

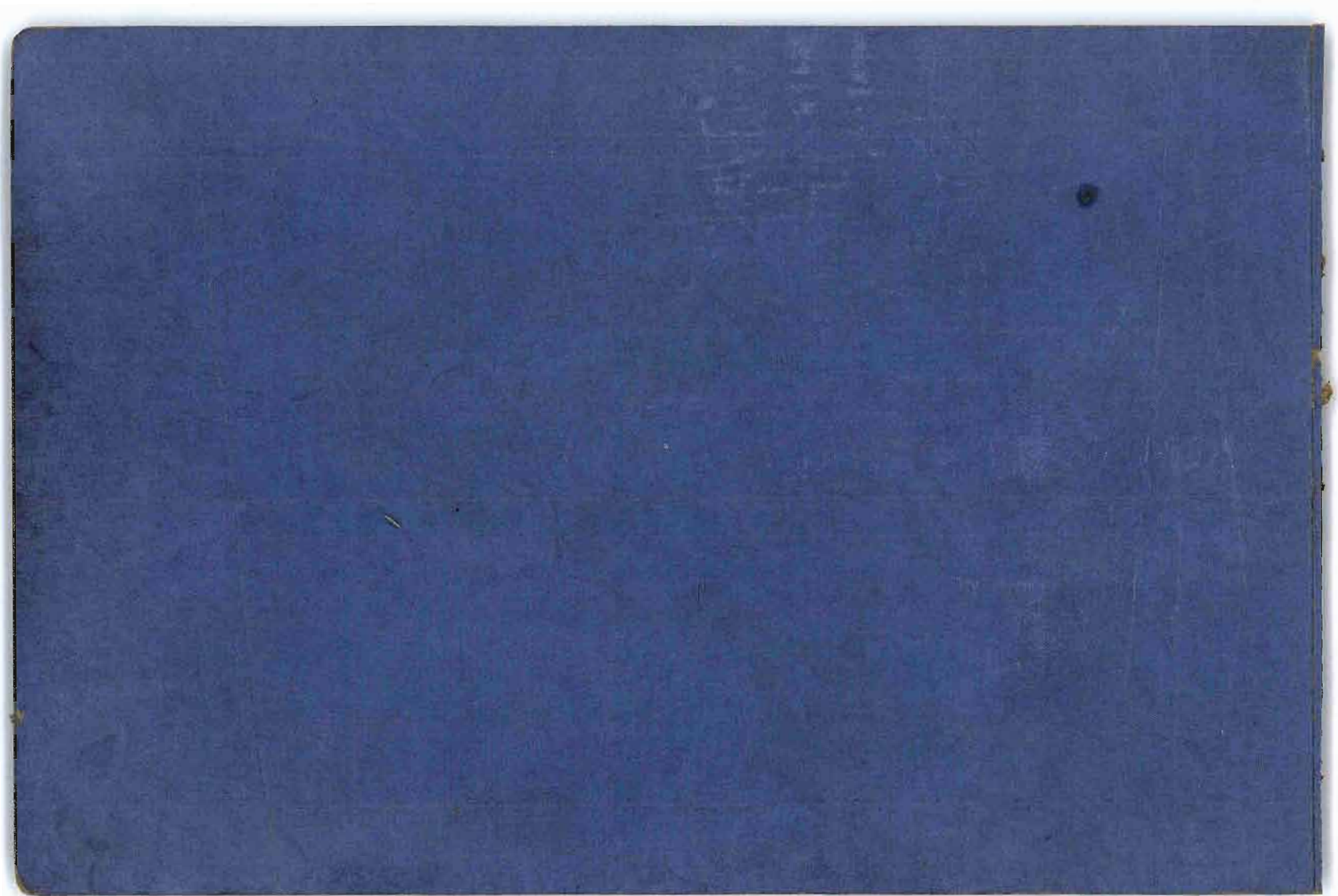


WAVELENGTHS

HOUSE OF

WAVELENGTHS

1866 1929



The WNAX Station Book

*Commemorating the Sixty-third Anniversary
of the*

*Gurney Seed and Nursery Company
and the*

Eighth Anniversary of Radio Broadcasting Station

W N A X

1866-1929

1921-1929

Gurney Seed and Nursery Company

YANKTON, SOUTH DAKOTA

The Book Begins—

We send our Preface out to watch and wait,
For prefaces were made to tend the gate
And must be clad in motley red and blue,
Or varigated gowns of any hue
To catch the eye and show the open door,
To tell the casual caller there is more.

A Preface must be prone to entertain,
So flighty, restless roamers will remain
And wander on through heather, crag and fern,
From whose allurements there is no return.

The day begins, the same as our book begins, with sincere greetings to every one of our radio friends and customers.

Years of radio broadcasting and the service we are trying to give is merely a page in the history of the "House of Gurney." Station W N A X is a vital factor in this organization, and if we fail to make it worth-while for you, then I must consider that we have failed. Hourly and daily we are striving for a better W N A X and you are the one to tell us if we are improving.

Markets, news, music and entertainment are hourly features of this station. Times have changed; messages to all points are sent within a fraction of a

A Preface must be good but not too good,
Lest hasty fractious gentlemen should brood,
And thusly meditate, "Now why on earth
Must there be more? We've had our money's worth."

In brief, it must be voluble ~~Get~~ terse,
A living contradiction, clad in verse;
We beg you'll pause to pass the time of day,
And tell us how a Preface gets that way.

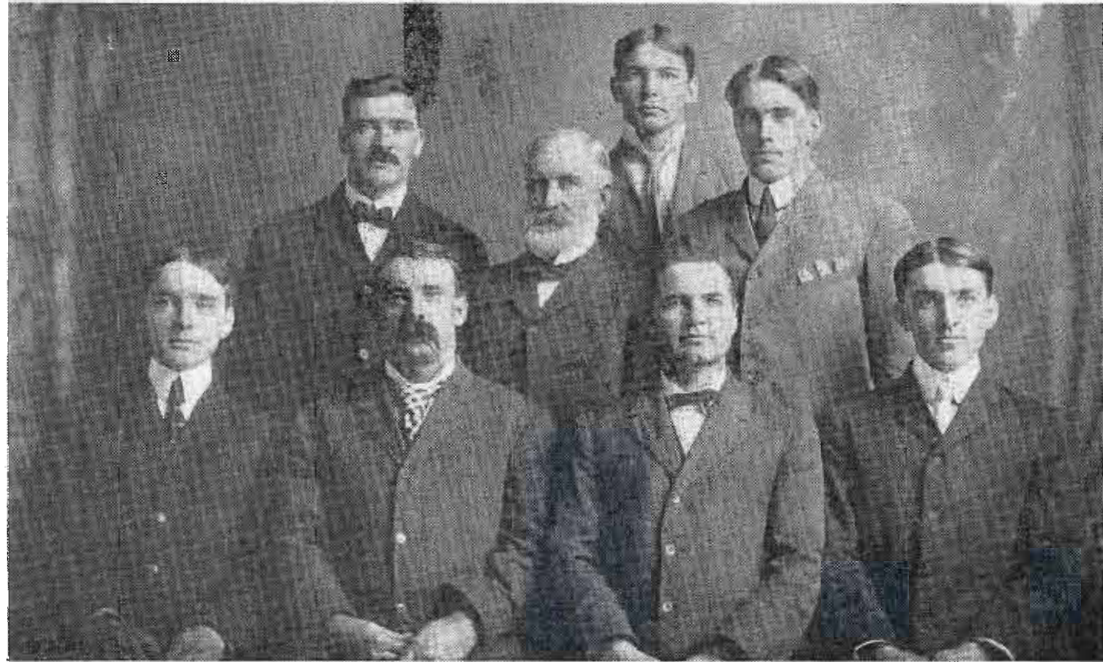
Gurney's Radio Poet

second, where only a few years ago it took days and weeks. Information that you needed was always too late, but now this information comes to you every hour, for W N A X is your station as well as ours.

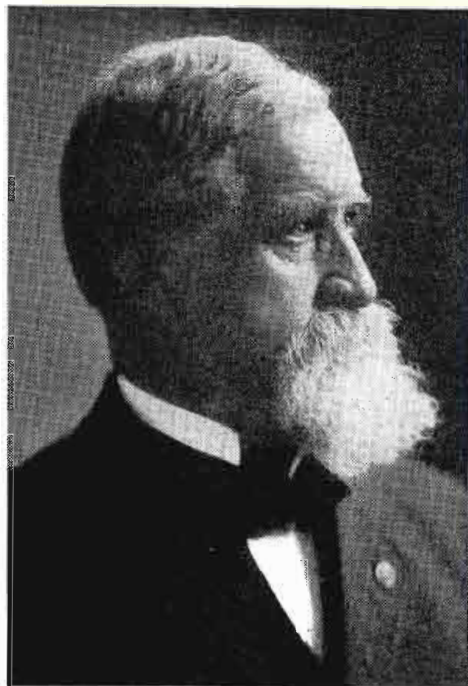
This book will better acquaint you with those whose voices you hear and, in closing, I want to thank every one of you who make it possible for the voice of W N A X to be heard through this Great Northwest.

Sincerely,


D. B. Gurney
President



THE GURNEYS IN 1909



COL. C. W. GURNEY
1840 - 1913

My Religion

(Written by Col. C. W. Gurney, March 18, 1913)

(Died March 25, 1913)

I believe in God the Father, "The Great First Cause," but what it is or how created I am sorry I do not know but glad to believe I know as much as any other about it. The student who spends years at a theological school to learn about God and immortality comes away with at least no better knowledge than he took there but in many, if not most cases, more radically and more firmly riveted to the wrong or to some ones' guess work than before.

A human being consists of two elements—physical and mental. The latter is frequently called soul. The physical body is not lost. This is impossible. It is only a change, "dust to dust." Neither is that mental or spiritual element lost. Nothing is lost. If the mind perishes then the whole apparent aim and object of creation is abortive. In just what way this spiritual life is perpetuated no one can possibly know. It is enough for us to know that the bounds of knowledge are fixed and that we cannot pass them. Beyond that even speculation stands appalled.

There is another book called the "book of nature," which teaches that God has made nothing for man that he could do himself. For instance, God made

the apple not bigger than a pea, and man has done the rest. This is not profanity. While man appears to have done the most, it is still true that all the men and all the science the world has ever produced could not make the little apple.

For ages, eons, man has been taught that the greatest success in life consists in getting rich. This is changed considerably now. We are beginning to get out of the ruts. No man may now claim to have made a success in life unless his activities have lain along the paths of usefulness and help to humanity. The greater the obstacles overcome, the greater sacrifices and unselfish devotion to an idea or principle, the greater the success.

What I have said is merely around the edges of the subject, but I do not feel justified in protracting it. It is a subject, however, that I have devoted much time and thought to, and perhaps might be summed up something like this: God the Father brought me here without consulting me and I must believe He has kept me where He wanted me while here. I have the same faith that He will place me where He wants me in the great Hereafter, and I shall be satisfied.



"Hello, Folks—'D. B.' Talking"

D. B. Breaks a Record

Oh, did you hear that awful smash,
Of D. B.'s sad maneuver,
Some do aver they heard the crash
Distinctly in Vancouver.

A fragile disc, it was and small,
When he came in a rushin'
He didn't see the thing at all,
And used it for a cushion.

Now I've had queries by the score,
For more than I have wondered,
What that poor luckless record bore,
Besides the staunch two hundred.

The secret tho, nobody knows,
It's only pure conjecture,
It might have been "The Two Black Crows,"
A solo or a lecture.

But here's a thought that worries me,
Amongst the ones I've cherished,

It's just my luck that it should be
My favorite that perished.

If it were Jazz, some folk declare,
Thus wrecked by bone and sinew,
Just pile the rest upon the chair,
And let the work continue.

This most annoying mystery,
Which day by day increases,
Could soon be solved for you and me,
If Earl had saved the pieces.

But hearken now, ye gods above,
Who soothe my grief with pity,
Could it have been "THE SIDEWALKS OF
A GREAT BIG EASTERN CITY?"

This last suggestion which I leave,
(I whisper low and gentle),
Would nearly tempt me to believe
It wasn't accidental.

Gurney's Radio Poet



GEO. W. GURNEY
"He knows his trees"

My Garden Groun'

There is somethin' 'bout a garden
Takes a hol' o' me each spring,
Till by goll' (I beg your pardon,
Didn't mean that slang, by jing!)
But ez I was jest now sayin',
Seems es when Springtime comes aroun'
Somethin' starts my ol' feet strayin'
Out t' side my garden groun'.

Seems there's somethin' 'bout a radish
Es it comes a-poppin' thru,
Keeps my ol' feet feelin' ladish
An' my heart from feelin' blue.
With the first pea I'm a-spyin'
Ye should feel my ol' heart poun',
An' my feet won't keep from hiein'
Out t' side my garden groun'.

Seems t' me I'd not be knowin'
How t' act if I should be
Where there wa'n't no gardens growin'—
Like in New York, er Parree.
P'ra'ps there's some ez don't be mindin'
If there ain't no gardens roun',
But ye bet I'd soon be findin'
Some place with a garden groun'.
Even in the dead o' winter,

When the groun' is heaped with snow,
An' my chair I'm snuggled inter,
Next the fire, an' radio;
Even then I tune in Gurney's,
An' my feet work up an' down,
Fer in dreams I'm makin' journeys
Out t' side my garden groun'.

— *H. O. Smith*

The Gurney's are the farmers' friend,
They always will be to the end.
Phil mentions several times a day
About the worth of alfalfa hay;
George tells them, in his daily talks,
The wonders of their nursery stocks.
They can fit you out with all the seeds
You are sure to want to fill your needs.

Our D. B. G. and Chandler, too,
Do often chat a while with you;
You listen daily, week by week,
To Earl and Joe and sometimes Zeke,
Of the radio orchestra personnel
Space wont allow their names to tell.
But we are glad we stood the test,
And that we won 'cause you liked us best.

Mrs. J. M. Black



CHAN, THE RADIO MAN
And son, John

“Chan’s” Friendly Voice Is Known to All Friends of WNAK

RANK CRITICISM

I’ve handed compliments about
In writing to your Station,
But notice now that I am out,
A trying situation.
So I will take you by surprise
And send a saucy letter,
And when I start to criticize,
Perhaps you’ll like me better.

There’s just a few, say one or two,
Whom I have always lauded,
So now I’ll take the garden rake
In where I once applauded.
I like Joe Salvatori much,
I always like his playing,
I like his violin and such,
He’s good, there’s no gainsaying.

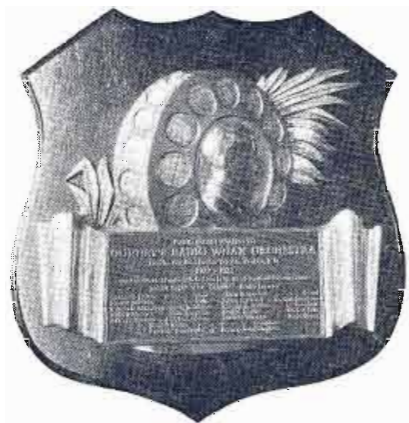
But when he starts to read the news,
(You all have heard him try it),
Like Calvin Coolidge, I would choose
To have him cool and quiet.
I eulogize the leading guys,
I like to boost the head ones,
And those who deign me no replies,
Are usually the dead ones.

Approval cheers up any man,
It makes him young and brisker,
But when I praise Announcer Chan,
He never bats a whisker.
If I had handed to the Sphinx
The dope I’ve sent that baby,
’Twould jar him from his forty winks,
And get him talking, maybe.

I’ve never had a word apart,
To show the cheerful giver,
It warmed the cockles of his heart,
Or loosened up his liver.
Don’t let those sitting by your side,
In courtesy outrank you,
BUT STEAL AWAY
AND TAKE A DAY
AND LEARN TO SAY
“I THANK YOU.”

Now if this doesn’t win a smile,
To pay for my endeavor,
Or just a note that sounds worth while,
I’M OFF THAT BOY FOREVER.

Gurney’s Radio Poet



Gurney's Concert Orchestra received this award from the Radio Digest for being the most popular radio orchestra in America for 1927-1928.

Chan's Reply

Thank you, thank you, Josephine,
For your very nifty letter;
Your style of verse is the best I've seen,
And makes me feel much better.

If I am feeling sad and blue,
And saying things ironic,
I find a little rhyme from you
Is better than a tonic.

I try to keep one near about,
They're surely worth the havin';
They've chased my gout beyond a doubt,
And cured a nasty spavin.

I now discard my pale pink pills,
My sulphur, salts and senna,
Of fiery potions made for chills,
I'm never needing any.

My spectacles are thrown away,
Likewise my cane and crutches;
I jeer at Father Time today,
You've saved me from his clutches.

I've shaved my long white whiskers off,
Since getting that epistle,
And no one ever hears me cough,
For now, instead, I whistle.

Announcer Chan

Master Johnnie Greets You

This voice you hear is not "D B"
But just a tiny Laddie,
When I get big I'm going to be
An Announcer, good as Daddie

Then I will sing a song for you,
And tell some funny jokes;
Right now I'll say, because I'm thru,
Like Grandpa, "Good-bye, Folks."



E. R. (ED) GURNEY
Our Radio Philosopher

Trees

(Dedicated to E. R. Gurney)

I wandered in the forest's gloom one day,
Where thru it's depths I let my footsteps stray;
And as I trod a fancy seized me then
That I had left the busy realm of men;
That I beheld the place where spirits dwell,
And souls have ceased to be invisible.

Where burdened mankind drops at last his task,
And death deprives each entrant of his mask:
In whose fierce glare no kindly shadows lurk
Where one may shield the wretched handiwork
Of his bare soul; nor plea can circumvent
It's meeting of reward or punishment.
Whose final sentence being thus unsealed,
Bears but these fearful words,
"STAND FORTH REVEALED."

So did I fancy then this wood to be
The final bourn of all humanity,
Each soul in helpless view; each soul a tree.
Trees such as in my busy, brief career,
I had found scant time to know down here;
Trees of all ages, sorts, varieties,
Trees storm bent;
Beautiful tall, haughty trees.

Whose laden branches balked the sun's bright fire,
And bade me pause to envy and admire;
To bend whose will the tempter plead in vain,
Whose mein spoke less of love than disdain.
Was this my ideal then, this thing of awe?
Ah no, too perfect; let me find one flaw.

Let me discover in that smooth fair skin,
Hint of scars to my own nature, kin;
One branch distorted in grotesque relief,
To bring it's tiresome symmetry to grief.
I could not love this thing with heart of stone,
Whose vast proportions mocked and dwarfed my own.
Who stoic-like withstood the gale's assault
And shrieked aloud, "I dare you find a fault."

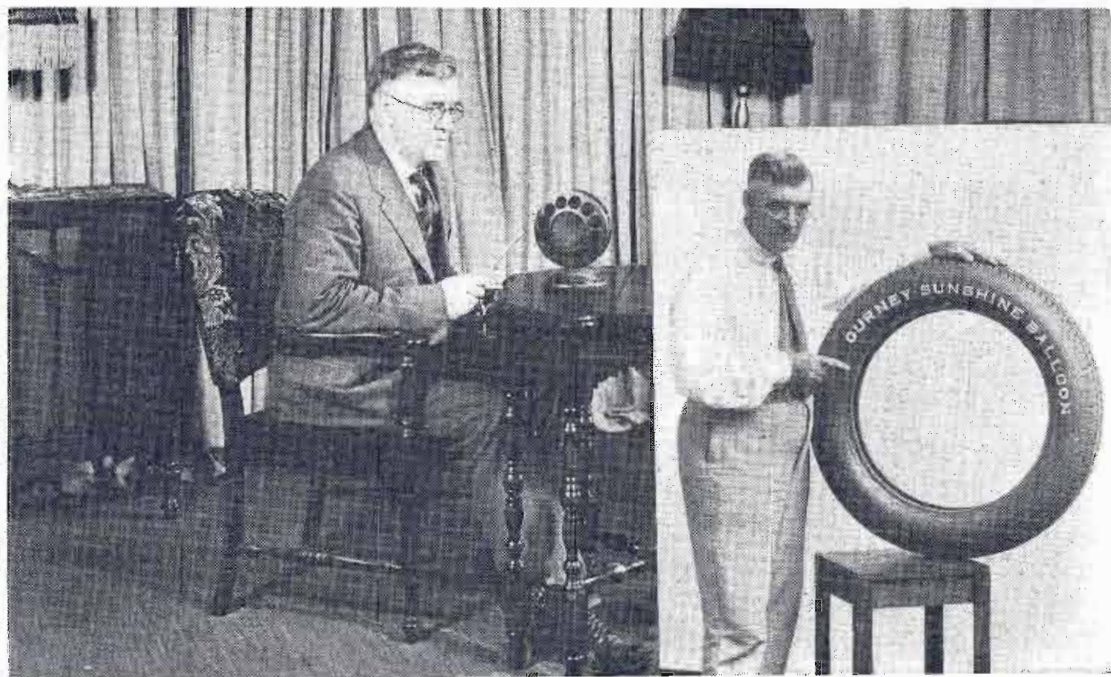
Ah! see,
Down at the river's bank, a hermit tree,
Sprung from a seed some careless hand had sown,
Gnarled erring, wilful, growing there alone.
No lofty branches touched the willing sky,
No leafy lacings marked the moon on high;
Its lawless growth had trailed a rocky ledge,
And bending far, far o'er the water's edge

Looked down with grief, for in the image there,
A ghastly rend was visible, a tear.
The quiet waters settled to reveal
A frailty it had bended to conceal.

But see, from out the farthest leaf tips,
A feathered songster, in sheer pity slips;
It fluttered swift, this wondrous tiny bird,
And with its beak the lazy waters stirred;
The circling ripples, spreading to the shoe,
Hid from view, the wound forever more.

When, with its scars and wounds, my soul shall be
Reflected in a clear eternal sea,
Its imperfections mirrored there unblurred,
God grant some breeze may keep the waters stirred.

Gurney's Radio Poet



PHILIP SHERIDAN GURNEY
"Uncle Phil" himself

“Phil” Gurney—Radio Land’s Premier Order-getter

There was a man in our state,
And he was wondrous wise;
He made a tire so strong and neat
He let it advertise.
And when the folks had seen this tire,
With all their might and main,
They rushed right out to phone or wire
Their orders in again.

Tremble, tremble, little car,
Tell me why you shake and jar,
When I throw you into high,
Something makes the engine die.

I must find a place to park
For your spark plugs do not spark;
You can run no more to-night,
Now your headlights fail to light.

I will beg some guy to stop,
Tow you to the nearest shop,
Fill your tank and fix your wires,
Fit your rims with Gurney tires.

Then your circuit will not short,
Then you’ll lift your ears and snort;
Champ the bit and rare to go,
For you will not tremble so.

Little Miss Muffit sat on a tuffit,
Stuffing her tires with hay;
But she learned on the air,
Where to get a good pair,
So she threw all the old ones away.

—o—

Deedle Deedle Dumpling, my son John,
Came chugging home in the light of dawn,
Three tires off and one tire on,
All but the Gurney tire were gone.

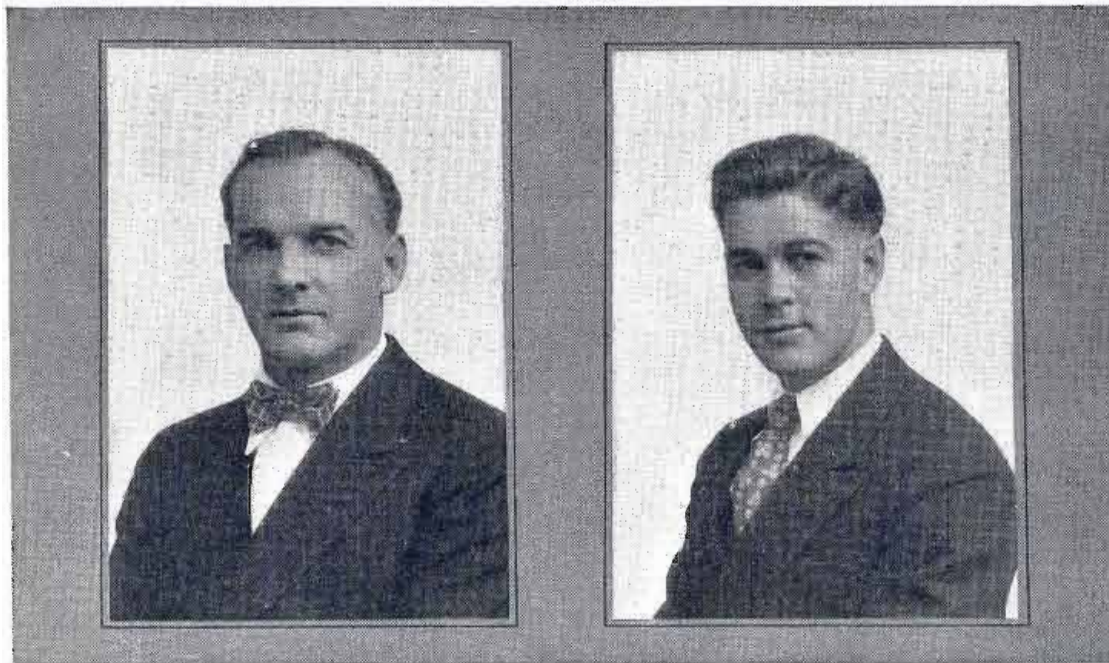
—o—

“Hitch your wagon to a star,”
And you’ll have all your heart desires,
If your wagon is a car
Equipped all around with Gurney tires.

—o—

Tommy was a Welchman,
Tommy was a thief,
Tommy came to my house
And also came to grief;
Tommy came to my car
And tried to steal a spare,
But went away with none that day,
There wasn’t any there.

Gurney’s Radio Poet



DONALD GURNEY
Is in charge of your orders.

CHARLES H. GURNEY
Says we are due for a \$3,000,000 year

Air (The Strawberry Roan)

One night I was busy searching the air,
To find a good station I'd tuned everywhere;
But nothing to suit me it soon was quite plain,
In every darned spot I bumped into a chain.
The twang of a Yankee a-droppin' his R's,
Old General Motors exploitin' his cars,
A guy in Chicago discussin' some pork,
A bridge gang a holdin' out down in New York,
On sendin' their twaddle as tho t'was worth while
To forty-five stations all over the dial.
I'd lost me some iron men to buy me a set,
And I was one tormented baby, you bet;
To think of the dough I had spent in the deal,
And all I could hear was a shriek or a squeal.
I picked up my speaker to throw it away,
When out of the middle I heard someone say,
"Hello, Folks!" and then like a hat full of lead
I fell for the rest of the things that he said.
I looked at the number where I had tuned in,
When I heard the soft strains of a sweet violin;
It lifted my soul like a dove in its flight,
And I've heard it oft since that wonderful night.
I went to the woodshed and got me the axe,
I searched high and low for a paper of tacks;
I nailed the old dial as tight as a drum,
And it'll never be moved 'til the last kingdom come.

Gurney's Radio Poet

Justifiable Homicide

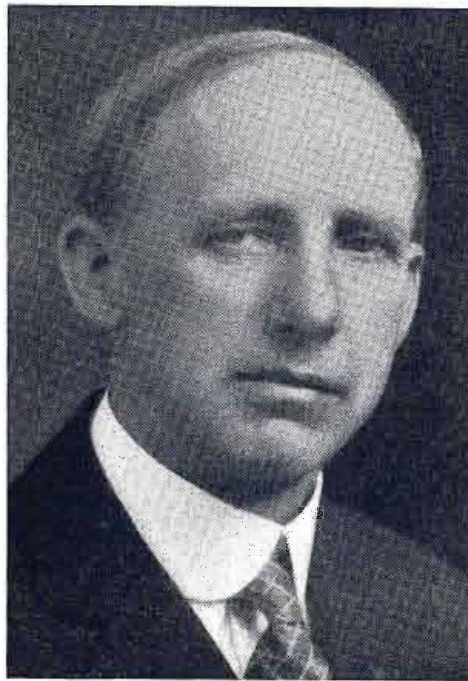
When I am mad I draw my brow way down in furrows deeper than Reuben harrows with the plow, its rows and creases steeper. I'm scowling like a thunder cloud and not afraid to show it, I voice my feelings long and loud. I want the world to know it.

When I am mad the neighbors flee, the cat goes out a-calling, she casts reproachful looks at me; my manner is appalling. When I am mad I bang the door and break a china platter; I slam the wreckage on the floor as though it didn't matter.

I have a friend so stern and calm, he scorns the role of fighter; when peeved he shuts up like a clam or just a trifle tighter. I hate a row with that cool guy, he'd drive a saint to drinking, he pouts and never tells me why; I don't know what he's thinking.

Some day my nerves that pain and ache, will snap and then he'll rue it; I'll crown him with a hickory stake, I'll surely have to do it. And when I'm brought before the judge, with voice that will not waver, he'll turn me loose and say, "Oh, fudge! you've done the world a favor."

Gurney's Radio Poet



DR. CARL CHRISTOL
Director Gurney Seed & Nursery Co.

Dr. Carl Christol

History and Civics—State University of South Dakota

ARTISTRY

When Time has flung the vivid pall of night
Before my vision, closing out the light,
As I would count oblivion and peace,

And from a day's distractions win surcease,
The Imp of Fancy trails in from the deep
And routs the blessed harmony of sleep.

To chain my eyes she flings before my gaze,
Bright colors from some happy other days;
Against the dusky velvet of the sky,
I see a happy troupe go marching by;
Just care-free youngsters as the day was done,
I know them each and know that I was one.

And when these pictures of the long ago
Are all reviewed and banished in a row,
With pallate, brush and paint this elf begins
To show me visions of the might-have-beens;
Exhibits which I long, yet fear to see,
She unveils in her torture gallery.

From glowing screen I see the colors fade,
I see an earth-wound which a shell has made;
Dull dun the color of its soggy bed,
Dull dun the weeping skies, high overhead,

Half flung, deserted, there her pencil drew
A living figure of the same drab hue;
No other shade its sameness to relieve?
Stay, just a splotch of crimson will retrieve.

Its gloomy note, it dully sombre air
It falls—a drop— Ah, God why place it there
Stark on the forehead? Well, perhaps 'tis best,
Upon that pallid marble let it rest.

And see the lips, black, swollen, parched and dry,
Beg a cupfull from the dripping sky;
A boon denied. But mercy heeds the call,
Another shell, a moan—and that is all.

Dry, swollen lips! They haunt me as I pass
Near where the brooklet gurgles thru the grass;
I see them when the laughing waterfall
Leaps down the dripping granite of the wall;
With brimming cups aloft I crave its sips
But see in crystal depths, dry, swollen lips.

I wonder, in the morning sun's first beam,
If this were fancy's picture or a dream;
But in clear liquid, as its coolness drips,
The image mirrored is dry, swollen lips.

Gurney's Radio Poet



A ROW OF BULL PINE ALONG HIGHWAY No. 50
This fine Highway borders one of our Nurseries.

One of the Finest Highways That Leads to WNAX

LURE OF THE ROAD

On the highway that goes by our place
Are autos, in a mad, mad race;
We see them by the hundred score,
And none can tell how many more,
Rushing by like the wind that blows—
Where are they going? Tell us, who knows.

They go by day, they go by night,
A streak and a shriek and they're out of sight;
We have to sleep, we know we must,
We wake, the air is full of dust,
As seen by light of the rising sun,
Autos that slip by, one by one.

Then as the hours of day progress,
They're going two or three abreast;
Go by flashing, go by clashing,
And sometimes we hear them smashing.
Ripping, roaring, jingling and the jazz,
Soprano and the alto, baritone and intermezzo;
Also the high-keyed tenor and the bass,
'Til the air is all a-quiver
With the jar of truck and flivver.

There is such a flow of travel
Up and down this road of gravel,
There must be some attraction we would say;
There must be some attraction
Or there would not be a fraction
Of the throbbing life and action
On the great highway.

The cause of flight so great
This excessive speeding rate,
The reason for such traffic
We would investigate
So we hasten with an auto,
(To be sure it is our motto,
To know what's going on in this old world.)
With dexterity of witches
We avoid the cars and ditches,
And endeavor in all weather
To keep ahead a pace.

As we're sliding and we're gliding,
We do not mind confiding
That we, too, upon the highway
Have joined the human race.

Emelie Connor



Twenty-four acres of overhead irrigation in the Nursery. This equipment is used on small plants.

Relaxation

I like to board an old way-freight,
Each halt is signal for a wait;
So I alight and stroll up town
And glance about me up and down.
I hear ere long a voice I know,
Which guides me to a radio;
And where in triumph echoes forth,
The super-station of the north.

With haughty mein and manner proud,
I mingle with the motley crowd,
And tell them many things I know
From visiting the studio.
And when I say I know D. B.
You ought to see them rush at me
To shake my hand: And then some girl
Will shyly ask, "Do you know Earl?"

Displaying dimples and a blush,
I take her hand and whisper "Sh-h-,"
I ease the blow as best I can,
But say that Earl's a married man,
And meditate with some alarm,
"That picture of the staff did harm."

I look my sympathy until
Some others ask for Uncle Phil,
And wish to know if I was wrong
In saying he might sing a song
Most any evening if he tries,
And give us all a nice surprise.

Then fearful I'll be starting back,
All send their love to Happy Jack;
Their favors Happy though must earn,
They want "Bill Bailey" in return.
And then some queer constructed man
Says, "Do you know Announcer Chan?"
And I reply, "I'll say I do!

That bozo keeps me in a stew;
I suffer tremors and the like,
In fear that he'll desert the mike."
And so with jest I while away
One hour of a happy day;
And ere it's final minute ends,
I've gained a throng of brand new friends.

Gurney's Radio Poet



A good week-day picture of our Main Building. On Sundays thousands of cars park as near to us as possible.

My Radio and Me

My radio sets on a shelf
And never thinks about itself,
But sings and talks the whole day through,
Of people and places and things to do;
Rich in pleasure then are we,
My radio and me.

There comes an early morning charm
To each household and every farm;
"The Children's Hour," someone will say,
"Come, kiddies, join with me in play!"
Hurrah! What fun have we,
Sings my radio to me.

In fancy I to church may go,
And seat myself in the front row
To hear a sweet and solemn prayer,
And a song and a sermon fine and rare;
All this and more each day I see,
My radio and me.

By a Spanish aire and a German band
I'm carried away to a foreign land;
Over the waves and through the air
I loose all worries and all care
'Til the end of each sweet melody,
For my radio and me.

The noon hour with its news and jokes,
And "That's My Dad," and "Hello Folks;"
The markets, news and information
Received each day from this fine station
Are as good as any e'er can be,
Says my radio to me.

Dear Uncle Phil, it's truly sad,
At times my radio acts so bad,
Like burning feathers, or maybe hair,
Or Sunshine Cords coming on the air;
And thru it all I fail to see
My radio looks mad at me.

But let it come, why should I care!
It's all so good and free as air;
Each one knows how to best perform
And it comes to me in shine or storm;
Then I'm as happy as can be,
My radio and me.

Just one regret have I today,
For a cheery friend who could not stay;
In memory she holds a place,
I almost fancy I see her face;
I touch the dial then to see
My radio won't talk to me.

Mrs. Ralph Frederick



A PORTION OF "THE HOUSE OF GURNEY"
Each one striving to please you.

Hiram's Order

I don't want a poem that'll keep me gropin' round,
In a thunderin' lot o' darkness like a dungeon underground,
To find a hidden meaning that's sneakin' round the wall,
An' when I finally grasp it, why, that isn't it a tall.
An' when I read the titles which some moonin' writer's fixed,
I decide they've roomed together an' have got their head gears mixed;
With some lines short and some lines long like singers out o' time,
An' in the whole dern sorry mess ther's not a decent rhyme.
Why, when I read a poem I want one'll make me cry,
Or reach right out like Tunney does an' sock me in the eye;
Or press its fingers round my throat an' sort o' choke me so's
I have ter swaller kind o' fast an' stop an' blow my nose.
An' then I like a funny one'll make me do like Jake,
When he just up and busted out at Deacon Jones's wake,
Because he thought about a verse he'd read the week before
Anent a man who'd come home late an' couldn't find the door.
I like the sound o' verses that'll lift me from my chair,
An' make me yell like all git out and laff an' tear my hair;
An' dance a hornpipe 'round the room an' kick the heater down,
An' hustle out an' buy Mariar the swellest hat in town.
An' then I like an e-a-s-y one, so soft an' low an' sweet,
It talks just like the angels would if they should chance to meet;
An' slowly lulls you off to sleep afore you hardly know it,
So when you've read this order kindly hand it to some poet.
Gurney's Radio Poet



About half of the office girls at WNAX who handle your orders.

Listen!

When you meet a man you love,
Elusive as a turtle dove,
Hit the trail and don't go slow,
Or someone else will have your beau.

Here's a slogan all too true,
Other girls are spry as you;
Crank 'er up and throw the clutch,
Don't let speed laws scare you, much;
Sling a nifty catch-as-can,
Anything to land your man.

Is he clothed without much style?
You can fix that after while.
Styles are but a notion vague,
Sight your prey and shake a leg.

If you see the quitter try
To launch his craft and paddle by,
Lift your horn and holler "Stay,"
Grab him while the rest's away.

Then before his struggles ceased,
Have him parked before the priest;
Never let him budge until
You have heard him say "I will."

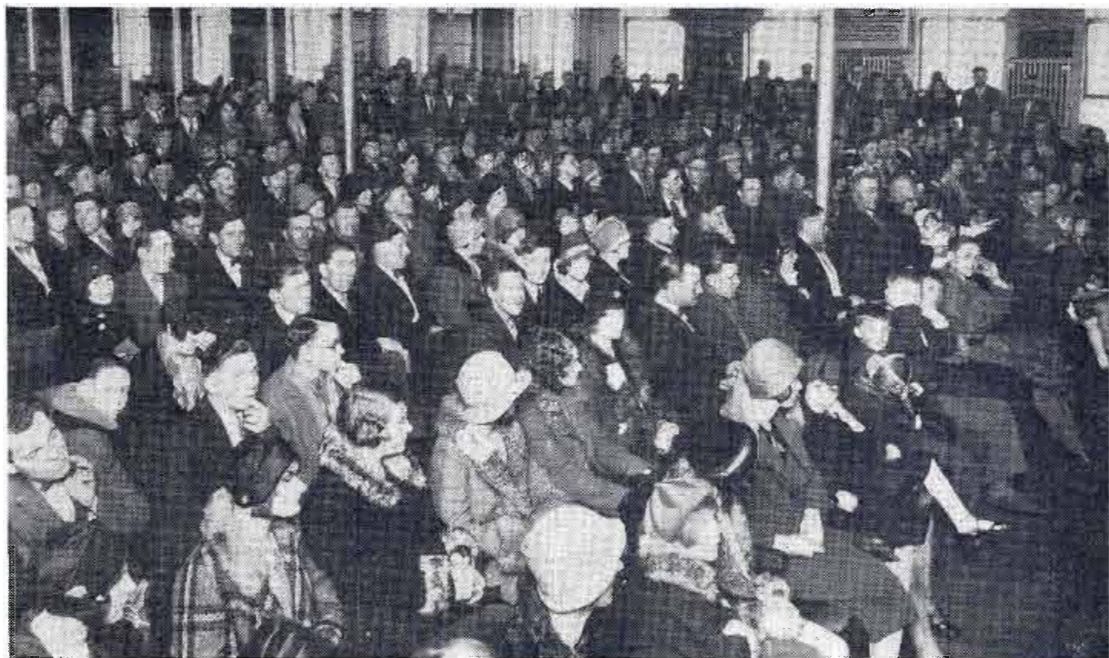
Foreclose a mortgage on his soul,
Get a half-hitch on his roll;
Sling a Harry Carey noose,
Stamp your brand and turn him loose.

Then his cronies all will say,
In an envious sort of way
That the fellows have, you know,
"HOW'D YOU EVER PULL IT, JOE?"

Gurney's Radio Poet

—o—

Barber, Barber, shave a pig,
How many tires for a jitney rig?
Four balloons will be enough,
If they're made of Gurney's stuff.
Won't Need An Xtra
Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They pumped up a tire and it blew out again;
Then up spoke Robin with fervor and fire,
Bring me a "Won't Need An Xtra" tire!



GUESTS IN THE AUDITORIUM
You are always welcome at WNAX

Gurney's Radio Poet Wires the Radio Commission

Mr. Sam Pickard, Radio Commissioner,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sam: A circumstance most grave,
Whose details now to mention,
We're wiring you, and so we crave
Your very kind attention.

With nerve supreme and gall to boot,
You've robbed our only station;
We rise to protest and refute
That unfair allocation.

We'll send petitions in a mass,
To make a flood like Noah's,
We do not ape the chain-gang class,
Nor trot in Shenandoahs.

Our friends are stationed all the way
From Montreal to Texas,

No wave length's in demand today
Like W N A X's.

For them we ask a thousand watts,
And to retain our power;
We'll cheer remote and lonely spots
With fifteen daylight hours.

So leave our wave-length as before,
Nor change it one iota,
And map an unused channel for
The Pride of South Dakota.

If you will do as we request,
This boon we're asking of you,
We'll shout your name above the rest,
And try to learn to love you.

Gurney's Radio Poet



JOSEPHINE ARCHER
Our Radio Poet



THE MERIDIAN TRIO
Nancy Wyborny, Harvey Nelson and Corenne Horst

Announcing Behind the "Mike" a Pleasure for this Bunch at WNAX

\$1.90 Worth of Poetry

Dear Chan:

The sky is dull and grey,
And I've got the "Wireless Blues" today;
The world is dark as a gloomy night,
There isn't a thing that seems quite right.

The shivering trees are stripped and bare,
And Old Man Static rules the air;
But there's not a bloomin' thing to do,
Not a soul can help, excepting you.

I recall your voice like a silver flute,
And I'm waiting to hear you say "Toot! Toot!"
I'm not tired of Earl with his charming way,
Nor of Joe with his "Each and every day."

But when you speak the birds are dumb,
And without you WNAX is on the bum;
Oh, yes, I thank you for the check,
And I want you
BACK ON THE AIR
By heck!

Gurney's Radio Poet

Song

Oh! If I were a-sinking in the sea,
With only three words left to me,
I'd shout above the ocean spray,
Before it drowned my voice away.
"Let Chandler Announce!"

This be my slogan, early and late,
'Til they swing for me the pearly gate;
And as I ascend the Golden stair,
I'll waft to you my final prayer,
"Let Chandler Announce!"

And wandering around in Paradise,
In that broadcasting station beyond the skies,
The Master Announcer's booth I'll seek,
Who is scheduled to make the trumpet speak;
Gabriel, waiting in bright array,
To herald the dawn of the Judgment Day,
And I'll tip him off of the stool and say,
"Let Chandler Announce!"

Gurney's Radio Poet



EARL AND ESTHER—CORENNE AT THE PIANO

*A Popular Announcer and Vocalist
at W N A X*

Earl Williams, when you're singing,
I see the lightning's flash,
The Gods of storm come bringing
The vibrant thunder's crash.

I hear the winds loud roaring,
And then the hush of death,
The rain-drops deluge pouring,
Buoyed by its mighty breath.

The sounds are slowly dying,
All nature rests in peace,
Your gentle notes drop, sighing,
Then softly, softly cease.

Their beauty never varies,
But always stays the same;
They'd make the wild canaries
Go hide their heads in shame.

The tear-drops most annoying,
Your silv'ry echoes bring,
You surely get me going,
Earl Williams, when you sing.

Gurney's Radio Poet

The Sunset Bridge

There is a legend in an old-time volume,
Illumed with gold upon a parchment rare,
A wondrous story bringing peace and
comfort
To all who know the burden of Life's care:
And thus it reads when skies grow soft
at evening,
When rose amber tips each cloudland
ridge,
While earth lies still beneath the deepening
shadows,
Unseen swift hands let down the sunset
bridge.
On, on, they build while glowing skies are
blending,
Each shining span, each gleaming golden
mile,
A bridge of love for weary careworn pilgrims,
That binds the earth to God's great after-
while.
It spans the way in all its blended glory,
A rainbow arch, a promise ever sure,
Open to all, to prince and knave and
beggar,
To great of earth or trembling wretched
poor.

And so remember, though the heart be
weary,
The day with all its strife will soon be o'er,
Then we may walk the sunset bridge at
evening,
Nearer each time to heav'n's wide open
door;
Nearer to all we've lost along the journey,
The shattered dreams, the hopes that
passed us by;
The rose that drooped before it found its
blooming,
Waits there in gardens that shall never die.
You need no toll, where all may freely
enter;
Love guides your steps, mem'ry dries your
tears;
Hope gives you strength to meet each new
tomorrow,
And faith is there to quiet all your fears.
Lift up your eyes, the sunset bridge is
gleaming;
Forget the pain, the cares that fret and
tire,
For at its end beyond heav'n's open door-
way,
There waits for you the land of heart's
desire.

—Lytton Cox



A PART OF STUDIO STAFF AT WNAX
Fall, 1928

Inspired by the Staff Picture

I got that picture of the staff from out the mail on Monday; you'd think if you had seen me laugh, 'twas fun enough for one day; and the true happiness is rare, I'd feel a lot contented if I were on that photo there a-sitting in the center. They're just a lot of dear old friends, this bunch of wall-adorners, with Earl and Jada on the ends, a-holding down the corners.

Tho some are fairer than I thought and all are looking pretty, without a slip Earl wins the trip to far Atlantic City. When Don sings "Please Forgive Me," altho it's hard and colder, I press the speaker to my cheek as tho it were his shoulder. And I'd forgive him on the spot, however wild or rash, most anything he'd do but *not* that little black mustache.

Jack totes the sweetest violin that 'ere came through a doorway, bequeathed him by his next of kin who lived, I think, in Norway. St. Patrick must have looked like Jack when chasing out the varmints, tho Happy suffers from the lack of Patrick's flowing garments. But if the Saint had heard him play, with footsteps most elastic, he'd halt his journey night or day to trip the light fantastic.

Frank Hobbs is here amongst them all, a mighty fine addition, tho precious packages are small, our Frank is some musician. Tho built with pugilistic

pep, if backing him with money I'd scarcely like to see him step into the ring with Tunney. So if you'd really like to know the "Flower of the Studio," Zeke and Art and John and Joe, Jada with his big banjo, and Barboroka, before the Christmas rush prevents, dig up and send in fifteen cents, you'll surely think it is immense when you've received the picture.

But now the best of all the rest, you couldn't fail to spot him, his name ere this you will have guessed, though I almost forgot him:

Of all announcers east or west,
I here affirm he is the best;
I hear them from the Empire state,
To San Francisco's Golden Gate;
And there's not one who can compare
With seven hundred on the air.
With voice that wavers nor grows weaker,
He climbs right up in our loud speaker.
Or if I close my eyes at will,
He's sitting on our window sill.
If television does succeed,
He'll surely emphasize its need.
I dedicate this ode to Chandler,
Gurney's ritzy program handler.

Gurney's Radio Poet



OUR WNAX CONCERT ORCHESTRA
Won the Grand Gold Plaque in 1928.

For the Orchestra

Gurney's in their repertoire,
Have a thousand things or more,
Things to hear and see and buy,
All are sure to satisfy.
Any one more than the rest?
Sure, there's always something best,
Here's our leader for today,
Gurney's Concert Orchestra.

There's a reason every time,
Writ in free verse, prose or rhyme,
Reasons for each truth we state,
So the Postum ads relate.
Then if Gurney's is the best,
Standing high above the rest,
You may ask "wherefore" and "why"
Who could tell so well as I?

You will see before I've done,
There is more than only one,
Reason why it fills a date
To excel in every state.
Here's a reason, newly wed,
Art, who's standing at the head,
Harvey is filing next in line,
All his attributes are fine.

Then three reasons in a row,
Every one will answer, "Joe."
Now Correne, our Baldwin girl,
And our vocalizer, Earl.
When you hear them you'll decide,
Everyone is bona fide,
Proof conclusive now on file
In three words, "Consult your dial."

When they're searching east and west
For the Orchestra that's best
In our nation far or near,
Let them know we have it here.
Lands of sunshine and of snow,
Roses or icicles grow;
Lands of deserts, plains or showers,
No musicians like to ours.

Now persuade them that the air
Carries nothing to compare
With its galaxy of notes?
Why, convince them with your votes.
Get behind the boys and stay,
Never loiter on the way,
Shouting loud, Hip! Hip! Hooray!
For Gurney's Concert Orchestra.

Gurney's Radio Poet



ART HARING, Solo Cornetist—CORENNE at the Baldwin

Song

(Rock All the Babies to Sleep)

Oh proud is the warrior home from the fray,
Who has bagged all the scalps that he can,
But his triumph is nothing to mine, for today
I got a nice letter from Chan,

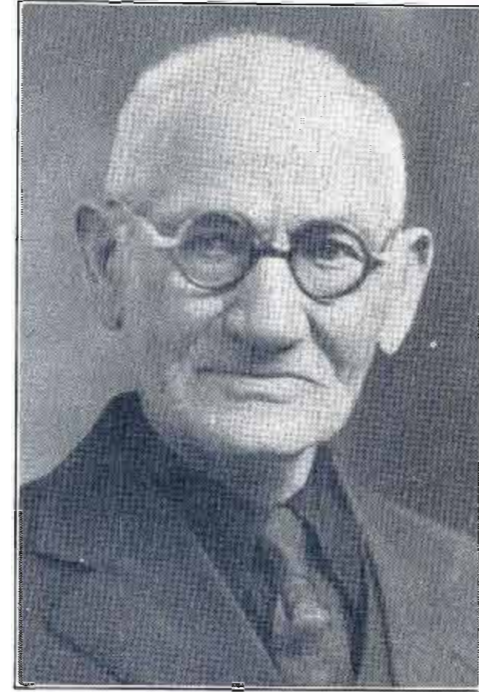
Now the sun may arise in the west, so they say,
Astounding descendents of man.
But it can't surprise me any more than to see,
A bona fide letter from Chan.

I strolled up the street, and whom should I meet
But a big bunch of Radio Fans,
They were all madly jealous, and cried, "Won't you tell us
How you got that nice letter of Chan's?"

Oh I didn't use honey or blarney or praise,
I had failed in the sugary plan,
So I stepped on his neck and it worked fine, by heck,
For it got me a letter from Chan.

Oh the mince pie is sweeter, the table looks neater,
The turkey lies brown in the pan;
And I'm sure giving thanks, for I've now joined the ranks,
Of the few who get letters from Chan.

Gurney's Radio Poet



JACOB HANSEN (Centerville, S. D.)
A satisfied customer for forty years.



CORENNE HORST

ALICE WILLIAMS
"At the Baldwin"

VIOLET NELSON

WHISTLES

(To Chan's and the Great Northern Whistle)

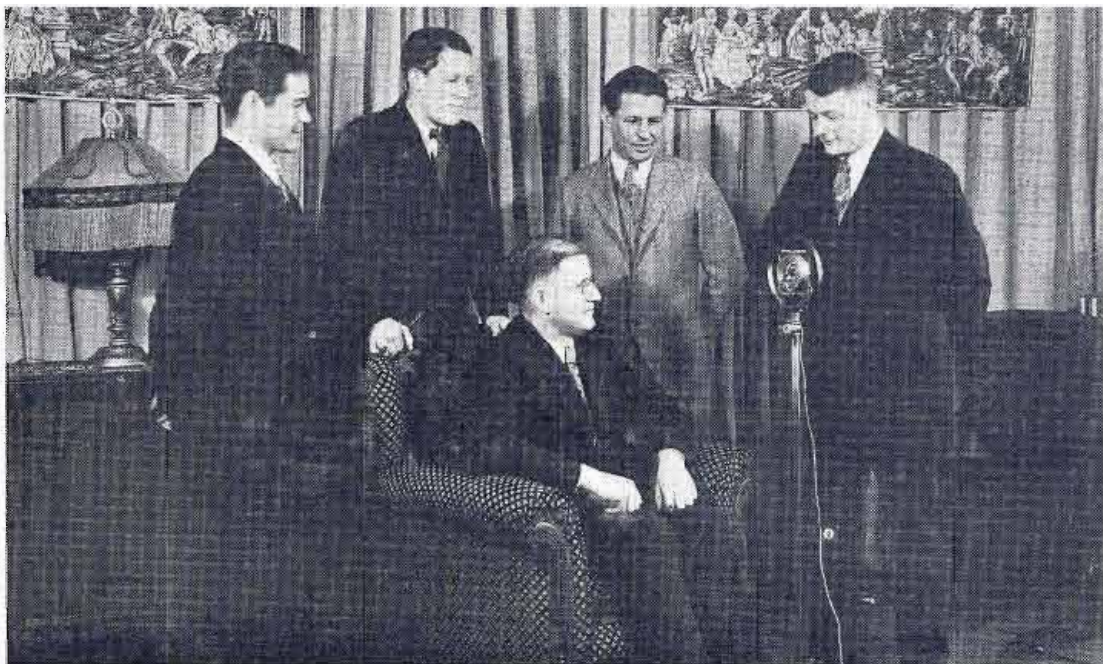
I stand beside the station as the limited flies past,
And it echoes forth its greeting with a loud and piercing blast;
Now there's always something human in the engine's proud "Hello,"
In its brief departing message as it hurries to and fro.

Every whistle is saluting as we hear it going by,
Every whistle has a meaning hurtled toward the morning sky;
But there's whistles, whistles, whistles, where their urgent needs abound,
Some for startling, some are softer, some are soothing in their sound.

There's the whistle of the blackbird, just to let us know he's back,
There's the whistle of the thresher as it rounds the yellow stack;
There's the whistle of the blizzard howling in the zero weather,
There's the whistle in my speaker as five stations come together.

With these whistles all resounding in an orchestra combined,
There's a little solo number which I always have in mind.
It will take your soul and lift it from a slough of dark despond,
It will coax the dancing sunbeams from the darkening clouds beyond;
'Tis an everlasting tonic guaranteed to cure the blues,
Just a cheery little whistle, sandwiched in between the news.

Gurney's Radio Poet



JUST THE ANNOUNCERS
Charles Gurney, Bill Goodrich, Joe Salvatori, Chan Gurney, Earl Williams (seated)

Lilacs

Beautiful sights and wonderful sounds,
Many glorious things in the world all around!
But for true loveliness there's little we can say
That can compare with lilacs in May.

Plummy, delicious, purply spikes,
Opening in heavy perfume,
In springtime when we're having flowers,
They come with the orchard's bloom.

Thick bushes laden with burden so rich,
Each looks like a mammoth bouquet,
For splendor mingled with modest pretense
Give me the lilacs of May.

Masses within the school room and home,
Decoration in church and in hall;
Background and frame for sweet graduate,
This flower so loved by us all.

On the last resting place of brave soldier dead,
Some young, more whose hair had turned gray,
Pile deep the blooming feathery plumes
Of beautiful lilacs of May.

—*Emelie Connor*

Scandal

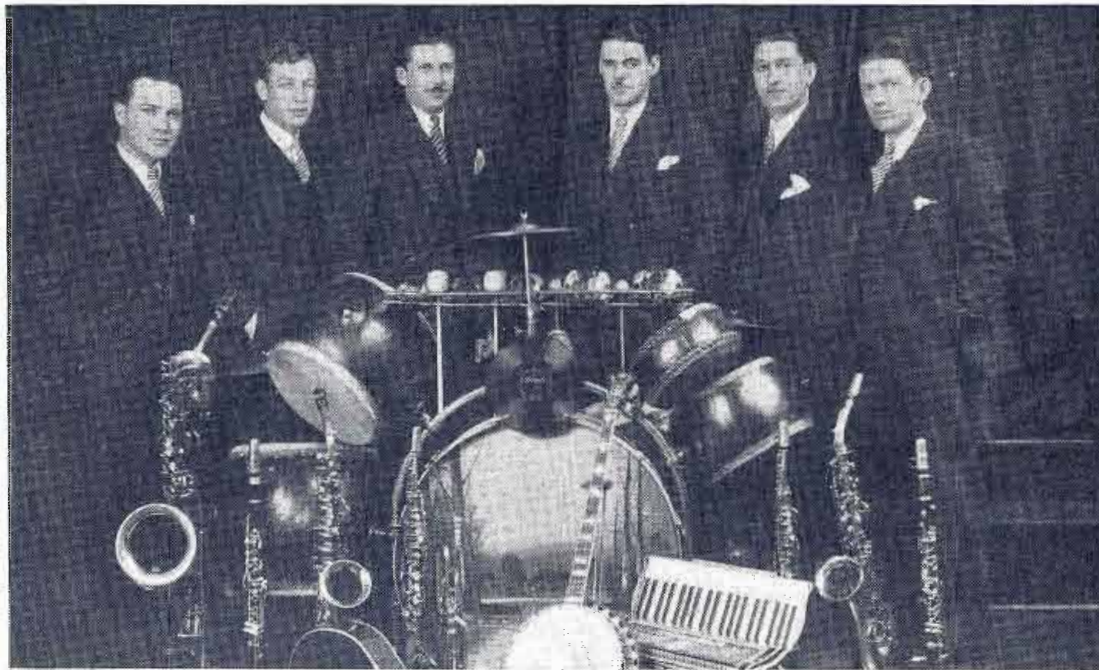
(Apologies to Sam Walter Foss)

If you hear a tale of woe,
About someone you chance to know,
Just a choice tid-bit of scandal,
Such as gossips like to handle,
As we trail the river's course,
Why not trace it to its source?
And around where mongers lurk
Is the place for research work.

Gossip, like the Amazon,
Broadens as it goes along,
And each one who hears the story
Rushes with a tributary,
'Til the tiny little trickle
Which had started small and fickle,
Widens, hastens, ever stronger,
As the tale grows new and longer,
And ere it nears its destination
Blasts some brother's reputation.

Let him, whose skill returns the river
To where its first few trickles quiver,
Be assigned the added glory
Of retrieving scandal's story.

Gurney's Radio Poet



WELK'S NOVELTY BAND
Laurence, himself, fifth from the left

When the Juice Runs Out

Oh, I love an easy rocker close beside the radio,
With peppy music on the air, plug in and let 'er go;
That it makes me sort o' lazy tho, I haven't any doubt,
And it drives me plumb distracted

WHEN THE JUICE RUNS OUT.

When it's dark as thunderation and it's midnight by the clock,
With my Sunshine on a station, how I love to sit and rock!
I am eager to begin it, all my troubles put to rout,
And I listen just a minute—

WHEN THE JUICE RUNS OUT.

I've an arm around my speaker on a sunny afternoon,
When there isn't any static, tho it's in the month of June;
Now the score is tied and waiting and I hear the umpire shout
That the Babe is coming homewards—

THEN THE JUICE RUNS OUT.

'Twas that day on last September, final meet for Gene and Jack,
I've no trouble to remember, recollection brings it back,
But it wasn't any fault of mine we didn't hear that bout,
For when the referee said "Nine"—

THE JUICE RAN OUT.

Oh, I love you, dear old wireless, and I love my speaker too,
For your conversation's tireless tho I seldom speak to you;
On occasions tho you're balky, and you're prone to sulk and pout,
And you surely are an oil-can

WHEN THE JUICE RUNS OUT.

Gurney's Radio Poet



EDITH GURNEY, WITH ALICE WILLIAMS AT THE BALDWIN

When Edith Sings Her Irish Songs

When Edith Gurney rising sings,
The songs that flow from Erin's heart,
The mocking bird an echo flings,
And dreams of Pat's and Ellen's start;
The shamrock by Killarney fair,
In season, out of season, longs
To wave its tribute and its prayer,
When Edith sings her Irish songs.

The quickened Irishman and wife,
Upon the prairies of the west,
That gave to Celtic hopes new life,
At freedom's glorious behest,
With glowing face whereon the tears
A rosary of memory throng,
Turn back and hug the vanished years
When Edith brings an Irish song.

I do not know if she can trace
Her lineage to that emerald sod,
Where fanciful historians brace
Their saints against the throne of God;
But this I know, that like a flame,
The Shannon leaps, and hush old wrongs,
As, rising when they call her name,
Our Edith sings her Irish songs.

—*Will Chamberlain*

Sept. 2, 1928, Yankton, S. D.

Dedication

Here's greetings to the Gurney Station,
Where voices rise in exaltation,
Until the air with music rings,
That bourne where everybody sings.

The concert orchestra comes first,
With r-r-r-repertoire from best to worst,
There's Nancy, Harvey, John and Joe,
All flirting with the do-mi-do.

And rushing in as chance affords,
To exercise their vocal chords,
Earl Williams next supplies the lack,
The latest one is Happy Jack.

But Phil is apt most any day,
To carol forth a merry lay,
And we're expecting right along
To hear D. B. burst into song .

And this might happen any hour
When he secures that added power;
But all enjoy your program lots
Since you've received your thousand watts.

Gurney's Radio Poet



SUNSHINE FOUR

Charles Steinbach, Jada Wyman, Harvey Nelson, and Violet Nelson at the Baldwin

The Radio Man

(Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

Oh, the Radio Man he works fer his Pa,
An' he's the bestest man et ever you saw
T' cheer folks up, an' we all jest laff
When he jollies up the rest o' the staff.
He says they're ready to play right now,
An' he tells their names an' makes 'em bow;
Then he says "Toot! Toot!" jes as loud as he can,
Ain't he a awful good Radio Man,
Radio, Radio, Radio Man?

He looks all over the sky t' see
What he thinks th' weather's goin' 't' be,
An' he talks to the farmers every day,
An' he tells 'em th' price of alfalfa hay,
An' corn an' p'tatoes an' eggs an' oats,
An' cuddly lambs an' big fat shoats,
An' flour an' wool an' seeds an' bran,
Ain't he a awful nice Radio Man,
Radio, Radio, Radio Man?

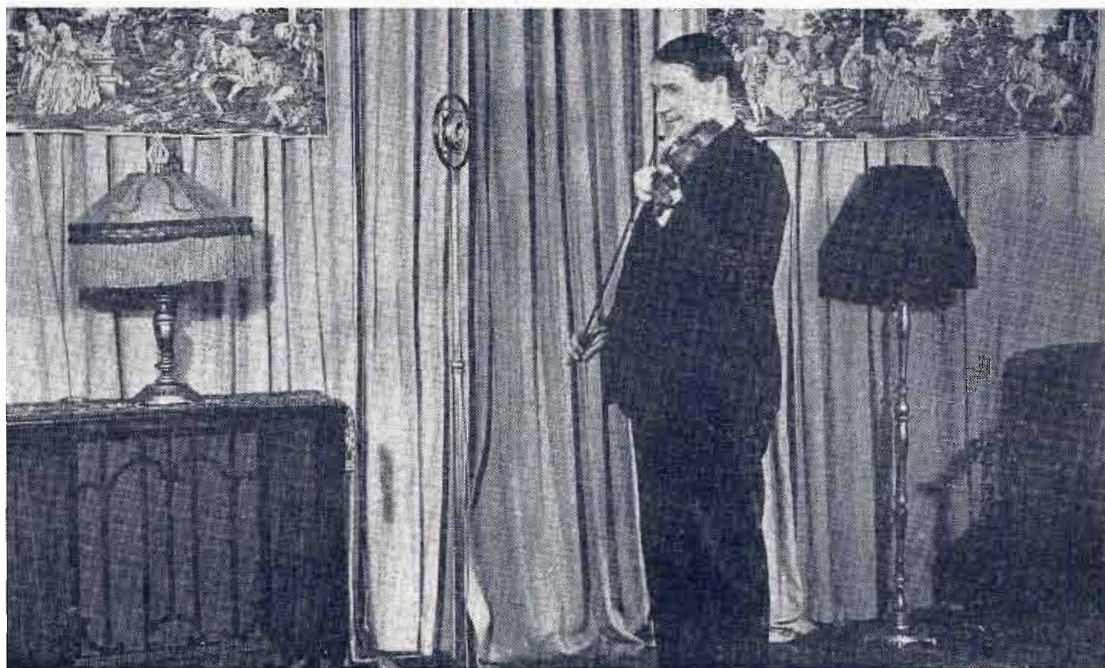
Once he went t' have a chat
Down where the Radio Commission's at,

(Sam Pickard an' all them other men,
An' they says "What're you doin' down here again?"
He answers before he takes off his hat,
"I want a new wave length," just like that,
"Or I'll throw all you guys out on your necks,
An' its' gonna be fer W N A X.
The old one's crowded an' bothers lots,
So pack it up with a thousand watts,
An' some kilocycles that'll circle 'round
From the peep o' dawn 'til the sun goes down,
An' reachin' right out to the farthest Fan."
Aint he a awful brave Radio Man,
Radio, Radio, Radio Man?

Sweet Words for Announcers

I don't know if that voice he owns,
Enthralls his friends by turns,
Nor how those "well-known matchless tones,"
Sound when the beefsteak burns;
But I do know, this far from there,
With new enhanced reception,
Those accents, filtered thru the air,
Are mighty nigh perfection.

Gurney's Radio Poet



YES, SIREE, IT'S "HAPPY JACK" O'MALLEY

I Am Jealous

(Dedicated to Will Chamberlain)

“When Gurney’s Poet courts the Muse,
And that elusive lass decides
Her choicest favors to refuse,
I need not trail where she abides
To lure her back. I seek instead,
The fount which fills my heart’s desire,
My inspiration’s laved and fed
On nectar from a dripping lyre.

Whose lilting, limpid, liquid notes,
Descending, grasp my hungry soul,
As storm-tossed, laden, home-bound boats
Are brought within a mute control.
I close my eyes and dream, but lo,
The spell is broken once again,
The secret of its charm I know,
’Tis only Happy’s violin.

My wandering Muse returns to me,
From distant planet where she dwells,
To aid my crude ability,
Nay more, she coaxes, she compells.
And so I yield, as borne along
The shores of melody alone,
I linger in the realm of song,
To hear a tender baritone.

But see, another Bard invades
My realm of sweetest ecstasy,
And as he revels in its shades,
The Green-Eyed Monster walks with me.
This chartered soil he treads upon,
This wondrous bourn of sounds, divine,
Is mine, from fragrant dawn ’til dawn,
Mine then, mine now, and always mine.

Gurney’s Radio Poet



THE SAXOPHONE SEXTETE
Frank Hobbs, Harvey, Paul Donnelly, Zeke, Rolly Chesney, John Matuska.

Supremacy

(Dedicated to D. B. Gurney)

Who is the Master Poet? He who lifts
Our hearts and minds and souls above the mists,
And trains them on the visions from afar,
The highest pinnacle, the loftiest star,
Which sheds its radiance to light and dress
A void—a universe of nothingness?
Who keeps our thoughts above the little things,
And schools our ears to hear celestial strings?
Nay, rather say
He is the Master Poet who from day
To day, just marches with the motley throng,
Which treads life's dreary highways all along;
Finds out the hidden daisy, turns the key
Which opens all the doors for you and me,
Revealing Nature's subtlest mystery.
He paints the rock, he reaches to the skies,
He cuts a scarf of gorgeous rain-bow dyes
And drapes it all about her Majesty,
That dull and tiresome maid, Monotony.
When at his bid we fling our burdens down,
The grave grow gay, the sage becomes the clown.
He strikes the clod, its changed its dreary gray,
And forth the fragrant rose has bloomed today.
He doesn't seek for fame nor does he know it,
That he's the Master One, the People's Poet.

Gurney's Radio Poet

Regret

I'm sorry that we quarreled, I say,
And double sorry, now;
I saw them bear you hence today,
Divorced from earthly things away,
With calm and peaceful brow.

I stood beside your resting place,
That last low narrow bed,
And felt the tear drops rinse my face,
All hint of discord to erase
Remorse inscribed instead.

I'm grieving that our last dispute,
Remained unsettled when
Your set opinions I'd refute
Then you'd reply to follow suit
And start me off again.

The flame of that old argument
Will blaze again, no doubt,
And keepers of the Firmament,
Will note the last lone stars descent
Before it flickers out.

Gurney's Radio Poet



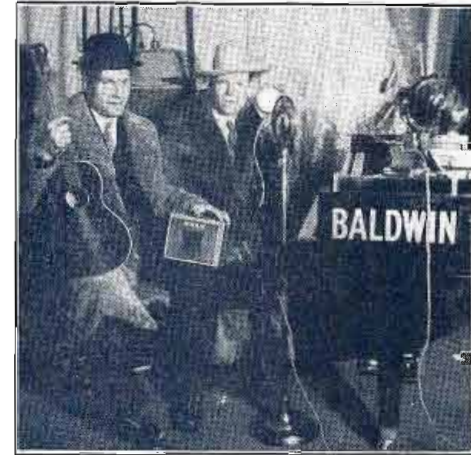
THE BATTERY BOYS—"A" and "B"
Jada and Bill

A Lunatic's Lullaby

We're up here in the big-house, our brains are in a rut,
Our keeper says we're crazy, but he is off his nut;
We're just as sane as you are, and we can prove it, too,
For when you hear our lullaby, you'll know we're not cocoo.

We were born at nite one morn and the whistles rang "Boom! Boom!"
We'll boil a cake and drink a steak when the mud-pies are in bloom.
If six and six are nine, does ice come from a mine?
Then, Old Black Joe's an eskimo, and pork's from a porcupine,
A pig or cow can bark "meow," but a goldfish likes to sing;
I saw a frog swim up a log, but he fell and broke his wing,
We know that camels sail the sea, that we get honey from the flea,
That every horse can climb a tree
On the road to Mandalay.

Shoot the chutes in paper boots, when the clouds are shining bright,
I'll fly a boat and row a goat, but I won't canoe a kite;
If France is in Japan, then milk comes from a fan,
Then Paul Revere was fond of beer and so is your old man.
I'd shoot pool with Kelly's mule, while his foot is in the sock,
A flapper's knees are bound to freeze if her fur coat is in hock;
I know an oyster has no chest, that Grandma never wore a vest,
That elephants fly to their nests,
Oh! My Country 'tis of thou
Oh me! Oh my! That's a lunatic's lullaby.



SUMMER OR WINTER
Which Is It ?

Another Case of Hee Bee Gee Bees

On the Jim there's a radio station,
Whose announcer's the best in creation,
But they're all ritzy chaps,
And I don't mean perhaps,
So they'll have our best co-operation.
Said the doctor, "Your number is drawn,"
So I closed my tired eyes and was gone:
When whom should I see,
But my old friend D. B.,
Just having his wings grafted on.



FRANK HOBBS, Clarinet Soloist
VIOLET NELSON at the Baldwin

The Bobbin Winder

I saw Time a sitting on a stool
Winding, winding,
Stealing my life threads from the spool,
Still not minding,
Dull monotony to me,
For the end I could not see.

I saw Time a sitting on a stool,
My stern Master,
Never deviating from the given rule
Though urged faster;
Heard a whisper then, "For you
Time, the Winder's nearly through."

I saw Time raise a warning hand,
Never slowing,
Pointing to the end so I'd understand
Its swift going.
Then my conscious plead "Make haste,
For your threads are going to waste."

I saw Time hold the tangled mass
Now so treasured,
Snarled and useless to me now, alas,
Never measured,
But its latter lengths I caught
And a thing of beauty wrought.

Gurney's Radio Poet

D. B. Likes 'em Hot

(Apologies to Oliver Wendell Holmes)

I wrote some lines once on a time,
In wondrous fiery mood,
I didn't stop to make them rhyme,
Or weigh them as I should.
I drove my pen in seething rage
'Til it was burning hot,
It left its mark on every page,
A charred and blackened spot.
I took a large asbestos sheet
And made an envelope;
All sealed up to retain the heat,
Then mailed D. B. the dope.
When he exposed it to the air,
The sparks began to fly;
It singed his eyebrows, scorched his hair,
And spoiled a spiffy tie.
He flung it, flaming, from his hand,
For it did menace him;
They carried forth that blazing brand
And soused it in the Jim.
I'm working hard both day and night,
To pacify that man;
And now I'll never dare to write
As scrappy as I can.

Gurney's Radio Poet



EDDIE AND JOHNNIE—"THE HAPPY SUNSHINE COFFEE BOYS"

Oh, Joe! Please Don't Go

Tell me what's the matter, Joe?
Doodle-oo-doo-doo-doo-doo;
Something's done gone wrong I know;
Doodle-oo-doo-doo-doo-doo;
I've been so blue, I'm losing you,
It's a doggone shame.
Joe, I just can't understand,
Ah-lee-ah-lay-dee;
What has got into you, man,
Ah-lee-ah-lay-dee;
You used to be loving to me
Now tell me who's to blame.

Chorus:

Oh Joe, Please don't go; What's that you say?
Don't go away. Oh, Joe, please don't go.
I'm leavin' you
Yeh; you leave me when you say,
Ah-lee-ah-lay-dee-dee-dee-dee—
Now I'm sorry dear,
Ah-lee-ah-lay-dee.
Joe, can't you hear?

Ah-lee-ah-lay-dee.
You know I ain't never done you any wrong,
Ah-lee-ah-lay-dee-dee-dee-dee.
They done took away my whiskey an' my gin,
An' if I loses you, then where does I come in,
Oh Joe, please don't go,
An' leave me all alone.

I believed your love was true,
Doodle-oo-doo-doo-doo-doo;
I was all wrapped up in you,
Doodle-oo-doo-doo-doo-doo;
I've ben so blue, I'm losing you,
I just want to cry.
Honey, ain't I done the best I could?
Ah-lee-ah-lay-dee.
Aain't I always used you good?
Ah-lee-ah-lay-dee.
Joe, please dont' say you're goin' away,
Cause if you do, I'll die.

Repeat Chorus.

—*Unknown*



"AUNT ESTHER"—ESTHER SMITH.
Many of the listeners to the Children's Programs have sent her their picture, so here is Esther's

Enigma

I see before me sitting, row on row
Of candles, burning brightly, dim or low.
Some, lately lighted, showing but a spark,
Some at their zenith, glowing in the dark;
A few, their fuel all but burned away,
Give feebler light than stars at break of day.

And moving in and out amongst the throng,
With like regard of waning ray or strong,
The grim Extinguisher, stern duty plies,
And brooks no favorites in his enterprise.

I watch his stride with apprehensive glance,
And strive to prophecy the next advance.
My guess falls on one glimmer burned so low
But one faint breath would chill its tiny glow,

Its efforts far too feeble to resist,
“ ’Tis well,” I mused, “Its gleam will scarce be missed.”

But lo, the little life is left unhurt,
And at his blow, another lies inert.
The brightest, strongest, fairest of them all,
Whose brilliance shone the breadth of church and hall.
Whose usefulness and aid could ill be spared,
Now black despair, where once its beauty flared.

Ah, puzzling Reaper, who has wit to guess
Thy riddle in his hour of dark distress!
One passing favor tho, I beg and pray,
Leave not my light to burn itself away,
But let the fullness of that gentle strength and power,
Be but the signal for its final hour.

Gurney's Radio Poet



J. V. "DAD" BARBORKA
Harp Soloist and Leader of the German Band. See his hair?

The Prisoner

Just one vast undulating floor,
Stretching from rim to rim,
Like a velvet pall and nothing more,
The prairies seemed to him.
And Oh, for the sound of the rustling leaves,
Or the chatter of a stream,
The chirp of the swallow from the eaves,
Or the blue-jay's lusty scream.

Oh, for a cloud to shield the glade,
From the glare of the copper sky,
Or a friendly tree to lend its shade
To the heart-sick passerby.
But never a change for the eye to see,
For Nature does repeat,
Above in the yellow canopy
Reflected the ripened wheat.

For the plane that unrolled before his view
He had never seen before,
All familiar forms were born anew
Like the waves of a changing shore.
And he saw the soul of the prairie then,
Just the vast great heart of her,
And retraced his steps to the cell again
Like Zenda's prisoner.

And see how he struggled for release,
But her shackles bound him o'er
As he waited for their weight to cease
She only added more.
So he trod the way of the bonded slave,
Full many a weary year,
Oft lamed by the stones which shall always pave
The path of the Pioneer.

But he stood one morn in the rosy glow
In the light of the summer dawn,
And glanced at his arms so worn and lo,
The shackles of old were gone.
And he turned in a wondrous glad surprise,
For his thoughts were all to flee,
But a stranger sight had filled his eyes
And his sense with an ecstasy.

Gurney's Radio Poet



ROSEBUD JUNIOR ENTERTAINERS

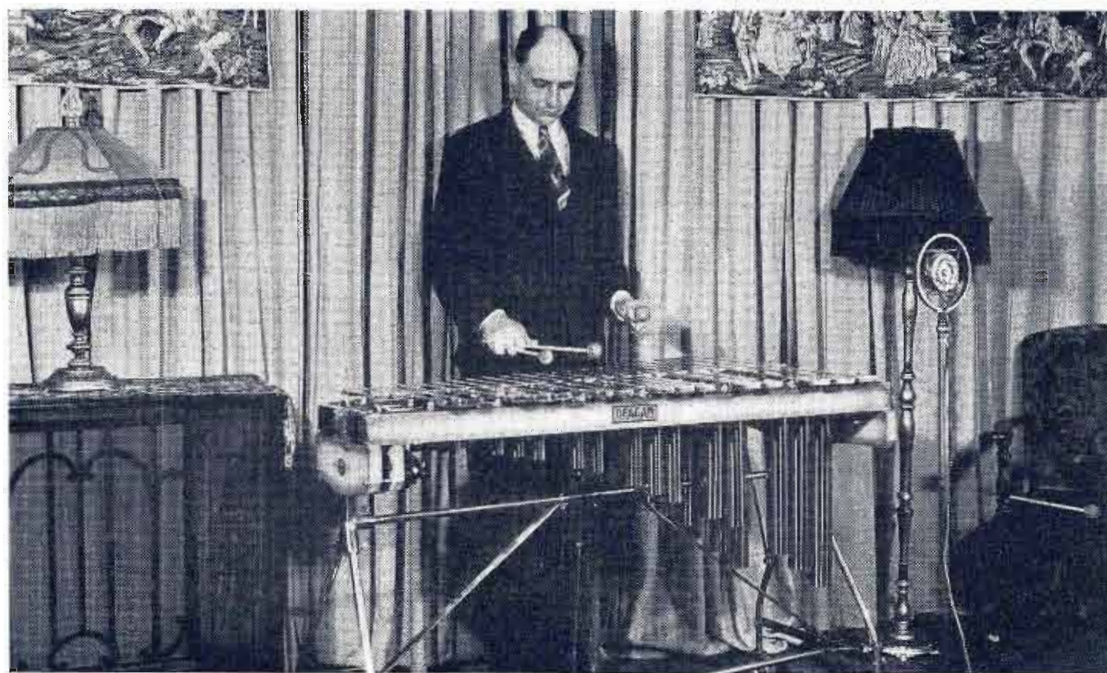
A Bit of Poetry from a Young Friend of WNAX

On a lonely prairie some years ago,
Where only sagebrush seemed to grow,
There lay a shabby humble farm
Unpainted house, unpainted barn;
Trees and flowers were not to be seen,
Pigs and cows were very lean,
For sagebrush, you know, is not good feed;
Cossack Alfalfa is what they need,
But when this farmer got his radio,
He really then commenced to know
Through Gurney's station every day
Of Cossack Alfalfa in every way,
Also of the Sunshine Paint,
Of which there never is complaint.
This farmer then sat down to think,
Then stood up with a wink and a blink;
I believe, said he, I'll give Gurney's a trial.
So he started to town with the jolliest smile,

He ordered some paint and alfalfa by wire,
And then went home for a man to hire.
Soon his farm began to change;
Sleek pigs and cows now run on the range,
And a lovely hedge of roses
The little yard now encloses.
Now he thinks he's very wise,
For to him 'tis Paradise,
This humble farm of long ago,
Its beauty and wealth he does owe
To Gurney's of the Sunshine State,
The farmer himself is looking great,
Riding around on his Sunshine tires,
And all his neighbors are his admirers.

Phyllis Erickson (Age 9)

1308½ Wall Street, Sioux City, Ia.



CHARLES STEINBACH
Vibraphone Soloist. (Note the high forehead!)

Melodies

Some listen to the rain-drops and the breezes moan and sigh,
Some listen to the thunder, reverberating through the sky;
Some listen to the song birds when they have the time to spare,
But I listen in on Gurney's all the time they're on the air.
I like to hear D. B. orate with his advise so keen,
I await the time for Albin with his trusty accor-deen;
I adore to hear O'Malley dripping music from the strings,
It reminds me of the valley, where the skylark dips and sings.
And then our tenor Emil, with his thrilling golden voice,
Has a cadence most enthralling for it makes my heart rejoice;
But the sounds which grip me by the throat and make my heart kerflop,
Are the little whistling solos when the radiograms have stopped.

Gurneys' Radio Poet

I can't discuss philosophy, I can't interpret Greek;
I wouldn't know what Hong Lee said if I should
hear him speak;
The secrets of the healing art, still secrets are to me;
I can't describe the finny tribe that swims beneath
the sea;
But when my old receiving set high-hats me all at once

Declines to speak aloud and faintly whispers like
a dunce,
I do not call wise guys in to give me free advise;
I know a little stunt that cures the trouble in a trice;
I hook some "Sunshines" to my set and calmly
take my ease,
For when it comes to Batteries, I know my A-B-C's.



GURNEY'S HAWAIIANS
Bob, Lon and Frances Kia, singing Hula Girl

The Nut Club

This Club was organized, yo see,
About the year, five O——B. C.
And a nut is any particular guy
Who doesn't behave like you and I.
So I have chronicled a few,
Selected from no individual spot,
Who refused to do as the others do
Whether they were in Rome or not.

CHARTER MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Solomon.....	Wiseheimer Extraordinary and Boss of the Works
Adam.....	Vice President Emeritus
Miles Standish.....	Strong Wielder of the (T) rusty Sword
Samson.....	Eminent Knight of the Strong Back
Esau	Grand Keeper of Mazuma and Pottage
Archimedes.....	Always ready for initiation
Ben Franklin.....	Expert Puller of the Wires
Patrick Henry.....	Grand Pounder of the Chest
Our Lindy.....	The Baby Member



Two Honored Old Pioneers

Vice Presidents Emeritus of the Nut Club

Now Adam had ants in his attic,
Tho he hid them at first, I believe;
For his aerial carried no static,
'Til he met with the serpent and Eve.

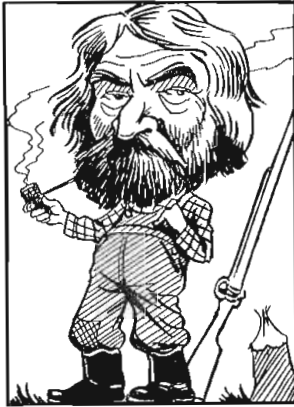
By throwing all blame on the woman,
He has a nice precedent set,
For displaying a trait that's most human,
All the Adams are doing it yet!

(How that first stupendous fib
Must have tickled Adam's rib!)

King Solomon wagged a wicked tongue,
While setting a pace for Brigham Young;
A rep for the wisest man possessing,
For he kept a thousand wives all guessing.

This clever little achievement shows
How far was Sol from being a dunce,
For every Benedict trying it, knows
You must watch your step if you fool one once.





Samson, Eminent Knight of the Strong Back

Strong coupled warrior of olden day,
Broth of a boy in battle array
Slew all the Phillies in the very first play,
He ambled 'long home mid heartiest cheers

BUT—

Fell for a skirt with a keen pair of shears.
We sadly suspect a case of home-brew,
The dame double-crossed him, with never a sob,
For while he was sleeping the evening thru,
She handed her Sammy, the style's latest "bob."

Esau, Grand Keeper of Mazuma and Pottage

Esau, the Tarzon of the Bible fame,
Esau, the hairy, who traded his name
For a fresh mess of pottage by Jacob brewed,
And partook of the mixture 'til sleepy and stewed.

Now Esau was dropped from his father's will,
And disappeared, so the papers state;

For he never was mentioned again, until
Somebody caught him kissing Ka'e

Exchanging his name for a mess of brew,
Esau goes labeled the prize bonehead;
Tho many a maiden is trading her's too,
And receiving a mess of woe, instead.



Eureka! I Have Found It!

(We illustrate by a picture of a well-dressed beauty from the beach. Observance of the postal regulations precludes a portrayal of Mr. A.)

Archimedes was balmy too,
When he retires to take a bath,
He lugs along a well-thumbed math;
Stirring up the foamy bubbles,
Solving geometric troubles.

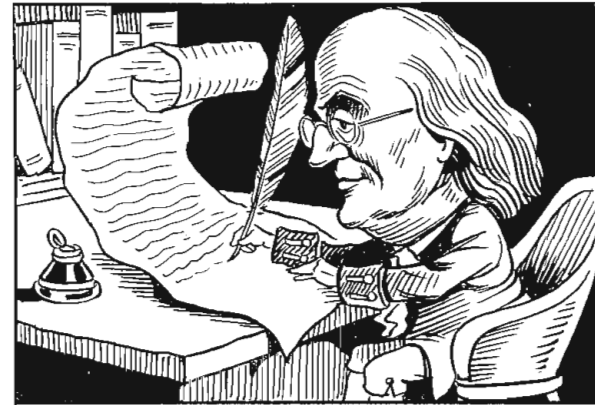
He shouts "Eureka," when he's through,
Emerging from the suds,

And scampers up the avenue,
Still minus all his duds.

So he staged quite a panic in old Syracuse,
Where that style of draping was not yet in use.
Today we would judge him no object of pity,
But just on the way to Atlantic City.

Ben Franklin, Expert Puller of Wires

Ben Franklin was a nutty guy,
Instead of angling in a pond
Or in the larger lakes beyond,
He takes a piece of fuzzy string
Tied to a kite, or some such thing,
And fishes in the stormy sky.
He did, this most erratic gent,
To catch a mess of static for
His Parmak or Atwater Kent,
But now, with our aërials all 'aflying,
We catch our static without half trying.



Patrick Henry, Grand Pounder of the Chest

In which our Poet is suspected of rooting for her kin.

We are minded to call her, Coleen Josephine.

Patrick Henry, of Revolutionary fame,
Comes next on our list;
He upset a chair and a cuspidor
When they asked what he thought about having a war;
Then talked 'til they all got excited some,
And advised the Committee to let it come.

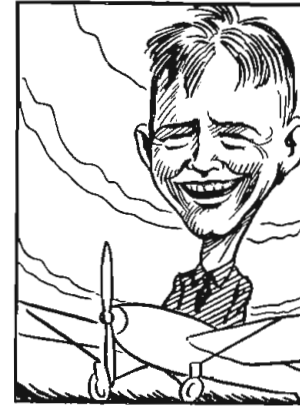
Then he wandered into Fate's Cafe,
Where you barter with Chance for your future breath;
And searching the menu for the day,
He ordered Liberty or Death.

If you're looking up Patrick's family tree
To discover his nationality,

Don't search among Egypt's fields of sand,
Or rubber around in the Fatherland;
Nor up in the Scandanavian snow,
Nor down in the Dago land below;
Nor the far, far East, where the Chinks reside,
Nor the Russian plains where the Cossacks ride,
But shifting your gaze to the west-north-west,
To the tiny isle which the bards love best,
Whence Patrick banished the frogs to France;
Where the Shamrocks grow and the fairies dance.
Where they tote a shillelah and use the same—
That's where Pat learned the fighting game.

Our Lindy, the Baby Member

Instead of flying here at home,
Where all was safe, he chose to roam
And, taking a sandwich and a chance,
He hopped right off to Paris, France.
Applause was his, the flight was won,
Fame chased him hard from shore to shore;
But he came back, turned down the mon,
Laughed fame to scorn, and flew some more.



Evangeline, the Fair—An Up-to-date Version

*An up-to-date version in which our poet hands
Gabriel, (not the angel,) a wallop.*

Have you ever heard of Evangeline,
With breath as sweet as the breath of the kine
That fed on the grass in the meadow green?
(So she didn't need any listerine.)

I'm taking Longfellow's word for this
For that's the way he described the Miss;
Guaranted free from halitosis,
And this is the picture that poet shows us.

In the beautiful land of Arcadia,
Settled by France in the early day,
Gabriel and Evangeline,
Fell for the olden theme, divine,
And all was prepared as it should have been,
To entertain Mr. Lohengrin.

Evangeline, the Fair—An Up-to-Date Version

But there's may a slip, twixt the hip and the lip,
For there in the bay stood a British ship;
And now was confusion and despair,
For the French were ordered to vacate there.
And driven like sheep to a foreign fold
Filled all the boats from the deck to the hold.

And Evangeline, granted no reprieve,
Was amongst the very first to leave;
But Gabe, like the dolt that he was, you know—
And this tale shall subsequently show—
Retraced his steps to the house to get
The razor blades for his new Gillette.

And when he returned to the shore at dawn,
The boat with Evangeline had gone.
And parted thus by a cruel fate,
They journeyed on, so the bards relate;
On and on their whole lives through,
Always ready for hope anew;
Evangeline grieving, searching, rueing,
But they never state what Gabe was doing.)

He, in the race, by a furlong led,
And he managed to stay far ahead.
When they'd lost their beauty and youth beside,
They met on the brink of the Great Divide.

With she ninety-nine when the jaunt was done,
And Gabe was rounding one hundred one.
This has been the favorite tale for years,
To stir up the sighs and the salty tears.

But it never excited one from me,
Nary a throb of sympathy.
Do you think I'd follow a guy about,
'Til my hair turned gray and my teeth fell out?
And I walked with a limp and a cane and a crutch,
Just for a bird like that? Not much.
If any Gabriel treated me so,
This is the line I'd hand that bo.

"Look here, stupid, just because
We ran afoul of the British laws,
Is that any reason why you should proceed
Like a Texas steer on a mad stampede?"

Or a broncho wild that had slipped the halter,
Go on and on and never falter?
I'll allow you before your time gives out,
Just fifteen minutes to face about
And kick up the dust on the homeward trail,
Hike for the camp with a straight shirt-tail.

And if you're not here when the clock strikes eight,
It's the air for yours, for you'll be too late.
Just on that final stroke so loud,
I'll be saying "Yes" to Mike O'Doud."

I must close my tale as it's growing late,
But this is Evangeline up-to-date.
Now I think that her Gabe was a gnat in the eye,
A leak in the roof and a cloud in the sky,
And I've always craved to expose that guy.

Gurney's Radio Poet



JOHN JENSEN

John entertains you with his guitar and harmonica

When the Work's All Done This Fall

A group of jolly cowboys, discussing plans at ease,
Says one, I'll tell you something boys,
If you will listen, please.
I am an old cow puncher, although I'm dressed in rags,
I used to be a good one, and take on great big jags.

But I've a home, boys, a good one you all know,
Although I haven't seen it since very long ago;
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all,
Yes, I'm going to see my mother
When the work's all done this fall.
When I left my home, boys, my Mother for me cried,

Begged me not to leave her, boys,
For me she would have died.
My Mother's heart is breaking, longing for me, that's all,
And with God's help, I'll see her
When the work's all done this fall.

That very night the cowboy went out to stand his guard
The night was dark and cloudy and storming awful hard;
The cattle they got frightened and rushed in wild stampede,
The cowboy tried to herd them, while riding at full speed.

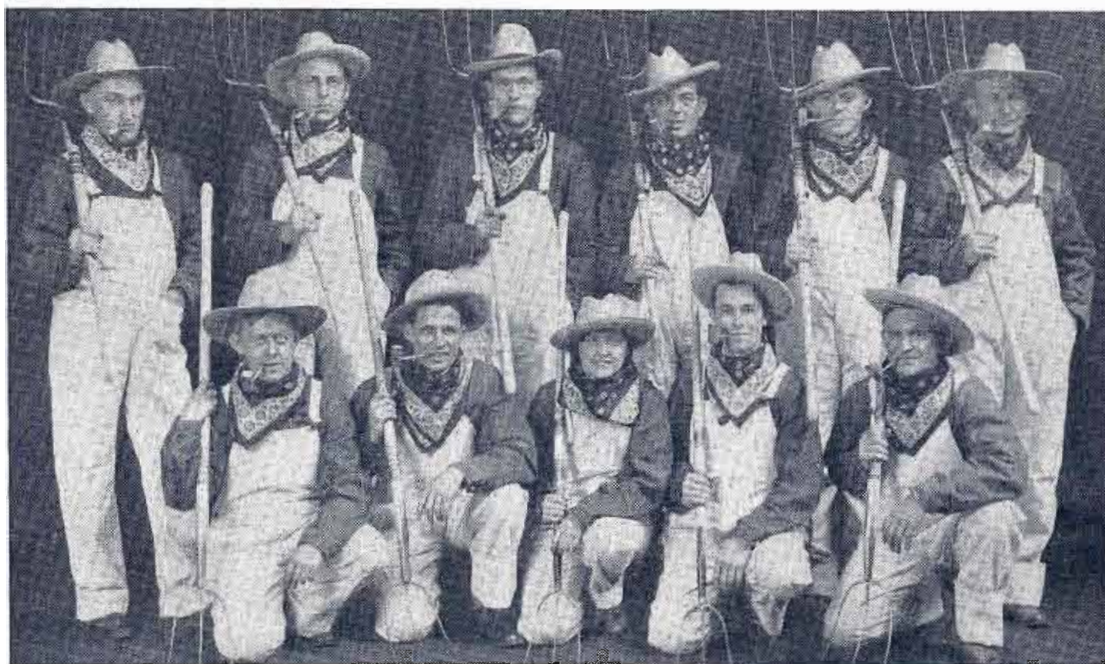
While riding in the darkness, loudly did he shout,
Trying to turn the herd about;
His saddle horse did stumble, and on him did fall;
The poor boy won't see his Mother
When the work's all done this fall.

Just send my mother my wages, the wages I have earned,
For I'm afraid, boys, my last steer I have turned;
I hear my Master calling, I'll not see my Mother
When the work's all done this fall.

George, you take my saddle; Bill, you take my bed;
Jack, you take my pistol after I'm dead;
But boys, think of me kindly, when you look upon them all,
For I'll not see my Mother
When the work's all done this fall.

Poor Charlie was buried at sunrise,
No tomb stone at his head, nothing but a little slab,
And this is what it said:
Charlie died at day break, he died from a fall,
And he'll not see his Mother
When the work's all done this fall.

—Unknown



GURNEY'S CONCERT ORCHESTRA, READY TO WORK

The Strawberry Roan

“Well, I’m a layin’ round town just a-spending my time;
Out of a job and not making a dime,
When up steps a feller and he says, ‘I suppose
That you’re a bronc rider by the looks of your clothes!’

“Well, you guesses me right and a good one I’ll claim;
Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?
He says he has one that’s a good one to buck,
And at throwin’ good riders he’s had lots of luck.

“He says this old pony ain’t never been rode ,
That the guy that gets on him is sure to get throwed;
Well, I gets all excited an’ I asks what he pays
To ride this old pony a couple of days.

“Well, he offers a ten-spot, and I says ‘I’m your man!
For the bronc never lived that I cannot fan.’
No! The bronc never tried, nor he never drew breath
That I cannot ride till he starves plumb to death.

“Well, he says, git your saddle and I’ll give you a chance.
So we got in the buckboard and we went to the ranch.
I waited ’til morning and right after chuck,
I went out to se if that pony could buck.

“Down in the horse-corral standin’ alone,
Was this old Cabillo, a Strawberry Roan.
He had little pin-ears that touched at the tip,
And a big forty-four brand on the left hip.

“He was spavined all ’round and he had pigeon-toes,
Like pig-eyes and a big Roman nose.
He was ewe-necked and old with a long lower jaw,
I could tell at a glance that he was a reg’lar outlaw.

“Well, I buckled on my spurs, I was feelin’ plumb fine,
Pulled down my hat and curled up my twine;
When I threw the loop on him, well, I knew then
That before I had rode him I’d sure earn my ten.

(Continued on Page Eighty-five)



GEORGE B. GERMAN
Our Cowboy Ballad Singer

The Strawberry Roan. (Concluded)

"I got the blind on him, 'twas a terrible fight,
Next came the saddle and I screwed 'er down tight.
Then I stepped on him and I pulled up the blind,
I'm a sittin' in his middle to see him unwind.

"Well, he bowed his old neck and I'd say he unwound;
He seemed to quit livin' down there on the ground;
He went up in the east and came down in the west
With me sittin' on him a doin' my best.

"He sure was frog-walkin' I heaved a big sigh,
He only lacked wings for to be on the fly.
Turned his old belly right up to the sun,
For he was a sun-fishing sun-of-a-gun.

"He was the worst bronc I'd seen on the range,
He could turn on a nickle and leave you some change.
And while he was buckin' he squalled like a shoat,
I'll tell yu' that outlaw he sure got my goat.

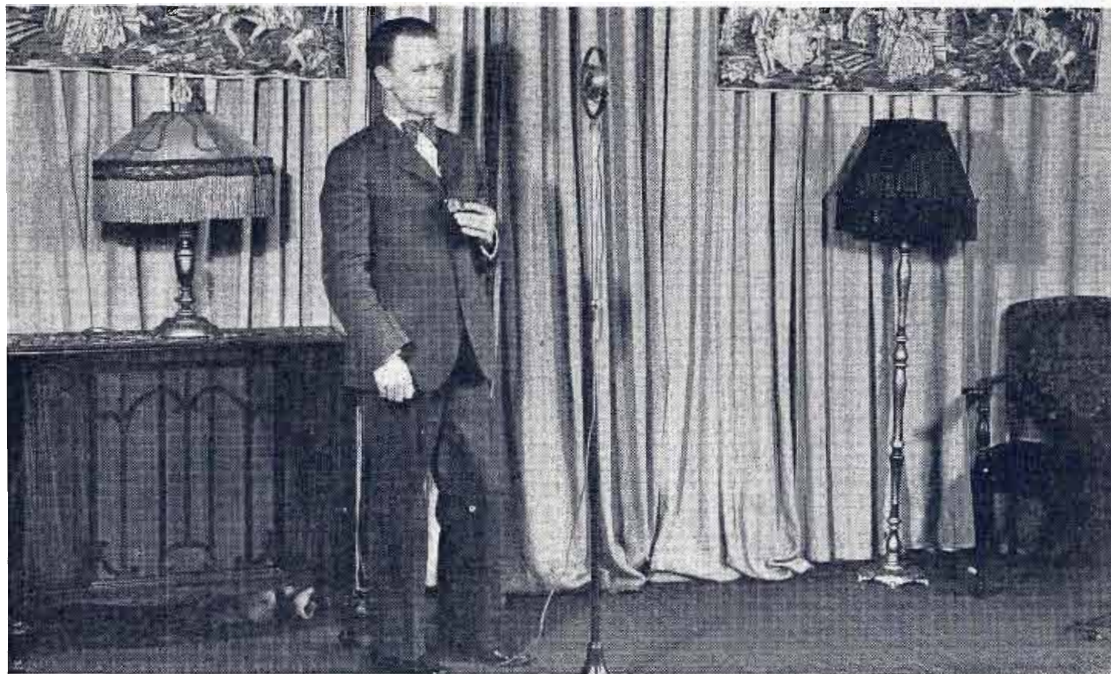
'I'll tell all you people that outlaw could step,
And I was still on him a buildin' a rep;
He come down on all fours an' he turned up his side,
I don't se how he kept from a losin' his hide.

"Well, I loses my stirrups and also my hat,
I'm a clawin' at leather and as blind as a bat;
With a 'phenomanal' jump he made a high dive,
He left me a sittin' up there in the sky.

"Well, I turns over twice and I comes back to earth,
And I set in to cussin' the day of his birth.
Then I knew there's some ponies that I cannot ride,
There's some of 'em livin' and they haven't all died.

But I'll bet all my money there's no man alive
That can ride that old Strawberry when he makes that high
dive.

—*Unknown*



ROY L. EASTMAN
"Harmonica Dutch"

Alfalfa

(Tune of "Old Black Joe")

Gone are the days
When wheat alone held sway;
Gone are the days
Of oxen and wild hay.
This is the time
A farmer must know how
To feed alfalfa daily
To his dairy cow.

Chorus:

I'm learning; I'm learning,
My farm is paying now;
I've learned to feed alfalfa
To my dairy cow.

Where's timothy
That once filled every shed?
Where are the scrubs
That never did get fed?
My barns are filled
With green alfalfa now;
I've learned to feed it daily
To my dairy cow.

My hens would lay
A few eggs in the spring;
Cold weather came,
They wouldn't do a thing;
I've learned to feed.
They're doing better now,
They get alfalfa daily
Like the dairy cow.

Hogs fed on corn,
And water didn't pay;
They seemed to grow
More peaked every day.
I learned to feed
Alfalfa to them. Now
They're making big returns—
Just like the dairy cow.

—Unknown



HERBERT LEMKE
Herbert entertains with German Songs, etc.

The Pioneer

Into the golden west he came
In search of a garden fair,
He saw the wealth of the prairie hills
And he built his castle there;
It wasn't a wealth of gold he sought,
With its sickly, yellowish gleams;
But the only wealth worth having—
A home and all that it means.

Into the prairie sod he dug
And fashioned a castle there,
A castle now all too common,
But a home that is all too rare;
It wasn't a palace of tinsel show,
Nor a mansion of gaudy sham,
But woven into its fabric
Was the loving soul of a man.

Into the golden west he came,
And under the blue above,
He lived in a castle of happiness,
Because it was crowned with love.
His hardships so many and bitter,
Are gone with the fleeting years,
But Dakota remembers his struggle
And honors her pioneers.

Neil D. Annes

May

Fairest flower of the wheat lands,
Where gentle breezes play,
Gentlest hour of the seasons,
Morn of the summer's day;
May day upon the prairie,
What scenes our glad eyes greet,
When the sun shine on the water
And the wind makes waves on the wheat.

Fairest hour of the wheat lands,
That sped o'er 'the prairie fields,
Sweetest moments of blessing
That herald the harvest yields;
May day, we love your promise,
And hasten your birth to greet,
When the sun shines on the water
And the wind makes waves on the wheat.

Playtime upon the wheat lands,
Softest of balmy days,
Tenderest child of springtime,
That under the heaven plays;
We love the tiny footprints
Left by your fairy feet,
When the sun shines on the water
And the wind makes waves on the wheat.

Neil B. Annes



MARGARET GRAMAN (11 years old)
Corene at the Baldwin

Gurney's A-B-C Book

A—Stands for alfalfa, the best to be found,
Sold by Gurney's, pound upon pound.

B—Is for broadcasting, WNAX is the best,
We turned down the chain stuff and all the rest.

C—Is for chicks, Gurneys' hatch the best,
Order chicks in the spring, throw out the old nest.

D—Stands for dollars, they sure buy a heap,
And everything is good as well as cheap.

E—Is for Earl; we all know his voice,
Best on the air, he's everyone's choice.

F—Is for flowers, boquets large and small,
For every occasion, flowers for us all.

G—Stands for garden seeds and we know they'll grow,
For we have sowed them, row after row.

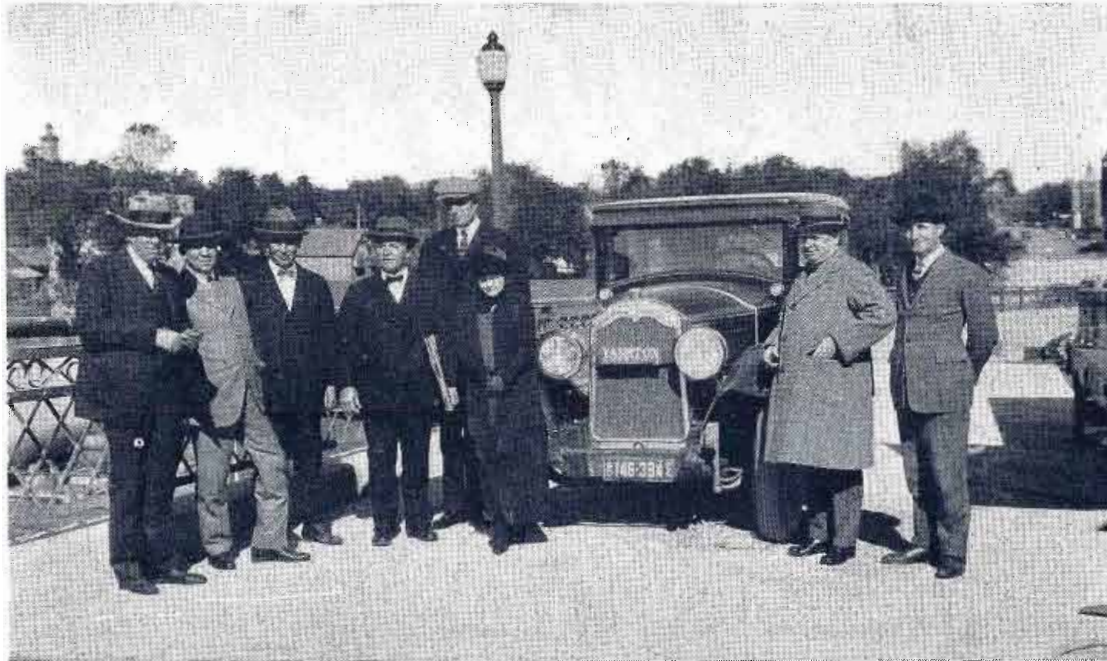
H—Stands for Happy Jack, long may he play,
And scatter sunshine along the way.

I—Is for invitation, extended to all
To visit Gurney's, winter, spring, summer and fall.

J—Stands for John Jensen, may his days be long,
For we like his music and old-time song.

K—Stands for kindness that's shown everyone,
That visits Gurney's for business or fun.

L—Is for listen and that's just what we do,
Tune in on WNAX the whole day through.



These are the passengers and first car to cross Meridian Highway Bridge at Yankton, S. D.

GURNEY'S A-B-C BOOK (*Concluded*)

M—Is for Master Hog-Tone, guaranteed to please,
Keeps your hogs healthy, keeps away disease.

N—Is for news, that we all like to hear
From all over the world, far and near.

O—Is for overcoats and overshoes, too,
Don't forget Gurney's sell 'em, whatever you do.

P—Is for Phil, whose voice is so clear,
He may not be all there, but he's always here.

Q—Is for quotations, broadcast every day,
So we'll know what to order, how much to pay.

R—Is for radio receiving sets, the best to be had,
Order one for the family and make them all glad.

S—Is for sermons that ring clear and true,
To cheer and encourage both me and you.

T—Is for trees and also for tires,
Don't forget these when sending your wires.

U—Is for understanding and Gurney's sure understand
What grows best on rich soil or on yellow sand.

V—Is for Violet, fair and sweet,
To meet little Violet is sure a great treat.

W—Is for Welks, and we got a hunch
That he takes the prize with his musical bunch.

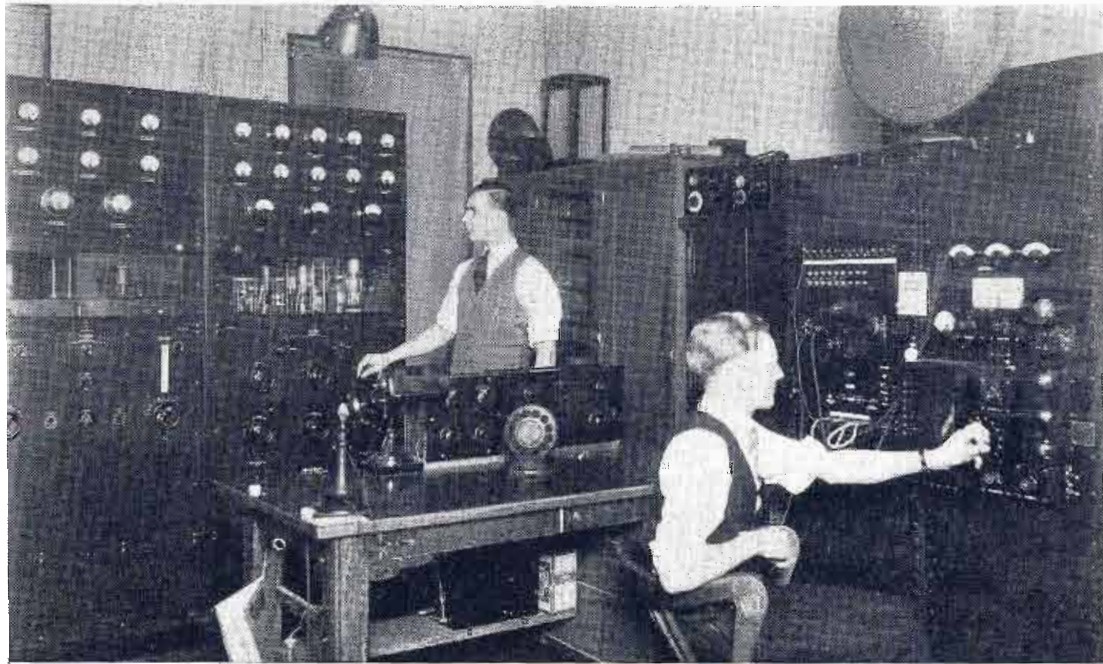
X—Is for xylophone, the one Steinbach plays,
So we'll pass to the next, and hope that he stays.

Y—Is for Yankton, asleep on the map,
'Til Gurney's came and she awoke with a snap.

Z—Is for Zip! Zowie! Zang!
Three cheers for the Gurney gang.

Allen Nebraska.

—Mrs. Art Hale



IVAR NELSON AND HARRY SEILS
Government Licensed Radio Engineers, with our Western Electric 1000 Watt Transmitter

On Hearing the New Station for the First Time

The object of this message brief,
Is not to beg Red Cross relief,
But just to sound a timely warning
By stating what occurred this morning.
On tuning in, as is my way,
'To hear your program every day,
There issued such a mighty roar,
It shook the house from top to floor.
It set the chairs and tables reeling,
And knocked the plaster from the ceiling.
All commingled in a mass,
Was splintering wood and broken glass,
While adding to the merry din
A portion of the roof fell in,
Where I was crouching upon the floor,
Then all was dark, I knew no more.

But when I started to revive
And knew that I was still alive,
I crawled from underneath the pile,
Still clutching something all the while,
I'd grasped that speaker 'round the neck
And saved it somehow from the wreck,
While from its deep interior
A voice was sounding in my ear.

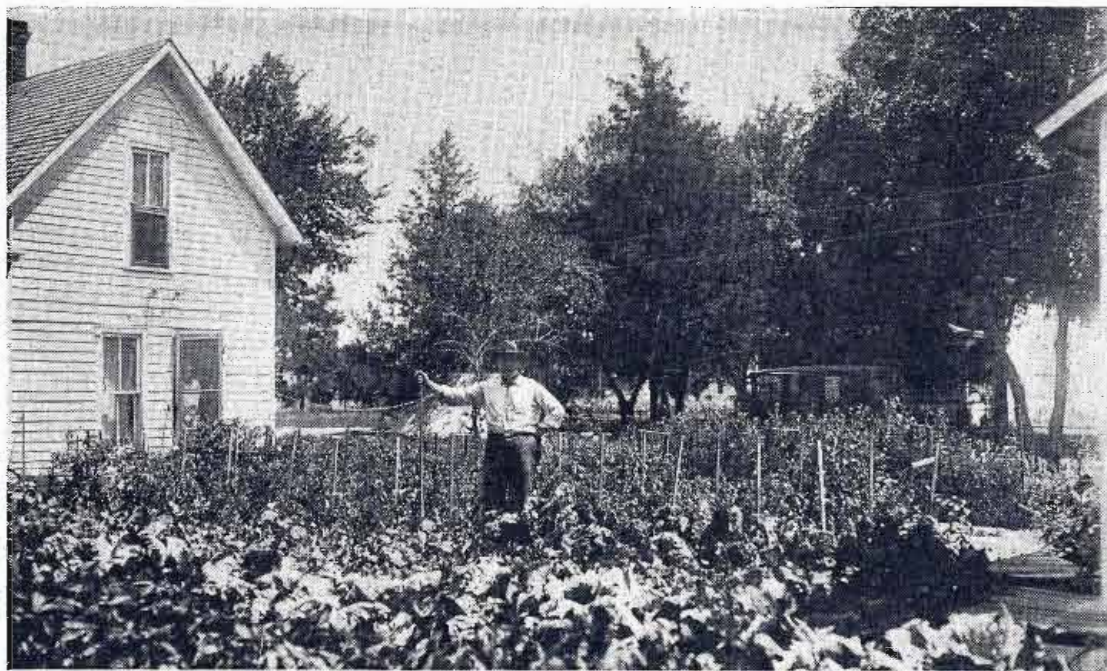
I heard those well known matchless tones
Which make you peer of radiophones,
Say with a clear enunciation,
"How do you like our fine new station?"

Gurney's Radio Poet

Sunset

The break of a dawn on the prairie
Is indeed a rare sight to behold,
When the clouds on the distant horizon
Are wondrously tinted with gold.
More beautiful still is the evening
As the sun at the close of day,
Wafts a kiss to the plains of Dakota
On the wings of a silvery ray.
All gorgeous the heavens at sunset,
Are clothed with an infinite light,
That scintillates over the prairie
And fades away into the night.
The last reddened glow of the twilight
Marks the course of a race that is run,
Tells of accents superbly exquisite
That another day's journey is done.

Neil D. Annes



GROWN FROM GURNEY GARDEN SEEDS

My Garden

It's all about a garden,
The story I shall tell,
Got the seeds from Gurney
And, By Golly, they were swell.

Dug up the old back yard
And busted every clod,
Planted as I wished it,
But bummed the rain from God.

The season slow and backward,
The weather cold and bleak,
Plants from common average stock
Grew spindling, pale and weak.

But Gurney seed, selected,
And grown with zealous care,
Sure hogged a lot of ribbons
At both state and county fair.

Garden sass in plenty,
To fill a wagon box,
Fattened up the family
And put money in my sock.

The natives stopped by dozens
As they went strolling past,
To wonder what the reason
That made it grow so fast.

Onions, radishes, turnips,
Lettuce, cuke or beets,
You'd certainly be crazy
To wish for better eats.

Golden Bantam sweet corn,
Kentucky Wonder Beans,
The inner wants supplying
Beyond the pale of dreams.

Pepper up ambition,
Make you hit the grit,
Most any way you took it
That garden seemed to fit.

And to my humble cottage
Brought happiness, indeed,
No wonder that I'm boosting
That South Dakota seed.

For it keeps us trim and healthy,
When the summer work was hot,
With calories full aplenty
To hit the proper spot.

—C. S. Watson

Ord. Nebraska.



WESTERN UNION OFFICE AT WNAX

Western Union Telegraph Company

This is a photograph of the Western Union Telegraph Company's station in the offices of the Gurney Seed & Nursery Company. This office transacts more business each day than at the main office uptown.

The record number of telegrams received by us was in the Old Fiddler's Contest, March 27, 1927. We operated 16 hours the first day and 17 hours the

second. There were 49 old-time fiddlers, 13 orchestras, 14 accordionists and 4 individual artists. The total number of telegrams received during that time was 8,452.

GURNEY SEED & NURSERY CO.

D. B. Gurney
President

My Garden

If twenty kings should ask of me
The favor of my property,
All things should go except this one—
My garden drinking in the sun.

Four walls and comfort I'd resign
If hollyhocks might be mine,
Spiria would be wealth indeed,
Though food and clothing I might need.

In beds of asters, I might lie,
Considering the June-time sky,
Beneath a grape vine I could creep
As winds of exile begin to sweep.

The earnings of the year I'd spare,
To hold secure my roses fair,
And face with cheer a pilgrim's plight,
To keep my pansies dewy bright.

But what I'm saying, beg your pardon,
Is simply this; I'd like a garden,
And you might ask me, from whence the seed?
Why, from Gurney's, of course, they take the lead!

Alice C. Giste



THE CHAPEL QUARTET
At WNAX

DENTON E. CLEVELAND
Radio Pastor at WNAX

Gurney's Radio Pastor Seeks to Render a Service to Friends of WNAX

As Radio Pastor of WNAX, Rev. Denton E. Cleveland has built up what is probably one of the world's greatest congregations and has united them into a great fellowship, namely, "The United Church of America." Anyone who is a believer in Jesus Christ and is striving to follow the principles of the Master as it is made known to him, may become a member of the United Church of America. And it does not necessitate his withdrawal from his own denomination or church, but gives a chance to be united with many who have no church affiliations into a mighty army of God, home and country.

As pastor of the United Church of America, Rev. Cleveland has as his motto, the same thought that has dominated his seventeen years of the ministry, namely, that

"All Christians are striving for the same eternal home."

If they expect to live there together, they had better come together here, for we must learn to walk cement walks if we ever expect to walk the Golden Streets.

Rev. Denton E. Cleveland

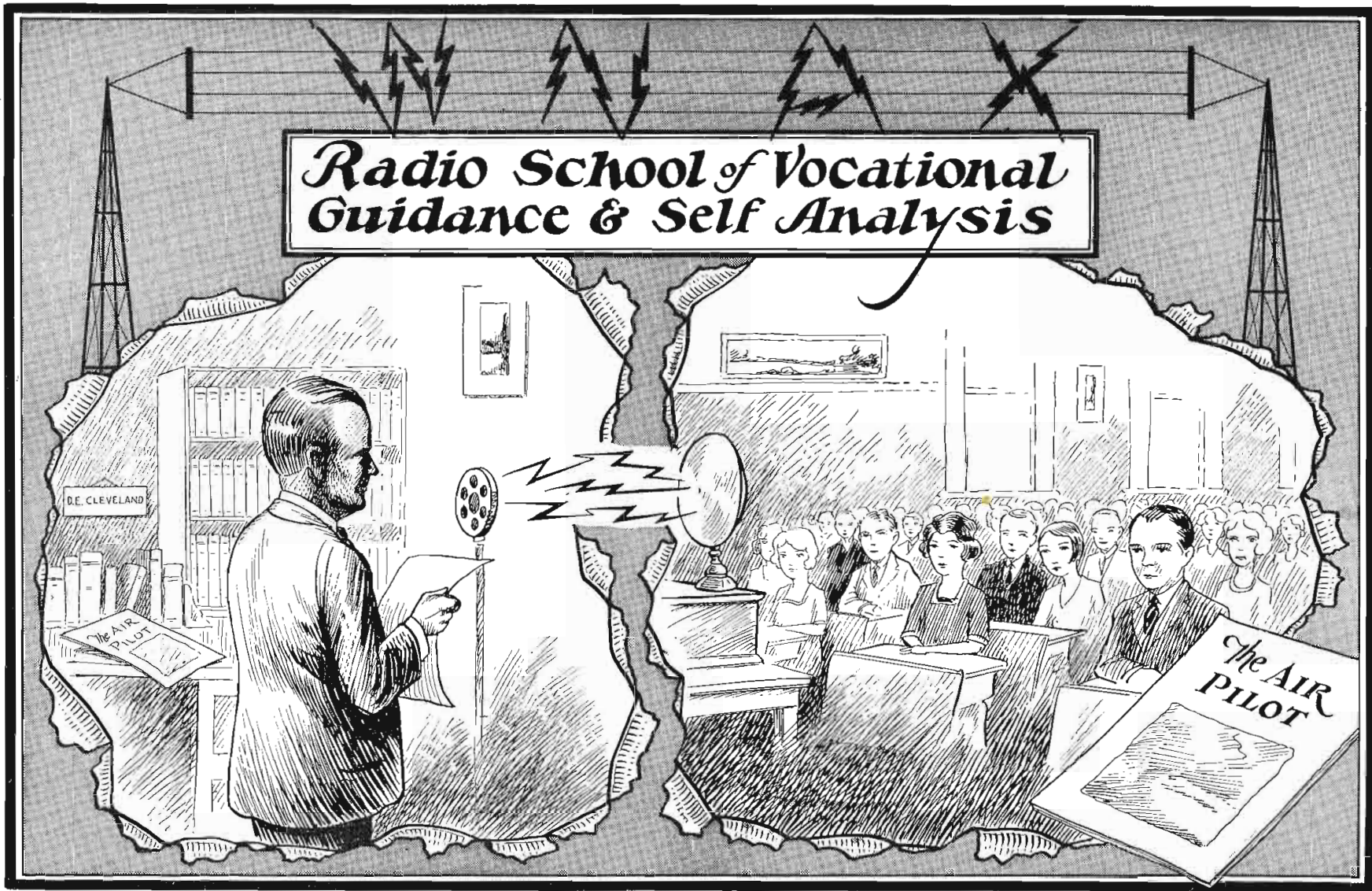
Do Not Wait

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him, yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend, 'till he is dead?
If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a weeping brother's eyes,
Share them. Yes, and by the sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?
If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

—Unknown

Radio School of Vocational Guidance & Self Analysis



One Hundred Two

Yankton Leads

Hail, Mother City of the West, the mentor of our state; in many things you head the rest, the stuff you pull is great. You set a pace that makes us pant, in climbing up life's hill; we fain would distance you but can't, you surely fill the bill. I'm sorely tempted to come down and stand before the mike, to rave about your splendid town, your rivers and the like. The old Missouri's flowing here, with nectar in her veins; and in the coming New Year you'll draw it from the mains. I'll back your Burg in every test with any that I know, and say this city is the best from here to Jericho. I'll swim in adjectives galore, but find them all too few, and ere I quit invent some more, that Webster never knew. I'll bring the Good Book in and swear, with vigor, vim and zest, of all now licensed on the air, your station is the best. Your orchestra we called so grand, 'twas not an idle boast, is leading now throughout the land, the best from coast to coast.

Who lures us early from our beds in dawning dark and dense, who makes the others hang their heads and sound like thirty cents? When we are sad who makes us grin? Who is this wonder-man? Well, Yankton lands first place again, she owns Announcer Chan. Who takes his fiddle from the wall and softly draws the bow, with music which enchants us all and makes us loth to go? And when its echoes waft on high,

the angels, in a trance, lean downward smiling from the sky to list to Happy's dance. This king of ancient melodies I halt my rhyme to greet; he grabs the laurels all with ease when old-time fiddlers meet.

There is a saying old as wine, that when a man is fair to look upon with eyes that shine and wavy handsome hair, deal not with him to sell and buy chattels land or stock, but seek a lank, ungainly guy, whose mug would stop a clock. Tho nature, dealing favors tries to spread them as she should, the man who wins the beauty prize, is seldom found much good. But when this century was new, she doubled just for fun, bestowing worth and fairness, too, upon a lucky son. He stands now tapping on the door at Yankton's Hall of Fame, that city chalks another score, Earl Williams is his name.

If I should cite each case I think, where Yankton merits praise, 'twould take four pens, a pint of ink and half a hundred days. But in conclusion I must name a crown they cannot win, a niche in this states Hall of Fame you'll never see them in. Though many poets there reside, who sling a nifty pen, they'll get behind the doors to hide when I come down again. And they must yield and grant to me the Poet Laureate's seat, for in this field you'll all agree, Lake Preston's got you beat.

Gurney's Radio Poet



RADIO WEDDING, FEBRUARY 12, 1929
Bill Goodrich and Mrs. Goodrich (center), Jada Wyman, Best Man, and Naomi Burling, Bridesmaid

November Eleventh

Nineteen, twenty-seven
Armistice Day,
Miles and miles of barbed wire
Rolled and put away.
No debris for crowds to see,
Cluttered by the fray,
All agleam the banner's stream,
Armistice Day.

Nineteen, twenty-seven,
Armistice Day,
Clinging vine and Columbine

Hide the wrecks they say.
Cycles ten have passed since then,
Since he marched away;
Nineteen, Seventeen,
Well remembered day.

Nineteen, twenty-seven,
Armistice Day,
Golden star upon my dress,
Brightens up the gray.
See, its glint is dulled with rust,
Where a tear-drop lay,

Polish o'er the surface for
Armistice Day.

Tho beneath the Golden Star
Hopeless ruins lay,
Keep the open crimson scar
Buried from display.
Clinging vine and Columbine
Hide the wrecks, they say,
Drape a part across my heart,
Armistice Day.

Gurney's Radio Poet

Wedding Day Greetings from WNAX

Fair gifts hath God designed for man,
The central figure of His plan.
The gracious earth with green-draped sod,
Life bursting from the dull gray clod,
The feathery cloud, flung to the skies,
To fringe that blue-swung paradise.

But lacking us the One Great Gift,
All lesser treasures set adrift,
Swift, one by one upon a sea
Whose ports face to Eternity,
That gift of love to mortals blest,
That guiding star of all the rest,
Life's compass, pointing out the way,
We bring thee joy,
'Tis thine today.

Gurney's Radio Poet



"Bad Bill" Goodrich with Gurney's Sunshine Cord Tire Orchestra—Harvey Nelson, John Matuska, Zeke Stout, Charley Steinbach, Jada Wyman

The Siren

Oh, flattery, thou cruel jade,
Of the cherry lip and luring eye,
I shrink from thy presence, half afraid,
As I view thy retinue, passing by.

Now I see in the light of the circle there,
Thy victims, drunk with a mad delight,
And my soul seethes rage as their hopes so fair,
Thou has later plunged into hopeless night.

A mute satisfaction, thus I feel,
Just to loiter near and enhance my hate,
For a closer view all thy sins reveal,
And thy vile deceptions, demonstrate.

But I feel thy breath upon my cheek
With a heavy sweetness, and thy glance,
Like a poisoned arrow leaves me weak,
And I walk in the thrall of a joyful trance.

I surrender to thy enticing arms,
As I feel their softness about me twine;
And my hate dissolves in thy limpid charms,
Ah, Flattery, Flattery, I am thine!

And I challenge each, from a world of men,
With a less or a greater human touch,
To emerge with an unscarred armor when
Immured in the toils of her fatal clutch.

Gurney's Radio Poet



"SIDNEY"



JOE ADRIAN
Auditor



GENE SEELEY
Salesman



FRANK SEELEY Sales Mgt.



"EMIL"
The Furniture Man



WENTWORTH
Traffic Mgt.



HAROLD CLARK
Hatchery Mgt.



NELS ANDERSON
Salesman

Lips of the Western Sky

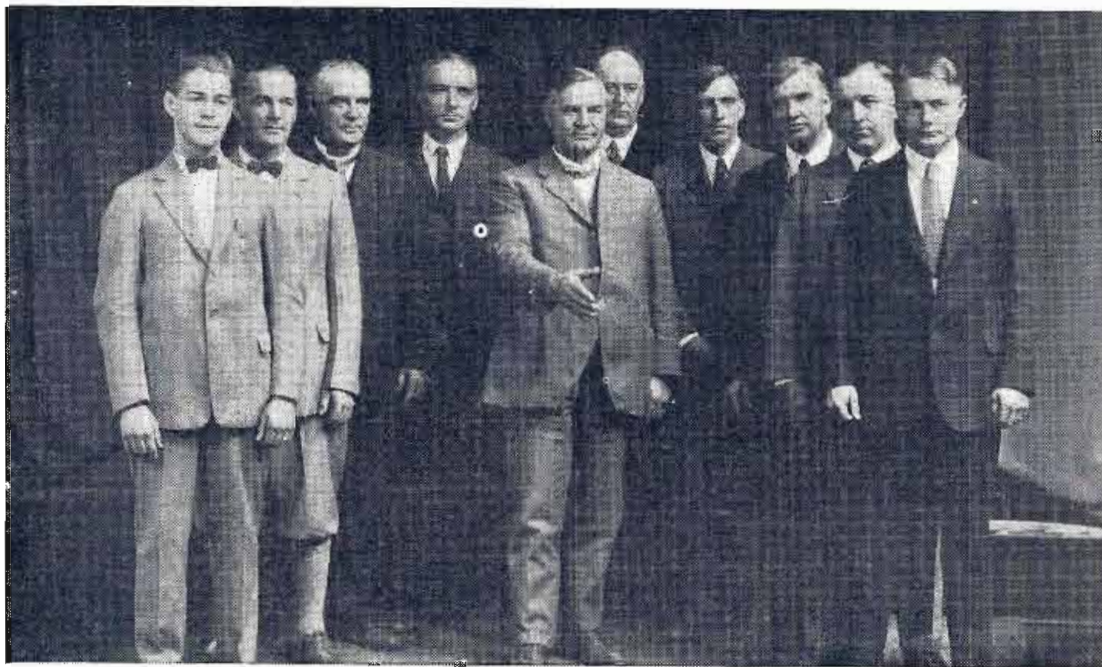
Up where the brusque Missouri sweeps
On restless foot to greet the sea,
And hope immortal vigil keeps
And faith perpetual ministry;
Where tractors range across the loam
And cattle herds with grasses vie,
At dusk I sit in my wee home
And drink the vespers of the sky.

Here, not so many moons erstwhile,
The painted Sioux crept forth for scalps,
And prairie fires with crackling smile
Pursued the coyote and her whelps
But now this tamed and peopled west,
At dawn, noontime, and evening dim,
From out the blue dome's pulsing breast,
Is thrilled by discourse, lyric, hymn.

O Radio! what matchless art,
What glorious wonders you have given;
You are the beat of Yankton's heart,
Of dreams the quick, soul-kneaded leaven.
You bring the masters to my door—
The sermon and the loom of song.
The grey old Muddy stills its roar
To catch the echoings that throng.

O drama of the fenceless zone,
O love's tornado, rapture's trail,
Dear magic of the microphone
That ripples through the shine or gale;
I wish that those who went too soon
And sleep beneath our western sod,
Might realize this far-flung boon
That marks the avenues of God.

Will Chamberlain



THE GURNEYS IN 1929

Finale

Adieu, the darkness falls,
And now we pause
To wait for curtain calls,
And rapt applause.

When lustrous actors leave
Or fade, or die,
You shed a tear or heave
A pent-up sigh.
Tho' envied seats of Fame
We may not fill,
Some merit yet we claim,
To hold you still.

So in farewell, until
Another year,
We beg the tribute of
A sigh— a tear.

*Josephine E. Archer
Gurney's Radio Poet*

