



Rural Radio

THE ONLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR RURAL LISTENERS!

Vol. 1. No. 4

MAY, 1938

Ten Cents

FLOWERS TO PLANT IN MAY—by David Burpee

*The Trick of Tuning-in • Brown's Ferry Blues
Complete New Picture Section, 4 Pages
Family Gossip*

*R.F.D. • Crop and Weather Report Schedules
Pat Buttram • Solemn Old Judge • The Hired
Hand • Lambdin Kay*

Announcing: Radio's
Dr. Fix-It! Page 30



They Said He Couldn't Farm!
WLS's Uncle Ezra of
National Barn Dance—Page 5



Rural Radio

M A Y
1 9 3 8

E. M. ALLEN, Jr., Publisher

E. M. KIRBY, Editor

I Am the American Radio Listener

This Month's Story Harvest

For me, genius has slaved.
For me, Marconi dared, Edison worked on, great men and minds schemed and sweated that a sound might come to me in the loneliness of the night.

Now to my living-room, come the voices of presidents, kings, statesmen, and holy men, such as no man gone before ever heard.

To my ears, from the four corners of the earth, comes the news of the day as it happens—without prejudice or censorship—that I may know what's about me.

To my farm come prices from the world's market places that I may, each day, receive fair exchange for my labors in the field.

To my home comes the music of the world's greatest masters; the thoughts of the world's greatest men—without compulsion or cost.

At my finger tips is the world's finest entertainment, to take or leave as I wish—for many compete for my favor.

No person decrees to what I shall listen; no government taxes me. In America radio is free. This is the American System of Broadcasting.

I am perfectly willing to gamble with the advertiser who pays the bill because he is perfectly willing to gamble with me. I do not have to listen if he doesn't interest me.

There is always someone else, somewhere on the dial, should he bore me; there is always adequate redress should he offend me.

When emergency strikes, radio lifts me from the flood waters, brings me shelter and food, reunites my family, opens the purse strings of the nation to my plight.

When the night sets in, radio fills up the long hours; through the day brings my children wholesome stimulation; my wife relaxation and enjoyment.

I am the beginning and end of every radio consideration, for I am the American radio listener!

I am pleased because I am well served. That is why I own 30,000,000 radio sets—that I may listen to what I choose, when I choose.

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Are You Having Interference from Non-American Radio Stations?

We have received a number of complaints from listeners who reside in rural areas, that their radio reception is being disturbed by interference from stations apparently broadcasting from Cuba and Mexico.

When they go to dial in their favorite American station, they find a foreign station *already* broadcasting at that point on their dial where the American station is located. This is known as "interference."

Have you experienced this with your set?

If you have, write *Dr. Fix-It*, care of RURAL RADIO. For further details turn to page 30 and learn how *Dr. Fix-It* will try to help you get the uninterrupted radio service to which every American listener is entitled.

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Here Are the Winners

"WHAT RADIO MEANS TO MY FAMILY"

Contest

FIRST WEEK

We are busy farm folk. You might think us uninformed . . . isolated . . . but we're not! Radio makes the whole world our neighbor—brings us "company" every day! Also, it is a teacher, counselor, forum. Entertainment, information, inspiration, enlightened understanding, broadened minds, enriched lives! That's what RADIO means to us!

Mrs. H. H. Golay, R. R. 2, Hopkinsville, Ky.

RADIO in our home assumes a MULTIPLE PERSONALITY. As—

Physician, it brings us health hints;
Chef, it teaches modern cooking methods;
Humorist, it inspires good cheer with its comedy;
Mathematician, it adds happiness, subtracts gloom;
Magician, it gives us the STARS in our living room,
with the world's finest entertainment.

W. H. Fletcher, Carrollton, Georgia.

Millions of dollars worth of entertainment—FREE!
Educational features—making for better living—FREE!
Up-to-the-minute news items throughout the day—FREE!

A finer appreciation of beautiful music—FREE!
—truly, an endless round of pleasure is ours from dawn to daylight—every day—FREE—thanks to RADIO!

Mrs. Clara Sheldon, 135 Maple Avenue, Oak Terrace, Diamond Lake, Mundelein, Illinois.

SECOND WEEK

Performing routine homemaking tasks, Radio is my ticket to the World. It brings to each one of us nine, instruction, information, entertainment; provokes individual research on varied subjects; eliminates family bickerings; promotes the art of attentive listening.

Our family vote the Radio the greatest paying investment we have ever made.

Mrs. M. L. Higgins, Russellville Road, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Our RADIO starts the day off "right,"
Makes the last hour pleasant as the first;
It answers BEST, our personal needs,
For pleasure, mental and spiritual thirst.

It means market-service, speedy news,
Endless ways of saving labor;
Makes me—a more understanding countryman,
And ALL MANKIND MY NEIGHBOR.

Joe B. Wetzel, Whitewright, Texas.

Radio gives us an up-front view in the arena of world events, a desk in the library of world knowledge and a box seat in the world's theater of finest entertainment—right in the comfort of our living room at a cost of but a few cents daily.

Frank G. Davis, P. O. Box 911, Springfield, Ohio.

THIRD WEEK

Webster didn't speak of radio when he said a luxury was expensive. To me and my family radio is a prime necessity—a true "informer" of the world's happenings and an item without which we would be completely lost in our secluded section.

George W. Branham, Stuart, Va.

To our isolated farm family, our radio is a blessing. With it we sweep around the world and explore the realms of science, art, economics and religion; commune with statesmen and politicians; have tired nerves soothed by lovely symphonies and spirits comforted with words of promise spoken in great churches.

Mrs. E. B. Marion, Pineville, S. C.

Our little home, sweet, home is very modest and our budget quite limited . . . yet we are "Rich" because we have Radio!

Radio with its appeal . . . pulsating news and interest . . . its world of entertainment . . . wealth of good things . . . its recreational . . . educational and even spiritual value for every member of my family!

Mrs. Jack Monte, Route 3, Box 75, Racine, Wis.

FOURTH WEEK

Radio's a Godsend to my family of seven, like a magnet it draws them to it daily. The time, temperature, worldwide news coverage are indispensable. Outstanding talent from every field of activity helps to broaden our intellect, and become better, useful citizens . . . creates a love for the finer ideals.

Harvey R. Woodman, in care Mr. A. C. Woodman, R. F. D. 2, Janesville, Wis.

Radio is our "coming way of going places" with privileges of making all stops; push a button . . . we've got theatre tickets to preferred entertainment; our fireside chairs are orchestra seats to most informative and inspirational programs. RADIO is OUR RURAL HOME COLLEGE where we now seek the WHOLE WORLD'S KNOWLEDGE.

Mrs. Ella Mai Norton, R. R. 4, Arlington Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

To me the radio is the connecting link between a shut-in's room and the world at its best.

It means entertainment of superior quality, knowledge of world events, inspiration through story, sermon, and song.

It provides keen interest, calm contentment, and good cheer for an otherwise lonely life.

Miss Ardenne May, Berrien Springs, Mich.

SPRING
Sleet!



*"The win', she blow like hur-
ricane—bimeby she blow some
more—"*

How WHO Licked the Weather

By WOODY WOODS

That was the night of April 5th in Iowa. It was the worst sleet storm in more than twenty years. By morning of the 6th the wires that stretch across the rolling prairies of the middle west, burdened with tons of ice, harried by a forty-mile gale, could take no more. In numberless places they snapped under the load, often taking supporting poles and cross-arms to the hard frozen ground with them.

Disaster struck at WHO, 50,000 watt Voice of the Middle West, at 8:15 a.m., when the power supply failed to the transmitter, nineteen miles east of Des Moines. Hardly was the break repaired when telephone lines connecting studios in down town Des Moines with the transmitter went out of commission. WHO was off the air.

Engineers and announcers literally jumped into action. Remote control equipment and armloads of phonograph records were loaded into an automobile, and away they went over wind-swept, icy highways to the isolated transmitter building where they set up an emergency studio on the floor above the whirring generators; and next to the giant tubes in the powerful amplifiers that send WHO's programs to listeners throughout the corn belt.

Program service was resumed at 10:53 a.m.; but not until 11:15 when another car load of equipment and transcribed programs had arrived, did WHO get back on regular schedule. In the meantime, the girls on the tele-



Announcer Ernie Sanders waits for signal from engineer Jim Gwynn in emergency studio in WHO's transmitter building near Mitchellville, Iowa, when unprecedented sleet storm destroyed communication between studios in downtown Des Moines and 50,000-watt transmitter. Improvised turntable for transcribed programs in foreground.

phone switchboard down town were nearly frantic trying to explain to innumerable listeners why their favorite programs were not on the air.

It was almost time to join the National Broadcasting Company's Red network, so Roy Pratt, supervisor of

plant operations, battled the high wind and perilous ice to string a temporary aerial for a high fidelity receiver on which network programs were picked up from WOW for re-broadcast over WHO.

H. R. Gross, news editor, and Herb Plambeck, farm editor, stuffed dispatches and market reports in their pockets, and skittered over nineteen miles of gale-swept prairie to make their noon broadcasts from the emergency studio.

Everybody worked. There was no time out for lunch. Sandwiches and coffee were brought in from nearby Mitchellville; and announcers and nine transmitter engineers, and three engineers from the down-town studios, ate "on the job." Even as half-frozen linemen labored in the bitter cold outside to re-establish telephone service, so did WHO's technical and announcing staffs labor under difficulties unknown to listeners to keep programs on the air.

Even when lines were repaired and broadcasting was resumed from regular studios at 4:30 in the afternoon, there was no relaxing vigilance, for no one knew when and where another break might occur.

Broadcasting, too, heeds the age-old admonition of show business, "The show must go on." And go on it does, in spite of heartbreak and physical pain—in spite of mechanical difficulties and old man weather, so that you, the listener, may have entertainment, education, information and world news in the snug comfort of your home.



ENTERTAINMENT BY CONVICTS!

By ELBERT HALING

"And now by remote control Station WBAP will take you to the main unit of the Texas Prison System at Huntsville, Texas, 194 miles from Fort Worth."

Puffing his pipe furiously, Jack Purvis, who once played trumpet in two of the nation's leading dance bands, waved a signal to his nervous orchestra at 10:30 p.m., March 23.

Dressed in "flour-sack" pants, L. C. "Chief" Keel, Oklahoma Indian who ran for U. S. senator on the communist ticket in 1934, moved closer to the WBAP microphone, grinned, and moistened his lips nervously.

"Ace" Johnson, the "dancingest, harp-playingest" Negro behind prison bars, shuffled his feet and took an uncertain step forward.

And for the first time in radio history a series of broadcasts, direct from a prison and prepared and presented by prisoners themselves, was on the air! The scene was in the library building.

On the opening broadcast Texas Governor James V. Allred, speaking from the prison "studio," praised WBAP's efforts to "better acquaint the world with the excellent rehabilitation work underway under Prison System Manager Jack Ellingson." The WBAP Hired Hand offered his genial personality to the occasion and, as he did so, remembered that five condemned men, awaiting the electric chair, sat in the death house, across the prison yard listening to the program.

Virgil Terrell, condemned negro in

the death house, was sentenced to be electrocuted on the evening of the March 30th prison broadcast. He requested the governor to stay his sentence in order that he hear the broadcast. The governor complied and Terrell died April 1.

Several weeks previous to the initial WBAP-"Behind the Walls" broadcast WBAP Director George Cranston, Announcer Nelson Olmsted and your timid reporter, became ordinary prison inmates to secure human interest material and audition talent.

Among the entertainers discovered were a large Negro male choir, recruited from their various tasks in

the Huntsville unit and from the system's 11 farms; a harmonica wizard who specializes in novelty ditties; a string band of seven pieces, "The Rhythmic Stringsters"; a large prison orchestra directed by Purvis, who's serving five years for robbery; a crackerjack continuity writer, J. W. Rowell, serving two, twenty year terms for kidnapping and robbery; a quartet of colored gals from the Goree Farm for women, and several others.

Death row at Huntsville once produced a Broadway hit, "The Last Mile." San Quentin prison gave American literature Joyce Tasker and others. Francois Villon was a Paris jailbird. Already, the continuity and general radio production as prepared by Huntsville inmates is proving a surprise to listeners of this remarkable radio series.

Hundreds of letters are being received from fans by the prison and WBAP. Some even come from Huntsville "alumni." Many listeners request that certain spotlighted prison performers play certain numbers for "my girl friend so and so." Many express surprise at the trades and occupations, of the new start in life that the Texas Prison System is attempting to instill in those unfortunate enough to stray from the beaten path of law and order. And station officials proudly admit that several national publications are already naming "Thirty Minutes Behind the Walls" as one of "1938's most outstanding radio programs!"



A. M. Woodford, Geo. Cranston, and Nelson Olmsted of WBAP at the controls behind the bars

THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE UNCLE EZRA COULD FARM!

By EDYTHE DIXON

When Uncle Ezra settled down to farming, the neighbors for miles and miles around laughed and laughed. What does a radio star know about farming? Speculations as to how soon the venture would flop comprised most of the conversation on the farms around Hebron, Illinois, in the vicinity of Pat "Ezra" Barrett's first farm. But when the beloved "sage of Rose-dale" made his 90-acre stock farm pay to the extent that he could buy another 200-acre farm with the dividends, their laughter turned to cheers.

All of which means that NBC's own Uncle Ezra recently purchased his second big country place, a thriving

dairy farm located just a stone's throw from the good earth he bought in northern Illinois a couple of years ago.

Dairy Farm with 60 Head

Stocked with 60 head of fine Holstein cattle, Pat's new place already is operating successfully as a dairy. Three miles away, his first farm, originally purchased as a sort of stopping-off place between radio broadcasts, is operating as a cattle breeding farm, with 19 head of purebred Guernsey cows on hand and a budget set aside for twice that number to be bought in the near future.



WLS's Uncle Ezra is now a real dirt farmer!

Like any farmer, Uncle Ezra has problems!
His face shows it!

"I hope to have one of the finest breeding farms possible," Pat says. "The fellow who first said that business and pleasure don't mix should have tried his hand at farming. They do mix, particularly when livestock happens to represent both."

Incidentally, Pat also owns three pureblooded Percherons, two Guernsey heifers for which he recently paid seven hundred dollars, and, if present plans materialize, will soon add a drove of purebred Hampshire pigs to the livestock farm which started as a hobby and ended as an investment.

One of the biggest thrills Uncle Ezra has experienced for a long time was a request from the American Guernsey Cattle Club of Peterboro, New Hampshire, that he entertain at their National Convention in Chicago on May 11. Uncle Ezra is a member of the club, having joined recently, after Miles Laboratories, Inc., the sponsors of his radio programs, had presented him with a fine Guernsey yearling bull calf, Argyle Star of Hebron, as an addition to his herd.

How He Became "Uncle Ezra"

People are always wondering how Pat Barrett happened to create the character of Uncle Ezra, and why he has played so consistently for a number of years. Uncle Ezra really had his beginning in a small town similar to Rosedale—many years ago. But let Pat tell you about it himself.

"As a youngster in my home town of Holden, Missouri, I acquired the habit of sitting on the steps of the post office listening to the old men who gathered every afternoon to discuss anything that struck their fancies, and to recount tales of past adventure.

"The other kids and some of the older folks couldn't understand why I preferred sitting with the old men when I could be out playing baseball with the other fellows. Oh, I didn't give up everything else just to listen to them, but if I thought that anything was going to happen that I would be interested in, I made sure that I was there to hear them tell about it.

"I discovered that there was much to be learned from these old men and I often sat fascinated all afternoon listening to them. They seldom paid any attention to me, outside of an occasional reference to the 'kid,' and I was able to watch them closely with-



out their knowing it. Their mannerisms and their speech and the ideas they had were very interesting and sometimes amusing.

Old Enough to Work

"After a while I decided that I was getting old enough to make my own living and so I left Holden to become an actor.

"The theater wasn't any easier those days than it is now, and I was having pretty rough going when a real opportunity came my way. A producer was holding tryouts for a new show and I was among the hopeful group of actors who wanted jobs. I read the part of an old man and was told that the reading was satisfactory, but that it needed polishing. So I went home with the script.

"Up until this time, I hadn't thought anything about playing old men on the stage, but now it seemed a very good idea. I had lots of first-hand knowledge of the way old men

act and talk from my days spent on the post office steps with the patriarchs of Holden.

Youngster Becomes Old Man

"After playing this first part of an old man, I was offered jobs in other shows playing similar characters. Gradually I found that I liked to work in these roles and was not acting a new character each time, but was creating a composite old man, mixed from the friends in Holden and the stage characters, together with the old man I would like to be when it came my turn.

"I liked the idea of this new person and I soon was christened Uncle Ezra and was working around the country in vaudeville. Then, when radio came along, we—that is, Uncle Ezra and I—became a part of the *WLS National Barn Dance*. In the beginning, as a character actor, I played other parts, but the old fellow, Ezra, is my favorite."

THE STORY OF A SONG

"The Brown's Ferry Blues"

As Written and Sung by
THE DELMORE BROTHERS

By TOM STEWART

These words, sung in lively, resonant voices, have literally been heard round the world. They are, as most readers will know, part of the famous *Brown's Ferry Blues*, written and sung by the Delmore Brothers, Alton and Rabon, stars of the *WSM Grand Ole Opry*.

The millions who listen to this familiar program every Saturday night, as well as many thousands more who have bought phonograph records, continue to ask for this song, sung by these two Alabama boys. And the records made by the Delmore Brothers have a wide popularity in England and on the European continent, as well as in the Western Hemisphere, demonstrating that a good song is a good song, wherever it is sung.

The history of the *Brown's Ferry Blues* might well be said to be the history of the Delmore Brothers. It was written by Alton, the older of the two boys, before either of them had achieved fame. From the moment he put it on paper, and he and Rabon started singing it about the country, the brothers began to gain in popularity. As they gained in popularity, so did the song.

Born on Farm

Alton and Rabon were born on an Alabama farm, and lived there during the early part of their lives. In fact, most of the rest of the Delmore family is still engaged in farming. Alton, as he grew older, felt the urge to go out into the world on his own, and obtained a job in a printing shop in Decatur, Alabama. If it had not been

*"Hard luck papa, standin' in the rain,
If the world was corn, he couldn't buy a grain.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues."*

for the depression, there might not have been any such song as the *Brown's Ferry Blues*, and Alton and Rabon might never have formed their entertaining partnership.

It was in 1930 that the printing shop in Decatur closed its doors, and Alton's job was gone. The only thing left for him to do was go home, to his father and mother. Home was the farm and cotton gin operated by his father five miles from Athens, on the *Brown's Ferry Road*.

The *Brown's Ferry Road* is twelve miles long, reaching from Athens to the Tennessee River, where it ends. There used to be a ferry on the river which was very famous in its day, and that is how the road got its name—from the old ferry which is no longer in use. General Andrew Jackson crossed the river at this point when he was on his way to New Orleans to fight the British. It was from this road that the now famous song took its name.

Had Two Guitars

Alton had with him, when he returned home, two guitars, a tenor and a standard model, and it was only natural that he and Rabon, who was then thirteen years old, should play and sing in the evening when the day's chores were done. Rabon

learned to play the tenor guitar in a remarkably short time, and before long the two of them were playing and singing at neighborhood parties.

Gradually, the boys began to go farther afield in their entertainment activities. From the neighborhood gatherings they went to barn dances and old-time fiddlers' contests, at which half the countryside would be in attendance. The boys found that of all the songs they sang, the light, comedy songs were most popular. Immediately Alton decided that he must write an original song of this type that he and Rabon could sing.

He sat down and wrote the *Brown's Ferry Blues*, using the road for the title, and thinking all the time that it was so obscure and unknown that it would never attract any attention. Of course, in writing the music, he kept in mind the Delmores' own particular style of playing. He wrote the words just as they came to him.

Afterwards, when Alton and Rabon appeared at an old-time fiddlers' contest, and entered competition, they would almost always win first prize with this appealing song. They formed a minstrel show, and played about the country. Everywhere they went, the *Brown's Ferry Blues* was the song everyone asked to hear. In 1931, when the Delmore Brothers came to *WSM* for an audition, they sang their own songs and got the job.

The rest of the story is known to every radio listener. Alton and Rabon Delmore are stars of the *Grand Ole Opry*, and many millions are thrilled whenever they hear the familiar tune, and the words . . . "*Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues!*"

You Can Do Anything IF You Want Badly Enough To Do It

*The Story of a Missouri Farm Girl Who Now
Makes \$52,000 a Year*

Mary Margaret McBride

By DOLLY SULLIVAN



Mary Margaret McBride, with an annual salary of \$52,000, is one of those rare young women who has enjoyed success in two separate careers. Tops in the newspaper game and the distinguished author of innumerable magazine articles and eight books, a few years ago she turned from writing and entered radio under the assumed and unknown name of Martha Deane—and went straight to the top in radio. Since last October she has been heard over WHAS, Mondays through Fridays at 11:00 A.M. under the sponsorship of General Foods. Daily Miss McBride tells radio listeners how to make good and unusual dishes with Minute Tapioca and how to ease the laundry day with La France and Satina.

Her Secret

The magic of her dual success is her firm belief that you can do anything in the world if you want badly enough to do it. If, in her writings and her broadcasts she ever preaches, that is the theme of her sermons.

She started out by wanting to be a writer. Even as a tiny child, barely old enough to mark bold, crooked letters on scraps of wrapping paper, she was determined to be a writer.

At the age of five, she decided it was time to begin. She wrote a poem called "The Ocean." Having spent her five years on a Missouri farm, the child knew nothing of the ocean. But anyhow, the poem had something. Her father sent it to a farm journal, and almost by return mail came a letter of acceptance and a check for three dollars.

But, there's a sad twist to this first success story. The five-year-old suddenly became famous in the little farm community, and friends and relatives streamed to the McBride farmhouse to get first-hand details of the infant poetess and her poem.

With each buggy-load of admirers, little Mary Margaret was trotted out, check in hand. A shy child, she suffered tortures. Finally, one day, in the agony of her embarrassment, she turned suddenly, flung the check into the fire and fled from the room. This small tragedy, however, did not shake her ambition to become a writer.

As a high school student she became convinced that two things were necessary if you were to be an author; you had to go to college, and you had to live in New York. College, of course, was the first goal.

Eldest of Large Family

The eldest of a large family, living on a Missouri farm where crops often failed and the mortgage sometimes pressed, Mary Margaret knew if college was to be managed she had to manage it herself. And she did. Arriving at Columbia, Mo., with high ambition and little cash, she entered the State University's School of Journalism, and set about looking for a job, which she found on the small town paper. Mary Margaret was to receive ten dollars a week, if and when the editor could pay her. She was to be reporter, copy reader, proof reader, society editor, feature writer, and if possible, boost circulation and advertising. She did all of these things. She did them so well that two weeks after her graduation the little paper folded and died.

Her next goal was New York, but because Cleveland, Ohio was closer to the big town than Missouri, and because the Cleveland Press offered a job Mary Margaret found herself in Ohio. However, that was but for a short time. New York offered a job at less money, which she accepted without hesitation.

A few months later the new job fell through—and she was alone and unemployed. But she was in New York,

living in Greenwich Village. Her second big goal on her road to becoming a writer had been reached.

She chuckles now when she talks about hard years—times of unemployment and furnished rooms and cub reporting. Her dream of seeing her name in book-review columns came true when she wrote "Jazz," the story of Paul Whiteman. This was followed by "Charm," then a biography of Dwight Morrow and a series of travel books that includes, "Paris Is a Woman's Town," "London Is a Man's Town," "New York Is Everybody's Town," and one on Germany called "Beer and Skittles." Then, just last year, her latest book "Here's Martha Deane, presented by Mary Margaret McBride." In addition there were innumerable articles that were published in the leading magazines.

Two in One

When she first went into radio, she was loathe to drop her newspaper work. For nearly two years she carried on the prodigious task of handling a daily broadcast and retaining her job as Woman's Page Editor for a national newspaper syndicate.

But when she finally had to choose between writing and broadcasting, she chose the latter. She says, "I guess it's the friendliness of broadcasting that makes it grow on you and become so important a part of your life. A writer seldom has the privilege of feeling acquainted with those who read her articles. But my listeners seem like neighbors to me. Many of them I've learned to know through letters, some of them I've had the happiness to meet. I never think of a broadcast as 'my' program, but 'ours.' People often ask me if I won't, someday, drop radio and go back to writing. I don't believe I could ever be happy without my microphone visits with my listeners."



300,000 CHILDREN ATTEND THEIR SCHOOL

Louis T. Rigdon, director of The Atlanta Journal's School of the Air, is shown seated at his desk at WSB. Standing, left to right, are Elsie Galkin Smerling, accompanist, and Edythe Miller, director of the voice department. The School of the Air is one of the outstanding efforts of its kind in America.

3 Teachers with 300,000 Pupils

To head an educational project which has enlisted the interest of 300,000 high school and grammar school boys and girls in Georgia is indeed a sacred trust. From what was an "idea" seven years ago, The Atlanta Journal School of the Air conducted over *The Journal's* radio station, WSB, has become the "South's largest educational institution," according to Dr. M. D. Collins, State Superintendent of Georgia's public schools.

The School of the Air is an altruistic enterprise on the part of *The Atlanta Journal*. Intended to stress two important but less emphasized fields of education—music and spoken

By LOUIS T. RIGDON, Founder-Director

English—it has no entrance fees, no subscriptions, and no other expenses connected with entrance or participation. Its 300,000 students are enrolled in 400 grammar and high schools in 90 per cent of Georgia's counties. Those who take part on the radio programs represent the winners in hundreds of preliminary tests made at their own schools.

However, the project is not a contest. Rather it is the development of a creative and self-rewarding interest in fine arts among the students in Georgia's public schools. Its purpose

is to quicken and foster an interest in certain cultural values for their own sake; to give music and spoken English something of the popular appeal to which their educational importance entitles them; and to discover, through a wholesome incentive, the students whose native capacity in these subjects merits cultivating.

For School of the Air purposes, the state is divided into eight radio districts, and through the assistance of Stations WTOG at Savannah, WMAZ at Macon, and WRDW at Augusta, which aid WSB in airing the auditions, the semi-finalists are chosen. From this group the twenty state winners are selected, ten from the gram-

Atlanta Journal School of the Air

mar schools and ten from the high schools.

These twenty state finalists in music and spoken English who advance from the preliminary try-outs at their own schools to the intensive competitions in the eight radio districts, and at last to the all-decisive auditions over WSB, are awarded educational tours to Washington and New York as guests of *The Journal*. In addition, the ten high school state winners receive scholarships to leading Georgia colleges and universities.

In Washington, after an extensive sightseeing tour of the city, the group is greeted by Dr. J. W. Stuebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, the Hon. James A. Farley, Postmaster-General, Judge E. O. Sykes, of the Federal Communications Commission, and many other notables including Georgia's senators and representatives.

Their three days in New York include a boat trip around Manhattan Island, a visit to all the points of educational interest, and a special broadcast over NBC originating in Radio City, where they are received by Major Lenox R. Lohr, president of the National Broadcasting Company.

A special demonstration in television is also arranged for the students.

But it is not the fortunate twenty alone who reap the benefits of The Atlanta Journal's School of the Air. Each and every one of the 300,000 who annually make the adventure and undergo the discipline are richer in their own life for having done so. Col. Lambdin Kay, general manager of WSB, whose whole-hearted co-operation has meant so much to the success of the project, has stated: "The rewards to the winners are but incidental to the larger and far more fruitful purpose of turning the minds of boys and girls toward a wondrously rich but too often neglected field for self-expression and social usefulness."

At a recent meeting of the Georgia Education Association, resolutions were adopted to express that body's appreciation for *The Journal's* efforts in discovering the talents of Georgia's young citizens, in stimulating interest in college attendance, and in generally furthering the cause of education.

Edythe Miller, "Georgia's Nightingale," is associate director of the School of the Air. Miss Miller received her title by an official commis-



THE SCHOOL OF THE AIR GOES ON THE AIR

Contestants from Heard County High School at Franklin, Ga., compete for the free trip to Washington and New York and the scholarships to leading Georgia colleges. Louis T. Rigdon, founder-director of The Atlanta Journal School of the Air, is seen with Edythe Miller, associate director, Elsie Galkin Smerling, accompanist, is at the piano.

sion from His Excellency, Governor E. D. Rivers. Her broadcasts from Radio City in New York over the NBC network have given the project nation-wide recognition. Elsie Galkin Smerling, Russian pianist, is her accompanist.



Major Lenox R. Lohr, President of NBC, receives Atlanta Journal School of the Air winners on their visit to Radio City. Climax of the trip is the School of the Air broadcast over the NBC Blue Network.



The Dixie Dew Drop: Uncle Dave Macon, guitar, pipe and all, with son Dorris as they appear each Saturday on the WSM Grand Ole Opry. Well up in his sixties, Uncle Dave works his own farm near Readyville, Tennessee, and is in perfect health. He is known in every state in the Union.



Sixteen months ago, Caroline and Mary Jane DeZurik were entertaining at local farm community gatherings around their home near Royalton, Minnesota. Their unique double yodeling and their sweet rendition of old-time and novelty songs attracted the attention of WLS artists who played the local county fair. Result: They are now the famous DeZurik Sisters featured on the NBC Alka-Seltzer Barn Dance as well as other WLS programs.



WLS's famed news commentator who brings you news from the four corners of the globe: Paul Sullivan.

Would you believe it? This is a picture of Lum and Abner! Snapped as they appear out of character. You can hear Lum and Abner over the Columbia network, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.





As the Republican National Committee Chairman broadcasts over WHO: John D. M. Hamilton, interviewed by WHO program director Harold Fair.



WOAI inaugurates tennis season in San Antonio: Ellsworth Vines and Fred Perry, of world tennis fame, interviewed by WOAI's sports commentator, Pat Flaherty.



Peaches from Georgia: Bernice Johnson, a real peach in WSB's unique "Dogwood and Peach Blossoms" heard each Sunday afternoon.

RURAL RADIO ROUNDUP



Skeets Morris and his band heard from WHAS Monday through Saturday. Left to right: "Monk" Crume, George Burger, Skeets Morris, Freddy Furrow and Bud Dumas.



When the Early Birds of WFAA, Dallas, performed their 2,500th consecutive sustaining broadcast on Peacock Terrace of the Baker Hotel, Dallas, big doin's were "in the air." Left to right in the picture are Ligon Smith, Edward Cramer, Eddie Dunn, Karl Lambertz, Wilbur Ard, Jimmie Jefferies, Cecil Hale and George Eagen.

RURAL RADIO ROUNDUP



Record holder Mrs. W. L. Tomkins of Dallas, who heard the first WFAA Early Bird broadcast in March, 1930, was on hand with a big smile to watch the 2,500th consecutive performance of the same program.



What in the world! THE MAPLE CITY FOUR, the oldest quartette in radio, joining the WLS National Barn Dance in 1926. Left to right: Pat Patterson, Art Janes, Fritz Meissner, and Al Rice.



Genial master of ceremonies, Lew Valentine of the WOAI's popular Dial A Smile, Monday through Saturdays at 6:30 rain or shine. Lew says: "An early morning smile makes the day worthwhile."



Sleepy Time Down South. When Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians shuffled off for Atlanta, Marcus Bartlett of WSB was on hand with a microphone to catch their yawns.



Well as I live and breathe! Sarie and Sallie (with phone in hand), WSM's outstanding sister team, enjoying a little choice gossip over the party line.



Fran Allison sings blues songs, does "Aunt Fanny" imitations and wisecracks her way through two popular NBC-Blue network shows: Club Matinee and The Breakfast Club. Fran hails from La Porte, Iowa.



Here's the O'Neil Family, pictured as they look when they broadcast their fascinating stories over the Columbia network.



As she looks to the WHAS microphone: Miss Terry Hayes, popular contralto of the Louisville station.



A great guy and a busy one: Walter Blaufuss, NBC Conductor of the Breakfast Club program and of the Farm and Home Hour, too.



Now WHO could this be? None other than Tillie Boggs, Sunset Corners spinster from WHO, Des Moines.

Flowers to Plant in May

There is a legend that every year the Sisters of a Convent in Mexico tried to out-do one another in making artificial flowers, for the winner would automatically become the Abess. The mathematical precision with which one Sister had created her flowers had given her the position of honor in the Convent for several years.

There was a younger Sister at the Convent, however, who was a real artist. She created beautiful flowers of varying shapes and colors—softer

in design than those of the Abess and more like those of the natural ones but her entries in the competition had not been recognized. Finally she decided that she, too, would make flowers of a definite formal design, but instead of using only one color on each she skillfully tinted the petals with different shades.

The great day of the competition came. There stood her flowers and those of the Abess. The others had all been eliminated. The Archbishop could not decide which was the better, so left the decision to The Lady of the Altar. Both entries were placed at the foot of the altar and prayers were offered asking that She choose the winner. When they rose from their knees the Madonna pointed to the softly blended flowers made by the younger sister. To everyone's surprise the artificial flowers turned to real ones and from then on Dahlias grew around the Convent and were distributed to the rest of the world.

MAY IS TIME TO PLANT SUMMER FLOWERS

Though this is a legend, Dahlias are native to Mexico and tropical America and from there have traveled far. In our gardens the flowers never cease to call forth expressions of admiration when they bloom in time to introduce the glorious fall colors. Working with flowers one has to anticipate their beauty and May is the time to begin dreaming of the Dahlia and other summer flowers as the Gladiolus, the Marigold, the Zinnia, and many more. Strange to say, little is gained by trying to get the Dahlia to bloom early, for in the heat of mid-summer the plants often become stunted and the flowers are not of the best form. The finest flowers are produced during the cool days of autumn.

For best results, the soil should be dug deeply and not too rich. Full sun and a fair amount of moisture is desirable. Dahlias need plenty of room, being large plants, 3 to 4 ft. should be allowed between them. Set roots so that the "eyes" will be 4 to 6 in. below the surface. Place roots in a horizontal position. Drive a stake into the ground alongside of the root for the plants will need to be tied to it as they grow. Do not plant roots too early—late May is time enough. If the largest flowers are wanted, allow only one or two shoots to develop and discard to one flower on each stem. After frost has blackened the foliage, dig clumps, allow them to dry in the open for a few hours and then store in a cool,



There Is a Legend About the Dahlia

frost-free place over the winter. The following spring divide the clump into single tubers but be sure each has an "eye" or "bud."

The Gladiolus is one of our most popular, easily grown summer flowers. It can be had in bloom for several months. Planted in May they bloom in July, and by making successional plantings at two week intervals, up until July first, flowers can be had until frost. Our modern Gladiolus are hybrids of species introduced from the Cape of Good Hope in the eighteenth century. Their wonderful colorings are always admired in the garden and highly valued for cutting.

Plant bulbs 4 to 6 in. deep. Rich, well-drained soil is essential; water well during dry weather. Late in the fall, after a killing frost, dig the bulbs and let dry for a few hours. Store in a cool, frost-free place over the winter.

Both the Dahlia and Gladiolus are usually grown from tubers and bulbs but may also be grown from seed. Dahlias, grown from early sown seed, will flower the first year; Gladiolus usually flower the second year. It is from seeds that new varieties are grown and any gardener by planting seeds may reap a pleasant surprise. The well known Picardy Gladiolus came from a cross between a large flowering variety and a profusely blooming small-flowered Primulinus. The Primulinus may be recognized as

a small-flowered Gladiolus the blooms of which are gracefully placed on long, slender stems and are high valued in arrangements. They are becoming quite popular although the large flowered varieties are still the favorites.

POPULAR FLOWERS SOWN OUTSIDE IN MAY

Seeds of many of our most popular flowers may be sown outside in May. The Zinnia is almost vying with the Dahlia in color and size and the Marigold, which with some of its newer forms, is giving the Chrysanthemum a merry chase. Both the Zinnia and Marigold are natives of hot dry Central America so they can endure and flower through the heat of summer allowing the gardener to use them for color earlier in the season than the Dahlia. Where the season is short the Marigold can be started indoors so as to have it blooming in the garden in July.

It was only a few years ago that the first sweet smelling double Nasturtium was found in Mexico, but already it has out-placed the older type. Fortunately it blooms early when grown in light, sandy, unfertile soil where the sun can warm it with its rays. Seeds sown in May will soon

By DAVID BURPEE

One of America's Foremost Seedsmen

push their two little round leaves through the soil. In magnificence of flower the shy Nasturtium can hardly be mentioned with the Dahlia, but the colors are as pleasing as any if not more so, especially those of the salmon-cerise novelty, Delightful.

HOW MARY'S GOLD BECAME MARIGOLD

The Calendula has yet to bow to the Nasturtium as its superior in color but it will come into bloom earlier, and the seedsmen have worked and are still working with it to vary its color and form. Its golden color prompted the English and Scotch peasants to call it "Marygold" and today it is still sometimes referred to as "Scotch Marigold." Several attractive varieties have been introduced but few are as attractive as Fantasy, an exception in Calendulas, because its long, outer deep orange petals are not all in place, neither are they arranged in mathematical precision. The inner petals are short and twist and curl over each other in irregular fashion. All are delicately tipped with dark mahogany-red. The large center is an attractive mahogany-bronze. Tip Top also gives variety with its golden almost straw-like petals, which get more intense in color, almost apricot, toward the tip and are finally touched with deep orange.

There are many other flowers, the seed of which should be sown in May. The imagination may wander on and on but to make them a reality later in the season there is no better time than now to start sowing the seed. There are the Alyssum, Brachycome, Candytuft, Portulaca and other dwarf growing flowers for edgings, borders or rock gardens; Calliopsis, Cockscomb, Cosmos, Mignonette, Scabiosa and Zinnia for beds and cutting, and a host of others including the everlasting whose flowers not only brighten the garden in the summer but which when dried can be used for winter decoration.

May is also a good time to sow seeds of hardy perennial flowers. Many will produce plants that will bloom the same year; all will become

established during the summer and fall so as to better withstand the winter. Be sure to start some perennial seed this spring. Every garden should have some of these lovely flowers many of which were favorites in the garden of long ago and still are just as popular today. How can you do without Columbine, Canterbury Bells, Carnations, Delphiniums, Hollyhocks, Sweet William and others just as lovely? It is easy to have plenty of flowers around your home; you should not be without them.



THE TRICK OF TUNING-IN

Are you hearing everything from your radio set that you CAN hear?

Do you know how to tune in EXACTLY with the transmitting station you want?

Accurate tuning takes practically no skill at all, but there is a little trick that expert engineers use to tune in. Would you like to know the trick so that you can hear more from your radio set? Here's the trick, as revealed by one of radio's best engineering minds.

By H. L. BLATTERMAN, Chief Engineer, KFI, Los Angeles

Undoubtedly you know the approximate setting on the dial of the Station you want to tune in. So the first step is to set the pointer *exactly* on the number corresponding to the frequency of the station you wish to receive. Now if the dials on the average receiver were divided accurately and the divisions were large enough to permit an accurate setting, this would be all that would be necessary. Unfortunately there are very few dials on the market today that are divided accurately enough for proper tuning. So this first setting should be in the nature of a rough or trial setting. The second step (*and this is the trick mentioned above*) is in reality, a check on the accuracy of the first setting. Rock the dial just a fraction of an inch slowly to one side of the

gram signal varies as we rotate the dial from nothing at all up to a maximum and then down again to zero. Thus the problem of *controlling the loudness of the signal* is confused with the problem of *proper tuning*. It is this confusion that has caused most of the grief in the tuning department.

Use Two Hands!

The average listener very logically concludes that as long as he can perform both operations with one knob why use two? For some unknown and obscure reason this idea seems to be more prevalent among the female of the species. She seems almost instinctively to want to control the volume by de-tuning. Without going into the technical reasons for the results of this practice, we can say without qualification that they are all bad. The background noise, both static and manmade, will almost invariably be louder, the quality will tend to be thin and tinny, the bass notes will drop out and a form of distortion will take place within the receiver which is not present when the set is tuned properly. The listener may not notice these things immediately, in fact may never be definitely aware of these defects. Unconsciously, however, over a period of time, less and less pleasure seems to be derived from musical programs so that it seems to be an effort to "listen to the radio" rather than a relaxation. If this is happening to you, better check up on your method of tuning and be sure you are doing it *accurately*. After the set is tuned, then be sure and regulate the loudness or volume with the separate control provided for that purpose.



Rock the dial just a fraction of an inch.

preliminary adjustment and listen carefully for a peculiar high-pitched scratch which will be rather clearly defined. Then rock the dial in the opposite direction until a similar scratch is heard on the other side of the preliminary adjustment. *These two points will constitute the boundary within which a point of maximum loudness will be heard, and this point will be exactly half-way between.* This "center point" is where the receiver is tuned *exactly* to the transmitter of the radio station being heard. It is the most accurate method of tuning a radio receiver that has no visual indicator. Although this procedure may sound a little cumbersome in actual practice, it takes only a few seconds and if done habitually will eliminate most of the troubles enumerated below.

In the process of tuning in any particular station, except on the most modern sets, regardless of how we do it, the volume or loudness of the pro-

Tone Control

The ultimate goal of every radio engineer is to transport all the various kinds of programs from *one point* to an indefinite number of other points *without adding or detracting in any way from the original*. Needless to say, we are a long way from that goal yet but each year finds us a little bit closer. One of the most important items in this respect is the transmission and reception of the full tonal range to which the human ear is responsive. This means sound vibrations of from 16 to 16,000 vibrations per second. With some of the better receivers the listener can actually hear all the frequencies between 50 and 5000 cycles per second which is considered very good quality by most people.

When the tone control is used on the average receiver it cuts off most of the frequencies or vibrations above 1000 or 2000 cycles so that all that is left is the range between 50 and 1000 cycles. This has the effect of softening or muffling the music and in some cases cutting out the high-pitched scratches or background noises that are sometimes present on weak stations.

Here we have the paradox of the engineer desperately trying to transmit the full tonal range, and the customer calmly rejecting a most important part of that range.

In looking for a logical explanation for this inconsistency we run into some very interesting points. The most important one is this: recently it has been found that a balance must be maintained between the *high* and *low* frequencies in order to *please the human ear*. It seems that most of us are so constituted as to require a certain number of bass tones to balance up the high notes. So if we extend the range upwards we must also extend it proportionately downwards. At the time the tone control was first placed on receiving sets the majority of receivers then in use were woefully deficient in bass. To reproduce the bass notes the engineers cut off enough highs to create the so-called pleasing balance. . . . It was a poor compromise, but in most cases better than listening to the high-pitched sound that was characteristic of radio at that time, as many of you early radio listeners will recall.

Tone controls on the later sets have been somewhat improved but still perform essentially the same function; they tend to compensate for some defect in the receiver. As radio improves technically so that these defects are no longer present in our receivers the tone control will probably become obsolete. . . . As used today there is some question as to whether the average user is better off with or without it. At least we must admit that there has been some justification for it in the past.

In conclusion, tune accurately—adjust volume with your volume control and don't use your tone control unless you must.



This idea seems to be more prevalent among the female of the species.

FAMILY GOSSIP

By PEGGY STEWART

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

Garner Eckler of the act, "Pop Eckler and His Young-uns," on the Cross Roads Follies of WSB, was born in Dry Ridge, Ky., October 11, 1905. Height, 5 ft., 9 in.; weight, 160 lbs.; eyes, brown; hair, black; unmarried. Previous to radio career was a railroad fireman; been in radio ten years, having gotten start when he auditioned in Covington, Ky., at WCKY. Hobby is spinning rope.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Hinson, Boyce, Ky.:

Miss Jane Parrott, Floral, Ky.:
You will be glad to know that you can hear Curly Fox and Texas Ruby broadcasting from Station WAPI (1140 on your dial) in Birmingham, Ala. You can hear them every morning except Sunday from 6:45 to 7:15.

Miss Rose Davidson, Powell, Ohio:

Such a lot of information we have for you about the Preston Trio of WFAA! As you know, most of the songs they sing are cowboy songs and Negro spirituals, and that's because the boys are interested in all things applying to the West, and Texas particularly. All of them are from Texas: Lew Preston, the leader and writer of lots of the songs, was born in Waco 24 years ago; Elmer Crenshaw came from Bynum, where he was born in 1911, and Jake Wright calls Denton, Texas, home. Jake is 27 and unmarried and the other two are married. They all live in Dallas now, but love to go to a West Texas ranch whenever they can get away. When broadcasting, the boys wear ten-gallon hats, fancy cowboy shirts and black ties. They're real Texans you can see.

Mrs. R. H. Abercrombie, Shreveport, La.:

I am sorry, but George Eagan of the WFAA Early Birds is not one of your Shreveport Eagaus. He was born in Moberly, Mo.

Miss Lorraine Dies, Dallas, Texas:

I hope this will clear up the mystery of the Early Birds for you: Eddie Dunn plays both the part of the Prof. and of Bones.

Mrs. May Bell Willis, TyTy, Ga.:

Dalton Norman, "The Boy from Georgia," can now be heard over WHO in Des Moines, Iowa. You can get him at 1000 on your dial.

Miss Mary Osborne, Crab Orchard, Ky.:

The ages of the Ky. Mountaineers of WHAS are as follows: Coonhunter is 24 years old; Rufus is also 24; Johnny Ford is 21, and Randall Atcher is the baby of the troupe, being only 19. Thank you for the self-addressed, stamped envelope. I will send the answers to your other questions.

Mrs. Arlie Kincade, Graysville, Ohio:

According to the information we have, there is no relationship between Gordon Sizemore of WHAS and Asher Sizemore who went to KDKA in Pittsburgh from WSM.

Miss Adeline Amundson, Holmen, Wis.:

I am writing answers to your other questions in a letter, but here is the life history of Yodeling Jerry Smith, the WHO Sunset Corners star. He started working as a printer's devil and was an advertising salesman when his friends made him try out for the radio. He got a job the first time he tried and has been singing ever since. First Jerry was on KMA, then KFNF, both in Shenandoah, Iowa; later moved to WNAX, Yankton, S. Dak., and has been with WHO nearly a year now. He writes lots of the songs he plays and sings, and always dresses in cowboy clothes when performing. He is unmarried and seems to have a preference for small brunette girls. He has a fine personality, is good-natured, fun-loving and interesting to talk to.

Mrs. J. T. Bishop, Sanders, Ky.:

The thumb-nail sketch on this page should answer your question about Pop Eckler. I will mail the other answers to you shortly.

Mr. Dick Knudsen, North Muskegon, Mich.:

Yours was quite an order, and will write full details to you within a few days. Here is what you wanted to know about George Gobel of KMOX in St. Louis. His name is just that—George Gobel. He was born in Chicago, Ill., May 20, 1919, and is 5 ft., 2 in. in height, weighs 135 pounds, has blue eyes and light hair. His hobby is sports and he has tried about all of them, since they all interest him. He made his radio debut as a boy soprano at WLS in Chicago in 1932, and has since sung at WENR and WMAQ in Chicago, and at WDOJ, Chattanooga. He is single and makes his home in St. Louis.

About Kent Josef who was an announcer at WKZO in Kalamazoo, Mich.: He left there and was on the staff of WIBM of Jackson, Michigan, until a short time ago. According to our information he is no longer in the radio business.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

Jack Shook, leader of the WSM act "Jack Shook and His Missouri Mountaineers," was born September 11, 1910, in Decatur, Ill. He is 5 ft. 8 in. tall, weighs 165 lbs., has brown hair (a bit thin on top), blue eyes and brunette complexion. He is married and has no children. Has been in radio since he was fifteen years old, and has appeared on many stations including KMOX, WHO, and with Kate Smith on the Columbia network. Writes many hillbilly songs which are sung on the Grand Old Opry. Hobby is fishing. Has a very pleasant personality, is good-natured and straightforward.

Dear Friends: Well, you've certainly kept me busy doing detective work this month! I hope that these answers tell you what you want to know, and that you'll continue to write. Most of you have been very good about sending stamped, self-addressed envelopes for your replies, and I appreciate this very much. It means that I can answer personally a lot of the questions that we don't have room to print. If you have any suggestions as to how I can better answer your questions in this column, please send them along.

*Sincerely yours,
Peggy Stewart*

Mrs. Edna Moore, Cement, Okla.:

The original team of Honey Roy and Sassafras was broken up by the sudden death of Honey Boy (George Field) soon after they left Dallas, and so far as we know there has been no other act by that name since that time.

Miss Mattie Mae Hunter, Cordele, Ga.:

No wonder you have not been able to hear Roy Shaffer who was on WWL at one time! He is not broadcasting from any station at present. He is living at Istrouma, La.

Mrs. Grace Gray, Sanders, Ky.:

I believe we have answered your question about the Ky. Mountaineers. Here are the facts about the Golden West Cowboys as they gave them to me: Pee Wee King, the leader, is 24, has brown hair and blue eyes, is married, has one child. Abner Simmons is 24, has brown hair and eyes, is married, and has one daughter. Curly Rhodes, known also as Cicero, was born in 1912, has brown hair and eyes, is single and, he says, "happy." Jack Skaggs was born in 1910, has brown hair and brown eyes, is unmarried, Milton Estis, the master of ceremonies, is 24, married, and the father of a baby boy, has brown hair and brown eyes. Texas Daisy is 23 and single, and is very pretty, having long black curls and brown eyes.

Mrs. J. N. Booker, Long Island, Va.:

Sarie and Sallie of WSM are really sisters and their names are: Sarie (Mrs. Edna Earle Wilson), and Sallie (Mrs. Margaret Waters).

Mrs. Ann Donnelly, Highland, Ill.:

About Bill Haley of KFRU, Columbia, Mo.—He is talent director of that station and announcer of Hill-Billy acts, along with being in the program, "Kentucky Krooners." He was born October 20, 1909, in Berea, Ky., weighs 190 pounds, height, 5 ft., 8 in., and has brown hair and eyes. He is married to Hazel Haley and they have no children. She is the "Texas Blue Bonnet" of KFRU. He has appeared on the legitimate stage with the Duncan Sisters, and has broadcast over WLS, WSKY, KWK, KMOX, and WHAS. I am sending you the other information shortly.

ALONG THE WAY

WITH
Lambdin Kay



WHAT IS SUPER-POWER?

This relatively merry month of June is liable to be shockingly important to all real rural readers of RURAL RADIO.

They're holding a hearing on so-called high power, or super power, in Washington on the sixteenth. The Federal Communications Commission called it. The FCC regulates radio for Uncle Sam.

Right now, 50,000 watts is the limit for any station. Of course, WLW is using ten times that much—half-a-million watts—and has incalculably helped the cause of good broadcasting thereby. But that's allowed only experimentally. And there's some talk of subtracting some of those very healthy watts.

After hearing from all sides, the FCC is going to decide whether to change the rule limiting power to 50,000 watts. They have their choice of freezing it here, setting a higher limit, making the sky the limit or, conceivably, reducing the present maximum.

What they decide will settle what kind of radio reception you rural listeners are going to have—if any.

Broadcasting is something over sixteen years old. Uncle Sam has been regulating it for eleven years. His Commissioners have had a tough assignment. Trying to deliver decent radio reception to a continental audience as big numerically and geographically as ours is no cinch. Especially since radio is so infernally plagued with technological, economic and social imponderables.

So far, Uncle Sam's radio arbiters have done wonders. I'd say, almost a miracle. From a hopeless start in 1927, their supervision has guided, or accompanied, American broadcasting's rise to first place in the world in 1938. An undisputed and overwhelmingly dominant first place, at that.

I said it was a hopeless start. I mean desperately, forlornly, maddeningly, irremediably hopeless. At least, that's how I felt about it in 1927. And I was doing some heavy thinking about it then. Because I was being "considered" for the first Radio Commission.

That's inside stuff—never before published—and I trust this periodical will not advance subscription rates because of the exclusiveness of the news. Anyhow, Mr. Herbert Hoover, then Boss of Radio as U. S. Secretary of Commerce, wanted me on the first Radio Commission. He asked President Calvin Coolidge to put me on it. So did a good many other people. In fact, it looked unanimous.

But President Coolidge had the last and only word that counted. And he said—"No."

Which turned out to be profoundly and providentially wise. Because Judge Eugene Octave Sykes, The Gentleman from Mississippi, was appointed as Commissioner from the South. He is the only original Commissioner still functioning. And his wisdom and poise and probity and discernment and strength have been an irreplaceable foundation-stone in building present-day radio.

But what I was getting at is this. Things were in a fearful mess when he and the original Commission were

appointed. Regulation had broken down. No station had its own wave-length. Outlaws and adventurers were squatting on every channel.

Rural radio listeners could hear nothing but a caterwauling bedlam. Millions of Americans—meaning everybody outside the immediate vicinity of a station—were disfranchised of radio rights.

And all through that period when I was being "considered" for the first Radio Commission I walked around in dread for fear that somebody would ask—"If you're appointed, what are you going to do about it?" And all that I could have truthfully answered was—"I don't know." There wasn't any answer.

Well, the Commission finally found the answer. They reached it by re-establishing a certain number of one-way thoroughfares on which only one station could travel at the same time. Those stations were granted higher power than other stations assigned to joint use of the other available aerial highways.

You see, the number of paths which American radio can use is distressingly and unalterably small. They're not enough to accommodate everybody who would like to broadcast. Lower power stations jointly using most of the pathways serve city and nearby-listeners—and well. By turning the few remaining paths into high power operations, listeners distant from the city are served. In other words, high power stations are high powered *in order to reach and serve you rural listeners.*

That's been the story of radio from the beginning—a fight to preserve enough clear channels to insure rural listeners at least a fraction of the radio reception city people enjoy.

And the only way that reception has been improved and expanded has been by the use of increasingly higher power on these clear channels.

Early in 1922, 100 watts was high power. In that day many stations were using only five and ten watts. A little later, 500 watts was super-power. And in 1924, when 5,000 watts was proposed, certain elements shrieked with alarm. Such frightful power would saturate the air, drive out smaller stations, explode radio tubes, turn broadcasting into a monopoly, etc.

Of course, nothing like that happened. The use of 5,000 watts merely improved general reception a trifle. But when the engineers developed a way to use 50,000 watts along about 1930, the same hysterical protests broke loose. And it was years before Uncle Sam's radio umpires let all clear-channel stations use it.

Similar wild-eyed denunciation of 500,000 watts is echoing throughout the land right now. The FCC is viewing the idea with a properly chilly and cautious eye. Certain members of Congress who think they're protesting the rights of the Common Pee-peel are beating their breasts about it.

And, of course, there's the same old group of selfish interests who would like to see the few tracks of good rural radio reception split up into a lot of little by-paths.

It's more profitable to operate a little station in a big community than a big station serving a scattered audience.

You can't imagine how many arguments they've thought up against the idea of using 500,000 watts. And all of them will be voiced at the FCC hearing on May 16.

The FCC is going to have to decide whether 500,000 watts is super-power or not. I say it isn't. There's no such thing as super-power. It's simply more power than people are used to thinking about.

And I predict that the FCC will do the right thing. It always has.

SPRING WHITTLIN'S

By PAT BUTTRAM



One of the smallest packages I know of is a feller entirely wrapped up in hisself.

Grapefruit ain't the only little squirt that gits in the public eye.

Th' smartest feller I kno uv is th' one that knows th' exact, pre-cise moment when to say nuthin'.

Times is gittin' better down my way . . . a rabbit run across our farm th' other day an' ther' wuzn't but two men after it.

I see wher' they're a-tryin' to find sum way to preserve th' wild flowers uv this country. . . . About the only way I kno uv doin' it is to cross them with pizen ivy.

I wish these spring poets would git it right. All uv 'em say, "Th' burd is on th' wing" . . . when any fool knows the wing is on th' burd.

Sum wimmin don't need a vackum cleaner . . . they kin pick up more dirt with th' telephone.

Two advantages uv these new eelec-trik raisers is . . . your wife can't sharpen pencils with 'em . . . an' ther' ain't no strop fer Paw to use on the younguns.

Yourn til two politicians shake hands and mean it.

PAT.

Technical Service

Question—From Teddy Ostrowski, Route 1, Santa Rosa, Texas: "I have an aerial 60 feet long, one wire, and would like to know if I have two wires two feet apart could I get better reception? Would an aerial 250 feet long be more satisfactory?"

*Answer—*Although some slight improvement might be realized by using two wires in the 60 feet aerial instead of the one wire, we do not believe that the slight increase in signal strength would be worth the trouble of making the change. About the aerial 250 feet long: An aerial of this length can be very satisfactory but you will find it is somewhat "directional." In other words it should be pointed in the direction to be received. The lead-in wire on an aerial of this length should be connected at one end and not in the middle.

You Wanted a Limerick Contest...So Here We Begin

So many of you have requested us to have a limerick contest, we decided to start one in this very issue!

The contest works **two ways**: Prizes will be given to those who submit the best "last lines" of the limerick, and a separate prize will be given to the person who sends in the best limerick of the month.

Your limericks and your "last lines" must be in the hands of our Limerick Editor not later than May 15. Address your letters to:

LIMERICK EDITOR
RURAL RADIO
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Just to get things started, we've asked our Limerick Editor to write the first one. Here it is:

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

(. . . now you supply this last line . . .)

For the best last lines reaching us not later than May 15, RURAL RADIO will award the following prizes:

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

Also, there will be **five** additional prizes each of one full year's subscription to RURAL RADIO!

Now if you wish to submit a limerick and yours is judged best of all those received, it will not only be published in the June issue, but you will receive a cash award of \$3.00.

So here we go, limerick fans! And don't forget—address all your entries to: Limerick Editor, RURAL RADIO, Nashville, Tennessee.

Another from Texas

Question—From A. J. Richards, Route 3, box 75, Center, Texas: "I have a six-tube Wincharger-battery set. When I first got it I could get WLW, WSM, WHO and other stations distant from me during the daytime. Now, despite new tubes, my set has difficulty in bringing in these stations, especially between 5 and 6 P.M. Why?"

*Answer—*Mr. Richards, we believe you recall just a few times when you have heard "long distant" stations in full during the daytime. This does not happen often. As a matter of fact your reception at night—especially on a cold night, is much better. That is because such temperature and weather permit radio waves to travel further without interruption generally present in daytime. The best thing for your daytime programs, Mr. Richards, is to find a dependable Texas station, like WFAA, WBAP or WOAI, for your market reports and news. At nights you can "fish around" if you so desire.

THE SWEETEST HOUR

By CARMEN MALONE

I like the smell of mornings when
The grass is heavy with the dew
I like its promise of the things
That constant patient toil can do,
I like the high noon when the sun
Shines down upon the greening
lands
And praise the One who gave to me
The chance to use my two strong
hands;
I like the dawn, I like mid-day,
But best of all the hours I know
Is that in which the five of us
Are listening to the radio.
When dusk has fallen, daily tasks
Have passed away with setting sun,
We sit around and sew and read—
The children get their home-work
done—
While music floats about the room
And soothes our weary bodies,
minds,
While friendly voices come to us
And serve us as a tie that binds
Our family in happiness.
The sweetest hour that I know
Is that when we together sit
And listen to our radio.

Cettin' Ready for Bob Burns?



While passing through Van Buren County, Arkansas, my mother happened upon the scene shown in this picture.

The old man said: "We 'uns are waiting for a celebrity, from the movin' 'pitchers' and the radio. And I'm fattening this pig for a big dinner when he gets here."

He wouldn't give his name. When asked just answered, "We 'uns already got one celebrity in our family and that's too much. I ain't givin' no names or ottographs to no fureners" (he meant foreigners).

The fattening process was to tie the porker on to a stick and hold him up in the tree so he could eat acorns or apples from the tree.

Perhaps Bob Burns may recognize this picture. Put it in RURAL RADIO and send a complimentary copy to Mr. Burns.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Arthur Choate, Pecan Island, La. P. S.: This picture really was taken in Van Buren County, Arkansas, by Mrs. Lenora Vaughan, who was visiting relatives in the Ozarks.



The Party Line

By Marjorie Arnold



EYE-PLEASING AS WELL AS EAR-PLEASING!

Well-known for their unusual vocalizing, WHO's Three Little Girls Who Love to Sing prove that they can make effective costume harmony as well. This trio presents a truly delightful picture in their smart spring outfits.

Left to right: Kay Neal's coat is of beige paddock fleece, made reefer style with pronounced box shoulders. Her bonnet hat with off-the-face veil is of the new spring shade "Parisand" with matching shoes and hose. The hand-sewn fabric gloves are beige. Ada Beth Peaker is wearing a tailored suit of rough weave navy blue wool with bonnet hat to match. Navy blue gabardine shoes, rose satin blouse and blue kid gloves complete her ensemble. Catherine Wenaas chooses a brown straw off-the-face hat with flowing veil; brown sport jacket of wool flannel with self belt; brown and beige cross checked skirt; brown kid gloves; Parisand bag; and turquoise blue chiffon scarf.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world . . . but *one woman* can make a home! She's expected to be a 'jack of all trades' and a *master* of all. She's required to be mother, wife, housekeeper, nurse, advisor, critic, guide. She must look after the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of her family. Her daily schedule is twenty-four hours in length; and yet she is expected to

learn what all the *other* home-makers of the world are doing in *their* twenty-four hours to promote the progress of well-being and good living. It is our task to mix together the ingredients of activity, to boil them down briskly, to strain out the residue, and to serve the finished dish to all the home-makers within the radius of our lengthening arms."

"May I Suggest" that you're really missing a fine treat if you haven't been tuning in on Helen Watts Schreiber's program for homemakers. Starting on WHO as a half-hour show, "May I Suggest" proved so popular that it was extended to a full hour from 9-10 A.M., every Saturday.

Mrs. Schreiber is nationally known as a home economics expert, so when she passes along household hints, suggestions for preparing and serving food, or tested recipes, you know you're getting the best.

A brief sketch of her life shows us that Mrs. Schreiber was born in Iowa, is a homemaker and mother, and has a long record as a home economist. She has conducted cooking schools throughout the country, written many articles on home economics, and directed extension research. She was director of the Kroger food foundation for several years. Under the name of "Prudence Penny," Mrs. Schreiber was home economics columnist for the *New York American*.

Also featured on "May I Suggest" are the popular WHO quartet, The Songfellows, and Harold Morgan's dance orchestra.

Don't forget the time: Saturday morning from 9-10.



Add a teaspoonful of *grated horse radish* to cooked buttered beets to give them a delectable flavor.

To *wash spinach* quickly and thoroughly, dip it from one to the next of three pans of lukewarm water.

Use corn meal to clean your *felt hat*. Lay the hat on a paper, spread on corn meal, brush it off briskly with a stiff brush.

Put oranges in the oven for a moment to loosen the white inner skin. They'll *peel* much more easily.

Apply sweet oil to a *bruise* to keep it from turning black and blue.

First bathe your hands in *warm water* and *alcohol* before sewing on delicate fabrics and dainty colors to prevent perspiration soil.

Soak vegetables in cold, salted water to rid them of *insects*.

A simple, easy-to-make dessert, as delightful as its name!

MAGIC STRAWBERRY FLUFF

By Mrs. Winifred S. Bell. (Heard over WSB, Mon., Wed., Fri., 10:15 a.m.)

Pick and wash one pint basket of strawberries. Drain thoroughly, crush and mash through a sieve into a large bowl. To each cup of the crushed strawberries, add one cup of sugar and one unbeaten egg white. Beat with a Dover egg beater or with an electric beater for ten or fifteen minutes. Serve in sherbet cups, topped with whipped cream. This recipe serves eight.

RURAL RADIO for May

Lambdin Kay's article, "I Like Hill Billy Music," brings us a famous old recipe:

Mrs. Arthur Choate of Pecan Island, La., read Mr. Kay's article last month, then sat down and wrote us:

"I certainly agree with him about hill-billy music. I know a lot of folks that listen to it regularly but say they don't like it. **Just a false pride.** They remind me of some kind of people down our way. Perhaps you never heard of this, but down here in Louisiana the Creole people have a breakfast food made of corn meal, called Koosh-Koosh. Koosh-Koosh was on most of our parents' tables every morning until a decade or two ago. Nowadays some mothers are ashamed of the good old dish and won't let their children eat it. But after the youngsters have gone to school mother stirs up a pan of Koosh-Koosh and has her breakfast. Just in case you folks of RURAL RADIO would like to try a real old Cajun dish, here's the recipe:

KOOSH-KOOSH

2 cups corn meal
2 cups water
egg
teaspoon salt

Stir together till meal is evenly dampened. Put 3 tablespoons butter in skillet (iron preferred) and stir constantly till light brown and fluffy. While hot serve.

Try it in a bowl of milk.

Homemakers within range of station WHAM rush to their radios at 5:00 every afternoon to tune in on Hazel Cowles for her presentation of the latest news and views on foods, fashions and what-not. Here are a few items from *Advice to the Penny-Wise*, one of the many popular features heard on "Women Only."

If you would be Penny-Wise, says Miss Cowles:

Make your own kitchen containers out of coffee, baking powder and cracker cans. Remove all paper coverings; then paint or shellac the cans and label them.

Save your 2 and 5 lb. sugar and salt sacks and launder them. You'll find many uses for them. Use them for jelly bags. Use them for your clothespins. Use them for holding dry bread and crackers which you crush into crumbs with the rolling pin.

Roast meat at low temperatures for a longer period of time than required by high heat, to save on gas costs. Your economy will be the means of producing a tastier, juicier, more tender roast . . . with less shrinkage.

When you are having *pork* ground, choose a cut from the *shoulder* for grinding. When you are having *beef* ground, choose a piece from the *neck* or *shank* of beef.

Use the bone from a roast of ham to add zest to dried-pea soup.



Dale Evans, pretty WFAA vocalist, models this daytime sheer stressing the importance of the feminine trend in fashions this season. The importance of veiling is introduced as a trim on the hat by the full side bow. The dress is navy sheer with pleated front, white organdy collar and cuffs. The hat is of navy blue felt, with navy kid gloves and purse.

Spring calls for salads. And what could be more delicious than this real San Antonio salad which combines spring with the atmosphere of old Mexico. To make it, Leona Bender says use:

6 tomatoes
2 cans chili flavored sandwich spread
1 cup cucumbers diced
1 teaspoon salt
Mayonnaise
Variations:
1 tablespoon onion minced
¼ teaspoon celery seed

Select smooth ripe tomatoes of uniform size; skin, scoop out centers and drain. Mix this pulp with sandwich spread, diced cucumbers and seasonings (minced onion and celery seed may be added if desired). Refill tomatoes, rounding high. Top with mayonnaise seasoned with mustard. Serve well chilled on crisp lettuce leaf.

Listen in to "Leona Bender's Woman's Page of the Air" Mon., Wed., Fri., 10:00-10:15 over station WOAI (1190).



LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Penelope Penn, who tells the women of Dixie where to shop and why over WSB each morning at 8 o'clock, admires a charming model in air chiffon marquisette which she plans to recommend to her listeners.



OVER THE CRACKER BARREL

Bobby Griffin, veteran *WHO* announcer, raises chickens and has sold fresh eggs to half the staff during the winter months—when strictly fresh eggs are often open to question—even in a city as small as Des Moines.

WBAP Announcer Nelson Olmsted, who journeys 388 miles weekly in order to introduce the Texas Penitentiary program, vows that he won't wear white clothes on his brief prison visits this summer. Reason: Prison attire is white shirt and duck trousers and "the hours there are too long."

That Phi Beta Kappa key that decorates the vest of Walter Paschall (you hear him deliver Atlanta Journal Radio Headlines over *WSB* at 3:00, 4:45, and 10:15 P.M. daily, C. S. T.) is his very own. He earned it while a student at Vanderbilt University. Which means that there's a jam-up brain behind all that beautiful diction Walter uses.

Ken McClure, pouplar *WOAI* broadcaster of the News at 10:15 each evening, recently received a letter asking whether or not they would get the fight results on the "Ken-fifteen News-cast."

A Nashville bandit is probably looking for a new job after the scare he got the other Saturday night.

It all happened because the *WSM* Grand Ole Opry hillbilly artists, *The Golden West Cowboys*, are amateur riflemen.

Between appearances on the Opry, the seven members of the group hot-foot it to a nearby range and indulge in target practice.

Last Saturday night, the Cowboys rolled up in front of the *WSM* building just as a negro bandit was in the act of robbing a passerby.

The fully-costumed radio singing "Cowboys" brandishing rifles and dangerous looks so completely frightened the bandit that he fled before getting the victim's wallet.

However, cries of "Stop Thief" failed to halt the scampering negro. And the Cowboys could do nothing about it. They had shot all their shells at the rifle range.

WHO folks are home folks in fact and in deed. Ernie Sanders, announcer and studio manager; Stan Widney, producer-announcer; Don Hovey, musical director; Stuart Steelman, co-

manager of the Songfellows; and Woody Woods, publicity director, have bought homes recently and waved goodbye to Old Man Landlord. Many others at *WHO* are long-established home owners, too.

Perry Bechtel, leader of *WSB's* staff orchestra, used to play the banjo with Phil Spitalny's band (before the all-girl policy, of course). After hearing Beck on the banjo, it's easy to understand why Col. Lambdin Kay has dubbed him "the boy with a thousand fingers."

If you think your electric power bill is high, stop a minute and let Ray Collins, technical supervisor for Station *WFAA*, tell you a few things about the amount of electricity the station's super-power transmitter uses.

By actual meter readings, *WFAA* uses 1,546,500,000 watts of electric power a year. This is an average daily use of 4,236,986 watts. Surveys indicate that the average radio listener has his set turned on three hours a day. The average modern radio set uses approximately 100 watts an hour.

With the power required to operate *WFAA's* transmitter one year, Mr. Average Listener, if he lived that long, could operate his set 14,123 years, or until the year 16061 A.D.

The Maple City Four recently spent several weeks in Hollywood where they were filmed in Republic's new picture, "Under Western Stars." The boys returned to the *WLS* studio well tanned and nearly bow-legged from their hard riding as movie cowboys. The quartet did three numbers in the picture which starred Roy Rogers. Smiley Burnette, who went to Hollywood from *WLS*, has a prominent comedy part in the picture.

A year ago the Maple City Four were featured in the Western film, "Get Along Little Dogies."

Irving Melsher, accordionist for *WSB's* staff orchestra, is a well-known composer as well as a virtuoso of the pleated instrument. With Remus Harris, another Atlanta songsmith, he's responsible for the current tune featured by Guy Lombardo, "Roses In The Rain," and the two tunesters are reaping part of the rewards of the present hit, "Cry Baby Cry," which was written from an idea they submitted to the publishers. An-

other, entitled "When Moonlight Falls On Dixie" is in the hands of a famous New York publishing house now, and they've written a fourth called "In The Harbor Of Your Heart."

WLS claims the distinction of having an ace weather prophet in the Arkansas Woodchopper. Having already gained some fame as a fore-caster, Arkie made a prediction on the air on March 30 that it would snow early the next week. Everybody laughed at him. On Tuesday night, April 5, it started snowing and continued intermittently until Friday night, April 8. Approximately 15 inches of snow fell—a record for the Midwest in April. Combined with the snow was the worst blizzard of the season. Arkie's stock as a weather prophet immediately went up several points.

Ronald (Dutch) Reagan, Warner Brothers star, former sports announcer at *WHO*, sent Myrtle Williams, *WHO* departmental secretary, a beautiful bouquet of roses April 5th. It was her birthday.

FARM RADIO HIGHLIGHTS

For the Month of May

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

May 4—Home Demonstration Day program.

May 6—Conservation Day program: A report on research by the United States Forest Products Laboratory on "Painting Homes and Farm Buildings"; also dramatic sketch of the life of J. Sterling Morton, originator of Arbor Day and Secretary of Agriculture in President Cleveland's cabinet.

May 7—National 4-H Club Music Hour; United States Marine Band.

May 9—Future Farmers of America program; United States Army Band.

May 14—American Farm Bureau Federation program featuring the activities of the New York State Farm Bureau.

May 18—Broadcast from the campus of the University of Delaware, Newark.

May 21—National Grange program; United States Army Band.

May 28—Farmers Union Program.

The Farm and Home Hour is heard daily except Sundays at 10:30 A.M. C. S. T. (11:30 A.M. C. D. S. T.; 12:30 P.M. E. D. S. T.) over the NBC-Blue network including the following:

| Station | On Your Dial At |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>WOAI</i> | 1190 |
| <i>WFAA-WBAP</i> | 800 |
| <i>WHAM</i> | 1150 |
| <i>WSB</i> | 740 |
| <i>WSM</i> | 650 |

RURAL RADIO for May



Cattle Markets

| | | |
|------------------|--|-------------|
| 6:10 A.M. | Daily | WLS (870) |
| 6:30 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHO (1000) |
| 8:45 A.M. | (Livestock receipts and hog flash) | WLS (870) |
| 9:15 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WBAP (800) |
| 9:45 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WSB (740) |
| 10:00-10:15 A.M. | (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards) | WLS (870) |
| 11:45 A.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WHO (1000) |
| 11:45 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WFAA (800) |
| 12:00-12:15 P.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHAS (820) |
| 12:22-12:30 P.M. | (Market review by Dave Swanson of Chicago producers) | WLS (870) |
| 12:28 P.M. | Saturday only | WHO (1000) |
| 12:30 P.M. | Saturday | WSB (740) |
| 12:35-12:45 P.M. | (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards) | WLS (870) |
| 2:15-2:30 P.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WOAI (1190) |



Farm News and Views

| | | |
|------------------|--|-------------|
| 6:30 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHAM (1150) |
| 6:30 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHO (1000) |
| 7:10 A.M. | (Happy Family Talks) | WHAM (1150) |
| 9:15 A.M. | (Georgia State Bureau of Markets conducted by Mrs. Robin Wood) | WSB (740) |
| 11:30 A.M. | (Texas Farm and Home Program from Texas A. & M. College) | WFAA (800) |
| 11:30-11:45 A.M. | (Texas Farm and Home Hour) (TQN) | WOAI (1190) |
| 11:45 A.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WHO (1000) |
| 11:45-12:15 P.M. | (Dinnerbell Program) | WLS (870) |
| 12:00 Noon | Saturday | WHO (1000) |
| 12:15 P.M. | (Voice of the Farm) | WHO (1000) |
| 12:15-12:30 P.M. | (College of Agric. University of Kentucky) | WHAS (820) |
| 12:15 P.M. | (4-H Club Meeting) | WHAM (1150) |
| 12:15-12:30 P.M. | (This Business of Farming by Lord Burlingham) | WLS (870) |

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

Grain Reports



| | | |
|------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| 6:30 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHO (1000) |
| 7:00 A.M. | (Liverpool Cotton and Grain) | WFAA (800) |
| 9:20 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WBAP (800) |
| 9:45 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WSB (740) |
| 11:45 A.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WHO (1000) |
| 11:45 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WFAA (800) |
| 12:00-12:15 P.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHAS (820) |
| 12:15 P.M. | Saturday | WLS (870) |
| 12:28 P.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WHO (1000) |
| 12:50-12:57 | (F. C. Bissom from Dept. of Agric.) | WLS (870) |
| 2:15-2:30 P.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WOAI (1190) |
| 2:25 P.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WBAP (800) |
| 3:00 P.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WSB (740) |

Weather Broadcasts



| | | |
|----------------|-------------------|-------------|
| 5:30 A.M. | Daily | WLS (870) |
| 6:30-7:00 A.M. | (Dial-A-Smile) | WOAI (1190) |
| 7:00 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHO (1000) |
| 7:00 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHAM (1150) |
| 7:02 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WFAA (800) |
| 7:15 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WSB (740) |
| 7:30 A.M. | Sunday | WSM (650) |
| 9:00 A.M. | Sunday | WHAM (1150) |
| 9:30 A.M. | Sunday | WSM (650) |
| 9:45 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WSB (740) |
| 10:15 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHO (1000) |
| 11:30 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WLS (870) |
| 11:50 A.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WFAA (800) |
| 12:00 Noon | Mon. through Sat. | WSB (740) |

| | | |
|------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| 12:05 P.M. | Sunday | WHAM (1150) |
| 12:00-12:15 P.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WHAS (820) |
| 12:15 P.M. | Sunday | WHO (1000) |
| 12:15 P.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WSM (650) |
| 12:30 P.M. | (Jack Sprat News Reporter) | WHO (1000) |
| 12:30 P.M. | Saturday | WSB (740) |
| 3:00 P.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WSB (740) |
| 3:00-3:15 P.M. | Mon. through Fri. | WOAI (1190) |
| 4:50 P.M. | (Betsy Ross and WHO News Bulletins) | WHO (1000) |
| 5:30 P.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHO (1000) |
| 5:45 P.M. | Sunday | WSM (650) |
| 6:00 P.M. | Sunday | WHAM (1150) |
| 6:30 P.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHAM (1150) |
| 10:00 P.M. | Daily | WHO (1000) |
| 11:00 P.M. | Mon. through Sat. | WHAM (1150) |

Program Highlights of Interest to Women

| | | |
|---|-----------------------|------------------|
| Coffee Pot Inn | WHO | 8:00 A.M. |
| Enid Day (Dept. store reporter) | WSB | 9:30 A.M. |
| May I Suggest | WHO | 9:00 A.M. |
| The Party Line | WOAI, 11:00 A.M.; WHO | 11:45 A.M. |
| Modern Homemakers | WFAA | 10:30 A.M. |
| Bureau of Missing Persons | WHO | Midnight |
| Leona Bender's Woman's Page of the Air | WOAI | 9:00-9:15 A.M. |
| Mrs. Winifred S. Bell | WSB | 10:15 A.M. |
| Homemaker's Hour—Conducted by Ann Hart | WLS | 1:15-2:00 P.M. |
| Ann Ford—A Woman Looks at the News | WSM | 3:00 P.M. |
| Peggy Tudor | WOAI | 10:45-11:00 A.M. |
| Penelope Penn | WSB | 8:00 A.M. |
| Women Only—Conducted by Hazel Cowles | WHAM | 5:00-5:15 P.M. |
| Lem and Martha | WHO | 7:00 A.M. |
| Georgia Women's Markets—Mrs. Robin Wood | WSB | 9:15 A.M. |
| Betty and Bob | WHAS, 2:00 P.M.; WHO | 11:45 A.M. |
| Home Folks—Conducted by Ethel Strong | WOAI | 9:00-9:15 A.M. |
| Helen's Home | WBAP | 8:30 A.M. |
| Olson Oddities | WHO | 8:45 A.M. |
| Our Book—Conducted by Mrs. A. V. Fitzgerald | WOAI | 5:15-5:30 P.M. |



Rural Radio's Religious Review

"When it was morning, there were thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud on the mount and the voice of a trumpet. And God spoke all these words."

Ex. 19: 16, following . . .

We find ourselves living today amid the tumult of the world. On every hand there is confusion and chaos, violence and preparation for war, with armaments of nations piling up to greater heights than they had reached before the World War. Dictators are rattling the sword ever more truculently, and nonchalantly proceed to purge their respective states through cold-blooded murder or through the more cruel methods of gradual asphyxiation. And the economic system is being remodeled before our eyes to save it from being entirely destroyed; so drastic are the changes there that we are caught in a maze of uncertainty. Need I add to this catalogue of upheavals, the serious disturbances of the older patterns in the arts and in morals. Nothing is quite what it was at the beginning of the twentieth century—and perhaps never will be. It is storm and stress on all sides and on all levels. (When I spoke of the possibilities of happiness in these days, someone begged me to be realistic.) How can one be happy with Hitler and Goering and Goebbels and other Nazi sadists in the saddle? How can we be happy with another destructive war in the offing that might again engulf all the nations of Europe and perhaps of the world? How can we be happy with blatant force abroad, with charlatany brazen and active and with the vile demons of racial and religious and class hatred again setting each man against his neighbor? There are three ways to meet this challenge to happiness. One is to let "the tumult of the world grow dull upon our inattentive ear," the while we note how

"The evening's blessed stillness covers all
And o'er the fields she folds her cloak of grey,
And softly twilight falls and toil doth cease;
While o'er our soul God spreads his mantle—
Peace."

In other words we can for the moment become tumult-deaf and violence-blind, and say, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." This world of self-delusion is very pleasant; the only trouble is that the sad awakening soon comes and it is the harder and rougher and more cruel realization because of the self-delusion which delayed the waking hour.

And the *second* way is one that many have perforce already adopted in these days as others did in similar periods of turmoil. It is exemplified by the peasant who continued to plough his farm while the shells of the crazed world exploded nearby, of the scientist who did not interrupt his experiments though the roof of his laboratory was demolished by gun fire, and of the Red Cross nurse who bandaged the wounded in the open fields just behind the lines in an active sector with the same unhurried movements as if she were in her old hospital of St. Luke's in New York. In the same way there are many people who just "Carry on," drawing about them the charmed circle of those who are "serene with God." It sounds selfish, but it is just such souls who keep a maddened world a-going.

The *third* way is to look at this present world situation from a historical perspective and to see its changes as part of the gradual transformation of man from brute to savage, from barbarian to a civilized being. History will reassure us that new eras with all their birth-pangs mean higher levels of life, so our Text teaches that thunders and lightnings and the voice of trumpets were the setting of the revelation of the Ten Commandments, that storm and stress always hangs about our Sinais, that the emergence of man on higher levels shakes the very heart of the world. Tumult—and the still, small voice of God—thunders a prelude to the divine word. *Only if we hear that Voice amid the tumult will the upward march and Happiness be attainable.*

This Month's Message

Amid the Tumult of the World



DR. DAVID LEFKOWITZ,
on WFAA Each Sunday Morning

Dr. David Lefkowitz, Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, Dallas, has just completed his eighth year of Sunday morning religious talks over Station WFAA.

At various times during his life, Dr. Lefkowitz has been identified with work in connection with such organizations as the Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Y.M.C.A., Red Cross, and many other social, philanthropic and charity movements.

He has been Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El since 1920. The esteem in which his congregation holds him may be known from the fact that he was elected lifetime Rabbi of Temple Emanu-El in 1935.

His Sunday morning radio religious talks over WFAA have proved inspirational not only to members of the Jewish faith, but also to members of all creeds.

These last groups who have the urge to still the tumult and bring order into the chaos so that at least our children may live in a civilized world—these to whom many of us belong—ask ourselves how can the still small voice be heard, what may bring Sanity, Decency, Honor and Peace back again?

What says the still small Voice amid the tumult and the storm? Does It say, "Let there be light"? Can happiness and the civilized life be attained through education? There are those who thought that was the supreme message of the still, small Voice. If only people could be educated—through the process offered by the schools—they would be civilized. We have had much of this education and where

are we? No, not education—education alone holds no salvation. Happiness can't come that way to the world. It must come from the message of the still, small Voice which, however, can only be heard after the storm is stilled.

The three storm-centers that have brought on our modern tumult can easily be sensed. There is this popular *realism* that has brought a serious disintegration into our mental and emotional life. Every young person that I know who makes any pretense of thinking is trying hard to be realistic. He may be romantic or idealistic by the set of his nature, his temperament, but he tries hard not to let anyone know it. Realism is the word today, clear-eyed, unblinking recognition of life's stern and ugly facts, with no fooling of one's self. Pleasing sentimentality, wishful thinking, comforting faiths, satisfying optimism—these are the devils of the new generation. Nothing will do except realism. Yes, I heartily agree, let us be realistic. Healthy realism is a great asset. The writers of the Bible were realists. Pick out, if you can, a single area of life about which the Bible does not speak candidly. Let us see all the ugly spots of life as realistically as does the Bible and then we may be moved to do something about them. The true realist sees the ugliness and cruelty of life and *tries to mitigate it*. Nay more—the true realist does not say or think that only ugly things are real, that sewers are the only real things, that muddy rivers are found here and there and everywhere, but he also notes mountain streams are real too. You cynics, whose thinking and living and novels only note the base and the ugly,—the trouble with you is not your realism but your lack of it! There is a reality of beauty, of pity, of spiritual living, a reality that outlasts the realities of ugliness and hate and cruelty. It was the unreal realism, making sport of the idealism of an earlier generation, which brought its crop of cynical ruthlessness in politics, warfare and the sordidness of the daily life.

And the second centre is the selfishness that became common and sought to become respectable through the philosophy of egotism. It dethroned God and set up the Ego, the self. It abolished all sanctions and said human desire is the measure of right. It laughed the Ten Commandments out of court and set the law of insatiable self-satisfaction above everything else. Of course, there was and is some hypocritical piety which publicly gave lip service to the Ten Commandments and other divine sanctions and statutes, but in practice recognized nothing beyond and above self. And so greed and cruel exploitation entered on a new highroad toward what proved a disastrous jumping off place in 1929. Selfishness above social needs, the Ego above God; hence the tumult.

And the third centre of the storm is a vast force of Hatred and Fear and of Mistrust which has been loosed upon the world. We had thought that humanity has so far shed its bestiality that nothing like the sadism and race hatred of the Nazis could ever find room in the human heart. We have come to learn that there are still some very dark areas of human nature which need the illumination of human decency and trust and love. Therefore the storm, the chaos, the tumult.

Yes, dear friends, this half-realism of the sewer and the gutter, which makes people hard and cynical but not wise, this selfishness and greed which arises from the worship of the ego, this hatred and fear which extinguish the last flicker of social justice and human decency and mercy—all these will be cast out of the human soul by the very tumult that they have caused in the world, if only we hear the Voice! Upon the higher level we shall be neighbors—neighborly,—whether as individuals or nations seeking to help rather than to hinder. Up on the higher level a profounder sense of justice and of the rights of all people to live decent lives in decent security will become the possession of the vast majority. Let us help fashion that new world. Amen.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

WITH

George Dewey Hay

(The Solemn Old Judge)

Howdy, Neighbors!



THE HIRED HAND

Harold Hough



Says

Harold Hough — The Hired Hand, as he looked in the days of the twenties when he first met his neighbor, George Hay (opposite).

It is a great privilege and pleasure to say hello to our friends who live close to the ground, which is where each one of us should be. All of the trouble in the world came from the fellow who took his feet off of the ground until his head hit it. Of course, our heads belong up, looking straight ahead, but let's keep our feet on the ground, where Mother Nature intended them to be. Even when we take to the air in a plane, it's very necessary to stay right side up, because when we don't the funniest things happen!

And it's a double pleasure to be in the same corral with those two grand radio pioneers, Lambdin Kay, "The Little Colonel," and Harold Hough, "The Hired Hand," who have cut down enough timber in radio to keep us warm for another generation at least.

Takes us back fifteen years when we first barked into a mike at WMC—Memphis, and the neighbors let us get away with it. Lambdin had been on the air for a year and "Mr. Hand" had recently fired up at Fort Worth. "Those were the days," said Grandpappy, shifting his cut-plug to the left side, "when a man could get up to the mike and talk to his neighbors just like he did down at the store." We didn't have any dog to put on, because we knew that our neighbors in New York City were just as human as our friends in Hushpuckiny. It worked like sunshine on a frosty morning.

Then Little Red Riding Hood had to go to Grandma's house, which was indeed "a fur piece" through the woods, composed of expert trees which frowned down from lofty heights. Production winds blew and howled and the expert trees sighed and groaned and wondered if the sun would shine again. Little Red Riding Hood was frightened. Her friendly world was suddenly peopled with experts. She hadn't learned that *experts are just ordinary men away from home.*

The boys unravelled tons of red tape which was tied around our ears and got in our hair. Every now and then we would tear away a mess of it and look for the sunshine. Yep, it was still there, but the fog was thick. Finally the air got so thick and the clouds so heavy that they busted. They didn't burst like ordinary clouds. Brothers and sisters, they *busted.*

The big shows on the air hired boys and girls who hadn't forgotten that an ordinary, seven carat smile pays big dividends commercially as well as socially, and is so much easier to get along with. By a smile, we don't mean hysteria. It's the middle ground that we are striving to hold, and the best part of it is that there is plenty of room for everybody on that big highway that leads to normal, sane living.

Very fortunately for radio and our beloved America, Lambdin Kay, Harold Hough, Leo Fitzpatrick, Bill Hay, and many of the pioneers are still walking serenely down the middle of the road. 'Tis true they have had to dodge many tomatoes, potatoes, and now and then a few hard-boiled eggs, but they know their business and their fundamental principles are sound.

Now it's time for the tall pines to pine and the paw paws to pause, etc. . . . See you later!

Last month, I declared that in the next issue of RURAL RADIO I would have a heavy editorial on something or other. I find now that when it comes to editorializing, I am just as lost as a sheep herder in a steep corral. Editorials take big \$14.00 words, and this morning I haven't even a billion. So, I guess I better let the little Colonel from WSB do the academic stuff. He has plenty of good advice. It has always been good and will continue to be good. It will never wear out, because as far as I know, none of it has ever been used. He is ready but I ain't.

(And welcome to my old Side Kick next door—George Hay—Howdy, Judge!)

I am like the Negro who was watching us arrange for a New Year's Colored Holiness broadcast. The thing was all new to him, because he had just joined the Camp a few days before. He decided to be a Preacher when someone gave him a collar that buttoned in the back, and he found an old blue-black tail coat. He was one of those typical Texas Waxahachie Negroes—so black that the lightning bugs followed him around in the daytime. And he was asking questions while the boys were stringing the wires. He allowed "that the radium went a fer piece" when I told him that it positively went to all corners of the earth in a split second—I knew I had said the wrong thing. There was even a change in his color, and with saucer eyes beaming, he advanced the theory that when we carried the Gospel to all corners of the earth, the World was going to come to an end, because the good Book said so. We assured him that was possible, whereupon he said, "Well, I is ready, but I knows a lot of Fort Worth Negroes what ain't.

I ain't ready for the editorials.

* * *

TAX PROBLEM

This business of taxes is getting into everybody's hair. Seems as though no one can keep them straight. I'm for taxes and so are the States, but sometimes, they carry things a little too far.

I was on a Diner, you know, one of those eating houses on wheels, where cotton pickers become tip grabbers and red roosters become Pennsylvania Capons (\$1.25 an order). Texas does not have a sales tax—Oklahoma does. I ordered the meal in Texas—the meal was cooked in Texas—the meal was delivered in Texas—the meal was eaten in Texas. Contract fulfilled. Legally, the entire transaction took place in the Lone Star State. About tooth pick time, the train crossed the Red River Bridge, and we were in Oklahoma and the Conductor handed me my bill with an Oklahoma sales tax tacked on. Being a man short on funds but long on principle, I demurred. Because, after all, someone has said if we watch the little things, the big ones will step on us. So the argument commenced and one word led to forty.

How was I to know the place I told him to go wasn't on his Railroad? After all, what is one little black eye compared to winning a big 2c argument. If you think I was wrong, I will take him back his 2c. I believe I can do better the next time anyway.



Rural Radio's DADDY GANDER

A Page for Children



MY MOTHER

Who bends above my bed each night
To see if I am fixed just right?
Who often hovers while I sleep
To pray the Lord my soul to keep?
MY MOTHER.

Who watches after me each day—
If I'm at school—if I'm at play—
And, when a good report I show,
Whose loving face with pride does glow?
MY MOTHER.

Who takes such pains the whole day long
To point the right way from the wrong;
Discovers where my bruises are
And wraps them up in arnica?
MY MOTHER.

If I turn out the way I should,
And am an upright man, and good,
I think—as any one can see—
THE ONE I'LL HAVE TO THANK WILL BE
MY MOTHER.

Dear Daddy Gander: Please write
a poem about my rabbit. His name
is Tony, he is gentle and brown and
he will jump to his window every time
to get his food when I pass, but some-
times he gets fooled.

Dorothy Harding,
Goldvein, Va.



I have a little
rabbit,
He's brown as
he can be,
And when I pass
his window
He jumps right
up at me.
My rabbit's very
gentle,
His appetite is
big,
His name is Tony
but I oughta
Call him "Lit-
tle Pig."

Dear Daddy Gander:
I am a little girl twelve years of age. I
have brown eyes and brown hair. My Mother
has a RURAL RADIO book. I saw some of your
poems. I like them very much.
Please write a poem about Memorial Day.
MARY JEAN WEEKS,
Post, Texas.

DECORATION OR MEMORIAL DAY MAY 30

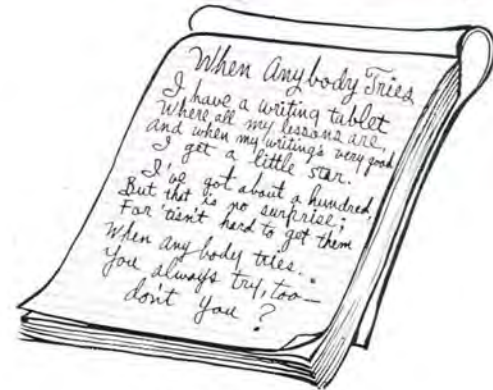
This is the day we all will go
To decorate the graves
Of soldiers who so nobly died
(That's why our Flag still waves.)

So let us honor them,—and sing
The songs they used to love,
They'll see we still uphold *The Cause*
From their great home above.

OLD BILLY GOAT

A HAMMOCK, nice and cool and deep,
Was hanging in the breeze,
So, Bettie got in it to sleep
Beneath those maple trees.

OLD BILLY GOAT came nosing there,
And, is it any wonder
That Bettie bounced into the air
When Billy butted under?



THAT MULE PETE

Pete, oh Pete, you funny mule.
You are never lame, I know;
You just limp and drag your feet
'Cause you do not want to go.

Turn you loose out in the lot—
It is always just the same—
You kick your heels and frisk and trot,
Proving you were never lame.

•• FUNNYKINS ••

DID U READ THE LETTER A OUT HIM LAST MONTH?

1 DAY, LONG AFTER FUNNYKINS CAME A WILD , HE
SOME BIG TUR IN A & HE WENT N THEM OED
THEM EAT. THEN HE BGAN 2 FOLLOW THEM. THE NEXT MORNING
THEY WENT 2 A YARD WHERE A LITTLE 2 FED THEM. FUNNYKINS WAS
AFRA D 2 FOLLOW THEM, CAUSE HE WAS WILD. 1 DAY THE LITTLE
WHO FED THE HIM IN THE DISTANCE 8 CRIED, "O MAMMA, COME 8 THIS
FUNNY TUR . A LADY CAME OUT OF THE 8 8 SAID, "THAT IS A TURKEY;
THAT IS A " THE LITTLE GIRL SAID, "I AM GOING TO TAME HIM. UO IF I DON'T."
SO, AFTER THAT, EVERY DAY SHE TOOK A OF FOOD 8 CALLED TO FUNNYKINS,
BUT HE 'NT COME 2 HER + HE WAS A WILD CHICK U KNOW. THE LITTLE
KEPT ON TRYING THOUGH; SHE DID NOT WANT 2 G VE UP. FINALLY,
FUNNYKINS FLEW OVER THE FENCE. THEN HE 8 FROM THE ". THEN HE FLEW
ON THE LITTLE GIRL'S LAP. 8 NOW HE IS THE BIGGEST PET U EVER ! HE
SLEEPS ON TOP OF THE LITTLE GIRL'S DOLL 8 8 SOMETIMES SHE HITCHES HIM
2 HER DOLL 8 8 DRIVES HIM ALL ABOUT THE YARD. SOMETIMES HE EVEN
GOES IN 2 THE KITCHEN 8 WON'T LEAVE UNLESS SOME 1 LETS HIM OUT. THIS IS A
TRUE TALE. U U READ IT OR NOT? *Your Daddy Gander*



TUNE WRANGLERS OF TEXAS

By CARL DOTY

Leaving the lonely campfire harmonies some four years ago, five stalwarts of the Texas plains banded together to form a musical organization now well known all over the great Southwest as the Tune Wranglers. Under the expert leadership of Buster Coward, this five-man group began touring the small towns in Texas playing and singing cowboy and hillbilly tunes in the true manner of the ranch country. Because they were real dyed-in-the-wool ranch hands the boys immediately caught the spirit of the music of the range and soon were playing the bigger towns and cities finally winning for themselves a regular berth on the program schedule of WOAI in San Antonio.

Now the Tune Wranglers are heard regularly five days each week at 1:15 P.M. on WOAI besides keeping their many dates for entertaining at rural functions throughout the state of Texas. Their travels take them more than 100,000 miles each year in which time they visit over 200 different towns. For transportation they require a new automobile each six

months due to the constant travelling necessary.

The Tune Wranglers always open their program with "Cowboy's Life" and leave the air each day with the song entitled "Little Ranch House On the Old Circle B." The two songs most requested according to Buster are "El Rancho Grande" and "Texas Sands." The last song was written by Buster Coward himself and along with about 75 other songs has been recorded by the Victor Recording Company.

The cowboy and hillbilly tunes are sung by Buster with Charlie Gregg and Bill Dickey joining in for the harmonies of a trio. Charlie Gregg takes the microphone when a modern swing tune is requested. An oddity of this group is Charlie Gregg who wields the big bass violin. He plays the instrument left-handed without changing the strings from the normal right-handed order.

Pat Flaherty, genial announcer for the Tune Wranglers, keeps the gang in good spirits during the broadcasts with his Irish wit. Pat claims Eddie

Whitley stood around ten minutes before getting into an automobile for the first time looking for a stirrup and that Eddie still hollers Whoa when he applies the breaks of his automobile. Bill Dickey still persists in driving his ancient model T Ford to the studios and has fond hopes of Jack Benny eventually replacing his Maxwell with the vintage Ford.

The hobbies of the Tune Wranglers mostly turn to the saddle. Having ridden the range for many years the boys get their relaxation when the time permits by heading for the nearest corral and slipping back into boots and saddle. The most popular indoor sport of the group is just plain eating—Buster complains he just hasn't time to get enough to eat.

This popular WOAI musical group recently offered their picture to the radio listeners. Several re-orders were necessary to fulfill the requests of nearly 7,000 radio fans for a glimpse of the boys as they appear in the broadcasting studio. Such popularity must be deserved.

RFD

RADIO FARM DIGEST

OBJECTS TO STORY ABOUT KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN LISTENING CENTERS

RURAL RADIO has been coming into our Kentucky home since January. I have liked your magazine until this April issue when you published that terrible article about our Kentucky Mountains.

I live in a small Kentucky town in the central part of the state. In my home we have a radio, as well as many other electrical appliances. A daily paper arrives each day on time. There is a bus line and a railroad in our town.

Everywhere you find mountains you will find mountaineers. Very few of them are as modern in their ways of living as we are but why always refer to the "Kentucky Mountains"?

Kentucky has produced many honorable men and women.

It is my belief that the Kentucky Mountains are always pictured entirely too terrible. Why is it done?

Miss Nell Terry, Clarkson, Ky.
Miss Terry, we feel the Kentucky Mountain Listening Center is something to be proud of. As you state you live in a small town where you have a bus line and a railroad, but the folks our story dealt with last issue were those who do not live in a small town, have no bus lines or railroads. Many times roads are washed out and the only contact these good people have with the outside world is through radio. And in response to this need WHAS and the University of Kentucky combined forces to bring them this service.

We believe that's a real blessing brought by radio, don't you? Ask the folks up there if they don't think so.

You can always depend on my subscribing to RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE as long as it's published. I like all the pictures and news in your RURAL RADIO.

I don't see how you can be able to sell RURAL RADIO for \$1.00 a year.
Rudolph Land, Mayo, Fla.

Lately I have been having trouble getting the Saturday Night Barn Dance without a lot of interference from another station. I have an Airline 7-tube radio, 1937 model. Do you think it's the tubes or the weather causing it?
Mr. A. G. Hagan, Route 1, Smithfield, Pa.

On hot nights you are apt to have a lot of interference. But Brother Hagan, we believe you'll find, in most cases, it isn't the weather—it's the tubes!

Mr. Hagan added this to his letter. "Here's something for RFD. I wrote it. It's original."

*He jumped in his car,
Stepped on the gas,
Express train coming very fast,
Didn't stop to look or listen—
One more fool among the missin'.*

AT LAST, OHIO HEARD FROM!

What! No letters from my home state of Ohio published on the RFD page of your RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE? I'm from the Buckeye state and I want you to know that this subscriber enjoys and appreciates your magazine. Radio might aptly be called "us farm folks' best friend" and we like to become better acquainted with all the folks we hear over our radios. I enjoy the pictures, Family Gossip, Over the Cracker Barrel, and oh, gosh! might just as well say the whole magazine and be done with it.

Your'n for bigger editions.
Rose Davidson, Route 1, Powell, Ohio.

CITY COUSIN LIKES RURAL RADIO

I just want to tell you how much I enjoy RURAL RADIO. Even though I live in the city I enjoy RURAL RADIO just as much as any rural listener. The first three issues have carried pictures of my favorite entertainers and I know that every issue to come will carry pictures of favorites of all the readers of RURAL RADIO.

A city subscriber to RURAL RADIO.
Lillian Rasmussen, 4208 Grand Blvd., Menominee, Mich.

I am writing this letter to thank you for publishing such an interesting magazine. Having read every readable article in the magazine the first day I received it, am eagerly waiting for the next issue. Keep up the good work and I'll always read RURAL RADIO.

I. M. Begos, 91 N. 7th St., Hudson, N. York.

Was indeed glad but somewhat surprised to hear from RURAL RADIO. I just can't say in words what that little magazine means to me and my family. We all just can't wait till the other gets through reading it. I have a little girl and boy. I'm only 24 years myself. But how I love RURAL RADIO.

Mrs. Geo. Lindsey, Route 2, Waco, Texas.

I received my copy of RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE, and must say that I am crazy about RURAL RADIO. It's just the magazine I have been looking for. I have told my friends and neighbors about it and they say they are going to subscribe.

Don't want to miss a single copy.
Mrs. N. H. Allen, Hazelhurst, Miss.

THEY'RE BIGGER NOW, MRS. BRUCE

To me, your magazine has only one fault; the names under the small pictures on the margin of some of the pages cannot be read. I would appreciate very much if they were printed so as to be readable.

We like the magazine very much; we do not wish to miss any issue as we intend to keep every one.

Mrs. H. B. Bruce, Mt. Pleasant, Ind.

WILL BIND ALL TWELVE ISSUES FOR "KEEPS"

Thank you for the opportunity to subscribe to the RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE. You can count on me for a *life* membership. I enjoy every word and the pictures are interesting.

When I get 12 I am going to have them bound in one grand book for my great-grandchildren to enjoy—as I enjoy the bound magazines that have been handed down to me.

I live way "out yonder" and a publication like RURAL RADIO is just what we need.

Mrs. P. J. Clark, Sterling Sta., New York.

Mrs. Clark, very shortly we'll offer a special binder in which you can keep every issue of Rural Radio. How many other readers would like to have one?

WHOLE TOWN READS HER COPY!

My RURAL RADIO is the only one I know of in this town, and my magazine is passed from one family to another. Everybody enjoys it so much. We are all very familiar as radio listeners to the stars you have pictured.

Mrs. Geo. Billings, Stanton, Ky.

Would it be asking too much for you to publish a list of the various contests advertised over the air each month, giving a few details, such as the station, time broadcast and sort of contest it is, such as slogan, jingle, statement, or what have you? Contests are my hobby, but I find often I miss them until too late to enter and am very much disappointed.

R. I. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Of course, most contests are suspended during the summer. However, in response to requests from many readers we are investigating the possibility of publishing a special Contest Page.

I think my magazine is wonderful. All my friends like it very much and enjoy reading it and looking at the pictures. There is just one thing wrong. I wish you would picture the whole cast instead of just one in the play like Mother O'Neil. You see we like Dannie and wonder what he looks like too.

Mrs. Sam R. Sain, Grafard, Texas.

Mrs. Sain will find a picture of the entire O'Neil Family in our Round-up picture section.

Received my third magazine RURAL RADIO and each copy shows marked improvements, and I truly enjoy reading it from cover to cover.

You have a page devoted to "Family Gossip" and a "Children's Page," but don't you think it would be nice to have a page for "Youth" or "Young People" where they could ask questions, and have them answered?

Wishing you in the near future, a million subscriptions, I remain

Mrs. E. B. Acker, Bridgeport, Neb.

We are in the process now of developing a special section devoted to the activities and ideals of the 4-H Club boys and girls. This will appear shortly, Mrs. Acker.

RURAL RADIO'S REQUEST CORNER

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

What pictures do you want us to publish in the RURAL RADIO Roundup Section?

(1) (2) (3)

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

(1) (2) (3)

If more space is needed write us a letter.

Signed
Address

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

RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE Nashville, Tennessee



SOUNDS QUT FARM SENTIMENT

Charles Lyon, NBC Chicago announcer, equipped with a new "beer-mug" ultra high frequency transmitter, interviews several prominent stockmen at one of the nation's biggest stock expositions during the National Farm and Home Hour. Scenes such as this are seen frequently at the more important livestock shows as the Farm and Home Hour microphones are on hand to "cover" the news for farm listeners throughout the country.



Glenn Snyder speaking by short-wave during ground-breaking ceremonies for WLS' new K.W. transmitter, April 12, 1938. Snyder is speaking of plans for greater service over a wider midwestern area through new transmitter. Left of picture, John Baker, Special Events Director; Tom Rowe, Chief Engineer (at Snyder's right); extreme right, "Check" Stafford, who broadcasts farm news in the early morning.



THE COUNTRY STORE

BARGAINS IN MUSIC!

- Radio Hymns of Edward MacHugh.....55c, two—\$1 (As sung by the Gospel Singer over NBC)
- Radio Hymns of "Smiling Ed" McConnell.....\$1 (Both books with pictures, etc. of Singers)
- Sacred Solos for Low Voice..... Two books—\$1
- Sacred Solos for High Voice..... Two books—\$1
- Solos & Duets No. 3 (just out—185 songs).....\$1
- Stories of Hymns We Love (by Rudin).....\$1
- Book of Radio Poems (new collection).....\$1.50 (As heard on programs of noted Stars)

Phonograph for Your Home—\$9.50

Beautiful table model. Mahogany finish. Extra good tone. Plays the new 12" records.

POPULAR SONGS sent by mail in a hurry. Name the songs wanted. 3 songs \$1. One copy 35c.

NEW RADIO-SHEET SONGS—15c each, 4 songs or 4 copies for 50c. Here are the Titles: "Carry Me Home to the Dear Old South," "Mother Kissed Me in a Dream Last Night," "When the Golden Bells of Heaven Call Us Home," "America My Own."

Small Folding Organ—\$45.00

For your home or Studio. 4-Octave keyboard. Very sweet tone. Carry it about like an Accordion. All items listed above sent prepaid. Order by postal money order. Stamps OK for amounts less than \$1.

If what you want is not listed here—write for it.

Hardy Music Company

"The Latest in Music—the Quickest to You"

57 E. JACKSON ST., CHICAGO

M. M. earned \$267, three weeks, raising mushrooms in cellar! Exceptional, but your cellar, shed perhaps suitable. We buy crops. Book free. United, 3848 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 296, Chicago.

WIN CHEST OF SILVER OR SET OF DISHES

This is the third year that the Family Photograph Company has given away, absolutely free, three Chests of Luxor Silver or three 35-Piece Sets of fine Dinner Dishes with the winners' initials on each piece in 23 Karat Gold each week! All you have to do to enter is get out any little Kodak films or snapshots and mail them in. We will enlarge them to a full 5x7 inches and have our artists hand tint each one in Natural Color Oils. The entire cost is 50c for each picture enlarged and colored, plus a few cents postage. And each week the judges select the three most interesting pictures for the awards. Winners are notified on our Grand Ole Opry programs each Saturday at 10:30 and by mail. Our special process makes your pictures into a fadeless, permanent form that you will treasure always. Get out those little snapshots right now and mail them to us. Send no money, pay the postman 50c plus a few cents postage. Your original returned unharmed. We prefer to work from Negatives but no extra charge is made for prints. Any picture is a treasure as the years roll by but a 5x7 hand colored enlargement will be a joy forever and you may be the winner of a fine 25-Piece Chest of Luxor Silver or a 35-Piece Set of Dinner Dishes. Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly refunded. Be sure and tell us color you want the hair and eyes to be. Send your snapshots to *Family Photograph Company, Dept. RR-2, 2411 West End Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.*

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Is your radio in good working condition?

Is your aerial up high?

Are the tubes in your set okay?

If you can answer yes to all these questions, and you are still having trouble with the clarity and quality of your radio reception, write Dr. Fix-It, care Rural Radio Magazine, just what your trouble is. Write fully. He may be able, through RURAL RADIO, to help you and your neighbors.

This Month's Question:

Are you having interference when you dial AMERICAN STATIONS from stations located in CUBA or MEXICO?

In other words, when you are dialing your favorite American station at a certain number on your dial, when you dial it accurately do you still find another station from Cuba or Mexico "crowding it" and interfering with your radio reception?

If you do, write Dr. Fix-It all about it at once. You'll be able to help yourself and perhaps thousands of others if you write fully of your own experiences. Remember the address: RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE, Nashville, Tenn.

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