornet—ABC (T)
- 6:30 p. m.—Spotlight on Industry (Th)
- 6:30 p. m.—Famous Jury Trials—ABC (S)
- 6:45 p. m.—Guest Star (Th)

MONDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—It Pays to Listen
- 7:30 p. m.—Stars in the Night—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Tomorrow's Tops—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—To Be Announced—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Arthur Gaeth—ABC
- 9:15 p. m.—Earl Godwin—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—String Orchestra—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request
- 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

TUESDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Sully's Spotlight
- 7:15 p. m.—Leatherneck Album
- 7:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Symphony Concert—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Let Freedom Ring—ABC
- 9:45 p. m.—It's In the Family—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request
- 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Xavier Cugat—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—On Stage America—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Abbott and Costello—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Go for the House—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Texaco Star Theatre—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—On Trial—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request
- 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

THURSDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—It Pays to Listen
- 7:30 p. m.—Criminal Casebook—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Child's World—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Candid Microphone—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of Sports—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—American Sports Page—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request
- 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

FRIDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—The Fat Man—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—This Is Your FBI—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Break the Bank—ABC

8:30 p. m.—The Sheriff—ABC
 8:55 p. m.—Champion Roll Call—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Dance Band Jamboree—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request

SATURDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Ross Dolan, Detective—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Amazing Mr. Malone—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Gangbusters—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—What's My Name?—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—"Korn's-A-Krackin'"—MBS
 9:30 p. m.—Musically Yours
 9:45 p. m.—Newscast
 10:00 p. m.—Best By Request

SUNDAY PROGRAMS

6:30 a. m.—Haden Family
 7:00 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 7:30 a. m.—Carl Haden
 8:00 a. m.—Newscast
 8:15 a. m.—Sermons in Song
 8:30 a. m.—May Kennedy McCord
 8:45 a. m.—Al and Lee Stone
 9:00 a. m.—Message of Israel—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—The Southernaires—ABC
 10:00 a. m.—Fine Arts Quartet—ABC
 10:30 a. m.—Hour of Faith—ABC
 11:00 a. m.—Guidepost for Living
 11:15 a. m.—First Baptist Church

12:00 noon—American Almanac—ABC
 12:15 a. m.—The Editor at Home—ABC
 12:30 p. m.—National Vespers—ABC
 1:00 p. m.—Newscast
 1:15 p. m.—Drury Quarter Hour
 1:30 p. m.—Mr. President—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Harrison Wood
 2:15 p. m.—Sam Pettengill—ABC
 2:30 p. m.—Sermons in Song
 3:00 p. m.—Thinking Allowed—ABC
 3:15 p. m.—String Orchestra—ABC
 3:30 p. m.—Opera Album—ABC
 4:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo Show
 4:30 p. m.—Counterspy—ABC
 5:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson—ABC
 5:15 p. m.—Monday Headlines—ABC
 5:30 p. m.—Earl Godwin—ABC
 5:45 p. m.—Concert Music—ABC
 6:00 p. m.—Stop the Music—ABC
 7:00 p. m.—I Love Adventure—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Johnny Fletcher—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell—ABC
 8:15 p. m.—Louella Parsons—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Superstition—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Comedy Writers—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Newscast
 9:45 p. m.—We Care—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Revival Hour
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

The Spotlight

(Continued from PAGE SEVEN)

"When I first joined up with Carl Haden, singin' trio with Carl and Mary Jane and fiddlin' for solos, I was scared clean out of my shoes," he says. "Carl still laughs about how I got nervous on the first show I ever did with them and played faster and faster until the number broke up in hysterics. They couldn't keep up."

His mike fright wasn't surprising. Buzz, born on a farm near Bolivar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Fellows, one of four boys and four girls, got his first fiddle when he was twelve and played often with his family—mother on the organ, father with banjo or harmonica. But most of his performances were among friends, people he'd known all his life, until he started in radio. "What I finally found out," he tells you, "is that in radio I was still among friends, even if I couldn't see 'em."

Recommended to Uncle Carl by Slim Wilson in 1935, Buzz left the farm near Bolivar with his wife, the former Mildred Cowden, and played KWTO and WLBF in Kansas City, Kan. (they all forgot the words to a new song their second time on

the air there), Topeka, Pittsburg and Shenandoah, where he finally left the act to join up with Smokey May in 1940.

Life isn't all fun and fiddlin' to Buzz, who has a tinkerer's way with everything from lame egg beaters to reciprocating engines. He once ran a garage in Bolivar, and held down a wartime job in the Douglas Aircraft factory in Tulsa.

"Smokey and I lost more sleep than a farmer in a drouth," he recalls of the Tulsa days. "We worked the swing shift until early morning, then did a batch of radio programs, going straight to the station from work. I was just as glad as Mildred to get back to Springfield and settle down, and she was mighty tired of travelin' around and bringin' up kids in whatever little two-by-four apartment we were lucky enough to get."

The Fellows family, including five-year-old Georgianna and eight-year-old Connie Jo, are comfortably settled at Boonville near Kearney in Springfield with enough of a lot to have a fine truck garden, and enough room for Buzz to tinker with radios of all makes and ages. Tall, rangy and always a lover of sports, he hunts and fishes constantly in season, but like a hillbilly—not like a magazine sportsman.

PORTSIDE PATT **GEORGE EARLE ON VACATION**

Well, friends, your southpaw scribe "took to the hills" during the week of June 13th for what proved one of his most enjoyable vacations. Together with Dickie, (that's the missus, you know) and Si Siman and his B. H., I roughed it at Prexy Foster's cabin on Beaver Creek. The cabin is right at the dam and it rained four straight mornings, Monday through Thursday, just enough to make fishing perfect. We easily caught our limit of bass, goggle-eye and perch and fried them out in the open on the grill of a wonderful outdoor fireplace.

I'm positive I saw a faun just east of the cabin where the spring stream enters Beaver. It was on a late afternoon stroll. I had only a fleeting glimpse as the rascal turned on his heels and sped like greased lightning around the bend of the river.

We had great fun down there. It was only a short distance from Kissee Mills where we obtained drinking water from that marvelous spring. Mrs. "Slim" Parker kept us supplied with green beans and other fresh vegetables from her abundant garden. We caught and cooked fish every day. Our only regret was that frogging season doesn't open till July 1st this year. We heard many a loud-mouthed grandpa bellowing up the creek.

Aside from falling in the water with my best suit on, and jamming my reel, the trip was a huge success, and I take this means to thank a grand guy (Ralph D. Foster) for letting us use his cabin for the week. For a fellow penned up in an office most of the time, it was the ideal vacation.

In looking for an appropriate bit of verse to top off our "taking to the hills," this bit by Arthur Symons perhaps best answered our need.

ATTEND TO NATURE

**I have loved colors and not flowers;
 Their motion, not the swallow's wings;
 And wasted more than half my hours
 Without the comradeship of things.**

**How is it now, that I can see,
 With love and wonder and delight**

**The children of the hedge and tree;
 The little lords of day and night?**

**How is it that I see the roads
 No longer with usurping eyes;
 A twilight meeting-place for toads,
 A midday mart for butterflies?**

**I feel, in every midge that hums,
 Life, fugitive and infinite,
 And suddenly the world becomes
 A part of me, and I of it!**

OUT OF THE FILES

6 Years Ago this Month

Popular Haden Family returns from Shenandoah . . . Fred Warren (Elmer Axlebender) in spotlight (now in Shenandoah) . . . Bill Ring leaves for announcing job with WTAM, Cleveland.

5 Years Ago This Month

Betty Patterson draws lots of fan mail (here in Springfield) . . . Lee George pays the station a visit while on a short furlough from the Army.

4 Years Ago This Month

Korn's-A-Krackin' goes on the stage at the Electric Theater July 11 and 12 . . . Bob Page (now at Janesville, Wis.) and Lonnie and Thelma Robertson (now at Pittsburg, Kans.) in the picture section.

3 Years Ago This Month

Korn's-A-Krackin' opens Ozark Empire District Fair . . . Les Kennon promoted to assistant manager.

2 Years Ago This Month

Reuel Haymes proud of new camera; he made it.

1 Year Ago This Month

State Capital is host to Korn's-A-Krackin' . . . George Earle to Lockwood with "Man On The Street" program.

NEW ACT

Added to the Korn's-A-Krackin' stage show: Luke McNeely's zaney skit as "Repeatin' Sam, the Reporter from Possum Trot." Luke and Selby Coffeen give Slim, Goo-Goo and Monty Matthews some lively competition as comedians.



A parade display far too long to turn the corner of a narrow street without backing up three times is obviously too long to picture horizontally in the pages of The Dial. So do you mind standing on your head while we describe this phenomenal float, KWTO's contribution to the Freedom Parade June 3rd, and the Simon Bolivar Memorial parade July 5th?

The theme for this king-size caravan originated in the KWTO promotion department. Scale drawings were made by George Janes of Nelms and Fullington Advertising Agency, executed by S. E. Dobbs, contractor, and Jarrard Sign Co., and staged and cast with the assistance of the Springfield Little Theater. President Richard Meyer and Board Members Margaret Crighton and Frances Bannister worked with KWTO collecting props and people to fill the roles in this major "production." Fred Drennon and Sons furnished the "mile-long" tractor and trailer, Rucker Radio Service the public address system.

First in the series of tableaux illustrated the duty of every citizen to exercise his franchise. Violet Gamble Morton, Pat-

ricia Pipkin and Robert Allen were among the "voters" and "election officials." In scene two, Hope Harris, Wallace Alexander and Sue Hare served as "jurors"; as "lawyer," Monty Matthews argued a case before Dr. Wilbur Bothwell of the Drury College faculty, acting as "judge." Fred Rains of the KWTO news department was the "criminal" in the dock. Dale Troth and Jack Canady, in their own battle dress, served defense duty in the third tableau. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Stewart, their daughter, Susie, and small fry Don and Terry Ayers acted out, in scene five, the importance of educating children to the American heritage and keeping informed on public and foreign affairs. As Stewart studied a huge scroll titled "Bill of Rights," KWTO announcer Joe Slattery read a script analyzing the obligations of citizenship. A public address system carried Slattery's dialogue a quarter of a mile in each direction.

For the Bolivar celebration, Little Theater's credit line on the lower apron of the trailer was replaced with "Keep Watching the Ozarks."

EAVESDROPPING

. . . BY TERMITE

Virge Phillips is certain that if more people knew what nonsense goes on when the Ozark Pals take to the air, they'd get up at 5 a. m. to hear it. **Chuck Bowers** is the boy with the branded-calf bawl at that ho-hum hour, also does the squealing pig act. The sound effects of milking are ingeniously contrived with a rubber glove with pinpricks in four fingers, a cupful of water and a tin pail . . . **Dale Parker** is back in his court jester role, now that his eldest boy has recovered from his illness, and tells about the girl who offered herself as a blood donor. "What type are you?" asked the Red Cross lady. "I can't say for sure," the girl replied coyly, "but some say I'm sultry" . . . It may be a back-to-Tuscumbia movement for **Goo-Goo**, **Buzz Fellows**, **Luke McNeely**, **Selby Coffeen** and **Lennie Aleshire** in a few weeks. They packed the High School Auditorium the night of June 11th at a show sponsored by the Agriculture Department, have been asked to return.

George Rhodes came back for a week of substitution while **Buster** vacationed, and will stay with us for awhile.

If you'd like a glimpse of the background of **Selby Coffeen's** fancy fiddle technique, he was concertmaster of his high school symphony and the Flint, Mich., Civic Symphony, has played violin with the Ford Symphony in Detroit, has been sawing away for 25 years . . . **Luke McNeely** and **Floretta** have finally found a house for themselves and **Sherry Lee** and **Junior**, after more than a month of one-room living. "We were so crowded that on sleepy mornings," Luke reports, "I was never sure whether I was brushing my own teeth" . . . **Mary Elizabeth Haden** vacationed in Biloxi, Miss., missed family celebrations of **Uncle Carl's** birthday June 15th, **Mary Jane's** on the 21st, **Junior's** on the 24th. Their vacation specials: Pa's new suit, Junior's six-pound bass, fishing trip chigger bites, and arrival of the new Haden Family Song Book with words and music of 20 ballads and hymns, seven new pictures of the family.

K-A-K CONTEST

NOW CLOSED

Entries in the "Korn's-A-Krackin' "Hillosofphy" contest for an Ozarks vacation for two came spilling into KWTO from as far away as Providence, R. I., Pocatello, Idaho, Grant's Pass, Ore., San Luis Obispo, Cal., and Worcester, Mass., up to the June 28th deadline. A combination of Mutual Network, KWTO's live talent staff, a big contest prize and that delightful K-A-K feature, "Hillosofphy," is giving the Ozarks Vacationland such coast-to-coast publicity as it never had before. Winners will be announced in mid-July.

Fordland, Mount Vernon, Butler and Lebanon have all been recent scenes of K-A-K broadcasts telling about the contest, preceded by the hour-long stage show before "Korn" takes to the network, and Salem and Ava are scheduled for the nights of July the 10th and 17th respectively. Two dates in July, two in August and four in September are still open. "Standing room only" was the case at both Lebanon and Fordland, where Korn really packed them in.

Still pitch champions at the special card table built for the K-A-K bus are Goo-Goo and Slim Wilson, with clowning Chuck Bowers trying vainly to best them. "It's tough competition," he complains. "Goo-Goo grins like a happy chimpanzee, Slim's got a card-playin' face like a cigar store Indian, and a beginner isn't only out-classed—he's out-mugged."

■ JOHN MOORE DIES

The Dial extends condolences to Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Aleshire. Her father, John Moore, who has made his home with them for a number of years, passed away last month. Funeral services were conducted by Alma Lohmeyer-Jewel Windle, with burial at Palmetto, Mo.

Lennie's father-in-law was almost as well known in this part of the country as Lennie himself. Bill Ring recalled that he was one of the first persons he met when his family moved here from Texas; Bill was five when his father bought a Strafford grocery store from Mr. Moore.

HILLBILLY HEARTBEATS BY MAY KENNEDY McCORD "QUEEN OF THE OZARKS"

Greetings Friends!

How are you this grand summer month of July? The month of the glorious "Fourth", which isn't so glorious any more. The Great Day, brackish with the blood of our forefathers, but we have forgotten all about that, haven't we? Just another day to shoot firecrackers under somebody's window who is trying to sleep . . . To get tanked up and go on a wild picnic and get ivy poison. Just another day with no thought of patriotism.



May McCord

I remember in the old days, at the old time Fourth of July picnics, someone always read the Declaration of Independence in a grandstand bright with bunting. This was done the very first thing when the crowd gathered. And usually, some leather-lunged congressman got up and told us about the State of the Union.

Then we made a run for the lemonade stands, the dance platform, the circle swing. And in the afternoon they often had boys climbing a greased pole which had a five dollar gold piece at the top. Or catching a greased pig when he was turned loose. We had dinner on the grounds. Stacks of pies! Fried chicken, country ham, pickles and jams, wild honey, a big pot of chicken and dumplings, gallons of coffee made "right then an' thar"—and FLIES! Yes, plenty of flies. Did you know that the whole country is almost rid of flies to what it was then? Modern sanitation has done that for us. And screens . . . And all sorts of new sprays for both cattle and man. Things move along in this big old world.

I was telling a friend the other day about the old time "parlor." They used to call the living room or sitting room the parlor, and many women kept it shut up like a shrine. The light might fade the carpet! Rarely did anyone ever get to

even peep into this musty and sacred sanctum-sanctorum. It was like going into the catacombs or a funeral chapel.

I remember one little girl would have me go home from school and stay all night (that was our wildest recreation) and she would say, "Mama will let us look in the parlor." After supper, if we were good, we kids might go for a few minutes into the parlor. The curtains were all down. Usually there was a fine old walnut bed in there with a high back, for regardless of its being a parlor, you put a fine bed in it and if company came, great and distinguished company, they slept there.

The carpet was usually home-woven, bright and puffy, with straw under it. There was a stand table with a spotless worked cloth. The Bible was there always, and the plush album. And no kid could turn the leaves of that album; it must be done by a grown up. And there were all the ancestors with their mustaches, each looking like a cross between a pirate and an Oklahoma card slicker, and "Aunt Susan" with her prim braids and her "breast-pin," and the bride and groom, with the groom always seated in the chair and the bride standing behind him with her hand on his shoulder, scared half to death!

Then there were the enlarged pictures of all the doubtful looking ancestors, all around the walls, carefully covered with mosquito netting in the summer to keep the flies off the frames. Hats on, hats off; some of the men with "see-gyars" stuck in their mouths, and the women, though often pretty, plainly dressed and stolidly demure. I remember, as will so many of you old timers, the crocheted "throws" hanging over the corners of pictures; others made of silk or painted velvet; and the "chair tidys" on the backs of the rockers. The greatest show of affluence was a big picture in the corner set on an "easel." And, of course, the stereoptic thing you looked through, and the pictures. Maybe you got to look through it once in your whole lifetime,

(Continued on PAGE SIXTEEN)

SPORTS SPOTLIGHT

. . . BY LEE GEORGE

"After the rains came" tells the story of what should turn out to be one of the best fishing summers the Ozarks has ever known. Every river and stream from the Osage on the north to the streams and rivers of northern Arkansas has been flushed by the surprisingly high June waters. They are clean as a whistle and just right for the fisherman. The very rains that sent many vacationists back home wondering if the Ozarks are always that wet in June will bring the nimrods to the rivers and streams of this vacationland in July and send them home with full creels, happy smiles and praises of the Hill Country fishing holes. Sound like C. C. Williford don't I? But that actually should be the story of July's fishing.

* * *

Major League baseball races are tighter than the fat lady's girdle. Boston, St. Louis, Pittsburgh and the Giants all have a fair chance of winning the National League banner, with Boston favored at the present time as a well-balanced club that is clicking on the close ones. Brooklyn gives some indication of getting into the thick of things before the season winds up, but the pitching will have to steady. The Cardinals have it one week but are having trouble against the other contenders the next week; pitching is erratic. Neither Pittsburgh nor the Giants should have enough pitching to get them in, but this season you can't tell.

* * *

In the American League, the "Peoples Choice"—Philadelphia "A's"—are in the thick of things and although their chances seem pretty slender, they keep up there. Cleveland, led by a pitching sensation in Bob Lemon, is keeping out front and might stay there if Bobbie Feller begins to win again. Stellar stickwork by Keltner and Boudreau is another big factor in the Indian's lead. The Yankee pitching has faltered and so have the Yankees, despite Joe Dimaggio's fine season record. If Shea starts winning a few, look out for the New Yorkers. Boston, off to a faltering start, has roared up into the thick of things.

HEARTBEATS

(Continued from PAGE FIFTEEN)

maybe you didn't. But it was a wonderful experience if you did.

Right here, I have to stop and tell you how to make "Poor Man's Dumplings," the best dumplings ever put in your mouth. That's the kind they made in early days and the kind I make to this day. I know that hundreds of people have asked me for the recipe on my radio program in the last few years.

You have plenty of good rich soup or "pot-likker" with your fat hen. Take out a large cupful of the juice, hot. Mix in all the flour it will possibly take—nothing else only a very little salt. Then dump it on a bread board and keep on kneading in flour until it is stiff as you can make it. Remember, you make it up HOT. I always have to start with a fork as it is too hot to knead. Then you pinch off some of your dough and roll it just as thin as you can get it, using plenty of flour to dredge. Roll very thin. Then shake off any extra flour and cut in thin strips and drop in this boiling "hen soup" and cook ten minutes, slowly. If you don't say those are the best dumplings you ever ate, then tell me about it. Some say they are just a glorified needle, but whatever they are, I can eat my weight in them. No milk, no soda or baking powder or egg. Just made with the hot soup, rolled very thin and cooked. I always make all things with soft wheat flour, only lightbread. I simply cannot cook with hard wheat flour. But when it comes to lightbread and rolls, then you want hard wheat. I keep two kinds on hand always.

Goodbye, and write me!

With love, May

LEAVES STAFF

Leslie Gene Kennon, son of KWTO Assistant General Manager Leslie L. Kennon, has given up his news department duties to enroll at Oklahoma Baptist University at Shawnee. He is studying for the ministry while his wife, Carolyn, takes Christian educational work. Leslie Gene expects to have a church some 40 miles from Shawnee in the near future.

COVER STORY**(Continued from PAGE FOUR)**

trol operator, himself as announcer, and anybody who came along as talent. Strange and wonderful things came over this 100-watt station. Foster and George Earle and some of their more melodic cronies would sing a song or two. Al Stone would come in and flex his tonsils; whistling boys were pulled in off the street. The station was usually on the air at mealtimes at least, but very often Foster and Fritz would have to cut a number or an announcement short and dash out to help change a tire. Finally, when the ozone began to be a little more important commercially, and a measure of federal control was established, George Earle was hired as announcer and they stayed on the air from 6 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 4 p. m. to midnight. By then the station had moved up the street—tire shop and all. Equipment? A couple of funeral chairs, a desk, a small record cabinet, a piano, a console style record player, and an obsolete carbon microphone suspended on a goose neck stand and lowered over the record player except when announcements were made.

There was no cut-off or cut-on switch on the mike. Often it was necessary to change a record with one hand, crank the phonograph with another and read copy at the same time. There were plenty of sound effects, especially in summer when the window was open. You could hear the clang-clang of old-style rims being hammered out of wheels as tire-changing went on, and the ding-ding of the gasoline pump as gallons were ticked off, and occasionally a wisp of profanity from some irate truck driver. In between records, George Earle occupied his time reading the morning paper, marking crayon sections to be read on the "news-casts."

Foster's business associate in those days, Jerry Hall, had a rich lyric tenor voice and played good piano. The two of them worked up one of the first successful radio acts, were much in demand as entertainers and eventually famous, through the offices of a national adver-

(Continued on PAGE EIGHTEEN)**'LOOKIN' AT YOU****. . . . BY SULLY**

Fred Rains, veteran member of the KWTO News Department, plans to spend his vacation in California. He will motor to Los Angeles and Hollywood with Attorney Jack Powell. The two are fast friends and co-owners of a cottage on Lake Taneycomo, where they spend many pleasant week-ends, both winter and summer . . . Perhaps that is the reason why they have decided to spend their vacation on the West coast instead of making use of the cottage . . . It will be something different.

* * *

Incidentally, Fred has other reasons for visiting the California Movie Capital . . . He has many friends there among both actors and producers . . . These contacts were made during World War Two, while Fred was serving with an Army unit which booked and supervised entertainment for the combat troops in the European theatre . . . For awhile he served the New York City booking offices and later went abroad where he aided in supervising shows staged in Germany, France and Britain . . . There he met many of the outstanding stars of screen and radio, but you would never know it if you waited for Fred to tell you.

* * *

For example, Fred is personally acquainted with several movie and radio stars such as Bob Hope. He has handled their bookings abroad, dined with them and knew them well enough to address them by their first names without appearing to be just another hero-worshipper . . . There is a well known producer, who plays between New York and Hollywood, who has visited Fred three times.

Last Summer, Fred spent his vacation in New York, where he renewed acquaintances with a young lady who is now secretary to Billy Rose. Their first meeting was in Paris. Needless to say, Fred got passes to the best Broadway shows and visited the high-class night spots, including The Diamond Horse Shoe . . . Incidentally, he had a very attractive young lady as a guide . . . The Hollywood tour is likely to prove an eye-opener to Attorney Jack Powell.

WHO ARE THEY?

... NAME THE STARS

How well do you know your KWTO personalities? We've picked some tough ones for this month's guessing game. Answers will appear in the August issue. Answers to last month's cognomen quiz are at the bottom of this column.

1. His middle name is **Avery**, and his first name is the title of a brilliant opera by Gounod. He was born in Tennessee, moved about a good deal before settling in the Ozarks, has two professions, and there's still some question whether his voice is bass or baritone.

2. Two KWTO personalities are middle-named **Harrison**. One makes music, the other talk-talk. Can you identify them?

Answers to last month's clues: "Loren Bledsoe," Indiana-born, who had his name legally changed, is Dale Parker. The great trouper, middle-named Raymond is Goo-Goo Rutledge.

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO

(Continued from PAGE TWO)

the dissonant disks of Stan Kenton, but they politely asked **Bill Hickman** how he liked that famous orchestra when it played Joplin awhile back. "Wonderful!" said Bill, his bright eyes lighting up like a pinball game . . . "Crowded?" we asked. "No," Bill replied, in all innocence. "You see, middle-aged people don't like his music much. Just young folks." . . . "Hmmm," Betty murmured. "Be a dear boy and pass granny her shawl on your way out."

JUNIOR TO WED

Remember the story in the March Dial of Junior Haden's auto accident? It has a happier ending than we anticipated even then. Carl Jr. and Eileen Smith of Eminence, his companion when his car skidded on the icy highway, are to be married in August, and Uncle Carl has already bought a home for them to occupy at 1651 St. Louis St.

COVER STORY

(Continued from PAGE SEVENTEEN)

tiser. Lucky Strike's makers featured a picture and story on the "Rubber Twins," the tire shop tyros of this mysterious new medium, in newspapers ads all over the country. As Foster recalls it, the publicity wasn't particularly profitable, but the "twins" became chain-smokers as a result of the tobacco company's pay-off—in trade. (This was about the time, in case your memory is inelastic, that Silent Calvin sat in the White House, Rudy Vallee was filling the steins for dear old Maine in a voice that sounded like a jew's harp played in a barrel, and the Coon-Saunders orchestra was immortalizing, over WDAF in Kansas City, a tender ballad entitled "Does the Spearmint Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?")

George Earle remembers, with shudders, the time he was presenting a nervous young lady in a dramatic reading over the tire shop station. Her knees were knocking so hard that people three blocks away were opening their doors to see who was there. In the midst of her recitation she paused, paralyzed with fright, fluttered her eyelids, grabbed the mike and sunk to the floor in a swoon. George dashed to catch her (and precious microphone) before she made a landing, tripped and fell beneath her. He did manage to catch the mike before it hit and, lying prone with the unconscious "artiste" across his back, murmured into it politely: "Ladies and gentleman, there will be a slight pause while we figure out what's going on."

Fritz Bauer, who is about as easy to ruffle as a sheet of corrugated iron, stepped calmly from his cubby-hole and over the tangle of conscious and semi-conscious humanity on the floor, cranked up the phonograph and—as still happens when things go wrong—played a record.

It was not until 1931 that radio was considered sufficiently beyond its diaper days to warrant moving the old St. Jo station to Springfield and going into it really seriously. All of which explains why Percy, after all, is really a novice in the field compared with his co-workers, George Earle and Goo-Goo Rutledge.

THE PASSING PARADE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
REUEL HAYMES



1. Joe Slattery holds the microphone for Miss Frances Bedford of Billings as she poses a Town Meeting question.
2. Bill Hickman at his graduation recital.
3. Lennie and Goo-Goo krackin' korn.
4. Left-to-right: Jewell E. Windle, author and Town Meeting questioner O. K. Armstrong, Bill Ring.
5. Vocational guidance instructor and Saturday Farm Forum expert John Kirby in his classroom.



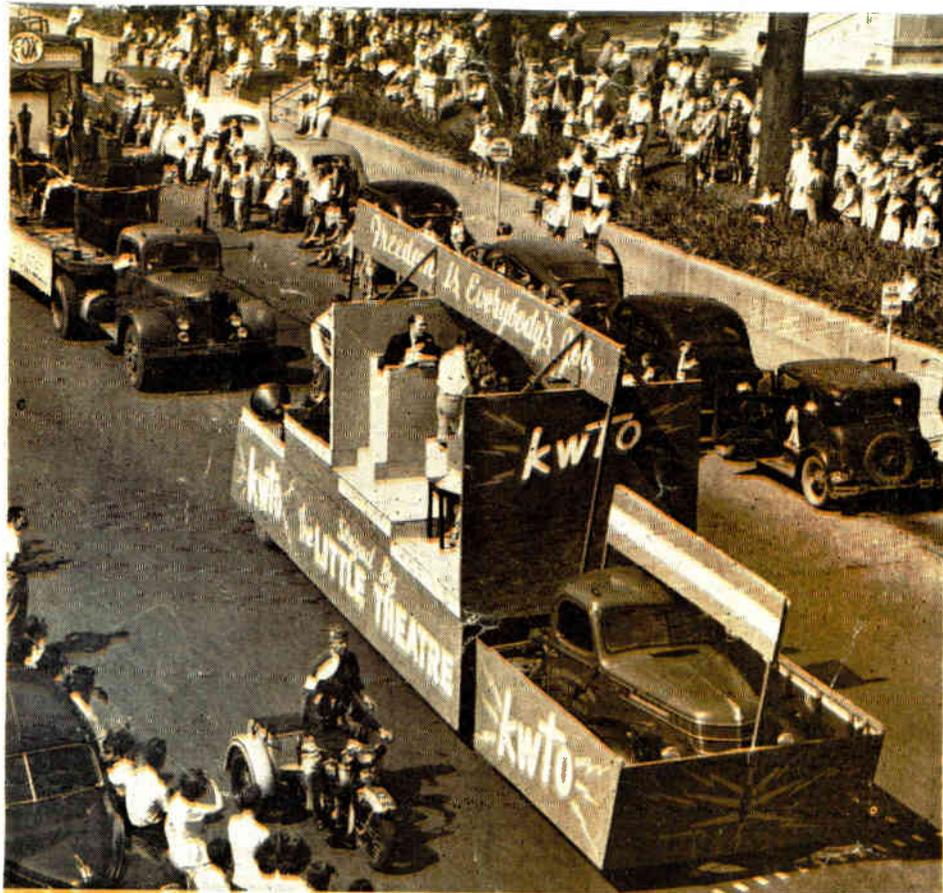
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PICTURE STORY

FREEDOM FLOAT
IN TWO PARADES



Thousands upon thousands of people lined the route as the Freedom Parade, a Friday afternoon feature of the Ozarks area's Rededication Week, moved majestically down Commercial St., across Boonville Ave. and through Springfield's southside downtown district. It was generally agreed, The Dial is happy to report, that KWTO's 40-foot float dominated the pageant. At least a number of our friends from Bolivar thought so, and asked that it be included in the Simon Bolivar Memorial Parade on July 5th.

The Springfield Little Theater cooperated in casting the float for its debut, but it carried Bolivarians and a sprinkling of KWTO personnel for its second appearance, which was reviewed by President Truman, President Romulo Gallegos of Venezuela, and other visiting dignitaries on hand for Bolivar's red letter day. Bearing the banner, "Freedom is Everybody's Job," the float presented, in tableau form, four ways in which good Americans serve their country. For another picture and a detailed description, see page 13.