

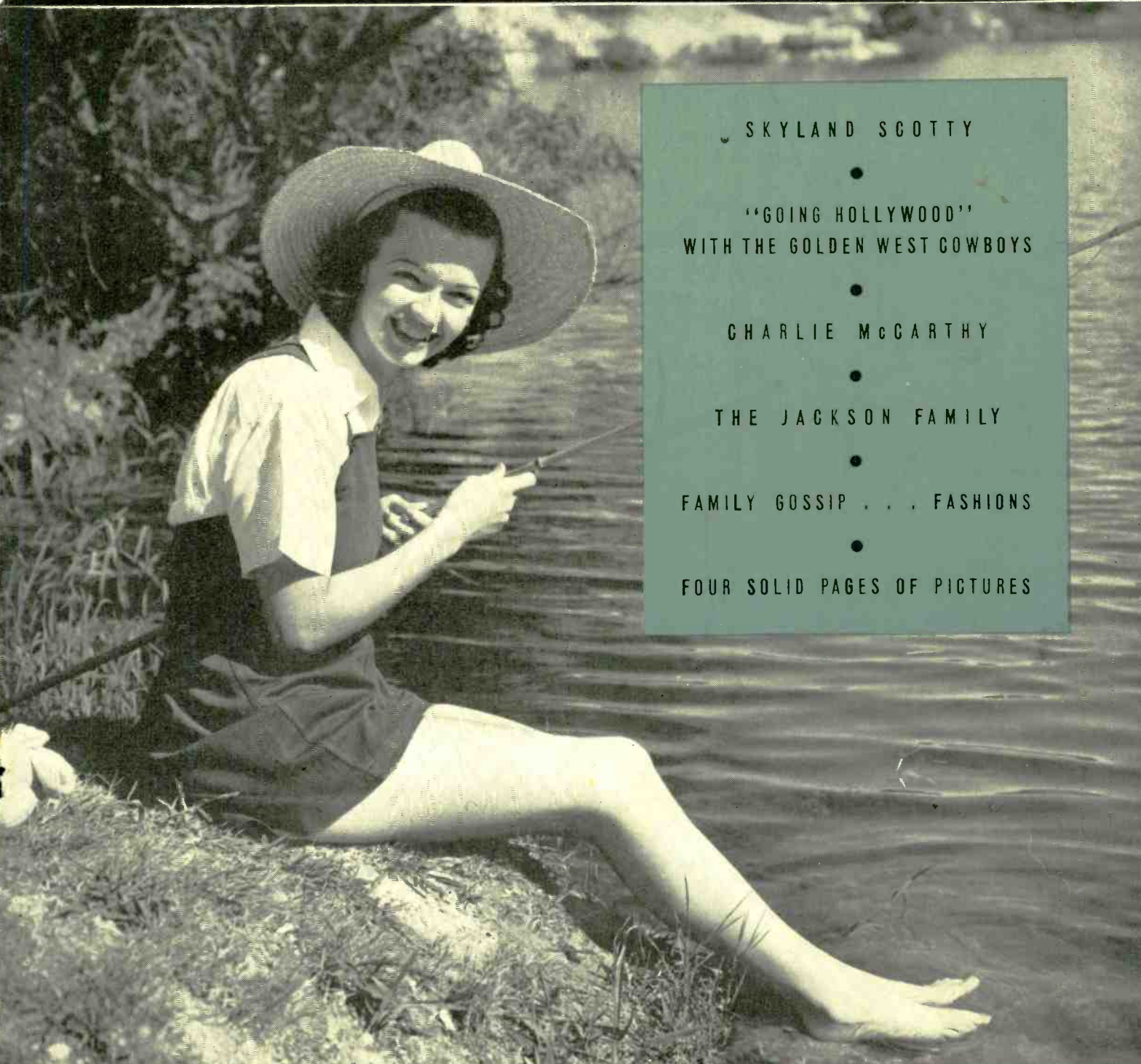
Rural Radio

Vol. I. No. 7

AUGUST, 1938

Ten Cents

THE ONLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR RURAL LISTENERS!



• SKYLAND SCOTTY

•

“GOING HOLLYWOOD”
WITH THE GOLDEN WEST COWBOYS

•

CHARLIE McCARTHY

•

THE JACKSON FAMILY

•

FAMILY GOSSIP . . . FASHIONS

•

FOUR SOLID PAGES OF PICTURES

TUNE TUMBLER DALE EVANS OF WFAA



E. M. ALLEN, Jr., Editor and Publisher

JACK HARRIS and FRANCIS ROBINSON, Associate Editors

Dog Days and Radio

AUGUST is here—the month of the dog days. The thermometer charges up around the 90-95 mark. The dogs go mad and the snakes go blind. What chance has a human being got? Even his radio sputters back at him.

Yes, the dog days even affect the comparatively new world of radio for summer nights are notoriously poor for loudspeaker reception.

Have you then ever thought how much we radio listeners are indebted to the clear channel stations for summertime entertainment? If it were not for these broadcasters, the radio audience outside of thirty miles from a fairly large city would be sadly out of luck.

The local and regional stations cover the cities where they operate. They even reach as far as thirty, maybe forty, miles away. But what about the audience in the towns where there is no radio station and what about the audience in the real country.

The figures tell us that one-half the potential air audience—about forty million persons—are rural listeners, that is, people whose homes are in the smaller cities, town, and country. They are as entitled to as good radio reception as the city man and the clear channels must do the job.

You may remember that in RURAL RADIO a few months back Lambdin Kay of WSB explained—and explained very well—just what a clear channel is.

Mr. Kay likened a clear channel to a one-way thoroughfare and his comparison is very apt. A clear channel is in fact an aerial highway on which only one broadcasting station can travel at a time. On your radio dial a clear channel is represented by a number which, when you select it, gives you a certain station and only that station.

Now these clear channel stations were granted higher power than the stations assigned to the joint use of the other available aerial highways.

Originally there were forty clear channels on the broadcast band. Nine of these have been broken down. Proposed engineering specifications of the Federal Communications Commission would break down six more. That would leave only twenty-five.

Cutting down the clear channels would be a great injustice to the rural audience. Rural listeners need clear channels to get any sort of radio reception and the clear channel stations need more power to improve their service to the rural listeners.

So we say, "More power to the clear channels."

Without them, those pleasant hours after supper by the radio these summer nights would be a nightmare of interference.

Without them, the dog days of August would really be dog days.

This Month's Story Harvest

STORIES	PAGE
Why I Ought to Leave Bergen.. 3 <i>By Charlie McCarthy</i>	
Washington Liked Mountain Music	4-5
<i>By Scott Wiseman</i>	
Courtney Carrell	7
<i>By Dick Jordan</i>	
Life Is Wonderful	8
<i>By Mary L. Acree</i>	
Round-Up for the Lord	9
<i>By Ken McClure</i>	
Enid Asks Questions	10
<i>By Lessie Bailey</i>	
Josh Higgins	11
<i>By Harold Halpern</i>	
Red Hawks	19
<i>Elbert Haling</i>	
Going Hollywood	22-23
Arkie	26
<i>By Gilbert Dean</i>	

RURAL RADIO PICTURE ROUND-UP	
Four pages	14, 15, 16, 17

ARTICLES	
One Man Is a Family	6
<i>By Dolly Sullivan</i>	
Four Times Daily	18
<i>By Art Kelly</i>	
Flood Mayor	24
<i>By Joseph Wynne</i>	

DEPARTMENTS	
Cracker Barrel	12
Radio Highlights	13
Fashions	20
<i>By Dolly Sullivan</i>	
Woman's Page	21
<i>By Barbour Henry</i>	
RFD, Readers' Mail Box	28
Each Month a Song	31
Family Gossip	29
<i>By Peggy Stewart</i>	

COLUMNS	
Whittlin's	12
<i>By Pat Buttram</i>	
Strictly Personal	30
<i>By George Hay</i>	

Published monthly by Rural Radio, Inc., Nashville, Tenn. Editorial and Advertising offices, 908 Commerce St., Nashville, Tenn. Entered as second-class matter February 4, 1938, at the Post Office at Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1938, by Rural Radio, Inc. All rights reserved. Single copies 10c; \$1.00 per year in the United States; \$1.35 per year in Canada, Mexico and Foreign Countries. Contributors are especially advised to retain copies of their contributions. Every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses for such matter contributed.

WHY I OUGHT TO LEAVE BERGEN

and Why Not

PROLOGUE: Despite the following, I love Edgar Bergen. As a mother loves her child, as a lamb loves her ewe, as an ant loves a picnic, as Chase loves Sanborn . . . so help me, I love Edgar Bergen. **END OF PROLOGUE.**

SOME people think that Edgar Bergen is my business manager, just because he does the talking for me, but I'm here to state that though I may not have a voice of my own, I certainly have a mind of my own. You'd never know it to hear Bergen brag, so I have decided to leave Bergen. . . . Excuse me—I think I hear him coming. No sense rushing things. I always say, "Let sleeping dogs—and kids playing hookie—lie."

False alarm. It was only my dog Socrates. Now there's another thing. Bergen doesn't like Socrates. He says he has fleas, (I mean Socrates) but there are a lot of things about Bergen Socrates doesn't like either. Socrates is a good rabbit dog but Bergen doesn't think so. He says a rabbit dog has to run faster than a rabbit. I told him I saw a rabbit chase Socrates in the backyard but Bergen didn't seem to think that was the same thing. You know, half of the time I don't think Bergen's all there—or do I mean all of the time I don't think Bergen's half there?



—PHOTO BY RAY LEE JACKSON

By CHARLIE MCCARTHY

Socrates Knows What to Do

I taught Socrates a lot of tricks. The other night someone tried to get in our house and Socrates knew just what to do. He played dead. I wasn't sure of who it was either, so I played dead too. Socrates is a smart dog. I could buy him a new collar if Bergen would raise my allowance. Yesterday I thought I was "in" with Bergen. I asked him for a raise and he smiled and said he would talk it over with me today. All last night I dreamed of my raise and I thought of how much I loved Bergen. Today I am convinced I fall in love too easily . . . Bergen said no!

Bergen gets mad at the silliest things. It's embarrassing. The other day Skinny Dugan kicked a hole in my football and I had to have a leather patch for it, so I cut a hole

out of Bergen's riding boots. I only cut a hole in the side of the boot that goes next to the horse and I knew the horse wouldn't mind. I forgot that Bergen wasn't a horse, and that's how the trouble started. He tried to give me a spanking but I gave him a splinter so that was the end of that. Ho hum . . . there are certain advantages in not being a flesh and blood relative. You should have seen Bergen . . . he was so mad, if he had any hair it would have stood on end. And that's another thing—I can't mention his hair. He's sensitive about those things.

I don't know why I stay with him. Sentiment and stuff like that. So silly of me, but the old boy isn't getting younger . . . and yet, when I think it over, maybe it's all for the best that I have him. After all—Bergen's a ventriloquist!

George Washington

By SCOTT "SKYLAND SCOTTY" WISEMAN

of the WLS NATIONAL BARN DANCE

A SONG that is popular today may be as out-of-date as yesterday's newspaper tomorrow. Years ago, it took weeks and sometimes months for a tune to travel the length and breadth of the country. A song that became popular in a New York musical during one season frequently wasn't even sung in the Middle West until the following season. And in the mountainous North Carolina community where I grew up, the only songs were the old ballads that our parents and grandparents taught us by word of mouth.

But phonographs and radios have wrought a change even in the hill sections. Most of the cabins have wind-chargers and aerials perched on their sloping roofs. Today the young folks know all the latest tunes from Tin Pan Alley. And if they do learn to play their own instruments instead of depending on "canned music," they concentrate on swing melodies and jazz.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, there were no radios or daily papers to shorten the long fall and winter evenings for us youngsters down in the hills of North Carolina. Only the county weekly penetrated that far into the mountain community and home radio sets were, of course, unknown.

Houn' Dogs Bay at Door

After the night's supply of firewood was in, the livestock fed and supper over, we heard a whining at the door. The houn' dogs, of which every worth-while mountaineer has several, were eager to get away to the woods.

Boylike, my four brothers and I were seldom too tired to listen to their pleadings. We lit the old oil lantern and were soon climbing the rail fence that wound away into the woods.

Following the dogs on a dark and drizzly night was much more adventuresome than it was in the more prosaic daytime. With the silent mountains looming in the background as we scuffled the fallen leaves under foot, we could imagine that every possum's trail and skunk's scent that the hounds wailed over was the trail of a fierce catamount or panther.

When we tired of the strange music of the dogs trailing possums, I, for one, always tried to persuade the boys to take the path home that went by Aunt Nancy's cabin. There I knew we were sure to hear some real music.

And I can't forget the thrill of entering the small clearing in the woods where we saw a welcome light shining through the little square windows of the cabin. Inside, a bright fire crackled in the open fireplace and a warm greeting always awaited us, no matter how cold the night.

The home-made banjo, hanging on a wooden peg in the corner of the cabin, was the real cause of these

frequent visits. And we were never long in starting to coax Aunt Nancy to play and sing.

The setting was perfect for her music—a real old pioneer log cabin, puncheon floored and chinked with mud. A long rifle and powder horn hung on a peg over the door; a spinning wheel, still in daily use, stood in the corner and strings of dried beans and peppers hung from the rafters. Aunt Nancy herself wore a shapeless calico dress, an old sweater, if the evening was cool, and high-topped shoes.

"All of the old-time musicians of the hills use a five-string banjo. I still use one," writes Skyland Scotty.



LIKED GOOD OLD

Mountain Music

Feet Beat Time

If the tune she played was a lively one, she kept time with her feet. Quite often, however, she chose one of the typically sad ballads, such as "Barbara Allen."

Perhaps it was because it was a jig-time tune that I first became interested in one she called "Darby's Ram." The verse I remember enjoying most as a boy was the one about the old ram's horn that reached up to the moon.

*"A man climbed up it in January
And never got back till June."*

I was about twelve or thirteen at the time and was just beginning to appreciate our heritage of mountain music. I still had my first banjo, a home-made five-string affair, with a head not much different from a cigar box.

All of the genuine old-time musicians of the hills use a five-string banjo, although they are rare in more modern circles. I still use one, and I think it is the only one being played in Chicago radio.

The fifth string is short and not noted. A real musician who has been taught in formal schools is puzzled by this fifth string. But we hill folks use it as a sort of monotone—to repeat the minor tone over and over, giving somewhat the same effect as is obtained in bagpipes.

History of "Darby's Ram"

It was while I was in my early 'teens that I started my collection of mountain ballads. But at that time, I never thought of "Darby's Ram" as a typical ballad. It had none of the mournfulness, either in its words or its music, that we are accustomed to associate with the songs of the hills.

Later, while at college, I began a serious study of the North Carolina mountain ballads, delving into their origins and their histories.

Surprisingly enough, I discovered that the song I had known as "Darby's Ram" was one of the oldest and had one of the most interesting histories of any of the songs.

Tracing it led me back to an old English inn in the Seventeenth Century. It was in the sheep-herding country in the days before England imported most of its wool from Australia and a group of shepherds had gathered at the inn on a Saturday

night. Over the tankards of flowing ale, they started telling "tall stories," each trying to outdo the others. One shepherd, who had a stringed instrument slung over the shoulder of his rough jacket, set his story to music. It was the story about the "Derbyshire Ram," and he tried to make it the biggest lie ever told.

Washington Sang It!

The first trace I found of its having been sung in this country was shortly after the Revolution. In the memoirs of Senator Samuel Hoar of Massachusetts, he tells of a visit by George Washington to the home of Oliver Ellsworth in Windsor, Connecticut. Ellsworth, a brilliant lawyer, was later to become second Chief Justice of the United States.

Washington, who was always fond of children, took Ellsworth's small daughter on his knee. She begged him to tell her a story. Instead, he sang her the nonsense song about the "Derbyshire Ram."

Although it was not difficult to trace the history of this old ballad, I had some trouble in locating the words. They had undoubtedly been changed frequently in the transition from England to the United States, and most of the time they had been handed down by word of mouth. So far as I could find, there were no complete written versions of it.

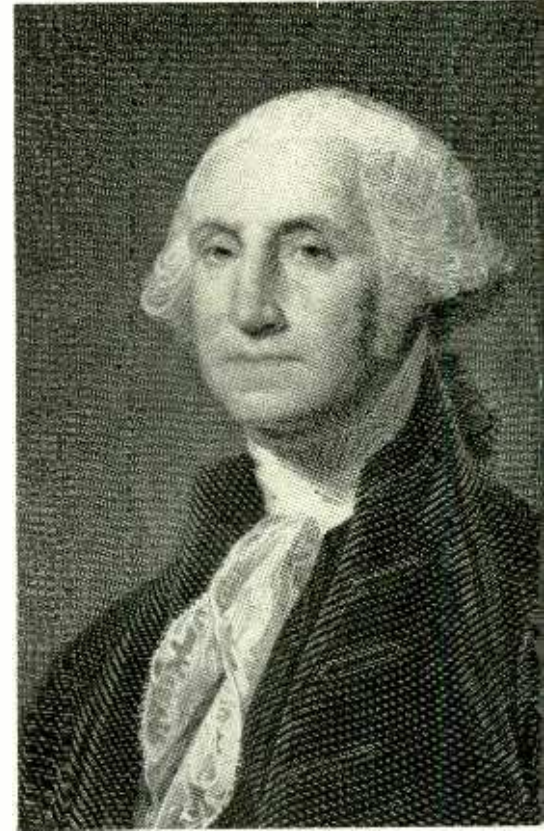
My great-great-great-grandfather, William Wiseman, who came here from England about 1750 and settled near Ingalls, North Carolina, doubtless knew the song and sang it, but our family records failed to reveal a written copy of it.

Aunt Nancy Disappeared

And the only one of our mountain neighbors who sang the song was old Aunt Nancy. Consequently, one of the first things I did when I went home for a vacation was to look up Aunt Nancy.

I found her old cabin deserted, with cobwebs hanging from the corners. The neighbors had no knowledge of her whereabouts except that she had moved away. It looked as though the words to my favorite song had escaped me, although I remembered the melody fairly accurately.

Then, just as I was about to return to college at the close of vacation, I ran into old Aunt Nancy plodding down a dusty road. She told me that



Shortly after the Revolution, George Washington was visiting at the home of Oliver Ellsworth in Connecticut. The Father of Our Country took his host's small daughter on his knee and sang her the nonsense song about the "Derbyshire Ram," the same song which "Skyland Scotty" learned as a boy in the mountains as "Darby's Ram."

she had moved to Tennessee but had come back to North Carolina for a visit. Her few belongings were tied in a bandana on the end of a stick, and her long skirts were covered with dust.

She never used to go anywhere without her banjo, but this time it was nowhere in sight. I invited her into our home and told her I'd been looking for her because I wanted to hear her sing "Darby's Ram" again. She started to protest. And, thinking that it was just her usual polite reticence, I coaxed her as I always

(Continued on page 30)



WHEN *One Man* IS A *Family*

By DOLLY SULLIVAN

"TWELVE IN ONE," that's the Jackson Family, all bound round with a woolen string, so to speak, in the person of Bob Drake.

Starting in the circus at the age of nine years, Drake mastered such feats as wire-walking, bare-back riding and acrobatic dancing. When vaudeville offered an opportunity, Bob stepped up the ladder for a long and popular run as song and dance man with burlesque and the minstrel show thrown in for good measure. But behind the scenes and during every spare moment, Bob Drake was working on an original idea, one which dated back to his early childhood, to his home town of Milledgeville, Georgia, and the happy memories of the carefree, amusing Negroes that lived along the river bank.

Drake believed that if properly produced the antics of these lovable, easy-going, irresponsible colored people would make a "hit show," and to this end tirelessly rehearsed several parts knowing that in show business, the producer is in reality a teacher of that which he sees in his mind's-eye. In the meantime radio was reaching into the theatre for entertainment material for listeners with the result that radio program managers attend practically every show.

Two Years at WLW

Eventually Drake went in for an audition. Radio station WGH at Newport News was looking for "something different" for a sponsored program. Drake was promptly engaged, although only four of "The Jackson Family" characters were perfected. That was ten years ago.

Four years later with eight characters in action, Bob filled a two-year engagement over WLW, Cincinnati. WHAS is the only station which has ever aired the "Twelve in One"—one man capable of portraying twelve distinct characters.

Drake does not use a production manager on his show. He does not need one. He depends entirely on his acute sense of hearing in producing

this five-times-a-week WHAS radio feature.

Happyville, the locale of the scenes for the show, is located on the banks of the Red Mud River, and is visited daily by a packet to deliver mail and supplies to the townspeople. Occasionally there is a visit to Pin Hook, another village downstream, where is located the jail, a pool parlor, and a dance hall.

Character Must Be Perfect

As for the personalities, always prominent in the day's show is the deep, drawling voice of Randolph

One man with twelve voices . . . that's Bob Drake whose "Jackson Family" is heard Monday through Friday over Station WHAS. One minute he's old Randolph Jackson, the next he's the flirtatious Lillie Mae.

(Papa) Jackson, the pompous and blustering buffoon of the neighborhood, and his good wife Emma (Mama), she of the dulcet tones, conniving and quite the busy body—defects in his characters which Randolph hasn't the courage to mention even though he is aware of them.

All this and more Bob Drake brings to the microphone simply by voice inflection. And a hard man he is to please. Every character must be perfect to his keen ear before it is allowed to become a part of the day's show.

Other characters in the cast whom radio listeners have learned to know practically as living people are: Lillie Mae, the erratic, fickle daughter; Little Brother Junior, slow-motioned, slow-minded, harmless and utterly useless; Grandpa Snow (Emma's father) lovable and kindly owner of most of the homes the characters live in but so easy going that Lulu Belle, the village siren had no trouble in leading him to the altar.

Goo-Goo, is the spluttering next-door neighbor boy, contender for the favor of the flirting Lillie Mae and

the Deacon, in name only, is truly a tricky, cunning man-of-affairs competing with Goo-Goo for the heart and hand of Lillie Mae.

Mud Hog vs. Goo-Goo

In and out of the theme, although absent at times for several days, are: Jerry, the Deacon's hired boy; Big Lip, stupid and harmless, the Jackson's good Man Friday; Elder Green, proprietor of the funeral parlor and Happyville's one business man with a future assured; Bad Eye, who runs the pool room and quite naturally is frowned upon by the good people of the town, and Lawyer Harris, who is not exactly ethical.

Papa Jackson's main source of support is the U-Dirty-Em & We-Clean-Em Laundry, although from time to time other business enterprises are incorporated in this wholesome comedy, heard over WHAS, Mondays through Fridays at 4:15 P.M.

About the time of the Louis-Schmelting fight, Papa Jackson also engaged in promoting a fisticuff between the Carolina Mud Hog and Goo-Goo, but as usual came out at the little end despite elaborate precautions.

Keeping the show timely is probably the secret of the popularity of The Jackson Family. But according to Bob Drake, "There's no place in show business for the fellow who can't keep his finger on the pulse of the people."

Hard Work Only "Secret"

Drake uses no script and does his own sound effects. Every part of the show is memorized. In fact, as he explains it, he must literally live the character as he acts the part, he must feel each character at work. Of pitching his voice so that the twelve characters are distinctly different, Drake says, "Only hard work and lots of it has made this accomplishment possible." He added, "I'm never through working. The day 'The Jackson Family' is not constantly on my mind, that day I'm through."

When theatre managers, school organizations and civic clubs in Kentucky and Indiana want to "get the crowd out," they call on Bob Drake for a personal appearance. His hour show includes "The Jackson Family" and an old time minstrel show.

Courtney Carrell



Courtney likes hats—"the goofier the better," she says—but there's nothing goofy here.

Her real name is Mildred Smith. At various times during her career she has been tagged Princess Pollyann, The Southwest Fashion Commentator, and several other temporary cognomens. Right now, she is Courtney Carrell, fashion authority, traveler, persistent student of the world and its happenings.

Perhaps her most notable single stunt occurred on the opening day of the late Pan-American Exposition in Dallas. She flew over the Exposition grounds with a plane load of orchids and microphones, describing the scene for WFAA and NBC, and pelting the populace there below with orchids.

This trick drew four minutes of comment from Walter Winchell during his broadcast the following Sunday evening.

TAKES HER ROMANCE IN RADIO

By DICK JORDAN

IT WOULD be only a slight exaggeration to say that Courtney Carrell, WFAA fashionist, has interviewed just about everybody.

For indeed, this lively Southwestern fashion commentator has interviewed, at one time or another during her radio career, just about everyone from Borrah Minnevitich, leader of the Harmonica Rascals, to football coaches, fashion and designing authorities from both Coasts and, of course, leaders in numerous fields in her native Southwest.

In addition to her thrice weekly programs over WFAA (11 a. m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays), she is heard frequently in special interviews with whatever illustrious personages happen to bob up on the Dallas scene.

A graduate of Columbia University, she began radio work spicing elfish items of make-believe for the kids over a small Austin, Texas, radio station. Stopping off at Dallas once en route to New York, she told one of her fairy stories over WFAA.

The upshot of this was her first commercial program over the Dallas station. Since then she has been heard in several capacities for several sponsors, and at present might be referred to as the Kathryn Cravens of the Southwest.

She has shared microphones with Frank Buck, Stan Kavanaugh, Grace Noll Crowell, Eugene Savage, Art Jarrett, Omar Kiam and Tommy Kelly, with fashion experts of Hollywood and New York, with dancers, musicians, actors, writers with highbrows and lowbrows—interesting characters along all walks of life.

As long as Courtney Carrell is connected with radio, she will be giving it new life. Her fashion program over WFAA was the first in the Southwest. She started the storytelling department at the University of Texas. It is now a division of the Interscholastic League, embracing some 100,000 children. She originated the first Betty Boop Club in the Southwest. She conjures up new stunts constantly.

Although her broadcasts have brought four proposals of marriage from radio fans, Miss Carrell is still unmarried. A preacher whom she taught to speak effectively writes her every month or so, asking for material to include in his sermons. Her chief hobby is telling fairy stories. Her chief weakness is "hats—the goofier, the better."

TO AMERICA'S OLDEST RADIO PERSONALITY

Life IS Wonderful

When "Aunt Em" was interviewed for this RURAL RADIO story, she told the author, "Don't talk about what I have done in the past. It's what I am doing now—and what I am planning for the future — that really counts."

However, what this 82-year-old mother has accomplished since she was 65 is a story which should be inspirational both to young and old.

By MARY L. ACREE

AT AN age when most women are settling back and letting life coast by, WLS's famous philosopher, "Aunt Em," plans ahead to an even greater future than she has already experienced, and uses to every possible advantage the knowledge stored up during her four score and two years. To "Aunt Em" life is wonderful! She says, "The longer I live, the more I enjoy it!"

With that philosophy of life and with her ability to inspire others to lives of usefulness, Mrs. Emma Van Alstyne Lanning looks to the future with an immeasurable supply of optimism.

"Aunt Em" was born Emma Rogers on March 29, 1856, and was the eldest of eight children. Her parents were pioneers of Illinois, settling on a farm near Marengo about the middle of the Nineteenth Century to rear their family. As a girl, she helped with all the chores, husking corn and doing other farm work right beside her father and brothers. She was educated in the little country schoolhouse, and her pony was her constant companion wherever she went.

"Aunt Em" later taught in a rural school until she was married at the age of nineteen. Before she was 30 years old her husband died, and several years later she married a second time. She had one son, Egbert Van Alstyne, and also mothered six step children after her second marriage.

"Aunt Em" made every sacrifice that she might give her son, Bert, a musical education, for since early childhood he had shown unusual musical talent. Bert proved his mother's faith in his ability was worthwhile, and is today famous as a song-writer. He composed such old favorite popu-



"It matters not how old we are, if an idea besieges us that we feel we must undertake, let's start to work, . . ." That is the message of "Aunt Em," the sweet and friendly voice on "Everybody's Hour" Sunday mornings from Station WLS.

lar songs as "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and "Memories," along with over 500 other song hits. He is still engaged in song-writing, mainly for the movies.

After her family had been reared, "Aunt Em," at the age of 65, found time to undertake many of the things she had always hoped to do. Since travel had always been an inspiration to her, her first adventure took her on an automobile trip to California. She earned her way there by cooking for a family of tourists.

Returning to her native town, Marengo, "Aunt Em" started writing poems and learned to type, swim, do oil painting and speak in public. Soon after she began writing, she went to Chicago and entered Chicago Musical College, receiving her degree in dra-

matic work in 1925, at the age of 69. For ten years, "Aunt Em" spent much time improving herself, and also in nursing and lending a helping hand to others whenever she was needed.

Debut Over WASH

"Aunt Em" made her debut over the air waves early in the spring of 1935 over Station WASH in Grand Rapids, when she became known as "Grandma" on Uncle Jerry's "Happy Hour for Children." The following spring she made her first appearance as a guest interviewee on the Women's Hour of the Rockford Station, WROK, and after several interviews became a staff member at that station as a philosopher and inspirational speaker. While appearing at the Rockford Station, "Aunt Em" traveled each week from her home in Marengo to Rockford, about 30 miles away. She remained at WROK for a year before coming to the Prairie Farmer Station in March, 1936, and is now featured on WLS each Sunday during "Everybody's Hour" at approximately 8:15 a. m., Central Standard Time.

The talks "Aunt Em" gives her radio audience each Sunday morning on "Everybody's Hour" are an inspiration to people of every age and to those engaged in almost every occupation. She urges her listeners to incite the will to go ahead and achieve the things they always hoped to do. She says, "Have a goal; do not drift. Never be satisfied until you have done your very best."

Inspires Greater Vision

To really know "Aunt Em" is to have a friend who makes one's life richer and fuller. Those who have become acquainted with this 82-year-old mother, the oldest active personality in radio, through her Sunday morning talks on WLS, can appreciate this.

And as "Aunt Em" realizes her "dream come true," that dream to inspire others to a greater vision—more faith in life and in themselves, she proves the truth of her statement, "It matters not how old we are—if an idea besieges us that we feel we must undertake, let's start to work, knowing that your work is for you and you alone. Know that if you do your part, you are bound to win."

ROUNDING THEM UP FOR

The Lord

SIXTEEN YEARS OF INSPIRATION FROM HIS RADIO CONGREGATION IS REWARD OF NOTED SAN ANTONIO PASTOR

As told by THE REV. P. B. HILL, Pastor, First Presbyterian Church, San Antonio, Texas, to KEN McCLURE

COUNT my Sunday morning broadcast one of the richest experiences of my life. It has done much good and has made many friends for the Lord for whom I work. I have been amazed at the wide range of reception. Letters from Canada, Mexico, the Canal Zone, California and intermediate points come to me, not to mention the responses from the vast territory generally conceded as WOAI's territory.

It is interesting to note the racial angle—German, Italian, Syrian, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese and Negroes are among my invisible audience. All creeds worship with us. Some of the most appreciative letters in my file come from my Jewish and Catholic friends. I received a letter some time ago addressed, "Dear Father Hill" and signed, "Joe Levy!"

Almost every mail brings incidents to encourage. Not long ago a ranchman told me that he was rounding up a big bunch of cattle in a large pasture. About 11:30 on Sunday morning the cowboys came riding up to the chuck wagon for dinner. I was just starting my sermon and the ranchman had the radio in his car tuned in. The boys took off their hats, and squatting on their boot-heels, listened until the service closed.

Cowboy Heeds the Call

Among my letters is one from one of the old-time cattle men. In it he tells me that he had been listening to the services for several Sundays and that he had been deeply stirred and had resolved to return to the Lord whom he had deserted forty-five years before. I received him into the church and when his wife heard his name read out, she wrote me, "I am one of the happiest women in the world today." This man immediately set in motion things that changed his whole community.

Recently a cowboy came to me after the service to tell me that his whole life had been changed by the radio services. An interesting letter came from an American girl telling

me that she had been living a life of shame and had drifted into a low Mexican section of the city. She said she was sick of it all, was discouraged, when one Sunday she turned on the

UNUSUAL SERVICE

For sheer color in a radio personality, Southwestern listeners agree that the Rev. P. B. Hill, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in San Antonio, is without a peer. His friendly counsel each Sunday morning, free from the flamboyance of an oratorical crusader, is heard by thousands in WOAI's service area.

Pierre Bernard Hill, born in Richmond, Va., has four degrees, is a member of an exclusive philosophic society of Great Britain, member of the French Institute of Letters and Arts, pastor of the third largest Presbyterian church in the South, moderator of the Synod of Texas. He recently was awarded the Algernon Sidney Sullivan Medallion by the New York Southern Society for unusual service. That is one side of his life. On the other, he is captain and chaplain of the Texas Rangers. He is also chaplain of the U. S. Border Patrol, the City Marshals and Chiefs of Police Union of Texas, and several other bodies.

He has a lovely wife (she was a country girl) who stands ever by him; three boys and a daughter.

Dr. Hill broadcast the first religious service from San Antonio, and with the exception of one year has broadcast every Sunday for sixteen years.

—KEN McCLURE.

radio. She got WOAI and my sermon. She wrote, "I resolved to give my heart and life to Christ. I left behind that life. I waited two years to write you because I wanted to be sure. I am married to a Christian man and we have a Christian home."



Some like him best in his store clothes and his titles, but most of his radio congregation likes him best as he rides the range, his own natural self.

Another wrote, "The whole character of my home has been changed by your services." A woman in prison heard a service that deeply moved her and wrote me that she would go back to her home and live for God.

Sometimes I try to visualize the audiences and am helped by letters like this: "My mother is in her ninetieth year and yours are the first sermons she has heard in twenty years." It is marvelous how many deaf people are able to hear the radio who could not hear anything spoken by the natural voice.

Blessing the Shut-ins

Another writes, "I am an invalid and your sermons are the first I have heard in four years." Still another says, "I am a cripple, unable to attend church. I thank God that I am able to listen to the services of the First Presbyterian Church." A dear old soul says, "I have been bed-ridden for eight years and have gotten much good from your broadcast." And another in shaky but lovable characters writes, "I am an old lady, eighty-five years old. I listen to the services of the First Presbyterian Church every

(Continued on page 18)



Enid ASKS THE QUESTIONS

By LESSIE BAILEY

GOOD mor-n-i-i-ng!" sings a voice like a smile, and another of Enid Day's merchandise quizzes takes the air over WSB. Enid, who is the personable reporter for a leading Atlanta department store, devotes Wednesdays of her daily 9:30 a. m., broadcast to a "battle of wits" among customers of the store, on questions of importance to them as consumers.

"Mrs. Blank," asks Enid, "what is the difference between inlaid and printed linoleum?" And Mrs. Blank, if she answers correctly, will reply, in effect: "Inlaid linoleum is that in which the pattern is continuous throughout the thickness of the linoleum and lasts the lifetime of the square. Printed linoleum has its pattern merely printed on the surface. Consequently the pattern wears out much sooner than the inlaid design."

Another customer may be asked what is meant by the count of a sheet, another, what is rayon, and still another, what is meant by Sanforized shrunk.

But not all the questions are this serious. "Why is a husband like an egg?" Enid suddenly pops at an unsuspecting victim, and 'mid the lady's floundering, and the laughter of the audience, answers the riddle herself: "Because if you keep either one in hot water too long, it's bound to become hardboiled." Or perhaps she questions: "How can a pinch of salt be much improved?" and returns with "By dropping it in a stein of beer." But the "goofy" questions, as Enid types them, aren't entered on the score-keeper's record.

The contest is conducted with all fairness to each entrant. The questions are equally divided between them, each has the same amount of time to formulate her answers, and the score is carefully tabulated. Furthermore, no contestant can fail to win, for the number of prizes equals the number of competitors: three monetary awards and a consolation, or booby, which always bears out the good humor characteristic of the program. Once it was a packet of paper matches, elaborately wrapped and

sold by the store which it is profitable for the buyer to know. A question like "What determines the warmth and quality of a wool blanket?" is of obvious value both to those taking part in the match and those listening, because each is in the immediate or future market for wool blankets.

The quiz is always breezy and informal, effected by the goofy questions, the laughter and applause of the studio audience, the refreshments, and above all, Enid Day's friendly and intimate manner. Yet, while it remains excellent entertainment, the program has a subtle sales appeal by closely following the store's current advertising and emphasizing store policies, in addition to the good will it builds.

As for Enid Day herself, she is a good-looking young woman who manages to get her attractive personality over the air in a perfectly natural way, and without any ballyhoo or excessive use of adjectives, puts romance into merchandise. She has appeared for the Atlanta store over WSB six mornings a week for the past two years, and previously broadcast for large department stores in Miami and Columbus.

In preparing and presenting her programs, Enid follows three simple rules: she never mentions the words radio, audience, or listeners; she makes her talks as personal and intimate as possible, as though she were chatting directly with one or two friends; she tries never to talk at or to them, but always *with* them. Which probably explains better than anything else why, after eight consecutive years of department store broadcasting, Enid Day is still going strong and ranks among the more successful women in radio.

The merchandise quizzes are quite popular both with listeners and the customers who take part in them. Contestants are recruited by a short announcement at the close of the program inviting members of the audience to enter their names for the broadcast.

tied, which Enid Day proffered to the winner with the quip, "Here's a match for your wits." Again it was a miniature fan, guaranteed to keep one cool no matter how trying the situation. Lest the contest wax too hot, however, along about the half-way mark, Enid serves cold refreshing drinks to give the batters new wind for the home stretch.

Enid Day is the first to admit that her merchandise quiz is not a new idea. It is an adaptation of a similar one presented by a famous New York department store. But Enid's method of handling the program has resulted in improvements over its Gotham counterpart. For instance, she never puts a question intended to confound a contestant. The quiz is based on facts about merchandise

Josh Higgins

OF FINCHVILLE



Joe Du Mond in real life . . . he wanted to be a concert singer.

By HAROLD HALPERN

IF YOU were among the thousands listening to the National Farm and Home Hour broadcast of August 26 last year you heard the program originating in Finchford, Iowa, instead of its customary starting point in the NBC Chicago studios.

The occasion of the change of the broadcast was the dedication of Josh Higgins Park in honor of Joe Du Mond, creator of the character of Josh Higgins, who was born in Finchford, November 21, 1898.

At the ceremonies, His Excellency, Nelson G. Kraschel, Governor of Iowa, told of the movement started in Iowa by friends of Josh Higgins to create a lasting tribute to one of their favorite sons who had endeared himself to them through his poetry, hymn writing and philosophy as the kindly "Josh Higgins of Finchville."

This honor, usually reserved for statesmen, was indeed a fitting tribute to Joe Du Mond and his fictional character of Josh Higgins. For Joe Du Mond in his lovable role of the genial singing philosopher, has pictured Finchville "by the bend of the river" as accurately as a skilled painter

would on canvas. His people are not crude farmers with twangy voices and wretched grammar as some urban broadcasters would have them, but they are real folks, just as intelligent,

PLANNED CONCERT CAREER

A native of the Hawkeye State, Du Mond was educated at the University of Iowa and the Iowa State Teachers' College. His original intention was to follow a professional career as a concert singer. But he gave up that idea to become commercial manager of Station WMT in Waterloo, Iowa. It was over this station that Josh Higgins was created on November 19, 1928.

just as progressive and perhaps just a little more sensitive than their city brothers.

Looking at life with a spirit as broad as the prairies surrounding Finchford, Joe Du Mond is today the essence of all that is sincere and exemplary in rural life. His book of poems, "By the Bend O' the River," known the country over, has as its setting the stretch of river flowing past the park named in his honor. And the many ballads he has composed seem destined for lasting popularity wherever country folk gather.

World's Fair Wants Finchville

On June 22 of this year, Governor Kraschel invited Josh Higgins to broadcast from the Iowa State House over Station KSO in Des Moines. Reporting on the progress of the park dedicated in his honor, the governor announced that the thirty-five-acre area of natural woodland would henceforth be known as Josh Higgins State Park of Finchville and would take its place on the map along with other famous landmarks.

But this is not the only honor bestowed upon Josh Higgins. Grover Whalen, director of the 1939 New York World's Fair, telegraphed Joe Du Mond recently and asked him if he would recreate Finchville "by the bend of the river" as a part of that section of the fair devoted to famous radio personalities. Du Mond already



And Joe Du Mond as Josh Higgins . . . his Governor praised him.

has given his consent and it looks very much as though the thousands of persons who listen to Josh Higgins over the radio and desire to see Finchville as it looks far off in Finchford, Iowa, will have that wish granted when they visit the Fair.

Wants More Land

Paradoxically, however, Du Mond will see the New York Finchville spread over a large area of land while he longs for more space in his suburban Chicago home. His ambition is to have a more rural setting than is now allowed him. He would like to have a cow, a horse, a place to fish and leisure time in which to enjoy his books. He'd like to have more time in which to repair children's toys, write songs and collect odd bits of chinaware. All of which he feels can be accomplished with much more enjoyment in the real rural atmosphere of his younger days.

It is quite evident that the fame of Josh Higgins is not confined to rural areas. Like his spirit, it has spread to the far corners of this country. Perhaps the best answer to his popularity lies in the tribute paid him by Governor Kraschel when he dedicated Josh Higgins Park and announced an annual Josh Higgins Day.

"Josh Higgins," said the governor, "is not a character to be typified by a single district. He is typical of all that is finest in the entire rural American district."



OVER THE CRACKER BARREL

To insure being waked in plenty of time to go on the air per schedule, WFAA announcers employ the following things: Cecil Hale, three alarm clocks; Hal Thompson, two alarm clocks; James Alderman, one alarm clock and his milkman; Earle Kalusche, one alarm clock and one large tin bread box; Eddie Dunn, two alarm clocks, and Bill Karn, two alarm clocks, his wife, his landlady and one taxicab company.

Don Kelley, WLS sports announcer, is being heard in a new role this summer. He conducts the "Spelling Bee" each Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, which is participated in by boys and girls from 8 to 18. A special stunt developed by Don is the "Grab Bag March," an adaptation of the "Musical Chair" game. The spellers march around the studio to organ music, and the one in front of the microphone when the music stops gets an opportunity to spell a 50-cent word.

George Hay, the Solemn Old Judge of WSM, has an air-column the same name as his column in RURAL RADIO.

In "Strictly Personal on the Air," George answers questions of his listeners. Those not-TOO-personal are answered over the radio; the more personal types are accorded written replies.

The Judge says he may not know all the answers, but he knows where he can find most of them—and he does.

The Judge also says that anybody who takes the trouble to write him deserves at least an answer. That's the spirit that has made George D. Hay one of radio's best beloved.

Marcus Bartlett, WSB's musical director, wins the honors at Emory University, where he is an undergraduate, as fast as they're handed out. He is not only a member of Omicron Delta Kappa and Phi Beta Kappa, but was also recently elected president of the student body and of the student honor council.

Two new voices are being heard from WBAP these days. The voices belong to the two new announcers, Dave Byrn and Winthrop "Bud" Sherman. Byrn hails from Arkansas and Sherman from Waco and Austin, Texas.

Noses in the neighborhood of Wilbur Ard, director of the WFAA Early Bird Orchestra, were held recently when the enterprising orchestra leader sprinkled his lawn heavily with sulphur to rid it of chiggers. Not until a rain came did Wilbur realize that he had put the wrong kind of sulphur on his yard, but it did kill the chiggers.

George Menard, formerly of WROK, Rockford, is the latest addition to the WLS announcing staff. Rising at 6:30 A.M. to announce some of the station's early morning programs, reminds George of his boyhood days on a northwest Iowa farm. He is a graduate of Notre Dame University where he specialized in Journalism.

Douglas Edwards, WSB's auburn-haired announcer, wishes he could reconcile his sunburn to his tennis. He might become a net star if tennis courts were shady. But his tender skin, albeit tough enough in appearance, will not stand the hot rays of the sun. After a set, Doug's epidermis is redder than his hair, and painful beyond endurance.

Harry Flowers, WBAP's fighting office attendant and messenger, was asked to clean out a studio closet storing sound effects and other materials. A few days later A. M. Woodford was looking for various sound effects including a dozen walnuts used for making sounds of crashes, etc.

Unable to find them he asked the youthful Flowers about the walnuts. "I ate them," he admitted. Now Woodford is wondering if shaking Mr. Flowers by the heels would produce the desired effect.

If you have wondered what's become of the Texas Drifter, you can catch this "last of the vagabonds of the airlines" over WSM in early morning programs and also on the Grand Ole Opry. He vows he will linger awhile at WSM, but then the drifting spirit may catch him anytime. He has sung over almost every big station in the country, all the networks here and those in Europe. While in Nashville, we grabbed him long enough to get his life story, which will be reproduced life-size in the September issue of RURAL RADIO. Which is another good reason you and your friends should vow never to miss a single issue.

WHITT LIN'S

By PAT BUTTRAM



Don't go around with yer nose up in th' air. People mite think ye kan't afford a handkerchief.

Don't feel too big because you're th' apple uv yore mother's eye. To other people you mite only be a peel-in'.

When Opportunity comes knockin' at a lot uv people's doors, they are so busy talkin' hard times they don't hear him.

Yung girls: Never let a kiss fool you er a fool kiss you.

It don't pay to fool with th' stock market. Many a feller that bought stock on the curb, next mornin' found it in the gutter.

When most men git to th' top uv th' ladder uv success, they allus fret an' fuss cause ther ain't a few more rounds.

Why do men spend three dollars fer a shirt an' then kiver all but a nickel's worth uv it with a coat an' vest?

In the country they gossip over a back yard fence. In th' city they do it over a coast-to-coast network.

Yourn til they put zippers on string beans,

PAT.

RURAL RADIO for August



Livestock Markets

6:10 A. M. (Livestock Estimates)	WLS (870)
Daily	
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
8:15 A.M. (Livestock Receipts and Hog Flash)	WLS (870)
9:15 A.M.	WBAP (800)
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
10:00-10:45 A.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M.	WFAA (800)
11:50-12:00 Noon (Market Review by Dave Swanson of Chicago Producers)	WLS (870)
12:35 P.M.	WHAS (820)
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
12:35-12:45 P.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
2:30-2:45 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
2:35-2:45 P.M.	WBAP (800)
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)



Farm News and Views

6:30 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
9:15 A.M. (Georgia State Bureau of Markets, conducted by Mrs. Robin Wood)	WSB (740)
11:30 A.M. (Texas Farm & Home Program from Texas A. & M. College)	WFAA (800)
11:30-11:45 A.M. (Texas Farm and Home Hour)	WOAI (1190)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:45-12:15 P.M. (Dinnerbell Program)	WLS (870)
12:00 Noon	WHO (1000)
12:15-12:30 P.M. (College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky)	WHAS (820)
12:15-12:30 P.M. (Cornbelt Gossip—Geo. Menard)	WLS (870)
12:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
12:30 P.M. (Poultry Service Time)	WLS (870)
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. (Crop News—Check Stafford)	WLS (870)
12:45 P.M. (4-H Club Meeting)	WHAM (1150)

12:45 P.M.	WLS (870)
12:45 P.M. (Farming in Dixie—Extension Service of Georgia's College of Agriculture)	WSB (740)
1:00 P.M. (Agriculture Conservation)	WHO (1000)
11:30 A.M. (Auburn Farm and Family Forum)	WAPI

Grain Reports

6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
7:00 A.M. (Liverpool Cotton and Grain)	WFAA (800)
9:20 A.M.	WBAP (800)
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
11:45 A.M.	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:45 A.M.	WFAA (800)
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
12:30 P.M.	WHAS (820)
12:50-12:57 P.M. (F. C. Bisson)	WLS (870)
2:30-2:45 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
2:40 P.M.	WBAP (800)
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)
4:45 P.M.	WSM (650)



Weather Broadcasts

5:30 A.M.	WLS (870)
5:45 A.M. (Charlie Smithgall's "Morning Merry-Go-Round")	WSB (740)
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
6:30-7:00 A.M. (Dial-A-Smile)	WOAI (1190)
7:00 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
7:00 A.M.	WSM (650)
7:02 A.M.	WFAA (800)
7:15 A.M.	WHO (1000)
7:15 A.M.	WSB (740)
9:00 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
9:00 A.M.	WSM (650)
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
11:30 A.M.	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:50 A.M.	WFAA (800)
12:00 Noon	WSB (740)
12:05 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
12:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
12:30 P.M. (Jack Sprat News Reporter)	WHO (1000)



12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
12:40 P.M.	WHAS (820)
2:30-2:45 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
2:50 P.M.	WAPI
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)
3:30 P.M. (WHO News Bulletins)	WHO (1000)
5:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
5:45 P.M.	WHO (1000)
6:00 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
6:30 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
10:00 P.M.	WHO (1000)
11:00 P.M.	WHAM (1150)

Program Highlights of Interest to Women

What To Serve Today	WHO	8:15 A.M.
Mary Lee Taylor	WHAS	9:00 A.M.
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.
Modern Homemakers	WFAA	10:30 A.M.
Bureau of Missing Persons	WHO	11:55 A.M.
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.
Homemakers' 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.
Penelope Penn	WSB	8:00 A.M.
Women Only—Conducted by Hazel Cowles	WHAM	9:15 A.M.
Georgia's Women's Markets—Mrs. Robin Wood	WSB	9:15 A.M.
Betty & Bob	WHAS, WHO	2:00 P.M.; 12:00 Noon
Home Folks—Conducted by Ethel Strong	WOAI	9:00-9:15 A.M.
Courtney Carrell	WFAA	11:00 A.M.
Betty Crocker	WHO	12:45 P.M.
Old Kitchen Kettle	WLS	8:30 A.M.

ROLLS DEVELOPED

FREE! Your Choice: 1 MASTER NATURAL COLOR ENLARGEMENT, 2 beautiful enlargements or 8 duplicate prints given FREE with ROLL DEVELOPED and 8 high gloss prints for only 25c coin. Reprints 3c each. Overnight service. Quality must delight you or money back. 16 years experience. **25c COIN**

SUNSET SERVICE

287 SUNSET BLDG. ST. PAUL, MINN.



Irene Beasley dedicates her new program "R.F.D. No. 1" to America's farm women.

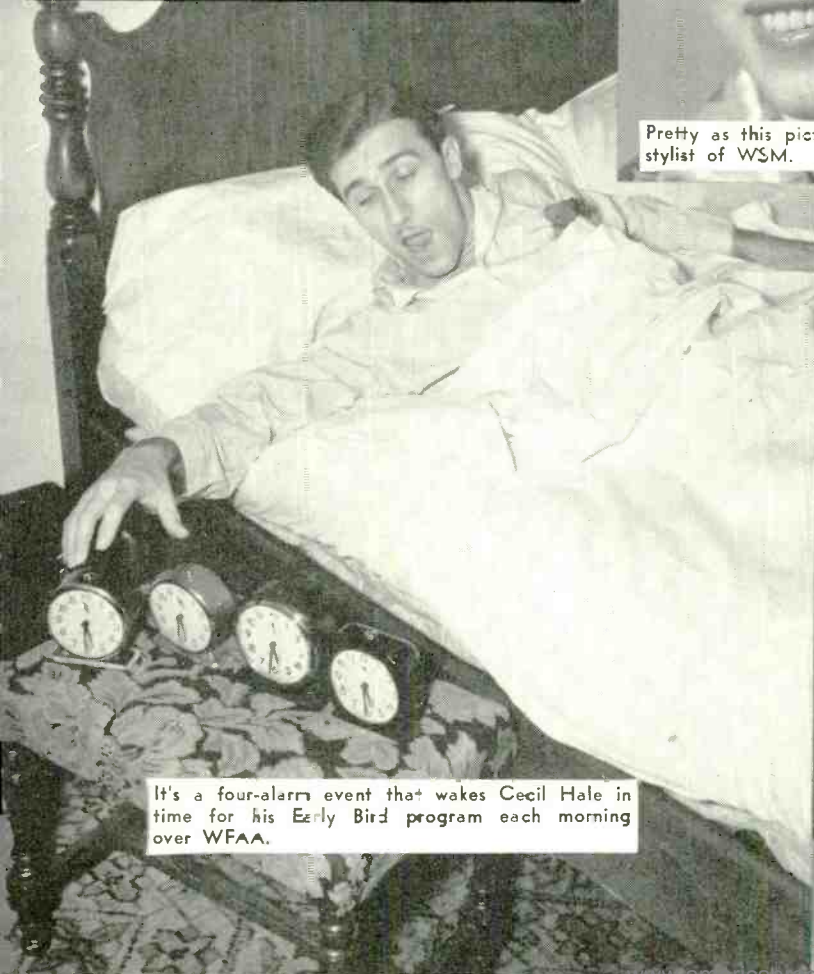


The Four Dons of WFO: Tommy Coan, Roy Shaw, Jug Brown and O in Clark.

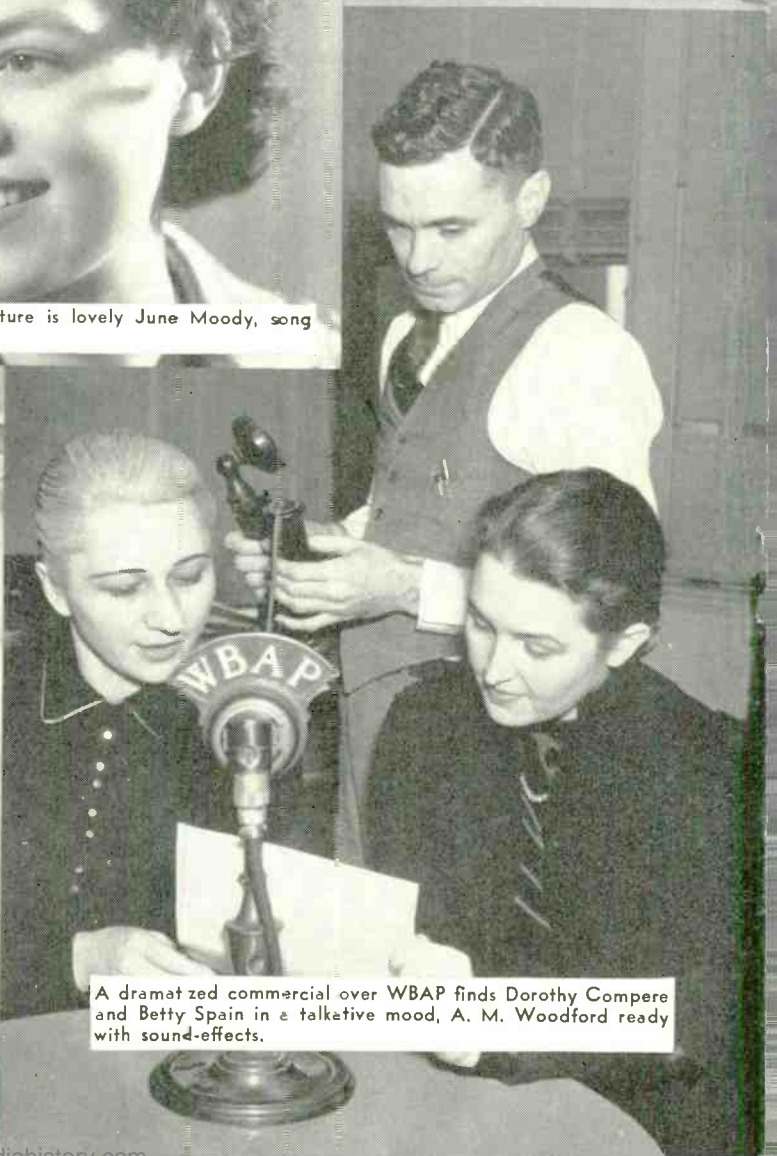
RURAL RADIO *Round-Up*



Pretty as this picture is lovely June Moody, song stylist of WSM.



It's a four-alarm event that wakes Cecil Hale in time for his Early Bird program each morning over WFAA.



A dramatized commercial over WBAP finds Dorothy Compere and Betty Spain in a talkative mood, A. M. Woodford ready with sound-effects.

"Hazel" of One Man's Family is ready for a plunge. In real life she is Bernice Berwin, and as attractive as in radio life.



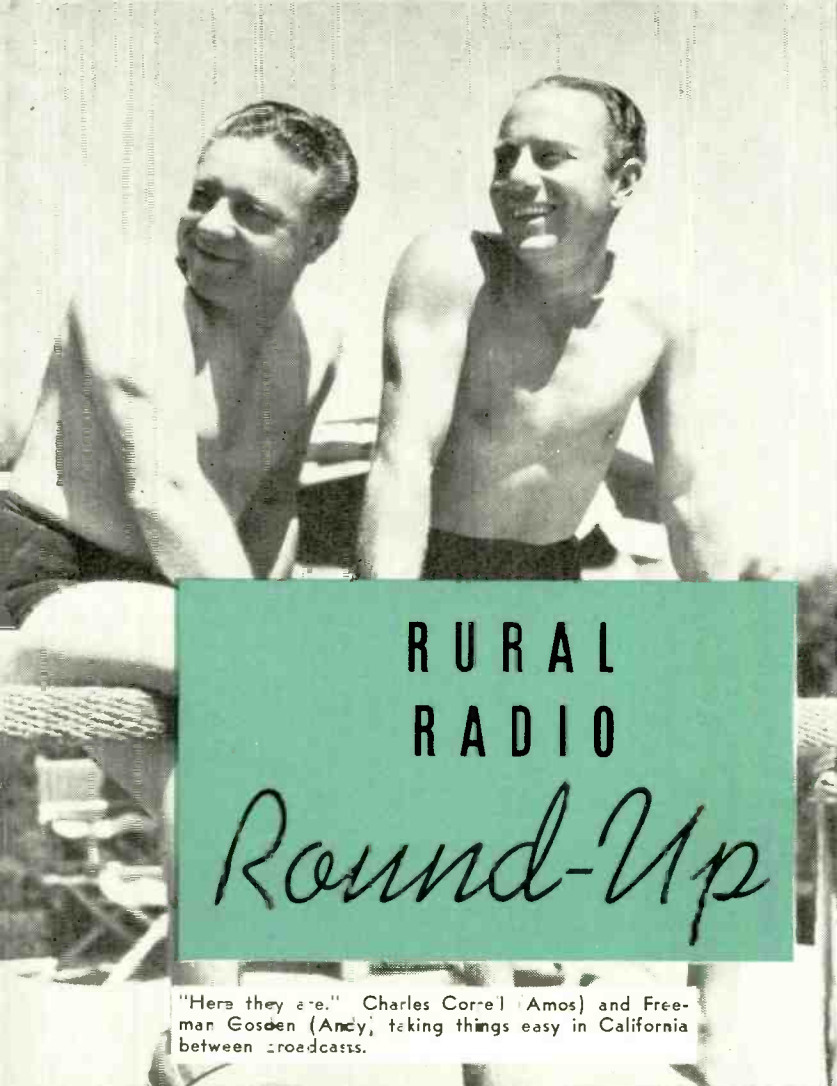
David Stone, popular announcer of WSM



Marcus Bartlett of WSB presents two champions — Jesse Crawford, world-famed organist, and Charlie Yates, Atlanta's newly crowned king of golfers.



Cliff Carl of WHO adds forty years to become the popular character, "Fappy Cliff"



RURAL
RADIO
Round-Up

"Here they are." Charles Correll (Amos) and Freeman Gosden (Ancle), taking things easy in California between broadcasts.



Violette Slaton is featured as 'Sunshine' on the Peoper Cadets over WFAA.



It's serious business to give livestock reports from the nation's biggest livestock center. But that's the business of Fred Sawyer of WBAP.

Girl reporter, Leona Bender, interviews the movie beauty Gilda Grey.



Newsman Ernest Rogers turns vocalist, but it's too much for native Georgian, James Melton.



Bill McClusky, Irish tenor of the National Barn Dance, and below, members of the WLS show welcoming Dizzy Dean to one of their broadcasts.



To the left, Miss Perfect Figure; to the right, Miss United States; in the middle—and howl—Ken McClure.



Old - Man - Smithgall's - Son - Charles with the Duke and Duchess of Hastings.



The one and only Uncle Dave Macon of WSM, caught singing "Come, s-s-sit by my s-s-side, little darling."



AL SISSON

In college, Al was head of the dramatic department and Tom was his leading dramatist. Radio reunited them, and now . . .

By ART KELLY

SOMEWHERE near Rochester, New York, two little children were lost. A terrified mother called the Sheriff's office with her frantic story . . . with the speed of light the message flashed out to police cars . . . the search was on. To further aid his men, the Sheriff called WHAM to ask assistance of Rochester's 50,000 watt station. Fate timed that call so that it reached WHAM just before the station's noon news broadcast. At 12:05 Tom Murray went on the air and, with news of the world, included the story of two little children lost, strayed or stolen.

Minutes later the phone jangled again. It was the Sheriff. The children had been found and everyone was happy. A woman, preparing dinner, had glanced from her kitchen window as she heard the story. There, in a nearby field, she saw the missing kiddies. The search was over.

Four times daily, seven days a week, "Your Esso Reporter" broadcasts over WHAM reporting everything from unbelievable yarns from far corners of the world to the local weather forecast. News reporting was started in a big way over WHAM three years ago and since then it has become one of the station's most honored services to the listening public.

WHAM's news bureau is manned by Allen Sisson and Tom Murray. Tom does the early morning and noon broadcasts while Al does the early evening and late programs. Material for the ten minute spots is supplied by United Press and reaches WHAM via a teletype machine or automatic typewriter.

In a recent interview, Al Sisson revealed that each ten minute news spot averages eighteen stories. Each story in turn averages ten lines with ten words to the line. On the occasion of Esso's first anniversary on WHAM (July 1) Reporter Murray figured that in one year they had presented

Four TIMES DAILY Seven DAYS A WEEK



TOM MURRAY

Tom and Al work side by side as pals to bring each day's news to WHAM listeners.

26,208 stories with a total of 2,620,800 words.

The partnership of Tom and Al is a strange one. Before entering radio Al was head of the Dramatics De-

A fairy tale you say? No indeed! It happens not only once but many times in the course of a year. This, my friends, is a new era. A time of speed and accuracy—the Age of Radio.

partment of Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York. During the course of his career as a school master he had a student named Tom Murray who was leading man in the college's dramatic presentations. A friendship grew up between the two which was interrupted by Al leaving college for radio work. When Tom graduated he also turned to radio and landed a job at WHAM where he renewed his friendship with his former college teacher.

It would be hard to find a better pair to present to readers of "Rural Radio" than Tom and Al, for both boys were born and raised in rural areas of New York State.

ROUNDING THEM UP

(Continued from page 9)

Sunday morning. My only outlet to the outside world is my radio."

My heart reaches out to my friends and kindred spirits on the ranches and farms. When winter comes or heavy rains make the roads boggy so that they cannot go to church, I am happy to feel that the church can go to them by radio. Then there are isolated homes. From one such I received a letter saying, "We have not been to church for many years for we have no way to go and it is too far to walk. I cannot tell you how much we have enjoyed your sermons." A mother wrote that the religious training her boys received was through our services.

From still another home comes this, "I am so situated that I cannot attend church. I want to let you know how happy I am that you are able to broadcast." Another says, "We have not had any preaching here on Sunday and we are always glad when WOAI comes in."

In Yucatan an American girl gets the service every Sunday morning and teaches what she has gotten to a group of natives in the afternoon. In a cantina in Mexico they tune in for the sermon. The orchestra stops its music and the patrons respectfully listen.

In garages, cafes, in little groups everywhere my audience gathers. From sick beds and prison cells they listen. I try to be helpful to all. I try to keep "my fodder on the ground" so that all who wish can feed on it and can understand what I am trying to say. A dear old lady told me one day that she listened to me every Sunday because I preached such "simple-minded" sermons! She then, fortunately, added that anybody could understand them.

When the depression came the church could no longer continue to finance the radio service. So for ten years it has been a venture of faith. Sometimes as small amount as one dollar is sent; often a full Sunday is provided. At times God has inspired some noble soul to provide for an entire year.

Well, anyhow, I get a lot of pleasure out of it and hope that the people in the rural districts will continue to listen in and not walk out on me.



Anything from Beethoven to Berlin is in the repertoire of the Red Hawks, and these eight boys play thirty different instruments. From left to right they are, Mac (kneeling), Jimmy, Oscar, Tom, Dave, Pappy, Henry, Shorty, and Bobby (kneeling).

WBAP Red Hawks

TAKE FLIGHT

By ELBERT HALING

S PONSORED by the Hawk Brand Work Clothes Company, Fort Worth, the Red Hawks derived their title from their sponsor's trade mark. The Hawks spread their ethereal appendages for the first flight over WBAP, August 10, 1935. Six of the original seven Hawks are still spreading a cheery good morning along the ether lanes. The current combination includes eight musicians. Each man has more than ten year's radio experience to his credit and each plays at least three different instruments.

And just as versatile are the Hawks when it comes to playing various types of music. Although some bands play but two types, "good" and "bad," the Hawks play everything from Beethoven to Berlin. Their early bird listeners, however, seem to prefer popular tunes, novelty ditties and range ballads. They like to hear Bobby swing out on his musical washboard with such familiar masterpieces as "St. Louis Blues," or hear Tenor Jimmy give voice to "Silver Threads Among the Gold." And speaking of singing—why, sure!—every Hawk can and does sing in professional fashion. Their hymn harmony has merited

much praise from the folks along the airalto.

4-H Club News

One very popular feature of their daily programs which should be of special interest to RURAL RADIO readers is the 4-H Club News presented at frequent intervals. Coming on the air at 6:30 a.m. the Hawks depend on folks in rural communities for a large portion of their audience. Realizing this fact, Pete Beyette, the Hawks' genial manager, recently instigated a contest directed mainly at his rural audience.

Oscar, fiddler and harmonica artist extraordinary, was allowed to say a word from time to time. Then it was announced that 20, 410-gauge shot guns would be given to the listeners who guessed nearest the correct age of Oscar in years, months and hours.

Mail began pouring in and each morning found a large studio audience with curious eyes fixed upon Oscar. Oscar is medium of stature and what with his Red Hawk uniform and jaunty cap concealing a slightly bald pate, studio guessers suffered a distinct handicap.

It's no wonder listeners in twenty-six states have dubbed the Red Hawks of WBAP, Fort Worth, as "versatile plus." If you're in doubt, dial 800 kilocycles on the family radio any week-day morning at 6:30 o'clock, CST., or at 12:30 p.m., Saturday on Texas Quality Network. Believe-It-Or-Rip you'll hear eight men playing thirty different musical instruments! No, Oswald, not at once!

From Twenty-Six States

Listeners in twenty-six states contributed their best guessing efforts! The judges labored loud and long over the enormous stack of contest mail and soon twenty lucky guessers were shot gun recipients. One winner wrote the station a short while ago asking when the Hawks would give away some shot gun shells. Says he, "Received my gun in good condition but haven't dedicated it yet. Let's have another contest with shells for a prize!" Mr. Beyette is still scratching his head over that one.

The Red Hawks musical director is affectionately known as "Pappy" George and the soft-spoken master of ceremonies answers to the name of Dave when not engaged in his profession of optometry. Golf and fishing furnish pastimes for the other Hawks.

Yes, they listen to WBAP on Sunday, their only day off.

Fashions

No. H-3219 (below), Runabout frock in sizes 12 through 20. Make it up in navy, brown, green or black linen, with contrast braid for collar and cuffs.



MARSHA HUNT

No. H-3217 (below) is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material; 6 yards of braid to trim as pictured.



VIRGINIA WEIDLER

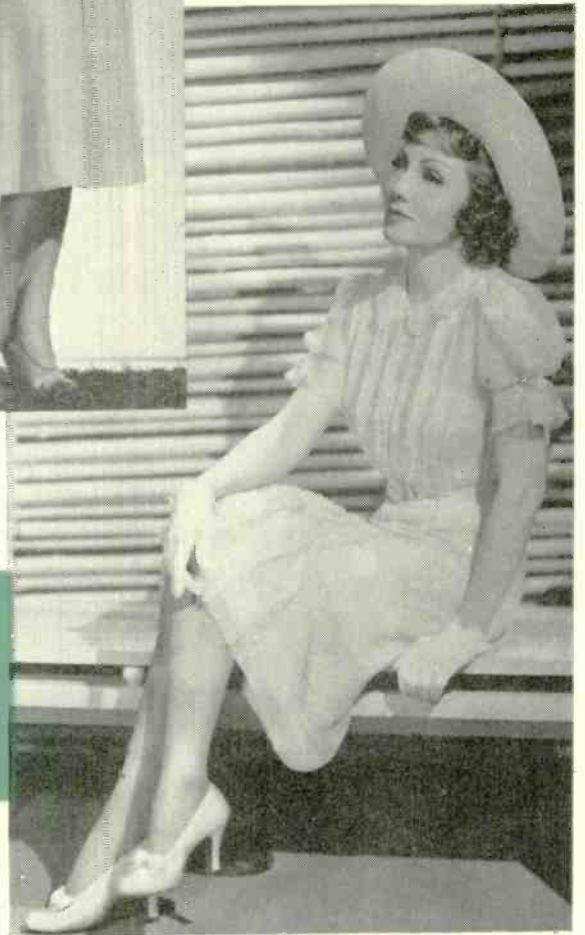


FLORENCE GEORGE

MODELED BY
PARAMOUNT STARS

No. H-3304 (left), 4 1/8 yards 35-inch material makes this frock in size 14. 2 3/4 yards braid to trim. Sizes 14 through 20.

No. H-3277 (below), in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 14 requires 3 7/8 yards 39-inch sheer fabric, voile, georgette or chiffon and 24 yards lace edging.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

JUST RIGHT FOR AUGUST WEAR

Youthful simplicity is pictured in the three illustrations above, and they're easy to make because the patterns include a detailed sewing chart. With remnants on every dress goods counter, you can step out in a NEW dress for almost any occasion, at little expense. Order by pattern number from RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE, Nashville, Tenn. Send 25 cents, your name and address, pattern number and size.

RURAL RADIO, Inc., 193.....
Nashville, Tenn.

Enclosed find 25 cents. Send me Pattern No.
Size No.

.....
(PRINT NAME PLAINLY)

.....
STREET ADDRESS OR ROUTE

.....
CITY

.....
STATE

LET'S MAKE

Jelly

FOR WINTER TABLES OR FOR ACTUAL MARKET- ING, CANNING SPELLS PROFIT

By BARBOUR HENRY

HAVE you ever thought of COOKING for profit? You may work either for the winter months ahead when food prices usually go UP or for actual sale. Women all over the country have discovered "Home-made Jellies—FOR SALE" attracts the tourist. Often the result is a make year 'round customer.

Make up small lots at convenient times; pour the jelly into odd-shaped little jars or just regular jelly glasses; pour the paraffin on from the convenient little "pourer," with spout and handle pictured on this page; put on bright, new lids; wipe the container spotlessly clean—and there you are!

You can enhance the value as well as the looks of your finished jelly product by adding a white cellophane wrapper, bringing the four corners of the square sheet of cellophane together on top of the lid and tying with a colorful strip of cellophane.

Jars of jelly, by the way, are good to remember at Christmas time for your city relatives and friends, especially those who live in apartments and in hotels.

These recipes turn out a perfect product every time.

Preparations:

1. Wash fruit and cut in pieces.

Berries and currants should be thoroughly washed, drained and crushed.

2. Add enough water barely to cover fruit and boil until tender.

Currants, grapes and berries need NO water. Bring to boil, crush and press juice out.

3. Drain juice from fruit through a cloth bag. All juices for jelly should be made as clear as possible by straining.

4. When jelly sets, pour melted paraffin to seal.

BLACKBERRY (or any berry) JELLY

Put 1 qt. whole berries in pan with no sugar or water. Cook until done. Take off stove and strain. Put juice back on stove and bring to a boil. Add 1½ cups sugar to each cup of juice. Take off fire immediately and stir until sugar is dissolved. Pour into glasses or jars.

The only change in above recipe for making grape jelly is to use 2-3 to ¾ as much sugar by measure as juice.

APPLE-MINT JELLY

2 lbs. apples
1 bunch mint
3 cups sugar

Wash and cut apples in quarters. Barely cover with boiling water; put on cover and let cook until soft throughout. Turn into jelly bag. Measure 1 quart juice, add crushed leaves and stalk of mint; cook slowly 20 minutes, then strain into clean sauce pan. Heat to boiling, add sugar and let boil until syrup jellies. Tint with green vegetable coloring. Turn into hot sterilized glasses.

This jelly is excellent with lamb hot or cold.

CURRANT JELLY

5 lbs. currants
1 ounce stick cinnamon
1 tablespoon whole cloves

Wash currants but do not remove stems; mash slightly to start juice; cook until currants look white. Pour into clean jelly bag. Add to the juice, the spices tied in a clean bag and boil 10 minutes. Remove spices; measure juice; for each cup juice add ¾-cup sugar. Boil until syrup drops from spoon in heavy drops. Pour into hot sterilized jelly glasses.

Beginning this month, Barbour Henry will contribute an article on food to each issue of RURAL RADIO.—The Editor.



Now is the time. . . Fruits are luscious, berries are ripe and sweet. Odd-shaped little jars can be filled to advantage.

PLUM JELLY

Wash plums; cover with cold water and boil until plums are soft. Turn into jelly bag. Measure juice, and for each cup liquid add 1 cup sugar. Bring juice to boil, add sugar and boil rapidly to jelly stage. Pour into sterilized glasses.

PEACH JELLY

Peach peelings or peaches may be used to make this jelly. Cover with water and boil until juice is well extracted. To each pint of juice add 1 pint apple pectin and juice of half a lemon. Measure juice; bring to a boil; then add sugar in proportions of 1 cup sugar to 1 cup juice. Boil rapidly to jelly stage.

APPLE PECTIN

For use in making jellies such as peach, cherry, or any fruit lacking in pectin.

1 lb. apple pulp (skins or cores)
4 pints water
juice 1 lemon

Boil for 40 minutes. Turn into jelly bag and drain thoroughly. Then drain through a flannel bag. Return juice to fire and boil for 15 minutes. Store in sterilized jars and seal.

Going Hollywood

WITH THE GOLDEN WEST COWBOYS

FRIDAY the Thirteenth and a warm May night. The auditorium at New Hope, Alabama, is packed. The doors are jammed and the people are sitting in the windows.

Backstage J. I. Frank's Golden West Cowboys with Little Texas Daisy are waiting to go on. A few minutes and the long hand of the clock will be pointing up on eight—curtain time.

That night the performance did not begin with its customary punctuality. The audience had to wait a little while. Here's what happened.

In those tense few minutes before a show starts a neighbor living near the hall came rustling in. Someone in the act was wanted on the telephone. It was long distance—Hollywood, California—calling!

All day the Golden West Cowboys had been expecting a call as to whether or not they were going to appear with their old friend Gene Autry in his new picture called "Gold Mine in the Sky."

Pee Wee King, leader of the troupe, went to answer the phone. The rest of the company waited with fingers crossed, trying to keep from biting fingernails.

Fifteen minutes passed. They seemed like so many hours. Then Pee Wee came bounding back. "They want us in Hollywood by Tuesday," he shouted.

What a show the boys and Little Texas Daisy put on that night! Who said Friday the Thirteenth was unlucky?

The Cowboys and Daisy themselves—each in his turn—are going to tell the rest of the story.

* * *

MILTON ESTES, the Master of Ceremonies

If you have never made the trip from Nashville to Los Angeles or have never thought of the distance, you just don't know what we were in for. It's twenty-two hundred miles. But instead of leaving the minute the message came we waited until Saturday night after our last program on the Grand Ole Opry.

Texas may be the largest of our forty-eight states but with my system you can cross it in fifteen minutes—or maybe thirty. For as soon as we entered the Lone Star State I fell



"Something we'll never forget," says Pee Wee King, leader of the GOLDEN WEST COWBOYS, after the big jaunt to the Coast and their experiences inside a big moving picture studio.

asleep in the back seat and woke up in Amarillo. I doubt if I would have fully awakened if the voice of the filling station attendant had not brought me to life with the words, "It's going to be the worst storm we ever had."

Having heard about Texas tornadoes, I sat up to look right into a funnel-shaped cloud which had all the earmarks of a rip-snorter. After two or three minutes I saw, to my great relief, that it was heading in another direction so I went to sleep and woke up in New Mexico.

I could go on and on telling you about New Mexico and Arizona and the great waste lands but I am going to take you from here to Hollywood where some people go without anything and become millionaires, where others go with a good stake and come out with nothing, where a man may go today, unheard of, and come out tomorrow the most talked of person in America and then be forgotten just as quickly.

We arrived in Hollywood Tuesday and were called the following day. Down we went and got busy rehearsing the numbers we were to do in the picture. After that we went into a

studio with a microphone just like the ones at WSM and made a record of all the songs.

The recording was all finished and then came "location," where they take all outdoor and action scenes. We found ourselves on top of a mountain called Tauquitz, which in Indian language means devil, because of its volcanic rumblings.

They were glorious days up there just eating and sleeping and getting a larruping good sun tan. Of course, we worked when they called us but some days we were not even called at all.

The producer and musical director for Eddie Cantor's show on Monday nights came up to location one day to see Gene and us about appearing as guests on their program. Of course, we were more than glad.

Between scenes—it was a ranch sequence—we went into the bunk house with Gene and started arranging "Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride." By the time we got back to town the song was already set so we had a good time looking over the CBS studios.

We played for Gene Autry in one number and then he and Eddie got together with the announcer for a bit of harmony on "Ragtime Cowboy Joe." In my opinion, Cantor is one of the greatest showmen in the business. He is also a swell guy to know.

The picture was completed by the following Saturday and we were ready to come home again.

* * *

PEE WEE KING, the Leader

My trip to Hollywood and back was packed full of thrills and excitement. We drove continuously on the Central Route. When we reported for work at Republic Pictures for "Gold Mine in the Sky," we found it would be another day before production started as cast, wardrobe, and other routine matters had to be straightened out.

We recorded songs the first day of work and later they were given to us on the play back. While the camera takes a picture of singing or playing, the performer is only going through the motion for the music has already been put on a film sound track.

The picture—our first—took us four weeks to complete and we had many experiences to enjoy and remember.

On our way back to Nashville, we traveled the Southern route which dips toward old Mexico. We spent a day below the Rio Grande. One does



While they were in Hollywood to support Gene Autrey in "Gold Mine in the Sky," J. L. Frank's GOLDEN WEST COWBOYS and the Western star appeared as guest artists on Eddie Cantor's program. They even involved the banjo-eyed comedian in a little close harmony of the lone prai-ree-ee. Here they are at Hollywood's CBS studios after the broadcast. Cantor and Autrey are stooping front, and standing are: Curley Rhodes, Milton Estes, Little Texas Daisy, Pee Wee King, Cowboy Jack, and Abner Simms.

not realize how big and hot is the desert until he has crossed it. For after you leave California there is no sign of vegetation until you come within a few miles of Ft. Worth, Texas.

The whole trip and making the picture is something I will always remember but neither shall I forget the thrill of seeing Nashville's city limits and our home studio at WSM again.

* * *

ABNER SIMMS, the Fiddler

The trip West was hard but we enjoyed every mile of it. The hardest part was crossing the desert. It was 110 in the shade if there had been shade but there was not a tree in sight and a cactus has no limbs.

We had loads of fun on location and a chance to get a good tan from that famous California sunshine. We had the pleasure of meeting several movie celebrities both on location and in Hollywood. We also took a tour to see the homes of most of the film stars.

On our way home we stopped in old Mexico where I had always wanted to visit. After a night in Dallas, we went on to Texarkana where we played a two-day engagement at the theater.

Although we got a big kick out of the scenery in the Panhandle, the desert, and the mountains, it was a treat to get back into Tennessee.

* * *

CURLEY RHODES, "Cicero,"

We had already planned a week's vacation when we received word to come to Hollywood immediately. For this opportunity we gave up our trips

gladly. We went through beautiful country on the way to the Coast—the great desert, the great divide, and the Sierra Mountains.

One scene on location I'll always remember. After rehearsing it four or five times it was finally ready to shoot. Well, it happened that Abner Simms, our fiddler, fell off his horse and gave us all a big laugh. The entire company was full of mischievous pranks and it seemed that everybody was up to something to stir up fun.

When we were not working, we were riding and climbing in the mountains. On our return to the studio lots in Hollywood, we finished the inside shots and retakes.

Freddie Rose, one of our old friends from WSM, is writing songs for Republic Pictures. Some of the sights we took in were the Rose Bowl, the Brown Derby, and the Pacific Ocean from a ride along the shore.

* * *

COWBOY JACK

To most folks May 14 is just another day but to all the Golden West Cowboys it is one long to be remembered. On that day we could all be found packing our bags preparing to go to Hollywood.

Leaving after our 11 P.M. broadcast, we drove straight through stopping only to eat and gas up and take turns at driving. The country was beautiful all the way and there was scenery to please everyone. There were the windswept plains of Texas, the desert of New Mexico and Arizona, and the rugged snow-capped mountains of California. And we saw plenty of cactus and tumbleweed.

From Hollywood to location was about one hundred miles and Republic Pictures makes it a rule for the entire cast to ride in studio buses. On the bus we met the rest of the cast.

Arriving at camp, we arranged our quarters in cabins and it was out here at camp that I believe we had the best time of the entire trip. The scenery was perfect with snow-capped mountains and mountain streams with plenty of fish and that good old mountain breeze blowing to make you feel you were glad to be alive.

* * *

TEXAS DAISY

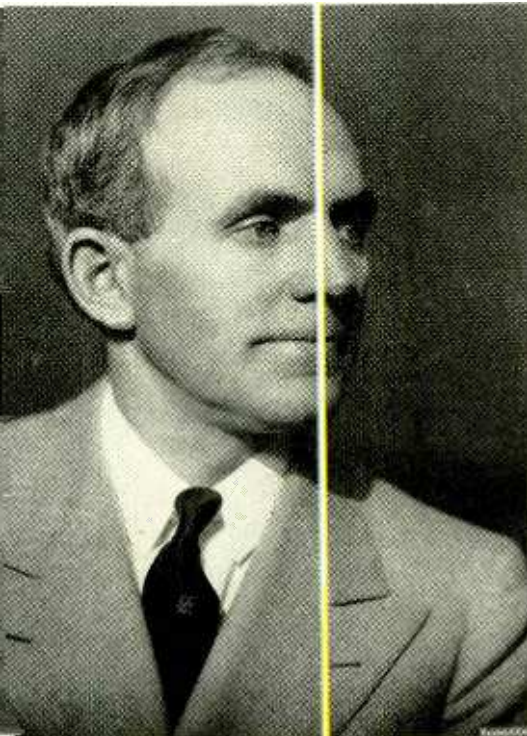
Needless to say, the trip was most enjoyable. It was the most interesting I have ever taken even though we drove steadily from the Saturday night we left Nashville until Tuesday morning when we arrived in Hollywood. We arrived there at 6:30 o'clock in the morning—tired but happy.

On Friday the boys left for location up in the mountains. I remained at our hotel in Hollywood where I had a much needed rest. Most of my time was spent on the beach in the sunshine where I got a real California tan but not before I got a very painful sunburn.

I had lunch at the Brown Derby a few times where I saw quite a few of the well-known movie stars. Evenings were spent taking in some of the Hollywood sights.

The following Thursday Mrs. Autrey invited me to drive with her up in the mountains where the company was on location. I had a grand time and it was very exciting to see them shoot some of the riding scenes.

"Flood Mayor"



HEADS RADIO INDUSTRY

By JOSEPH WYNNE

HE SAVED the lives of 200,000 people.

He forced a great electric company to lower its rates, to the benefit of 350,000 home-owners.

He helped prepare thousands of young men and women at two leading universities to take their places in life.

And now he has just been chosen to lead the American radio industry to new paths of service and entertainment for the 30,000,000 radio homes in America.

Humanitarian, teacher, statesman, friend, such is Neville Miller just elected president of the National Association of Broadcasters, the great organization in which the smallest station and the largest network pool their experiences so that American radio service and entertainment may continue to make larger contributions to the listener and to the home.

Undoubtedly his decision to accept the difficult post offered him was influenced by his personal experiences in the greatest drama in radio his-

tory. For as the courageous "flood mayor" of Louisville in 1937, when the raging waters of the Ohio enveloped a whole city and threatened death and destruction to two hundred thousand human beings, when radio remained the only means of communicating and co-ordinating rescue instructions from his desk in City Hall, Neville Miller saw spring up around him the greatest radio network in history. Three hundred American radio stations with WHAS Louisville and WSM Nashville, key points in the rescue work, *voluntarily* banded together to bring doctors, nurses, serums, blankets, food, boats, policemen, revolvers, transportation, and shelter. Two hundred thousand men, women and children, victims of the worst flood disaster in American history *had* to find boats with which to abandon homes; *had* to find transportation to escape from the flood waters; *had* to find some place of refuge, and Neville Miller, standing in hip boots and directing operations saw how radio sprang into instant service when the emergency came. And so it seemed significant that the man destined to be chosen as the new leader of American radio, saw at first hand what great public good American radio can be.

Undertakes Big Job

As president of the NAB, Mr. Miller faces a tremendously complicated task. His is the duty of seeing that the free, competitive American System of Radio is not changed to imitate foreign conceptions of radio where dictators and state heads use radio to further their own selfish ends; where listeners are told to what they can listen; where listeners have no choice in programs as every American now has in this country; where

radio is used to spread hatred and fear and trouble and not goodwill, religious tolerance and the right of *both* sides to be heard such as we now enjoy in democratic American radio.

As NAB's president Mr. Miller will not only act as protector of American radio, but will also be the leader to inspire new and unknown services of radio not only in fields of entertainment, but in the fields of education, religion, public service and domestic and international goodwill building.

His will be the job also of keeping the industry abreast of all technical advances that mean so much to improved reception; to see that it is at all times fair to the laborer, to the farmer, and to all listeners. Around him, he has gathered a staff to help in this great work. Readers of RURAL RADIO will be pleased to learn that the co-founder and first editor of this magazine, Mr. Ed. Kirby, is at Mr. Miller's side, helping him in the public relations and educational fields of radio.

Mr. Miller was born in Louisville, Kentucky in 1894. He has served on the faculties of two great colleges, the University of Louisville where he trained young men in the law, and at Princeton University where he served just prior to his election to the key-radio post. Comment throughout the country, from the press, educators, religious, agricultural and club leaders have been unanimous in praise at his selection. A man of simple habits, father of four children, Mr. Miller may well be expected to handle the difficult affairs of American radio with the same courage with which he met the problems of the mad-raging Ohio River when it threatened to destroy his neighbors and his city.

NEED MONEY ?

Turn Your Spare Time
Into CASH
This Easy Way!

Here's Your Chance To Cash In!

Money is a problem to a lot of folks right now! It just seems that there's not enough to meet all the demands of the family. That's why so many men and women are glad of the opportunity to add to their income materially by taking subscriptions to Rural Radio magazine.

You, too, can use some of your spare time profitably. Not full time work—just a few calls each day on your friends and neighbors. Or make several calls to them by phone. You'll be surprised at the results!

There is no money required for you to get started in this paying business. All that is necessary for you to do is to use this copy of Rural Radio as your sample, call on the folks in your neighborhood that do not subscribe to it, and let them see for themselves what a wonderful magazine it is! Be SURE to point out all the interesting pictures of their favorite radio stars—and all the fascinating stories about them!

This is the only radio magazine in America published exclusively for the rural listener—so be sure to tell your friends all about it! The subscription price is \$1.00 per year, and our commission to you is 20% (20c) on each order you secure. The work is easy. Try it and make some of that extra money you've always wanted!

Don't Delay! Act Now!

Write your name and address on a piece of paper—and below it list the names and addresses of the people whose subscriptions you take to Rural Radio. (Print or type names and addresses.)

For every subscription you take, send us 80c—you keep 20c. Address all letters to:

CIRCULATION MANAGER
RURAL RADIO, Inc.
908 Commerce St.
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



WSB—ALL BACHELORS

Because Rural Radio readers wanted to know who was who, we are repeating by request these two pictures. The WSB Bachelors are, left to right, Marcus Bartlett, Herbert Harris (who is tabbed to leave the ranks this month), Douglas Edwards, and seated, Hugh Ivey.



WSM—ALL MARRIED

Left to right are Tom Stewart, Jack Harris, who also serves as associate editor of RURAL RADIO, Ottis Devine, and David Stone. David Cobb is not in the picture. He was honeymooning when the photographer was around.

Arkie CHOPPED HIS WAY TO Fame

STAR OF NATIONAL BARN DANCE
BEGAN SINGING AT FOUR

By GILBERT DEAN



learned to call square dances for the country parties. This is one talent he has never ceased to exercise for he is today the favorite caller at the National Barn Dance each Saturday night at the Old Hayloft. The "Chopper" didn't take up guitar playing and singing again until after he graduated from high school, but his personality always kept him in demand as a square dance caller.

Learned Trapper's Secrets

He also taught himself to play the fiddle for the country dances. This was no easy task for Arkie, with brothers and sisters around to "heckle" him. Arkie remembers one instance when they brought in a lighted lantern and told him the barn should be warm enough for him to use as a practice room.

Arkie spent much of his time in trapping and hunting in the Ozark mountains around his home with his brothers, and learned many secrets of the trapping trade. Hunting is still a favorite activity for Arkie, and each time he returns to his old home he never fails to go out for a hunt.

He was rather dubious about entering radio, but at the suggestion of several friends Arkie went to Kansas City in 1928 to look over the situation. Three days after he got there, he was given an audition over KMBC, and was immediately added to the staff. Although he had been singing before people for so many years, Arkie really had a bad case of "mike" fright when he made his first broadcast. "And," says Arkie, "it wasn't just my own confidence in myself that made my broadcast successful. Rather, it was the knowledge that others had placed their confidence in my ability. I felt I just had to make good for them."

For two years Arkie entertained KMBC listeners with his renditions of the old-time Ozark mountain numbers, and during this time he made

Luther Ossenbrink, known to millions of WLS National Barn Dance fans as Arkie, the Arkansas Woodchopper, had his start as an entertainer long before he made his first appearance over the Prairie Farmer Station in 1929. In fact, Arkie has been entertaining people with his singing of old-time mountain ballads since he was about four years old.

guest appearances over many other radio stations throughout the Midwest, including WFAA, Dallas; WKY, Oklahoma City; WHB, Kansas City; and KMOX, St. Louis.

On WLS First in 1929

In August, 1929, Arkie auditioned at WLS and soon afterward was heard on the National Barn Dance. Since that time he has been appearing regularly over the Prairie Farmer Station and has made hundreds of personal theater appearances throughout the Midwest.

Arkie has well earned his radio subtitle of "Woodchopper," too, for he has chopped plenty of it. He knows country life front and back, having plowed corn, pitched hay, milked cows and thawed out the pump many a time. Moreover, he clerked in a store which his farmer-parents thriftily operated at a cross-roads corner, and had early training as a ridge-runner.

Arkie still sings, yodels and laughs a laugh that is as much a part of his songs as the tune itself. His listeners agree that there must be something contagious about his laugh, for they cannot resist laughing, too, when they hear this Ozark mountain lad break into a hearty laugh right in the middle of a song.

And, girls! He's still single.

There's nobody better at calling the figures at a square dance than Luther Ossenbrink, known to millions as the "Arkansas Woodchopper" of Radio Station WLS.

ARKIE was born near Knobnoster, Missouri, on March 2, 1907. Even at the age of two he was not tottering around unnoticed, for at that early age Arkie weighed 44 pounds, and was so heavy he was carried around most of the time to keep him from becoming bowlegged. So it wasn't so long after he learned to walk that Arkie, soon after his fourth birthday, started singing with his six-year-old sister at community gatherings.

When he reached his ninth birthday, Arkie felt himself too grown up to sing before his friends, so he



Children—white or colored—are natural subjects before the camera lens.



Your vacation trip should yield some good negatives. They needn't be as spectacular as this Yellowstone shot to be good photographic studies.

RURAL RADIO'S

BIG Camera Contest

Animals—particularly pups like the one below—have a charm all their own.



BEGINNING with the next issue, RURAL RADIO will sponsor a big camera contest. Cash prizes will be awarded for the three best negatives submitted by its readers.

For the best picture submitted the prize will be \$3.00 in cash. For the second best print, the cash award will be \$2.00. Third prize will be \$1.00.

All entries to be considered in the first judging must be in the offices of RURAL RADIO, INC., Nashville, Tennessee, not later than September 1. Winners will be announced in the October issue.

There is only one rule. Subjects may be anything. Entrants may be any age. The negatives may have been made last week or they may have been made two years ago—it doesn't matter. But on one thing the judges insist and that is that all entries must be from amateur photographers. No photograph will be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage.

For suggestions, RURAL RADIO publishes the three striking shots on this page. The contest sponsors do not mean for anybody to go out and try to copy these pictures. They are printed because of their imaginative qualities and because of their photographic superiority.

And that brings up another point. Judging will be on the general impression which the picture makes. Everything will be considered. If a picture which presents an attractive or novel subject and is not so good technically outbalances in its general effect a picture which is technically perfect but which presents a dull and uninteresting subject, the prize will go to the first picture.

Get out your cameras. Altogether now! Get set! Go! —and good luck!

RED

RADIO FARM DIGEST

I have read and re-read my first two issues of RURAL RADIO and I am surely sending hearty congratulations and sincere thanks for such a grand magazine. It just can't be beat for giving us news and pictures of radio stars we are interested in and want to know about. Every feature in these two issues is well worth the price of the whole magazine, and I do hope we can continue having such a wonderful way of knowing our radio programs and artists.

A real radio fan.
Vivian Brown, Waterloo, Iowa.

Thanks for the boost. We plan to give you more pictures and better radio news as the months come and go.

RURAL RADIO has brought a pleasure and enjoyment to me that I fail to possess words with which to describe. I, too, am a pledged life-time subscriber.

Quite a few of my friends wish to secure this magazine from a news stand at Snyder, Texas, but so far the Druggists have failed to secure their copies for their stand.

Yours for a larger magazine.
Mrs. A. W. Scrivner, Dermott, Texas.

How much better it would be for your friends to subscribe for RURAL RADIO and have it with all its radio news delivered right to their door. At this time RURAL RADIO is not available on news stands. You can only get it by subscribing.

Just want to tell you I think your little book, RURAL RADIO, is just grand. It is a very interesting book, and I have been buying each copy since April from our local news stand. I thought as long as I intend to get it regularly, I might just as well save a little on it, and besides guess I could use your cook book. Between your magazine and your cook book, perhaps I will be able to learn a lot.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Fred Eslinger, 432 Water St., Menasha, Wis.

You are right about buying a year's subscription, especially as long as the offer on the cook book holds good. By now, you have received your copy of the cook book, and we know you have found it as full of good recipes and household hints.

Mr. Ray Hunt, WHAS:

Early Morning Jamboree is one of the best programs that can be heard each day. I never miss the program unless weather conditions are very unsatisfactory. Just keep those grand programs up.

I have subscribed to RURAL RADIO some time ago, and can hardly wait for the next issue. I am enclosing twenty-five cents. Please send me the picture of Sunshine Sue and the three months' subscription to my uncle in New Mexico.

An every day listener.
Martha Langley, Hagan, Va.

That's the spirit. Spread the news of our magazine among your friends and relations. We know your uncle will want to become a regular subscriber.

Thanks very much for the dollar awarded me for third prize in the limerick contest. If you will look in the first issue of RURAL RADIO, you will find I was a winner of a small prize in the slogan contest. Besides, being indebted to RURAL RADIO for many, many hours of fun and pleasure, the material aid has been most welcome. Perhaps, I don't know so much about limericks, but I do enjoy RURAL RADIO FROM COVER TO COVER.

Sincerely,
Christine Wilburn, Louisville, Tenn.
Subscribers like you help build the magazine. Let us hear from you again.

Just a word about RURAL RADIO. We think it is a wonderful magazine. Sure do enjoy the pictures of radio stars of WSM. for WSM is my favorite station. We listen every Saturday night.

Yours truly,
Harold S. Duty, Belgrade, Mo.

Dear Fay and Cleo, WHO:

I should address this to RURAL RADIO, but I just have to tell you how much I enjoy your songs and how much I appreciate the song you sang for me, also receiving a card from you girls was very nice. Hope you will be at WHO a long long time. I have a picture of you girls in the WHO memory book, but will sure enjoy a large picture so much more.

Your listener,
Mrs. Jess O. Roe, Lenox, Iowa.
P. S.—I always wonder if you girls are sisters.
Faye and Cleo are not sisters. Faye, from Texas, and Cleo met in Cincinnati some years ago to form this musical team.

I think RURAL RADIO is one of the finest magazines I have ever seen. I enjoy the pictures so much, and they all are so plain. I am enclosing ten cents, and if you can send it, I want the February issue of RURAL RADIO. I have all of the other issues, and would not take anything for them.

Yours truly,
Mrs. W. A. Stewart, Bristol, Va.

I think my RURAL RADIO magazine is just about the nicest thing rural people have ever had come our way. I especially like the four picture pages, also household hints.

Will you please let me know how I may get one of your nice cook books? What is the retail price as I am already a subscriber? Please let me know before the supply is gone. I do delight in cooking good things to eat.

A listener, reader and friend,
Mrs. Carrie Eades, Brownfield, Ill.

For \$1.00 we will be glad to extend your subscription to RURAL RADIO for a year and send you a cook book free. Or, you may pay the retail price of \$1.00 for the book and get it.

WSB, Dear Sir:

We tune in and get most of your programs. We would like to see what some of the stars look like, so I am sending for RURAL RADIO.

Yours truly,
Fred Hughes, Keysville, Ga., RFD 2.
We are glad to have you join the ranks of our subscribers. This is just the service we offer you—pictures and facts about radio stars.

I listen to your programs every day and think they are just fine. WHAS station comes in awful clear and fine. I am sending twenty-five cents for RURAL RADIO for three months.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Emma A. Shoults, Campbellsburg, Indiana.

The Country Store

ROLLS DEVELOPED—25c coin. Two 5x7 double weight professional enlargements. 8 gloss prints. Club Photo Service, Box 53, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

SONG POEMS WANTED—Home, Love, any subject. Send your poem today for immediate consideration. RICHARD BROTHERS, 29 Woods Building, Chicago.

SNAPSHOTS IN NATURAL COLORS—Roll Developed, 8 NATURAL COLOR prints, 25c. NATURAL COLOR reprints, 3c. Amazingly beautiful. NATURAL COLOR PHOTO, C-154, Janesville, Wisconsin.

ROLLS DEVELOPED—ONE DAY SERVICE—2 Beautiful Enlargements, 8 brilliant prints, 25c. Quality guaranteed. ELECTRIC STUDIOS, 120 Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

INDIAN RELICS, beadwork, miniatures, curios, coins, minerals, books, weapons, stamps, fossils, dolls, old glass, catalog 5c. Indian Museum, Northbranch, Kansas.

SONGWRITERS WANTED. Write for free instruction book and 50-50 plan. Splendid opportunity. Indiana Song Bureau, Dept. 20, Salem, Indiana.

GET A GOVERNMENT JOB. MEN—WOMEN. \$105 to \$175 month. Dependable positions. Prepare immediately for next examinations. Short hours. Common education usually sufficient. Experience usually unnecessary. Full particulars and list positions FREE. Write today. Franklin Institute, Dept. A23, Rochester, N. Y.

RURAL RADIO'S REQUEST CORNER

RURAL RADIO wants to publish the pictures you want most to see. 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)
- (4)

If more space is needed write us a letter.

Signed

Address

Rural Radio will publish those receiving the most requests. Send yours in. . . . Cut out and mail to us:

RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE, Nashville, Tennessee

FAMILY Gossip

By PEGGY STEWART

Dear Friends: I would like to make a suggestion; it is very difficult to help you locate the stars you are interested in if you don't tell me what station you have been hearing them from because they often move and change the names of the acts they have or join other troupes. If you will always mention where you have heard your favorites, I can help you locate them so much more easily. I have enjoyed hearing from you and hope you will continue sending in many questions.

*Sincerely yours,
Peggy Stewart*

Miss Ann Donnelly, Highland, Ill.

We now have the information you requested about your favorites at KMOX and here it is for you and for the many others who have asked about them:

Pappy (Harry) Cheshire was born forty-five years ago in Emporia, Kansas. He has been in show business for twenty-four years having come to KMOX from a career in vaudeville, stock companies and musical comedy. He and his Hillbillies have recently won their third straight National championship in their field.

The following are some of the members of their troupe: Skeets Yaney was born twenty-eight years ago in Bedford, Indiana. He is single, began his radio career in 1931 at WGBF in Evansville, and is known as the golden-voiced yodeler. Frankie Krajcir is twenty-three years old and single. He began his radio career with Skeets at WIL at St. Louis. Banjo Murphy McClees is twenty-seven, having been born in Elk Valley, Tenn. He is single, and started in radio in 1928. Eddie Gentry is twenty-six years old and married, having three sons. He was born in Vincennes, Ind. All of his six years' radio experience has been with KMOX. Patsy Woodward was born in Bristol, England, and has been with KMOX for a year, having come there from vaudeville and stock companies.

Miss Nellie Duncan, Doraville, Ind.

Uncle Ned of WSB was born December, 1915, and is married. His real name is Gene Stripling.

So far as we know Kay woods is not married. Your questions about Hank and Slim and Bob are answered in the Thumb-nail sketch this time.

Miss Evelyn Gulch, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Tennessee Ramblers of WHAS are as follows:

Curly Campbell (Cecil Robert Campbell) was born March 22, 1911, in Danburg, N. C. He has brown eyes, black hair, weighs 165 pounds, and is five feet, five inches tall. He is married.

Fred Morris, who is known as Happy, was born May 15, 1909, in Temple, Ga. He has blue eyes and brown hair, weighs 190 pounds, and is five feet, ten and a half inches tall. He is married.

Horse Thief Harry (W. J. Blair) was born August 26, 1912, in New Martinsville, W. Va. He has blue eyes and sandy hair, and is six feet, two inches tall, weighing 195 pounds.

Milly Baynam (Marion Shvelnie) was born in Glendale, Pa., January 24, 1921. She is not married. Her eyes are brown, hair auburn, height,

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

Concerning Hank and Slim and the Nit Wits, Bob and Jack of WSB: Slim, Bob and Hank Newman were born in Chester, Ga. Slim is 28 years old, married and has one daughter, been in radio 10 years, is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair; Bob is 6 feet 2 inches, also weighs 160 pounds and has same coloring as Slim, been in radio three years and is unmarried; Hank is 33 years old, unmarried, been in radio 10 years, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 138 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes, too; Jack Lee was born in Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 31, 1910, is married and has one son, has been in radio 6 years, is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and has blue-green eyes and light brown hair.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

The Light Crust Doughboys of WBAP are: Abner (Kenneth Pitts) 24 years old, married and no children, been in radio 7 years; Zeke (Muryel Campbell) 24 years old, married and no children, been in radio 3 years; Bashful (Dick Rinehart) 34 years old, married and one son, been in radio 14 years; Doctor (Clifford Gross) 38 years old, married, no children, been in radio 13 years; Knocky (J. W. Parker, Jr.) 19 years old and single, been in radio 3 years; Junior (Marvin Montgomery) 25 years old and married, 7 years in radio; Snub (Raymond Dearman) 27 years old and seven years in radio; Parker Willson 29 years old, married and no children with 9 years' radio work to his credit; and Charles Burton (Wilson) who is no kin to Parker and is only thirteen years old.

five feet, four inches, and weight, 130 pounds.

Montana Jack (Rene O. Gillette) was born in Providence, R. I., July 27, 1905. He has blue eyes and brown hair, weighs 190 pounds, and is five feet, ten inches tall. He has been in vaudeville since he was seven years old and has played the trumpet since he was eleven.

Pappy (Kenneth Lee Wolfe) was born June 21, 1909, in Kelly Station, Pa. He has blue eyes, brown hair, and weighs 175 pounds, and is five feet, eleven inches tall. He is married.

Mrs. Alvah Slater, Warrenton, S. C.

Alcyone Bate, who has been heard from WSM with the Possum Hunters, is not broadcasting at present, after being on the air for twelve years. Her father was Dr. Humphry Bate, who started the very first performance of the Grand Ole Opry, at WSM. She was born May 30, 1912, in Castalian Springs, Tenn., and was educated through high school in Gallatin, Tenn. She is married and has two girls and one boy, Nancy being only four and playing in theaters at present.

Miss Hazel Bonnell, Waupaca, Wis.

Lew Childre, who was formerly on WLW is no longer broadcasting.

Smilin' Bob Atcher and Bonnie Blue Eyes of WJJD are married in real life. Bonnie was born May 28, 1918 and Bob's birthday is May 11.

Bill Haley of KFRU is no relation of Ambrose Haley of KMOX.

Tommie Watson, who was on WLS is now on WIBW.

Chuck of the Chuck and Ray team of WLS has one stepson and Ray has no children.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

WITH

George Dewey Hay



(The Solemn Old Judge)

HOWDY NEIGHBORS!

Mrs. J. D. Staples, leader of the Dixie 4-H Club, of Kessinger, Kentucky, writes: "The Dixie 4-H Club of Hart County, Kentucky is planning a week's camping trip to the Cumberland Mountains. Can you please tell us where we can find the best camping sites."

Yes, Mrs. Staples, we can, through the cooperation of Dr. Willis B. Boyd, Director of the Tennessee Division of State Information, who gives us the following information for you and all of our friends who would like to know about the camp sites of Tennessee:

"Pickett Forest with lake, boats, hiking trails, riding trails, a clubhouse, but with very limited cabin facilities. This park, containing about 1,100 acres, is about eleven miles from Jamestown, Tennessee, the home of Alvin C. York. My second selection would be Standing Stone State Park, with a 65-acre lake, 18 cabins, central clubhouse, hiking, swimming, and other sports, near Livingston, Tennessee, in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains. There is also Fall Creek Falls Park, between Spencer and Pikeville. If a party has tents in which to camp, arrangements could be made on this park area. However, the buildings in this park are not yet ready for use.

"I also suggest in the lower Cumberland Mountains, Beersheba Springs, an old summer resort, and Monteagle, a well-known cultural assembly and center. There are, of course, in the Cumberland Mountains scores of camping spots near towns, villages, springs, water falls, etc., which a party could select from information gained after they reach the state, from local sources. There is no doubt or risk in their finding in the Cumberland Mountains a most delightful camping spot."

Thank you, Mrs. Staples, for the inquiry, and we hope this information will be helpful to you and others.

The foregoing reminds us of an incident which occurred in the Cumberland Mountains on the Fourth of July during a little trip we took to get

away from the heat of the city, which on second thought isn't so hot after all. . . . We walked up to a village barber shop in search of a little service early in the morning. The shop, a one-chair affair, was empty. As we walked away, a voice came from across the street: "Wait a minute, Mister. I'll be right over." We waited. . . . Finally our friend arrived. . . . "Do you want hot water?" was his first question. . . . "Yes, if we can get it," was our snappy comeback. . . . "Well, wait a minute, and I'll go in next door and borrow some."

He did, and opened his shop, with the remark: "It's lucky you found me, 'cause I was headed squirrel huntin' this morning down in the bottoms. Same thing happened to me last Fourth of July. A feller wanted a shave an' I got busy here an' before I knowed it two o'clock rolled around 'fore I got home to dinner . . . made right smart money, too."

A famous Greek philosopher is reported to have settled the barber business for all time. A member of the trade asked him how he would have his hair done and he replied: "In silence, my man, in silence." But our friend evidently had not heard of that famous line, and launched forth on the condition of our country, something like this:

"Yes, sir, we got a good gov'ment now. These fellers that have been loanin' money and doublin' it in thirty days, is plumb out o' luck. Some o' these rich fellers in this town is sure sore about the whole durn business. . . . Now you take that old skinflint fixin' to come in the shop now. . . . uh-huh . . . good mornin', Squire, nice day ain't it?"

The conversation suddenly took a turn to the price of hogs. We can't make up our mind yet whether the Greek philosopher settled the question, because sometimes our barber friends get a bead on things. That was the only fire cracker we heard on the Fourth.

MOUNTAIN MUSIC

(Continued from page 5)

used to do. But this time my coaxings were in vain.

Aunt Nancy had "got religion." She no longer allowed herself to play her banjo or tap her high-topped shoes, and she wouldn't even sing. All such goings-on were "sinful." After much pleading, I convinced her that it probably would not be counted as a sin if she would just repeat the words of "Darby's Ram" for me—not sing it.

This she did, and I wrote them down as she gave them to me. I remembered enough of the melody to make my own arrangement of it, and added several verses of an explanatory nature at the beginning of the song, leaving the last six verses and the chorus just as Aunt Nancy used to sing them.

DARBY'S RAM

*Old Darby lived across the creek,
And when he told a tale,
Ev'ry minnow in that creek
Got bigger than Jonah's whale.*

Chorus

*Oh, wasn't he a big un, boys,
Oh, wasn't he a big un, boys,
Oh, wasn't he a big un, boys,
Before they cut him down?*

*We used to sit with open mouths
And listen to his yarns
About the days when he was young,
Before us boys were born.*

*My grand dad had an old buck sheep,
I still can hear him say,
One of the finest rams, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.*

*He had four feet to walk, sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Would cover an acre of land.*

*The wool that growed on this ram's
breast
Reached down to the ground,
And when they sheared him every
spring,
Weighed fourteen thousand pounds.*

*The wool that growed on this ram's
neck
Reached up to the sky,
And the eagles built their nest in it,
For I've heard the young ones cry.
This old ram, he had a horn
That reached up to the moon.
A man climbed up it in January
And never got back till June.*

*The butcher man that cut his throat
Was washed away in the blood,
And the little boy that held the bowl
Was drowned in the flood.*

Probably one reason this song has survived through the centuries while thousands of tunes have been popularized only to be forgot, is that it fits right in with the American traditions.

Early settlers in all parts of the country have delighted in telling tall tales. The legends of Paul Bunyan have kept many a lumberjack entertained during the long winter nights, and most of Mark Twain's stories survived, not only because of their rustic humor, but also because of their fascinating improbabilities.

Even today, liars' clubs flourish in various parts of the country, hold regular meetings and award prizes for the biggest lies.

And it probably is this American love of Gargantuan exaggerations which has kept "Darby's Ram" alive for more than 300 years.

For You EACH MONTH A SONG



RABON DELMORE

BEGINNING with this issue, RURAL RADIO each month will give its readers a favorite song on the inside of the back cover. The starter is a fortunate one because it has been your choice on the air and the phonograph. It is the Delmore Brothers' famous "Brown's Ferry Blues."

In the May issue of RURAL RADIO we gave you the story of how Alton Delmore happened to write his most famous song. The guitar-picking brothers, who are stars of WSM's Grand Ole Opry, say they have sold more records of "Brown's Ferry Blues" than of any other number they have sung into the wax—which is saying something.

The song is not only a favorite in the Western Hemisphere but many records of it have gone to England and the Continent of Europe—showing that a good song is a good song wherever it is sung.



ALTON DELMORE

BROWN'S FERRY BLUES

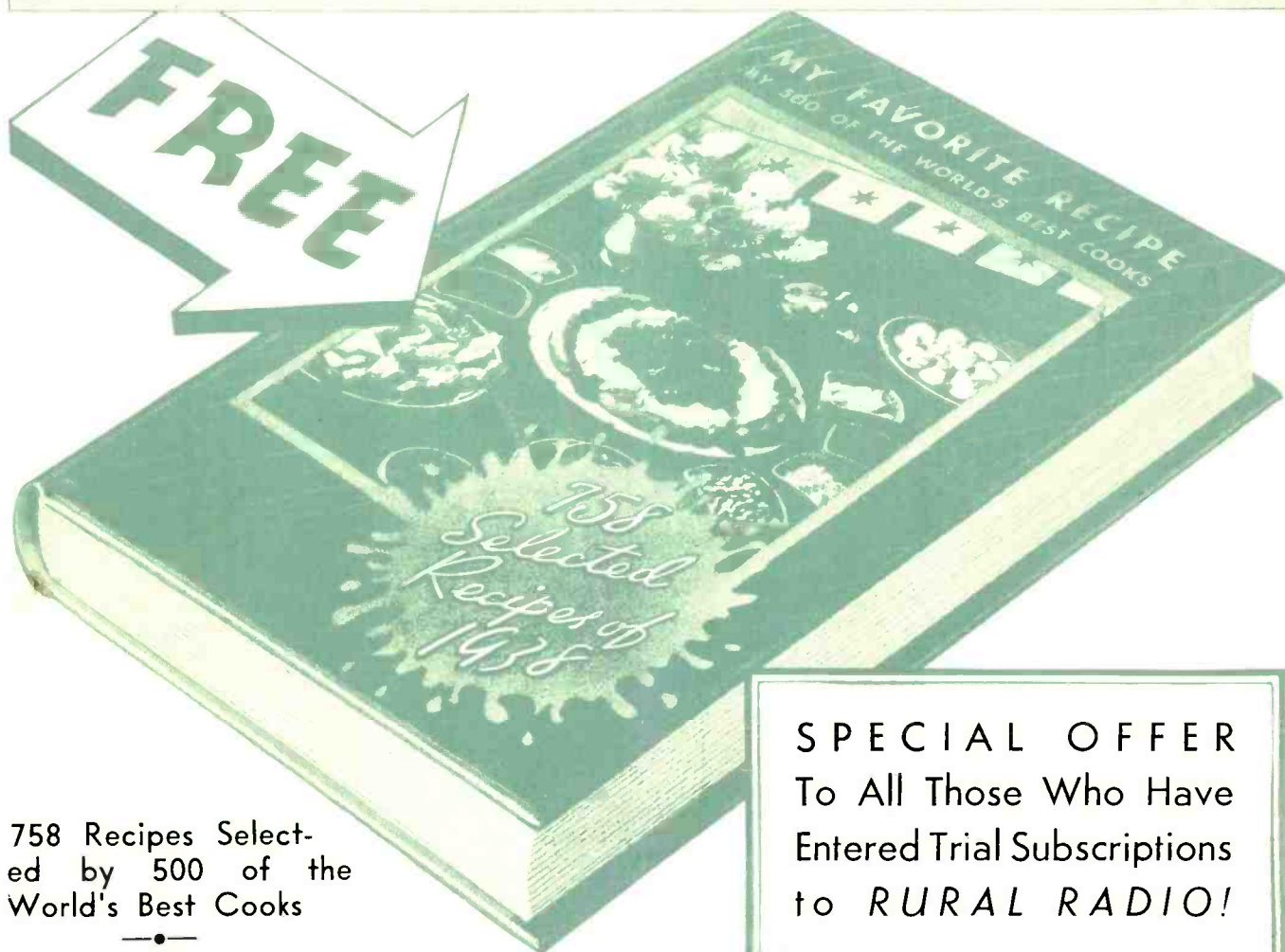
Words and Music by ALTON DELMORE

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Hard luck papa can't stand his ground,
He was a good papa, but he's done gone down.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.
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.</p> <p>3. Hard luck papa counting his toes,
You can smell his feet wherever he goes.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.
Hard luck papa can't do his stuff
The trouble with him, he's been too tough.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.</p> | <p>2. Two old maids playing in the sand,
Each one wishing the other'n was a man.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.
Two old maids done lost their style
If you want to be lucky, you've got to smile.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.</p> <p>4. Early to bed, early to rise,
And your girl goes out with other guys.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.
If you don't believe it, you try it yourself
I tried it but I got left.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.</p> |
|---|---|

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Hard luck papa couldn't pay his rent,
He went to town to buy a tent.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.
He laid his money down for the clerk,
But the landlord slipped and picked it up.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.</p> <p>3. Hard luck papa's done had his time,
Another good man gone down the line.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.
Hard luck papa's took down his sign,
He's through with moonshine, women, and wine.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.</p> | <p>2. Moonshine liquor don't taste so good
Unless you let it age in wood.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.
But when you drink, take my advice,
Before each drink you'd better think twice.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.</p> <p>4. I got a little sweetie down on the farm,
But when she gets mad she's like a storm.
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.
I asked her if she'd marry me,
But I'm still a bachelor, don't you see?
Lawd, Lawd, got them Brown's Ferry Blues.</p> |
|---|--|

This Brand-New Cook Book Is Yours

FREE



758 Recipes Selected by 500 of the World's Best Cooks

Scores of Tempting Menus for Parties and Regular Meals

Delicious Desserts . . . delightful ideas and recipes . . . all in one attractive, convenient book!

SPECIAL OFFER
To All Those Who Have Entered Trial Subscriptions to *RURAL RADIO!*

HERE'S a bargain you don't want to miss!

A FULL YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to Rural Radio Magazine—plus a FREE COPY of "My Favorite Recipe"—all yours for the amazingly low price of \$1.00!

Thousands of people have already taken advantage of this sensational BARGAIN OFFER—and we are receiving scores of letters telling us how much they appreciate this superb new Cook Book, and what a thrill it is to know that they are going to receive Rural Radio for 12 solid months!

Remember—this is a SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER and it may not be repeated! So don't delay! Clip a \$1.00 bill to the coupon at left and mail it at once! There is absolutely no other charge. We will enter or extend your subscription to Rural Radio for one full year—and your FREE COPY of "My Favorite Recipe" will be sent to you immediately, postage paid!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

RURAL RADIO, Inc.,
Nashville, Tenn.

Yes—I want to take advantage of your special Cook Book offer! I am enclosing \$1.00 for which please send me RURAL RADIO for one year or extend my present subscription and send my FREE copy of "My Favorite Recipe" Cook Book, postage paid. This offer good until August 30, 1938.

(Type or print name and address)

Name

Address

Town State