

# JANUARY 1949

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The **KWTO DIAL**

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**OFF WITH THE WHISKERS!**

With the fuzzy white foliage stripped away, our December cover Santa Claus is revealed as Bill Ring, who donned Heer's St. Nick suit, beard and moustache and false eyebrows for the now-famous picture. Did you recognize him?



**OUR BABIES OF THE MONTH — TWO TOTS AND CHARLIE HADEN**

In a family of four brothers, and only one of them her junior, a gal has to put on the gloves once in awhile and stand up for her rights. What's wrong with this

picture, of course, is that neither Sharon Kay nor Tommy looks suitably belligerent —rather as if they were about to throw their arms around each other fondly.

# KORN AND QUIZZES . . . . .

A NEW MONDAY  
NIGHT LINEUP

Ask any Korn's-A-Krackin' character what the New Year has brought that he would rather have than—as the song says—his two front teeth. His prompt and beaming reply: "Saturday nights off!"

The KWTO management and Mutual Broadcasting System, which sow Ozarks "Korn" from coast-to-coast via a nationwide hookup, agreed early in December to switch this famous program from Saturday to Monday night at 9 o'clock.

Something else has been added to make the Monday 9-to-10 p. m. KWTO period outstanding in middle-western radio. Time-buyers for General Foods have taken the 9:30 spot for Professor Quiz, and this grand "granddaddy" of all the question-and-answer programs will start the night of Jan. 8th with Grape-Nuts the featured product. (General Foods already sponsors the delightful Wednesday night Meredith Wilson show on KWTO, and a January schedule of Minute Rice spot announcements.)

K-A-K is all decked out in a new format, as well as a new time and new night. Slim Wilson is starred, with Penny Nichols and Fiddlin' Buzz Fellows featured. Lou Black is producer, director and "drawler" of "Hillosophy," originated by Lou six years ago. Lou Martin is announcer, and Bill Ring, master of ceremonies, also leads "Hymn Time," with the entire cast singing such familiar favorites as "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Bringing in the Sheaves." In addition to his solo, Slim joins the Tall Timber Boys, Bob White and Zed Tennis, for a trio on each program.

Special features alternate on Monday evenings: Dale Parker's guitar solos, the Shorty Thompson gang, George and Buster, the Matthews Quartet, Flash and Whistler, Chuck Bowers. The show now follows a party theme instead of the old jamboree idea.

When you "come on in and set a spell" with the Korn's-A-Krackin' crowd, you'll be sure to stay for another half hour with the fellow who made the word "quiz" a proper name. After more than a decade of sponsored radio broadcasting, Dr. Craig Earl is always astonished at the

acceptance his original question-and-answer idea has received. He estimates that there are roughly 400 quiz imitators on the air today, some 26 of them on networks. "That's quite an illegitimate family," the Professor will tell you.

He refers to himself as a "part-time gentleman," spending all his spare time in workday overalls, milking or driving a tractor on his 365-acre dairy farm in Hillsdale, N. Y. Mrs. "Quiz" is not only official scorekeeper on her husband's program, keeping track of the monies earned by contestants, but she is also in complete charge of his office, where some hundreds of thousands of questions and answers are filed.

An outstanding characteristic of both the Professor Quiz and the Korn's-A-Krackin' programs is their easy, genuine, friendly spontaneity.

K-A-K rings just as true to its friends 3000 miles away as it does to those 30 miles away because it presents authentic hillbilly talent. The only "furriners" in its cast are Dale Parker (Illinois-born), Chuck Bowers (a Kansan with a Missouri granddad) and Sue Thompson (from South Dakota), and they're about as "furrin" as a 'coon dog by now. All the rest are native sons, who hit their happy blend of backwoods hoe-down and popular hillbilly, ancient ballads and modern instrumental numbers, as naturally as they hunt and fish. And the wise and drawling "Hillosophy" that closes each program is written by KWTO News Chief Floyd Sullivan, a small-town Ozarkian who was running a country newspaper when he was just 18 years old.

## COVER STORY

There's nothing particularly symbolic about that classic expression of small fry impudence with which our pin-up boy greets 1949. George Earle's and Dickie's little boy, Rickie, was actually registering pleasure at a story the photographer was telling when he stuck his tongue out, and the pose was a natural for our calendar cover. The photo of Rickie is the work of Jim Williams.

## INSIDE AT THE STUDIO . . . . . BY THE EDITOR OF THE DIAL

KWTO's Miss Courtesy, **Ruth Sherwood**, serene queen of the business office, took a late vacation in New York, which she had never visited. Bewildering as Manhattan is, Ruth negotiated it by bus, streetcar, subway and on foot, sometimes with but often without the company of her sister and brother-in-law **Mr. and Mrs. Fred McGhee** (both formerly with KWTO), as unflinching as she keeps her books. St. Louis isn't much easier to get around in, but Ruth, heady with compliments on her sense of New York direction, spent between trains exploring it on the return trip, and didn't get lost once. But when her train got home to Springfield—"I got off, picked up my bags because I couldn't find a red cap, and walked past car after car for at least a quarter of a mile. Finally a switchman stopped me. 'You want the depot, lady? It's about half a mile back the other way.'" Moral: You can take the girl out of the country, and then take the country out of the girl, but she'll miss it when she gets back home.

\* \* \*

The **Haden Family** was at it's "family-est" one night early in the month when Tommy was singing a request song for a 100-year-old Sunway Vitamin correspondent. He finished the number, **Uncle Carl** started to make an announcement, and was drowned out by furious howls. Once the kids were quieted, **Aunt Mary Jane** explained it all. While Tommy was giving his All for Art at the microphone, **Charlie** ate his sandwich . . . Both **Tommy** and **Sharon Kay** are addicts of that old-fashioned children's delight, bread-and-butter with sugar on it . . . Did you happen to hear **Uncle Carl's** reprimand to the kids when **Mary Jane** laughed at him for saying "Good morning, friends" on an afternoon program? All six of them "shh-ed" her titters. "Quiet," Carl told them. "After all these years, I guess mama can laugh at me if she wants to!"

\* \* \*

**Bill Ring** will be a long time forgiving **Lou Black** for what happened to each of them the day the quail season opened.

Bill took a day and a half off, rose before dawn, loaded his car with legal artillery and his setter, and drove 60 miles into the country to a place where, he'd been told, "the quail are so thick they'll land on your hat." He hunted all day: No luck. He hunted all the next morning: No luck . . . On the same first day, Lou announced the 7 a. m. Beiderman show and went home to eat breakfast. In the middle of his second cup of coffee, **Pat** called from the kitchen window, "Come here and look!" A whole covey of quail was ambling through the back yard. Lou whistled his dog up from the basement, took down his gun, stepped out the back door and bagged three . . . Bill's thin-lipped comment: "I'll bet they were in a chicken coop."

\* \* \*

The **Matthews Quartet** was rehearsing in the big studio, with an attractive girl friend of **Monty's** as an enchanted audience of one. **Lou Martin** and **Joe Slattery** were in the announcers' booth, one studio and two plate glass windows away. Thinking the key that connects with "open air" was closed, Lou leaned over Joe's shoulder, pointed to the big studio, and whistled softly, "Who's the sweeter girl?" If you happened to be listening, and heard that puzzling line come out over the air in between totally unrelated announcements, at last you have the explanation . . . "Fortunately," Lou said later, "my wife was on duty that day." (She's a nurse.)

\* \* \*

**Gary Thompson** made **Sue** and **Shorty** promise they wouldn't laugh at him when they came to see him in a school Christmas entertainment. It seems that in the last one, he sat through the whole performance on a suitcase without saying a word, but was very hurt when they asked him what he was supposed to be. "A tourist!" he said indignantly.

It's practically impossible to "break up" **Slim Wilson** when he's on the air, because a microphone is as familiar to him as his own horse and nothing short of  
(Continued on PAGE ELEVEN)



**NEWS OF LENNIE AND PETE**

Lennie Aleshire, who has more friends and relatives in the Ozarks than Goo-Goo has naps, has gone to station WARL in Arlington, Va. Lennie is living in Washington, D. C., just across the Potomac, and drives to his daily work with another KWTO alumnus, Pete Cassell, through the beautiful Tidal Basin parkway in the national capital. Lennie also shares WARL program time with another prominent hillbilly radio trouper, "Grandpaw" Jones.

1. The Saturday 11 a. m. scene at the Ike Martin store when "Meet Your Neighbor" hits the air: Goo-Goo, Buzz Fellows, Dale Parker and Mrs. Martin, with Benny Martin in the center.

2. Clockwise, trimming the Ring family Christmas tree: Charlotte Cook, Thelma Ring, Wanda Britain, SMS Homecoming Queen Saranell Dunn, Ermalee Akers and Jackie Fitch, Bill's "harem" of boarders.

3. Slim Wilson, John Wesley and Ada tackle the same pleasant chore.

4. Ella Gene Coffeen and Donna Jean, Juanita White and Carol Lynn, Lily McNeley and Sherry Lee, Mildred Fellows with Georgianna and Connie Jo — our "Happy New Year" crew.

## PORTSIDE PATTERN . . . . . THOUGHT FOR '49 BY GEORGE EARLE

Cora Kenney has woven a lot of sentimental memories into these Lines to a Rag Rug:

There, on the floor beside my bed,  
A faded, home-made rug is spread,  
And woven in it are my dreams,  
Patterned from the color schemes.

The center is a checkered ball  
Made from baby's coverall;  
That bit of blue, like summer skies,  
Matches a certain maiden's eyes.

But now the colors glow, then fade,  
In ever-changing, swift parade  
To somber shades of brown and tan  
Until a sturdy little man

In badly rumped linen clothes,  
With sunburned cheeks and  
freckled nose  
Cries loudly in his boyish way,  
"Please! I don't want a bath today!"

Each bit of cloth that's woven there  
Brings back to me a silent prayer  
That life would bring them only joy . . .  
The blue-eyed maid and brown-eyed  
boy!

\* \* \*

In parts of Scotland there exists a very beautiful custom which it would be well to imitate everywhere. On the first day of the New Year, whatever may have been the quarrels or estrangements between friends and relatives, mutual visits are exchanged, kindly greetings given and received—all is forgotten and forgiven. How about trying it? If this is to be a happy New Year, a year of usefulness, a year in which we shall live to make this earth better, there is no finer beginning point than the forgiving and forgetting among ourselves. Whatever the past year may have meant to you, make it dead history. But let the New Year be a living issue. Enter the New Year with a kind thought for every one. Make the New Year a happy one in your home; be bright of disposition; carry your

cares with a smile . . . and your life will give warmth to all about you!

As Susan Coolidge once said: "Every day is a fresh beginning. (Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain!) And in spite of old sorrow and older sinning, and trouble forecasted, and possible pain, take heart with the day, and begin again."

Should you make New Year's resolutions? Well, "resolution," says John Foster, "is omnipotent." As if to explain, Tyrone Edwards wrote: "He that resolves upon any great and good end, has, by that very resolution, scaled the chief barrier to it. He will find such resolution removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency and strength for weakness, and, like the star to the Wise Men of old, ever guiding him nearer and nearer to perfection."

If I may have a New Year's wish, let it be for a few friends who understand me and yet remain my friends; an understanding heart; a sense of humor and the power to laugh; a mind unafraid and a sense of the presence of God.

Again: **HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF YOU!**

### ■ OZARKOLOGY

Uncle Carl Haden says he's not one bit surprised when a politician keeps putting his foot in his mouth every time he opens it. "Pore feller can't help it, and neither could you," he explains. "When somebody's tryin' to straddle the fence, keep his ear to ground, talk out of both sides of his mouth and not let his right hand know what his left hand's doin', he jist natcherly gits so anatomically mixed up, somethin' like that's bound to happen!"

### FICTION AND FACT

Sam (Clowning) Cowling of ABC's Breakfast Club has incorporated the following into Sam's Almanac: "Living with your mother-in-law is like taking a bath. After a while it isn't so hot."

**THE SPOTLIGHT . . . . .**

**DIODENES DISSECTS  
DISK JOCKEY LOWE**

There's one theory that Fate sends pixies to attend the birth of certain infants, and odd and funny things happen to them all the rest of their lives. There's another that predestination is a Dodo-idea; that some persons just naturally develop a pixie streak as a botanist develops a hybrid, as a muscle man develops his biceps.

Whether by Grand Design or selective choice, KWTO's announcer-disk jockey Jim Lowe is as pixielated as a Brownie on a merry-go-round. He's what we hillbillies call "zaney," and what a Brooklynite would call "a character." Strange and wonderful things began happening to Jim at the lollipop stage. He told his pet goat it smelled, so the goat jumped through a neighbor's window and got into a full bathtub. His dog, Bud, which he always explained as being "mostly bulldog and part otherwise," climbed trees. When his pet rabbit ate flowers, and was killed, cooked and brought to the table as "fried chicken," he thought it a very wonderful thing. "What a nice and different chicken," he said, "to have four legs." When he was five, the Santa Claus from Reps' Store was brought out to see him at Christmas time. Jim bit him. When family friends ohhed and ahhed and gurgled over his saucer-wide eyes and golden curls, he stuck out his tongue—and still, at the age of 25, does. His playmates thought him wonderful for having chicken pox, measles and mumps simultaneously.

Lest the kinship between laughter and tears be forgotten, it should be recorded that Jim was also a timid, hyper-sensitive and imaginative child, to whom spooks and monsters and other evils-of-the-night were all too real.

"A good deal of my childhood was spent in bed," Jim says, "either sent there by my parents, or forced there to recuperate from multiply contusions and injuries."

He is one of two sons of Dr. H. A. Lowe, who hoped that both his boys would follow him in the medical profession. Arch, the elder, aimed steadily at just that. Jim wandered from one interest



to another—the narrator in "Our Town" and the male lead in "You Can't Take It With You" at Senior High School; piano, which he plays brilliantly in any key, by ear, "because it's easier on the eyes that way and I can put myself to sleep;" associate editorship of the Senior "High Times" weekly; a column called "Humor Hits A New Lowe." (And it did, too.) He also, by way of proving that he may have been a dilettante but not a dalliant, made the National Honor Society.

"By 1941," Jim recounts, "My father began to realize that he did not have a budding surgeon on his hands, and began to wonder what institution to place him in."

Missouri University was the answer, where he pledged Sigma Nu and took the lead in a spring play, "Out of the Frying Pan," and then had a race with his roommate to see who could make the worst grades before they were drafted.

Jim was one of the disappointed boys pitched around in the vast machinery of Selective Service and U. S. Army until he wondered if he knew his own name. He took basic training in the tank corps. He was switched to the medics in Kentucky, then Virginia, then Washington State. Then the Army sent him to a school for physical reconditioning instructors where he had "two solid months of back flips

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

Happy New Year to All!

We have a New Year—A book unread . . . A path untrod. Don't fear it—go forward, for things always work out. Take a chance! A squirrel does, when he leaps from one tree to another. You're no dumber than a squirrel, are you? Don't worry this coming year. Worry gets you nothing . . . Remember, you have a fine clean page. Write a great drama upon it! Do your best.

**He worried about the weather,  
He worried about his health,  
He worried about his business,  
He worried about his wealth.**

**She worried about the children  
She worried about her clothes,  
She worried about the neighbors,  
She worried about her woes.**

**They worried—still they worried—  
They worried—but alas — . . .  
They worried about a lot of things  
That never came to pass!**

Starting a New Year, I want to give you this interesting thing I read. It said the Indians who once roamed North America counted time always by moons instead of months; they always made things very descriptive. They didn't have much of a vocabulary, so it was always an Indian trait to make what they had count. This is what they called the different months:

January was "The Moon of Snow on the Tepee," February was "The Moon of Dark Red Calves." March was "The Moon of the Snow Blind," April "The Moon of the Grass Coming," May was "Moon when the Ponies Shed." June was "The Moon of Making Fat." July was "The Moon of the Red Cherry." August was "The Moon of the Black Cherry," September "The Moon when the Calves Grow Hair," October "The Moon of the Changing Seasons," November "The Moon of the Red Leaves," December "The Moon when the Bark Cracks."

All that seems very interesting to me. Indians are such mystic, wise and sensitive people, sensitive to everything in nature, barbaric only in love of color, and drama.

**Here are two things to remember as you start the New Year. No doubt you have heard that marvelous truism that "anger is the wind that blows out the lamp of the mind." Well, a man has added another one. He says "Politeness is like an air cushion . . . there may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts."**

Some people say you will have a lucky day in the New Year—or a lucky number. (Our staff writer, Opal Porter, is splendidly versed in astrology, having studied it out in California, and may be interested in numbers, too.) Many people think seven is the great number of the whole universe. I don't know why. Many people think thirteen is unlucky, some think it's lucky. Eleven is a queer number. You know the Armistice for World War One came at the eleventh hour of the eleventh month on the eleventh day. And the eleventh verse of the eleventh chapter of the eleventh book of the Bible says, "For as much as this is done of thee, Oh King, and thou hast not kept my covenants and my statutes which I have commanded thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee and give it to thy servant."

That is a strange coincidence . . . Queer things happen in this old world.

The years come on forever, don't they? And isn't it a good thing that they do?—And that there is, forever, "some perpetual springtime set apart, in some bright secret meadow of the heart!"

We face the New Year with many mixed emotions. A lot of us face it with high hopes and a lot of us face it with a secret dread. My favorite New Year poem has always been "A Little Prayer," by Samuel Kiser. There are a thousand sermons in it and much to think about. Let me give it to you for the New Year — a prayer for three things:

**That I may not in blindness grope,  
But that I may with vision clear  
Know when to speak a word of hope  
Or add a little wholesome cheer.**

**That tempered winds may softly blow  
Where little children, thinly clad,**

(Continued on PAGE EIGHTEEN)

## SCHEDULE FOR JAN.

WHAT'S GOING ON AT KWTO?



### WEEKDAYS AND SATURDAY

5:00 a. m.—Yawn Patrol  
 5:15 a. m.—Lula Belle, Scottie (M-W-F)  
 5:30 a. m.—Yawn Patrol  
 5:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock  
 6:00 a. m.—Southland Echoes (M-W-F)  
 6:00 a. m.—Slim Wilson (T-Th-S)  
 6:15 a. m.—R. F. D. Roundup  
 6:30 a. m.—Haden Family  
 7:00 a. m.—Shorty Thompson  
 7:15 a. m.—Slim Wilson  
 7:30 a. m.—Newscast  
 7:45 a. m.—Saddle Rockin' Rhythm  
 8:00 a. m.—Chuck Bowers  
 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 Quartet (S)  
 8:45 a. m.—Gospol Rocket (S)  
 9:00 a. m.—Pleasure Parade  
 9:00 a. m.—Chuck Bowers (S)  
 9:15 a. m.—Meal of the Day (M-W-F)  
 9:15 a. m.—Woman's World (T-Th-S)  
 9:20 a. m.—Slim Wilson  
 9:25 a. m.—Markets—(S)  
 9:25 a. m.—Betty Crocker—ABC  
 9:30 a. m.—Dialing the Editor (S)  
 9:45 a. m.—Newscast  
 10:00 a. m.—Kay Kyser—ABC  
 10:00 a. m.—Stars of Tomorrow (S)  
 10:30 a. m.—Ted Malone—ABC  
 10:30 a. m.—Floyd Hitchcock (S)  
 10:45 a. m.—Slim Wilson  
 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 Comm. (S)  
 11:45 a. m.—Penny Nichols  
 11:45 a. m.—Farm Forum (S)  
 12:00 noon—Baukhage Talking—ABC  
 12:00 noon—Farm Forum (S)  
 12:15 p. m.—Matthews Quartet—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.—Metropolitan Opera—ABC (S)  
 1:30 p. m.—Bride and Groom—ABC  
 2:00 p. m.—Judy and Jane  
 2:15 p. m.—Kitchen Talks  
 2:30 p. m.—Linda's First Love  
 2:45 p. m.—Ladies Be Seated—ABC  
 3:00 p. m.—Galen Drake—ABC  
 3:15 p. m.—Hayloft Frolics  
 3:30 p. m.—George and Buster  
 3:45 p. m.—Cornfield Follies  
 4:00 p. m.—Newscast

4:15 p. m.—Markets  
 4:25 p. m.—Do You Know?  
 4:30 p. m.—Weatherman Williford  
 4:35 p. m.—Ozark Newsettes  
 4:45 p. m.—Haden Family  
 4:45 p. m.—Decision Now (S)  
 5:00 p. m.—Haden Family  
 5:15 p. m.—Matthews Quartet  
 5:15 p. m.—Christian Science pgm. (S)  
 5:30 p. m.—Jack Armstrong & Sky King  
 5:30 p. m.—Man on the Farm (S)  
 6:00 p. m.—Newscast  
 6:15 p. m.—Sports Spotlight  
 6:25 p. m.—Animal World Court  
 6:30 p. m.—Lone Ranger—ABC (M-W-F)  
 6:30 p. m.—Counterspy—ABC (T-Th)  
 6:30 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey—ABC

### MONDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—The Railroad Hour—ABC  
 7:45 p. m.—Henry J. Taylor—ABC  
 8:00 p. m.—Best By Request  
 9:00 p. m.—Korn's-A-Krackin'  
 9:30 p. m.—Professor Quiz!  
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast  
 10:15 p. m.—Orchestra—ABC  
 11:15 p. m.—Orchestra—ABC  
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

### TUESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of Yukon—ABC  
 7:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting—ABC  
 8:30 p. m.—Driftin' On A Cloud  
 8:45 p. m.—The Marine Story  
 9:00 p. m.—Best by Request  
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast  
 10:15 p. m.—Orchestra—ABC  
 11:15 p. m.—Orchestra—ABC  
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

### WEDNESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Original Amateur Hour—ABC  
 8:00 p. m.—Meredith Willson—ABC  
 8:30 p. m.—Groucho Marx—ABC  
 9:00 p. m.—Bing Crosby—ABC  
 9:30 p. m.—Milton Berle—ABC  
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast  
 10:15 p. m.—Orchestra—ABC  
 11:15 p. m.—Orchestra—ABC  
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

### THURSDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of Yukon—ABC  
 7:30 p. m.—Spotlight on Industry  
 7:45 p. m.—Sully's Spotlight  
 8:00 p. m.—Personal Autograph—ABC  
 8:30 p. m.—Prayer Meetin' In the Ozarks  
 9:00 p. m.—Best By Request  
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast  
 10:15 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC  
 11:55 p. m.—News—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.—Cavalcade of Sports—ABC

9:30 p. m.—American Sports Page—ABC  
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast  
 10:15 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC  
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

### SATURDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of Yukon—ABC  
 7:30 p. m.—Famous Jury Trials—ABC  
 8:00 p. m.—Little Herman—ABC  
 8:30 p. m.—Amazing Mr. Malone—ABC  
 9:00 p. m.—Here's to Veterans  
 9:15 p. m.—Guest Star  
 9:30 p. m.—Hayloft Frolic  
 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—Christian Rural Overseas  
 12:15 p. m.—Senator Kem  
 12:30 p. m.—Sermons in Song  
 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—ABC  
 2:15 p. m.—The Future of America—ABC  
 2:30 p. m.—Treasury Band  
 3:00 p. m.—Ted Malone—ABC  
 3:15 p. m.—Johnny Thompson—ABC  
 3:30 p. m.—Cote Glee Club  
 4:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo Show  
 4:30 p. m.—Quiet, Please—ABC  
 5:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson—ABC  
 5:15 p. m.—Monday Headlines—ABC  
 5:30 p. m.—Greatest Story—ABC  
 6:00 p. m.—Go For the House—ABC  
 6:30 p. m.—Lutheran Hour  
 7:00 p. m.—Stop the Music—ABC  
 8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell—ABC  
 8:15 p. m.—Jergens Journal—ABC  
 8:30 p. m.—Theater Guild—ABC  
 9:30 p. m.—Newscast  
 9:45 p. m.—George Sokolsky—ABC  
 10:00 p. m.—Revival Hour  
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

### INSIDE AT THE STUDIO

(Continued from PAGE FOUR)

fire disturbs his equanimity. It did happen the Monday of Christmas week, however, when he was in the midst of "Buttons and Bows" on his 7:15 Nutrena show. He choked, he gasped, he tittered, and finally gave up, his guitar trailing off on a lonesome chord. "Folks," he said, "I just can't go on. **Luke McNeley's** out there in the lobby making up a bed on the floor, with two painters' tarps and his overcoat. And it's the funniest dern thing I ever saw!" . . . **Rickie Wilson, George Earle's** boy and our January cover cutie-pie, is at the "gimme" stage. The other day his mother, **Dickie**, and a neighbor, were taking in the kitchen, and he heard the neighbor say, "I'd just like to give that woman a piece of my mind." He was into the kitchen in a flash, demanding, "I want a piece of mind too!"

Three days after News Room's removal to a fine new first floor office, **Lou Black** ran into News Chief **Floyd Sullivan** early one morning, hurrying up to third. "Where you going?" Lou asked. Sully registered, looked about sheepishly as he headed back downstairs, and whispered, "Let's keep it a secret, huh?"

### EARLY SANTA CLAUS

An unidentified St. Nicholas, with a fabulous lot of presents for everybody, turned up at the Beiderman store party at the Legion Home the Sunday before Christmas, much to the delight of half the youngsters in the KWTO family. Dale Parker's daughter, Jean, received what she calls a "really-truly sewing machine," Dale Junior a wood-burning set, Jackie a drum. Wayne Thompson got a knife and a flashlight, Gary an erector set, Carol Lynn White a doll (and her first glimpse of Santa), and John Wesley Wilson, Luke McNeley's daughter and Rickie Earle were among others present, with their parents, to see the KWTO show emceed by George Earle, and to step up smartly when refreshments were served.

Gift-giving time came early not only for the Beiderman program talent, but for those on the Lipscomb-sponsored Penny Nichols show. Each entertainer and announcer Bill Bailey received a 10-lb. canned boned ham, and one of the new Lipscomb feed sacks that rips out along the bottom and one side to make a generous-sized and extremely attractive apron (especially on Chuck Bowers). We'll give you a picture of them next month.

## LOOKIN' AT YOU

... BY SULLY

It's going to be difficult to remember to write 1949. It is one of the worries of the News Department to change from one month or year to another in writing copy.

\* \* \*

I disliked very much taking the 1948 calendars off the walls of our department. There was something about that task that seemed to drive home realization that another whole year has gone forever. After all, few of the plans and dreams of last New Year's Day have been realized, and here is 1949 presenting another long list of new challenges.

\* \* \*

When I was a youngster, growing up in an Ozarks village, it seemed an endless age from one New Year's Day to another. I used to wonder why my father occasionally remarked that time flew on tireless wings. Now I am beginning to see what he actually meant—why he insisted upon going to bed every night at ten o'clock—why he feared a fall on the ice covered streets—and why he urged me to have a bit more consideration for men and women older than I.

\* \* \*

Don't for a moment get the idea that I am either cynical or depressed. There is no reason why I should be. The year 1948 was kind to me, as have been a majority of the years of my life. I have had the pleasure of working another 12 months for those I consider to be the most understanding and compassionate employers that an ordinary ham news man could hope for. Furthermore, I have enjoyed another year of extremely pleasant and inspiring fellowship with other employees of KWTO, and nowhere have I ever encountered a finer bunch of people.

\* \* \*

Of course, my hand may have trembled a bit as I took the 1948 calendar off the wall because I visioned other years to come that will be stripped of these associations that are so treasured. Yet, a tiny bit of self-pity is pardonable during the holiday season—when one has taken so many old calendars off the walls of other News Rooms and other homes.

## OUT OF THE FILES

### 7 Years Ago This Month

KWTO presents Salvation Army Christmas basket party to 5,500 in Shrine Mosque . . . World War II keeps News Room working long hours . . . Williford's weather broadcast cancelled: war security.

### 6 Years Ago This Month

Bo-Bo Pike in the spotlight (now in Kansas City) . . . Skinny Thomas, stationed at Fort Knox, Ky., makes a visit home (now in Fairmont, Minn.) . . . Patsy Dillon joins Zig to give the station a new act (Patsy in Sedalia, Zig here in Springfield).

### 5 Years Ago This Month

Benny Edmondson returns to staff . . . KWTO joins American Broadcasting Co. and starts nighttime programs . . . Lonnie Robertson in spotlight (now at Pittsburg, Kans.) . . . George Earle reveals secret ambition — to write a Hillbilly Opera.

### 4 Years Ago This Month

1944 a banner year for station KWTO . . . Pictured in snapshot section: Larry O'Connell (now in Baltimore), Sgt. Junior Haworth (now in Des Moines), Goo Goo Rutledge and Ozark Red (Ozark Red now in San Francisco) . . . Don Sullivan is featured in spotlight (now in Kansas City).

### 3 Years Ago This Month

"Korn's-A-Krackin'" heard over Mutual Broadcasting System each Saturday . . . Tim Cross in the spotlight (now in Kansas City) . . . Violinist Bill DeLange joins Al's "Hymn Sing."

### 2 Years Ago This Month

Joe Slattery joins staff . . . Sagebrush Serenaders in the spotlight (Cliff and Corinne in St. Louis, Carmolee in St. James) . . . "Korn's-A-Krackin'" celebrates first network anniversary . . . Square Dance Contest gets many entries.

### 1 Year Ago This Month

Ray and Lexie join staff (now in Oklahoma City) . . . Jean Matthews featured in Home-Keepers' Korner (with her husband, Jack, in Manhattan, Kans.)

## SLIM'S OBLIGING BOVINES

The George Rhodes and Zed Tennis families stopped by Slim's at Christmas-time, and, proud farmer that he is, he took them out back to see his cows. "That's Pokey," he said. "Over there's Sleepy and Jumpy, there's Guzzle, and those two are Stumble and Grump."

"My goodness," said Mrs. Tennis, "you've certainly gone to a lot of trouble to name all these cows."

"Nope," said Slim, "tain't that way at all. You just let cows alone and they name themselves."

## OUR NEW ANNOUNCER

Things you'll want to know about Lou Martin: He's 28, an Arkansan, served in the air corps, radioed in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Kansas before joining the KWTO staff. He was chief announcer and news editor of KOAM, Pittsburg, for eight years; is former program director of KWAN, Fort Smith; has been married 15 months. Jeanne, his wife, is a nurse.

## THREE OZARKS WINNERS

The many friends of Edith Hansen's charming, chatty Kitchen Talks, heard at 2:15 p. m. weekdays, will want to know that there were three Bulova watch winners from the KWTO area in the recent Perfex contest. They are Mrs. G. W. Buxton, RFD 3, Springfield; Mrs. Don Alley, Mountain Home, Ark.; Mrs. W. A. Williams, Seymour. The program's special project in January will be a set of plastic food bags for 25-cents and a Shina-Dish boxtop, so start saving them now because five food bags are being offered.

## AQUATIC SURPRISE

When Don McNeill, toastmaster of ABC's Breakfast Club, encouraged his listeners to eat peanut butter for its nutritional value, he became overly enthusiastic and suggested that they fill their cupboards and trunks with it. "That's fine," Sam (Clowning) Cowling replied, "but it'll sure be uncomfortable when they go in swimming."

## TWO KWTO-ABC STARS

Here are two radio artists with a couple of things in common — their popular children's programs and their pedigreed English bulldogs. Telling you that they are Jack Lester and Charlie Flynn may not mean much, but if they're designated as "Sky King" and "Jack Armstrong," watch the young eyes widen! They alternate for General Mills and Derby Foods on the same weekday KWTO-ABC time, 5:30 to 6 p. m., and their adventures delay many a supper hour, not just in these parts, but from coast to coast.





**COME RIGHT IN! . . . . . CHARM AND COMFORT  
IN LOU BLACK HOME**

Lou and Pat Black have an ideal home on five and a half acres northwest of Springfield on the Bolivar Road—one of those cozy and inviting places as charming on the inside as it looks from the road. A graceful sycamore, an oak tree and a wild cherry frame your first view of the house, standing on a rise of ground and combining brown-stained roofing and facing with whitewashed fieldstone. In summer, Paul's Scarlet climbers spill over the trellises at front and back doors, roses bloom in the flower bed at the left in the picture, close to the house, and five different colors of climbing roses festoon the railings of the deck over the garage, also to the left of the picture. Year-round green is furnished by three cedars, a pine tree, two holly trees and pfitzer junipers for low growth.

The picture window you see to the right is in the living room, reached through a picturesque leaded glass door. Draw drapes at the window are off-white with a dusty green chenille stripe, and the same grayed-green is carried out in a modern sectional sofa and in the wallpaper—two tones of green, striped,

with a faint overall pattern of tearoses. Another chair, drawn up to the white stone fireplace with a wall facing of white-painted pine, is a flowered green and rose paisley pattern, matching the dusty rose of the living room rug. White parchment lampshades trimmed with rose shed a soft glow on mahogany-finished occasional tables and a built-in bookcase.

The ground-floor bedroom has a pale peach ceiling, three walls in a slightly deeper shade, the fourth wall in very deep peach, and matching throw rugs. The furniture is maple, the spread and lampshades dusty green, and there are Priscilla curtains at the windows.

"My kitchen," Pat laughs, "has practically everything built-in—except the husband." Floor and ceiling are Dutch blue, endless cabinet space finished in a sparkling white, and there is glass brick construction above the built-in cabinets to give even more illumination than is furnished by two wide windows.

The front window you see at the center of the picture is in the upstairs bedroom, on a level four steps higher than the rest

**(Continued on PAGE FOURTEEN)**

**MEDITATIONS**

. . . BY MATT MATTHEWS

Perhaps we give too much thought, as each new year comes, to making resolutions, soon forgotten. J. D. Templeton, in the lovely thought I pass on to you this month, seems to be asking us, instead, to cherish a gift—a gift of months and days and hours to make as fine and beautiful as we wish to make them.

**THE NEW YEAR**

**I am the New Year, and I come to you  
pure and unstained,  
Fresh from the hand of God.  
Each day, a precious pearl to you is  
given  
That you must string upon the silver  
thread of life;  
That, once strung, can never be  
unthreaded, but stays—  
An undying record of your faith and skill.  
Each golden, minute link you then must  
weld into the chain of hours  
That is no stronger than its weakest link.  
Into your hands is given all the wealth  
and power  
To make your life just what you will.  
I give to you, free and unstained,  
twelve glorious months  
Of soothing rain and sunshine golden;  
The days for work and rest, the nights  
for peaceful slumber.  
All that I have I give with love unspoken.  
All that I ask—you keep the faith  
unbroken.**

—J D. Templeton

**SPONSOR'S CORNER**

**KWTO ACCOUNTS**

New Haden Family sponsor Tues., Thurs. and Sat. at 5 p. m. is Corona Nursery . . . Neosho Nurseries is taking on Slim Wilson for a Mon. through Fri. 5-minute program, 9:20 to 9:25, following K. C. Baking Powder's Beulah Karney . . . The Smith Mother Nature Brooder is also sponsoring a 5-minute Slim Wilson period Tues., Thurs. and Sat. at 6 p. m.

Have you heard Beulah Nunn's chatty Neff-Peterson program at 9:15 Tues., Thurs. and Sat.? It's delightful!

A new Saturday feature is a 15-minute program called "The Healing Ministry of Christian Science," sponsored by the First Church of Christ, Scientist, at 5:15.

Spot announcement schedules starting in January have been signed by Green Mountain Cough Syrup, Minute Rice and Kool Cigarettes.

Winchell at 8 p. m. Sunday is now sponsored by Kaiser-Fraser . . . The new name for the Louella Parsons 8:15 program, same night, is the Jergens-Woodbury Journal . . . Henry J. Taylor is heard at 7:45 p. m. Mondays for General Motors. . . . Pepsi-Cola will sponsor Counterspy Tues. and Thurs. 6:30 to 7 p. m. . . . Little Herman, sponsored by Cheseborough Mfg. Co., replaces Gangbusters at 8 p. m. Sat.

Southern Missouri Trust Co. will sponsor America's Town Meeting Tues., 7:30 p. m., locally.

**COME RIGHT IN . . . . . (THE LOU BLACKS' HOME)**  
**(Continued from PAGE THIRTEEN)**

of the house, along with a hall and the den. All three are finished in knotty pine, with matching knotty pine venetian blinds, and a door opens from the den to the play-deck above the garage. A cherry colored rug sets off the paneling of the den and its fireplace, and Pat has an unique arrangement at the two big windows built into one corner of the room. In lieu of curtains, she has used what look like miles of vines—five year old philodendron plants trained around the windows like draperies, and cascading from the shelves below the windows. The room has a knotty pine desk, a davenport.

Her preference for grayed tones was discarded in furnishing the pine-paneled bedroom. It has built-in bookshelves, closet and vanity, a Hollywood bed, and scarlet shag rugs. This is Pat's sewing room; contains her comfortable antique walnut rocker and a fine old walnut chest of drawers.

The Blacks are particularly delighted with their home because there is room for Lou's horse and dogs on the property, because they both love space and the out-of-doors, and because they like to entertain. It has been the scene of a number of picnics, barbecues and other KWTO talent parties.

## OFF THE CUFF

... STUDIO GOSSIP

Young love couldn't be more romantic and idyllic than it is for **Betty Ray**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Goble Ray of Purdy, now teaching school at Washburn, and **Monty Matthews**. They became engaged the Wednesday night before Christmas, "at 11 minutes until nine." Monty says breathlessly, "and I called **Bill** right away." The decision to make it matrimonial, and plan tentatively on a May wedding, came after they'd called each other, long distance from Springfield to Aurora, some five times the night of the 21st, talking about 20 minutes each time. Betty's engagement ring was her Christmas present . . . "With Monty glowing like this," observed **Bob Money**, pianist for the **Matthews Quartet**, "it's like playing accompaniments for a neon sign."

\* \* \*

Us hillbillies never seen the likes of the eatin' cake Taystee people sent to KWTO celebrating Birthday I for the **Bill Ring Show**. It was umpteen layers high, iced in white with fat fuchsia-colored roses, and the single candle in the center was a real electric light. **Bill Hickman** and **Benny Edmondson**, as well as all the execs, received Grennan fruit cakes, **Bill** got a new fly-rod, and **Goog**, who came to the party three times, got a tummy-ache . . . Speaking of tummy-aches (as who didn't, around KWTO, with the bosses giving every employee a fat turkey for Christmas), **Shorty Thompson** and **Si Siman**, with far-advanced cases of nervous indigestion, have been placed on special diets of half-milk and half-cream every two hours, with an unsalted egg a couple of times a week. They theme-songed sadly, as the frozen, double-breasted gobblers were passed around by bosses **Foster**, **Johnson** and **Kennon**: "All we want for Christmas is a soft-boiled egg." . . . "Pitiful, isn't it," murmured Goo-Goo. "Just goes to show what a fella gets himself into when he's energetic." . . . Heard at KWTO three times a day, as remodeling continues: "Please, carpenter, could you stop hammering for 15 minutes? We've got a broadcast."

## SPORTS SPOTLIGHT

... BY LEE GEORGE

Basketball has taken over in the Ozarks. Hundreds of high school basketball teams are now in action that will be climaxed by the State High School tournament at Southwest Missouri State College in Springfield. However, there will be two outstanding tournaments in Springfield previous to the big windup: First, the Greenwood High School Blue and Gold tournament, with 28 teams entered. This tourney will have been completed by the time you read this column. Favored teams are Buffalo, Versailles, Ozark, and Republic.

\* \* \*

Buffalo and Versailles have outstanding records and appear definite threats for even statewide honors this season. Coach **Eddie Matthews'** Buffalo Bisons form a veteran team with a lot of height, experience and basketball savvy. Versailles is led by **Bob Garrison**, who has averaged 28 points a game. I look for them to fight it out in the finals of the Greenwood tournament and perhaps the Springfield High School tournament of Champions in January.

\* \* \*

A definite disappointment this season is Lebanon, and Hollister also falls in that category. However, Lebanon may start rolling and Hollister has been handicapped by the absence of its center. Stockton has been afflicted with an epidemic of the mumps which cut strength and finally floored the team when 14 of the 22-man squad were downed by the malady. However, those teams may be back in the swing of things by the time the Tournament of Champions rolls around.

\* \* \*

High scoring men have stood out this winter so far. Heinen of Verona scored 43 points in one game. **Murphy** of Richland scored 45 and **Jack Trogdon** racked up the huge total of 53 points in one game. By the way, I understand Trogdon is already ticketed for Missouri University, having enrolled in the Vocational Agriculture department for next year.

Hope you had a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

## YOUR STARLORE

BY OPAL PORTER

You Capricorn natives, step up and take a bow. This sign ushers in the New Year, and Christmas, too.

Not in twelve years have you had such promising prospects. Everything points to a fruitful year for those born December 23rd to January 21st. Jupiter (money and affluence) is over your natal Sun, in double trine to Saturn, planet of destiny, and the Dragon's Head in the triple Earth signs. This grand trine encompasses three-fourths of the Zodiac.

Capricorn, ruled by the relentless Saturn, and symbolized by the mountain goat, occupies the midheaven in the universal horoscope, and represents the executive branch of government. This elevated position in the scheme of things gives these natural climbers the "go ahead" light, and they follow their goal to the summit, while less persistent folks watch them mount the ladder of success.

The Cardinal Signs are the beginning of the seasons, Capricorn ushering in the winter solstice. They give executive ability and a flair for organization. Whether for themselves or for the community, a Capricorn man or woman in charge of a project will see it to completion. They can build churches and temples through their magnetic appeal to the populace, aggressive leadership, and just plain love of doing things.

Brilliant and diversified writers, fine musicians, politicians, scholars and statesmen come out of this earthly sign, the late Woodrow Wilson being my personal favorite; with Mary Scott Hair, sometimes known as "Polly Tician", running him a close second.

The list of illustrious Capricornians, including Kipling, Newton, Pasteur, Cary Grant and Gladys Swarthout, reads like a "Who's Who" in Starology.

The saying that "Saturn takes care of his own" should be balm to their spirit, and needs no argument from my pen to prove that it isn't fallacy.

To you who read "Your Starlore" in the pages of the Dial, regardless of your birth date, I wish you a fabulous nineteen forty-nine!

## INQUIRING REPORTER

**Violet Gamble Morton:** Did you make any New Year's resolutions in 1948 and did you keep them?

**Zed Tennis:** I resolved to make a million dollars. I only missed it by \$999,999.

**Sue Thompson:** My resolution was to go on a diet, but I never did get around to it. I decided I would rather stay pleasingly plump and eat all I wanted to.

**George Earle:** On January 1st, 1948, I resolved to be more kindly toward and more considerate of Mr. Ralph D. Foster. I resolved to stop bawling him out for his short-comings, i. e.: little things like not raising my salary every month, nor having flowers placed on my desk each Monday morning, and not buying me that new Packard convertible. I resolved to let him off one afternoon each week at 3:30 to do anything he wants to do, such as attend a bridge party or missionary meeting. I resolved to stop being so snobbish and let him take me to lunch or dinner more often. You see, I came to the conclusion he's not such a bad guy after one gets to know him. After all, I've only been associated with him for twenty years, and it takes a little time to get acquainted. Yes, I've kept these resolves—most of the time.

**Buster Fellows:** I made a resolution that I would never eat as much as I did last year for Christmas. I really had a case of indigestion that lasted for weeks. So far, I have lived up to my resolution to the letter, but I'm glad you asked me about it before Dec. 25th.

**George Rhodes:** Last year I resolved never to make another New Year's resolution. That is the best resolution I've ever made. Always before, I forgot them as soon as I made them. I've kept this one . . . at least for a year. It certainly simplifies my life, especially every January.

---

### MARY JANE GINGERBREAD

Mix well: ½ cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, ½ cup butter, 2 tsp. soda dissolved in cup of boiling water, 2½ cups flour, 2 eggs, well beaten, 1 tsp. cloves, 1 tsp. cinamon and 1 tsp. ginger. Bake until done.

**THE SPOTLIGHT . . . . .****Continued from  
PAGE SEVEN**

and push-ups," made him golf instructor at an Indiana Convalescent Hospital, and finally gave him a medical discharge for having an extra vertebra.

"When other guys talk about their war experiences," he says, "I just do graceful push-ups until the conversation switches to something else."

Back in college in the fall of '45, Jim started to study law, switched to Journalism, finally took an A. B. in political science and got into radio. "In October of '46 I was lying in bed listening to a Columbia station and the announcer fluffed several times. I decided I could fluff as often as he could, so I went down to KFRU. They were having auditions that day, although I didn't know it. I got the job. My first day on the air my family and friends from home happened to be in Columbia. It was the day of a big football game. They gathered around the fraternity house radio with my college companions and listened enraptured while I read—the markets. I didn't know how to pronounce 'ewes' when I came to the word, so I said, 'Ooze are good to steady.' I have since," Jim smiles blandly, "changed it to ee-weeze. Like that better?"

"Now," he adds, "I am the guy on the air who fluffs while some other ambitious young nian lies on his bed and listens and says to himself, 'I could do it as well.' That is my contribution to the epic cycle of the radio industry."

"Sunny Jim" was his college nickname, and there were countless plots to test his good nature. On one occasion his college brothers sent his name to Golden Gloves boxing match promoters, together with a fictitious list of former ring victories, and the promoters came to look him over while the boys stood around grinning largely at his discomfiture. On another occasion, when he had the lead in the J-School Show musical, they hired a 400-lb. woman to sit in the audience and scream, "Ohhhhh, Jimmy!" during all his solos. They erected a snowman monument with a bandaged corn-cob for a schnozzle when his nose was broken in a snowball fight, on the spot.

There is an undercurrent of sensitivity, ambition and serious talent beneath Jim's protective coloration of wit and frivolity. He was president of his college fraternity. He conducted a disk derby program on KFRU that won national attention, with a three-page article in Radio Showmanship magazine, for hitting a new high in successful commercial projects on college-owned stations. Jim moved the KFRU sign-off time back to midnight, sold the show himself, and was the pin-up boy of practically every coed.

At the UCLA-NBC radio school in the summer of '47 he ranked first in a class of 113, with two firsts in radio writing and special events and a third in history of broadcasting—all courses taught by network staff men in the NBC Hollywood studios, and heavy with competition from far more experienced students. The prize: \$100. He finished his last M. U. final on June 1st of this year, and was on the KWTO board that night to start his new job. His Best by Request plans for receiving telephoned requests Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights matured for just one week; then the Telephone Co. begged him to stop—not just the KWTO switchboard, but the downtown switchboards were jammed with calls. His political science in college was chosen with the idea of preparing himself for eventual big time special events coverage, and his voice and personality are approaching radio-perfect, whether for intimate, humorous programming or the detachment newscasting calls for.

A voice, great ability, humor, a flair for writing, and so much charm it ought to be boxed up like candy, aren't Jim's only assets. He is tall, decidedly handsome, with gray-green eyes and brows that are a cross between those of John L. Lewis and a wistful spaniel. He manages to look like a million well-fed dollars in the golf clothes he prefers to spatsier attire. The whole combination would be intolerable, like a too-perfect calendar picture, if it were not tempered with earnestness and modesty. Everybody thinks Jim Lowe is a pretty remarkable fellow—except Jim Lowe.

## HEARTBEATS

(Continued from PAGE EIGHT)

Sit dreaming, when the flame is low,  
Of comfort they have never had.

That through the year which lies ahead  
No heart shall ache, no check be wet  
For any word that I have said  
Or profit I have tried to get.

That's a pretty big order, for the business men, for the big corporations, for the common, sour-faced grouch, for the stingy miser—and, most of all, just for you and me. A pretty big prayer.

Well, be good and be careful. Don't cut your fingernails in the light of the moon for they won't grow. Don't shingle your hair in the month of March for our old Ozarks ancestors said it gave you headaches for the rest of the year. Don't till the soil or plant anything on the Monday after Easter. Nothing will grow. Carry a buckeye in your pocket for the rheumatiz'. If you want to keep your dog at home and cure him from straying, shave three thin slices off the corner of the kitchen table, put them in his food and let him eat them. Then you snip off a bit of hair from his tail without his knowledge and bury it close to the corner of the house without the dog seeing you. He'll stay at home . . . At least that's what the old men of the mountains told us.

And you men: It's your place to get up this winter and make the fires till the whippoorwill sings again: then it's your wife's job until the whippoorwill is gone!

Goodbye and a Happy, Happy, New Year.

With my love,  
May

## WHO ARE THEY?

If you can name these KWTO stars from the hints we are giving you, then you're really up-to-date on our personnel. Answers will appear in the February issue. Answers to November's sticklers are to be found at the bottom of this column.

1. His middle name is the last name of the GOP vice-presidential candidate, and he's just as much a believer in harmony (although of a different kind) as

## TALENT WANTED!

### AMATEURS ON NEW PROGRAM

George Earle goes into the Major Bowes business Jan. 8th with a new 10 a. m. Saturday program excitingly called Stars of Tomorrow. The new People's Outfitting Co. at the corner of Campbell and College in Springfield is sponsoring this search for juvenile talent up to and including age 16, and here are the plans:

Talented youngsters may apply to George Earle at KWTO for auditions any weekday afternoon before 4:30 and Saturday mornings between 8:30 and 9:30. Those eligible will be heard on the program, a remote control broadcast from the Blue Room on the mezzanine floor of the Colonial Hotel, and the public is invited to attend the broadcasts. Each week for 12 weeks, prizes of \$12.50 for the first place, \$7.50 for second place and \$5 for third will be awarded, and at the end of that time, the 12 first place winners will compete for a grand prize of \$100 or more in merchandise from the store.

Winners of each contest will be chosen by popular vote, either by letter, or by a voting blank obtainable at the store.

The Blue Room at the Colonial seats 300, and visitors to the program every Saturday morning will be served soft drinks free.

Herman Felt and Milton Seigel of the People's Outfitting Co., KWTO City Sales Manager Ray Keltner and George Earle have tried to work out arrangements for this search for talent to give the amateur, hoping to turn professional, the most valuable possible experience in appearing before an audience and acquiring stage and microphone presence.

Governor Warren. His first name is also the name of a well-known town in Alabama.

2. He was named for two saints. The first of them has a London Palace (and a mythical infirmary) named after him.

Answers to November's teasers: "Olive" is the name given Sue Thompson at birth, and she still uses it — on her private papers. "Ulyan," the yodel-name, is that of Dec Martin.

**THE PASSING PARADE . . . . . PHOTOGRAPHS BY REUEL HAYMES**



- 1. Waneta Matthews put Bill to work.
- 2. A new portrait of "the best-loved woman in the Ozarks, May McCord.
- 3. Dale Parker's grin registers pleasure at the lifting of the Petrillo ban on record-making. He has a sizeable "gravy" income from sale of recordings of his compositions.
- 4. Benny Edmondson, Bill Ring and Bill Hickman at the Taystee-hosted birthday party for the 8:15 a. m. Bill Ring Show.
- 5. Veteran Joe Slattery (center) interviews Mel Hoey of St. Louis and Joe Wirsich of Brooklyn on an O'Reilly Veteran's Hospital program.



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You may find it amusing to play a guessing game about the identities of our five comely well-wishers for the New Year. You'll find them once again, with their mothers, on page 5.

The first of them, the one with the elfin smile, is ten years old and a fifth-grader at Doling school. She has a flair for the artistic and keeps her box of oil paints busy—and her mother even busier, washing out the stains. Acrobatic and tap dancing and singing are also on her list of accomplishments, and you may have heard her solo, "Put Your Arms Around Me," on the 3:15 Ru-Tel-sponsored Hayloft Frolic a few weeks ago. She's still getting cards and letters, including one from an admiring little boy who wants to know all about her. Her droll, dry wit is a natural inheritance from her father.

The next two misses who look, respec-

tively, like a del Sarto seraph and a delicate-featured Marie Laurencin lady, are eight and six years old and inveterate cookie jar pirates. When they aren't playing house, tucking dolls to bed, cutting out paper figures and sewing, then they're probably dancing to the radio. They'd both like to be dancers when they grow up. Small fry, far right, is at the into-everything stage, especially her mother's lipstick and powder box. It's something new every day—dumping 50 cents in small change down the register into the floor furnace; cutting the telephone cord; pouring water on the artificial flowers on the dining table.

The baby in the foreground won't have her first birthday until February, but she's already trying to walk. When the family radio tunes in the Hayloft gang, and mother says, "That's Daddy," she bounces.