



The KWTO DIAL

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THE DIAL

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

If the numbers 11-49 appear after your name on the address label at the top of page 20, your subscription expires with this issue. Address correspondence and renewals to Editor of The Dial, care of KWTO, Springfield, Missouri. The Editor will be happy to answer your inquiries about past and present KWTO personalities and fill your requests for pictures you'd like to see in The Dial.



★ STAR-OF-THE-MONTH

From a Springfield, Ohio, orphanage to the role of one of America's best-loved band leaders—that's the Horatio Alger story of Freddie Martin, heard at 9 a. m. for Tide.



★ BABY OF THE MONTH—NEWEST ARRIVAL AT THE GEORGE EARLES'

This grinning cherub with the kewpie curl is Royal Brent Wilson, four-month-old son of George Earle and Dickie Wilson and pride of his brother, Ricky, who's "going on four." Brent's disposition is as sunny

as the smile he wore for his first picture. His favorite playmate is the mournful little pooch with the jingle bell at his throat, although the panda in the corner obligingly plays "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

"LUCKY SUBSCRIBER" CONTEST

ONLY DIAL FAMILIES
ELIGIBLE TO ENTER

How would you like to win a handsome \$240 Maytag Dutch Oven Gas Range, fitted for natural gas or butane—one that cooks a whole meal on retained heat?

And if you won it, how would you like to bring a friend or relative and spend a day as the guest of KWTO, lunch with your favorite star, dine at the beautiful Kentwood Arms Hotel and spend the night there?

But suppose you weren't quite lucky enough to place first, and won, instead, an \$80 Zenith radio, 7-tube AM and FM, with the largest speaker of any table model radio made in America? Or a lovely Bulova wrist watch, a \$33.75 value? Or a \$30 Sunbeam pop-up toaster? Or two cases (\$30 worth) of Yellow Bonnet Coffee, sealed fresh to "open fresh"? Or a whole fourth-of-a-ton of Lipscomb's 36% hog supplement?

Or one of three \$10 cash prizes, one of four \$5 cash prizes . . . or even a sepia portrait photo of your favorite KWTO program's stars, autographed especially to you?

All these are offered in The Dial's \$500 "Lucky Subscriber" Contest, easy to enter, easy to win, and open to Dial subscribers only. That means your chances of success are far greater than in any contest of national scope, because this one is kept right in the Dial Family!

Here are the rules:

1. Contest is open to every paid-up Dial subscriber and members of his or her family, but the limit is one entry per person.

2. All entries are the property of The KWTO Dial.

3. Entries must be postmarked not later than Jan. 15, 1950, and the winner will be announced in the February Dial.

4. Complete this sentence in 50 words or less: "I like to listen to KWTO because . . ." Mail your entry to Dial Contest, care of KWTO.

5. The Rev. Carl Stillwell, Business Manager of Drury College, Springfield, will be in charge of judging, which will be based solely on sincerity and originality. It will not be based on neatness, penmanship, spelling or grammar. And, since verse-making classifies as a special talent, no entries in rhyme will be accepted.

Simple, isn't it? We have kept it so in order that every member of our Dial Family, young and old, may have a chance.

These Springfield business men are cooperating with The Dial to make our "Lucky Subscriber" Contest possible.

George Wise of Maytag Sales and Service Co., 305 E. Walnut, donor of the \$240 First

Prize. (Drop in at Maytag and see this wonderful work-saving range with the super-sized oven, the broiler you can take right to the table, and the porcelain burner bowls that are simply cleaned.

Earl Moulder of the Kentwood Arms Hotel, 700 St. Louis St., who has made a suite available for the First Prize Winner and a relative or friend on the evening of his or her "Luckiest Subscriber" Day.

Max Van Hook of the Four-States Distributing Co., 700 E. Brower, donor of the Second Prize \$80 Zenith Radio.

Lawrence Shirk of Shirk's Jewelry Co., 312 St. Louis St., donor of the Third Prize \$33.75 Bulova Watch.

Lester E. Cox of Ozark Motor and Supply Co., 308 S. Jefferson, donor of the Fourth Prize \$30 Sunbeam Toaster.

Ben McDonald of Springfield Grocer Co., donor of the Fifth Prize—a year's supply (two case of 24 cans each) of Yellow Bonnet Coffee, sealed fresh to "open fresh."

Forrest Lipscomb, Sr., of Lipscomb Grain and Feed Co., donor of the Sixth Prize—5 100-lb. sacks of 26% Hog Supplement. (And if you don't keep pigs, sell it to someone who does!)

KWTO offers these additional awards:

Ten dollars in cash to the seventh, eighth and ninth place winners.

Five dollars in cash to those who place 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th.

And to the five runners-up: Autographed portrait photos by Reuel Haymes of whichever KWTO program's stars they select.

As an added feature, to stimulate interest in the "Lucky Subscriber" Contest, there is a special offer on The Dial: 13 months for the price of 12, \$1.

So sharpen your pencils, Dial readers. And tell your friends about our easy-to-enter, easy-to-win contest. Help us make it a rip-snorting success!

★ COVER CONTEST

George Rhodes and Senator Hornfeathers, models, and Reuel Haymes, our photographer, collaborated on this month's cover. Although the tale it tells is exaggerated on purpose, any hunter who has ever been caught with his gun unloaded and ready for cleaning when game was smack in front of him will appreciate it. Is the Senator a real deer? All we can tell you is that he's a close friend of Springfieldian Massey Holland.

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

Joe and Mary Slattery have found a remorseance that keeps small Jimmy from handling merchandise in toy departments and wrecking knick-knacks in the homes of friends they call on. "Don't look with your hands," they tell him. "Just look with your eyes" . . . Jimmy was terrified of the Hallowe'en masks other neighborhood youngsters were wearing—until he got one of his own . . . Revay Evans' cousin Bolivar has a small son who admires Loyd extravagantly, but who thinks that any time a radio is on, it means that Loyd is working. "Let's turn the radio off," he demands every Sunday. "Loyd wants to rest today" . . . C. C. Keller enjoyed the M. U.-Illinois U. game as the guest of the Edwardsville, Ill., County Agent, stopping on the way there to pick up his son, Warren, a student in chemical engineering at Rolla.

Although there was no October Cover Contest in connection with the picture of C. C. Williford and his cat, Mrs. Britton Baker of Eureka Springs and Hayden Gaines of Willard sent in sprightly verses about it. Said Gaines: "If I should have a Grandpa, and sit upon his knee, I'd want the rollicking, laughing type—just like our own C. C." . . . Williford bought so many October Dials to send to friends, he was allowed the newsstand rate . . . "That cat," he told the Dial Editor, "can jump like nothing you ever saw. He can jump eighteen feet!" The Editor tucked tongue in cheek. "How high?" she said pointedly. "Well," he backed down, "pretty high, anyway" . . . Pat and Lou Black, their cat and dog have moved into the house Bill and Louise Bailey and Rhea Beth vacated to move to Galloway, a comfortable commuting distance from town. "Next time there's switching like that going on," said "Pop" Carter, still looking for a house for his brood of four, "cut me in on it."

Every mother thinks her baby is mighty wonderful, but Jean Stone Nickel and her husband, Woodrow, daughter and son-in-law of Al and Lee Stone, are positive of it. Five-months-old Jack was born shortly after Al and Lee left California early last summer, so they've never seen him. Jean writes that talent scouts judge him 99 4/10 perfect for photography, want to use his picture as calendar art and to advertise baby food. He'll make his advertising debut in Radio Television Magazine next month, and agencies are so anxious to use him that Jean

doesn't even have to take him to a studio—photographers come to the house . . . "They say he's marvelous," she writes, "and who am I to dispute it?" . . . Householders now, no longer apartment-dwellers, are Chuck and Bonnie Hessington and their two curly-headed youngsters. They've found a home on East Elm St., a block and a half beyond Aunt Martha's . . . Five-year-old Bonnie Sharon, is, like most small fry, fond of yodeling, although she doesn't pronounce it right. "When," she wants to know, "will Penny Nichols start 'noodling' again?"

When Chuck Bowers and Doc Martin entertained at the Rountree School carnival and pie supper, and Chuck tried his skill as a cake walk-caller and pie autioneer, his success was almost too gratifying. He was hoarse, next day, from two-and-a-half hours of tonsil-straining work . . . Nonetheless he suggested a cake walk to planners of a similar function at Mansfield High School. "I didn't know what to do," he confessed, "when each person who'd win a cake would give it back and we'd have to start all over again. Finally we gave away two cakes—and they still came back. I finally had to call the whole thing off to keep from losing my voice, or we'd all be there yet!" . . . The Goodwill Family has been having a lot of fun on personals—Lowry City, Eldon, Valley Springs and Harrison in Arkansas, Squires, Mo. (a fox hunt)—except that every time they take George Rhodes' car, they have a flat.

Slim Wilson and Zed Tennis, those two Nixa nitwits, and Bob White, appear on several programs as the Prairie Playboys, but you can drop the "prairie" part as far as the Dial Editor is concerned. She climbed into her pint-sized Crosley one evening about 5:30, after a hard day's work, started the car, shifted into reverse, started to back out—nothing happened. The car wouldn't budge—in low, in second, in high. The Editor called a wrecker, resigned to expensive repairs for transmission trouble, while News Chief Floyd Sullivan and assorted unknown bystanders looked on sympathetically . . . Finally, as the wrecker crew was ready to haul the ailing conveyance away, someone noticed something under the car. Six two-by-fours, "borrowed" from carpenters remodeling the studios, had been used to jack up the axle. Hallowe'en, for the Editor and the "playboys," had arrived two weeks early.



IT'S A CARNIVAL! WATCH THAT CARTER CREW TAKE THE AIR

Come to KWTO and see the Carter Family broadcast—at 7 a. m. for Biederman's, at 12 noon for MFA Mutual Insurance Co., at 3:45 p. m. for Red Star Flour's "Cornfield Foll-ees Time!" Mother Maybelle, her three lovely daughters and guitarist Chet Adkins have more personality than Dale Carnegie, more fun than a cross-eyed pigeon on a merry-go-round, and they've got music coming out of their ears!

They'll be easy to recognize. June ("I'm the middle 'un'") Carter is the marathon talker. She's got more to say than a Congressman with a galleryful of constituents. The words bubble from the pert, pretty mouth under her turned-up freckled nose so fast, machine guns should take lessons! Her brown eyes dance and her reddish-brown curls bob up and down as she asks Chet, "Have ye got the tizzick today?" And then, in an aside to Lou Black—"that's the same as the asthmy, back in Virginny." When she isn't talking, bouncing up and down and singing one of those wacky songs, she plays the "auto-harp," and that's Virginny for "zither."

According to Mother Maybelle, (who looks as young as one of her chicks and is the real beauty of the four), June, just 19, was

the tomboy of the family, although all three love to swim and ride horseback, and miss the saddle horses they sold when they left Richmond.

Helen, the oldest, is blonde, extremely pretty, with dark eyes and delicate, Dresden-figurine features. All the Carters compose at the drop of a quarter note, but Helen is the most prolific song-writer, with such tunes as "I've Been Bitten by the Same Bug Twice" and "Tears Won't Bring My Darlin' Back" to her credit. She's the accordionist in the group and was, as her mother describes it, "the doll-playin'est little girl you ever saw." Helen sings a sweet, clear alto, likes to sing solos of the Eddie Arnold type such as "Wedding Bells."

Baby of the family, who has been in Hilton, Va., living with Maybelle's brother while she went to school, is Anita. "Nita could carry a tune from the time she could talk," her mother tells you proudly, "and started singing with us when she was just four."

"I wrote a song when I was six," the 16-year-old puts in. "It was called 'Headin' for a Great Big Ride,' probably because I'd seen so many western movies." Her other

(Continued on page SIXTEEN)

HILLBILLY HEARTBEATS . . .

BY MAY KENNEDY McCORD
"QUEEN OF THE OZARKS"

Greetings friends:

May I come in with my "nickel's worth" in our fascinating little magazine, *The Dial*?

Someway, I just have it in mind today to write about a thing which is full of sentiment, a sort of choking-up sentiment . . . Several years ago, when I was on the newspaper conducting a contributor's column, some woman sent me a letter about hands. Just hands. I never knew who sent it. It was a strange letter with a deep, human pathos. I remember that our dear late Mary Elizabeth Mahnkey said it was among the best things from a literary standpoint that anyone ever contributed to the column. The woman wrote this:

"Dear May: So many things that used to be respected and honored belong now to the limbo of forgotten things, and among them are toil-worn hands. The present generation has little use for them.

"When I have cooked my Sunday dinner, washed the dishes and swept the kitchen, I put on my Sunday attire and timidly sidle into the front room where the young folks are holding forth. I sit uneasily, trying to cover the knobby fingers of first one hand, then the other, meanwhile endeavoring to arrange my feet so the bunions are not so dreadfully prominent. I feel that I am the target of a dozen or so pairs of bright but appraising eyes. And while I know they are willing to make allowances, I feel that they are secretly thinking how much better I would look in the kitchen.

"If I happen to go out and be with a group of up-to-date young women, I am more self-conscious and out of place than ever. Of course they are lovely to me and they say sweet things, but I see a half-pitying look in their young eyes, and they are no doubt saying, 'Poor old thing, will I ever look like that?'"

"Ah yes—toil-worn hands may supply a theme for the sentimentally inclined, but they bring forth no bids in the marts of the world. And at last the undertaker skillfully drapes them with a graceful little scarf."

That was her letter, this woman I have never known. This is the reply I made to her in May, 1932. And after all these years, I have not forgotten her letter.

"My dear," I said, "I wish you would not take that morbid view, because you are feeling something which perhaps doesn't exist. Any hands which can write a letter so beautiful and touching as yours are lovely hands.

"Nobody loves an over-jeweled, over-manicured, creamed and massaged hand which has lost all soul and character. Particularly on a mother; such hands leave us cold! I do not have beautiful hands, but they are hands which the lord and master around this house used to think were tapering and white and altogether lovely. But they have rocked the cradle and dressed the dead, filled hot water bottles for wracking pain and carried poultices to the sick. They have helped a neighbor scrub and sew many a time in my little town. They have fondled babies and caressed their little damask cheeks, and they have also spanked them a-plenty to keep them out of the reform schools when they grew up! They have mended socks and washed and ironed, made flapjacks, curried a pony and rowed a boat on the James River when they were strong and young. They have played soft hymns for funerals and prayers, made a truckload of biscuits and washed enough dishes to set a banquet for the courts of Israel for a dozen years. Now if any set of giddy, thoughtless young people don't like these hands, they know what they can do.

"Don't ever worry about your hands, my dear. Nine chances to ten, they would buy more in the marts of the world than any white, putty hand of any Duchess Dowager that ever graced the King's court."

I hope that letter—written in the column, reached this mother. The most beautiful hands in all the world had nail-prints in them. How many mothers carry nail prints in theirs—for they have indeed been to Calvary!

* * *

The Flaming Fall Revue is on in the Ozarks! Now you can pluck a bright red leaf and almost touch the Infinite! I'm afraid we are going to have a hard cold winter, for already the goose-bone prophets are chanting. I have letters telling me that the breast bones of the wild geese were thick and tough, and that's what it means, according to all our old lore—a cold winter. And the fur on the animals is unusually thick.

Those things are not just superstition. They have their foundation in fact. I am one of the believers. And it should not bring a chill to our hearts if we do have some cold days. The cold freezes all the impurities out of this old earth and cleanses it. We have to have cold somewhere, and goodness knows we don't have much here,

(Continued on page EIGHTEEN)

HOLLIS WARREN**A THRILLING STORY OF PATIENCE AND COURAGE**

National Employ the Physically Handicapped week, the first week in October, was observed by KWTO, with great pride and little fanfare, in the most meaningful way possible. On Thursday of that week at 5 p. m. the first transcribed Hollis Warren program was heard.

Nineteen-year-old Hollis developed the first signs of acute arthritis 13 years ago. In a few more years he was too ill to attend school. In 1945 he spent five months at Missouri Baptist Hospital in St. Louis, and seven months in Noyes Hospital in Columbia, but the treatments were not successful. Further education at the Kiwanis Crippled Children's School was impossible by early 1947 and he has been bedfast since, unable to sit erect, immobilized from the waist down, even unable to raise head and shoulders above a 30 degree angle.

A good deal has been said and written about the "uses of adversity." O. Henry served a penitentiary term. Paul Bunyan wrote his greatest work in prison. Lord Byron had a club foot. Robert Louis Stevenson and the great Danish mystical philosopher Kierkegaard wrote their ways to fame wasted by tuberculosis, of which they both died young. Cartoonist Al Capp has an artificial leg. Film star Susan Peters, paralyzed by a spine injury, carries on from her wheel chair. Milton was blind, Alexander Pope a cripple.

But try "using" adversity—if you would find out what strength of character it takes.

Hollis Warren used it, used confinement to his bed and the endless stretches of time available to him to develop a talent, and with no teacher, no advisor—except his radio.

If Hollis "learned" guitar from anyone, it was Chet Adkins, a master stylist who plays his accompaniment, his harmony and his bass simultaneously. When Chet was on KWTO about six years ago Hollis listened intently to every program. His parents bought him a guitar before his father passed away in 1945, and he worked at it ceaselessly, until his head was splitting, his shoulders and arms in knots of aching, his fingers cracked and stiff. And he learned. Alone.

Several months ago a friend of the Warrens' came to KWTO and told Lou Black and Bill Ring about Hollis. "It's impossible for him to go on the air, of course," said the friend, "but go to hear him anyway. It will give him so much encouragement."

They went to hear—a guitar style similar

to Chet's, but with highly original overtones. They went to hear—a voice as sweet, as plaintive as that of Burl Ives, though less experienced. They went back, taking microphones and recording equipment with them. Then Ralph Foster, Les Kennon, Lou, Bill, Al Stone, Fritz Bauer and half the tallest staff gathered in Al's recording studio to listen, to be charmed completely. They paid his playing and his singing the highest compliment radio has to offer: "It's commercial," they said, meaning that it was a natural for sponsorship.

What was to be done? Could Hollis be brought to the studio? Alma Lohmeyer Funeral Home offered ambulance service twice a week, free. Was that better than sending an announcer and a recording engineer to his home each week to cut the programs?

You are hearing him, by recording, every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 5. It is probable that when his repertoire is greater, you will hear him oftener. You will see, in the smiling picture on page 19, more than words can tell you about his cheerfulness, and how thrilled he is that the music and song he thought would be only for his own pleasure and entertainment is now shared with thousands upon thousands of people all over the Ozarks, some of them spunky shut-ins like himself.

Cards? Letters? He loves to get them!

★ UP BEFORE DAWN

All kinds of swell folks are up at 4 a. m. besides those with insomnia and cold poultry. So says Ray Merriott, our early morning announcer, who's at work long before the sun is. His mail on the "who's awake?" shift from 4 to 5:45 a. m. has increased steadily since KWTO started taking the air an hour earlier on Oct. 17.

"Early risers," he adds, "get little radio interference. That's why our mail is coming in now from places as far away as Cheneyville, La., 800 miles from Springfield as the crow—and radio signal—flies."

Ray's hour-and-45 minutes of disk jockeying features hillbilly records exclusively, interspersed with spot announcements for a number of mail order accounts. He has a low, pleasing, rather soothing voice, but you don't have to rise with the roosters to hear it because he's on the air 'til 10 a. m.

He is married, has two daughters, came to us from KMA in Shenandoah, Iowa. Watch for a picture of him soon in *The Dial*.

DEAR DIAL:**QUESTION COLUMN**

Q. Will there be any more "Flash and Whistler" recordings? (A. B., St. Louis, Mo.)

A. It is unlikely, unless the recording company requests them.

Q. Where is Buster Fellows?

A. Buzz is on KOAM, Pittsburg, Kan.

Q. Could we have a group picture of Chuck Bowers, Don Dailey and Junior Haworth? Why doesn't Junior have a solo program? (Dial Readers, Seymour, Mo.)

A. Sometime in the next few months we'll try to get these three boys together, although they're seldom all at the studio at the same time. Programming in radio is planned by "acts" and Junior's work is "built into" a number of them, including the Goodwill Family.

Q. Is Bill Hickman married? (M. T., Dixon, Mo.)

A. No.

Q. Where is Dick Witty and his family? (B. D., Crocker, Mo.)

A. Dick left KWTO a couple of years ago to join the announcing staff of one of the country's oldest and most famous stations, WLW in Cincinnati, and is heard from time to time on network programs originating from there. The Wittys' little boy, Mike, passed away shortly after they went to Ohio.

Q. Where is Jim West? (I. A. F., Dunnegan, Mo.)

A. Jim is doing a hillbilly disk jockey show on a local station in Los Angeles, Cal.

Q. Would like to see a picture of Don Sullivan. Is he on KWTO in person and is he married? How old is Aunt Martha? (Mrs. E. L., Mountain Grove, Mo.)

A. I've written for a picture of Don. His programs are transcribed because he lives in Kansas City. Yes, he's married, has a family. Aunt Martha says she's "old enough to vote," and that's as much as she wants to say about it.

Q. Is Chuck Bowers' wife going to sing with him? (D. M. N., Johnson, Ark.)

A. Chuck's wife says that she doesn't know whether singers are born, or whether the talent is acquired, but she missed out on both counts—especially when it comes to singing professionally.

WHO ARE THEY?**... NAME THE STARS**

Many, many Dial readers guessed the identity of one or both of last month's "quizzer kids." The first, with the initials "H. H.," happened to be Herschel (Junior) Haworth, but it might just as well have been Henry Head, whom you know as Shorty Thompson. The other, "Loren," is Dale Parker.

Try these for size, and look for the answers in next month's Dial:

1. These two happy hillbillies have the same last name, Robertson, but their radio listeners don't often hear it. You'll have a difficult time identifying them unless you follow our "From the Files" column, or unless you've been a Dial reader for a good many years.

2. Donald Charles Guess-Who is one of the few unmarried lads left on the KWTO roll. That, especially for you sweet young things, is enough of a hint. Can you last-name him?

Q. Does George Earle do the talking for his parrot, or does it actually talk and laugh? (M. J. B., Fayetteville, Ark.)

A. That, Margaret Jean, is about the only secret we have here at KWTO. Suppose we just say that to thousands of radio listeners young and old, Percy is as real as George Earle himself.

Q. Who is taller, Chuck or Slim? How tall is Don Dailey and what color are his eyes? (F. S., Cassville, Mo.)

A. Chuck and Slim are almost exactly the same height—six feet, three-and-a-half inches. Don is six feet, three inches, has bright blue eyes with a twinkle.

Q. How old is Junior Haworth's wife? Does his oldest daughter go to school? (Mrs. G. R., Marshfield.)

A. Wanna Fay is 26. Yes, Shirley Jean is of school age.

Q. How long has Slim Wilson been on KWTO? (Mrs. A. G., Squires, Mo.)

A. Slim has been with the KWTO management 17 years, except for two brief periods of absence.

Q. Will you list the hits Dale Parker has written? (D. B. P., Jerico Springs, Mo.)

A. "No Children Allowed," "Little Angel With the Dirty Face," "Evil, Tempt Me Not," "My Mother's Sweet Voice," "Till the Last Beat of My Heart," and others not yet released.



REUEL HAYMES' FLASHES IN THE KWTO PANORAMA

1. Big doings in Springfield Oct. 17 when Supreme Potentate of the Shrine, former film star Harold Lloyd, presided at a regional parade and ceremonial. He's pictured with Shrine official Ralph Foster, KWTO President and General Manager, before Abou Ben Adhem Temple.
2. Announcer-sportscaster Don Dailey is a collegian half the time, and a popular figure on SMS campus, where he is the frequent escort of lovely Virginia Pummill, daughter of Prof. L. E. Pummill.
3. Anticipation of pleasant reunions with old KWTO friends lighted up the faces of Lonnie and Thelma on the day of their return to our Ozarks fold. Sponsors were waiting for them: Willard Tablet Co. and Missouri Hydro Gas Co. at 6 a. m., Sunway Vitamins at 2:15 p. m. You're also hearing Lonnie on the Farm Hour daily and on the 10 a. m. Ike Martin program every Saturday.
4. A pirate chest, loaded with "gold" coins and an assortment of groceries, was ceremoniously opened early last month by the Dial Editor-Promotion Manager, in her office, with KWTO Assistant General Manager Leslie Kennon, and Kroger Stores' Branch Manager H. L. Lindsay, standing by. You've been hearing plenty on KWTO about the \$65,000 "Brand Name Treasure Hunt," and here are the brands whose slogans you must identify to enter it. Blanks (and coins, while they last) are available at KWTO, as well as at Kroger stores. (That's Kroger-cut ham, and not Slim Wilson's brand, in the right foreground.)



A "COWBOY"

... FROM THE HILLS

Like KWTO's Shorty Thompson, another specialist in western songs and "git-up," Don Sullivan dreamed through a hillbilly boyhood of following Horace Greeley's advice and going west when he grew up. Shorty was from Ash Grove, Don from Gainesville, and both loved horses, hunting, fishing and guitar-plunking as youngsters.

Don, the "Singing Cowboy" sponsored by the makers of Quisenberry Feeds over KWTO every Mon. through Fri. at 6:15 a. m., got his first cowboy experience in the east. He went to New York to live with his sister, found a job as a ditch-digger and wrangled dudes at a Jersey "ranch" on weekends, and finally crashed radio. Within a few years the Gainesville-to-New York "westerner" was sufficiently famous, especially on short-wave to Europe, that he was sent to France with his singing partner, Ed McBride, and broadcast over the powerful transmitter of Radio Normandie. Soon they were chosen western Europe's favorite radio act in a popularity poll, and fan clubs sprang up all over France and England. Don found many of them still in existence when he returned two years later with the U. S. Air Force.

Don has recorded for Decca and Bluebird, appeared in movies with Tim McCoy and Hopalong Cassidy and in such super westerns as "Texas," lives in Kansas City where he's captain of the Jackson County Mounted Sheriff's posse.

Don also broadcasts for Quisenberry over WHB, Kansas City, and has been coming to Springfield to record his programs each weekend.

★ OCTOBER CROSSWORD PUZZLE

A	L	S	T	O	N	E	H	Y	M	N
R	E	P	L	Y	O	A	T	E	M	U
M	A	Y	O	R	T	S	A	R	E	A
O	R	E	G	O	N	T	I	E	R	N
U		A					S	I	C	
R	U	I	N				T	A	M	E
R	T						T	I		
O	N	E	S				C	A	L	M
X	M	O					U			I
Y	S	V	I	T		U	N	R	E	A
D	A	P	L	A	Y	E	L	F	I	N
O	D	E	L	E	O	C	E	L	L	O
L	O	L	L	L	U	C	K	Y	S	T



★ PROGRAM NEWS

When the grocery list is ready for consideration, the beds are made and the breakfast dishes out of the way, it's a fine time of the morning for the relaxing, melodious music Freddie Martin and his orchestra are offering over KWTO at 9 a. m. The program is Proctor & Gamble-sponsored, features Tide, is called Show Time From Hollywood, where the Martin musicians have held forth at the famous Ambassador Hotel for years.

Williford's new sponsor at 4:30 p. m. is Sedgwick Furniture Co., now settled in its new location at the corner of South and McDaniel, and the affiliated Outlet Furniture Co.

Dr. LeGear, maker of stock and poultry-medicines, is back with us again this year, sponsoring the 11:45-50 portion of the Farm Hour Mon., Wed. and Fri. . . . Remember Superman? The report is that he's as super as ever on his new ABC-KWTO show at 8:30 p. m. Saturday.

The famous Tennessee Nursery's \$4.98 orchard offer will be made again on KWTO this season on the 7:45 Prairie Playboys program with Slim Wilson, Zed Tennis and Bob White . . . Other special offers current on KWTO include a flashlight pistol on the Lone Ranger program; a plastic rain-cap on the Perfex Kitchen Talks program.

Makers of Swift's ice cream will be running spot announcements on KWTO for the next year.

★ BACK TO TEXAS

"If it wasn't for the long hours," Zed Tennis says of Bill Ring's new position, "that'd be better than a vice-presidency!"

It was Bill's sparkling success with his 8:15 a. m. Taystee Bread Time on KWTO that brought him his wonderful new opportunity with Purity Bakers, makers of Taystee. Bill will live in Houston, Tex., broadcasting every morning at 11:45 over KXYZ, Houston, WBAP, Fort Worth-Dallas, KFDM, Beaumont, and KFDX, Wichita Falls. The show is to be called Bill Ring Time, and will include a special musical group of four. He'll return to KWTO every weekend to transcribe, with Bill Hickman, Zed Tennis and Bob White, his KWTO show.

Bill was re-introduced to Texas, his home state, at a big reception for grocers and dealers from all over the state. Plenty of publicity in local papers heralded his arrival.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

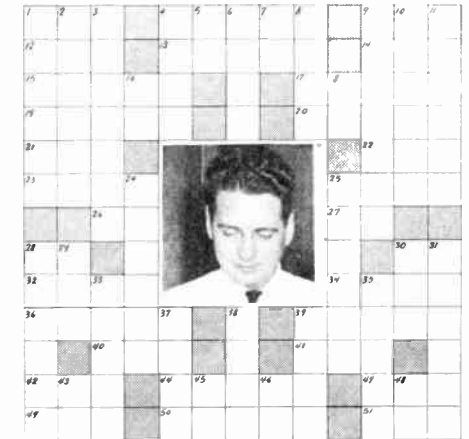
By Joe Slattery

ACROSS

- and 4. Pictured star.
- Colgate detergent advertised on KWTO.
- Present tense plural of "be."
- Great trunk artery.
- Suffix used in forming names of certain hydrocarbons.
- More bare.
- To drive fast.
- Vast body of salt water.
- To count up the score.
- Spanish for "hurrah!"
- "Bee" flying backwards.
- Russian river (also girl's name).
- "Hardy" without the "h."
- Printer's measure.
- Transcribed (ab.).
- Fourth note of the scale.
- Associated Press.
- A fairytale monster or giant.
- U. S. Transportation Assoc. (ab.).
- Suspicious or shy of.
- Prefix meaning "among" or "between."
- Point on the compass.
- Latin for "goddess."
- First woman.
- Big.
- Spanish for "river."
- Large rodent.
- Heroine of KWTO's 1 p. m. program.
- Nickname for "Kenneth."

DOWN

- Large ape.
- Ancient source of wisdom and revelations.
- To deprive and bring grief to.
- To caution.
- "Westward, —."
- Basic metal.
- Troop transport (ab.).
- Where the sun rises.
- Insect's antennae.
- Given extreme unction to (archaic).
- Baby talk for "off to bed, now."
- Each (ab.).
- Slang for "father."
- Enrages.
- To bring into harmony; tune.
- Coffee manufacturer sponsoring "Judy and Jane."
- Era.
- Consumed.
- Preacher.
- To set type over again.
- Famous apple grower.
- To scream or shout.
- To cause to revolve or rotate.
- A thought, plan or concept.



- Veterans' Administration (ab.).
- Three-toed sloth of South America.
- Good (ab.).
- Stenographer's abbreviated meaning "to wit."

★ OZARKOLOGY

Thank "Squint" Thompson, of the Little Crossroads Store at Ozarkanna Corners, for these homespun observations on the holiday we observe this month:

"Concernin' Thanksgiving' Day, h'it's when folks oughter give thanks fer all the things they got, such as homes and husbins, er wives, as the case may be; fer shoes and stockin's and stoves and bread and butter, er oleo as the case may be; fer beds with plenty of kivvers, big hankys, warm clothes—plain er fancy as the case may be; fer days of sunshine and fer the rain and snow as needed fer moischerizin' the ground, and fer friends and neighbors.

"On Thanksgiving' Day folks oughter also give thanks fer things they ain't got, sech as bad colds, broke legs, rheumatiz' and contrary dispersions.

"Yep, up to dinnertime on Thanksgiving' Day folks should be full of thanks. After thet time they should be full of dinner. Reckon h'it wuz the Pilgrgim Fathers as started Thanksgiving' Day, but h'it wuz the Pilgrim Mothers whut got up the Thanksgiving' feed—and mothers still do. Indeed, they's nothin' as makes a body feel as if the world wuz full of blessin's.

"So, if you be alive on Thanksgiving' Day you should be thankful thet yore still enjoyin' life; but if yore dead you should be thankful you don't have to trouble to live no longer!"

PORTSIDE PATTERN . . .

GEORGE EARLE LIKES
HIS ADOPTED OZARKS

Gee. I like people! More especially, people in the Ozarks! I'm glad I came to Springfield over 17 years ago with the radio station. I've become acquainted with thousands of persons—good friends—and, with very few exceptions, everyone has been swell to me. True, I haven't made a lot of money. Perhaps I might have been much better off financially had I accepted one of the several jobs that have been offered to me to go to a larger city. However, I'm sure I couldn't have had as much fun and met so many people genuinely interested in my welfare. After all, money is something you can't take with you.

I've thoroughly enjoyed—and still do!—the kind of work I'm doing on KWTO. I not only feel I've helped and cheered thousands along with bits of tomfoolery, but I know I've been encouraged by the many wonderful cards and letters I've received.

Folks say when they first meet me that they feel like they have known me personally for a long time because of my broadcasts. I have that same feeling toward them. There's no getting around it, I'm just a big country boy at heart, and I reckon that's why I feel so much at home when I visit with folks in the Ozarks.

That's why I enjoy my Meek's Man-on-the-Street programs, which give me a chance to meet so many people. Likewise, the fellowship that sparks our Breakfast at Keller's programs each Saturday morning is heartening indeed. I do wish more of you ladies would drop in! Yes, bring a friend or neighbor along and enjoy the party spirit with us. We'd be delighted to have you, and I promise you such a good time you'll want to come back often. Get there by 8:45 to share in all the fun.

A lot of folks have suggested they'd like for us to start the Community Sing programs again. Remember them? We held them every Saturday afternoon in the American Legion Auditorium in Springfield. Folks came from miles around to join in singing old and new popular songs, ballads and hymns of the churches. Would you like us to start another such broadcast? We'd be glad to entertain a motion.

Meanwhile, friends, when you come to Springfield, drop into KWTO to see us. We're never too busy to say "hello" and

welcome you to our studios. After all, if it weren't for your loyal listening and your splendid patronage of our sponsors, we wouldn't be here. So, I can say in all sincerity, I'm glad to have you drop in, talk with us, and invite us to your communities for programs and things. Yes, indeed. I like people, but more especially, people in the Ozarks!

INQUIRING REPORTER

Bettie Low—When you were a child, what did you daydream of being when you grew up?

Al Stone—I wanted to be a railroad man or an engineer on a large railroad, because I enjoyed watching the big engines go by. And I still do!

Don Dailey—I got my wish. I wanted to be an announcer on a radio station.

Lou Black—I always loved to play baseball (and still do), so I wanted to be a ball player. And I was, for a time.

Aunt Martha—I like entertaining. I always did, even when I was a child and there were no shows around I always hoped to be one.

Lloyd Evans—I thought someday I would like to be a master of ceremonies, one of those very glib fellows who have all the answers. Radio announcing comes mighty close to it, though, doesn't it?



GENE MONBECK

The Whippoorwills have left us to fill lucrative engagements in Ohio, but many of you had asked to see a picture of the youngest of them, so here he is anyway.

SCHEDULE FOR NOVEMBER



WEEKDAYS AND SATURDAY

4:00 a. m.—Yawn Patrol
 5:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 6:00 a. m.—Lonnie and Thelma
 6:15 a. m.—Don Sullivan
 6:15 a. m.—R. F. D. Roundup (S)
 6:30 a. m.—Goodwill Family
 6:45 a. m.—Goodwill Family (M-W-F)
 7:00 a. m.—Carter Family
 7:15 a. m.—Yellow Bonnet Show (M-W-F)
 7:15 a. m.—Slim Wilson (T-Th-S)
 7:30 a. m.—Newscast
 7:45 a. m.—Prairie Playboys
 7:45 a. m.—Goodwill Family (S)
 8:00 a. m.—Chuck Bowers
 8:15 a. m.—Bill Ring Show
 8:15 a. m.—Church Page (S)
 8:25 a. m.—Weatherman Williford
 8:30 a. m.—Breakfast Club—ABC
 8:30 a. m.—Jordanaires (S)
 8:45 a. m.—Rev. W. E. Dowell (S)
 9:00 a. m.—Freddie Martin Orchestra
 9:00 a. m.—Breakfast at Kellers (S)
 9:15 a. m.—What's New
 9:25 a. m.—Betty Crocker—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—Markets
 9:30 a. m.—Farm News, Markets (S)
 9:45 a. m.—Newscast
 10:00 a. m.—Chuck Bowers
 10:00 a. m.—Meet Your Neighbor (S)
 10:15 a. m.—Kitchen Talks
 10:30 a. m.—Guide to Happier Living
 10:30 a. m.—What's New (S)
 10:45 a. m.—Slim Wilson
 11:00 a. m.—Ozark Farm Hour
 11:00 a. m.—Girls' Corps—ABC (S)
 11:15 a. m.—Markets
 11:20 a. m.—Farm Hour
 11:30 a. m.—Ark. Conservation Comm. (S)
 11:45 a. m.—Farm Front (S)
 12:00 noon—The Carter Family
 12:15 p. m.—Goodwill Family
 12:30 p. m.—Newscast
 12:45 p. m.—Man on the Street
 1:00 p. m.—Linda's First Love
 1:00 p. m.—Football Game (S)
 1:15 p. m.—Ma Perkins
 1:30 p. m.—Bride and Groom—ABC
 1:30 p. m.—Football Game (S)
 2:00 p. m.—Judy and Jane
 2:00 p. m.—Football Game (S)
 2:15 p. m.—Lonnie and Thelma

2:30 p. m.—Ladies Be Seated—ABC
 2:55 p. m.—Ted Malone
 3:00 p. m.—Galen Drake
 3:15 p. m.—Chuck Bowers
 3:30 p. m.—Saddle Rockin' Rhythm
 3:45 p. m.—Cornfield Follies
 4:00 p. m.—Creamo News
 4:15 p. m.—Markets
 4:25 p. m.—Do You Know
 4:30 p. m.—Weatherman Williford
 4:35 p. m.—Everett Mitchell (M-W-F)
 4:35 p. m.—Interlude (T-Th-S)
 4:45 p. m.—Rev. W. E. Dowell
 4:45 p. m.—Tea and Crumpets—ABC (S)
 5:00 p. m.—Guest Star (M-W-F)
 5:00 p. m.—Hollis Warren (T-Th)
 5:00 p. m.—Four Knights (S)
 5:15 p. m.—Ozark Newsettes
 5:25 p. m.—One Man's Opinion—ABC
 5:30 p. m.—J. Armstrong—ABC (M-W-F)
 5:30 p. m.—Sky King—ABC (T-Th)
 5:30 p. m.—Here's To Veterans (S)
 5:45 p. m.—Christian Science Program (S)
 6:00 p. m.—Newscast
 6:15 p. m.—Sports Spotlight
 6:30 p. m.—Lone Ranger—ABC (M-W-F)
 6:30 p. m.—Counterspy—ABC (T-Th)
 6:30 p. m.—Time for Music—ABC (S)

SUNDAY PROGRAMS

6:30 a. m.—Pipes of Melody
 6:45 a. m.—Sunday Morning Reveries
 7:00 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 7:30 a. m.—Goodwill Family
 8:00 a. m.—Newscast
 8:15 a. m.—Sermons in Song
 8:30 a. m.—May Kennedy McCord
 8:45 a. m.—Al and Lee Stone
 9:00 a. m.—Message of Israel—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—The Southernaires—ABC
 10:00 a. m.—Voice of Prophecy—ABC
 10:30 a. m.—Hour of Faith—ABC
 11:00 a. m.—Guidepost for Living
 11:15 a. m.—First Baptist Church
 12:00 noon—Homes on the Land
 12:15 p. m.—Cote Glee Club
 12:30 p. m.—Sermons in Song
 1:00 p. m.—Newscast
 1:15 p. m.—Drury Quarter Hour
 1:30 p. m.—Mr. President—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Blue Barron Presents
 2:15 p. m.—National Guard Show
 2:30 p. m.—Southern Baptist Hour—ABC
 3:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of Music
 3:30 p. m.—Voices That Live
 4:00 p. m.—Family Closeup
 4:30 p. m.—Greatest Story—ABC
 5:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson—ABC
 5:15 p. m.—Monday Headlines—ABC
 5:30 p. m.—Author Meets Critic—ABC
 6:00 p. m.—Think Fast—ABC

6:30 p. m.—Standby—ABC
 7:00 p. m.—Stop the Music—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell—ABC
 8:15 p. m.—Jergens Journal—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—**Chance of a Lifetime**—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Lutheran Hour—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Newscast
 9:45 p. m.—George Sokolsky—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—News of Tomorrow—ABC
 10:15 p. m.—Thoughts in Passing—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

MONDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Share the Wealth—ABC
 7:25 p. m.—Scouting the Stars—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Buddy Weed Trio—ABC
 7:45 p. m.—Henry J. Taylor—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Kate Smith Calls—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Keynotes by Carle
 9:15 p. m.—Kate Smith Calls—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Joe Hasel—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

TUESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of the Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Featured Orchestra
 9:00 p. m.—Time for Defense—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—**As We See It**—ABC
 9:45 p. m.—Let Freedom Ring—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Joe Hasel—ABC
 10:15 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Amazing Mr. Malone—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Sherlock Holmes—ABC
 7:55 p. m.—Detective of Week—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Boris Karloff—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—The Croupier—ABC

9:00 p. m.—Salon Serenade
 9:30 p. m.—**On Trial**—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Joe Hasel—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

THURSDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of the Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Spotlight on Industry
 7:45 p. m.—Three-Quarter Time
 8:00 p. m.—Original Amateur Hour—ABC
 8:45 p. m.—Robert Montgomery—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Treasury Band Show—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Someone You Know—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Joe Hasel—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

FRIDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—The Fat Man—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—This Is Your FBI—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Ozzie and Harriet—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—The Sheriff—ABC
 8:55 p. m.—Champion Roll Call—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Gillette Fights—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—American Sports Page—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Joe Hasel—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
 10:35 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

SATURDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of the Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Superman—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Gregory Hood Case Book—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Hollywood Bylines—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—National Barn Dance—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Hayloft Frolic
 9:45 p. m.—Shamrock Hotel Orch.—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Tops in Sports—ABC
 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC

YOUR STARLORE

BY OPAL PORTER

The deep, mystical sign, Scorpio, has always intrigued me with its double symbol, the eagle and the scorpion. Guess I've been fortunate in meeting the eagle type; no truer friends have I found along life's pathway than those who celebrate their birthdays between October 24 and November 23.

Never expect to best a Scorpio native. They may be down today, but will rise with double determination tomorrow. You know, "The glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."

Scorpio has, for its seventh house of marriage, the equally fixed and determined sign of Taurus. It thrills me to meet couples who have married in their respective seventh houses. I don't believe there would be so many divorces if this were the general rule.

If I were you Scorpio gals, I'd set my sights on a Taurian. They customarily prosper. Besides, they have other qualifications to recommend them.

Scorpio's money house rules professions, offering a clue to their source of income. So many able lawyers, doctors and musicians come out of this wonderful water sign. Hats off and Happy Birthday!

THE CARTER FAMILY

CONT. FROM
PAGE FIVE

accomplishments in addition to brown-haired, brown-eyed girlish sweetness: Bass-fiddle playing, a melancholy soprano that is half-wail, half-flute note on old ballads and such songs as "I'm Fadin' Fast." She is the one who most resembles handsome "Pop" Carter, a retired railway mail clerk whose musical "gals" would be lost without his skillful management. He arrived at KWTO a week behind them, bringing some of the furniture from their comfortable Richmond, Va., home with him.

Wide-set, gray-green eyes, a generous mouth that smiles quickly, dark hair, shoulder length, combed into soft waves, a petite figure—that describes Mother Maybelle. Born in Nicholasville, Va., she started playing banjo at eight, took up guitar and zither when she was 13. In her late 'teens she married her beau from "across the mountain" at Mason's Springs and left the home of her merchant-father. Maybelle didn't miss, for long, the duets she'd played and sung with her brother, "Doc," a guitarist who also made a name for himself in radio as one of the Virginia Boys. E. J.'s brother, A. P., and his wife, Sarah, were just as adept at "pickin' and singin'" with her.

In 1927 an RCA-Victor talent scout came into the Blue Ridge mountains looking for "unspoiled, native hillbilly talent," and bringing his recording equipment with him.

"We," Maybelle says briefly and with a hint of a grin, "were it." Right then and there, before they could change their minds, the original Carter Family was put on wax singing "Weeping Willow," one of the oldest ballads Maybelle can remember from her childhood, and "Single Girl, Married Girl." It was just a year after her marriage, and although E. J. didn't know it at the time (and has never minded since), he had a sure-fire musician on his hands and she was ready to bring her youngsters up the same way.

The Carters "clumb to fame," as the girls say jokingly, along with another familiar hillbilly artist, Jimmy Rogers, making two recordings a year until 1938. In that year the super-powerful, 1,500,000-watt station at Del Rio, Tex., made an offer they couldn't refuse. With Jeanette and Joe, A. P.'s children, Helen, June and four-year-old Anita added to the act, they trailed across the middle-west like a parade and made their mike debut. To get an idea of their popularity—they got mail from every state in the Union and four Canadian provinces, and received 9,000 letters, with boxtops enclosed,

their last day on the air.

"When spring came, we got homesick for Virginny," Maybelle recalls, "so we packed up and went back to Mason's City, stopping off at San Antoine to make records. Our whole life's been like that—into the mountains we get homesick for, and out of them again 'cause we get homesick for a microphone. Next stop was WBT, Charlotte, N. C., and then the old act broke up and E. J. and the girls and I moved to Richmond. For the next few years we'd work at various stations—WRNL and WRVA in Richmond, WNOX in Knoxville—and go home every summer."

At the latter station Chet Adkins, who has one of the most facile and colorful guitar styles on records, was added to the act, and he's with them here at KWTO. The week before their arrival was spent in Chicago making half-a-dozen new records to add to their growing collection of postwar RCA-Victor releases. "Kneeling Drunkard's Plea" (Helen wrote it), "Why Do You Weep, Dear Willow," "Walk a Little Closer," and many others.

If The Dial were double its present size, there'd still not be room to list the songs those busy Carter craniums have produced—hymns like "Closer to Jesus" and "Day of Wrath," written by Maybelle; novelties like June's "Root, Hawg, or Die," ballads and religious numbers on which the whole family has collaborated, with cheerful squabbles over chords and keys and words.

We repeat the invitation: Come and see them! Come early and watch them arrive at the station, trailing coats, scarves, sweaters, instruments; laughing, giggling, gabbing (that's June). It's like a carnival coming to town—a carnival of five people who can't wait to get at their special brand of musical fun. Who's that 'way back there? Oh. That's Chet. He's out-numbered, out-talked and out-sprinted, but he's always there on time anyway, with a drawing wit and music that will start you dancing!

★ A MEDITATION

Al Stone selects this lovely stanza of sacred rhyme, one of his favorites, to share with Dial readers:

**Men may misjudge thy aim,
Think they have cause to blame,
Say, "Thou art wrong."
Keep on the quiet way—
Christ is the judge, not they.
Fear not; be strong!**

★ LOCAL ROVER BOY

Certainly the most peripatetic vacation taken by any KWTO-er was that of Bill Hickman, pianist on Bill Ring's 8:15 a. m. Taystee Bread show. And as an example of the circles he traveled in—he swam in Lake Michigan, the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico in less than two weeks.

Bill traveled by car with a friend, and their first stop was Chicago, where they spent two days listening to good orchestras. Bill had a chat with Les Paul, famous guitarist and former KWTO personality, whose trio is playing at the Blue Note there. Then they went on to Washington, D. C., to attend the Kappa Alpha fraternity convention and see the sights—Mount Vernon, Lee's home in Arlington cemetery, the National Art Gallery. There Bill was thrilled with Van Gogh's "Olive Orchard," and has since been trying to buy a copy of it.

The boys went on to Savannah Beach, staying at the picturesque Gen. Oglethorpe Hotel on a privately owned island in the Atlantic. They tanned in the coastal sun there, again at Pensacola, Fla., for two days, and went on to New Orleans to spend several days browsing in the French Quarter. "We were so tired of sea food by then," Bill reported, "that we ate charcoal steaks in the Roosevelt Hotel every night instead of visiting the famous restaurants."

Bill was away two weeks and three days, took up his duties as a teacher of piano and harmony at Drury College on his return.

★ KIERNAN ON KWTO

One of the most amusing men in America, John Kiernan, whose brilliant mind is a warehouse of rich and human experience, wit and anecdote, has joined the list of ABC luminaries heard over KWTO. Kiernan is a former sports writer who gained national fame as one of the experts on Information Please, and later as a syndicated columnist. His One Man's Opinion, heard at 5:25 p. m. over KWTO at a time when all members of the family can enjoy it, is sponsored by Phillip Morris.

MEET THE MISSUS

Homer and Jethro have returned to Springfield several times to wind up affairs here before moving permanently to the west coast, where they're joining the Spike Jones troupe. However Elizabeth (Mrs. Homer, right) hastened to her mother's home in Ohio to enroll Kenny in school so he wouldn't miss out on readin' and writin'. They'll join Homer in California next month.

ANOTHER PARKERISM

Dal Parker, who's quicker on the draw than Roy Rogers, had a classic comeback for his youngsters when electrical disturbances put a buzz and a screech in their favorite program, Lone Ranger, a few nights ago. "What makes the radio sound so funny, Daddy?" asked Dale, Jr. "You'd sound funny too," Dale answered, "if you were just coming out of the ether."

THE WINNER!

Nine-year-old Rindie Redrup of Toledo, Ohio, flabbergasted ABC's Breakfast Club audience and toastmaster Don McNeill recently when she cheerfully told how she had to "Beat her mother up" for two days to get to come and see the Breakfast Club.

"You had to beat your mother up?" questioned the startled McNeill.

"I was so excited I couldn't sleep," the Toledo tot replied, "so I beat her getting up!"



FROM THE FILES

. . . A DIAL REVIEW

7 Years Ago This Month

Wayland Fullington, Promotion Director, in Spotlight (now a station manager in Indianapolis) . . . KWTO has hopes of night-time programs.

6 Years Ago This Month

Bill Ring and family in the Spotlight . . . Ozarks Farm Hour gets full 55 minutes . . . Dora Schaffer of Schaffer Sisters takes up new job as Mrs. Bruce Woodruff. (Dora is in Cincinnati, Ann in radio in Oklahoma.)

5 Years Ago This Month

George Earle's book of poems off the press . . . Don Sullivan rejects offer to return to Hollywood . . . Red Belcher and Jerry Fronck (now in St. Louis) publish song.

4 Years Ago This Month

Radio Week honors go to Ralph Foster and Arthur Johnson . . . "Sgt. Haworth" expected to get discharge and return to radio . . . Aunt Martha and favorite duck, Donald, pictured.

3 Years Ago This Month

Fritz and Jeannelle Bowers' new baby daughter, "Vicki," in Passing Parade . . . Opal Porter features Zed Tennis.

2 Years Ago This Month

KWTO stars become available for "Personals" . . . Bob White in the Spotlight . . . Vesta Gamble and twin sister, Violet Gamble Morton, pictured wearing dresses Vesta bought in Honolulu.

1 Year Ago This Month

The Editor and cat, "Shoo," are pictured . . . Bill Chatham gets accident report from ambulance driver to meet news deadline.

HEARTBEATS

(Continued from page SIX)

nor long at a time. And the death rate in our Ozarks is, or was back in 1932, the smallest in the United States, pro rata. So be happy while these gorgeous days last.

**"Life did not bring me silken gowns,
Nor jewels for my hair,
Nor let me see the foreign towns
In distant countries fair;
The brambled cares of every day—
The tiny, hum-drum things—
May bind my feet when they would stray,
But still my heart has wings!"**

Goodbye—with heaps and oodles of love,
MAY

LOOKIN' AT YOU

. . . BY SULLY

The month of November, the eleventh of the calendar year, serves as a triple-powered memory stimulator to the work-a-day news plodder of this Atomic Age . . . We remember that only one more month remains in the historic year of 1949, the year that Uncle Sam discovered he didn't "know it all"—so far as the atomic bomb was concerned . . . We remember that the hour of accounting is at hand for many—tax-paying time . . . We remember that this month brings us Thanksgiving—a day on which we should thank Almighty God for the things we did **not** lose during 1949.

* * *

We remember the vaulting resolutions of last New Year's Day—and slyly slip that page from our loose-leaf diary and throw it in the wastebasket, when the Never-Silent-Partner isn't looking. Also, we remember that we have secretly vowed not to make any resolutions for the year 1950, realizing of course, that the vow will be broken.

* * *

We remember that among other things, we have failed during 1949 to provide Laddie, the Miniature Pinscher, with a small suburban homestead, where he could lead a normal dog's life, get off the leash and out of an apartment house.

* * *

We can't help remembering that this time next November, if the Fates are kind, we will be trying to get the KWTO News Room back in order and catch up on a little shut-eye after covering another Congressional election. These off-years, when we don't have to listen to candidates peddle their wares, pass all too quickly.

* * *

We remember that all our Christmas shopping remains to be done, despite vows to get at the task a bit earlier this year . . . We remember the severe ice storms that slashed across the wooded hills of the Missouri Ozarks last Winter and sincerely hope that weather history does not repeat itself . . . And, we remember to measure the profits of 1949 more by the number of old friends we have kept than by the new ones we may have made, and that a whole month of the year is left in which to make that measure even richer and fuller. New friends are a delight, but old ones who have remained loyal are the greatest of spiritual comferts in a changing world.



★ TWO NEWCOMERS

Nineteen-year-old Hollis Warren, above, is the spunkiest guy you ever saw, and the addition to the KWTO staff of which we are most proud. He turned the liability of invalidism to the advantage of having plenty of time to learn to play guitar—expertly. Give his program, heard at 5 p. m. Tues. and Thursday, a great big cheer! His programs are recorded at his bedside. There's a story about him elsewhere in this issue.

Penny Nichols, right, has her hands full with Sherada Ann, a mid-September arrival who has the dark eyes and hair of her father, Tharon. Penny's hands are too full, in fact, for her to return to KWTO right away, but she hopes to come back eventually. Sherada has been a studio visitor three times already, and everybody agrees that she fills her lovely mother's claims for her golden disposition.



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★ **PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH—"JUNIOR" CUT HIS TEETH ON A MIKE**

Perhaps it's an exaggeration to say that Herschel "Junior" Haworth learned radio station call letters before he learned his ABC's, but it is a fact that he was so little, when he made his radio debut, that he had to stand on a soap box. The fact that his mother, Aunt Martha, and his uncle, Slim Wilson, often shared the mike with him, that his first announcer was George Earle, and

that all of them are fairly tall, may have had something to do with it. Junior is on his way toward his 16th year in Springfield radio, with time out for wartime military service, a hitch with Shorty Thompson in Denver, another at KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa. Junior hit the Ozarks air shortly after the first station came to Springfield, and has been singing and guitar-ing ever since.