

Rural Radio

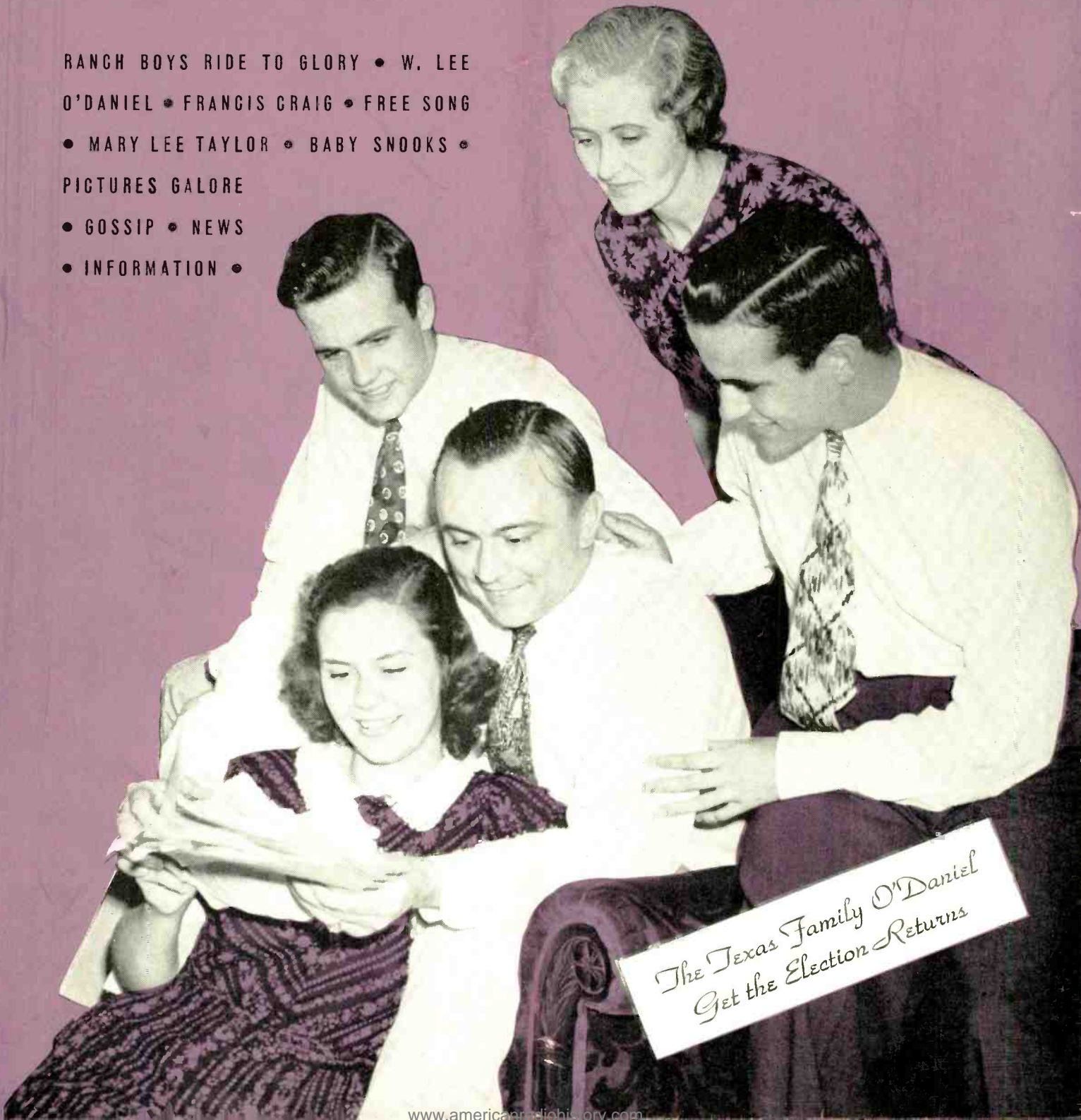
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Ten Cents

THE ONLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR RURAL LISTENERS!

RANCH BOYS RIDE TO GLORY • W. LEE
O'DANIEL • FRANCIS CRAIG • FREE SONG
• MARY LEE TAYLOR • BABY SNOOKS •
PICTURES GALORE
• GOSSIP • NEWS
• INFORMATION •



*The Texas Family O'Daniel
Get the Election Returns*



Rural Radio

SEPTEMBER
1 9 3 8

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

JACK HARRIS and FRANCIS ROBINSON, Associate Editors

SWEET SEPTEMBER MORN

THERE is dew on the grass. In the air there is the crisp chill of early autumn. High and clear the bell tells us "It's eight o'clock." September and back to school.

Education is a great thing. It probably is the greatest reason why this country is in a happier state than some of the brow-beaten lands of the Old World. "Education alone," said Horace Mann, "can conduct us to that enjoyment which is, at once, best in quality and infinite in quantity."

Within the past fifteen years, radio—one of man's youngest and mightiest servants—has stepped forward to the side of education.

The printing press required the ability to read, the school the ability to attend it in working hours, even the correspondence course lacks the advantage of the human element. The only medium yet discovered by man to cut through illiteracy is radio.

GERMANY MARCHES ON RUSSIA. A man does not have to read to hear the footsteps of history.

Here is the most intriguing instrument in adult—or as some prefer to call it—continued education. Listeners approach it to chuckle at their favorite comedian. They remain to learn and grow.

The United States Office of Education goes on the air and brings to millions the wonders of the Smithsonian Institution. The Department of

Commerce tells the brave and exciting story of American industry, with its infinite color and variety.

Right into the classroom go many broadcasts—everything from how to brush the lower teeth to demonstrations in music appreciation. Bach and Mozart and Beethoven and Wagner step from the loudspeaker clad in a glory undreamed of in their day.

The three r's can be, have been, and are being taught by radio. Last winter when the grim shadow of infantile paralysis stalked through a great city, all schools were closed to check its spread. Yet thousands of children went to school each day in *their own homes*. Radio brought their lessons to them. Radio can! A recent survey tells us that 63.6 per cent of the families in the United States have wireless in their homes.

A number of great universities now have their own broadcasting units. There are programs no end for the student in class, for the student after school is out, and for the older people who are interested. The variety of offerings is nothing short of amazing.

One school presents the latest Paris musical success in flawless French. Another school actually puts on drawing lessons over the air.

Radio, the handmaid of learning stands ready to serve education, the guide to "that enjoyment which is, at once, best in quality and infinite in quantity."

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FOR
ONCE

Baby Snooks

HECKLES MAMMA

By FANNY BRICE

SO YOU want me to talk, eh???

Well, I suppose the time has come for me to step forward and tell all. How would it be if I took a chance at interviewing "Baby Snooks" myself? If I play my cards right I may be able to get the real inside information out of her.

BRICE—Snooks, take the stand.

SNOOKS—Why?

BRICE—Because. That's why, and don't ask any more questions. I'm here to find out where you came from, so let's get started. Where were you born?

SNOOKS—Who?

BRICE—You!

SNOOKS—Oh . . . I was borned in New York City.

BRICE—That's fine, Snooks. Now, when were you born?

SNOOKS—I was borned in New York City.

BRICE—I know where you were born . . . but when . . . how old are you?

SNOOKS—Forty-one.

BRICE—That's absurd. You're only a little girl. How could you be forty-one?

SNOOKS—Well . . . I was four years old when I started on "Good News of 1938" and I was on the program for one year. Four and one are forty-one, aren't they?

BRICE—What about when you were in the Ziegfeld "Follies"?

SNOOKS—I don't remember that.

BRICE—Why, Snooks, you know perfectly well that you were in the Follies on Broadway and that you were in the Ziegfeld "Follies of the Air," too.

SNOOKS—If you know so much about me why are you asking me all these silly questions.

BRICE—Don't talk back now, Snooks. All I'm trying to do is find out where you came from. Now Snooks, are you sure you don't remember New York City?

SNOOKS—Oh yes, I remember New York City.

BRICE—But you just told me that you didn't remember anything about being in the "Follies" there.

SNOOKS—I did?

BRICE—Yes! You did!

SNOOKS—Oooohhhh!

BRICE—Well, I can see I'm not getting very far talking to you.

SNOOKS—Where are we going?

BRICE—At this rate, no place. Look closely now, my sweet moppet, I have a limited amount of time. Please tell me how you happened to get started?

SNOOKS—I was playing in the back yard having a swell time and

"Whatcha doin', Da-a-a-dddy?" is the most famous question of the most famous little girl in the world—Baby Snooks.



Fanny Brice was a bright spot in the week all last season in the "Good News" broadcast on Thursday nights. The program returns to the air September 1.

you dragged me into the house and started asking me all these questions. That's how I got started.

BRICE—I don't mean right now, I mean how did you begin?

SNOOKS—How did you get started?

BRICE—In burlesque and vaudeville . . . wait a minute, I'm asking the questions.

SNOOKS—Who are your mother and father?

BRICE—Snooks, be still!

SNOOKS—Who are you?

BRICE—Help! Help!

SNOOKS—What's the matter, Fanny, can't you take it?

BRICE—I can take it all right, but not from you. Is it fair for you to make a fool of me? Listen, I made you up out of my own mind at a party, years ago. You were nothing but an idea for some fun with my friends. Now you threaten my sanity. I give up.

SNOOKS—You'd better be nice to me or I won't come back on "Good News of 1939" when it returns to the air September 1 over NBC's Red Network on Thursday nights.

BRICE—Oh yeah?

SNOOKS—Waaaaaah! Daddy!
(Curtain)



HE SOLD himself to Texas and now he is bent on selling Texas to the nation.

That is W. Lee O'Daniel, the most amazing politician in recent American history, an almost unknown radio performer of a few years ago who rose to national fame this past month in winning the Democratic nomination for governor of the largest state in the Union. That nomination means certain election.

The governor-to-be is probably the least surprised of anyone that his campaign was so sensationally successful as to win over 11 other candidates by sufficient majority as to require no run-off vote.

When Fort Worth's Radio Station WBAP (where potentialities of O'Daniel were first recognized) placed a microphone in the O'Daniel home to present the nominee to the people of Texas on election night, the successful candidate said in a happy, but calm voice:

"I am most grateful, but not greatly surprised. For I had two great allies to whom I owe my success. My wife, who sits beside me, and the radio."

A radio receiving set was also at O'Daniel's side, with WBAP election returns telling the story that surprised Texas politicians, amazed the nation, and made the O'Daniel family supremely happy.

To Radio—Accidentally

It was quite accidental that W. Lee O'Daniel ever got on the air. Executive of a flour concern, he was interested in the radio program that company had over Radio Station WBAP and was oftentimes in the studio to help supervise the broadcast and write the commercial announcements.

As sometimes happens in a radio station where programs start and end on the split second, an emergency delayed the regular announcer for the program, but nothing delayed the clock on the wall.

There it was time to go on the air with the program, yet no one to announce it. Quite calmly, W. Lee O'Daniel stepped into the breach, acted as master of ceremonies for that particular program, told about the musical numbers, the flour to be sold, and interspersed a few humorous and philosophical remarks of his own.

His personality caught on immediately. Letters poured into WBAP and to the flour company, asking that the personable voice be presented again on the program.

No one could turn down such a mandate. So W. Lee O'Daniel started his radio career. That was in 1932, and for six years he continued to grow in fame and popularity in Texas through his WBAP broadcasts because of his own personality and the music of his hill-billy band.

ACCIDENTALLY INTO POLITICS —ALMOST

It was almost accidental that O'Daniel got into politics.

The campaigns for governor had started weeks before and ten men had already entered. One morning on his broadcast over WBAP, O'Daniel mused that he might like to be governor, talked over some of the things he would put in his platform and asked his listeners what they thought of it.

There came back an astounding reply—54,900 letters poured into the radio station to O'Daniel asking that he run for governor.

That was another mandate that could not be denied. O'Daniel felt he owed it to the people he had talked to for six years over the radio to fulfill their faith in him by entering the realm of politics.

Radio

ELECTS

A TEXAS

By ELBERT HALING

This he did to the amusement of many politicians and to the complete indifference of most of the newspapers, who hardly recorded the event.

But when he took to the road and started his campaign, they had to take notice. For on the first stop in June, 15,000 frenzied radio fans in Waco, Texas, turned out to hear him—stayed to cheer him—pledged to vote for him.

Sings "Smile" Song

WBAP and Texas Quality Network microphones followed him at almost every stop and his talks averaged five weekly. The WBAP technical staff made several pickups from as far distant as 300 miles.

He walked through the crowds, hatless, coatless and with his shirt unbuttoned. Hillbilly Four was written on his back. His Hillbillies, Texas Songbird, Patty Boy, Texas Rose, Ezra, Klondike and Horace, would open the proceedings with "My Million Dollar Smile," an O'Daniel composition.

Then O'Daniel would mount his sound truck, without introduction, assail the "professional politicians" and promise Texas radio Fireside Talks when he was elected.

When the shouting died Daughter Mollie passed a barrel around bearing the sign, "Flour, not pork," and took up a collection to pay expenses of the campaign.

There is no record of just how much in collections were taken up in this way, but it is believed the campaign was largely financed by contributions from those thousands who came to hear and pledged to vote for the Texan hill-billy band leader.

This is surely in contrast to the usual campaign methods that have become so in-bred in the American political system, where the incumbents invariably "shake down" the office-holders for part of their salaries in order to stay in office and enable the office-holders to keep their jobs. Then, as O'Daniel pointed out, those seeking office are oftentimes financed in the campaign stages by "outside sources"

who expect their own interests to be taken care of, once the candidate succeeds to office.

W. Lee O'Daniel got into the political fight of Texas, he said, because so many radio friends had asked him to, had petitioned that he bring a new order of events to the political scene. So, he started out by allowing the people to finance his campaign, that he might "go into office with no strings attached."

With O'Daniel's vote total 46 per cent ahead of his other 11 rivals in the gubernatorial nomination, WBAP installed a microphone in the O'Daniel home at Fort Worth on the evening of Election Day and the audience heard their governor-to-be introduce his wife, Merle, as the "reason for my success—that and radio!"

W. Lee O'Daniel is a cherub-faced man who looks much younger than his 46 years. He first saw light of day in Ohio, was raised on a Kansas ranch and finished high school and business college in Arlington, Kansas. A paper route and waiter's job put him through business college.



Gouvernor

Began in Kansas Mill

His first real job was as a \$10-a-week stenographer for a flour mill in Anthony, Kansas. He journeyed from Kansas to New Orleans and thence to Fort Worth in 1925 as sales manager for Burrus Mill and Elevator Company, sponsor for WBAP's Lightcrust Doughboys. By 1928 he became general manager of Burrus Mills, and in 1933 was president of the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce.

It was W. Lee O'Daniel and his Doughboys until he split with Burrus in 1934, bought an interest in General Mills at Wichita Falls and began presenting his own brand of flour—the Hillbilly.

W. Lee O'Daniel was pre-eminently successful in this new endeavor.

So popular was he on the air that people all over the state would go to their dealers and ask for the "Lee O'Daniel flour," or as most said, the "Hillbilly Flour." That was the main reason he named it "Hillbilly Flour."

Since the customer is always right and customers everywhere besieged their merchants to get them "Hillbilly Flour," the new enterprise had no difficulty on the distribution end.

The business prospered to the point that W. Lee O'Daniel became one of the big business men of the largest state in the Union—a long jump from a youngster who started out as stenographer in a flour mill of Kansas for a 10-dollar-a-week salary.

Speaking immediately after his nomination as Texas governor he stated: "I owe a great part of my success in my flour business and in my campaign for Texas Governor to Station WBAP and to my friends in the rural areas as well as in Texas' metropolitan centers."

Immediately after news of his victory was flashed to the nation, telegrams came pouring into Fort Worth and the soon-to-be governor. They came from all parts of the world, and they contained, in addition to congratulatory messages, about as many different propositions as one can imagine.

Papa isn't the only O'Daniel in the limelight. His two handsome sons—Mike, left, and Pat, right—received almost as much fan mail as their father. Among the congratulatory messages were several movie offers and proposals of marriage but Pat and Mike have declined them all in favor of college. Their sister, Molly, after another high school semester will enter the university to take journalism.

W. Lee O'Daniel could have made a fortune by accepting just a few—his family could have capitalized on their fame in the movies, on the stage, in countless different ways.

But practically every offer was turned down.

W. Lee O'Daniel did go on the air, but not for commercial purposes. He had already sold himself to the people of Texas in such a way as to become governor. Now, when he went on the air, addressing people outside of Texas, he did not pause to talk of himself, his political aspirations or his plans for the future.

However, being a natural born salesman, he did do a whale of a job in selling one thing—the thing he says is nearest his heart—Texas.

He talked and he sang about Texas so convincingly that a new career appears to be opening for him already.

The flour salesman who made a fortune, then sold himself to the people as their governor, bids fair now to become the super-salesman of the beauties of the Lone Star state to the nation at large.

Champion Farmers



There's wealth in the soy bean and nobody knows it better than William Riegel of Tolo, Illinois. He sifts through a few handfuls of his riches.

TAKE TO THE MICROPHONE

By GILBERT DEAN



Paul Fisher of Carmel, Indiana, is proud of this pig—as who wouldn't be? Recently he was heard on the "Firestone Voice of the Farm."

DOES a champion farmer make a champion broadcaster? There is none better, if we judge by the big noonday audiences of the "Firestone Voice of the Farm," a coast-to-coast program that went on the air the first time early this spring. Immediate success forced an extension of the schedules to include a fall and winter series which has already started.

Continuing along the same lines as the first series, each broadcast features as guest star a farmer who has gained widespread fame for his specialty. These champion farmers are interviewed by Everett Mitchell, nationally known farm commentator. And according to Mitchell, some of the unusual angles to these success stories are amazing.

The rural radio stars include Sarah Ann and John Tolan, sister and brother, who are champion Aberdeen-Angus breeders; Harry L. Chadwick, potato champion; fourteen-year-old Adolph Pirani, champion cotton grower, and dozens of others.

Fans Write In

But it took Asa Gresham of Smyrna, Tennessee, and his success with lespedeza to prove that millions of farm homes were regular Voice of the Farm listeners. Gresham's story on the newer variety of this legume interested Everett Mitchell so much that he wanted some for his old farm in Illinois, and aroused radio fans all over the nation to write in for free copies of the interview.

Gresham's broadcast was a typical one. His listeners heard the facts that lespedeza will grow almost anywhere in the United States, that only twenty-five to thirty pounds of seed are needed per acre, that it will grow on poor or acid soil where other legumes will not even make a stand, that it yields 500 pounds of seed to the acre—plus a store of other detailed information. If the ideas in this one broadcast make money for only a fraction of the farmers who heard it, then the broadcast will be more than worth the great care it requires in preparation. And the copies of the broadcasts which went to the inquiring listeners recorded all these facts in black and white to save for next year's planting season.

These free copies of radio continuities are offered to all listeners in every broadcast. While their main purpose is to spread the secrets behind these farm success stories, they are also a valuable census revealing the demands

of rural radio listeners. They prove that farmers all over the country are on the alert for any information that will help them farm more productively.

Senator on Barns

The farmers who wrote in about the broadcasts helped to build into the second series an appeal even wider than the first. In one broadcast of the second group, C. P. Miller tells how he makes \$5 an hour by farm accounting. In another, Arthur H. Sagendorf tells of his daily success and some time later, Senator Andrew J. Sordoni talks about the new ideas in barn construction, particularly the one-story barn.

The public reception of the "Voice of the Farm" is an endorsement not only of the type of talent, but also of the individual farmers who were picked for interviews. Months were spent searching out the truly great farm leaders of the nation, and then sifting out those whose success secrets can be put to actual use on thousands of farms. On top of that came the job of choosing just the right stations, the ones that were easiest for farmers to tune in, and then buying the best period between 11:30 A.M., and 1.00 P.M. This time selection made the program available to the greatest possible number of farmers, regardless of what specialized type of farm work might cut into their early morning or their evening hours.

All the stations on the hook-up carry the "Voice of the Farm" twice a week, either Tuesday and Thursday or Wednesday and Friday. And there are eighty-three stations in all, so the entire farm population of the United States is within easy listening distance of the broadcasts.

IF HE HAD A Million HE WOULD STILL SING Hymns

By TOM FIZDALE

IF JOE EMERSON, soloist on the nationally beloved program of sacred music, "Hymns of All Churches," had a million dollars, he'd be doing just what he is now—singing hymns.

The reason he's so sure of this is that he once did have a million dollars, but he didn't let the pressure of big business turn his attention away from singing.

It was back before the chaotic days of the stock market crash that Emerson's financial rating jumped to seven figures. A partner of the late Tex Rickard in the real estate business, he rode to riches in the Florida real estate boom. Almost before he realized it, he had amassed a fortune. In addition to his more than a million dollars, he had three limousines, two airplanes and a \$175,000 mansion.

He still found time, however, to sing hymns in churches, concert halls, and before friends and club gatherings. When, almost as quickly as he had made it, his fortune was swept away, he decided to become a full-time hymn singer. Radio appealed to him—and he appealed to radio fans. So much so, that in no time at all he was singing on network broadcasts. And today he's known throughout the land as the baritone soloist on "Hymns of All Churches."

No Creed Slighted

The title, "Hymns of All Churches," is literally true. Emerson and his choir sing the hymns of *all* the great religious faiths—Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic, as well as Negro spirituals. Such a presentation calls for great tact, as well as sincerity and reverence. No creed is given predominance over another. None is slighted or ignored. The finest inspirational music of each is chosen, that listeners may hear the hymns they know and love, and the hymns that people of other faiths know and love.

The spirit of the program is one of tolerance and good will. The sponsors, General Mills, Inc., are careful



Joe Emerson, seated at the piano, baritone soloist of "Hymns of All Churches," leads his choir in one of the hundreds of pieces of sacred music he has collected. Fred Jacky, choral director, at right, beats time.

to avoid anything that savors of preaching. The only directly religious thought, other than the words of the hymns themselves, is that of common brotherhood among all sincere followers of every creed. Four hymns are sung on each broadcast, the first commercially sponsored broadcast of hymns in radio's history.

Emerson first put the "Hymns of All Churches" program on the air in 1934 over Station WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio. The response was immediate. Letters poured in from housewives, business men, shut-ins, school children. Clergymen of practically every religious creed responded by the thousands to Emerson's letter telling them about the program and asking their assistance in calling it to the attention of their congregations. They were enthusiastic in their endorsement of the idea, and in many cases offered invaluable practical help and advice in the selection of the best hymns of their own faiths.

Program in Fifth Year

Within a year, the program was a feature of twelve key stations throughout the country. In June, 1936, it became part of the Gold

Medal Hour on the Columbia Broadcasting System, adding thirty additional stations. Early this summer, it broadened its scope through the National Broadcasting Company—and on May 30, celebrated its fifth year of uninterrupted broadcasting.

Emerson, who has been singing hymns since he was eleven years old, began his musical career singing in a choir while he was still in college. In addition to his many concerts, he has appeared as soloist in churches and synagogues of New York, Chicago and Miami; at evangelistic meetings with Billy Sunday and other revivalists, and on chautauqua circuits in the Middle West and Southwest. He sings the music of every faith with reverence and humility, and, above all, with sincerity. His is the rare combination of conscientious musicianship and an ability to enter into the spirit of a dignified Latin chant, a Negro spiritual of childlike simplicity, a noble psalm first sung in the temples of Jerusalem, a hymn of praise brought to this country from England, the rousing melody of an old Gospel song.

Emerson is assisted by the choir of trained voices which has been with him for the last two years. The choir and the instrumental group are under the direction of Fred Jacky, a fine musician and for nine years an important member of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

How Hymn Was Written

"An outstanding feature of the "Hymns of All Churches" program is the way in which Joe Emerson introduces each hymn before it is sung, telling how it came to be written, or relating an interesting story about its author or composer. The material for these introductions has been gathered from years of research into old records, and from information sent in by listeners and historians interested in the program.

Just the other day, Emerson appealed to listeners for information concerning the hymn "The Lily of the Valley." The old hymnal from which he sang it gave neither the date nor the composer. Letters poured in from everywhere. A Sunday school superintendent in California even took the trouble to copy from her "My Life and the Story of the Gospel Hymns," by Ira D. Sankey, the complete story of the writing of this hymn and incidents relating to its use by Moody and Sankey. Responses to this single request were received from eighteen states and the District of Columbia.

Ranch Boys

RIDE THE GLORY TRAIL

By CHUCK ALEXANDER

Take it from the Ranch Boys, trio of troubadours featured on the WLS "National Barn Dance," the pioneers had an easy time of it. And if anyone knows the true facts, the Ranch Boys should—for they recently completed riding their "hosses" from Hollywood to Chicago, reversing the trail the pioneers blazed in the long ago.

FENCES restricting their route, crowds collecting to demand autographs and pictures, cars and trucks jamming the highways—these were a few of the distractions that led to the Ranch Boys' decision that a pioneer's isolated lot was not such a hard one, after all.

Their 2,875-mile ride on Western cow ponies left no doubt in anybody's mind about their actually being the real cowboys they represent themselves to be on their many broadcasts, chief among which is the "National Barn Dance."

Hardships for 1938 Pioneers

Though their healthy, happy faces, deeply tanned by the summer sun, don't give evidence of hardship and suffering, honor is due the Ranch Boys for their uncomplaining acceptance of any kind of weather, all sorts of roads.

Swirling sheets of dust, violent rain and electrical storms, hail and snow, and even a cyclone—all these were worrisome enough. But the real worry concerned keeping their throats in condition for the 36 broadcasts they made on the way.

Everywhere curious crowds assembled, seeking autographs and snapshots—and completely wrecking mileage schedules. And the loss of an average of two hours a day on the road couldn't be made up by "stepping on the gas." It necessitated, on many occasions, riding far into the night, then getting up with the sun for an early start.

Cars on the route caused considerable trouble, especially in the in-



The Ranch Boys ready to start on their 2,875-mile horseback ride from Hollywood to Chicago. Left to right: Jack Ross, Sho-ty Carson, and Curly Bradley.



Crossing the Mississippi River and on the home stretch, the radio trio enter Illinois via the Davenport-Moline bridge.

stances when the drivers showed little consideration for the horsemen. One notable incident occurred when the boys were riding down the eastern slopes of Donner Pass in California. A truck driver purposely backfired his motor just as he drove past the trio. Shorty's frightened mount nearly plunged over the edge of the hairpin curve. Going over the cliff would have meant certain death for both man and horse.

Despite the rigors of the journey, Jack Ross, "boss" of the trio, had a smile for everyone they met. All his life long, he had dreamed of some day

climbing on a horse and riding across the country. All along the trail, he planned ahead to make the ride easier for both the horses and his pals.

The "lover" of the trio, Shorty Carson, so named because of his romance with a singer in an orchestra in San Francisco, spent most of his time on the road composing songs to send to his girl. Out of the conglomeration of melodies and words, Shorty has salvaged four songs that promise to achieve widespread popularity.

Hitch-hiker Lassoed

Good-natured Curly Bradley, native of Oklahoma, determined early in the trip to complete the horseback ride if it was his last act—and sometimes he felt sure it would be. His relaxation consisted in lassoing everything alive and running that he could see. Before he reached Chicago, he had chalked up a hawk, two pigs—and a hitch-hiker. When he wasn't snaring game, Curly, too, was composing songs, and two of his numbers are to be published soon.

Included in the personnel of the troupe was a bull pup that attached himself to the boys near the Yampa River in Colorado. They named him "Yampa," after the locale in which he joined the group.

"Lucky," the youngest horse used on the trek, was ridden by Curly Bradley. Despite his youth, "Lucky" stood up remarkably well under the pace set by the older horses. "Duke," Jack's favorite and the oldest horse used, proved to be the pace setter for the others.

On two different occasions, the Humane Society tried to interfere, but each time, after examination, found that the horses were receiving the best of care and consideration. Each horse was ridden only a half-day, then replaced by a fresh horse—and many an old plug in the field has an infinitely harder life than that.

One of the most amusing incidents on the trail concerned a feminine admirer of "Uncle Ezra's." Emerging from a circle of curious observers, she asked the Ranch Boys to "pony express" to "Rosedale" a cake she had baked for the "jumpin' Jenny Wren."

Up with the Sun

The regular order of the day was for the boys to arise at 4:30 in the morning, cook breakfast, clean horses, break camp and be on the road by 6:30. The truck carrying the relief horses and supplies then was driven twenty miles ahead and camp set up. When the boys rode in, their horses were carefully examined. After lunch and a short rest in camp, the boys took to the trail again, riding fresh mounts. The three tired horses were loaded in the truck and driven down the road for another twenty miles, where camp was set up for the night. The big meal of the day was cooked in the evening—with all the "fixin's" possible to three men living in the great out-of-doors.

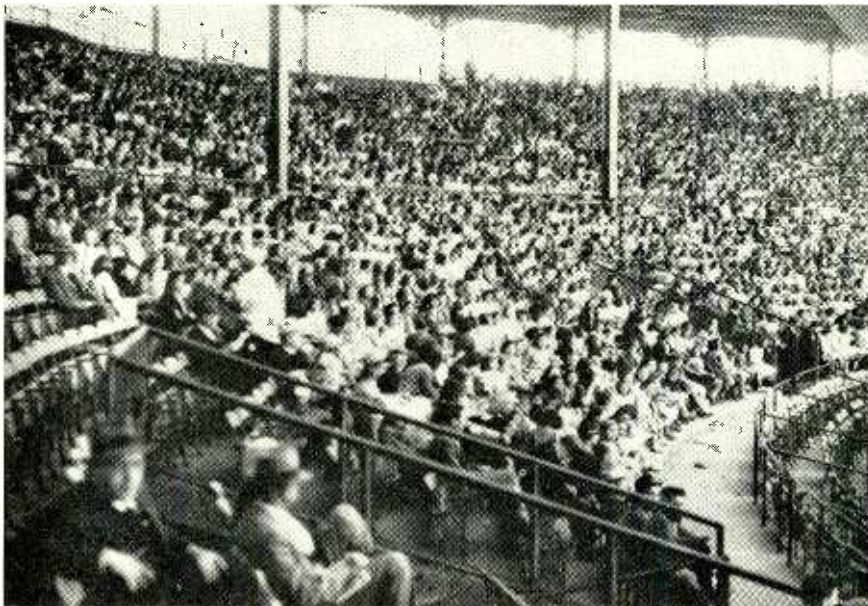
It was a grand and glorious trip and the Ranch Boys wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world. But when, tired and dusty, they sang "At the End of the Trail," during the broadcast of the "National Barn Dance" program that welcomed them back—there wasn't any mistaking the fact that they were plenty glad to be home.

A NEW KIND OF Double-Header

By AL SISSON

PICTURE if you can a studio audience of 10,000 radio fans. That's what happened in Rochester, N. Y., on the evening of July 25. The studio was the Rochester Red Wing Baseball Stadium and the occasion the annual "Radio Fans Appreciation Night." Baseball broadcasts have been a regular feature over two Rochester stations for the past two years and before that over one station. Each year President Oliver French, of the Rochester Baseball Club of the International League, sets aside one night to allow the radio fans to show their appreciation for the broadcasts of the games. If a check is necessary on the popularity of radio broadcasting, the attendance of ten thousand this year is proof that radio fans are loyal.

This year the attraction was a super-colossal four-ring affair. The curtain was rung up at 6:00 P.M., with a regular International League game between the "Wings" and the Toronto Maple Leafs. Then came a football passing exhibition by the All-American from Texas, "Slingin' Sammy Baugh." Incidentally, "Sam" has won the hearts of the Rochester fans with his fine fielding with the club.



A studio audience of ten thousand fans! That was the turnout at Rochester Red Wing Baseball Stadium on the evening of July 25. The bill was divided between a Wings-Toronto Maple Leafs game and a "concert" by Pepper Martin and his Mud Cats.

Martin and His Cats

After Sammy's stunt came the "concert" of the evening. Pepper Martin and his famous Mud Cats were the artists.

The Mud Cats (members of the St. Louis Cardinals) are a hillbilly group just as handy with the fiddle, guitar and washboard as with the ball bat. They are nationally known for their concerts which they often present at exhibition games. The Cardinals were in town for an exhibition game with the Red Wings, the highlight of the evening.

All advertising for the "Radio Fans" night was done via the air lanes. "Colonel" Harry McTigue, the gentleman from Tennessee, and WHAM's Baseball and Sports Announcer, began announcing the event several days before the attraction took place. He offered to take care of reservations for any fan who wanted to attend. When the final count was made it was found that Harry



Harry McTigue

had added several hundred customers to the already heavy advance sale. Fans from eighteen towns and cities in New York State, outside Rochester, and several hamlets in Pennsylvania had expressed their desire to attend as a tribute to baseball broadcasting. The totals also revealed that it was the largest "Radio Fans" crowd in the history of the Rochester baseball club.

McTigue Gets Trophy

The Rochester Radio Ballcasters didn't go on the air at all during the evening but took a postman's holiday and viewed the affair from the stands. Secretary of the club, Jimmie Martins, introduced the "mike" men to the crowd and when "Colonel" McTigue made his appearance the applause was long and thunderous.

President Oliver French was more than pleased at the turnout and he showed his appreciation by presenting the Baseball Commentators handsome gifts. The Colonel received a beautiful travel kit with the emblazoned inscription, "Harry McTigue—Radio Fans Night—1938."

Incidentally the Red Wings jumped on their cousins from St. Louis and defeated them much to the delight of all assembled. The event was a grand tribute to Harry McTigue and all concerned in the broadcasting of baseball. The fans summed the whole thing up with this expression, "It was swell, let's have another." Baseball broadcasts are sponsored over WHAM by General Mills and the Standard Oil Company of New York.



HOME TOWN BOY

MAKES GOOD

Music

By JOSEPH WYNNE

Southern university could stand. In 1923, Paul Whiteman's apostolic work had many converts, but not among college presidents.

Francis Craig was told he must either disband his jazz orchestra, change its name, or else leave the University.

One choice was enough. But Francis Craig took two. He changed the name of his orchestra and left school.

Talent Discoverer

That decision of the present Southern Dance Maestro had an important effect in the lives of four great radio stars of today:

James Melton—Phil Harris—Irene Beasley—Kenny Sargent.

Francis Craig was playing a series of dances for the University of Georgia Junior Prom in 1923, just after leaving the academic world as a student, when a Georgia student came to his hotel room and asked for a job. "What kind of a job do you want?" Craig asked.

"Well, after listening to your band last night I came to the conclusion that you could use another saxophone. I came to another conclusion, too; I'm that saxophonist."

The director was sorry, but what he actually needed was a singer, not a saxophonist.

Whereupon the Georgia student gave a vocal rendition of "Deep in My Heart" that had the young Nashville maestro with his own heart in his throat.

The Georgia student's name was James Melton.

Oddly enough the man who succeeded James Melton in the Francis Craig organization—another combination of saxophonist and singer—is now one of radio's most popular romantic voices.

His name is Kenny Sargent, the mention of which is now said to cause thousands of feminine hearts to beat faster.

Irene Beasley

Before Kenny Sargent joined the band and in the early years of James Melton's years with him, Francis Craig had a young girl singer, perhaps one of the first bands in the country with this innovation. This

was back in 1925, just after Craig had come in as WSM Dance Maestro.

Each week-end Craig would feature a girl singer from Memphis, Tennessee.

Her name was—and is—Irene Beasley.

Irene Beasley was teaching school in Memphis and had entered radio as a sideline when WSM opened in 1925 on a 1,000-watt transmitter.

She would travel the 250 miles to Nashville, appear on program Saturday and Sunday and be back in Memphis in time to call roll, correct papers, and spank any sassy pupils on Monday.

The fourth "discovery" of Francis Craig was Phil Harris, a Nashville boy.

Thus four stars of radio have spent their formative years with Francis Craig, who despite the fact that he's still in his early thirties, is known as the "Dean of Southern Orchestra Leaders."

Francis Craig and his orchestra have held the top-notch position among Southern bands for some years—largely because of Craig's ability to spot and feature unusual talent, and his smooth music.

Just now Francis Craig and his orchestra, with his current featured singing mascot, Pee-Wee, are featured over the Red network of the National Broadcasting Company every Saturday night and on numerous WSM shows. In between, he hops about the South playing Junior, Senior and Freshman hops at colleges.

Francis Craig had to make an important decision more than twelve years ago.

The Chancellor of Vanderbilt University just didn't understand a young student who was always tapping his desk as if it were a piano keyboard.

The student chose a career as orchestra leader.

Because of that choice twelve years ago four great radio stars' lives were affected.

And Francis Craig started himself on the road to preeminence in the dance field of the South and nation.

PROPHETS are doubtless without honor in their own country, but that doesn't hold true for orchestra leaders.

Francis Craig, famous dance-band director in Nashville whose programs are heard over WSM and the networks, is extremely popular in ALL his home-towns.

There are ten small cities in Tennessee that will tell you he is one of their own home-town boys. And each one is right.

For Francis Craig was born in Dickson, Tennessee, son of a Methodist preacher. When he was four years old, his father was moved to Centerville, Tennessee, and the young son went along. Subsequent migrations found the Craig family in Goodlettsville, Clarksville, Pulaski, Gallatin, Cookeville, Donelson, Waverly, and Sparta. When residents of any of those Tennessee cities hear the lovely strains of Craig's radio signature, "Red Rose," they will pat their feet to his music and delight in telling you there's another home-town boy who made good.

Studies vs. Swing

Twelve years ago, Francis Craig was trying hard to concentrate on political science and mathematics in his under-graduate days at Vanderbilt University.

But it was pretty hard, this concentration on dates and figures, when what the young college student was really interested in were musical figures and dates for his new jazz band.

Like all musical units of this time, the Francis Craig orchestra of 1923 was known as a jazz band—in fact it was named the Vanderbilt Jazz Band.

That was just a little more than the Chancellor of the distinguished



OVER THE CRACKER BARREL

ATTENTION EVERYONE!!

Several magazines of the radio industry have entered an argument about what folks on the farm like in the way of radio entertainment.

Some say it takes a different brand of radio fare to please the farm family and those in the smaller towns from the kind that proves entertaining to city folks.

We have been literally flooded with questions from these trade publications asking our opinion on the subject.

Frankly, we are inclined to the opinion that a good radio program will come just as close to pleasing one in rural areas as one in the city. We feel that radio, bringing all the entertainment available, the very latest news, timely discussions and dramatizations — about anything in the world one could wish for— has just about done away with any differences that might one day have existed between urban and rural tastes.

BUT WE MAY BE WRONG.

We wouldn't try to answer the question ourselves.

WE ARE ASKING YOU TO ANSWER IT.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

Does it take a different brand of radio fare for the farm and city dweller? Or do they like about the same thing? If there is a difference, just what is it?

In the October issue of RURAL RADIO magazine, we are going to print the best opinion we receive answering "yes" and the best that answers "no" to our first question.

And to the reader who writes us the best opinion on each side, we will send a full year's subscription of the magazine to three friends whom they specify.

You'd better get busy on that right away, for your letter must be in the mail by September 17th.

There is no limit on the amount you write, but we suggest not more than 250 words. You may be able to express yourself in a lot less though. The only limit is time . . . and that's the 17th day of September.

Herbert Harris put the skids under WSB's all-bachelor announcing staff last month when he took a tumble at the altar with Miss Mildred Ogle. The new Mrs. Harris will have no trouble checking up on Herb's whereabouts when he leaves home. Those 15-minute station breaks have a habit of cropping up every quarter-hour and giving one away.

Faithful Fan

The most faithful writer of letters to WFAA, Dallas, is Miss Mora Proctor, who lives at Altus, Oklahoma. On the average of once a week since 1933, Miss Proctor, who is blind, has written a letter in Braille to the Dallas station, criticizing broadcasts and giving descriptions of persons interviewed on various programs. Most of the descriptions given are amazingly accurate, a fact which can be attributed to the keenness of Miss Proctor's ears.

Herb Southard, former WBAP chief announcer, replaced George Cranston as WBAP boss in mid-July, Cranston being transferred to KGKO as manager.

Mountain Pete

Newest addition to the WHO staff is the rollicking band of musicmakers with Mountain Pete.

Since joining the Des Moines station just a few weeks ago, Mountain Pete and his Mountaineers have gained widespread popularity.

The leader's full name is Pete Angel and he still likes to hear fans tell him his music is heavenly.

We'll have more to say about this popular group in the October issue of RURAL RADIO.

Col. Lambdin Kay, boss of WSB, has returned to Atlanta from a vacation in Mexico an enthusiastic bullfight fan. In fact, the Colonel is thinking of staging an encounter of his own on the air. He will be the matador and the rotund Faber Bollinger, of the Welcome South, Brother, program, has agreed to play the part of the bull.

Louisiana Lou, WHO's singing robin, has returned to the studios after an extended vacation in her native Southland. Lou spent the time swimming, fishing, walking and "just resting." She certainly looks fresh and eager for another season of entertaining WHO fans.

Elbert Haling Leaves

Elbert Haling, WBAP publicity director and active in radio and newspaper work for 18 years, resigned his WBAP post August 6 to open his own Fort Worth publicity bureau. He is the author of the O'Daniel story in this issue of RURAL RADIO.

Gossip in the Airlines

When Jack Benny returns in the Fall for his Sunday night program, 'tis said his most popular tenor will not be along. The rest of the Benny crew is expected to remain intact. . . . Charlie McCarthy receives a college degree. He's not the first block-head to get away with that trick. . . . William Powell is slated to visit the airways for the first time in an extended engagement. He will be on Hollywood Hotel late this fall. . . . Largest fan-club in the country is said to be that attached to James Melton, one-time saxophone player in Francis Craig's orchestra. Melton, incidentally, made a big hit in opera at Cincinnati this summer and may soon be weaned from radio. . . . September 12 is the date set for the return of the popular network Radio Theater, presided over by Cecil B. DeMille. . . . It's not a bit early to spread a bit of Christmas cheer with announcement that Lionel Barrymore is scheduled for another appearance as Scrooge in Dickens' "Christmas Carol" on Christmas Eve.

WHITT LIN'S

By PAT BUTTRAM



A feller that kin larn t' chaw ter-backer kin larn t' do anything.

If ye run akross a feller that has t' be handled with gloves, ye kin allus handle him with boxin' gloves.

In gittin' ahead of th' other feller don't push him aside—push him along.

Th' best way t' keep up steam is t' stop blowin' it off all th' time.

A jolt shakes sum people down an' then agin it shakes sum people up.

Th' more I see of sum people th' better I like my dog.

Yourn til th' Hay fever sufferers git a early frost.

PAT.

RURAL RADIO for September



Livestock Markets

6:10 A.M. (Livestock Estimates) Daily	WLS (870)
6:30 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHO (1000)
8:15 A.M. (Livestock Receipts and Hog Flash)	WLS (870)
9:15 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WBAP (800)
9:45 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WSB (740)
10:00-10:05 A.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M. Mon. through Fri.	WHO (1000)
11:45 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WFAA (800)
11:50-12:00 Noon (Market Review by Dave Swanson of Chicago producers)	WLS (870)
12:30 P.M. Saturday	WSB (740)
12:35 P.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHAS (820)
12:35-12:45 P.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
2:30-2:45 P.M. Mon. through Sat.	WOAI (1190)
2:35-2:45 P.M. Mon. through Fri.	WBAP (800)
3:00 P.M. Mon. through Fri.	WSB (740)



Farm News and Views

5:30 A.M.	WLS (870)
6:30 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHAM (1150)
6:30 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHO (1000)
9:15 A.M. (Georgia State Bureau of Markets, conducted by Mrs. Robin Wood)	WSB (740)
11:30 A.M. (Texas Farm and Home Program from Texas A. & M. College)	WFAA (800)
11:30-11:45 A.M. (Texas Farm and Home Hour) (TQW)	WOAI (1190)
11:45 A.M. Mon. through Fri.	WHO (1000)
11:45-12:15 P.M. (Dinnerbell Program)	WLS (870)
12:00 Noon Saturday	WHO (1000)
12:15-12:30 P.M. (College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky)	WHAS (820)
12:15-12:30 P.M. (Cornbelt Gossip, George Menard)	WLS (870)
12:15 P.M. Mon., Wed., Fri.	WSM (650)
12:15 P.M. (Voice of the Farm) Tues. and Thurs.	WLS (870)
12:30 P.M. (Bill Burnett's Farm Scrapbook) Tuesday	WSM (650)

12:30-12:35 P.M. (Voice of the Feedlot) Mon., Wed., Fri.	WLS (870)
12:30-12:35 P.M. (Crop News, Check Stafford) Tues. and Thurs.	WLS (870)
12:15 P.M. (4-H Club Meeting) Saturday	WHAM (1150)
12:45 P.M. Fri. and Sat.	WLS (870)
12:45 P.M. (Farming in Dixie—Extension Service of Georgia College of Agriculture) Wednesday	WSB (740)
12:50 P.M. (Poultry Service Time) Saturday only	WLS (870)
1:00 P.M. (Agricultural Conservation) Saturday	WHO (1000)
11:30 A.M. (Auburn Farm and Family Forum) Mon. through Sat.	WAPI (1140)

Grain Reports

6:30 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHO (1000)
7:00 A.M. (Liverpool Cotton and Grain)	WFAA (800)
9:20 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WBAP (800)
9:45 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WSB (740)
11:45 A.M. Saturday	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M. Mon. through Fri.	WHO (1000)
11:45 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WFAA (800)
11:50 A.M. Daily	WAPI (1140)
12:30 P.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHAS (820)
12:30 P.M. Saturday	WSB (740)
12:50-12:57 P.M. (F. C. Bisson)	WLS (870)
2:30-2:45 P.M. Mon. through Sat.	WOAI (1190)
2:40 P.M. Mon. through Fri.	WBAP (800)
3:00 P.M. Mon. through Fri.	WSB (740)
4:45 P.M. Mon. through Fri.	WSM (650)

Weather Broadcasts

5:30 A.M. Daily	WLS (740)
5:45 A.M. (Charlie Smithgall's "Morning Merry-Go-Round")	WSB (740)
6:30 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHO (1000)
6:30-7:00 A.M. (Dial-A-Smile)	WOAI (1190)
7:00 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHAM (1150)
7:00 A.M.	WSM (650)
7:02 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WFAA (800)
7:15 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHO (1000)

7:15 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WSB (740)
9:00 A.M. Sunday	WHAM (1150)
9:00 A.M. Sunday	WSM (650)
9:45 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WSB (740)
11:30 A.M.	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M. Mon. through Fri.	WHO (1000)
11:50 A.M. Mon. through Sat.	WFAA (800)
12:00 Noon Mon. through Sat.	WSB (740)
12:05 P.M. Daily	WHAM (1150)
12:15 P.M. Mon. through Sat.	WSM (650)
12:30 P.M. (Jack Sprat News Reporter) Mon. through Sat.	WHO (1000)
12:30 P.M. Mon. through Sat.	WSB (740)
12:40 P.M. Mon. through Fri.	WHAS (820)
2:30-2:45 P.M. Mon. through Sat.	WOAI (1190)
2:45 P.M.	WAPI (1140)
3:00 P.M. Mon. through Fri.	WSB (740)
3:30 P.M. (WHO News Bulletins) Mon. through Fri.	WHO (1000)
5:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
5:45 P.M. Mon. through Fri.	WHO (1000)
6:00 P.M. Sunday	WHAM (1150)
6:30 P.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHAM (1150)
10:00 P.M. Daily	WHO (1000)
11:00 P.M. Mon. through Sat.	WHAM (1150)

Program Highlights of Interest to Women

Hoxie Fruit Reporter	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.
Modern Homemakers	WFAA	10:30 A.M.
Bureau of Missing Persons	WHO	11:55 A.M.
Leona Bender's Woman's Persons	WOAI	9:00-9:15 A.M.
Homemaker's Hour—Conducted by Ann Hart	WLS	1:15-2:00 P.M.
Ann Ford—A Woman Looks at the News	WSM	3:00 P.M.
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 and Bob	WHO, WHAS	12:00 Noon
Home Folks—Conducted by Ethel Strong	WOAI	9:00-9:15 A.M.
Betty Crocker	WHO	12:45 P.M.
Old Kitchen Kettle	WLS	8:30 A.M.

RURAL RADIO Round-Up



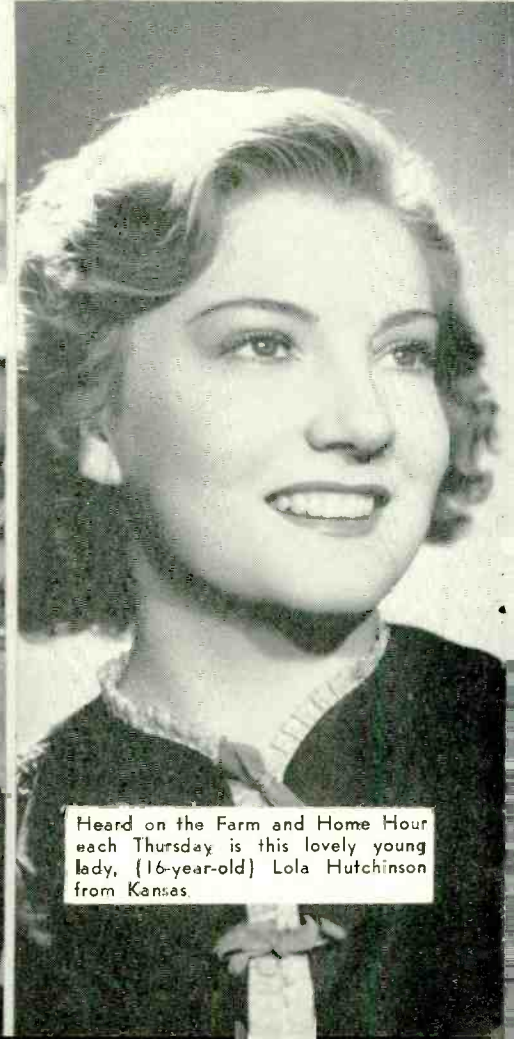
The Little Swiss Miss of WLS, lovely Christine.



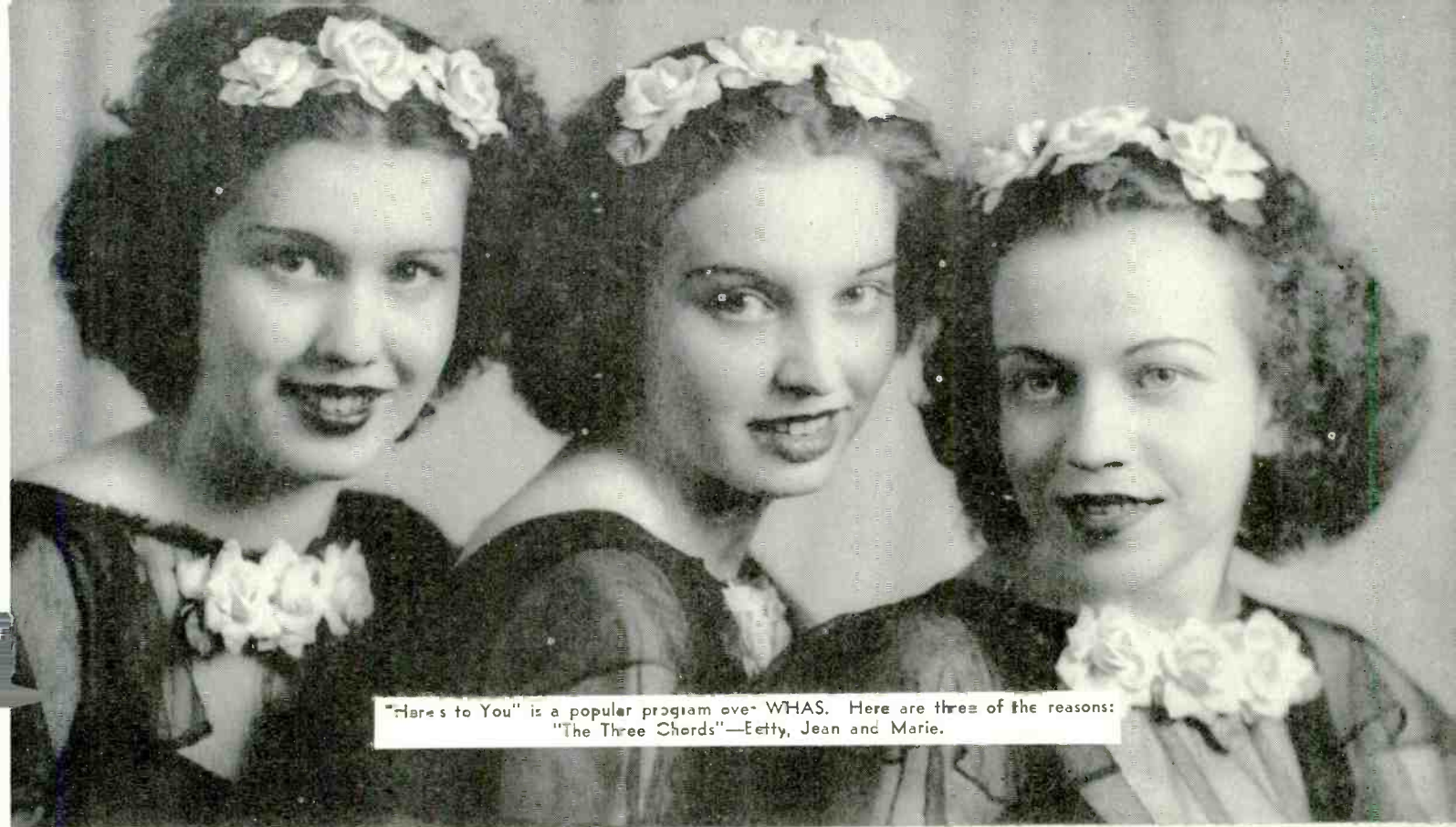
Popular WHAS performers are Cousin Emmy and her Kinfolks.



Chuck Acree of WLS tries to interview Mei-Mei, famous panda of the Chicago zoo, as Zoo-Director Edward Beamy and Chicago Postmaster Ernest Kruetgen look on.



Heard on the Farm and Home Hour each Thursday is this lovely young lady, (16-year-old) Lola Hutchinson from Kansas.



"Here's to You" is a popular program over WHAS. Here are three of the reasons: "The Three Chords"—Etty, Jean and Marie.



J. Roland Redd is a new discovery of WHO, and around Des Moines they call the youthful prodigy "Johnny-at-the-Piano."



Stage, screen, opera and radio are four of the phases of Gladys Swarthout's career. This is because, as you can see, she has both rare talent and rare beauty.



Well-known and popular radio personality is Joe Eaton, whose latest feature is "Spotlighting the News" for his Alma Mater, WFAS.

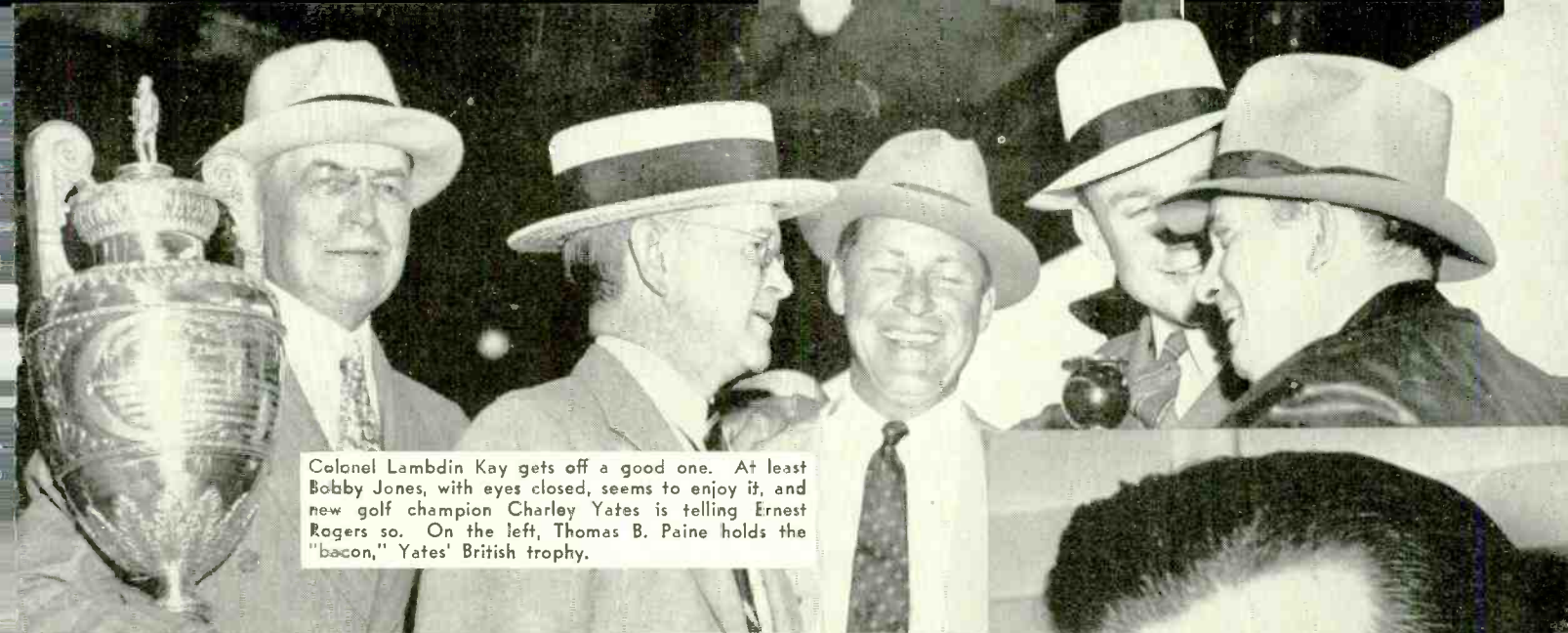


Gracie Allen had an idea, but something seems to have happened to it.

RURAL RADIO *Round-Up*



Governor E. D. Rivers (center) tries a hand at Perry Bechtel's banjo, as Marcus Bartlett waves a pencil-baton. This is an informal moment of WSB's "Welcome South, Brother."



Colonel Lambdin Kay gets off a good one. At least Bobby Jones, with eyes closed, seems to enjoy it, and new golf champion Charley Yates is telling Ernest Rogers so. On the left, Thomas B. Paine holds the "bacon," Yates' British trophy.



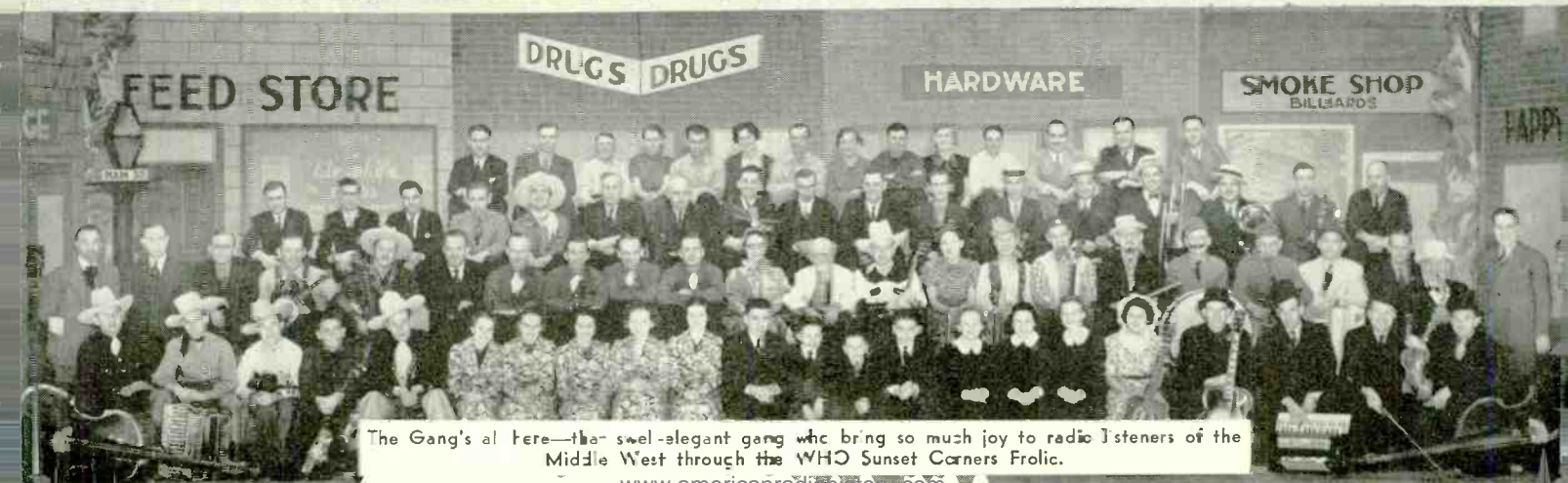
Jimmie Jeffries, master of ceremonies of the Pepper Uppers, which WFAA sends to the Dixie network.



Wilbur Ard, leader of the Early Birds orchestra over WFAA.

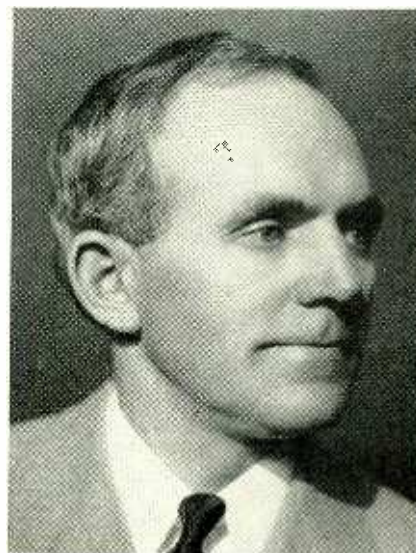


WBAP Production Director, Ken Douglas, responsible for "Helen's Home," "Black Night" and "Melodic Moments."



The Gang's all here—the swellegant gang who bring so much joy to radio listeners of the Middle West through the WHO Sunset Corners Frolic.

Radio Head Speaks



"Radio is lifting the level of informed intelligence among the masses of our people," Neville Miller told graduates of George Peabody College for Teachers.

HAVE come here not to bless all in American broadcasting. I do not believe we have even approached the fullest measure of usefulness to which radio is capable. I am one who believes that a sound body of critical thought exercises a wholesome stimulant to all creative endeavors inspired by the arts—and this is particularly true of radio.

As teachers and as students of the social sciences, you know the beginnings of the American Republic and the power of thought that finds opportunity of expression. For thoughts and ideas rule the world. Place in the hands of *one* man the means of communicating thoughts and ideas and you have placed in the hands of that *one* man a power greater than all the gunfire of an army; a power more influential than all the wealth of a Croesus.

Our American forefathers knew this fundamental well. Theirs was the purpose of creating a democracy—and to be a democracy meant simply that the will of the people ruled. But the will of the people rules only if it finds opportunity for expression. And that is why they wrote in what I believe to be indelible ink, the first amendment of the Constitution, guaranteeing freedom of religion, freedom of assembly, freedom of the press and freedom of speech. Thus did they preserve in America freedom of the avenues for the communication of thought! Thus did they provide for a free interplay of *opposite* ideas so that from the free forum of public discussion and debate, the conflicting ideas of men and women might be sounded, measured, and acted upon for the advance of the country by majority preference! This is what a free press means to America. This is what a free radio means to the nation! For in a democracy—let me stress again—the MEANS for the communication of thought MUST be kept open and free and competitive!

Ready to Fight Invasion

Any threat to gather the freedom of radio unto the bosom of a government, of a bureaucracy, or of a monopoly MUST be resisted. For if a government or a bureaucracy or a monopoly invade, by the slightest degree, into

On August 19, at the summer commencement of George Peabody College for Teachers, Neville Miller made his first public statement since his election as first permanent president of the National Association of Broadcasters.

So important was that address, so significant in the development of a force which already touches thirty million homes, that RURAL RADIO here reprints high-lights from Mr. Miller's manuscript.

the completely free American radio as we know it today, we are placing into the hands of the invader the beginnings of control of the greatest means of mass communication of thoughts and ideas the world has ever known. A free people can NEVER tolerate this! That is why any invasion of our free, competitive system of American broadcasting from any quarter whatsoever will meet with all the resistance at my command, and I believe as well, with the determined resistance of the people who own and use the thirty million radio sets operative throughout America tonight!

This does not mean that American radio seeks to escape government regulation. On the contrary, it both welcomes it and needs it. Radio is an undertaking that is in actuality, licensed by the people. Without that licensing and policing there would be utter confusion in the air. Because, under international agreement, there are but a limited number of radio channels now available for use in the United States. Regulation, therefore, is necessary to insure an orderly and dependable radio service to American listeners. Each station is assigned a fixed frequency by the government, and licensed to operate in the public interest, convenience and necessity.

Should any station, large or small, fail to so operate, it deserves to lose the privilege to operate. This is the present law. This is the position of the National Association of Broadcasters: every American station must be worthy of its franchise, or else lose that franchise.

Dictatorship Is Another Matter

But if an agency of the government seeks to dictate what shall and what shall not be broadcast, then that is another matter. For that agency is abandoning the democratic pattern and is assuming the technique of the totalitarian state which determines what people shall hear; what they shall say; what they shall read and think—a technique which, in a certain nation, descended to the ridiculous and revolting position of prescribing that the people of that nation could hear the operas of but one composer for one whole year!

American radio has never been locked to the goose-step of a dictator. You will find, as was once said, that in the United States, radio makes a neighborhood of a nation. Here radio has never stooped to sell hatred; to merchandise prejudice of race or religion, and with your help, it never shall! American radio has been free to present advocates of both sides of conflicting issues; it has been free to render listeners the greatest enjoyment and the greatest service because it is free to bring them what they want.

Freedom of the air in America does not mean that radio has the right to censor or to decide what shall or what shall not be broadcast. It means simply that radio give equal opportunity to both sides in matters of public concern, and this it has tried sincerely to do.

Toward Better Living

Radio is lifting the level of informed intelligence among the masses of our people. It is placing them in touch with the greatest thoughts and the greatest minds of our age. It

(Please turn to page 29)

A MAN of hobbies is Olin Brown, control operator at WFAA, Dallas.

One of his hobbies about which he does little talking is that of transcribing books into Braille, so that the blind may enjoy literature.

During the last four years, he has transcribed the following books: *Norfleet*, James Oliver Curwood's *Valley of Silent Men*, Mary Roberts Rhinehart's *Album*, and *Amateur Radio Operator's Examination Manual*. This list does not include numerous pamphlets of instruction on how to make rugs, bathmats and similar articles, which are now being used by blind persons in craft classes at the American Red Cross Lighthouse for the Blind at Dallas.

All of the books and pamphlets mentioned are either being used at the Dallas Public Library or at the Red Cross Lighthouse in Dallas.

A blind youth at Forth Worth, after studying the radio manual which Brown transcribed, succeeded in obtaining an amateur radio operator's license.

At present, Brown is engaged in transcribing into Braille a series of



Olin Brown, WFAA control operator, at work transcribing into Braille one of the books of a series of Negro stories by Hugh Wiley. The machine on which he works is furnished by the American Red Cross.

HIS HOBBY BRINGS TO HIMSELF AND OTHERS *Happiness*

By DICK JORDAN

four books of Hugh Wiley's negro stories.

Indispensable aid to Brown in his charitable undertakings is Mrs. Brown, who sometimes types parts of the books on the special writing machine furnished them by the American Red Cross. She also helps by proof reading the books after they are completed.

After completion of their courses, they took the Red Cross Braille examination, passed, and have been engaged during their spare time ever since with the hobby which they share.

Although he has been working in Braille for four years, Brown has never learned to read it with his fingertips—he has to sight-read it.

But transcribing books into Braille is only one of Brown's pastimes. Right now, he is intensely interested

Brown became interested in Braille work when he first came to Dallas to work for WFAA in March, 1934. One day he visited the Lighthouse for the Blind, and from the date of that visit since, the Braille system has fascinated him. He had been passively interested in it for some time. But after Mrs. Brown moved to Dallas to join him, she too became interested in the system, and they took courses together at the Lighthouse.

in amateur photography. He owns a small German-made camera. He turns his camera into another channel to serve his love for another hobby,

which is collecting pictures of locomotives. He has taken hundreds of pictures of trains, locomotives, and many pictures showing technical parts of both.

He worked two years in a railroad yard at Ennis, Texas, and was there just long enough to get railroading in his blood. Deep down in his heart, he says, locomotives are probably his first love because he used to climb all over them in the Ennis yards, checking their electrical systems.

Yet another pastime serves his photographic hobby—working in metals. He has just finished making an enlarger for his pictures out of aluminum.

Next hobby Brown contemplates taking up is construction of a workshop in the back yard of his home. He wants a shop so he can build more gadgets during his spare time!

LET'S COOK *Chicken*

By BARBOUR HENRY

BUT the one question that never seems quite settled is exactly how to broil. Yet the procedure is very simple.

After the chicken has been cleaned, thoroughly washed and dried, split it down the back, and there's nothing so handy and convenient for doing this job as your poultry scissors. Next, rub with salt and pepper, and brush all over with olive oil or melted butter. Remove the broiler pan and brush it also with fat.

If one burner serves your oven and broiling compartment, and there is a heat control, SET THE DIAL TO BROILING. Otherwise, turn the burner on full during the preheating period, reducing the flame if necessary. Arrange the chicken in halves on the broiler pan and place it in the hot compartment in the lowest position.

Broil slowly until tender and brown—from 20 to 30 minutes, according to the size of the chicken. A very young and delicate chicken will be done by the time it is browned. After the first 5 minutes, baste once with butter, adding 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice. The lemon juice will improve the flavor. Turn frequently, but see that the chicken is BROILING MOST OF THE TIME ON THE FLESH SIDE, for the skin browns quickly.

For an extra flavor, particularly upon that occasion when a guest drops in and you must "stretch" the chicken, add to the broiler pan, after the first ten minutes of broiling, halves of bananas wrapped in strips of bacon, the ends fastened together with toothpicks. Turn once so each side gets a chance to brown. Or, you can use canned sliced pineapple, a thick slice of pre-cooked sweet potato, or halves of fresh tomatoes.

Fried Chicken

Next to broiling chicken, especially in the good old Southern states, FRIED chicken probably gets the family's vote. Let's suppose you have bought a tender three-pound frier, dressed and disjointed. Wash, wipe dry and sprinkle with 2 teaspoons of salt.

If you plan to fry the chicken giblets, they should be simmered to ten-



This picture illustrates not only how really tempting properly fried chicken can look, but shows proper plate table service.

derness first. Next, roll the pieces of chicken in flour—about 1 cup and place in the skillet containing 3 to 4 tablespoons of fat melted and hot. Fry the chicken until a golden brown, turning when necessary. Lower the flame to simmering stage, cover the

Time was when young chicken was a spring treat, but nowadays with the young fowl on the market the year 'round, you can serve it broiled or fried or baked any day at any season of the year.

skillet and cook the chicken slowly to tenderness, about 20 or 30 minutes.

To make gravy, after removing the chicken to a pan, set in a warm place, pour off all fat from the skillet, leaving the brown crumbs that give such rich flavor. Then pour back into the skillet 1-3 cup fat, and sprinkle in 3 tablespoons of flour, cook until flour is golden brown, then add 1 cup milk and 1-2 cup water (potato water is good) and simmer until the gravy is smooth and thick, stirring occasionally. Season and serve piping hot.

You will notice that I have spoken of turning the flame on full, lowering it for simmering and so on, and naturally those statements apply to gas heat. Now, while all readers of *Rural Radio* may not have the convenience of gas for cooking, with so much rural electrification going on, I am assuming that the majority has electricity and naturally the same cooking principles hold good for frying and broiling. With wood and coal fire, there's no trick to frying chicken as

described above. As for broiling, you'll have to fall back on pan-broiling on top of the stove, but you can get practically the same result if care is used not to cook the chicken too fast, and if you'll pull the pan to the back of the stove for the simmering.

And what goes better than roast chicken, especially in these days of "setting the heat control" on the stove and leaving the bird to bake, while you wander off to a cooler spot of your home. But, be sure the butcher draws the tendons when he prepares the fowl for you.

Then you can press out the pin feathers with a pointed knife—and singe the bird over a top burner of the stove. By the way, I wonder if you have ever thought of the distinct advantage this is—and you can use the flame for skinning tomatoes too! Singeing the chicken with a burning torch of paper is distinctly passe, to say nothing of the danger. Do the job right in your own spotless kitchen neatly and with dispatch—just turn on a low flame.

At any rate, after you have prepared the chicken, PLACE IT ON ITS BACK ON A RACK IN A SHALLOW PAN, rub the entire surface with salt and spread the breast, wings and legs with a mixture of 3 tablespoons of butter and 2 tablespoons flour rubbed together until creamy.

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit, and roast the chicken for 25 minutes per pound, the length of the roasting time DETERMINED BY THE WEIGHT OF THE CHICKEN AS PURCHASED. A larger chicken should be roasted 20 minutes per pound, because the period naturally is lengthened anyway.

Chicken Fricassee

Still another favorite is chicken fricassee, a dish that takes long slow cooking, thus enabling the housewife to be about other chores while the main dish cooks. Select a fowl weighing about 4 pounds; disjoint it and cut in serving pieces. Wash thoroughly and place in a large pan that has a cover. Add 1 or 2 strips of green pepper, 3-4 cup of mixed, diced vegetables—celery—a few celery

(Please turn to page 29)

Fashions

No. 1564

(Below) Distinctive simplicity marks this slender-lined frock. It presents no sewing problem to the woman who makes her own. A one-piece dress, it has a full length front closing, simple turned back collar, short sleeves and flared skirt. In pale green wool the model pictured uses brown buttons and a self-covered buckle fastening tailored belt. This model is equally attractive in darker shades with contrasting trimming. No. 1564 is designed for sizes 12 through 20, also 4C. It requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yds. of 39 in. fabric for size 14.



No. H-3307

(Above) Carrying out the fashionable peasant trend, this youthful bolero outfit is an ideal costume for early fall. The smart suspender skirt is gracefully flared. Bolero has a front-buttoned closing, simple narrow collar and long sleeves pleated in at the shoulders. Black wool twill, highly fashionable this season, is used for the model pictured. Black buttons complete the costume. H-3307 is designed for sizes 12 through 20. Size 14 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. of 54 in. material.

**FALL CLOTHES
DEMAND
ATTENTION**

EVERY feminine heart welcomes September as the beginning of fall, a change of season, hence a call for new clothes. The designs modeled on this page show advanced fall fashions. It is now time to order your choice of patterns from RURAL RADIO magazine, Nashville, Tenn. Send 25 cents, your name and address, pattern number and size.



No. 495

(Above) This is a dress for women who like tailored dresses but cannot wear straight severity. The pleats stitched to hips give the skirt a charming fluid line. For smartness use flat crepe, polka dot silk, or sheer wool in any of the new colors—tristle purple, Flamish blue or wine-grape. $4\frac{3}{8}$ yds. of 39 in. material will make this frock in size 16. $\frac{3}{8}$ yd. for collar and cuffs. Sizes 14 through 20, also 40 and 42.

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

THE TEXAS DRIFTER . . .

By FRANCIS ROBINSON

NEARLY everything he dreamed as a boy about seeing, Goebel Leon Reeves has come to behold with his own eyes. And still he dreams of new and beautiful lands, of strange faces, and high adventure. That makes him what he is—The Texas Drifter.

The name fits him like a glove but no shrewd manager pulled it on him. He is from Texas and he is a drifter.

Thousands of radio fans know that he can take the highest note any yodeler has ever achieved on the airways. That yodel—so unmistakably Tex' own—has literally been heard around the world. It has echoed in theatres of many lands, over 300 radio stations, in a score of moving pictures, and on the discs of nineteen recording companies.

"Hy—dle—leedle—odle—ladd—EE—oo—OO—br—br—BR—BR—" and then he breaks off in the upward swing of "br's" to make a noise that sounds too high to have come from a human throat. It is like the rapid picking of a short-stopped banjo string. Once you've heard it, you will never forget it. The Texas Drifter needs no patent or copyright on his trademark because nobody can ever steal that theme song.

As this is being written he is heard on Station WSM and in person with J. L. Frank's Golden West Cowboys. But by the time this reaches print, the roaming urge may have struck, in which case he hops his motorcycle and speeds away.

Goebel Leon Reeves was born thirty-six years ago on the famous Diamond R (R for Reeves) in Texas, one of the most famous ranches in the Southwest. The Diamond R begins eight miles west of the town of Pecos and runs for sixteen miles. It was here that white-face cattle were first stocked to replace the famous Texas longhorns.

The Diamond R belonged to Tex' father, to his grandfather before him, and to his great-grandfather before him, and it is still Reeves property. It all belongs to Tex although he does not live on it for more than a few weeks at a time and hasn't since he was a lad of ten.

State Fair Was Big Week

His first glimpse of show business was at the Texas State Fair, but in that he was not much different from thousands of children in the Lone

Star State. Everybody who could make it descended on Dallas for the big week every year. Tex' recollection of those yearly treks sounds like a chapter out of Phil Stong.

"We took a cook shack and the boys made camp," he drawls with a glow of memory in his dark eyes.

But Tex was different from the other boys. He had imagination. If the others had they didn't do anything about it.

"We saw the wild man of Borneo. Since then I've seen Borneo. We saw the Siamese twins. Since then I've seen Siam and the sacred white elephant. We saw the Japanese wrest-

healing arts. "Doctor" cannot be applied promiscuously but Doc McRae was careful never to prefix to his name anything but the first three letters.

"You know the type," Tex says as he lifts the floodgates of his memory. "Scissor-tail coat, high top hat, boots, and two big pistols which he always carried but never fired. 'Right this way, ladies and gentlemen—this wonderful medicine—good for man or beast!'

Stop in the Song of Life?

"We would strike up a banjo song like 'Green Corn' and about the mid-

Motorcycle

lers and I have since spent two years in Japan," he recounts. The world was Tex' school. He saw his geography.

The roaming urge got him early. He started hopping wagons when he was ten years old. "Professional hobo," Tex calls himself. But before that he had learned to sing and play the guitar.

Entertained Entertainers

"All cowboys make music," Tex says emphatically. "To them it's as natural as anything. If you don't play a guitar, you're a heel. And you can't be a heel—even in the city!"

The Texas Drifter earned his first money as a professional by entertaining entertainers. In the cities where he landed—Houston, Phoenix, and Los Angeles—he soon found the stage doors of the vaudeville theatres. Between shows he did his numbers in the alley while the actors thronged around. They never had heard anything like Tex' songs of the lone prairie and they were generous with the size of the coins they tossed the youthful performer.

"My purse sometimes topped the leading man's," Tex recalls with a smirk.

From the backstage alleys, Tex soon graduated to the medicine show. He went on tour with the great McRae company.

"I never see W. C. Fields and his medicine show act that I don't think of old Doc McRae," Tex says with a chuckle. "If anybody had ever called him doctor we would have all gone to the penitentiary!" Most states have laws to prohibit abuse of titles of the

dle of the second number after the crowd had gathered, Doc McRae would throw up his hand and shout, 'Do you want to stop in the Song of Life—cut off—unfinished? Now this wonderful medicine, ladies and gentlemen . . . ' and so on over and over again."

For all his months of medicine show trouping, Tex never got a dime. He was well fed and his laundry allowance was enough to keep his shirts fresh and crisp. He was well taken care of but cash was virtually unknown.

"I used to go to Doc and say, 'See here, Doc, I've got to have some money—'

"What are they paying you, my boy?" he would interrupt.

"Twenty dollars a week," I would reply.

"Twenty dollars a week! That's outrageous. Where's my business manager?" And he would order the paymaster to raise me to twenty-five dollars a week. A few months later I would ask for money again and he would 'raise' me to thirty dollars a week but I never saw any greenback. They owed me more money than I've ever made on the radio," Tex declares with a grin.

"But old Doc McRae had the best heart that ever beat," the Texas Drifter warmly declares. "He really took good care of us. I never will forget—one time I was sick. I went to Doc, holding my stomach. He leaned back and started giving me his spiel.

"My boy," he said. "What you need is some of my medicine. This wonderful medicine—good for man or beast—'

"'Hold on, Doc,' I said. 'We're not acting, now. I'm sick!' And do you know, he called the best doctor in the town and told him to spare no expense until I was well again."

Wounded in World War

After touring with the medicine show, Tex next went on his own, playing cafes, saloons — anywhere people gathered. "Barber shops were always good," he says. Perhaps the tonsorial artists and their more musical patrons would contribute a bar or two of barber-shop harmony on the second chorus.

The World War started Tex to drifting in earnest. His mother and dad were victims of the dreadful influenza epidemic of 1917 and 1918. At the age of fifteen years and three

the 400 songs he has composed himself his favorite is "Hobo's Lullaby." Many of his songs, like "Little Joe, the Wrangler," are based on actual persons and events. With the Texas Drifter's fans, the favorite of all the songs he sings is "Big Rock Candy Mountain," he says.

He made his movie debut in 1922 in a picture called "Perils of the Yukon." Since then he has been seen on the silver screen in fifty different films, half of them since sound came in. James Oliver Curwood's "The Silver Trail" is his latest picture. It was made last year while he was at KFVB in Los Angeles. Tex sang over the "Station of the Stars" fifty-two weeks, which is the longest he has ever stayed in any one place since he started drifting.

"I have wanted a home and chil-

dren," he says wistfully, "but a drifter at heart has no right to ask a woman to share his lot."

Outside of his big ranch in Texas, and a smaller place in Arkansas, Tex has a few worldly possessions. The son of the man who was foreman under Tex' dad runs the Diamond R. Tex says he has willed the place to his faithful foreman and his family.

Nobody Goes Away Hungry

His Arkansas ranch is christened the Bar N. "That stands for Bar None," Tex interprets. "No human being can go by there hungry or unsheltered." He bought the ranch because of the store on it, he relates. It was a real country store with a big stove and men sitting around it whittling. Tex wanted to keep it the way it was — a symbol of genuine and wholesome American life.

In only a few minutes Tex' conversation will jump to a dozen of the seventy-two countries he has visited. He will exclaim over the beauties of Genoa (he went there because Columbus came from there) and Turin. He will tell you there's no difference be-

(Please turn to page 29)

Troubadour

months, Tex, who looked well beyond his age and who was as tough as they come, lied about his age and joined the A. E. F.

As a soldier in the 59th Infantry, Fourth Division, he went through the terrible Battle of Saint-Mihiel without a scratch but at the Argonne a German bullet pierced his right kidney and lung.

Even the wounds of battle could not stop Tex from singing. One of his laid-up buddies took the pieces of an old piano — part of the wreckage of war — and with a cunning knife and deft fingers made Tex a guitar. "A few weeks later he died in the bed next to mine," Tex says. "That guitar was stolen and I'd give anything in the world if I had it back — the guitar my dying buddy made."

After the Armistice, it wasn't but a few years until radio came in and Tex began to be a radio personality. He says he knows he has sung on half of the 700 radio stations in the country. He just can't stay in one place very long at a time and when that old drifting urge strikes him he never knows where he will turn up.

Music Stops Stampedes

About his music he is dead serious. He knows that "music has charms to soothe a savage breast."

"In a storm the cattle will look to you for protection," Tex says with authority. There's many a stampede been stopped by a cowboy's singing, and the lives of thousands of little dogies saved — the little unbranded calves.

Tex thinks "Gold Mine in the Sky" is the grandest song ever written. Of

The Texas Drifter knows perhaps better than the poet who first said that "music has charms to soothe a savage breast." "There's been many a stampede stopped by a cowboy's singing and the lives of thousands of little dogies saved," says this colorful singing wanderer from the lone prairie.





Camera Contest

"Bridle Path," at left, combines two photograph naturals—a choice scenic spot and a pretty girl. Either is good for a lovely shot. Together they are tops. Note the play of light and shade.

NEXT month RURAL RADIO will announce the first winners in its Camera Contest which was inaugurated in the August issue. The best picture will receive a cash prize of \$3.00. The second best picture will draw a cash prize of \$2.00. The third prize is \$1.00.

Deadline for the second judging will be October 1 and winners in that group will be announced in the November issue of RURAL RADIO.

All entries must be addressed to RURAL RADIO, INC., Nashville, Tennessee, and *prints, not negatives*, should be submitted. A number of contestants in the first judging submitted negatives which meant that the editorial office had to go to the trouble and expense of having prints made before some of the entries could be judged.

No photographs 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 for their imaginative qualities and because of their photographic superiority.

Judging will be on the *general impression* which the picture makes.

Early fall is good camera weather. Let's see what your lenses see.



"Judy" again demonstrates what a joy children are to the camera's eye—no fuss and no pose. Naturalness is one of the chief things which photographs more than any other medium can attain.

"Duck Shooters" is a rare action type picture. Note the concentration in the aim of the hunters. Any minute you expect to hear the guns and a cry from the flock of mallards.



RED

RADIO FARM DIGEST

Aunt Em, of WLS, writes us:
"Mr. George Biggar gave me a copy of the RURAL RADIO with my write up in it. I tried to get extra copies at newsstands and was told they had none. So I am enclosing 50 cents for which please send the August number to me.

"Of course you folks are interested in anything out of the ordinary in radio work. For two years, I have not missed a Sunday on WLS, choose and write all my talks and poems—the oldest person in radio work.

"Can you imagine what it means to me to be able to look back that long, long trail that leads to yesterday, remembering things as they were then, also to be taking part in the activities of today and enjoying the new things with you younger generation.

"On my 82nd birthday, I received over 1,400 cards and letters. I get over a hundred letters every week, answer all from 'shut-ins' and from hospitals and old folks' homes.

"So as I preach, there is no limit to my usefulness I practice in every day living.

"Yours for better radio programs.

"Lovingly,
"Aunt Em, Station WLS, Chicago, Illinois."

We are so glad to have had the articles of your success in our August issue. It is wonderful for anyone to have the view of life that is yours, and is most encouraging to "us younger ones" who are growing older.

I sent for the RURAL RADIO for three months to see if we would like it. And we do! I want to say it is the finest magazine I ever saw. We run the radio so much, and now with the help of RURAL RADIO, it will be so much more fun. We enjoy the pictures and stories so much. I have my first issue for July and have August and September yet to come. By that time I'll be a subscriber for I don't want to miss a single issue.

Here's hoping I never have to miss a single issue. I'll be a regular subscriber soon.

Yours,
Mrs. Marvin Taylor, Deep River, Iowa.

It is gratifying to greet such an enthusiastic subscriber. We are glad to see you realize the advantages of an annual subscription.

Please let me congratulate your RURAL RADIO magazine because I think it is the nicest of all radio magazines. I just wouldn't be without it, and as long as you keep it "rural," I'll be a life-time subscriber. I think your idea of having a music page is the best thing that you could do for us readers.

A faithful reader,
Hosea Chandler, Walhalla, S. C.

We give our subscribers real pictures and true stories of their favorite radio entertainers. That is the appeal of RURAL RADIO. Last month, we gave you the Delmore Brothers' Brown's Ferry Blues. Look for another this month.

I have just received my copy of your splendid publication, and wish to extend you most hearty congratulations. I am convinced that your magazine is just what we have needed in isolated sections for many years. For us, I think "you have got something there." All departments are most helpful and instructive.

Again thanks for your splendid magazine. It even surpasses my greatest expectations. Very truly yours,

George W. Branham, Stuart, Virginia.

After hearing RURAL RADIO advertised over WLS, I began a search for one in the newsstands of our county seat. Finally I found a copy of the June issue. It is a much better magazine than you say. The picture of Aunt Idy and little Clifford alone is worth the price of the paper to say nothing of all the other good features.

So I am enclosing money order for \$1.00 for a year's subscription to RURAL RADIO.

Yours,
Russell Blank, Ivesdale, Illinois.

I have been receiving RURAL RADIO magazine ever since it was first published. I used to get it on the newsstand, but now since I can't get it, I have subscribed for the magazine. I think RURAL RADIO is one of the most outstanding books published for rural listeners, and I can't praise it enough. I enjoy every page.

Miss Ruth Crawley, Morganton, N. C.
Words of encouragement from readers of RURAL RADIO who have been with us from the first come as words of experience.

I have just received my first RURAL RADIO magazine, and I really think it's swell. The picture section is very interesting.

I do think it's grand to see pictures of your favorite stars. After listening to them so long, one likes to see what they look like. I am a fan of dear old WHAM, and my radio is on from 7:30 in the morning until WHAM signs off at night.

Yours truly,
Mary Martin, Batavia, New York.

I have just purchased my first copy of RURAL RADIO and I think it is grand. It not only gives the listeners an idea of what their favorite entertainers look like, but it gives us entertainers information as to where some of our personal friends have drifted. Without the aid of this little monthly magazine, perhaps we should never know. You see it is just as informative to the artist as it is to the listener, and that makes it an all-round paper.

Yours truly,
George Olinger, Covington, Ky.

We enjoy RURAL RADIO very much, especially the personalities of Texas Stations, WFAA and WBAP. We hope to see more of these in RURAL RADIO as well as other interesting radio characters. My Mother has extended our subscription for three more months. We enjoyed it so much.

Yours truly,
Marion Evans, Brice, Texas.

Each issue of RURAL RADIO brings more pictures of stars from your favorite Texas Stations with many more of interest. Don't miss an issue.

We received our first two issues of RURAL RADIO magazine and I want to say it's the best of any radio magazine I have ever read. Everyone in the family certainly was thrilled when they saw it.

Sincerely yours,
Elizabeth Jackson, Lexington, Ky.

I especially enjoyed in the August issue Arkie's story and Bell McClusky's picture. Frankly, my first impression of the magazine was pretty punk! But I took you up on the three months' subscription—picture of Arkie—offer and got my second issue this morning, and I must say that if it improves much more, I'll have to back water and hold up my white "hanky."

Yours for RURAL RADIO success,
Lila Mitchell, Pearl City, Illinois.

R. F. D. Editor is frankly pleased with your frankness. We are more than pleased, also, that you have noted the continuous improvement in RURAL RADIO.

I am sending 50c for two three-month subscriptions to RURAL RADIO. I think I am the only one around here that gets the RURAL RADIO magazine for people five miles away whom I have never met have borrowed mine and I was glad for them to read them.

It is not often that I write RADIO Artists, but when I do I mean every word I write. Will you believe me when I say that RURAL RADIO is getting better all of the time. I think the August issue was tops.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Ruth Williams, Crossville, Ala.

These two three-months' subscriptions, sent to friends of Mrs. Williams in her community, show real loyalty and enthusiasm for the success of this magazine and RURAL RADIO—thank you.

Read NEW ENGLAND POULTRYMAN!

Although local in name, New England Poultryman is read nationally by leading poultry growers because of the high character of its editorial content and its carefully censored advertising. 1 year, \$1; 3 years, \$2.

NEW ENGLAND POULTRYMAN
4 g-Park St., Boston, Mass.

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

For You EACH MONTH A SONG

This month RURAL RADIO is happy to be able to bring to its readers a song that is gaining widespread popularity on the air, but which has never before been published.

We are indebted to J. L. Frank of the Golden West Cowboys for taking time out to make a copy of this song and giving us the privilege of presenting it for the first time in written form.

THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL HOME

Words and Music by THE GOLDEN WEST COWBOYS

When trou - bles and tri - als o'er take you, . . . and the way seems so
 wea - ry and lone; . . . There's com - fort if you'll turn to
 Je - sus, . . . Who Waits in a Hea - ven - ly home. . . . Just
 ask Him to make the load ligh - ter, . . . For . . . He will not
 turn you a - - - way . . . And a Beau - - ti - - - ful Home He has
 prom - ised . . . And you shall be - hold it some day. . .
 There's a Beau - ti - ful Beau - ti - ful Home . . . Be - - yond the
 star - - lit sky. . . . And the door is o - pen my friends, . . . Yes
 o - pen to you and I. . . . So ask the Sav - - ior to
 guide you. . . . For He will show you the way. . . . And that
 Hea - ven - ly Home so Beau - - ti - - - ful . . .
 You shall en - - ter some day.

FAMILY Gossip

By PEGGY STEWART

Dear Friends:

I have really been kept busy writing all over the country trying to answer your questions and locate your favorites. I am always glad to hear from you and appreciate the nice things you have said about the column.

Sincerely yours

Peggy Stewart

Miss Margurite Walker, Alcolu, South Carolina:

The Briarhopper Boys of WBT, Charlotte, N. C., are as follows: Dad Briarhopper, whose real name is Johnny McAllister, was born October 23, 1903, at Rockaway Beach, Long Island; is married and has no children. Before radio, he was a professional basketball player, interior decorator, and entertainer. Began broadcasting at WGBB, Freeport, L. I., 1926 and has been with WBT for nearly four years. He plays any instrument and golf is his hobby. Sam Briarhopper's real name is Walden Whytsett, 29 years old, married, in entertainment business for ten years. Bill is Bill Davis, was born in 1892, and has been in radio ever since it started. He is married and has two grown sons and a five-year-old girl. Homer's name is Homer Lee Dye, fifteen years old and his whole radio career has been at WBT. Zeb is Thorpe Westerfield, who is unmarried, 27 years old and he has been in radio since 1928. Hank is really named Garnett Benton Warren and is 29 years old. He is married and has three children, including one set of twins. He has been in radio since 1930, and has been in a Gene Autry movie. Elmer Briarhopper is Clarence Eppers, who is also 29 years old, unmarried and his whole radio career has been with WBT where he was one of original Briarhoppers. Billie is named Willie Elizabeth Burton and she is only fourteen years old. She has been with the Briarhoppers since 1936, does only singing and often is teamed with Homer.

Miss Helen W. Ogle, Quincy, Ill.:

Jimmie and Dick, the Novelty Boys of WEEI, are named Jimmy Pierson

and Dick Klasi and they are both 28 years old. Jimmy is from White Cloud, Kansas, and Dick is from Utica, South Dakota. They have been in radio for nine years and with WEEI since August, 1937. Jimmy plays the banjo and guitar and Dick the accordion.

Miss Vera Horton, Wrightsville, Ga.:

Daddy John Love is not broadcasting at present but he plans to return to the air in the fall. He has sent us the following information about himself: he was born in Heath Springs, S. C., and is one of the pioneer hill-billy musicians who broadcast. He has been with many stations and has made more than forty recordings. He was nicknamed "Daddy" by an announcer at WBT right after the stork had visited his home. His present address is Fayetteville, N. C.

Miss Hazel Bonnell, Waupaca, Wis.:

We have answered your questions by mail but would like to give the other people who have asked about Polly of the Range from WMBD the information we have about her. She was born March 31, 1908, on a farm near Lewiston, Ill., and was one of nine children. Her real name is Pauline C. Hummel, she is married and has two children. The story of her learning music is very interesting because she did it during the many months she was recovering from a severe fall from a horse when she was very young. The doctors had very little hope for her recovery but she smiled and sang during many months of treatment and is in perfect health now and is still smiling.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

Skyland Scotty of WLS was born November 8, 1909, near Asheville, N. C. His real name is Scott Wiseman and although he went to Fairmont State Teachers' College training to be a teacher he won an old fiddler's contest at WMMN in Fairmont and gave up the idea of teaching. He has been with WLS since 1933. He is a blonde with light blue eyes, is 5 feet, 11 1-2 inches tall and weighs 163 pounds. He is married to Lula Bell.

Mrs. D. J. Wayland, Mart, Texas:

The Light Crust Doughboys of WBAP are: Abner, Kenneth Pitts; Zeke, Muryel Campbell; Bashful, Dick Rinehart; Doctor, Clifford Gross; Knocky, J. W. Parker, Jr.; Junior, Marvin Montgomery; Snub, Raymond Pearson; Charles Burton, Charles Burton Wilson.

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Biscuits by Radio

Round as a biscuit,
 Busy as a bee,
 Prettiest little thing
 You ever did see . . .

By DOLLY SULLIVAN

ONLY Mary Lee Taylor is not "round"—110 pounds for five feet two, but she's pretty with lovely dark hair and sparkling eyes, and being busy is her hobby. As for her "biscuits," well—they are just the prettiest little things you ever did see.

Which is getting down to the big job this little lady holds. Twice a week, every Tuesday and Thursday, Mary Lee Taylor broadcasts her "Pet Milky Way" program direct from her experimental kitchen in St. Louis, over a coast-to-coast Columbia network, including WHAS, at Louisville, Ky. These broadcasts are actual demonstrations for she really makes the dish which she describes on the air. Now and again there is not enough time to start from the beginning of a recipe and complete the dish in the fifteen-minute broadcast. At such times Miss Taylor explains, she "gets things started" before her program and "times" it so as to demonstrate to her vast listening audience the most interesting or possibly the most unusual portion of the recipe.

Thorough Rehearsal

While giving the recipe, and all the helpful suggestions she can think of from her vast experience in making the particular dish, Miss Taylor measures and mixes or seasons and stirs, describing each step in her culinary drama. And, by the way, her kitchen dramas are better rehearsed than many a legitimate show.

I was amazed to learn that even after the recipes are tested and retested over and over again in the two experimental kitchens—one equipped with gas stove and the other electrically equipped—the perfected recipe is then tried out and rehearsed before the broadcast for timing and so on.

Every Program New

You may be interested to know that Miss Taylor actually has an assistant during her broadcasts. That is easy to understand. It goes without saying that she cannot be two places at once. For instance, when ingredients require beating with a rotary beater are called for, this has to be done as far away from the "mike" as possible. Otherwise, the noise might drown out Mary Lee's sometimes breath-taking descriptions of just what is going on

in the kitchen, on the worktable, at the refrigerator, on the range. Each demonstration might truly be compared with a "first night" and each broadcast is equivalent to a first night for every program presents something new and different.

Incidentally, one cannot do justice to this culinary dramaturgy without mentioning Miss Taylor's very personable "official taster"—John Cole. This enthusiastic young man adds zest to the performance in more ways than one. Always he gets his "taste" or sample—and always he passes comment as to its "goodness" or—but there haven't been any "or's," according to John Cole.

"In spite of my disturbing presence (I like to tease Mary Lee, you know) she hasn't had a failure yet," Cole admits. "The truth is, by now, I'm a poor matrimonial risk having a mother who is a grand cook and being spoiled by the marvelous things Mary Lee prepares. What chance would any poor girl have after that? Ummm—something's cooking now—it does smell good. You know, after four and a half years, I'm quite a connoisseur in tastes and smells."

Mail Shows Popularity

Yes, John Cole has been official taster since Mary Lee Taylor first went on the air—November 7, 1933. Inexperienced in the technique of broadcasting, but richly endowed with the qualities needed for this program—a pleasant distinctive voice and a genuine understanding of the cooking problems of the average home-maker—Miss Taylor gathered her pots and pans in front of the microphone and stepped into the business of radio.

She tackled the job of mastering this new medium just as she tackles everything else she does—systematically, conscientiously, with intense concentration and childlike enthusiasm.

That she has made a huge success of broadcasting as well as cooking is indicated by her ever-growing deluge of daily mail. With these stacks of mail increasing daily, she spends more and more time in her private office—working long hours after her beloved kitchen is closed—personally answering the thousands of letters she receives each week.

And a difficult task it is to answer the hundreds of questions that pour into her office—questions pertaining to special diet, which she must answer very carefully—questions about menus

—questions on special occasions like Hallowe'en and Valentine Day, church suppers, bridal parties and the like. Questions, questions, questions, many requiring painstaking research and testing to answer. But apparently she loves it for her merry brown eyes just danced when she dug out of her files a thick folder and holding it up said: "Look—all these letters are from a woman out in Montana. She and I have been writing to each other for four years. We're such good friends." And yet, they have never met.

Loves Entertaining

Mary Lee Taylor was much too modest to tell me about herself other than to say that her "first love" was cooking and planning new recipes, and yet she is wholeheartedly enthusiastic about "just talking to her friends" on the air. She apparently loves good music as she mentioned attending all the good operas, and she's keen about the theater, often taking part in amateur dramatic productions. I also learned that Miss Taylor finds time to do considerable entertaining, which she loves, and her attractive apartment is the scene of many gala gatherings. John Cole said: "It isn't just the food, either," but Mary Lee admitted she loved planning "something special" for her parties.

Now, before signing off this interview with Mary Lee Taylor, would you like to witness what goes on in her kitchen just before one of her radio demonstrations? The rehearsal is over. There are still a few minutes before "starting time." Miss Taylor is busy chopping, mixing and beating. It's the nut-filled cookies today. Miss White, her assistant, is at her side working with the same efficiency of an operating room nurse. Adding to the last minute bustle is John Cole, but he is promptly shooed out and finds his way to the adjacent control room to chat and smoke with the engineer and production man. THIRTY SECONDS are called and John Cole is back in the kitchen and at the "mike." A moment of quiet settles over the kitchen as everyone waits for the final cue—and then John Cole's voice rings out, "Good morning! This is the Pet Milky Way bringing you Mary Lee Taylor." Mary Lee stops work for a second, smiles—her nose wrinkles delightfully when she smiles—then there's the banter with John and the first thing you know Mary Lee nods and says "Good morning—to YOU!"



Twice a week Mary Lee Taylor goes into her radio kitchen to turn out something new and delicious. John Cole serves in the capacity of announcer and official taster.

TEXAS DRIFTER

(Continued from page 23)

tween a castle on the Rhine and a silo. Both are round and dank. He will recall India, a land where little children never smile.

Tex did more than just "visit" these strange and far-off lands. He got to know the people and something of the language. In the two years he spent on the island of Nippon, he learned to speak Japanese. During his engagement in Los Angeles he greeted his radio audience each day with a Japanese "Good morning." So impressed was a girl listener in the oriental quarter that she made and presented Tex with a shirt which he proudly wears in the picture accompanying this article. It is an elaborate affair of black crepe with big red and yellow and violet flowers appliqued. The buttons are tiny mirrors!—the better to catch the spotlight and flash in the eyes of dazzled audiences.

He wears many other unique gifts. His enormous silver watch chain crossed the desert with a pioneer in 1849. The old man "wanted the Texas Drifter to have it" and gave the relic to him. A big ring he wears of dull silver and turquoise is a Navajo Indian piece and his hammered silver belt buckle with a longhorn steer's head was a gift from William Desmond, the noted star of silent movie days.

Are there other trips he would like to make. There certainly are! "I would like to go to the Orient on my motorcycle," Tex says. And he probably will. He wants to follow the trail, in reverse, which he believes the Indians took when they came to America. He believes our aborigines were Orientals who crossed the Bering Strait from Asia to Alaska in pulp boats and then migrated down the Pacific Coast.

When the roaming urge strikes him, he goes and goes quickly. So any day now the Eskimos can expect to hear

the Texas Drifter's inimitable yodel followed by "When My Name Became a Number."

RADIO HEAD SPEAKS

(Continued from page 18)

takes us to the frontiers of action on a world-wide front. Of the long evenings, it makes worthwhile leisure-time experiences. Some have said, and there is much to support the statement, that radio is reviving the old family circle. Certainly radio has developed an appreciation of better music; it is a daily factor toward better living; it has, *without dispute*, and *despite* some types of programs, definitely enriched the cultural life of America.

Radio is, after all, a mirror of the genius, of the talent and the thought of the American people. Its level can be no higher than the general level of education and culture in the country. It will never be any better as an educational medium than the educators who use it; it will never be any better as a vehicle of drama than the playwrights and actors of the theatre; and it will never be any more intelligent as a forum on public affairs than the people who do our thinking on public affairs.

If we would increase and widen the cultural and educational effectiveness of radio, more than the allotment of time and the development of new program techniques are called for. We must, through the spread of education to all sections of our population, pave the way for the acceptance of such programs. Let me make the point clear: radio will continue to do its part to elevate the level of American taste; to popularize things cultural; to bring the questions of the day straight and instantly to the American fireside, *but radio cannot do the job alone.*

This is a challenge to our teachers, and particularly, this is a challenge to those in charge of our school systems. For in this country there are but some four million people who have completed a college course, and

there are *nearly fifty million Americans* whose education did not extend beyond that of the sixth grade! Education is one of the very fundamental problems facing our country, for it is the key to the future or the failure of America.

COOK CHICKEN

(Continued from page 20)

leaves—carrots—onion—peas—2 teaspoons salt and 1-8 teaspoon pepper, also 1 quart boiling water. Cover the pan and cook slowly 3 to 4 hours, reducing the heat to simmering once boiling begins.

When the chicken becomes tender, skim off excess fat and thicken the broth, allowing 1 1-2 tablespoons flour to each cup of gravy. Serve on a platter with a border of biscuits piping hot.

If you prefer a ripe, brown flavor, dredge the chicken in 6 tablespoons of flour and brown in 4 tablespoons hot fat, then add the water and vegetables. And finally, with 2 cups of cooked diced chicken—taken from the bones or skeleton, and three tablespoons of chicken fat, or butter, you have the makings of a delicious chicken pie. You will also need 1 1-3 cups of chicken stock, or you can use boiling water and bouillon cubes.

Sauce

Make a sauce of the chicken fat with 3 tablespoons flour blended and used as thickening for the hot stock. Add the chicken and heat thoroughly. Season well—a little curry powder goes good here. Or brown a little thinly sliced onion and celery leaves in the fat before making the sauce.

From there on the procedure for chicken pie is the same North, South, East or West. There's a trick though, that you might like to know about. Reserve some of the gravy or sauce, and before taking the pie from the oven, pour this extra gravy through the top of the biscuit crust, into the conventional crescent cut. You've no idea, until you've tried it, what a difference this makes in chicken pie!

STRICTLY PERSONAL

WITH

George Dewey Hay



(The Solemn Old Judge)

Note: The editors of RURAL RADIO have induced The Solemn Old Judge to use his now historic campaign speech as his "Strictly Personal" column this month.

July 30, 1938, will go down as a red letter day in the annals of politics and hillbilly music. On that day during the course of WSM's famous Saturday night barn dance program, David Stone put in the nomination of George Dewey Hay for Governor on the Grand Ole Opry ticket.

"His platform would be 'A loud-speaker in every home and a mountain ballad on every tongue,'" Mr. Stone declared in his address of nomination. "We could have breakdowns between legislature and a square dance at every convention.

"More than that, he could call a session of the legislature by the mere toot of his steamboat whistle. Fiddles and banjos would be his instruments of peace.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the battle cry is hey, hey, George D. Hay for governor," Mr. Stone concluded.

The Solemn Old Judge, invisibly shaken with emotion, replied as follows:

THANK you very kindly, David Stone. This honor overwhelms me, but this is not the first time I have been overwhelmed, so that is not news. Ladies and gentlemen: Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, it behooves me to remove all shrinking violets from my thoughts and step into the surging sea of politics taking a place in the middle of the boat so that it will not rock or be grounded by selfish motives. Yes, sir, and yes, ma'am, we must not rock the boat.

Of course, friends, we want it distinctly understood that the victory of our friend, Lee O'Daniel out in Texas, has nothing to do with this sudden

decision to enter the governor's race. Not at all, except that we would not have thought about it, if Lee hadn't stepped in and walked away with the Lone Star race. When anybody does something in this world there are at least one hundred people, who, lacking too much originality, follow in his footsteps and ape his every way. When one hillbilly goes to town, the others follow. So here we are, as one of our Opry songs runs, "goin' down the road feelin' fine."

Pursuit of Happiness

As we look out on these azure fields of ours and see the middle Tennessee hills throwing their mantle of protection about us—we hope we are not becoming too modest, because we would hate to be alone in the world—we are glad we are alive and kicking. Everywhere we look, there seem to be black clouds of trouble, unless we go up in a plane and get above the clouds, and when we do we see nothing but sunshine. Which proves that more of us should learn to fly—or does it? Maybe it is asking too much of us to obey the Golden Rule, but if it is, let us try a common variety of courtesy. Our constitution tells us that all Americans have a right to the pursuit of happiness. That does not mean that just a picked handful have the right. Anyway, we could not stop our neighbor from his pursuit of that marvelous commodity, if we wanted to, because the sun comes up each morning exactly on schedule, whether you and I like it or not. Let us reverse that line which reads, "They are all out of step but Jim." Let us quit blaming the dear old world for our troubles. Charity and correction begin at home.

A philosopher once said, during an inspired moment, that selfishness is the root of all evil. Let us dig out this root and plant our garden with unselfishness which will grow straight up and will not become twisted and gnarled—or will it? Of course, when we begin to say "Good morning" to our neighbor, it may scare him out of a week's growth, but he'll get over it. It is surprising how a human being can recover from shock. I have seen grocers stand up and take it on the chin, grin and bear it when a customer pays a long past due bill. That takes character.

Cotton but No Gin

Now a word for agriculture. Maybe we had better devote ten words to it, because there hasn't been much talk about it lately. We propose to fix all farms so that they will be self-sustaining. What farmers need is more time to whittle and talk things

over. All work and no play makes Jack Farmer morose and unhappy. But, if we can make him happy, and there is no doubt about that, that same contentment will rise from the ground up to our highest skyscrapers and affect our broken friends in a most pleasing manner. We propose to let all corn stay on the cob, where it belongs, thereby eliminating the middle man. Cotton has a way of taking care of itself and should never be mixed with gin. However, there will be plenty of truckin' in the garden to the music of "Turkey in the Straw."

Here we come to that all-absorbing subject of money, otherwise known as coin of the realm, mezuma or "Try and get it." We plan to do away with that commodity entirely, because when one gets too much of it, it is apt to go to one's head—and when one lacks it, the effect is disastrous to his stomach. So we will eliminate the money plank entirely, saw it into pieces and start a big bonfire. In India they hunt elephants, while in America we hunt dollars. It is a toss-up with money becoming bigger than elephants. It is a big question, but it is in the bag, friends.

The question of the tariff now presents itself. We cannot do half as well as to quote from Tennessee's own beloved Bob Taylor, who is reported to have replied in answer to a heckler on the subject, "Well, let's pay it and get rid of it."

As to foreign trade, it is nice work if you can get it. It enables one to travel and see the world, and after all, we might as well see it, as long as we are here in it. Look it square in the eye, say we, and take it in its stride and if you can't take it in its stride, well, take it in your own stride.

Favors More Business

As for business, we are highly in favor of it—and even more of it. Without business we would not have work and without work we would not have business. It is a never ending chain, but a good old chain to wear. It takes your mind off of yourself. Look up and out, say we, and don't let those tomatoes make your face red when they hit. Business is business, and that settles that.

As for social reform, it is a great idea. The world has been practicing it for several thousand years. Every time it gets a little bit reformed, along come the reformers to un-reform it. If we could just get a good idea and stick to it, it wouldn't be so bad, but then as the little boy said when a mule kicked him—action is the spice of life if it does not get too spicy.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, please accept our thanks for your attention. Remember, election day is next Thursday, and we doubt if we will have a chance to speak again before next Saturday. But, don't forget the Solemn Old Judge, because I wear no man's collar—in fact I don't wear any collar at all half of the time. So long, friends.



A capacity audience was on hand in the beautiful new auditorium studio of Radio Station WOAI for the salute to the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network on opening day. Other pictures on this page were made during the dedication exercises.

WOAI OPENS *New Studios*



Sports Commentator Pat Flaherty flashes his familiar smile.

IT WAS a red letter day in Texas and the Southwest last month when Radio Station WOAI opened its handsome new studios. The San Antonio 50,000-watt clear channel unit also used for the first time its new 450-foot vertical antenna.

From its sleek auditorium studio and before a capacity audience, officials and artists of WOAI broadcast an impressive program to the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network and the Texas Quality Network as a part of the dedicatory exercises.

The new transmitter is housed in a trim Spanish style stucco, tile-roof house, which, with the antenna, stands at Selma, Texas, seventeen miles north of San Antonio.

Paul Kilday, Congressman-elect from the Twentieth District of the Lone Star State was on hand to make a speech. The San Antonio Chamber of Commerce extended congratulations through its president, Richard Gill.



Governor Allred makes a colonel of News Chief Ken McClure.



Engineer Hoxie Mundine, above. Newscaster Corwin Riddell, below.



President Hugh A. L. Halff, above. Women's Editor Leona Bender, below.



Master of Ceremonies Lew Valentine, below.



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