



The
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DIAL

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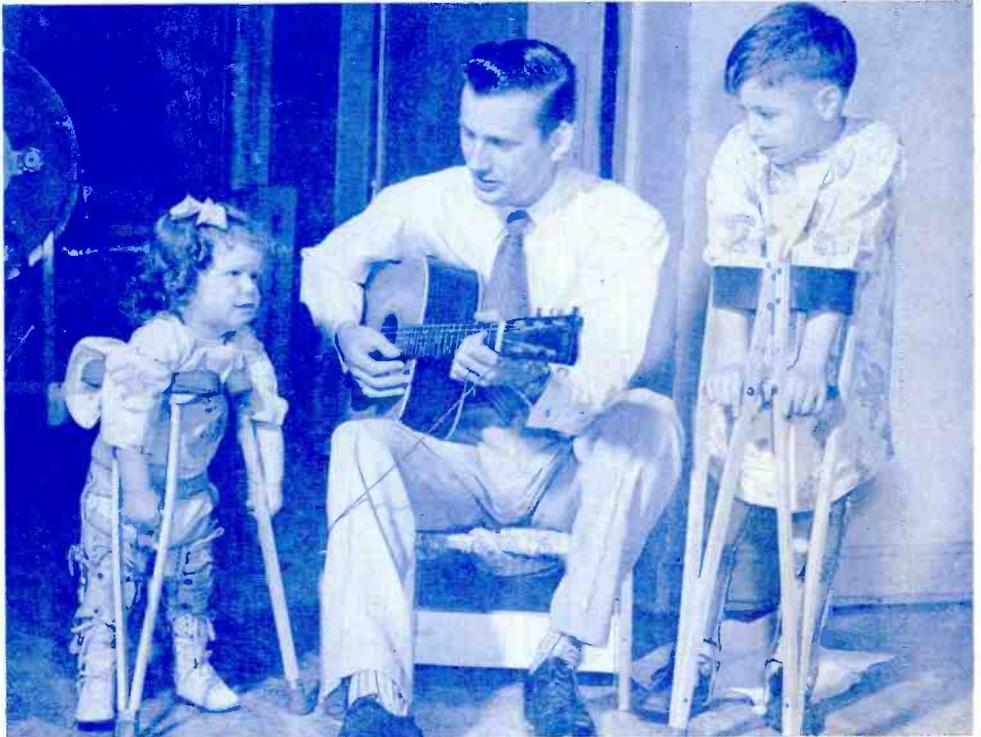
The Dial is published the first of every month and serves radio fans in more than 100 counties in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Oklahoma, as well as former Ozarkians in other states who are old friends of Radio Station KWTO.

If the numbers 7-50 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. The Editor will be happy to answer your inquiries about past and present KWTO personalities and fill your requests for pictures.



★ BABY OF THE MONTH

As precious as a pixie is Sherada Ann Nichols, 10-months-old and the pride of Penny and Tharol Nichols.



★ GEORGE MORGAN SHARES HIS SONGS WITH YOUNG POLIO PATIENTS

The kindly star of our Robin Hood Hoedown was glad to be one of KWTO's visitors to the Burge Hospital Polio Ward on his last trip to Springfield. Judy Wallender, left,

22 months old, liked his sweet, soft voice, but was tired from crutches and braces when this picture was taken. Douglas Fields, his other listener, was quite fascinated.

POLIO WARD

KWTO-ERS "SERENADE"
CHILDREN REGULARLY

KWTO visits to the Burge Hospital Polio Ward have become such a happy habit for all concerned that Cal Campbell, state representative of the National Polio Foundation, has asked KWTO for a story about them to send to the Foundation's national magazine. His hope, of course, is that other radio stations throughout the country will please copy, and follow through.

These visits, now on a monthly basis, are most properly called "serenades," although the last time the Dial Editor was there, very little singing was done. More of that later.

Do you remember the Dial picture of Bobbie Webb, Johnny Olsen and his announcer, Bob Maurer, taken when the entire Philip Morris Ladies Be Seated cast visited the ward? George Morgan, when he "serenaded" during his June trip to Springfield, followed the same procedure—that of visiting with and singing to each convalescent youngster, even those who had just undergone surgery and were still bedfast. It was his first meeting with Bobbie Webb, to whom he had dedicated a song several months before, and he spent a tireless hour and a half singing all the funny and serious and old-fashioned songs the children asked to hear until (but don't tell) a little past their usual bedtime. Bob Thompson, advertising manager of International Milling Co. of Minneapolis, millers of Robin Hood Flour, and Jim Anderson, production manager of Crook Advertising Agency, Dallas, accompanied George on his hospital rounds.

A few weeks later a most mysterious thing happened. There arrived at KWTO, to be delivered to the ward, a big box from a place called "Magic Land." Mrs. Ruth Wiley, the lovely, motherly woman who is ward supervisor, assembled all 19 children in the corridor the evening of June 19 for a ceremonial opening of the treasure chest. They gathered as close as they could—some in wheel chairs; some in steel-braced "walkers"; others on crutches and wearing leg braces; many with casts encasing bodies, arms or legs; the babies from 14 months to four years in the arms of parents or nurses; several on stretchers. The eyes of nurses and orderlies and Mrs. Wiley were almost as brightly expectant as those of the youngsters as the box was slit open. Then gifts began to emerge—

Clowns, in costume, that nodded and made rubber faces when manipulated by a hidden hand . . . kaleidoscopes, squeaky dolls, books on magic . . . a top that would spin anywhere,

★ COVER STORY

It is more fitting than we realized, at the time our cover picture was taken, that little boys like Tommy Haden (left) and Jimmy Slattery should be learning to say, right hand on heart:

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States, and to the country for which it stands. One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

And it is fitting that veteran Joe Slattery, a reserve officer in the USAF, should be teaching it to them on a sunny, sloping hillside on a June day in the Ozarks, with the flag swelling behind them and—above them—cumulus glories of clouds drifting serenely in a high sky. It is better for young and old that they not wait until clouds of dark conflict gather somewhere in the world, as they do now over pitiful Korea, to learn that "liberty and justice for all," and the dream of peace according to world laws of liberty and justice, are more than words: that they are the necessities of human survival.

even on the arm of a wheelchair . . . hurdy-gurdies of every imaginable kind, one in a big yellow Easter egg, another with a dancing monkey on top, a third in the shape of a drum, with a duck that danced around the top of it when you turned the handle to play a tune . . . a clown whose eyes lighted up when you pulled a string . . . fortune telling "sticks," and a fortune telling box that could turn up a different answer to every question . . . little shells that burst open and "grew" flowers when you put them in water . . . tricks and toys and playthings of all kinds, for all ages, and even a guitar!

The only singing that was done that night was to the tunes the hurdy-gurdies played. Except, of course, for the singing in the hearts of delighted children, some of whom had not laughed, had not even smiled, in months; and the singing smiles of Ann Bennett, new Burge director of nurses, and of Mrs. Wiley and her staff, who love their "children" so much that the ward seems more like a place where a family has gathered than like a place of sickness.

By the time you receive your Dials, Lexie White will have serenaded the children in the Polio Ward, and KWTO's plans for that evening include—Mrs. Wiley willing—lots of ice cream. Slim Wilson will be the early August visitor. In fact, all the KWTO staff is scrambling for a chance to meet Lee Crossland, 11, of Laquy, Leroy Miller, 5, of Van Buren, Randy Rogers, 16 months old, and all the other charming youngsters there.

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO . . . NEWS AND DOINGS OF KWTO PERSONALITIES

Shorty Thompson deserves to have a red satin ribbon draped across his brow as KWTO's busiest goodwill ambassador, both in the Ozarks and on the networks. He and **Sue** worked a week in Dallas, for a flour account, on the MBS-Dixie Chain; will take **Zed Tennis** and **Bob White** with them on July 15th for a Saddle Rockin' Rhythm guest appearance on the CBS Brushcreek Follies; will work western networks from Colorado in the fall . . . They've also, with **Zed, Goo-Goo Rutledge**, and sometimes **Lennie Aleshire**, been playing personals along the chain of Commonwealth Theaters—Mountain Home, Harrison and Batesville, Ark., and Monett, and have July, August and September Fair dates at Stockton, Lockwood, Everton, Buffalo and Fayetteville, Ark. . . . Who's running the farm near Walnut Grove with Ma and Pa Thompson on the go so much of the time? "**Gary and Wayne**," Shorty says. "Gary, the elder, is breaking colts, running the tractor and haying, when he can catch time from swimming and fishing. And Wayne, of course, is looking after grandma" . . . Good news for fans of Shorty's Saddle Rockin' Rhythm at 10 a. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday: The makers of Staley's Sweetose Syrup have renewed sponsorship of that sprightly transcribed program, which is heard throughout the country and Canada, for another 13 weeks.

News of another KWTO family, the **Hadens** . . . Twelve-year-old **Charlie** is almost too busy with his outfielding on one of the Kiwanis baseball teams to appreciate the handsomeness of his first nephew, **Donald Lee**, who weighed in at eight pounds, seven ounces on May 27 . . . Donald has the dark coloring of both parents, **Junior** and **Doris Haden**, and looks like a dream child in his loveliest birthday present, a crib that **Grandmother Mary Jane** trimmed with eyelet-embroidered ruffles and "petticoat" and pillow, all fussed up with baby-blue ribbons . . . "Fine looking boy," **Uncle Carl** claims. "Looks just like his grandad!" . . . **Mary Elizabeth** and **Ellis Davidson** are comfortably settled in the modern frame-with-brick-trim home Uncle Carl has built for them behind his own handsome Carthage stone house . . . Watch for pictures of both in The Dial in late summer and fall issues.

Jarrett Robertson is almost bouncy once again after the operation that kept him in the hospital for five days . . . Ozarkians who

used to listen to the Old-Fashioned Revival Hour on KWTO will be delighted to learn that it comes back again at 3 p. m. starting Aug. 27 . . . **Ruth Kennon**, determined that soda-straw-skinny **Les** will gain weight, gives him a pair of rich cupcakes each day, one to be eaten at 10 a. m., the other at 3:30 in the afternoon. But he keeps forgetting! RadiOzark secretary **Jean Scherner**, deputized by Ruth to see that he consumed them, wrote "eat cup cake" reminders on his calendar, put a dozen more in various drawers in his desk, and then—when he was starving for it—hid the delicacy! Les is still plotting ways to get even . . . Orders for **Edith Hansen's** "continuing cook book" entries have kept the mail room busy through early summer months that are normally light. And what wonderful recipes for pickles and relishes! . . . Those fine accompanists you're hearing on **Bill Ring's** transcribed Taystee show at 8:15 are **Bert Sloan**, director of the Houston, Tex., Summer Symphony, on piano, **Feix Stagno** on guitar, **Fred Gibbons** on organ. You mean they've got talent in Texas **TOO**?

* * *

Bob White's vacation could have had no less auspicious beginning if he'd come down with measles. The second day away from the big bass box and the microphone he mashed his thumb in an electric pump, and was lucky not to lose a digit. **Carol Lynn**, who's at the age for finger-mashing and knee-skinning, was his tenderest consoler . . . **Ruth** and **Les Kennon** were driving past a group of repairmen chewing at the pavement with a jack hammer, and the chattering roar was terrific. "That'll give you an idea," observed Ruth, straightfaced, "of the size of the woodpeckers in the Ozarks" . . . **C. C. Williford** says he's addressed "every kind of group from railroaders to horse doctors" this spring and summer, but the toughest of all was the Vocational Agriculture professors convened in Columbia last month, "not one of them, I guess, with a degree below Ph. D." Willie professed a terrible inferiority complex (?) at facing such a distinguished and scholarly audience. "The only school I ever graduated from," he told them, "was the School of Experience. And that was a night school!" . . . A helpful soul who signed "Tooterin' John" of Hermitage sent **George Earle** a whole can of motor oil with the request: "Please oil up those swinging doors at Heer's so we can hear something besides 'squeak! squeak!' on your Man-on-the-Street program!"

VESTA GAMBLE

A JUNE BRIDE

Vesta Gamble was in such a daze of joy and sad leave-takings her last day at KWTO that she could tell us little of the plans for her June 11 marriage to Eugene Blue, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude R. Blue of Bolivar. "What will you wear? What flowers will you carry?" we'd ask. And she could only answer with a sweet, vague smile: "I haven't the slightest idea!"

At last we have a report from her sister, Violet Morton, and from pictures we know that our blonde, blue-eyed Vesta made a June bride picture as she descended the satin-and-rose-trimmed staircase at Horton's Wedding Inn that Sunday afternoon. She wore a halo of organdy caught with orange blossoms, a gown of white embroidered organdy with winged sleeves and a very bouffant skirt over pink taffeta, and brief lace mitts with ruffled cuffs. Her slippers were pink, her corsage an orchid, and she carried a white Bible.

Vesta's mother, Mrs. E. O. Gamble, and Violet wore navy with pink and white. Mrs. Blue wore blue and white, Gene and Mr. Gamble wore dark suits and ties. The Rev. Knox Lambert of the First Baptist Church of Bolivar read the vows before an altar of white gladioli and palms interspersed with white tapers, which Violet lighted just before the ceremony.

There was wedding music at the reception

★ VACATION PLANS

Our reliable inquiring reporter didn't get around to telling you that Bill Bailey will be your editor of the August issue of The Dial, giving the Editor her first full vacation from it in three years. She and her husband, Capt. Lon Kappell, leave on July 8th for California, where he will make one of the principal addresses at the annual meeting of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences. They plan a two-day pack trip in Yosemite, visits in Monterrey and San Francisco, and will return along the Columbia River.

Thelma and Lonnie Robertson and Jarrett will take only a week away, and will spend it on their 120-acre farm at Lutie, Mo., visiting with relatives and friends there and doing some work on the house.

SPOT CAMPAIGN

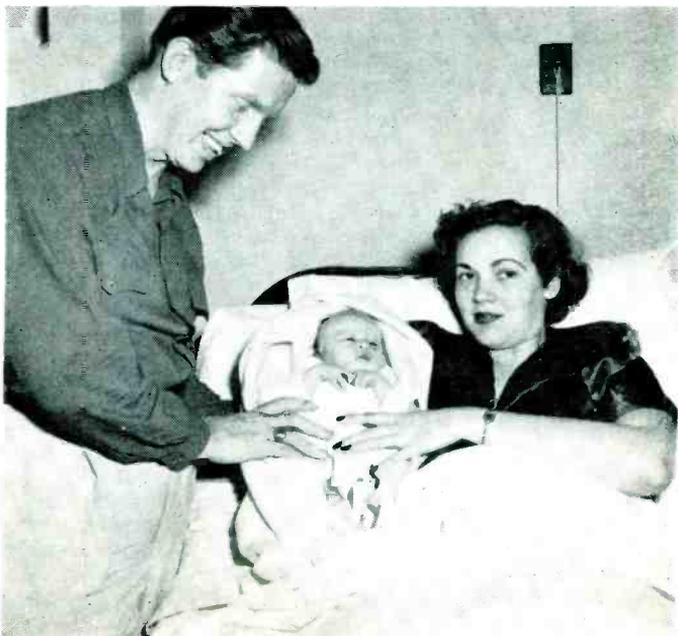
The makers of Nucoa Margarine are sponsoring a two-week schedule of spot announcements on KWTO beginning July 9.

as Vesta and Gene, his hand over hers, cut the three-tiered wedding cake with a circle of roses around it and blossom-tied white wedding bells on top.

And now they are busy after a Kansas City and Chicago honeymoon, Vesta putting her new home to rights with—we know—the same sweet efficiency that made her so well-loved at KWTO the seven years she was a part of our family.

MEET THE NEWEST MR. MATTHEWS

Doesn't it seem like a long, long time since the Matthews Brothers Quartet was sending those whisper-close harmonies out over KWTO? Later it was the Jordanares — remember? — with Jack back to theological school and Matt taking a full-time pastorate, and then the Jordanares went off to Nashville, to be heard on Grand Ole Opry. We hope to have them back on KWTO by transcription, and on the Morton Salt show this fall. This picture of Monty and Betty Matthews and their first-born, Warren Randolph, was taken just a couple of days after his arrival. The Dial "borrowed" it from the Rev. and Mrs. A. Z. Matthews long enough to share it.



"FAIR AND WARMER" . . .COLUMN OF COMMENT
BY C. C. WILLIFORD

By the time this issue of the Dial reaches you, we will have emerged from that glamorous time when we are "knee-deep in June" and will be "neck-deep in July," with summer in command. It will be the time of hollyhocks; briar roses in the woods; wild blackberries; sun burn; humidity; drought; chiggers and ticks. For many it will be vacation time—that long-awaited rest, except for the pocketbook or billfold. The rich will hie away to summer in the mountains while we ordinary folk simmer in the corn belt.

Last summer I went to a place that overlooked a lake, but it also overlooked a comfortable bed, good food and running water. The chiggers and ticks bit like fury but the fish couldn't bite at all. Most of the men wore stuffed shirts and most of the women stuffed shorts. Other ladies wore slacks that were not slack enough. One week was enough for me; then I got homesick—so much so I swore I'd never go vacationing again. The doctor said I was suffering from the "melancholy," but he didn't say what kind of melon.

* * *

In a more serious vein, a vacation in the Ozarks is really something to look forward to, one that will leave pleasant memories and a desire to come back again. Probably the worst draw-back is the chiggers and ticks, and speaking of chiggers:

"There is a little chigger and he isn't any bigger

**Than the point of a very small pin,
But the bump that he raises itches like blazes,
And that's where the rub comes in."**

The chigger is a mite, belongs to the Archnids family, and is closely related to mites, spiders, ticks and scorpions. He's the junior or juvenile delinquent that does the biting on warm-blooded animals. He is in reality the newly born baby or larval stage of the common, bright-red, spider-like mite often seen in the early spring crawling about in gardens and fields. In the south he is known as the red spider, and he infests the woodlands and fields over most of the eastern, central and southern portions of the United States. Chigger is a fast-moving baby for his size. It is said that he can run a foot a minute, and if a man could run that fast in proportion to his size, he could do better than 173 miles an hour!

The first thing a chigger does when he gets on you is to start running around for about an hour before settling down. He seems divinely happy over finding so much to eat. However, if he comes to a garter,

or any spot where your clothing fits tight to the skin, he takes a seat and goes to work. He does not chew, neither does he burrow under the skin. Instead, he has a piercing and sucking mouth organ and most frequently attacks right at the base of a hair. Once the mouth organ is inserted he injects a fluid similar to that introduced by mosquitoes. The purpose of the fluid is to break down epidermal (skin to you) cells, which are then sucked up through the mouth organ. It is these cells he eats, not your blood. The fluid causes a burning sensation which later develops into intense itching and there appears the red bump for which the chigger is famous. The bump may be small when measured by the human eye, but compared to the size of the chigger that made it, it is indeed a small mountain. A man, to equal such a feat, would have to raise a hill 180 feet high! It's a good thing the chigger is no bigger.

So far as is known, they do not carry germs or transmit diseases to man. The greatest danger from chigger bites is the possibility of secondary infection as a result of scratching. There are more than a score of chigger controls and remedies now to be had at your drug stores or elsewhere. Even the U. S. Army has come out with medicines and dopes to kill and control them. Probably the best home prevention and cure is to treat your feet, ankles and calves, shoes, socks and pants legs with a few pinches of ordinary sulphur, pyrethrum, or derris powder before you go to the woods or fields. Then take a shower or tub bath with plenty of soap just as soon as you get home. Hang your clothing out in the sun, for if there is anything a chigger can't stand it is heat and dryness. His natural enemy is what is known as the snout bug, which eats him alive, after knocking out four or five of them at a time, then sucking the juice from the chigger body. So if you do not intend to do anything about chiggers except scratch, you might pray for more snout bugs.

* * *

The worst bane of the Ozarks woods is the tick, and ten species of this pest have been found in Missouri. Most common are the dog tick and the lone star varieties with which we are concerned during the summer season. The dog tick is known over all the state, and the lone star is most common in the southern Missouri Ozarks. It is the female of the species which is more deadly than the male. (As is found much in nature!)

(Continued on page THIRTEEN)

THE SPOTLIGHT ON PENNY NICHOLS —AND HER SHADOW

"Tell all," Penny Nichols was instructed as we sat down together to piece out her life story, and find out what makes her tick.

Penny dislocated two freckles at the tip of her delicately modeled nose and grinned. "Can't I even leave out my shadow?" she wanted to know.

And that's an idea: For all of us do have shadows—of the little boys and little girls we were, of some other kind of grown-up each of us might have become. And the shadows, as well as the substance and the reality, are a part of the story of each one of us.

A shadow of Penny is that she has real, rare beauty, but she doesn't know it. She doesn't know that her flaming, curling hair is the sort Titian and Dante Gabriel Rossetti thrilled to paint . . . that her eyes are amber, not just hazel, and tilt gently at the outside corners . . . that her brows are winged and her nose and chin are duplicated nowhere save in certain priceless Greek sculpture. Penny thinks of herself as a red-headed girl with a voice, a yodel, a love of music; with an adored baby, an adored husband, an adored family. But a beauty? Of that she is delightfully unaware.

Another shadow of Penny is a hot-headed 12-year-old who lived in Staunton, Ill., hated school except for art and music, and used to play hookey to swim and go fishing and picnicking. She had been given the soprano lead in a school play, although she didn't want to sing soprano. Laryngitis kept her out of the play after all, but teacher thought she was fibbing about it and called her a liar in front of the whole singing class.

"I'm NOT!" shrieked Penny, storming so that teacher demanded an apology.

Then seconds were called in, and even thirds—the principal, Penny's father, her mother, another teacher who was her favorite. After three or four uproarious days, during which Penny walked out of school five times, she finally marched in on a meeting of the School Board and demanded that the whole thing be straightened out. "I am not going to apologize," she told the board members, "when I'm the one who's been insulted!" And the board members, amused and delighted at the spunk of this independent, fearless little red-head, saw to it that everything was straightened out.

Penny's parents were Ohioans, moving the family, including her older sister, Violet, and a younger sister, Donna, to Illinois when Mrs. Fahrner's weakness of lung demanded a different climate. Her father, Ray, a me-

chanic, is a tall, lean, even-tempered man who could always keep peace in his tempestuous family. Her mother, like Penny, has Irish coloring, quickness and intensity. Violet and Penny grew up "fighting for one another and with one another," and later a brother, Buddy, was added to the close-knit group, adopted when they moved to a farm home near Greeley, Mo.

An aunt played piano and so does Donna; Mr. Fahrner plays "washtub bass," Mrs. Fahrner fiddle. But Penny, although they tried to get her to learn guitar, clarinet, violin, never wanted to do anything but beat on drums and sing. She organized her first musical group when she was 11, playing at fairs, Saturday night band concerts and school carnivals, and she was the youthful singing star. Later, when family fortunes nosedived after a disastrous fire on the farm, she sang with her parents and aunt at various affairs in and around Salem.

"The fire was awful," Penny shudders, remembering it. "Violet was in the hospital waiting for the arrival of Jerry, her second little boy, and Butch, her first, was staying on the farm with mother and dad. I was at the clinic where I worked as a nurse's aide. It was a fine, new log home we had, five rooms, two large porches, all new furniture. About 10 o'clock on New Year's Eve flames and smoke swelled up from nowhere, blocking the door to my room so that mother couldn't even find out if I was home yet or not. They threw Butch out the window, fell out after him, mother with her hair burned off and second degree burns on her face and arms, dad with a terrible gash in his leg, and had to walk two miles in the cold in their nightclothes to get help. Everything, even money dad had saved, was destroyed."

The Fahrners moved into a trailer in Salem, Penny's father set up a garage, and Penny, worried because he was so depressed and disappointed by their bad luck, pitched in at the garage to help. One day she was tearing out the upholstery of a wrecked car, wearing greasy G. I. coveralls, her hair pinned up, her face smudged. A very handsome young man stuck his head in the door and smiled at her and quick-tempered Penny, thinking he was laughing at her appearance, snapped at him:

"What do you want? Get some tools and I'll put you to work."

Half an hour later her father came back to find the two of them working away in

(Continued on page SIXTEEN)

★ IF I WERE A COLUMNIST, THIS IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO WRITE ABOUT

By Dale Parker

I can't remember just when I started collecting odd and unusual laws which appear in some newspaper columns and magazines, but they have always appealed to me.

Anything pertaining to laws is generally serious, and to find humor in legal matters is always fun. After all, it takes a certain amount of nonsense to keep from getting bored with a daily routine. It keeps us (for example) so we can laugh and go right ahead as if nothing happened when we forget a word or two of a song.

Here are a few of these odd and humorous laws I have selected, hoping you find them interesting:

It is illegal to sit on garbage cans in the city of Montgomery, Ala.

It is against the law for a man to advertise by handbill for a wife in Boise, Idaho.

Ice cream cones may not be carried out of stores in pockets, according to a city ordinance in Lexington, Ky.

It is against the law in North Dakota to go to bed wearing shoes or boots.

In Detroit, a dog may bite a postman only once. If it happens again, no more mail service to that residence.

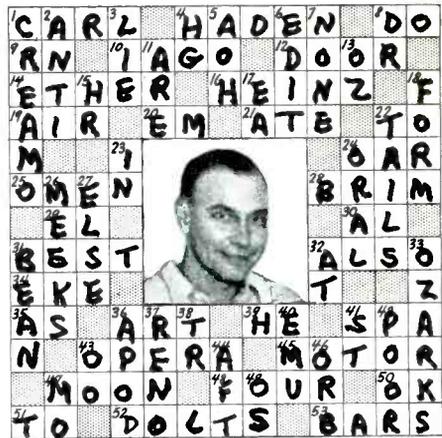
In Memphis, it is illegal to drive a car while asleep.

It is illegal to stand more than 10 minutes in one place in New York City.

A doctor's certificate is necessary in Virginia before taking a bath.

Moose may not be given intoxicating beverages in Fairbanks, Alaska.

★ JUNE CROSSWORD PUZZLE



C. C. KELLER

WILL STAY IN OZARKS

For a precarious week last month, Greene and surrounding counties, Springfield and its trade area and KWTO were threatened with the loss of Charles C. Keller. Mr. Keller has been County Agent here for 26 years: a radio guide to better farming practices for half that long; a national pioneer in the publicizing of modern farming methods through press and radio; a local pioneer in important Ozarks departures from "cash crop" farming to stock-farming, dairying and chick production. His wise leadership, and broadcasts, stories and publicity through KWTO and the Springfield Newspapers, have spread progressive farming ideas throughout the tri-state region, earned him the presidency of the National County Agents Association, of which he was twice secretary-treasurer.

Illness, largely brought on by a too-heavy work load, struck Mr. Keller in March. There followed a period of dissension in the County Agent office and, because he was still not well, he asked for transfer to another county. It was unthinkable to those who knew him and had benefitted by his counsel that he should leave—and, as it turned out, equally unthinkable to the

Missouri University Agricultural Extension Service that the unique work he had done here should be ended.

Accordingly, Mr. Keller has been appointed County Agent at Large, a post in which he will work with A. A. Jeffrey, Agricultural Editor at the College. He will continue in charge of the five minute broadcast on the KWTO Farm Hour at 11:30; will increase coverage of the Farm Pages in the local paper; will work with newspapers, radio stations, and the agents of 15 or more surrounding counties on publicity and information services. His office will be at his comfortable, old-fashioned, eight-room home on East Sunshine, where he gardens extensively on "a couple and a half acres."

Mr. Keller was born near Jonesboro, Ark., where he and his brothers grew up on the first farm settled in Craighead County. His father, A. A. Keller, who died a year ago last January, was a pioneer in farm organizations, and particularly in the establishment of Arkansas's fine agricultural colleges.

Our new (and first) County Agent at Large has a son, Warren, who will be a senior at M. U. School of Mines at Rolla next fall and is spending the summer working at the Spencer Chemical Co. plant in Pittsburg, Kan.; a daughter, Ann, who will be a junior in Greenwood this fall.



REUEL'S FLASHES IN THE PANORAMA

1. This is not Derrell Friend's favorite picture of Derrell Friend, but we like the sidelong glance from the tall, taciturn, smiling Mountain Grove lad who has joined the Down Home Folks, Lonnie and Thelma. You're hearing him on the 6:15 a. m. program for Quisenberry Mills, at 6:45 for Busy Bee, at 2:45 for REA beginning July 31st, and on the Farm and Home Hour with Junior Haworth, Lonnie, Thelma, Featherham, Dale Parker, Doc Martin and Buzz Fellows.

2. And how do you like his family? The names will be familiar. Five-year-old Sharon Kay has a namesake in the Haden Family, and two-year-old Milton Webb was named for Milt Dickey, popular KWTO announcer of a few years ago. Mrs. Friend was a Moberly, Mo., girl, and her name is Betty.

3. If you've heard better harmony than the Haden trio has to offer at 6:30 a. m. Mon. through Fri. and 9:45 a. m. Sunday for Sunway Vitamins, we want to know where. May Elizabeth, Jimmy and Junior are the talent, and there's Uncle Carl—bless him—back at the same old Sunway stand. Incidentally, Murliel Wageman, Sunway time-buyer, was a welcome June visitor to KWTO.

4. You'll read about Tharol and Penny Nichols on page seven. Here's proof (with Tharol's mouth full of tacks) that they're good at their work.

5. Can you think of anything more appropriate than May Kennedy McCord, Missouri Mother and Queen of the Ozarks, wearing a sunbonnet and singing her ballads at Lionettes' Hillbilly Breakfast-at-Kellers? (Sure—George Earle was there, too.)



HILLBILLY HEARTBEATS . . .

BY MAY KENNEDY McCORD
"QUEEN OF THE OZARKS"

Greetings, Friends!

This is the month of July, as Fred Starr, writer down in Arkansas, says—"The time for fly swattin' and porch settin'!" This is the month that a tiny nation known as America, a new and struggling colony of brave people, licked the socks off the mother country and gained a glorious freedom. What men we had in those days! Men who counted all things dross except liberty. They didn't go to war for aggression—they went to war for freedom. I often think of George Washington: He was rich. He was educated and charming. He had broad lands and a beautiful home overlooking the peaceful Potomac. A man nowadays would let things go hang if he were fixed like that. But Washington left it all, of his own free will, to go right out into poverty and privation and cold and suffering with his small armies of crusaders, of men who were fighting and dying for a cause. That cause was liberty. I'm afraid we are fresh out of such men in this generation. The stock has run pretty low on the shelves of civilization, believe me.

To so many of us the "Fourth" has very lasting memories. The old-time picnics! The country girls would pick blackberries and sell them for five and ten cents a gallon, and huckleberries too, and save the money to buy finery for "The Fourth." The biggest day in the year! Not even Christmas held a candle to "The Fourth." Very early in the morning the picnics would start with the firing of anvils which, in my little town, would reverberate up and down the James River valley for miles. They simply put a lot of gun powder between two big blacksmith anvils and then lit the powder, and the roar was worse than any cannon ever heard! This was about daylight.

Down in the river bottom by the "slough" where all the picnics were, the excitement had started on the night of the third and had gone on all night. Then everybody came early to the picnic, many just after daylight. People got out of bed in those days and got at their business—no sleeping till noon. Besides, the excitement of anticipation kept them awake all the night before—especially the kids. The days were hot and they wanted to get to the picnic grounds and get the horses unhitched and munching hay from the wagon bed in a cool spot near the grounds. Get the lunch baskets in as cool a place as possible, get a good seat around the dance platform, or at the speaker's stand. For there was always a speaker and the Declaration of Independence was

always read by the town's best orator. Then, anticipating the August primaries, the candidates had a Roman holiday and butchered each other good.

We had a greased pole for the men and boys to try to climb and get the five dollar gold piece at the top. We had a sack race, and often a rough-and-tumble wrestling bout. In the morning we invariably had a big parade, and great was the day when we hired a band to come and play on that day! We had the old-fashioned circle swing, which was known out in the world of "things" as a "merry-go-round," but we didn't know it by any such name. There was a mule that walked around and pulled the swing, and a fiddler who sat and rode all day and fiddled for a dollar a day and a free seat where the girls could sit beside him, and he was the most popular man on the picnic grounds! We usually had a number of fights and stabbings and cuttings, always when John Barleycorn was running riot. It never failed. I never saw two sober men get in a fight at a picnic in my life.

We spread our dinners on the ground or on improvised planks across "saw-horses," and believe me, such grub you never saw! Everything to eat that mortal man could want. Someone has made the remark that the ants are said to be the most industrious creatures on the earth, but they always find time to make all the picnics. And so they did. And flies—and the bugs. Flies, flies, flies! It seems so strange now that there could ever have been that many flies. Where have they all gone? Civilization is surely taking its toll on the flies. Of course we now have swatters, screens, sprays, dopes of all kinds, and a knowledge of sanitation that we didn't have then, by any means. But we never let a little thing like a fly blast any good time for us.

I'll never forget my first Fourth of July "feller." He had 75 cents and it seemed like a fortune to me. He bought an orange, peeled it and gave it to me, and he ate the peeling! Where will you find a "feller" who will do that nowadays? He gave ten cents for a cocoanut and we went out on a nice cool log and he stuck his knife in it, making a small hole, and we drank the milk out of the cocoanut. First he took a swig at it, then I did. How's that? We rode several times on the circle swing at a nickel a ride for both. You paid a nickel for the seat and then got everyone in it that you could. We had two glasses of red lemonade for a nickel and two dishes of ice cream, and

(Continued on page THIRTEEN)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

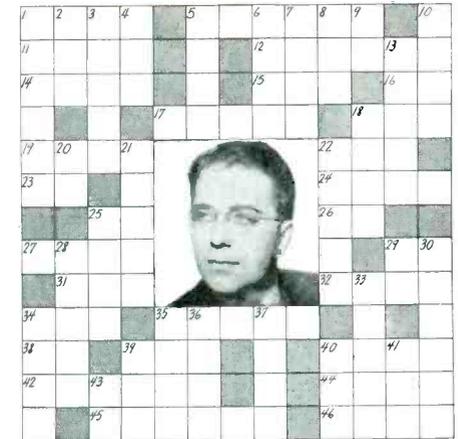
By Joe Slattery

ACROSS

1. and 5. Pictured announcer.
11. Reserve Officers Artillery Assoc. (ab.).
12. To roar.
14. Black, semi-precious stone.
15. International Industrial Forum (ab.).
16. Carat (ab.).
17. Slides on icy pavement.
18. The lion.
19. Deep beige color.
22. — — —, said the sheep.
23. Thirteenth letter of the Greek alphabet.
24. Sea eagle.
25. Suffix forming past tense.
26. After death.
27. To accumulate wealth.
29. Slang for "Mother."
31. Type of tree that does not shed leaves.
32. To mend.
34. The sun (Latin).
35. Pre-Bolshevik rulers of Russia.
38. Company (ab.).
39. Round, edible seed borne in a pod.
40. Identical.
42. To transfer homage or service to another; to agree to become tenant to another landlord.
44. One who ties.
45. Vocalist.
46. Insects that have a highly organized social system.

DOWN

1. Shattered.
2. Charged particle of matter.
3. Egg-producing hen.
4. Loose or careless, as with discipline.
5. Dogs do this.
6. Common abbreviation of "ibidem." in the same place; from the same source.
7. Hawaiian garlands.
8. Gnome or leprechaun.
9. A combining group, used in names of chemical radicals.
10. Your favorite radio station (we hope).
13. Vast body of water.
18. Rendered fat.
20. Cubic (ab.).
21. Beneath.
22. Grandfather probably wore one of these.
25. Opposite of good.
28. How you go if you walk.
29. Mister.
30. Infuriates.
33. Once more.
34. Mark left by a wound.
35. Gull-like bird.
36. Vocalized.
37. What does a lion do?
39. Native Hawaiian food prepared from taro root.



40. Station (ab.).
41. Was introduced to.
43. Transcription (ab.).

FROM THE FILES

. . . A DIAL REVIEW

7 Years Ago This Month

George Earle Wilson meets Senator Harry S. Truman for an exclusive interview . . . Lee George, sportscaster, joins the U. S. Army (now with KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo.).

6 Years Ago This Month

"Korn's-A-Krackin'" set for Electric Theatre July 11-12 . . . Jack Baker takes post with KWTO (now in business in Memphis).

5 Years Ago This Month

Leslie Kennon promoted to Assistant General Manager . . . Sacred songs of all churches featured over KWTO.

4 Years Ago This Month

Dale Lohman in Spotlight (now with WLZ, Chicago) . . . The Mandolin Band, starred on Korn's-A-Krackin', including Virgil Phillips, Junior Haworth, Buster Fellows and Dale Parker, in picture section.

3 Years Ago This Month

Joe Evans, former KWTO news reporter, now an agency executive in Fort Worth, Texas . . . KWTO audience growing daily, survey shows.

2 Years Ago This Month

Rhea Beth Bailey is baby of the month . . . Buster Fellows described in Spotlight column as "natural comedian" . . . Chuck Hesington and Bill Ring work Freedom Train special events broadcast.

1 Year Ago This Month

George Wise of Maytag Sales Company furnishes fine feed for "famished" KWTO family . . . Slim Wilson, magazine reports, has 50 cows and heifers, four bulls, 12 calves in his herd of purebred Guernseys.

HEARTBEATS

(Continued from page TWELVE)

for a nickel we got to put two rubber tubes in our ears and heard an "Edison phonograph!" It played a little cracked sort of squeak which was supposed to be the great Sousa and his band. Never did 75 cents go so far or buy so much!

Well, we may have more up-to-date ways now, but do we have any more fun? I wouldn't give those old picnics for all the froth of modern swankiness. I wouldn't give one dear old pioneer of my memory for a bundle of rushing-about, frustrated, restless people who are often no good to themselves or anybody else. I wouldn't give old Aunt Polly for the gold of Ophir.

Too many dear old Aunt Pollys have been lost out of this generation. They had a certain illiteracy of this world's doing, but it was a "noble illiteracy." They had a knowledge and a philosophy that was immortal. Things that men are seeking the earth for now and can't find in books. It has gone into the grave with too many sweet old lips and folded hands . . . Into the deep earth of the deep valleys of hidden Ozark graveyards in quiet, lonesome places, where the whippoorwill sings a requiem of his own every summer evening for the peace of their souls.

They took treasure away, yes they did. But they will arrive over there with things to enrich another world. No knowledge like theirs is ever lost, and we are left so much poorer with their going, with only the bare breast of a cynical world to nurture us . . . with war and madness and fumbling and uncertain feet to walk these bitter ways!

Goodbye—and Gawd Love Ye!

MAY

FAIR AND WARMER

(Continued from page SIX)

The lady tick cares little about her figure and never considers a reducing diet, in fact, she is just opposite and keeps on sucking your blood until she looks like a miniature rubber balloon, inflated to fully one-half inch long and half that width in thickness.

Ticks are far more dangerous than chiggers. They carry several deadly diseases. If you get into tick-infested territory, wear pants with the legs tucked in your boots or shoes so that the ticks will crawl on the outside of your clothing rather than up the inside. Make a careful inspection of your body after returning from the woods. The Missouri State Division of Health warns that once a tick starts to bite and becomes attached to your body, it should be removed with tweezers and never handled unless absolutely necessary. It's better still to put a drop of turpentine or kerosene on the attached tick, causing him to let go. The bite should be treated at once with iodine or other strong antiseptic. To pull off a tick and leave his head in your skin is inviting disaster. Some touch ticks with a hot cigarette to make them let go before removing them from the body. Then burn them. Disease can be transmitted just by handling a tick. There are several tick preventives to be had at your drugstore. (I am indebted to Ralph Pogue, feature writer for the Missouri Conservationist, for much of this information about chiggers and ticks.)

To sum up the whole vacation period, chiggers and ticks can be controlled with careful adherence to these rules. So all-aboard for the Ozarks hills, lakes and streams. The time for a time is summertime!

WHO ARE THEY ?

. . . NAME THE STARS

This time, our guessing game is just for fun—no prizes. But you'll have to try hard to identify these KWTO personalities:

1. This Billings-born KWTO highlighter used to write some of the finest script that ever hit the networks — Ozarks-flavored sketches that were long famous on Korn's-a-Krackin' coast-to-coast. Who is he?

2. This sweet-voiced and talented KWTO-er is one of our few non-hillbilly-born gals, was brought up in South Dakota, married a lad who originally hailed from Ash Grove. Who is she?

Winner of the drawing in our June "who are they" quiz is a long way from us. She is Mrs. Floyd Firestone, Box 7, Seminole,

Tex., whose mother, daughter, son-in-law and grandson live in Bentonville, Ark. Her prize: An autographed picture of her favorite KWTO-er. Among others who guessed Doc Martin and Lexie White but whose numbers were not so lucky in the drawing: Jalk H. Watts, Tulsa; Exie Hanofin, Clever; Audrey Mae Crumley, Clifty, Ark.; Joanne Cline, Long Lane; Doris Heinrich, Hocomo; Virginia Lemons, Buffalo; Geraldine Akin and Mrs. E. F. Hoover, Mountain Grove; Mrs. Lester Sisney, Gainesville; Mrs. Mable Uptergrove, Latham; Mrs. Arthur Maggard, Springfield; Mrs. Lewis King and Marjorie Lackey, Norfork, Ark.; Mrs. Virgil F. Hodge, Reeds; Velma Shelley, Chamois; Mrs. Hattie Tannehill, Halfway. All these, as runners-up, may have a free copy of the July Dial sent to any friend they designate.

SCHEDULE FOR JULY

WHAT'S GOING
ON AT KWTO?



WEEKDAYS AND SATURDAY

5:00 a. m.—Yawn Patrol
 5:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 6:00 a. m.—Goodwill Family
 6:15 a. m.—Down Home Folks
 6:15 a. m.—Farm Facts (S)
 6:30 a. m.—Haden Trio
 6:30 a. m.—Robin Hood Hoedown (S)
 6:45 a. m.—Down Home Folks
 7:00 a. m.—Penny Nichols
 7:15 a. m.—Slim Wilson
 7:30 a. m.—Newscast
 7:45 a. m.—Yellow Bonnet Show
 7:45 a. m.—Goodwill Family (S)
 8:00 a. m.—Lexie White
 8:15 a. m.—Bill Ring Show
 8:15 a. m.—Lexie White (S)
 8:25 a. m.—Weatherman Williford
 8:30 a. m.—Breakfast Club—ABC
 8:30 a. m.—Jordanaires (S)
 8:45 a. m.—Rev. Dowell (S)
 9:00 a. m.—Freddie Martin Orchestra
 9:00 a. m.—Breakfast at Keller's (S)
 9:15 a. m.—Program Notes
 9:25 a. m.—Betty Crocker—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—Farm News, Markets (S)
 9:45 a. m.—Newscast
 10:00 a. m.—Saddle Rockin' Rhythm
 (M-W-F)
 10:00 a. m.—Robin Hood Hoedown (T-Th)
 10:00 a. m.—Meet Your Neighbor (S)
 10:15 a. m.—Kitchen Talks
 10:30 a. m.—Guide to Happier Living
 10:30 a. m.—What's New (S)
 10:45 a. m.—Slim Wilson
 11:00 a. m.—Ozark Farm Hour
 11:00 a. m.—101 Ranch Boys—ABC (S)
 11:15 a. m.—Markets
 11:20 a. m.—Farm Hour
 11:30 a. m.—American Farmer—ABC (S)
 12:00 noon—Lloyd Evans
 12:15 p. m.—Goodwill Family
 12:30 p. m.—Newscast
 12:45 p. m.—Man on the Street
 1:00 p. m.—Navy Recruiting (S)
 1:15 p. m.—Ma Perkins
 1:15 p. m.—Guest Star (S)
 1:30 p. m.—Young Dr. Malone
 1:30 p. m.—Where There's Music—ABC(S)
 1:45 p. m.—Judy and Jane
 2:00 p. m.—Bride and Groom—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Old, New, Blue—ABC (S)

2:15 p. m.—Horse Race—ABC (S)
 2:30 p. m.—Korn Kobbler
 2:30 p. m.—Treasury Show—ABC (S)
 2:45 p. m.—Lonnie and Thelma
 3:00 p. m.—Ladies Be Seated—ABC
 3:00 p. m.—Tea and Crumpets—ABC (S)
 3:25 p. m.—Carol Douglas—ABC
 3:30 p. m.—Goodwill Family
 3:45 p. m.—Cornfield Follies
 3:45 p. m.—Here's to Veterans (S)
 4:00 p. m.—Creamo News
 4:15 p. m.—Markets
 4:25 p. m.—Do You Know
 4:25 p. m.—Ark. Conservation Comm. (S)
 4:30 p. m.—Weatherman Williford
 4:35 p. m.—Everett Mitchell (M-W-F)
 4:35 p. m.—Interlude (T-Th-S)
 4:40 p. m.—One Man's Opinion—ABC
 4:45 p. m.—Rev. Dowell
 4:45 p. m.—Voice of the Army (S)
 5:00 p. m.—Jack Hunt
 5:00 p. m.—Ozark Traveller
 5:15 p. m.—Ozark Newettes
 5:30 p. m.—Superman—ABC (M-W)
 5:30 p. m.—Sky King—ABC (T-Th)
 5:30 p. m.—Green Hornet—ABC (F)
 5:30 p. m.—Harry Wismer—ABC (S)
 5:45 p. m.—Christian Science Program (S)
 6:00 p. m.—Newscast
 6:15 p. m.—Sports Spotlight
 6:25 p. m.—Edwin C. Hill—ABC (M-W-F)
 6:30 p. m.—Lone Ranger—ABC (M-W-F)
 6:30 p. m.—Counterspy—ABC (T-Th)
 6:30 p. m.—Buzz Adlam—ABC (S)

SUNDAY PROGRAMS

6:30 a. m.—Pipes of Melody
 6:45 a. m.—Sunday Morning Reveries
 7:00 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 7:30 a. m.—Cote Glee Club
 7:45 p. m.—Happy Hollis Warren
 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.—Riders of the Purple Sage
 9:45 a. m.—Haden Trio
 10:00 a. m.—Voice of Prophecy—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—Public Service Program
 12:30 p. m.—Revival Time
 1:00 p. m.—Newscast
 1:15 p. m.—Drury Quarter Hour
 1:30 p. m.—Mr. President—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Senator Kem
 2:15 p. m.—National Guard Show
 2:30 p. m.—Music of Today—ABC
 3:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of Music
 3:30 p. m.—Through the Listening Glass

- 4:00 p. m.—Luthern Hour—ABC
- 4:30 p. m.—Think Fast—ABC
- 5:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson—ABC
- 5:15 p. m.—Monday Headlines—ABC
- 5:30 p. m.—Music With the Girls—ABC
- 6:00 p. m.—Stop the Music—ABC
- 7:00 p. m.—Voices That Live—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Amazing Mr. Malone—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell—ABC
- 8:15 p. m.—Jergens Journal—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Cross Roads, T. Malone—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Jimmy Blaine Show—ABC
- 9:15 p. m.—Love Letters Set to Music—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Jackie Robinson Show—ABC
- 9:45 p. m.—George Sokolsky—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Thoughts in Passing—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

MONDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Ethel and Albert—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Henry J. Taylor—ABC
- 7:45 p. m.—Spotlight on Industry
- 8:00 p. m.—Melody Rendezvous—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Solo and Soliloquy—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—United—or Not?—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—This Is My Song—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

TUESDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Paul Whiteman Presents—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Million Dollar Ballroom
- 8:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Proudly We Hail
- 9:00 p. m.—Time for Defense—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—It's Your Business—ABC
- 9:45 p. m.—As We See It—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Dr. Riepma Speaks

- 7:15 p. m.—Hollis Warren
- 7:30 p. m.—Cliche Club—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Detour—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Chandu the Magician—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Lawrence Welk Orch.—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—On Trial—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

THURSDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Casebook of Greg. Hood—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Million Dollar Ballroom
- 8:00 p. m.—Original Amateur Hour—ABC
- 8:45 p. m.—Paul Harvey—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Author Meets Critic—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Rex Maupin Entertains—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—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.—The Thin Man—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—The Sheriff—ABC
- 8:55 p. m.—Champion Roll Call—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Salesman: A Career—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Steel Pier Orch.—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

SATURDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Dixieland Jazz Band—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Million Dollar Ballroom
- 8:00 p. m.—Rayburn and Finch—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Sleepy Hollow Show—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Saturday at the Shamrock—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Tops in Sports—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

★ **THE DERBY WINNER!**

George Earle's column next month will tell you about one of our favorite KWTO prize-winners. Another is Engineer Norman Rude who—much to his delight and surprise—won the annual Springfield Father's Day Derby, sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Norman and his wife (mostly his wife) had the first baby to arrive on Father's Day, a seven pound, four ounce girl who arrived at 1:15 a. m. One of the prizes was a free ambulance trip home from the hospital; another, a guest-of-honor role

for Norman at Jaycee banquet at Davidson's; others—a cigarette lighter, a case of milk. KWTO-ers came in for their share of the fun, too, when the cigars and candy bars were passed.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

Selby Coffeen.....	July 3
Leslie Kennon.....	July 13
Slim Wilson.....	July 14
Paul Glenn.....	July 20
Aunt Martha Baty.....	July 21
Penny Nichols.....	July 23

THE SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from page SEVEN)

silent hostility.

"Well, Penny," said Mr. Fahrer, "this is the nice young fellow, Tharol Nichols, that I've been telling you about." And, while Penny's blushes gathered like sunset clouds, he turned to Tharol: "I see you've met my daughter."

"Not formally," Tharol mumbled, "but she's put me to work. On my own car, too!"

A month later, in May of 1946, they were married in the parlor of the Christian Church at Salem. "We were just poor kids," Penny describes it. "We couldn't afford flowers and pictures and all those fancy things. Tharol hadn't had a chance to get new clothes because he was just out of the army, so he wore a suit of dad's. I wore a new yellow dress and Violet and her husband made me a heart-shaped bouquet of roses from their farm, with streamers of satin ribbon. We bought each other's rings, and you know?—Tharol hasn't had his off yet!"

The whole family, Penny and Tharol included, is now settled in and near Springfield. Mrs. Fahrer suggested that they all study upholstering and the making of automobile seat covers, since Tharol and Buddy had no special trade, so they have worked up the hard way—in Salem, in St. Louis (where Penny sang on KWK), in Texas. Penny and Tharol were the first to move to Springfield a couple of years ago, spending their first night on a stream a few miles out of town, sleeping out in a camp tent, cooking their supper out of doors and freshening up the next morning at a nearby spring. Now her father has a successful trim shop here, Tharol does upholstering at a shop on Sherman street and Buddy works for King Furniture Co.

"And me?" Penny's eyes soften. "I stop and figure things out a little more than what I used to. I guess having my baby has got a lot to do with it. You've got to have patience. It makes a woman out of you. It makes you shoulder responsibility you can't shed just any time you feel like it."

The Nichols and Fahrers, all of whom prefer country life, are living on a farm near Fair Grove. Penny is leading the Biederman show at 7 a. m. and has a spot on the 8 o'clock program for Staley Milling Co., so that she has the rest of the day to be with Sherada Ann, born last Sept. 6, and the doted-on darling of the whole family. She resembles Tharol and has his blue eyes, but her hair will have a reddish glint.

"Maybe it's just a mother talking, but seems like she catches onto things pretty

FOR HOMEMAKERS

NEW OZARKS COOK BOOK

Many Dial readers will remember when George Earle conducted a popular KWTO service program for housewives a few years ago—a show called "Let George Do It." KWTO gave a cash prize each day for the best recipe of the day. Scores of persons requested that a book of these recipes be published, but at that time, due to paper shortages, high production costs, etc., it was not practical to do so.

Now the good news: KWTO and Radi-ozark Enterprises have decided to get the book published. Hundreds of recipes have been checked and the cream of the crop has been selected for this book. "Cookin' and Eatin', Ozark Style." Beulah Nunn, Alta McElroy and Pat Baumann of George Earle's continuity staff have been editing and revising.

Many quaint hill country expressions have been retained for added flavor. There will be recipes on canning and canning methods, pastry and breadmaking, salads, pickles, meats, game and fish, sauces, and various novelty dishes.

"Cookin' and Eatin', Ozark Style" will be a large book, printed on durable paper to give long service in the kitchen. We will have more news about it in the August issue. Meantime, one of the recipes:

SPICED BLACKBERRY RELISH

- 2 lbs. crushed, ripe blackberries
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. cloves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle liquid fruit pectin
- $2\frac{3}{4}$ cups sugar

Crush berries. Place all ingredients, except pectin, in a large kettle. Mix well and bring to a full, rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil for three minutes, then remove from heat and add pectin. Stir and skim by turns for five minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating of fruit. Pour in hot, sterilized jars and seal. This is a favorite of Mrs. Joe Ingram, Harrison, Ark.

quick." Penny tells you proudly. "She imitates mother shoo-ing the hens from the garden and makes sounds like a tractor so dad will take her for a ride on it and cries after Tharol when he leaves the house. She's what it takes to make a home. Doesn't everybody need kids—and loving?"

Penny thought about it all for a moment, smiling to herself. "Is that all you need to know?" she asked, finally. "And did I leave out my shadow?"

FARM AT 560

WITH LOYD EVANS

Say, I do appreciate the nice notes from you who have dialed to 560 for my noon-day chat during the last month!

Some Ozarks farmers are really doing a lot about fertilizer. I wish all of you could have been with me recently on the trip to Cassville for a look at a field on the Leon Edmundson farm. He had followed recommendations of a soil test in applying fertilizer, with a seeding of Fescue Grass, Ladino Clover and Lespedeza. Cost of soil treatment and seed was \$35.00 per acre, which would run into money on a large pasture project, but he has wonderful grass for dairy cows. The increase in milk production should pay for the cost in one year. On the check strip on the same land, left for comparison, the same seed was used with no fertilizer. You couldn't have pastured the strip a week! Nothing was growing but Lespedeza and a cow would nearly starve to death looking for it. Many of us have pastures and lawns that could be so much more productive. Nature does a lot of wonderful things for us, but we must return a few favors now and then.

A number of people have told me they have received, along with other blessings of the year, more than their share of chiggers to enjoy the lawn with them during the summer. The best treatment for chiggers is ordinary dusting sulphur, applied at the rate of one pound to 800 square feet of space. While controlling chiggers, the sulphur will also clear up that brownish-grey mildew bothering many lawns. This double-barreled treatment will cost about two or three dollars for the average lawn and last a year.

Did you hear about the lady in Richmond, Va., who found a new way to control flies around the house? Someone told her to stick tiny wads of cotton through the screen door. She tried it and it worked! Neighbors caught on. The news story claimed nearly all homes in Richmond had little patches of cotton on the screen doors last summer, with good results. The flies didn't gather on the door and as a result didn't get in the house as the door was opened. Secretary of Agriculture Brannan and others have come up with the idea that flies think the cotton is a type of moth they fear. Well, I have the flies to experiment on so will try it myself just for the fun of it. If it doesn't work it won't cost much. Ask the folks in Arkansas—they will tell you cotton is awfully cheap!

HILLOSOPHY

... BY FLOYD SULLIVAN

One uv th' main reasons that us Ozarks young'ns, back in th' early 1900's, picked strawberries in June, wuz so as to have some spendin' money—come Fourth uv July. 'Course we never spent all our berry money at th' picnics, but mighty nigh all th' boys in th' small Christian county town where I growed up managed fer enough nickles an' dimes to pay fer a few bottles uv soda pop, two er three rides on th' circle swing, a few throws at th' doll racks an' admission to them travelin' tent shows.

Speakin' uv tent shows, th' first time I ever laid eyes on that veteran showman—th' late Abner Weaver—he wuz workin' a black-face act with a tent show that come down to one uv our village Fourth uv July celebrations. Abner wuz doin' "th' free outside exhibition" in front uv th' "Mississippi Minstrel Show," owned an' operated by th' late Gus Bennert, th' smartest carnival promoter that ever operated out uv Springfield. In th' outside ballyhoo, Abner played th' mandolin an' sung a song that wound up with a chorus somethin' like this:

"Grady—Oh Grady, why didn't you run
When you saw Ol' Duncan with a
"Gatlin Gun?"

I paid my dime an' went in th' tent to see Abner an' th' rest uv th' "Mississippi Minstrels." Th' show run a heap longer'n I'd figured an' I wuzn't up in front uv th' speaker's stand to hear Pa read th' Declaration uv Independence. 'Course, I never let Pa find that out, 'cause I wuzn't plumb shore that I wuz Independent—not bein' twenty-one an' my own man.

Folks come in covered wagons fer miles 'round in them days to attend celebrations uv "Th' Fourth," as we called it. They camped on th' grounds fer as much as two er three days before th' picnic—slept in th' waggons an' done their cookin' over outside campfires. After supper th' men folks would set 'round th' fire an' fiddle tunes like "Sugar In Th' Gourd," "Hell Among Th' Yearlin's," "Bonaparte's Retreat" an' "Waggoner."

'Course, I wuz a town kid, but th' covered wagon folks frum back in th' hills always made me welcome when I'd sneak off to th' campground at night to listen to their fiddlin'. It made me happy then—th' friendship uv sincere, honest, plain folks—an' hit still does.

DEAR DIAL:READERS QUIZ OUR
QUESTION COLUMN

Q. Is June Carter engaged? How many children has Slim? Is Chuck Bowers' real name Chuck? (L. H., Timber, Mo.)

A. No, June isn't engaged. Slim has just one child, John Wesley. Chuck's name is Charles. Your other questions have been answered before in this column, except for one: Aunt Martha claims a woman's privilege of keeping her age a secret.

Q. Please give us a picture of Lonnie Glosson. (B. S., Magic Springs, Ark.)

A. If Lonnie comes back to KWTO regularly, we'll do so.

Q. Are George Earle's children adopted? (Mrs. E. V., Walnut Grove, Mo.)

A. Yes.

Q. Are Ada Wilson and Alice Rhodes sisters? (Mrs. W. H. S., Eureka Springs, Ark.)

A. They look a bit alike, but are no kin.

Q. Why not a picture of Eatherham and the "Widder"? What Church do Lonnie and Thelma belong? (B. R. H., Clever, Mo.)

A. The "Widder" is even more camera-shy than Eatherham, but if we ever get a chance, we'll picture her too. Lonnie and Thelma are Baptists.

Q. Could we have pictures of Carol, Sonny and Joyce North and the Lone Ranger and Silver? (I. M. K.)

A. I am so sorry to have to disappoint Dial readers who have repeatedly requested these pictures. The Judy and Jane program, as you may know, is transcribed in Chicago, and I believe its sponsors feel that it is best to leave its personalities to the imagination of the listener, rather than make photographs of any but Jane available to the public. The same is true of Lone Ranger and Silver. Only sketches of them are available — no photographs.

Q. A picture of Jarrett, please. How old are Lonnie and Thelma? Can you put in pictures of the recording stars on Yawn Patrol? (M. L., Norfolk, Ark.)

A. We'll give you Jarrett when he's fully recovered from his recent operation. Thelma is 39. Lonnie says he is 42 and has stopped telling his age. If The Dial were 50 or 60 pages, instead of 20, we'd have room for lots more things. As it is, we must confine ourselves to people identified with KWTO and its regularly scheduled stars and programs.

Q. Where is Virgil Phillips? Luke McNeley? What's Goo-Goo doing? (Mrs. L. B., Eldorado Springs, Mo.)

A. Virgil works with his brother, Mark,

at Phillips Engraving Co., and has a hand in the production of almost every picture you see in The Dial. Luke, when last heard from, was at the Leavenworth, Kan., station. Goo-Goo is back from California and making personal appearances in these parts, some with Lennie, others with the Saddle Rockin' Rhythm gang.

Q. Are Ozzie and Harriett Nelson really married and are David and Rickey really their sons? (F. U., Gainesville, Mo.)

A. Yes, they are married and David and Rickey are really their youngsters. There was a picture of them in The Dial last February, and a cuter family you never saw! They'll be back with us in the fall for the H. J. Heinz Co. The Heinz people and ABC hope you'll enjoy, too, the summer replacement for their program (they take vacations too), which means the return of an old radio mystery favorite, "The Thin Man," at 8 p. m. Fridays.

Q. Is C. C. Williford married? If so, does he have a family? Where is Don Sullivan? (Mrs. M. B., Rogers, Ark.)

A. No. Don lives in Kansas City where he's on the air for Quisenberry Mills, which also sponsors Lonnie, Thelma and Derrell at 6:15 a. m. on KWTO, as you already know.

Q. How tall is Thelma Robertson and what color are her hair and eyes? When can we have her as portrait of the month? (Miss D. B., Granby, Mo.)

A. Thelma is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, has light brown, curly hair and blue eyes. We'll run her portrait soon.

Q. How about a Haden family picture with their son-in-law and daughter-in-law? What happened to Zig and Patsy? (Mrs. C. D. P., Prairie Grove, Ark.)

A. That's one more picture to add to our request list; you may expect it within three months. Patsy is married, has a family and was living in Sedalia, last we heard. Zig, her brother, has been doing some radio work in Kansas City, plays a few special engagements in and around Springfield.

Q. What churches do these KWTO people belong to: Aunt Martha, Slim, Junior, George, Al and Lee Stone? (L. L. D., Springfield.)

A. Aunt Martha and Junior attend the Fundamental Baptist Church; George and Slim are Baptists; Al and Lee are affiliated with the Assembly of God.

Q. Where is Ray Merriott? (R. B. M., Ash Grove.)

A. We haven't heard from Ray in quite awhile, but will let you know when we do.

INQUIRING REPORTER

Bettie Low: If the Dial Editor and Mrs. Boyle will bury themselves in the Dial mail for a couple of weeks, I'm going to hide under a fishing pole at McDaniel Lake by way of a vacation. What are your plans, or have you already taken your summer rest?

Doc Martin: I've taken my vacation. Junior Haworth and I, along with a friend of ours, built a sleeping trailer. We then packed our luggage and wives into it and took off for the Smoky Mountains for two weeks. We saw lots of beautiful scenery, nine different states and a few bears running loose now and then. The weather was fine and we would have seen much more, but every time we stopped at a stop sign the women had to run in a dime store. Altogether, we had a marvelous trip!

Lou Black: **NOTHING.** The most I did was loaf around the stables and watch the horses being worked out. I went fishing once.

R. D. Foster: I plan to spend my vacation right here in the Ozarks—I don't know how you could improve on them. I want to do lots of fishing on my own place at Lake of the Woods besides going to White River and a good many other places in the Ozarks.



KORNIEST OF ALL

The jealous little man hugging his "invention" is Stan Fritts, who leads the Korn Kobblers heard at 2:30 p. m. for Old Judge Coffee, serves as emcee, plays washboard, automobile horns—and actually blows such fine trombone he's been compared to Tommy Dorsey. Stan is a South Dakota boy who dreams up many of the crew's wierd instruments in his home workshop.



★ JACKIE PARKER TAKES HIS FIRST "RIDE" ON BOB'S BULL FIDDLE

For two days, while Dixie Parker helped the two older children wind up school affairs, young Jackie of the toothless grin

accompanied Dale, his father, to work. Of all the instruments he sampled, his favorite was Bob White's bass fiddle. It's biggest!

LYLE HOLDER
MARIONVILLE, MO.

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★ PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH—ALREADY A PRIZED PERFORMER ON KWTO

Seldom has a newcomer to our all-Ozarks station made such a quick reputation as Sportscaster and ball-game commentator Vern Hawkins, whose exciting Springfield Cubs coverage has not been surpassed by any network announcer of major league broadcasts. Chuck Hesington and other KWTO announcers and engineers who work with Vern, as he "airs" the Cubs for Campbell Street Merchants, are amazed at his

memory for each last detail about the life and performance of every player in the Western Association. Vern is blond, modest, likeable, 26; son of a Buffalo, Mo., real estate dealer; has track-starred, played high school and college baseball, basketball, tennis; works part-time in Floyd Sullivan's KWTO News Room. And he likes KWTO's long-established policy of refusing all alcoholic beverages advertising.