



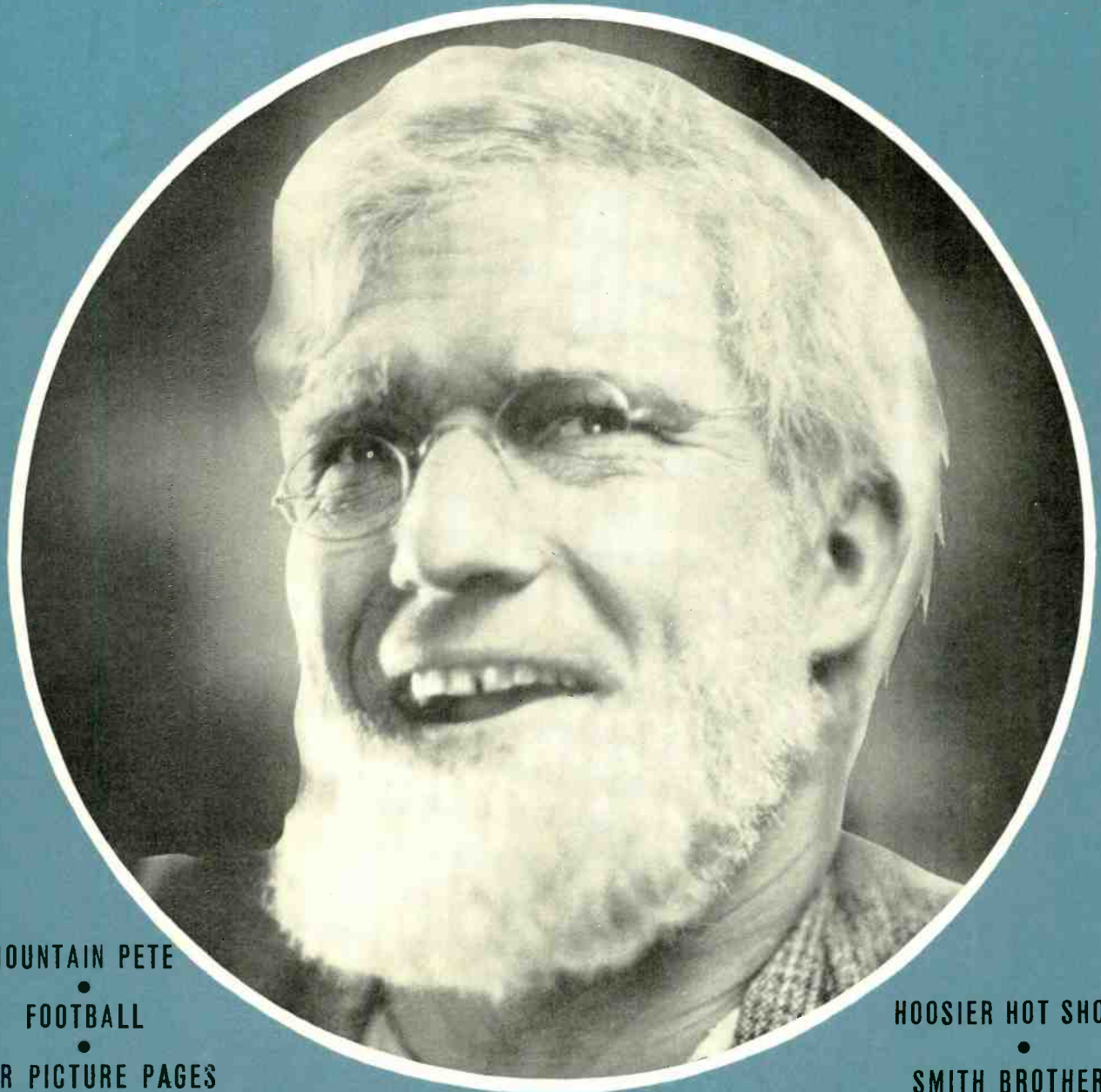
Rural Radio

THE ONLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR RURAL LISTENERS!

Vol. 1. No. 9

OCTOBER, 1938

Ten Cents



MOUNTAIN PETE

FOOTBALL

FOUR PICTURE PAGES

HOOSIER HOT SHOTS

SMITH BROTHERS

SETH PARKER'S *Birth and Rebirth*

1938	OCTOBER						1938
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
							1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29	

MOON'S PHASES: First Quarter, Oct. 1st and 31st; Full Moon, 9th; Last Quarter, 16th; New Moon, 23rd.
HOLIDAYS AND FESTIVALS: Hallowe'en, Oct. 31st.
BIRTHSTONE: Pearl, symbol of health and long life.

Old Friends Back

COOL breezes of autumn remind us that October brings harvest time to America in more ways than one.

It is harvest time in the radio world, with all your old friends trooping back to the studios for the big-time shows that went off the air with summer's heat.

Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Seth Parker, Phil Baker, Fanny Bryce, and scores and scores of others too numerous to be listed are all trooping back to the airplanes, now that cooler weather and the Fall Season is here.

Those cool breezes, proclaiming cold weather soon to come, also means better reception for farm friends on more stations—a wider variety of programs and stations from which to choose your evening entertainment.

Now that the heavy work of the land is a matter of the past, it will be more than pleasant to spend hours by the radio in the evening, with the old friends we knew last year and new ones soon to be introduced to us.

Memorable October Dates

Four Presidents of the United States have been born in October:

John Adams, the second President, and the first ever to live in the White House, was born Oct. 30, 1735. It is interesting to note that he died on the same day as the third President, Thomas Jefferson—and that that day was the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of The Declaration of Independence, which Jefferson himself had written!

Rutherford B. Hayes, the nineteenth President, was born Oct. 4, 1822.

Chester A. Arthur, twenty-first, was born Oct. 5, 1830.

And Theodore Roosevelt, the twenty-sixth President and the youngest President ever inaugurated (he was only 42 years old at the time), was born October 27, 1858.

Other interesting events:

Battle of King's Mountain fought Oct. 7, 1780.

The first two-way telephone conversation over a real line was held Oct. 9, 1876. The line was two miles long and extended from Boston to Cambridgeport, Massachusetts.

United States Naval Academy at Annapolis formally opened Oct. 10, 1845.

Columbus sighted land, which he named San Salvador, Oct. 12, 1492.

White House cornerstone laid Oct. 13, 1792.

Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington at Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781, ending the Revolutionary War and making the United States an independent nation.

The Robert Fulton, the first steam war vessel ever built, was launched Oct. 29, 1814.

This Month's Story Harvest

STORIES	PAGE
Home Town Girl Makes Good <i>By Edythe Dixon</i>	3
Seth Parker's Birth and Re-birth <i>By Phillips H. Lord</i>	4-5
How the Hoosier Hot Shots Got Their Name <i>By Mary L. Acree</i>	8
Us Musicians Can Play Mountain Music, Too <i>By Woody Woods</i>	10-11
From Reporter to Newscaster in Three Easy Lessons <i>By Lessie Bailey</i>	18-19
I Gave Up Fame and Fortune for Something Better <i>By The Singer and His Songs</i>	21
Sidewalk Snoopers <i>By Dolly Sullivan</i>	22
Meet "The Voice of the Southland" <i>By William Jolesch</i>	23
Arkansans Invade Texas <i>By Walter S. Zahrt</i>	24
RURAL RADIO ROUND-UP	
Four Pages	14-17
ARTICLES	
Kickoff	6-7
The Craziest Job in Radio <i>By Casper B. Kuhn, Jr.</i>	9
Radio Stars Like Shopping	11
Let's Go Picnicking <i>By Barbour Henry</i>	20
DEPARTMENTS	
Editorials	12
Camera Contest Winners	13
RFD—The Reader's Mailbox	25
Each Month a Song	26
Fashions	27
Radio Highlights	28
Over the Cracker Barrel	29
Family Gossip <i>By Peggy Stewart</i>	31
COLUMNS	
Whittlin's <i>By Pat Buttram</i>	29
Strictly Personal <i>By George Hay</i>	30

Home Town GIRL MAKES GOOD

By EDYTHE DIXON

Betty Lou seemed headed for Broadway . . . but fate stepped in and radio claimed her for its own.



BETTY LOU GERSON
She started acting at six.

WHEN a little six-year-old kid named Betty Lou Gerson stopped the show back in Birmingham eighteen years ago during an amateur performance, the home folks predicted that some day she'd blaze her name along the foot-light trails. And they might have been right about this child of the Southland—except for the fact that radio snatched her up before she had her feet firmly planted on the theatrical stage.

For more than four years now, this attractive brunette starlet has been talking back to a microphone.

Born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on April 20, 1914, Betty Lou moved with her parents to Birmingham, Alabama, when she was two. Her father was president of the Southern Steel and Rolling Mill there and Betty Lou learned her readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic at the Margaret Allen School. Later she studied at Loulie Compton Seminary, also in Birmingham, and then went down to Miami, Florida, to wrestle with a curriculum offered at Miss Harris' School for Girls.

Whenever there was a school play, the lead automatically fell to Betty Lou—and that none of the other girls

resented it is a tribute to the dramatic talent she showed at even an early age. Acting came as naturally to her as purring to a kitten.

As soon as her school days were over, Betty Lou made her first excursion into the Northland, heading for Chicago and its renowned Goodman Theatre. It wasn't long before she had graduated from the role of student—and was teaching dramatics herself.

Instructing other aspiring young actresses in the technique of the theatre was fun for a while, but Betty Lou soon discovered that it wasn't what she wanted for a steady diet. It was merely a sublimation of her own desire—this teaching other aspirants the means of accomplishing what she herself was secretly hungering to do.

Just about that time, opportunity beat a tattoo on her door. A play-right friend of hers asked her to read a sketch over the air. The letter applause resulting from this single appearance was so encouraging that Betty Lou decided that the time had come for a concentrated attack on the radio front.

She gained an audition at the NBC Central Division Studios in Chicago

in 1934—and from then on in, her story has been one of sensational success. Her versatility—she is equally proficient in roles calling for French, English or southern dialects, as well as in straight ingenue parts—was an important factor in her speedy rise to stardom. Most recent of her stellar successes is her role in "Arnold Grimm's Daughter," a daytime dramatic program heard daily over the NBC Network, in which she plays the lead part of the daughter, Constance Grimm Tremaine.

In private life Betty Lou is Mrs. Joe Ainley, wife of a Chicago advertising agency radio production man, whom she married in 1936, two years after she had entered radio. Five feet four and a half inches tall, Betty Lou tips the scales at 112 pounds. Her curly hair is dark brown—as are her enormous eyes.

Boating and swimming are her favorite hobbies and a camping trip is her idea of the perfect vacation. She hopes some day to be able to live in the country, preferably near a lake, and with a stable full of horses and a kennel full of dogs.

SETH PARKER'S *Birth* AND REBIRTH

By PHILLIPS H. LORD

GIVE us the note, Ma"—
That line must have a familiar sound to many of you—yet Seth Parker hasn't been heard to say it in over two years. On Sunday evenings, however, if your radio dial is turned to the Blue Network of the National Broadcasting Company from 7:30 to 8:00 P. M., E.S.T.—you will hear just those words, because Seth and Ma Parker and all the Jonesport neighbors are back on the air. Our new program went back on the air September 25th, and will be heard each Sunday evening at this time, just as you used to hear us up in Jonesport, Maine.

As I look back through the years it doesn't seem so long ago that I was driving around the Maine countryside with my grandfather, Hosea Phillips, in his two-seater buggy. Wherever he went you'd be sure to find me, and I guess it was a natural thing for me to love to hear all the stories Grandfather could tell about Maine and its people. I was the progeny of two long lines of Maine folks and the spirit of Maine was in my blood.

Digging clams, snitching apples, fishing trips with some of the old sea captains—these are among my early and most pleasant recollections.

But boys grow up—and so did I.

After I graduated from Bowdoin College I became principal of the Plainville High School. I was twenty-two years old at the time and,



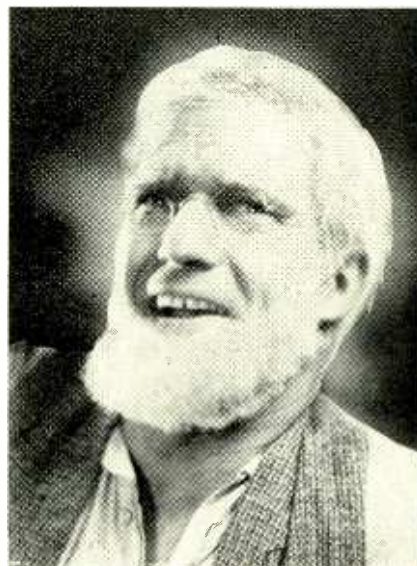
PHILLIPS H. LORD as . . .

This is Seth Parker just as he appears in real life today. And here he is as he appears . . .

while it was a responsible position for one so young, I found it still left me time to devote to my literary ambitions. I had an idea, not unlike thousands of others, that if only I could find someone or some magazine that would accept my stories—another genius would be discovered.

I soon had enough rejection slips from magazines that turned down my stories to paper the walls of a house, but they didn't daunt me. I realized the pathway to glory was a slow and tedious one, so I bided my time.

But time waits for no man—and I'd probably still be filing rejection slips if I hadn't taken the bulls by the horn. I decided I would have a better opportunity to sell my literary efforts if I could be on the spot selling them myself. Therefore, with the assurance of youth, I gave up the principalship, said goodbye to my wife and baby and set out for New York.



. . . the beloved SETH PARKER

over the NBC Blue Network, every Sunday evening from 7:30 to 8:00 P.M., E.S.T.

However, I had been slightly over optimistic. It seemed my persuasive powers, like my stories, had little effect on the literary powers I approached. It therefore became necessary for me to work by day and write by night. I first had a job in a candy factory, then a law publishing firm—and later I worked for a magazine.

Meanwhile, my family had joined me in New York. I was just about giving up hope that my literary aspirations would ever be realized when one evening while visiting friends, in turning the dials of the radio, I thought I heard a down-easter's voice. I was curious—I asked to hear the program. It proved to be a broadcast—so unreal, so unlike the real Maine natives I knew and loved, that everything in me rebelled. It seemed that such burlesque of the Maine characteristics amounted to nothing short of sacrilege and libel!

I guess I ranted and was pretty indignant—because when someone suggested that perhaps I might be able to write a better characterization for the radio, although I knew nothing about radio technique—I was so sure I could do better than what I had just heard that I took him at his word. I reasoned it would be easy to write about something one knew and loved so well.

Before I was many days older, Seth Parker had been created. I got together a little company of actors and singers and for ten weeks we worked for the glory of presenting a true picture of Maine folks over the radio.

By that time several stations had become interested in the series which was called "Seth Parker's Singing School" and so I syndicated the program to them in script form—that is, I wrote the scripts and they presented them with their own actors.

Meanwhile, the National Broadcasting Company had heard the program and asked me to present it over their network. It was the big chance I had been striving for—yet I felt I could not desert those stations which had given me my start. I suggested that N.B.C. present the same characters in the same setting—but instead of having the neighbors attend a mid-week sing as they did in the Singing School, to substitute a Sunday evening hymn sing.

The rest of the story is a matter of radio history. "Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's" was heard over the National Broadcasting Company for more than seven years.

During the past two years Seth has been in retirement—but he and I have been spending many hours together, planning the time when Seth and Ma

Right—The camera man catches Seth and Ma Parker at their little home at Jonesport, Maine . . . and from the looks of things Ma is giving Seth some pretty strong advice.

Parker and all the neighbors would again be heard.

Now that time has come. Once again Seth and all his friends throughout the country join voices in song every Sunday evening, and folks who are separated by miles of land can be reunited in spirit while they sing along together with us.

I believe I feel about Seth as a father must when a best-loved child has succeeded in accomplishing something—for through Seth, I feel that all the warmth, love, goodness and cheer that are in Maine folks' hearts and hearths can reach across the country and bind all sections closer together as neighbors.



Kickoff

Football Season is here again—and here's Bill Stern to tell you what a football announcer's job is like—and Jack Harris, Hal Thompson, and Harry McTigue with tips on some of the leading teams.

The Announcer's Job

By BILL STERN

WHAT is a football announcer's job like? Well, let's take a big network broadcast, for example. It's no picnic—but I think Jack and Hal and Harry will all agree that it packs a real thrill!

After the game has been selected, publicity released to the papers, and the engineers have taken care of all the mechanical problems, the announcer goes to work. Most games are played on Saturday, and I usually start early Tuesday morning gathering data on the two schools in question, so I may lay a careful background for the game. The Schools' histories are looked up, their football records revued, short biographical sketches of the coaches are made up, and two very important letters are written. One goes to each University asking for a "spotter" for our use the following Saturday. A "spotter" is a boy from a college who is thoroughly familiar with the players, either a former member of the football squad himself or an assistant football manager. The duties of these boys are to sit on each side of the announcer during the actual broadcast of the game; and if at any time, which is generally quite often, he is not sure of who did a certain thing, either running the ball or making the tackle, these "spotters" point to the man's name on a list directly in front of them. The announcer looks at the list, sees who is being "spotted," and gives his name to you in your homes. In my humble opinion a good "spotter" can either make or break any announcer.

Finally all the preliminaries are done and we leave for the scene of action. We usually arrive Thursday morning, and this gives the announcer two full days to watch the teams in action, or roughly one day to a team. This is NOT enough time, but with all the preliminary work that must be done there is nothing that can be done about it. In these two days the announcer must get to know every man on each team by sight. There may be over two hundred players, but he must be able to recognize any player at a given moment, and with-

out any hesitation. He must know the styles of offense and defense of both teams, the records of every boy, such as age, height, weight, where he comes from, what he has already done, and most important of all what he is liable to do. Sounds impossible? Well it isn't. In one game last year Notre Dame used 88 men, and it was a kid on the 6th team who was the star of the game. If we hadn't looked him up carefully—well you finish the sentence. Oh but wait—that's not all the announcer must do. He must always be willing to spend at least several hours with the alumni. They ALWAYS know the inside, or think they do. Then the announcer must line up his two spotters, explain what is expected of them, see that the broadcasting booth is located right, that the wire is in for other scores during the game, see that the bands play no copyrighted numbers, and lastly try and get a little sleep and food.

Now comes the day of the game. Armed with sheaves of papers, all carefully typed, which he probably won't get a chance to use, the announcer goes out to the game, and you know the rest. He calls the game as he sees it, backed up by the endless information in his brain. But supposing it rains . . . or snows . . . or worst of all it's foggy? An announcer may freeze in snow, he may get soaked in rain, but he can't see through fog. Last year just before we took the air for the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia, the biggest game of the year, fog rolled in and we couldn't even see the playing field, let alone the players. What would you do in a case like that? A nation waiting and nothing could be seen. We talked and talked, praying for a break. It came. The fog lifted just as the gun sounded to open the game. I often shudder to think what would have happened if it hadn't.

The Southeast

By JACK HARRIS
WSM Sports Announcer

The two perennial leaders are again favored to roost on the float at the end of the 1938 Southeastern football season.



BILL STERN
Ace NBC Football Announcer



JACK HARRIS
WSM Sports Announcer



HARRY MCTIGUE
WHAM Sports Announcer

That means those who drink from the Dope Bucket expect Alabama and L. S. U. to lead the way in the Big Thirteen of Dixieland just as they have for the past several seasons.

I am inclined to concur in the analysis from a look-see at the material at these two state universities, only it seems that L. S. U., last year's runners-up, have an edge on the defending Crimson Tide champions.

That's the way it looks now, but December may see a far different picture.

For those teams just behind the Tigers and Crimson Tide in pre-season forecasts are admittedly stronger than a year ago.

Heading this second bracket is Vanderbilt with Auburn, Tulane, and Tennessee. Any one of this group could come through to a championship without producing an amazing upset.

As in the past, you may look for an ever increasing tendency toward more open football in the Southeastern conference this year. Competition promises to be so keen that coaches will have to shoot the works on almost every game.

That's another reason for predicting there will be no undefeated, untied team among Big Thirteen ranks.

Even Alabamians realize the Crimson Tide was lucky in squeezing past Vanderbilt, Tulane and Georgia Tech by the narrowest of possible margins. The Tide will hardly have a clean slate this December, although they may still be the leader.

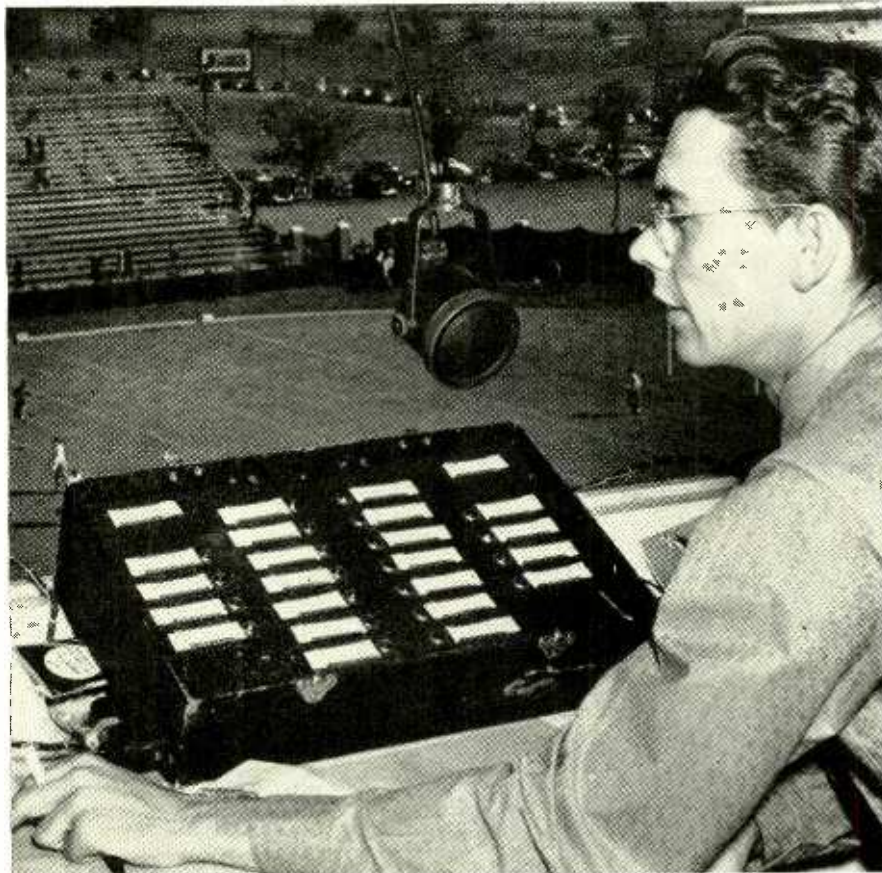
For now that Vanderbilt has shown that L. S. U. can be beaten by a conference team (after four years of no defeats), others may follow along and upset the Bernie Moore appletart.

Dark horses are the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets. Powerful last year, Bill Alexander finds most of his backfield power gone. If he can replace Sims and Konenman and Appleby, Tech will be a strong bidder. Another dark horse is the Florida Gators eleven, coached by Josh Cody. They are on the rise, and only time will tell if the team has come far enough along to be a threat to what now appear to be more powerful aggregations.

Question marks are Ole Miss, Mississippi State, Georgia and Kentucky. New coaches are in the saddle at each of these colleges: Nelson at Mississippi State, Mehre at Ole Miss, Kirwan at Kentucky and Hunt at Georgia.

Predictions are always dangerous.

The only safe one I know just now is that 1938 will be one of the fastest, most exciting and hotly-contested years in Southeastern gridiron history.



HAL THOMPSON, WFAA Sports Announcer

This photograph shows one of the many elaborate systems used by announcers to identify players rapidly.

The Southwest

By HAL THOMPSON

Last December, Grantland Rice said "The Southwest Conference is the toughest league in the nation." Quite without trying to live up to this praise, but simply trying to keep the other "fella" off their necks, seven coaches in the Southwest Conference are already planning and working overtime to keep "enemy" teams away from their goal lines.

The situation, on paper, points toward one of the toughest, most thrilling seasons that fans in this sector have ever been able to enjoy. The reason is that, at least while this is being written, it looks like there are two definitely top-ranking clubs, three who are definite threats, one dark horse, and one whose powers are unknown.

Looking them over in that order, we see Rice's powerful Owls, defending champs, headed by two stellar backs, Lain and Cordill, and boasting a huge, capable, experienced crew to open the way for them.

Over Fort Worth way are the T. C. U. Horned Frogs. Dutch Meyer's Frogs lost but two of the starting line-up, and coming up are replacements aplenty. The backfield

material is good enough for all-state ranking.

Baylor's Bears will have Bullet Billy Patterson and his potential All-American ends, a well-nigh perfect passing combination. About all Morley Jennings needs is a capable back to fill the shoes of line-rammin' Carl Brazell.

Texas A. & M., losing key men, especially in the line, may find the going to their liking if they can cooperate consistently on their blocking. One of the big reasons for the Aggies' 1937 downfall. Their backs are speedy, hard-hitting and versatile, as always.

Texas University, in its second year under Dana Bible's tutelage, looms as the most unnoticed of these three who can put skids under the others. Last year, with nobody taking them seriously, they skidded Baylor's Bears right out on its ear and out of national recognition. After a season with his boys, Bible should give the state institution a better ball club.

Presently, the dark horse is S. M. U. Matty Bell has lost his share of letter men, and at tough spots. Big weakness of the moment is at end, a position so weak that Charlie Sprague, last year a tackle, will start scrimmages at a wing post. Bell's due to

(Continued on page 30)

TAKE three pecks of foolishness, a bushel of fun, and four rollicking young men who can and do play everything from a piccolo to a washboard—and there you have the “Hoosier Hot Shots.”

These boys don't need an introduction. They crashed the gates of radio in 1932 via WOWO, Fort Wayne, Indiana—and nine months later, they went over to WLS with an act that has carried them to the top of radio fame. Currently, they are one of the high spots on the famous National Barn Dance and appear three times a week over the NBC network with Uncle Ezra. And to top it all off, they are literally “bringing down the house” on their personal appearances at theatres all over the Middle West.

None of the Hoosier Hot Shots are professionally trained musicians, and they got this name pretty much as they did their music. In other words, they just picked it up. The “Hoosier” part comes from the fact that three of them started out as plain Indiana farm boys, and as for the “Hot Shots”—well, that just seemed to fit them to a T.

Hezzie and Ken Trietsch, the two



THE HOOSIER HOT SHOTS GO TO TOWN

Left to right, standing: Gabe Ward, Ken Trietsch, and Frank Kettering. The gentleman all tangled up in the instruments is Hezzie Trietsch.

How

THE HOOSIER HOT SHOTS GOT THEIR NAME

By MARY L. ACREE

irrepressible fun-makers shown in the center of the above picture, were born on a farm near Arcadia, Indiana, and started playing instruments in a family band when they were just youngsters. Ken says he remembers he was so small he had to put his tuba on a chair to blow it. Hezzie got his idea for his now famous “washboard” when he had to help his mother with the large family wash. Between shirts, Hezzie whistled and drummed on the board in rhythm. Then one evening when he was bringing the cows home for milking, he was struck with the

pastoral melody of the cowbells, so he added several to his washboard for variety.

Since those farm days, he has added a number of gadgets to his washboard, including pie tins, wooden blocks, red lights, auto horns of various types, and he plays it with thimbles.

Gabe Ward, the third Indiana member of the band, came from Knightstown. He started to study for the ministry, and when he was 15 was Indiana delegate to the International Christian Endeavor convention. However, lack of funds kept him from fulfilling his ambition to become a minister and he turned to music. Gabe

plays the clarinet “both hot and sweet.”

Frank Kettering is from Illinois, and almost before he was old enough to talk, he was taught to play the fife by his grandfather, a Civil War veteran. When Frank was only five years old, he was playing for ladies' aid societies in Monmouth, and when he was eleven, he was a regular member of the municipal band. “I was the only piccolo player for miles around,” Frank explains, “so all the town bands used to call on me when they were giving concerts.” Frank is a graduate of Monmouth College, and includes among his instruments the bull fiddle, banjo, guitar, flute, piccolo, piano and organ.

All of the Hoosier Hot Shots are married and have children. Frank has a 3-year-old daughter; Gabe has three children—Jimmie, Timmy and Shirley; Hezzie has a son, age five; and Ken has a daughter 8 years old.

THE CRAZIEST JOB

In Radio

By CASPER B. KUHN, JR.
Sound Effects Technician, Radio Station WSM

FEW people realize what an important part the sound technician plays in producing a big program—but if you could take a trip through one of the large studios you would agree that the sound effects man has one of the *craziest*, and also one of the most interesting, jobs in radio.

The studio could hardly do without him, for it is he who must create moods which music alone cannot capture. It is the sound effects man, with his bag of artificial tricks, who makes radio sound true to life.

Let us take a trip through the sound effects department of any large radio studio and see if we can recognize some of the intricate and yet commonplace paraphernalia.

You are probably thinking: "What a mess!" And one cannot blame you; for there in the corner is an old box filled with broken glass; a worn hot-water bottle; plates, knives, bricks, balloons, and floursifters.

From this mass of debris the technician composes his symphonies in sound. How does he go about it?

He has many stock sounds to draw from. Every technician knows that a realistic effect of fire may be had by twisting a piece of cellophane. A varied manipulation produces the crackle of underbrush.

Paul Revere's famous midnight ride can be duplicated with two coconut shells. Add more coconut shells and you have the Charge of the Light Brigade. Press the shells in a box of ordinary table salt and you will almost believe that Washington is riding once again through the snow at Valley Forge.

The breath-taking program, "Light's Out" leans heavily on sound effects, and breath-taking sound effects, at that. Those stabbings and amputations are accomplished, not with human flesh, but with a knife and a head of cabbage. Crashing a cantaloupe is not unlike smashing a skull, and a good rollicking, round and tumble fight is all a matter of hitting a sponge the right way.

The most useful object in the sound department is a basketball bladder, filled with buckshot and inflated with human carbon dioxide. From this one piece of apparatus we get the effects of: trains, cannons, explosions, steamboats, tornadoes, rain, thunder, ferry boats and ship vibrations. It all depends upon how you revolve, strike or shake the shot in the bladder. Sometimes the bladders blow up during a program and, then we have an effect startling to the technician, to say nothing of radio listeners.

Peddle a sewing machine and you have the effect of a lawnmower; revolve a lawnmower around the microphone and you have a printing press. Some day someone will turn on a printing press in front of a microphone and produce a good sound effect never before dreamed of.

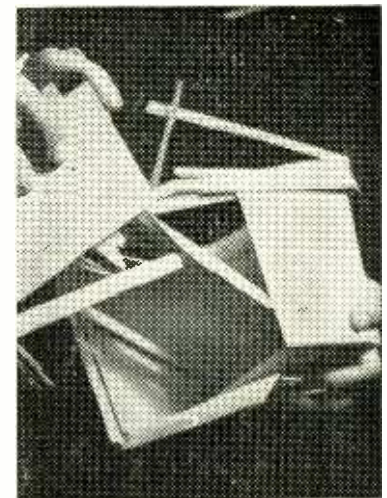
These are just a few of the tricks of the sound effects trade, but they might give you some insight into radio production. The next time you are walking down the street and hear a terrific crash, followed by breaking glass and a series of horrible screams, and falling metal, think twice before you turn around. It will probably be a sound technician emptying his pockets into the studio ash-bin.



HOOFs—Paul Revere or the Light Brigade is only a matter of how many coconut shells.



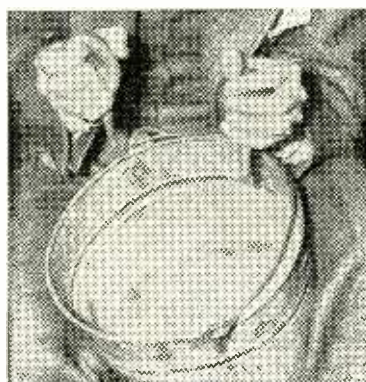
BLAZE—The crackle of twisted cellophane near a microphone sounds like a four-alarm fire.



CRASH—A tiny berry crate crushed is the next best thing to the San Francisco earthquake.



MARCH—Dropping these wooden pegs repeatedly on a table sends the studio army into battle.



MOO—Water-filled ear syringes are squeezed into a bucket when old Bossy is milked.

US MUSICIANS CAN PLAY MOUNTAIN *Music* TOO

By WOODY WOODS

S HE'LL Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain."

Thousands have played and sung that homely tune; but the minute you hear Mountain Pete and His Mountaineers render their own special arrangement of it you recognize the theme of one of the cleverest vocal and instrumental ensembles in radio.

Seven years is a long time for any act to stay with any radio station. It's probably a record. If it is, it belongs to these versatile fellows for that is the length of their stay with WXYZ, Detroit.

During that time, they were featured on the Michigan network; and coast-to-coast on the Mutual Broadcasting System. Suavely at home on stage, in dance pavilion and in broadcasting studio, they work as five different units each featuring a different style and each maintaining its own separate individuality and identity.

They started as Mountain Pete and His Mountaineers, playing tunes of the hill country—tunes that had their origin, many of them, in England—tunes that were handed down from generation to generation.

As Cactus Pete and His Ranch Revellers, the boys feature cowboy music. It was this unit that was featured every Monday on the coast-to-coast Mutual Broadcasting System program, "Lone Ranger."

Yielding to a demand for sophisticated melodies, the Cosmopolitans came into being with a full repertoire of tangos, rhumbas and other modern dance tunes, augmented by numerous compositions by members of the band.

The Step Brothers play and sing strictly popular songs; and the Gondoliers specialize in European folk music.



MOUNTAIN PETE AND HIS MOUNTAINEERS

are heard over WHO, Des Moines, every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings at 9:30 o'clock, and are also featured on the Corn Belt Farm Hour each Saturday noon, and on the famous Sunset Corners Frolic each Saturday evening. Above, left to right, top row: Boris (Happy) Radoff, Mountain Pete Angel, and Brother Al Angel. Bottom row: Kenneth (The Yodeling Drifter) Houchins, and Buddy Webster.

And mind you, all of these unite, all of this versatility, all of this wide variety is the product of the musical genius of five personable young men.

Now they are with WHO, Des Moines, the 50,000 watt Voice of the Middlewest, newly but firmly installed as members of the Sunset Corners Gang, and WHO is proud to welcome them and predicts their stay in Sunset Corners will break their Michigan record.

Manager J. O. Maland says, "We don't have hillbilly music at WHO. We don't have hillbilly performers, either. But we do have some of the country's leading exponents of American Folk Music."

That, in a measure, is a pat description of the Mountaineers. They are exponents of American Folk Music, but they're all mighty fine all-around musicians, too.

In many respects, the story of Mountain Pete and His Mountaineers is one of the strangest contradictions in radio. Take their records individually, consider their training and their backgrounds, and it's hard to believe that they would know anything about American Folk Music. But if you have ever heard them tear into, "She'll Be Comin' 'Round The Mountain," you'll have to admit that they can really bear down on "hillbilly" music.

There are two things that make the

The true story of "Mountain Pete and His Mountaineers," five of radio's outstanding exponents of American Folk Music—yet the strange thing is that they hail from all parts of the globe!

Mountaineers different from many of the barn dance groups which have become so popular since radio came in. The first is that every member of the band is a *trained* musician. They know music. They have studied it. The second is that instead of coming from the plains and mountains like so many of our popular exponents of American Folk Music, three of them came from foreign countries—Canada, Russia, and France.

Take Mountain Pete, for example, the leader of the band. His real name is Peter H. Angel, and he was born in Lyons, France. His parents brought him to this country when he was four years old. His musical education includes work at the Cincinnati Conservatory and symphonic training in Cass High School, Detroit. He was Concert Master in leading theatre orchestras in Detroit for several years before his advent into radio. Mostly he plays violin, on which his technique is masterly. His playing has a Gypsy-like quality, a sobbing emotional tone that stirs his listeners to the depths of their hearts. Pete is adept, too, on guitar, mandolin, ukelele and viola. And he sings.

His comedy numbers are hilariously unique; and as baritone in the vocal trio, he does yeomen duty. He is a family man, Pete is, with a four-year-old daughter.

The accordion player is Boris (Happy) Radoff. Yep, he's a Russian. Born in Russia. He studied piano at the Imperial Russian Conservatory. He mastered the accordion as few men have. Came the revolution and Boris was on the wrong side of the fence. He became a political refugee, an itinerant musician with all of Europe as his audience. Finally he settled in Paris, France, and played there in theatre and dance orchestras for five years before he came to the United States. He is the only bachelor member of the Mountaineers.

Albert Angel, Pete's younger brother, was born in Pittsburgh after the family left France. His lilting high tenor voice is heard with the trio. His manipulation of the big bass viol is well described by one of WHO's engineers who said, the first time he saw Brother Al play, "My Gosh." "He plays all over that darn dog house." He can, and does, when occasion demands, play with equal facility on violin, cello and viola.

Kenneth Houchins, the yodeling drifter, comes by his nickname honestly. WHO is his twenty-third radio station and he can recite the call let-

ters of all of them including WLS, WBBM and KMOX. His instruments are guitar, harmonica, drums and jews harp, but his forte is singing; and his yodeling has a never-to-be-forgotten quality all its own.

Alfred (Bud) Webster is a native Canadian with his first U. S. citizenship papers. His musical education includes work in the Toronto Conservatory and the Detroit Conservatory of Music. His nimble fingers are equally at home on banjo, steel guitar, mandolin, ukelele or Spanish guitar. During one of the Mountaineer's early broadcasts on WHO, a listener remarked, "That's the first time I ever heard a yodeler with an Hawaiian accompaniment. But, by gosh, it's good." Bud has a good tenor voice, too, and uses it frequently.

Here, then, are WHO's Mountaineers. A group of splendid musicians who have discovered the beauties in American Folk Music, and the joys of singing and playing their own arrangements of tunes whose origins are lost, but whose haunting melodies have a never-ending appeal to the great cross section of radio listeners the country over.



Dorothy Lamour

RADIO STARS LIKE SHOPPING

BEAUTY has invaded radio just like it has motion pictures—but statistics show that a young man would do well to check up on his income before, bouquet in hand, he begins to haunt the stage door.

For, according to these statistics, one of the chief characteristics of the modern radio actress is her love of shopping.

For example, the wardrobe of Miss Dorothy Lamour (above), singing and dramatic star on the Charlie McCarthy program over NBC, includes 38 evening gowns, 20 pairs of evening shoes, 21 street dresses, 14 pairs of street shoes, 14 hats, 31 pocketbooks, one fur coat and two sports coats.

Of course, Dorothy is an outstanding star for Paramount Pictures as well as over the radio, and she undoubtedly needs more clothes than most radio actresses. But the point is that girls in radio today know the importance of being well dressed, and since they are constantly before the public they naturally require larger and more expensive wardrobes than women in other professions.

Another interesting fact revealed by the statistics is that, at least in Radio City, only one actress in ten is a blond, and only one in twenty a red head. All others are brunettes.

The typical actress of the air, including singers and those with talking or dramatic parts, is in her twenties—and if she entered a beauty contest her measurements would be ideal. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs approximately one hundred twenty pounds, and meets this year's style demands with a thirty-four-inch bust, twenty-four-inch waist, and a hip measurement of thirty-five inches.

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

Jack Harris, Associate Editor

J. B. Allen, Circulation Manager

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War Clouds Over Europe

AS THIS issue of RURAL RADIO goes to press, it looks like Adolf Hitler once again has shaken the mailed fist of re-armed Germany in the face of Europe to achieve what well may prove to be his major diplomatic triumph.

Already France, bound by treaties to defend Czechoslovakia, has yielded to British pressure to "preserve peace at any price." Powerful Russia, pledged to follow France's lead, shows no indication of being willing to back the Czechs alone. And as the crisp dawn of this mid-September morning falls upon Europe, courageous little Czechoslovakia faces the grim reality that she must choose between dismemberment and annihilation.

Barring unforeseen developments, the outcome seems inevitable. Courageous though they are, it is futile to imagine that seven a half million Czechs could prevail against the armed might of seventy-five million Germans.

Already the mad scramble for territory and "spheres of influence" is on. Today Admiral Nicholas Horthy, regent of Hungary, has gone to Berchtesgaden to solicit the aid of Chancellor Hitler in regard to 700,000 Hungarians in Czechoslovakia—and with Hitler looking towards a possible alliance with Hungary there is little reason to believe that this aid will be refused. Tomorrow British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain is expected to present the German Fuehrer with what virtually amounts to the English and French surrender of the Czech republic. And as the world ponders the next move of the dictatorships, the general reaction of

the democracies is a feeling of shame that "the little republic" is to be "sold out."

Radio's Place in the News

NEVER has radio's place in the news, nor the blessings of the American system of broadcasting, shown up to better advantage than during the present European crisis.

Constantly, day after day, the ominous developments in Europe's capitol have been carried to the farthest corners of the United States via radio.

During anxious days and nights, when the whole of European civilization has seemed to hang in the balance—radio has brought to rural as well as urban America an accurate and detailed summary of events for which in years past we would have had to wait many days.

No hamlet is so remote, no American community so isolated but that radio keeps it in immediate touch with the swiftly transpiring events throughout the world. Today, thanks to radio, the man on the farm in Kansas and Alabama can be just as well informed regarding current events as those who live in our great metropolitan centers such as Chicago and New York. The ablest commentators, the most accurate announcers, the far-flung resources of the greatest news-gathering organizations in the world—all are at his command at the simple turn of a dial.

But by far the greatest blessing of the American system of broadcasting is its importance as an instrument of peace.

For example, let us compare the free status of the American system of broadcasting with that in countries where even radio has become a ruthless instrument controlled by autocrats to foster their own dictatorial aims.

In America we have a free radio, just as we have a free press. These

channels of communication belong to the people, and the lack of prejudice and appeal to passion shown in the comments and news broadcasts on the European crisis prove beyond doubt the wisdom of this system.

In Europe, unfortunately, we find just the reverse. Today Mussolini will reiterate his militant stand via radio, and radio owners throughout Italy will tune in to listen to his tirade against democracy. Yesterday, from a government-controlled radio station in Germany, a member of the Sudeten German party took to the air to blare a revengeful warning that the Sudeten army, which has been organized on the German border, is ready to inaugurate "a campaign of annihilation" when it reaches Czechoslovakia. According to the speaker, the Sudetens "have established a new organization which is not prepared to negotiate but to avenge a hundred and a thousand fold every drop of German blood spilled in these last days."

We in America can well be thankful that geographically we are so far removed from such scenes of lust and bloodshed. America wants no part in another foreign war—and just as we look to free American radio to bring us a true and unbiased picture of world events, so we look to the good sense of the American people and their representatives in Washington to keep us free from all alliances which might lead to the spilling of one drop of American blood on foreign soil.

Letters Welcome

ONE of the nicest things about being editor of a magazine like RURAL RADIO is that almost every mail brings letters from our readers and friends.

For example, in the morning mail there was a letter from a lady in Kentucky telling about her visit to Kentucky's recent State Fair. Another, from a reader out in Oklahoma, went on to tell how much radio meant to her family, especially during the long winter months. Just chatty, friendly letters—but it makes us feel sort of warm inside to know that our friends think enough of us to take the trouble to sit down and write.

We are glad to receive letters like these, and we invite all of our readers to let us hear from them. We are always interested in your suggestions and comments—and if you'd like to drop us a line telling what you think of the new dress RURAL RADIO has on this issue, whether you think America should stay out of European wars, or send us a letter on any other subject, we will be glad to have it. We like to keep in touch with what our readers think about what's going on, and the better we know what you like the better we can make your magazine.

WINNERS IN OCTOBER *Camera* CONTEST

OUT of scores of fine photographs entered in RURAL RADIO'S first big Monthly Camera Contest, the judges announce the winners shown here.

So many excellent photographs were submitted that it was difficult to select the winners. However, the judges pointed out that "Bobbie" is one of the finest children's photographs they have ever seen. The personality of this healthy young fellow literally jumps out. The treatment is also interesting, giving a good play of light and shadow.

"Sunset at Fort Randolph" was made many miles South in the Panama Canal Zone, and is a marvelous example of how nature often combines her lights and shadows. We can all see these same beautiful effects in our own neighborhoods if we only take the time to notice them.

The dogs in Mrs. Reel's picture proved themselves perfect snapshot subjects, and it would be impossible to find a more fitting name for the photograph than "Canine Concentration."

How to Enter RURAL RADIO'S Camera Contest

The editors of RURAL RADIO wish to thank all those who have entered our Camera Contest, and we cordially invite every subscriber to send in their favorite snapshots to compete for the prizes. Three prizes are awarded every month—\$3, \$2, and \$1 in cash. Here are the simple, easy rules:

Send your snapshot (do *not* send negatives) to RURAL RADIO, INC., Nashville, Tennessee.

No photographs will be returned unless they are accompanied by sufficient return postage.

Each photograph submitted will be considered carefully by the judges. The photograph may be of any subject, the more interesting the better. But all photographs must be from amateur photographers.

Prize winners will be announced monthly in RURAL RADIO, and the cash prizes will be mailed promptly. The deadline for the November Contest closes October 1; that for December closes November 1, etc., so be sure to send your photographs in early.



1st Prize—\$3.00 Cash
"Bobbie"
Kenneth O'Brien, Marysville, Texas



2nd Prize—\$2.00 Cash
"Sunset at Fort Randolph"
Miss Vallie Smith, Cookeville, Tennessee



3rd Prize—\$1.00 Cash
"Canine Concentration"
Mrs. O. V. Reel, Jeffersontown, Kentucky

RURAL RADIO Round-Up



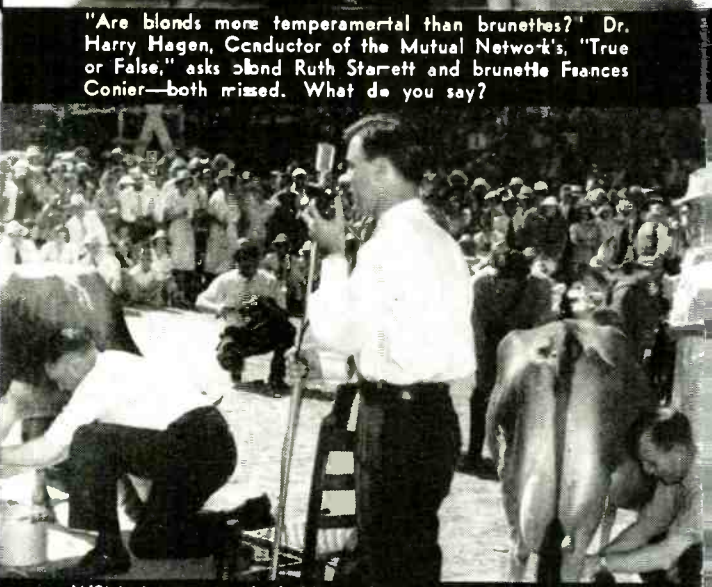
Crowds throng Stinson Field in San Antonio, Texas, as Douglas, (Wrong-way) Corrigan, the man who headed for California and landed in Ireland, drops in on his way West. Corrigan is later interviewed by Colonel Ken McCluse of WOAI.



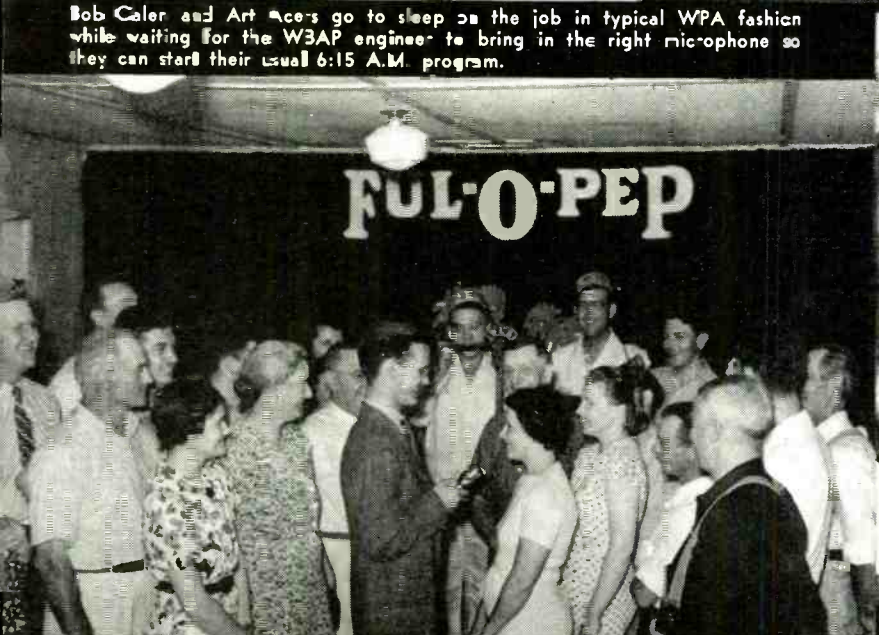
"Are blonds more temperamental than brunettes?" Dr. Harry Hagen, Conductor of the Mutual Network's "True or False," asks blond Ruth Starrett and brunette Frances Conier—both missed. What do you say?



Bob Caler and Art Acee go to sleep on the job in typical WPA fashion while waiting for the W3AP engineer to bring in the right microphone so they can start their usual 6:15 A.M. program.

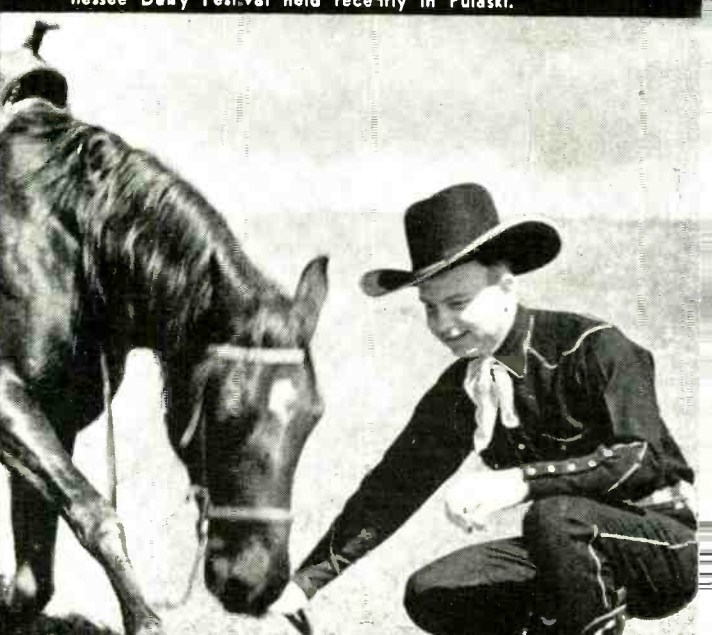


WSM Announcer Jack Harris broadcasts details of milking contest between Governor Gordon Browning (left) of Tennessee and Mayor Tom Cummings of Nashville, at the Tennessee Dairy Festival held recently in Pulaski.



FUL-O-PEP

WLS "Men on Farm Program" shows Chuck Acree at the mike with Hoosier Sodbusters Reggie Cross and Howard Black, and Announcer George Menard standing on platform. This broadcast comes from the Quaker Oats Company's Experimental Farm.



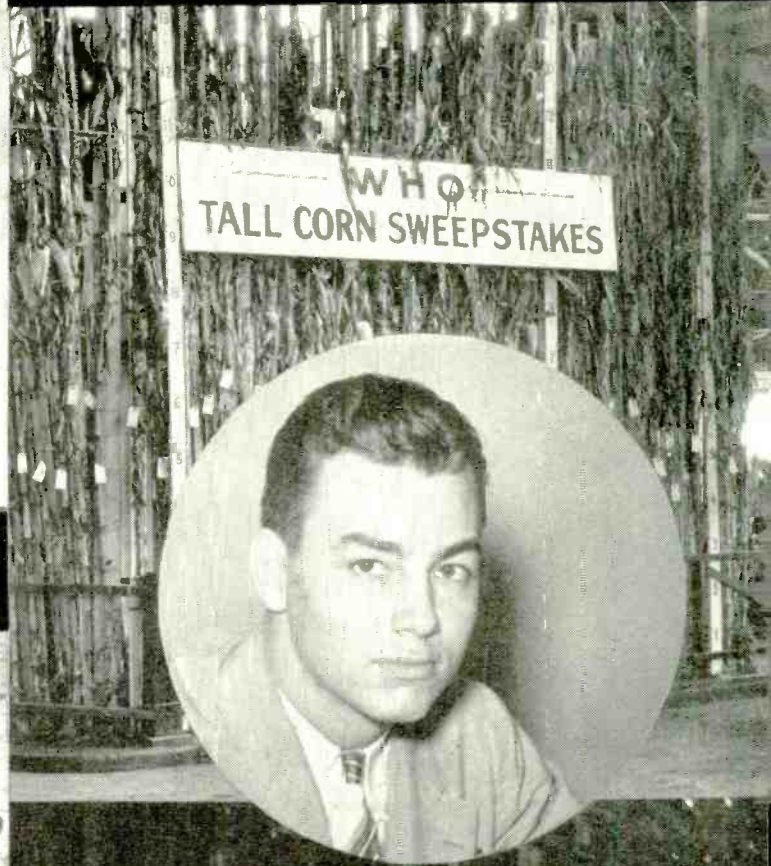
Yodeling Jerry Smith, who wrote words and music on page 26, is a favorite of millions of WHO listeners.



Hal Thompson, the only single man on WFAA's announcing staff shows his two meal tickets for the married announcers to envy. The envious gentlemen are "washboarder" Bill Karn, "flourstuffer" Earl Kalusche, "broomer" Cecil Hale, and "skilleter" James Alderman.

Iowa farmers win WHO Iowa State Fair Tall Corn Sweepstakes. First prize was won by Charles and Robert Wonderlich of Ollie, Iowa, with an Illinois High Ear Cornstalk 15 feet, 10 1/4 inches tall. The contest was open to the world.

(In circle) Walter Zahrt takes a bow in the interest of RURAL RADIO fans who want to see the Man Behind the Stories. Walter's in the Sales Promotion, Publicity and Merchandising Department at WOAI.



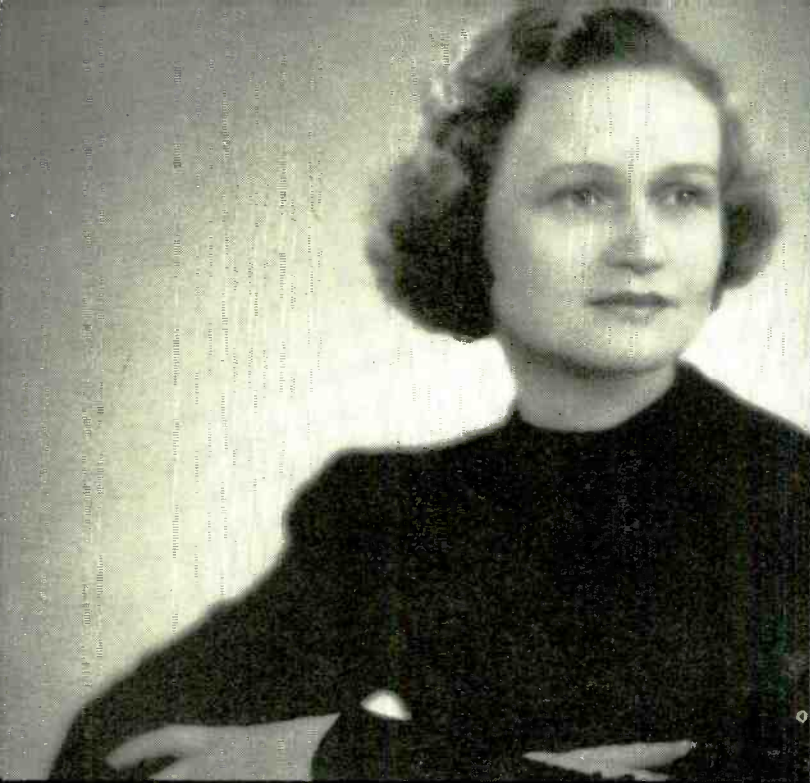
Many people have Spring fever along in April and May, but few in the fall of the year—Charlie Smithgall, of WSB, seems to be one of the exceptions—and—he seems to be enjoying it!



Popular news commentator, Meador Lowrey, is now heard four times daily over WHAS. First broadcast, 6:30 A.M. Last broadcast, 10:15 P.M.



Emily, Sallie, Virginia, Frank and Louisa Vass—heard on the Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance, on the National Farm and Home Hour, and other NBC shows.



Beautiful Hazel Cowles, WHAM Reporter of News and Views, and Foods and Fashions, heard on "The Women Only Program."



Can you name this rooster? WAPI listeners are flooding the station with names in response to that request from Harwood Hull, above, Conductor of the Auburn "Farm and Family Forum."

RURAL RADIO Round-Up



Edward Roecker, singing star of "Pick and Fat," heard over CBS. Ed has just passed screen tests, and is scheduled to make musical shorts soon.



James Alderman (left), WFAA News Commentator, presents gift to Mrs. Sadie Cornett, who is celebrating her 111th birthday at the Dallas County Convalescent Home.



Radio's find, Frances King, lyric soprano, is heard every Friday evening at 8:30 over WHAS on the program, "Music to Your Taste."

"The Lead Man" applauds The Atlanta Journal's "School of the Air." Neville Miller, President of the National Association of Broadcasters, is host in his office in Washington to the twenty winners of scholarships to Georgia's leading colleges and universities.



Girl artists of Dream Shadows, heard over WSM. Left to right, Mary Dinwiddie, Betty Waggoner and Matilda Duke.



Porky Martin, WLS Tall Story Teller, who has just returned from a four months' vacation in Europe, shown here as he persuaded a farmer in Holland to snap the picture, while he held the farmer's mill buckets. We are anxious to hear some of the new stories that he has to tell us.



FROM Reporter

TO NEWSCASTER

By LESSIE BAILEY

From journalist to song writer to newscaster . . . the story of Ernest Rogers (left), who today heads the radio-news staff of the Atlanta Journal's station, WSB.



WHEN Ernest Rogers, a youthful journalist graduate of Emory University, '20, began writing a column for the short-lived Dublin (Ga.) *Tribune* called "What the Wild Waves Say," he didn't know that his title was to prove prophetic. In less than a year a gadget called radio was to harness the wilder of those waves and really make them talk. And was also to link itself infrangibly with Mr. Rogers' life and career.

Today, Ernest Rogers is head of *The Atlanta Journal's* radio-news staff, a highly competent organization reporting the happenings of the world to the South six times each day. As *The Journal's* radio editor he gives its readers one of the most comprehensive listener pages in the country. But behind his present activities lies a background that has run the gamut of at least two other fields.

While he was still an undergraduate at Emory University, the name of Ernest Rogers was well known to the public as the composer and recording artist of "Willie the Weeper," a lament of a chimney sweeper's off-

spring ending in an "o-o-o" that may have given ideas to the writers of "The Music Goes Round and Round." As a founder of the Emory Glee Club, which has become internationally famous from its tours in this country and in Europe, he had written the tune for the club's annual concert, and sang it to his own accompaniment on the guitar. A talent scout for one of the big record companies heard "Willie" and signed its young composer to sing his song on wax.

This was the first of a cycle of Rogers' tunes to hit the record market. "Forgiveness" was recorded by James Melton, who was then playing sax and singing vocals for Francis Craig's orchestra in Nashville. "My Red-Haired Lady" and "Midnight Blues" appeared. And then came "The Flight of Lucky Lindbergh," written during Mr. Rogers' half-hour lunch period on order from a record company two days after Lindbergh arrived in Paris.

Meanwhile, armed with a mile or so of clippings of "What the Wild Waves Say," Ernest had applied for a job on *The Atlanta Journal*, and got it—"because the managing editor was afraid he might have to read those clippings." In March, 1922, under the guidance of "The Little Colonel," Lambdin Kay, *The Journal* had launched its radio station, WSB; and Mr. Rogers, his voice, and his guitar, were often called upon to entertain the young radio audience. To him is credited the authorship of the first radio song, "Tune In With My Heart," recorded by Ernie Hare, sax mate of Billy Jones. Another of his early radio ventures was a program called the Redhead Club, whose membership grew to phenomenal proportions, possibly because anybody could join "who was redheaded, who was related to somebody redheaded, or who knew anybody redheaded." It

was undoubtedly the color of Mr. Rogers' own hair that suggested the organization to him.

Most young men begin their newspaper careers as cub reporters, and some of them, in time, graduate to the copy desk. Not so, Mr. Rogers. He started out as a copyreader, and after about a year on the desk, joined the news staff. He covered the first electrocution in Georgia for *The Journal* and became a specialist in trial reporting. His adeptness at feature writing and his expert knowledge of radio programming however, became responsible for his appointment as radio editor of *The Journal*. In like manner, his comprehensive reportorial background qualified him to head *The Journal's* radio-news staff, which was created to emphasize the paper's news coverage by means of radio.

Although WSB airs a half-dozen editions of *Atlanta Journal* Radio Headlines a day, by far the most popular of the six is the one at 7:15 A.M., which Ernest Rogers reports himself. It was conceived by Lambdin Kay, who felt that there was a tremendous audience impatient to know what had taken place the night before and during the early morning hours. The problem was to find someone on whom could be imposed the burden of arising near enough dawn to prepare a competent newscast in time to go on the air at 7:15. Mr. Rogers volunteered for the job, and has kept at it for the greater part of four years. "Dixie's First Word of a New Day's Happenings" has become, according to the letters of thousands of its listeners, the most closely followed newscast in the South.

In presenting this newscast Mr. Rogers puts himself in the role of a person who has just been accosted with the question which friends always ask upon meeting: "What do you know?" He attempts to answer this question. Working on the premise summed up by the wise Denver editor who stated that a dog fight in the home town is more important to the home folks than war in Europe, he devotes about 80 per cent of the broadcast to local and sectional news, a 15 per cent slice to national affairs, and only about 5 per cent to world happenings. On a recent morning, he gave ample coverage to the Span-

ish situation in three words: "They're still fighting."

Members of *The Atlanta Journal's* radio-news staff are reporters. Therefore they are entitled to express no personal opinion on the news gathered by the Associated Press and *The Journal* staff which they read. Only on the early-morning newscast in the

Several factors might be held accountable for the favor which the 7:15 morning edition of *Atlanta Journal* Radio Headlines has found with its fans. One is certainly the radio friendships which Ernest Rogers has built over the years with thousands of Dixie people. Another is his distinct diction, which maintains, however,

a large claim which the newscast has on the attention and affections of its listeners is the interesting, compelling personality of Ernest Rogers himself.

In addition to his newscasts, Mr. Rogers also handles many special features for WSB. His capable broadcasting of election returns during the recent Georgia primaries won him

IN THREE EASY LESSONS

case of a well-known citizen who has died is there any editorializing. This, Mr. Rogers feels, is justifiable in the interests of the noted person's family, relatives, and friends.

Another highlight of the 7:15 morning newscast is the Birthday Table of the Air, by which, for a couple of minutes, Mr. Rogers acknowledges the birthdays of those who have passed beyond the four-score mark. The most popular feature, however, outside the momentous happenings which are reported, is the inspirational poem which concludes the newscast each morning. Some of this verse comes from Mr. Rogers' own typewriter. But the greater part is now contributed by listeners. As many as ten or fifteen poems arrive each day, and more than two thousand are on file.

along with its clarity, the quality that makes "The Voice of the South" a voice of the South. Still another factor is Mr. Rogers' astute selection and presentation of the news. But

praise from every part of the state. He is also on the job when Atlanta plays host to a visitor of distinction. Among the noted guests whom he has interviewed on the air are Lawrence Tibbett, Paul Whiteman, Irene Rich, Walter Huston, Walter B. Pitkin, Helen Jepson, George Cukor, and many others.

Ernest Rogers is in great demand as a speaker at public functions. Just how great this demand is may be gauged by the fact that during the last two years he has spoken in more than 60 Georgia counties at civic club affairs, and this past spring refused 57 invitations to make commencement addresses. He does find time, however, to be a part-time professor of radio journalism at Emory University, his alma mater.

Below—Another sample of what goes on down at WSB. Members of the staff look on hungrily as Roy McMillan wields the knife on a giant melon weighing 127 pounds—a gift from A. L. Gaines of Atlanta, Texas, who raised it, to Atlanta, Georgia. Left to right: Bob Pollock, Lessie Smithgall, Hugh Ivey, Helen Brownlee, Dana Waters, Roy McMillan, and Alwilda Lindsey.





Here's the picnic basket partly unpacked showing lettuce sandwiches (they're good with steak), fruit, coffee, and gay paper tablecloth and napkins.

in a way that's luck because these outdoor grills are splendid. However, if there is no fireplace at the sight you have chosen, you can easily construct a temporary one with stones or brick. These are built in two walls parallel to each other, upon which the grate can be rested. If stones or brick are not at hand, freshly cut green logs can be used in the same way, or you may take my suggestion and dig a ditch deep enough for the fire. (Cover it up when you've finished and there's no danger of forest fire.) A wire grill, such as the one you have in your oven, then is rested on the stones or logs over the fire. Build a large fire and be sure to let it burn down until it is a mass of coals, then place the steaks on the center of the grate over the glowing embers.

The steaks should be far enough from the hot coals that by the time they are browned on one side, they will be half done. They should never be placed near enough the coals that they smoke or become charred. It takes a few minutes longer to cook them slowly, but in the interest of perfectly broiled steaks—DON'T HURRY THEM.

If you thread the steaks on a pointed stick and hold them over the open fire, the same principles apply. Let the fire burn down until it is a mass of glowing coals. Naturally, dry wood makes the best fire.

By the way, an old-fashioned toaster with a long handle is a good utensil for broiling steaks, chops or frankfurters. Simply fasten the meat in

LET'S GO *Picnicking*

By BARBOUR HENRY

LET'S go out in the woods—build a fire—and cook!

Whether you cook steak or chops—frankfurters or kabobs or just build a blazing wood fire, cook the coffee and toast marshmallows for dessert, is really a matter of preference. But don't let these crisp, cool days pass by without a picnic.

Which reminds me to say, cooking over an open fire was the earliest method of cooking. In fact, history tells us that steaks got their name from it, because they were placed on sticks—on stakes—and cooked over the open fire.

There are two methods of cooking steaks at outdoor meals—by broiling over the open fire—or, by cooking in a skillet over the fire, which is more properly called panbroiling, because no fat is added, and the fat as it accumulates in the pan is poured off. For either method, the selection of the steaks is a most important matter,

for not all steaks, even though they are called by that name, are suitable for broiling. It takes a tender steak, such as the porterhouse or T-bone, the club, or the sirloin steaks. These should have a good fat covering over the outside and streaks of fat throughout the lean, and they should be cut fairly thick. Personally, I like to choose a sirloin steak and cut this into individual steaks—just the size of the buns. And then, of course, as soon as they are done, the buttered buns should be waiting.

As for the cooking—the equipment you have and personal preference are the factors which determine the method. In pan-broiling, of course, you can save the juices, but still I don't think there is anything better than a nicely browned steak. Besides, you can cook in a skillet at home. Personally, I'm all for the good glowing embers in a trench, but in some places you will find outdoor fireplaces or furnaces, and

it and hold over the fire or rest it on the stones or logs, first on one side and then on the other, until the meat is done.

What other foods do you take along for a steak fry? Buns, of course, halved and buttered, and a little barbecue sauce, chile sauce or catsup. Salt and pepper. Some relish, such as pickles or olives. Fresh fruit and cookies or a loaf cake. And since one can never be sure about pure water, be sure to fill up your largest thermos bottle with cool water and take a good supply of paper cups. Since water for coffee is boiled first, you might depend upon spring water for making this drink.

Space won't permit the printing of the recipe for kabobs, nor for a kettle stew or meat loaf—excellent foods for a picnic—but if you would like the recipes, just write to this department of RURAL RADIO and the recipes will be coming along.

I GAVE UP FAME AND FORTUNE FOR SOMETHING

Better

By

"The Singer and His Songs"

SOME people would say I was crazy. Maybe I am. Suppose you judge for yourself.

Five years ago a long-hoped-for opportunity came my way. It was an opening in one of the large advertising agencies of New York—an opportunity for commercial radio work that would pay big dividends. In fact, the dividends were in the form of more money than I had ever made before, and a chance to make a big name for myself.

At the same time, another opportunity presented itself. There was offered me a role on a fine radio station as the singer of songs that have inspired men through all ages, the songs of the church.

I realized I could have used my talents for great personal gain in the metropolitan commercial fields, and yet I chose to lose my identity, to be satisfied with far less gold, simply in becoming "The Singer and his Songs."

It was a difficult choice. But one Sunday afternoon, in a down-pour of rain in the Kentucky mountains, a man invited me home with him, to shelter from the storm. On through the rain we rode on his razor-back mule, and that night I slept in a humble one-room log cabin on a bed of shucks.

I don't know what it was—the rain, the friendly hospitality, or the peace of that humble home—but that night I discovered that there is something in life that money cannot buy. I turned down the New York offer, and I have never regretted that I became just "The Singer and his Songs." And now I'll tell you why.

Broadcasting from a radio station in Florida three years ago I noticed from the studio window at noon time



"THE SINGER" OF "THE SINGER AND HIS SONGS"

The unusual story of a man who gave up fame, fortune, and even his own identity to follow a course he loved. ("The Singer" may be heard over WSM every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday morning at 9:15 A.M.)

a man without legs, trying to pull himself along on the sidewalk with his hands. The streets were crowded. For several days I made the same plea for someone to find a means of travel for this unfortunate man. No response; no reply. Yet one year from that time I received a letter from this unfortunate man telling of someone who had heard this plea and had made him a present of a pair of artificial limbs, and he had just begun to learn how to walk. Can fame or fortune buy this?

In Louisville, Kentucky, a short while ago a man came to my room at the hotel. He had heard me tell of a mother and father, 78, whose home had been saved, a sister restored to health, a husband who had returned home forgiven.

This young man came to my room for two purposes: either to receive help, or to commit suicide. He had borrowed fifteen hundred dollars from the firm he worked for, without their consent. They were to audit his books and he couldn't take it. He had borrowed the money so a young woman could receive medical attention. He

did receive help, and today he is happily married to the young woman.

Can fame or fortune buy this?

Several years ago during a morning broadcast, I sang a song whose author had a number instead of a name, whose address was a prison instead of a home. I asked the radio audience to investigate his case and see if something could be done. This was in September of that year. On the twenty-third of December of the same year I received a letter from an attorney. It read:

"Dear Singer: There is a bright tomorrow, for Number He was paroled today."

Again I ask, "Can fame or fortune buy this?"

So, when asked if in giving up the opportunity for fame and fortune, if I am content to see the name that once was known is to be known no more, if I have been and am being repaid for the sacrifice I made a few years ago, to be known only as "The Singer," of "The Singer and his Songs," I reverse the question and ask:

"What do you think?"



WHAS's John Tillman (center) and Bill Bryan (with mike). They were blocking traffic, so in stepped The Law.

Sidewalk SNOOPERS

By DOLLY SULLIVAN

WHEN a radio program blocks traffic to the tune of the LAW taking a hand, then you've really got something. And that's what Bill Bryan and John Tillman, "The Sidewalk Snoopers" of WHAS, have in their five times a week noon-time broadcast.

The traffic policeman was gentle but firm; after all, the main retail shopping street of Louisville, Kentucky—Fourth Avenue—not only accommodates the busy shopper, but there are scores of office building and store employees to cope with during the noon-rush. The street isn't considered a safe place for pedestrians no matter what's going on. So, said the policeman to the SNOOPERS, "Sorry, boys, but you'll have to get inside a building or something. You just can't block traffic."

Which brings up the question, is that type of program always so popular? Bill Bryan gave your reporter this answer:

"When Johnny Tillman and I first began our 'snooping,' listeners were just a bit wary of coming up and joining the crowd, especially since they got tongue-tied when asked a question."

"Why," I asked (A la Gracie Allen).

"Well, the way I figure it out, so many announcers had asked embarrassing questions, impossible ques-

tions, riddles, so to speak, and then made fun of the inability of the person to answer the question, the public just naturally were afraid of that type program.

"However, as soon as the passer-by discovered that we were conducting an informal party in which everybody got together and joined in the fun, the crowds began to roll in—that's why we had to move into a theatre lobby. And now—the theatre lobby is too small. Woe is me!"

Chimed in Johnny Tillman: "Every program brings something new—something different. One day we interviewed an old farmer who was in Louisville for the first time. He had seen his first street car; his first airplane; first tall building and hundreds of other 'wonders of a big city.' His frank, honest descriptions were as picturesque as the narrator."

"Wait a minute, Tilly," said Bryan. (By the way, "Tilly" is John Tillman's tag.) "Remember the day we called for all the 'Smiths' to come up for the program?"

"Sure I do! I also remember that a rainstorm threatened to keep everyone at home," answered John.

"Threatened," said Bill, "right up to broadcast time we didn't think we were going to have a show, but finally a little knot of people gathered—weathered the downpour, if you please. Only two Smiths were present—two

little girls who had never seen each other before—and both claimed 'Virginia Smith' as their names."

"Being from the good old state of Florida," said I, "tell me, Bill, what has impressed you most about your program?"

"Kentucky hospitality, I reckon is what you all call it," replied Bill, "but frankly I've been just plain astonished at the way listeners seem to have 'taken us in' as members of the family. We have received countless invitations to 'come out to dinner,' although we've never seen the cordial hosts.

"And, boy oh boy, it sure does make one feel good when a fella in the audience tells you he has traveled more than a hundred miles in order to be present for a broadcast. Invariably, John and I are invited to come on a visit—and we're going one of these days, too, even if we're old men with long gray beards and limp a little just for pastime."

"What about you, John," said your reporter. "Do you get any thrills out of the Sidewalk Snoopers program?"

"You bet I do. In fact, I believe my biggest moment is when a member of the audience asks me for an autograph, or maybe when the candid camera man or woman asks me to pose with some member of the family for a picture," replied Tilly. "Course, I'm plenty pleased when a listener writes and invites us to come out for fried chicken, a barbecue or a fox hunt, to try out the ole swimmin' hole or look at the new baby. I'm taking rain checks on all that—and I'll be present one of these days."

"But getting back to that question I asked Bill a few minutes ago," I put in. "What do you think is the cause for the popularity of Sidewalk Snoopers?"

"Only one answer to that one, Aunt Dolly," said John. "It's the utter informality of the whole program. Anything goes. The more laughs we provoke among the crowd, the better we feel and the better the audience feels. Besides, The Snoopers program is not work—it's thoroughly enjoyable—it helps me to start the day off right with its mood of levity and cheer. In my mind, it reaffirms the truth of Col. Stoopnagle's declaration that 'People have more fun than anybody.' Rarely a day passes that some humorous incident doesn't find its way into the show. One of the funniest was the coincidence one day of my asking a woman, in a very routine manner, if she has ever experienced a 'black eye,' and then looking up, I found her exhibiting one of the most beautiful 'shiners,' I've ever seen. When I recovered my composure, I asked her how come, and she good-naturedly replied that her curiosity had caused her to investigate a newly-made hole in the floor of her home. It seemed that an industrious plumber propelled a piece of pipe through the newly-made opening just as this good housewife started her investigation."

MEET THE VOICE OF THE *Southland*

By WILLIAM JOLESCH

Monte Magee worked in a Texas oil field. But a Governor of Texas heard him singing at his work and started him up the ladder to radio fame.

RIGS, radios and rhapsodies have long been paramount in the career of Monte Magee, heard week-daily over Station WBAP in Fort Worth. Not often does a singer serve his apprenticeship in the oil fields, but Monte proves the exception. Not only did he begin there, but he is quite proud of it.

Monte and his fat fingers—so he describes himself—plays to the microphone with self-assurance and almost a hint of unconcern. Such has not always been the case. For several years he worked for the Humble Oil Company of Texas. Then one day R. S. Sterling, president of the company and later Governor of Texas, heard him sing. Impressed by the roughneck's style, he gave him a note to the manager of the station he owned in Houston. Monte was successfully auditioned. Soon the time for the initial broadcast came. Monte took one look at the glaring microphone and became so choked with fright that he was unable to open his mouth. He fled, swearing never to attempt radio again. He did try again, however, and again at Sterling's request. Monte says he still becomes nervous occasionally when facing the microphone, but that is hard to believe after seeing him perform.

Following his second attempt, he broadcast several months from Houston. Other engagements followed in Shreveport and Dallas, and later in Cincinnati he was one of three winners selected from 900 applicants for auditions over WLW. More amazing still, he was one of twenty-one victors picked out of 2,800 auditions given by the Brunswick Recording Company. For this concern and later for Decca he has made a number of recordings, especially of his own compositions. The most popular are "Crazy About My Girl," "I'm Travel-

ing Home" and "When You Go Away."

Monte promises to sing any number requested. Ordinarily this would tax any artist's resources, but Monte means what he says. He has a 7,000-selection repertory stored away mentally, and he actually knows the melodies and lyrics of that many. They are mostly old ballads, composed since 1900, and Monte's style of presentation is especially appealing to women. Feminine fan letters pour in every day at WBAP's offices.

Wanderlust seized Monte early in life. In 1919, fourteen years after he was born in East Texas, he decided to strike out to see the world. With only a dime to fill his pockets, he joined a traveling stock company and eventually arrived in West Texas. That was as far as his world cruise went. Then his father, who happened to be the sheriff of Trinity County, issued an order for the son-errant, and Monte was picked up and returned home. To assuage his own feelings he bought an old piano and taught himself to play. Monte couldn't read a note then. He still can't.

He has never quite lost his love for travel. Since the first ineffective trek, he has been in every State except six. Monte is married now and a true family man. Perhaps in that factor lies his favor among women listeners. Physically this ballad-tosser isn't to be trifled with, but personally he is something of a contradiction. For example, his so-called fat fingers aren't fat at all. That's Monte.

The Voice of the Southland, another of his sobriquets, made his debut in West Columbia, Texas. His first public appearance came about for the simple reason that he needed money. From then on it was easy to get an audience. When asked what he would



MONTE MAGEE
He knows 7,000 songs.

rather be doing than singing and broadcasting, he replied: "Singing and broadcasting." Then he added a moment later, "Or working in the oil fields."

By 1921 Monte was playing drums in an orchestra. Then came the first singing experience. Later Monte picked up the guitar, literally and figuratively, and made music with it. His next step along the musical road was radio.

Before Monte became a radio star in the Southwest, he played the Keith vaudeville circuit. He was a soloist. A curious thing happened one day soon after he began. At that time he hadn't acquired all the poise that comes with experience. Monte was on. Out he strode before the large audience; he made directly for the piano and sat down on the slender stool before it. The next thing he realized he was flat on the stage amid a cloud of dust and an outburst of laughter. He didn't know whether to remain or run. He wanted to vanish somehow. When the dust settled and the mirth subsided, Monte was still on the stage, and he sang as he had never sung before. He was a success.

According to Monte Magee, each radio audience has its own personality. Somehow he is in touch with the people to whom he is broadcasting. To prove he can "feel his audience," as he expresses it, he explained that recently as he sang and played he realized by some psychic phenomenon that he had the entire audience's undivided attention. They seemed to be listening to every note. The next day he received 800 fan letters.

Arkansas

INVADES TEXAS

SMITH BROTHERS STORM AIR LANES AS LETTERS AND PROPOSALS FLOOD WOAI

By WALTER S. ZAHRT

San Antonio, Oct. 1—(RR)—Down in San Antonio—in the land that has known six flags—there has been an invasion from Arkansas. For six months over WOAI two brothers from the hills of this neighboring state have been playing and singing their way deep into the hearts of the folks who gather round the radio and listen in.

Olin and Kenneth Smith, the two rascals who have put a new meaning into hillbilly music, were born of a musical family on a farm near Little Rock. Their earliest recollections are of Sunday mornings spent trying their young voices at the Baptist Church Choir under the eye of their father who had been a music teacher by profession for years.

Forsaking the farm, Olin journeyed to San Antonio in 1932 and found it so much to his liking that he sent for his brother Kenneth. Soon they were on the air with one of the smaller San Antonio stations and it was not long before they started making Victor recordings of popular hillbilly songs, including some of their own hits such as "My Home In Arkansas." Everyone familiar with the Smith Brothers knows this song and it has almost become their trademark.

On their regular broadcast over WOAI Olin and Kenneth have one of the largest fan mail responses in this part of the country. Letters flood in at the rate of 200 per week on the average, testifying to the place these philosophers of song have earned in the hearts of their radio listeners. A close check of their mail would make a story in itself for it is mixture of all the down right human characteristics of the people who are their fans. There is a touch of romance in some of them, for the boys have received their share of love letters and even proposals—which is not hard to understand if you have watched the boys in action at the WOAI studios or have seen their picture.

Olin and Kenneth have not had an easy time. They have had to work hard to get where they are and they



SMITH BROTHERS BROADCAST MUSICAL ULTIMATUM

Olin and Kenneth Smith, two cowboys from Arkansas, as they appear over WOAI.

know how trying life can be at times. As a result they have an uncanny sense of appreciation of rough going. Many are the people who write in to tell them how much their songs have eased a sorrowful pain or helped someone over the troubles that infest the everyday lives of most everyone.

Yet, popularity does not seem to turn the heads of the Smith Brothers. They are as human as the day is long and seem to be entirely unaffected by the place of prominence they have achieved with thousands of people who never miss one of their broadcasts. And to give you an idea of how far their influence reaches, the boys take pride in regular fan mail from such remote points as Spokane, Washington, and frequent letters from New Zealand.

Olin, who is in his early thirties and stands in the six-foot class, is the family man and the one who does not

seem to be able to get very far away, in spirit at least, from his native Arkansas. This is one reason why his song "My Home In Arkansas" is so chock-full of sincere longing and boyhood recollections. Kenneth—girls, take notice—is still the confirmed bachelor of the family. A Romeo if there ever was one, in a good-natured way he is apt almost to forget his songs if a brunette comes in sight—claims he never will settle down. Both boys are just as regular as they come.

A third brother, Havis, has recently joined them on their broadcast. He is 21—about two years younger than Kenneth and good looking as all get out.

If you have not heard the Smith Brothers on the Dial-A-Smile program on WOAI at 6:30 A.M. each week-day morning, you have missed something swell. Tune in and get the latest news flashes on this rollicking invasion of fun and song.

RED

RADIO FARM DIGEST

In April you published almost in its entirety a letter I wrote you letting you know how much RURAL RADIO Magazine and radio itself means to me in my shut-in days. I should like to take this opportunity to thank you for doing that for it brought me so many wonderful cards and letters from readers all over the United States.

At present I am working with Betty Jean of KRNT on her shut-in sunshine work done through her program. This fills my hours so much and is something which makes me forget my own battle in the attempt to make the lives of some of the little shut-in children a bit happier and brighter—

To you of RURAL RADIO and to your many readers who joined hands and hearts in helping me through a mighty hard struggle this spring, I say, "Thanks a million."

Your Shut-in Friend,

Vivian Brown, Waterloo, Iowa.

RFD passes on to you, our subscribers, parts of a very interesting letter from one of our reader-family. RURAL RADIO, with your valuable assistance, has contributed a real service to this "shut-in" friend.

I sure do enjoy getting RURAL RADIO Magazines. They are a pleasure to me, as I am a shut-in. I have been confined to my bed and wheel chair for 6 years.

This is the kind of a magazine I have always wanted to get for I'm a great radio fan, and love to see and read about my radio friends.

A Booster for RURAL RADIO,

Clara Belle High, Ranger, Texas.

From another shut-in, we hear similar words.

I received my first copy of RURAL RADIO Magazine, and was agreeably surprised by the size and highly interesting contents. We radio fans have long felt the need of a special publication of this type, and your editors have proved themselves well capable of supplying that need.

May I offer my sincere congratulations on your splendid offering to subscribers, and wish you every success for the future.

Most sincerely,

Miss Virginia M. Lewis, Rome, N. Y.

I've intended sending you my dollar for some time, and, of course, I would like your article about our "hillbilly" governor. Believe me, he is no "hillbilly," but a modern, up-to-now, wide awake business man. I fear the East has a false conception of our governor-elect. I think he really intended to convey the idea that he is for the "hillbilly" folks. Any change is welcome to us.

My object in writing is to tell you I live near our beautiful San Antonio. The reason I sent in as a WBAP listener, I usually get the early news from WBAP, and heard the studio announcement of RURAL RADIO, and a picture of a band, so I sent in, but I am a WOAI fan.

Very respectfully,

Mrs. D. N. Barnett, San Antonio, Texas.

The record your governor-elect made has

been closely followed by people throughout until he has become known throughout the United States. He must have something good to give Texas.

I have just received my first copy of RURAL RADIO Magazine, and never will I be without it again. I never did enjoy a magazine as I have this one. It is so packed full of news and pictures for radio fans. I will save every one of them.

Yours truly,
Mrs. John Bellefenille, Fort Riply, Minn.

I think your RURAL RADIO gets better with each issue. It is the best radio magazine I have ever seen or purchased anywhere at any price. I especially enjoy your picture Round-Up, and I know your songs will be just as interesting as the pictures are. I just couldn't do without your RURAL RADIO Magazine. The only fault I can find is that RURAL RADIO does not come often enough. I hope you will keep giving us pictures of WSM and WLW stars.

Sincerely yours,
Hosea Chandler, Walhalla, South Carolina.

Just a word to tell you how very much I enjoy our magazine, RURAL RADIO. My dollar was among the first to reach Nashville, and I have had more pleasure from that dollar than any I ever spent. It may be intended for rural folks, but I am sure no one in the jungles could enjoy it more than I.

I think the Grand Ole Opry is the best program on the air. I have listened to it so long I feel like the artists are real friends. I tried for years to find out something about them, and to get some of their pictures. Now RURAL RADIO gives me both.

Ever your friend,
Mrs. Lucy H. Perkins, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Let us hear from more of our friends from cities. We believe RURAL RADIO will appeal to radio lovers, whether in city or rural districts.

Here is my club. Instead of keeping my commission, I am sending it for one year's subscription, as I wouldn't be without the magazine. I may send another club soon.

Be sure to start the magazine with the September number as I already have the August number.

Very respectfully,
Mrs. S. A. Moore, Current, Oklahoma.
This is a fine way to get a year's subscription to RURAL RADIO—and how easy!

I have received my first issue of RURAL RADIO, and must send hearty congratulations for a wonderful magazine. I especially enjoy the radio stars of WLS, as that is my favorite station. I can hardly wait for the next issue.

A real radio fan,
Lila Kroschel, Hinckley, Minn.

Just a few words of praise to the publishers and editors of RURAL RADIO. Here's hoping it long years of success. May it grow larger and better. It could only be better by being larger.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Lydia L. Wallis, Rienzi, Miss.

The Country Store

ROLLS DEVELOPED—25c coin. Two 5x7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 gloss prints. Club Photo Service, La Crosse, Wis.

Bohemian-American Cook Book. Send \$1.50 for a cloth-bound copy, postpaid. Over 1,000 recipes, many not found in other cook books. Printed in English. National Printing Co., Pub., 402 South 12th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

LEARN Ventriloquism by mail; small cost, 3c stamp brings particulars. Geo. W. Smith, 125 North Jefferson, Room 727, Peoria, Ill.

HELP WANTED

M. M. earned \$267, three weeks, raising mushrooms in cellar! Exceptional, but your cellar, shed perhaps suitable. We buy crops. Book free. United, 3848 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 213, Chicago.

SONG WRITERS

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

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

WANTED—Original poems, songs, for immediate consideration. Send poems to Columbian Music Publishers, Ltd., Dept. R99, Toronto, Can.

POEM WRITERS, SONGWRITERS—Send for free Rhyming Dictionary, Songwriters' Guide. Submit best poems, melodies today for bonafide, superior offer. MMM Studios, Dept. 7E, Portland, Ore.

AGENTS WANTED

Man and Wife—to run local Coffee Agency. Earnings up to \$240 in a month. New Ford Sedan given you as bonus. I send complete outfit. You don't risk a penny. Details free. Albert Mills, 6317 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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

THE COTTAGE I LEFT BEHIND

By JERRY SMITH, WHO

IN RESPONSE to scores of letters thanking us for the song we printed last month and requesting us to "keep it up"—RURAL RADIO is glad to present the following song as its October offering. Yodeling Jerry Smith is one of the stars of

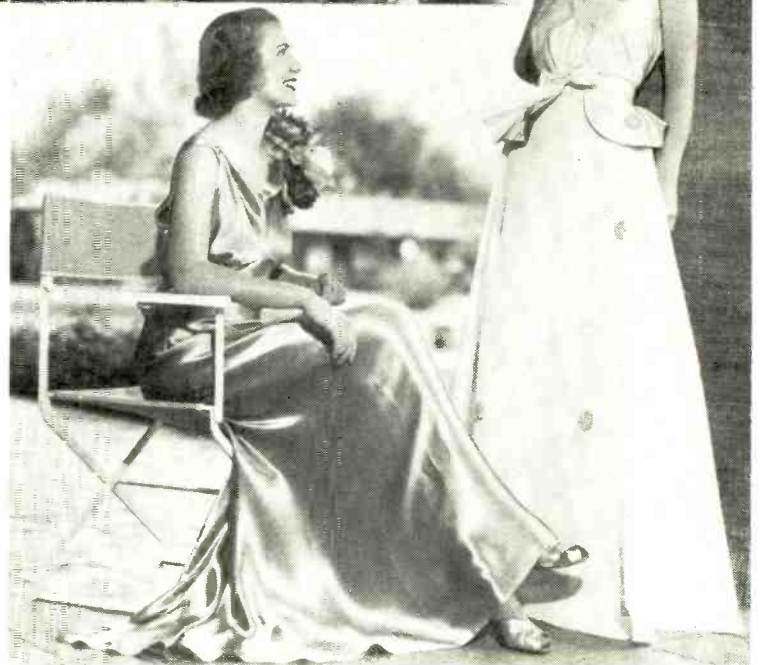
WHO's famous Sunset Corners Frolic, and the words and music printed here are of his own composition and are printed with his permission. We appreciate this courtesy, and wish to refer our readers to page 14 of the Round-Up section for a picture of Mr. Smith.

The musical score is written on ten staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with chord symbols (D, D7, F, A7) placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are: "There's a lit-tle brown cot-tage in a shad-y green spot. No hap-pi-er home could you find----- My thoughts wan-der back, for I love on-ly that, The home----- I Left----- be-hind----- There's a light shin-ing bright in a win-dow to night, gleamig bright and fair----- for me----- It would be my de-light, could I wan-der to-night, To the girl----- I left----- be-hind-----."

At right is a topcoat, worn by Universal's Sally Eler, you can easily, and successfully make if you follow the simple sew-chart that comes with Premiere Pattern No. H-3293. It's an extremely smart fall style, featuring sleeves set in at an interesting shoulder line. Make it of sports plaid, tweed or winter-weight basket weave. Pattern No. H-3293 is designed for sizes 12 through 20, also 40. Size 14 (bust 32) requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch fabric for lining.

Below is a clever little frock for brisk autumn days, tailored simply of light weight wool and trimmed with three flowers made of the dress material. The flowers conceal two handy pockets at the hip-line, and a third accents the modish neck-line. The skirt is cut to flare softly at the hem-line. Pattern No. H-3311 is designed for sizes 14 through 20, also 40. Corresponding bust measurements 32 through 40; size 6 requires 3 yards of 54-inch fabric.

Below are two attractive evening gowns, modeled here by Polly Rowles, and Jean Rogers, which appeal to the younger set. For No. 1607, at left, use velvet, silk crepe, silk jersey, or satin. For No. 1608, at right, faille, taffeta, or moire is adaptable. Pattern No. 1607 is designed for sizes 32 through 44. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. Pattern No. 1608 is designed for sizes 12 through 20—corresponding bust measures 30 through 38. Size 14 (30) requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.



FALL SEASON USHERS IN NEW STYLES

School girls as well as matrons claim attention now as we enter the fall season, which brings the excitement of school days. Order early the pattern of your choice through RURAL RADIO, Nashville, Tennessee. Send 25c, name and address, pattern number, and size.

RURAL RADIO, Inc.,
Nashville, Tenn.

Enclosed find 25 cents. Send me Pattern No., 193.....
Size No.

(PRINT NAME PLAINLY)

STREET ADDRESS OR ROUTE

CITY

STATE



Livestock Markets

6:10 A.M. (Livestock Estimates)	WLS (870)
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
8:15 A.M. (Livestock Receipts and Hog Flash)	WLS (870)
9:15 A.M.	WBAP (800)
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
10:45-10:50 A.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
10:15 A.M.	WBAP (800)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:45 A.M.	WFAA (800)
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
12:35 P.M.	WHAS (820)
12:35-12:45 P.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
12:37-12:45 P.M. (Market Review by Dave Swanson of Chicago Producers)	WLS (870)
1:30-1:40 P.M.	WBAP (800)
2:30-2:45 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)



Farm News and Views

6:00 A.M.	WLS (870)
6:30 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
9:15 A.M. (Georgia State Bureau of Markets, conducted by Mrs. Robin Wood)	WSB (740)
11:30 A.M. (Texas Farm and Home Program from Texas A. & M. College)	WFAA (800)
11:30-11:45 A.M. (Texas Farm and Home Hour) (TQN)	WOAI (1190)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
12:00 Noon	WHO (1000)
12:00-12:30 P.M. (Dinnerbell Program)	WLS (870)
12:15-12:30 P.M. (College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky)	WHAS (820)
12:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
12:30 P.M. (Voice of the Farm)	WLS (870)
12:30 P.M. (Bill Burnett's Farm Scrapbook)	WSM (650)
12:30-12:35 P.M. (Voice of the Feedlot)	WLS (870)
12:15 P.M. (4-H Club Meeting)	WHAM (1150)

12:45 P.M. (Farming in Dixie—Extension Service of Georgia College of Agriculture)	WSB (740)
12:45 P.M. (Poultry Service Time)	WLS (870)
12:55-1:00 P.M. (Crop News, Check Stafford)	WLS (870)
1:00 P.M. (Agricultural Conservation)	WHO (1000)
11:30 A.M. (Auburn Farm and Family Forum)	WAPI (1140)

Grain Reports

6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
7:40 A.M. (Liverpool Cotton and Grain)	WFAA (800)
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
10:20 A.M.	WBAP (800)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:50 A.M.	WAPI (1140)
12:30 P.M.	WHAS (820)
12:30 P.M.	WLS (870)
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
12:55 P.M.	WAPI (1140)
1:30-1:37 P.M. (F. C. Bisson)	WLS (870)
1:40 P.M.	WBAP (800)
2:30-2:45 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
2:45 P.M.	WAPI (1140)
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)
4:45 P.M.	WSM (650)

Weather Broadcasts

5:45 A.M. (Charlie Smithgall's "Morning Merry-Go-Round")	WSB (740)
6:10 A.M.	WLS (870)
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
6:30-7:00 A.M. (Dial-A-Smile)	WOAI (1190)
7:00 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
7:00 A.M.	WSM (650)
7:00 A.M. (Three times during Early Bird Program)	WFAA (800)
7:15 A.M.	WHO (1000)
7:15 A.M.	WSB (740)
9:00 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
7:30 A.M.	WSM (650)
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
11:45 A.M.	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
11:50 A.M.	WFAA (800)



12:00 Noon	WSB (740)
12:05 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
12:45 P.M.	WSM (650)
12:30 P.M. (Jack Sprat News Reporter)	WHO (1000)
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
12:40 P.M.	WHAS (820)
2:30-2:45 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
2:45 P.M.	WAPI (1140)
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)
3:30 P.M. (WHO News Bulletins)	WHO (1000)
5:45 P.M.	WSM (650)
5:45 P.M.	WHO (1000)
6:00 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
10:00 P.M.	WHO (1000)
11:00 P.M.	WHAM (1150)

Program Highlights of Interest to Women

Hoxie Fruit Reporter	WHO	8:15 A.M.
Coffee Pot Inn	WHO	8:00 A.M.
Enid Day (Dept. Store Reporter)	WSB	9:30 A.M.
Modern Homemakers	WFAA	9:30 A.M.
Bureau of Missing Persons	WHO	11:55 P.M.
Leona Bender's Woman's Page of the Air	WOAI	9:00-9:15 A.M.
Homemakers Hour—Conducted by Ann Hart	WLS	2:15-3:00 P.M.
Ann Ford—A Woman Looks at the News	WSM	3:00 P.M.
Caroline's Golden Store	WHO	11:00 A.M.
Penelope Penn	WSB	8:00 A.M.
Women Only—Conducted by Hazel Cowles	WHAM	9:15 A.M.
Georgia's Woman's Markets—Mrs. Robin Wood	WSB	9:15 A.M.
Betty and Bob	WHAS, 2:00 P.M.; WHO	1:00 P.M.
Home Folks—Conducted by Ethel Strong	WOAI	9:00-9:15 A.M.
Betty Crocker	WHO	1:45 P.M.
Model Kitchen	WAPI	2:00-2:30 P.M.
The Party Line	WHAS	9:00 A.M.
May I Suggest	WHO	9:30 A.M.

Read NEW ENGLAND POULTRYMAN!

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FELINE TROUBLE

"The Girl with a Million Friends," Grace Wilson of WLS, is having her troubles these days. She is looking for someone who wants a cat. Grace has five now, and each time she parks her car before her home, all five scurry to their favorite spot, the top of the car and radiator. Grace has each cat wearing a collar with a bell fastened to each side so her cats won't bother the birds, and she really gets welcomed home each night, with ten tinkling bells to herald her. But, strange to say, Grace isn't a very enthusiastic cat lover. She is just too "kitten-hearted" to leave them homeless. So if you want a cat, let Grace know.

PRAIRIE RAMBLER PROUD OF HIS PURCHASE

Salty Holmes, the frog-throated Prairie Rambler at WLS, recently bought the homestead where his Mother and Dad have lived since 1918. The folks are living in the old family home, and Salty's father-in-law, a contractor, just completed a new home for the Rambler. It's the first property Salty has ever owned, and he is quite proud of it.

WHITT LIN'S

By PAT BUTTRAM



If ye hate another feller, it don't hurt him as much as it does yerself.

Sum men cud larn things frum birds. . . . If one bird sees another caught in a trap, th' furst thing he does is fly away.

Don't try to lift yer feller-man up unless you're standin' on higher ground than he is.

Other people don't fool ye as much as you do yerself, sumtimes.

It's a lot better fer a nation to preserve peace than to win a war.

Ye gotta start out little afore ye kin grow big . . . a walk uv a thousand miles starts out with jest one step.

Yourn till they start a radio purge,
PAT.



OVER THE CRACKER BARREL

YES AND NO!

IN ANSWER to our question in the September issue of *RURAL RADIO*, "Does the same kind of fare please the farm family and those in the smaller towns as pleases the city folks," letters came pouring into the Editorial Office. Even now, there is still just as much difference in opinion. Out of the mass of answers, the following two were selected as best opinions of "Yes and No."

Dear Sir:

This is my opinion in regard to radio entertainment.

City people may prefer the classic in music, but when it comes to news, general interest and heart appeal . . . town folks and country folks are one. Radio sounds the human touch in its programs, and brings us all as human beings together. "Some day the brotherhood of man for which we all do long, will come to this old world of ours, through radio and song."

NORA F. MCCORMICK,
San Antonio, Texas.

Gentlemen:

Farmers and city dwellers do like about the same thing, but there is a difference in their tastes probably due to environment.

Since we are all human, certain features are enjoyed by all. Some of these are the last-minute news, sports reviews, and the weather broadcasts. Music along the lines of cowboy and mountain songs is a great favorite, as are also hymns, and a good rousing band is always welcome. Furthermore, what woman does not like to try out some new recipes now and then?

But the farmers' time to enjoy the radio is limited. So when they do listen to it, they want entertainment and material that can be quickly absorbed, and music that will bolster their spirits, such as western songs and yodels, and good old home folk tunes that live so near to their hearts. The most necessary topics to the farmer are the timely farm discussions, crop reports and the live stock

markets, not forgetting the all-important weather forecasts. And the women find little time to listen to dramatized stories, but the city folk get a great deal of enjoyment from this source. Farmers want to hear the features and the folks that are most nearly like themselves.

City folks have a different attitude toward entertainment, because they have the opportunity to see and hear the features in the auditorium itself. They become used to higher class entertainment, and thus appreciate concerts, operas, orchestra, etc. These features are enjoyed by the city dweller, but have no place in the heart of a farmer. The farmer lives simply, and works close to nature. He needs recreation, and the radio is the best means within easy reach. So tune in to the guitars and banjos, with all the happy voices that go with them, and really enjoy yourself!

MISS TRESSA BIERMA,
Marion, Michigan.

We are glad to send a full year's subscription of *RURAL RADIO* to friends that Miss McCormick and Miss Bierma may specify, and we want to thank everyone for their letters.

RURAL RADIO fans!—Let us hear from you. This is *your* magazine, and we want to keep it that way. Keep those letters and requests coming in.

Newcomers to WBAP include Gene Reynolds, announcer, formerly with Station KOMA, and William Jolesch of Ennis Texas as director of publicity. Jolesch was formerly with the *Ennis Daily News* and is a graduate of the University of Texas and the Graduate School of Journalism of Columbia University.

J. E. Bridges, control operator of Station WBAP, announces the birth of David Olin Bridges on July 18. The child was birthday gift for his father.

STRICTLY PERSONAL



(The Solemn Old Judge)

Howdy, Neighbors!

MR. JOHN BASEHEART, of Dolton, Illinois writes:

"Several weeks ago I was down in Nashville enjoying the WSM show. I am interested in old-time music and have been playing now for twenty years or more. A number of years ago I came to Illinois from Tennessee, where I became interested in playing this type of music. I have been playing on a small station, WWAE, at Hammond, Indiana, for a number of years, but should like a chance to play on a large station. Right now I am playing with several others, and we would like to get an audition at WSM. If it can be arranged we would like to appear as guests on one of your Saturday night shows."

We appreciate your interest in our Grand Ole Opry. However, we do not have any openings on the show now and we have a very long waiting list. We do not take guest artists without an audition, and then very seldom. Our regular audition day is Wednesday. We are sending you an audition blank. However, frankly, we would not advise a special trip for that purpose, because we have no openings at present, nor do we anticipate any in the near future.

"Sunrise Reflections," or chats with Uncle Frank, one of WSM's very interesting morning programmes, changed time recently from 7:10 to 6:50 in the mornings, Monday through Saturday. Uncle Frank is an actor with thirty years' experience on the stage and in radio, and has a wealth of material to go with his unusual talent. He loves the youngsters and gets a big kick out of his mail from them as well as from us grown-up youngsters. More power to you, Uncle Frank. Put our name on your list for smiles.

WITH

George Dewey Hay

"The Singer and His Songs" welcomed a visitor to the studio during one of his broadcasts recently, and in an unguarded moment told his morning audience that he would send an autographed photograph of himself to all who guessed the name of his visitor, who is a performer, well known throughout the land. His guest played an instrumental number. The Singer's mail has been pouring in ever since and the guesses are ninety per cent correct. He has found out two things, first that his programme is very popular, and second that photographs cost money. However, he says it's worth it, and like Claude Stroud of the Stroud Twins, is "happy about the whole thing." The Singer broadcasts Tuesday through Friday at 9:15 o'clock in the morning. How about putting us on your list for a picture, Mr. Singer, even though the contest is closed? —o—

Mrs. W. H. Roper, of Monteagle, Tennessee, writes:

"Will you please give me some information about Nashville, as per the following questions:

"Are you related to Bill Hay, the announcer on the Amos and Andy program?"

We regret that on account of the heavy mail which this programme has been receiving, we have found it necessary to restrict our service to information on radio only. However, we suggest that you write to the Nashville Chamber of Commerce, Chamber of Commerce Building, Nashville, for the information you desire.

If Bill Hay and Yours Truly had a dime for every time a radio friend has asked if we were related, we would both be rich. Maybe Bill is, but Yours Truly is still working on the first hundred. Bill was born in Scotland and came to America when he was about seventeen or eighteen years of age, to work with a brother who had a good position in Chicago. He later went to Hastings, Nebraska, to manage a music business. It is a coincidence that Bill and Yours Truly started in radio about the same time, fifteen years ago. He broadcast from Hastings, Nebraska, over station KFKH, and your reporter started on WMC, Memphis, after having served as a reporter on the Commercial Appeal for several years. Later we both went to Chicago to work. Your reporter was born in the state of Indiana in a town called Attica. Bill and Yours Truly are not related, but have been friends for about fifteen years. He is two or three years older than I.

KICKOFF

(Continued from page 7)

have some fine surprises coming up from the Frosh squad of last year, and therein lies the mystery.

This leaves Arkansas. Fred Thomsen's club of Razorbacks has ever been, and for a long time probably will be, the thorn in everyone's side. These scrappin' guys from the Ozarks play 60 minutes in every football game. Thomsen's lost Robbins Sloan, Benton, and others whose combined abilities gave Arkansas the title, "The Passingest Team in the Nation."

So much for the paper summary. From it, you'll see fingers pointing optimistically toward the Rice Owls, but the phrase "They Don't Repeat" never had more significance than it does right here in the Southwest. So prepare for the fastest, fightin'est football free-for-all that the Southwest Conference has ever staged.

The East

By HARRY MCTIGUE

Last fall the four leading teams in Eastern Inter-collegiate football circles were: The University of Pittsburgh and Fordham University, both undefeated and tied only by each other; and Dartmouth and Holy Cross colleges, who were both undefeated and twice tied.

All four of these schools will make formidable bids for the Eastern Championship again this year, not without competition, however, from several other major elevens. Pittsburgh, really the class of the East last year, and Fordham, lost several of their ace performers through graduation, but both will have fast, sturdy squads with which to bid for Eastern Championship honors again this fall.

Dartmouth, champions of the so-called "Ivy League" in '37, will receive much competition from a powerful Snavelly-drilled aggregation from Cornell. Snavelly's Big Red, in fact, might be termed as the "Dark Horse" eleven of the East, and many observers point to the Dartmouth-Cornell game in November as one upon which Eastern Championship honors might rest.

In the "Ivy League," too, Pennsylvania and Harvard will be strong, but the powerful Yale Bulldog of last year will be decidedly weakened through graduation losses. Princeton may surprise everyone by doing a complete turn-about from their 1937 performance.

Other formidable Eastern elevens are: Holy Cross, with a fast, experienced squad and a versatile attack; Syracuse, also with a veteran team; Colgate, unheralded but potentially strong; and the Army Mule, which lost a few key men but has plentiful replacements.

FAMILY Gossip

By PEGGY STEWART

Dear Friends:

Several of you have written me lately without enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'm afraid I won't be able to answer you by mail because I am kept very busy by those who send envelopes along. We will try to answer your questions in the column but we are limited in the amount of space which we are able to use in the magazine. I have had many questions about people who have not been heard recently on their usual stations but I imagine you have heard most of them again, for they have to take some time off to rest in the summer time. They work so hard all winter giving us their fine entertainment we won't fuss about that, will we?

Sincerely yours

Peggy Stewart

Mrs. Shelby Draughn, Lebrun, Ky.

The members of the Morning Round-up of WHIS Bluefield, West Va., are: Zeke Stepp, Lynn Davis, Sue Mason, Ann Mason, Claymon Foster, Sleepy Perkins, Cowboy Jack, Esmond Stepp, Cotton Pickett, D. B. Cole, Gordon Jennings, and Jimmie Barker. You may receive a picture of the Grand Ole Opry by writing to WSM Nashville for the "Family Album."

Miss Maxine Stewart, Briggs, Texas:

You can now hear "Ted and Bill" whom you have heard at KTSA from WBAL in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Rose Davidson, Powell, Ohio:

The Preston Trio who were heard from WFAA are not broadcasting at present and we do not know their future plans.

Miss Lola Luce, Gause, Texas:

I believe we answered all your questions, and those of many others about W. Lee O'Daniels' Hill Billies in the September issue of RURAL RADIO when we had a feature story of them. We have learned that no information is given about the names and ages of the Dr. Pepper Cadets who are heard from WFAA, so we cannot help you there.

Miss La Donna Shaver,

Bowling Green, Ohio:

We are unable to answer all your questions here but the facts about Gordon Sizemore and Betty of WHAS are: Mr. Sizemore was born September 6, 1909, in Endee, Kentucky, he has blue eyes, blonde hair, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He has played on several different stations and has made personal appearances all over the Central states. Betty Sizemore is only eight years old and her birthday is March 10th. She has blue eyes and blonde hair like her Daddy, is exactly three feet tall and weighs 40 pounds. She has played on the same stations and has made personal appearances along with Mr. Sizemore.

Miss Pearl Beard, Grandview, Texas:

Mike Gallagher who used to be at KTAT is not broadcasting at present. Jesse Milburn of KRLD, Dallas, was born in Corsicana, Texas, September 16, 1911, and went to High School there before attending A. & M. College in Texas for two years. He was interested in the engineering part of radio and got a license to be an operator before he tried announcing in Devil's Lake, N. D. Since then he has Minn., Ark., and Texas as an announcer. His hobby is "fishing and more fishing."

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

Crook Brothers band of WSM is composed of: Herman Crook, the leader, who plays the harmonica, forty years old, and has been with WSM twelve years, married and has three children, likes hunting and baseball; Lewis Crook who was born in 1909 in Castalian Springs, Tenn., married and joined Herman when Herman's brother became policeman; Blythe Po-teet who was born in Sept., 1909, in Franklin, Tenn., and has been with WSM since 1932; and Floy Etheridge who was born March, 1908, in McEwen, Tenn., and has been playing the fiddle since he was six years old.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

Patsy Cranston of WBAP was born Jan. 20, 1925, in Fort Worth, Texas, has titian hair and freckles. She is very vivacious and is fond of outdoor sports, particularly horseback riding. She attends Our Lady of Victory Academy in Fort Worth. She plays the part of Ruthie, one of the twins in "Helen's Home" which began over WBAP Oct. 4, 1935. She has also appeared with the traffic cop in the Cosden Variety Show over the same station. Wants to be an actress when she grows up.

Mrs. Mollie Brown, Fort Smith, Ark.:

The Friend Brothers of KTHS, Hot Springs, Ark., are: Fred, who is 25 years old, 6 feet tall with dark brown eyes and black wavy hair, weighs 180 pounds, is married and has a child 5 years old; Sam who is 21 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has the same coloring as his brother, just married. They were both born in Oklahoma but have lived in Arkansas for many years.

The Humbard trio of that same station are natives of Arkansas and are the children of an evangelist who has taught them many sacred songs. Rex is 19 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall and has light brown hair and brown eyes. Ruth is 17 years old, 5 feet 1 inch tall with light brown hair and brown eyes. Clement is 15, 5 feet 3 inches tall and has blonde hair and brown eyes.

Roy Faulkner of WIBW, Topeka, Kans., was born in Kansas City in 1912, he is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes.

Mr. George Finch, Barnesville, Ohio:

Thank you for your information. Pie Plant Pete is now at WHAM in Boston as we told you in a feature article in June RURAL RADIO. Cousin Emmy is still at WHAS and we do not know where Homer Callahan has gone.

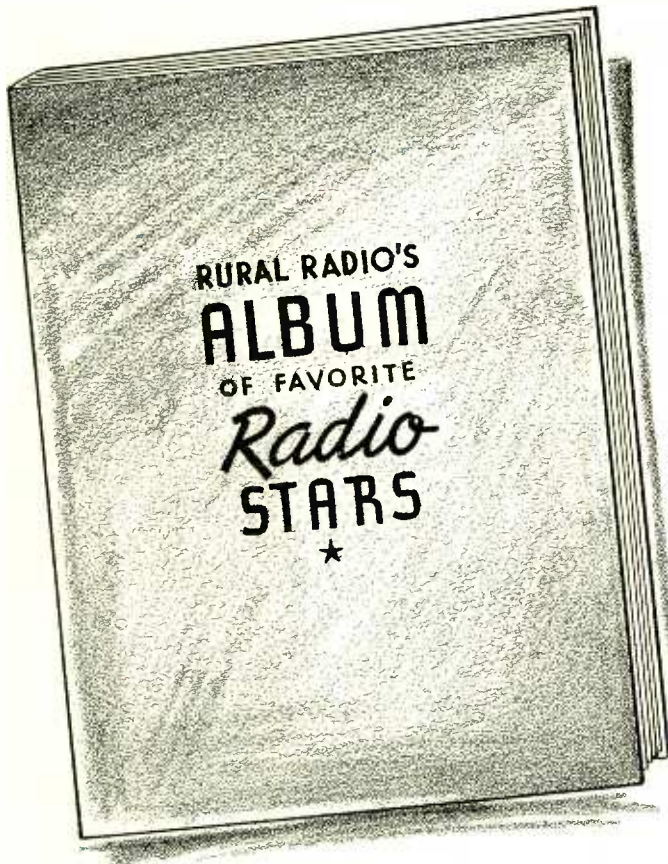
Miss Frieda Kamoniski,
Waupaca, Wis.:

Bob and Bonnie Atcher of WJJD are married. Ernie Newton of WLS is not married and we cannot tell you the nationality of the others you asked about. This page is supposed to answer such questions as you mentioned.

Mrs. Joseph L. Lineske,
Fayette, Mich.:

Uncle Ezra (Pat Barrett) of WLS will be fifty-one years old his next birthday.

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