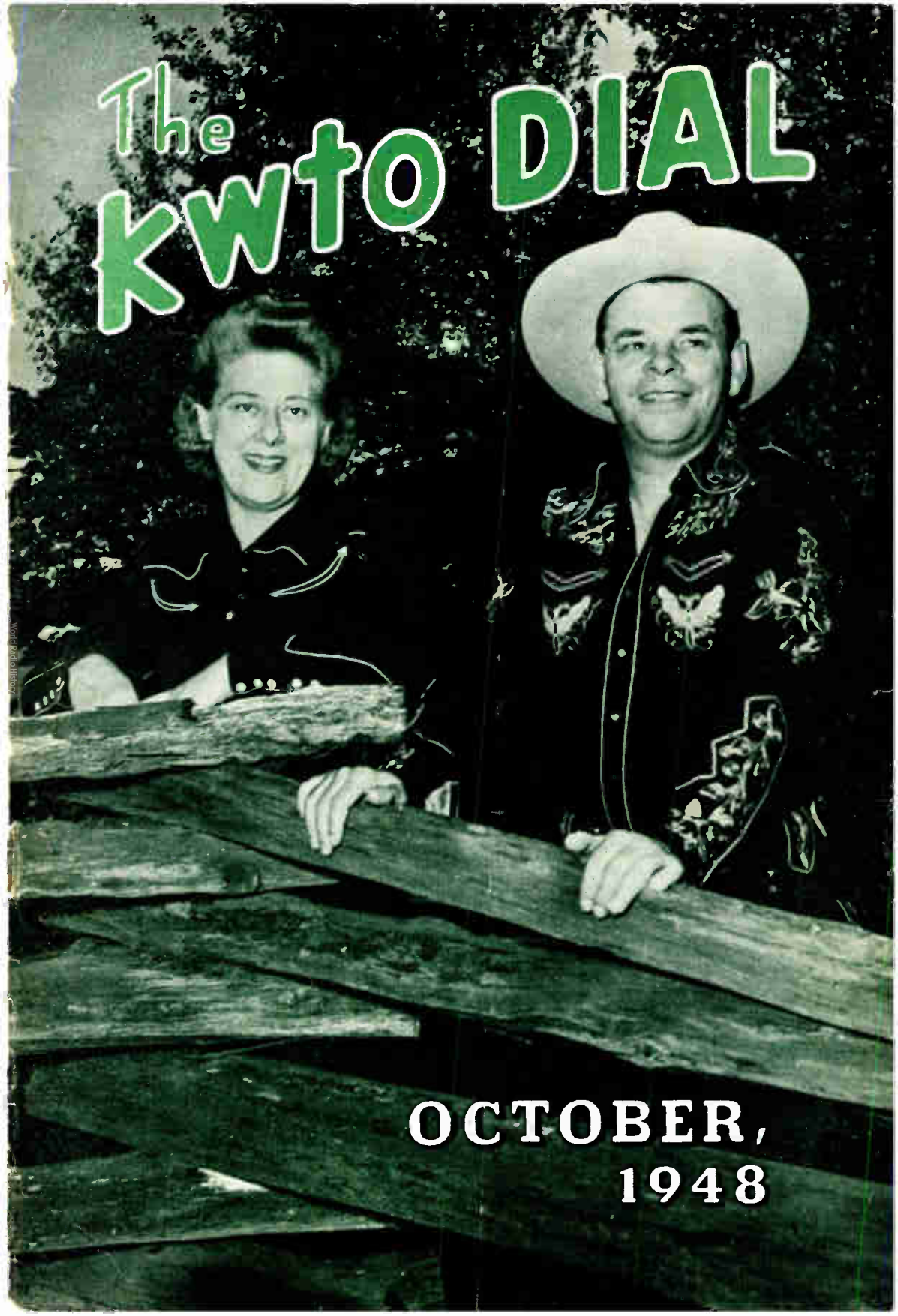


The KWTO DIAL



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1948

World Radio History



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

If the numbers 10-48 appear after your name on the address label at the top of page 20, your subscription expires with this issue. Address correspondence and renewals to Editor of The Dial, care of KWTO, Springfield, Missouri.



BABY OF THE MONTH

Remember this little miss, who hasn't been with us in The Dial since our "Happy New Year" picture? She's Donna Gay Matthews, Matt's and Becky's beautiful three-and-a-half-year-old.

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO

BY THE EDITOR OF THE DIAL

Slim and Ada Wilson have a lot of friends and relatives scattered through the Ozarks—Polk County, Greene County, Stone County and elsewhere—and many of them have had a glimpse of 12-year-old John Wesley this summer for the first time in a year or so. Because he's shot up as abruptly as if he had Vigoro in his shoes, the usual comments about his height and the changes in him have flown thick and fast . . . Along toward the last of summer, when he'd begun to grow pretty weary of polite pitter-patter from oldsters, John and his father met an old acquaintance at a stock sale. "You remember so-and-so," Slim prompted. "Sure," said John, putting out his hand. "How do you do? My! How I've grown! Now," looking slyly at his father, "may I go and play?"

* * *

Jack Matthews, his wife and trailer have decamped for Manhattan, Kan., where he will complete his education for the ministry, and Matt will devote his full time to his Ash Grove pastorate. He promises, however, to keep up his Meditations column for The Dial . . . Si Siman

has been having transcription troubles, trying to record auditions of KWTO talent for a major company. Shorty Thompson, Sue and Zed Tennis rehearsed four hours to perfect one number, "Blue Shadows on the Trail," a close harmony mood piece with special effects, as Roy Rogers sings it in Disney's "Melody Time." When they had it note-and letter-perfect, they'd been on the tune so long they couldn't remember two others which were to be a part of the same record . . . Another recording date was set—and called off because Slim Wilson, Shorty and Sue all had laryngitis. . . . The large Haden Family song collection runs over 2500, many written down at odd times on any available scrap of paper, but Uncle Carl has laid down a new rule: They're to be notebook-copied hereafter. Reason: He took down two over the telephone, then Mary Jane paid the bill he'd written them on.

* * *

Chuck Bowers looks like Hollywood's idea of a young frontiersman, patrolling St. Louis street in levis and flannel shirt, (Continued on PAGE ELEVEN)

KWTO ARTISTS' BUREAU FILLS BUSY PERSONAL APPEARANCE SCHEDULE

A KWTO service that has really had a workout this summer and fall is the Artists' Bureau, which books groups of entertainers for various funds-raising projects in communities all over the Ozarks. Prosperous times broke out in a rash of county fairs and similar special events, and there were several of your radio favorites at most of them.

Those who made arrangements for their appearances, however, may not have realized that such engagements are more fun for the KWTO-ers than they are for the spectators; that almost without exception our staffers are small-town boys who love a junket to a place that looks like "home."

It really was a homecoming for George Rhodes when he played the Ozark County Fair at Gainesville Sept. 10th with **Luke McNeley** and **Buster Fellows**, and returned the following Saturday night with Korn's-A-Krackin'. He saw lots of old friends there, stayed over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Rhodes, Sr.

"My kind of people," was Luke's verdict on the Gainesville audience, and no wonder; his characterization of "Luke Warmwater, the repeatin' reporter from Possum Trot," got an extra-big hand at afternoon and night appearances there.

Goo-Goo, Lennie Aleshire and **Dale Parker** played matinee and night performances at Marshfield Sept. 3rd, and Lennie took Mrs. Aleshire, Dale his wife, Dixie, and the youngsters—Dale, Jr., Jackie and Jean. "We were disappointed in our night crowd," Dale said, "because it clouded up, looked like it was going to rain buckets, and scared lots of people home. Then it cleared and we had a fine, cool evening for the show. I guess even those who went home got snatches

of it. Folks said they could hear the public address system four miles away."

Dale's youngsters, not to mention Goo-Goo, rode everything they could get into at the Webster County Fair, merry-go-round and ferris wheel included, and Jackie came home with a bright red cane. The whole gang went back to Marshfield Saturday night with the "Korn" show, and **Chuck Bowers** said he hadn't seen such a traffic jam on the way into a town since Bolivar's big day last summer.

The Greenfield Fair ordered up **Slim Wilson, Chuck, Dale, Goo-Goo, Bob White** and **Lennie** for two shows the night of the 10th, and they all went down early to make the rounds of the concessions. In between programs they took in a Tarzan movie at the invitation of the local theater manager—all but Chuck, who wandered off with a pretty girl. The boys performed from the flatbed of a truck which was four feet above the ground, and had a time getting Goo-Goo aboard. He clambered up from the fender of a car for the first show; somebody brought a step-ladder for the second.

Goog's favorite fair was at Gainesville, however. Dale swears he spent a full four hours, in between shows on the 9th, at the booth selling homemade doughnuts and fried pies, ham and chicken salad. On the way down in Lennie's car, "Rosebud," they ran out of gas seven miles out. A lady motorist, wife of the new dentist in Gainesville, was kind enough to push them until they could coast down the big hill into town.

The Korn's-A-Krackin' crowd reported good times at Neosho Sept. 18th and Waynesville Oct. 2nd. The **Matthews Quartet** played the county fair at Bentonville Sept. 29th, other talent filled engagements there the two following evenings. **Chuck, Luke** and **Zed Tennis** played the Tri-County Fall Fair at Eldorado Springs Oct. 1st.

It's quite a task to get all seven or eight **Hadens** together ("I forget just how many," **Uncle Carl** says) for a personal appearance, but they made it to Lockwood
(Continued on PAGE FOUR)

COVER STORY

Reuel Haymes posed Shorty and Sue Thompson against one of our favorite props, the split-rail fence at Rail Haven Court on Glenstone in Springfield. They looked so nice there in their dress-up clothes that he took Slim and Chuck out the next day. (See page 19.)

GEORGE EARLE

. . . PLANS NEW SHOW

George Earle has been laboring all summer on a new and novel idea for a personal appearance show to take the place of his many successful Breakfast in Hollywood parties. He wanted something that would be packed with laughs from start to finish. After discarding six different show ideas, he has finally come up with what promises to be his funniest and most appealing program.

We don't dare give away the many comedy ramifications, but we will tell you that the show is to be called, "Doctor" George Earle and his L - A - U - G - H C - L - I - N - I - C, "It's Good For What Ails You!" Assisted now by Bill Bailey, who'll be the eminent specialist, "Doctor Goofoff", "Doctor" George Earle, M. D. ("Doctor of Mirth") will, among other things, conduct a "mock clinic" on the stage where the shows are presented, and will "diagnose" a number of "unusual cases."

We might tip you off that each performance is climaxed with a mock operation that is a scream from start to finish. The shows are ready for fall booking and organizations interested in making money for special projects should write for a brochure, giving full details, to Radiozark Enterprises, Inc., Shrine Mosque building, Springfield.

We assure you, from what we have heard about the show, it will leave your audience in stitches, and we do mean literally!

■ OZARKOLOGY

Al Stone says nobody ever spent an evening with Granny Jones, whom he knew as a youngster . . . because an evening with her was an investment. He thought of her ripe and witty wisdom not long ago when he heard, on a network program, one of her favorite sayings of a long time ago: "You can get a man with face powder, but it takes bakin' powder to hold 'im." And she used to add: "It's a smart young feller who realizes that mighty often nowadays, beauty is only skin dope."

INQUIRING REPORTER

Violet Gamble Morton: What is your fondest memory of your school days?

Shorty Thompson: I went to school at Ash Grove and Visalia, Cal., and—how well I remember—to the teacher's hickory room quite a lot, but my fondest memory of school days was when school was over in the spring, first day out, and not having to decide between baseball glove and fishing pole because all daylight was mine and I could use both of them.

Penny Nichols: When I was in first grade I had a chance to do lots of drawing and making posters, and loved it—it was like play instead of school. Next best was playing make-believe games with my three closest friends all the way home every afternoon.

George Rhodes: Down at Pleasant Valley School in Taney County is where I had the finest times. Friday afternoons were best. We'd have a spelling or chippering match or do something that meant—you guessed it—no lessons!

Mary Haden Davidson: My best times were in high school because at last I began to think I was really truly "grown up."

Bill Bailey: I guess my fondest memories go back to the first grade, in Shawnee, Okla. . . when I met my wife.

KWTO ARTISTS' BUREAU

(Continued from PAGE THREE)

Aug. 28th for an hour-long show at 3 p. m. and another at 8. The first show was delayed by rain, which delighted the smaller children. They scampered off to all the various fair concessions. "I was 20 minutes on round-up," **Mary Jane** reported.

"We met lots of our radio friends who seemed particularly interested in **Sharon Kay** and **Tommy**, but they don't show off their best behavior on personals," she continued. "I've had trouble with them all summer long—Tommy mashing all the bugs he can find and Sharon Kay, who's afraid of them, squealing when they light on her. I guess, though, that folks understand that when you've got this much family, they can't all wear their party manners all the time."

LET 'ER ROLL HOW THE DIAL GETS THAT WAY

The mechanics of publication are an old story to those of you who've worked around a newspaper or printing shop, but at the request of a number of Dial readers we're going to tell you how our magazine gets from the "idea" stage to your mailbox.

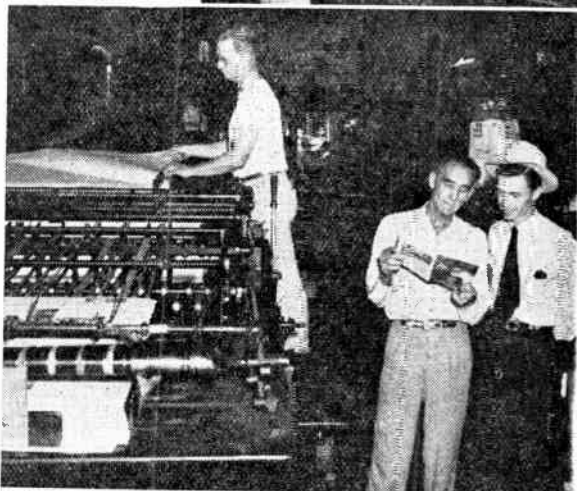
Work has begun on the new Dial before the last one is in the mail. The cover is planned and photographer Reuel Haymes given a list of picture assignments to fill within the next ten days. Shortly after the first of the month, each contributor is given his deadline—the last date for getting copy in. Matt Matthews, Opal Porter, George Earle and Violet Morton ("Out of the Files" and "Inquiring Reporter") are earliest with theirs. Sully and May McCord are given a slightly later date; Lee George, so that his sports predictions will be up-to-the-minute, a still later deadline. Program Director Bill Ring revises schedules two days before printing.

Meantime, pictures are coming in. The cover picture is sent first to an artist for lettering, then to Phillips Engraving Co. Others are marked for exact size, pasted up if they go into picture pages, sent to the engraver, and returned in three days with "proofs"—samples of how they will look in print.

Copy goes steadily from the editor's desk to Young-Stone Printing Co. the first three weeks of the month. Proofs of the type are returned to her in duplicate—one for correcting, the other for pasting up on "dummy" pages. When all 20 pages of *The Dial* have been "dummied," proofs of stories and proofs of pictures pasted in their proper places, Young-Stone's make-up man, Bob Beck, works from the dummy, putting together a kind of typographical puzzle page by page.

When Clifton and Orval Young, who run the linotype machine, have made all corrections, Bob has put them in place and pages are okayed, Pressman Joe Young

(Continued on PAGE SIX)



Top picture: Make-up man Bob Beck and the Dial editor "steal" a line or two to make a column fit the page. **Center:** While Joe Young runs the flat-bed press, Lennie Aleshire and Doc Martin have a look at the Dial before the ink is dry. **Bottom picture:** Jean Scherner and Violet Morton check and bundle half a day's mailing; Joan Crews feeds the mailing machine.

SPONSOR'S CORNER

KWTO'S FALL TIME - BUYERS

New spot announcement schedules on KWTO have been ordered by Grove's Bromo-Quinine, Grove's Cold Tablets, Central States Coal Company, Beaumont's 4-Way Cold Tablets, Ramon's Brownie Pills, Willard Tablet Co. and Vicks—all of them signs that summer is over, in case you didn't know it was.

Peruna now sponsors the Matthews Quartet at 5:15 p. m. Mon. through Fri. . . . Shorty Thompson and the Saddle Rockin' Rhythm gang take over their former time at 7:45 a. m. for Tennessee Nurseries . . . Flex-O-Glas is sponsoring Hayloft Frolic from 9:30 to 9:45 p. m. Saturdays . . . K. C. Baking Powder's Meal of the Day with Beulah Karney has moved to 9:15 a. m. Mon., Wed., and Fri.

THE STORY OF HOW THE DIAL IS PUBLISHED EACH MONTH (Continued from PAGE FIVE)

takes over. The four outside pages are run twice through a vertical press, once for each color. The 16 inside pages are "locked up" on a flat-bed press, which prints sixteen pages at a time. Then ink must dry before the big sheets are folded, trimmed, slipped inside the cover pages and stapled.

At this point, the Dial's \$2500-worth of Addressograph equipment, purchased this spring, takes over. First, let's explain that each subscriber's name and address has been stamped by an electric embossing machine on a metal plate and placed in a metal drawer, filed alphabetically according to town. (That's why, when you send us a change of address, we have to know where you moved from.) There are over 80 such drawers, 160 names to a drawer, in big metal banks along one wall of The Dial office.

When Clifton Young, Card Stone and assorted helpers begin to deliver back-breaking loads of new Dials to us, either Violet or Jean Scherner mans the electric mailing machine with foot-pedal feed. Drawer by drawer, the subscribers' name-plates are fed into the machine, each one stamping its impression through an inked ribbon onto an individual copy of The

WHO ARE THEY?

This month, our who's-behind-that-monicker? quiz really is a guessing game. You'll have to be plenty on your toes, and up-to-date on KWTO staff additions, to get these, although once in awhile a bit of teasing goes out over the air that might give you a clue. Answers to last month's mysteries are at the bottom of the story.

1. **J. Henry Head sounds like a bank president instead of a shining radio personality—yes? We'll not help you further, except to say that he's Ozarks born.**

2. **We don't yet know where the nickname comes from, but she uses it on the air. Her birth certificate, however, reads "Lila Marjorie Fahrer."**

Answers to September's teasers: C. C. Williford is middle-monickered Claiborne. Whose middle name became his professional last name? George Earle Wilson, who once studied for the ministry.

Dial. These copies are bundled according to towns, tightly tied with a string, each bundle checked against each town name and placed in a regulation mail bag. When each bag is filled, its drawstring is clamped down and it's delivered to the Springfield Post Office. Three people can handle 12,000 Dials in less than 10 hours, one feeding Dials into the machine, one tying bundles, one checking towns and sacking.

And wouldn't it be wonderful if everything went as smoothly and simply as it sounds! It doesn't. There was the time the fly-wheel broke on the flat-bed press . . . the time the mailing machine jammed and Violet went flying to town for a screw-driver . . . the time the "Baby of the Month" engraving got lost in the mail. Once the editor started to Young-Stone with an envelop full of Dial copy, got sidetracked at a dress shop, left the envelop behind, and shivered for a day and a half until it was found. And there was the August cover—the editor forgot that it had to be trimmed, which meant scalping pictures of KWTO's three top executives, who wouldn't have appreciated it at all. (Joe Young got us out of that one, but he practically had to use manicuring scissors to do it.)

HILLBILLY HEARTBEATS BY MAY KENNEDY McCORD "QUEEN OF THE OZARKS"

"Hit's fall!" he said,
As he cut the
drouth-stunted
fodder
And shocked it
into neat wig-
wams,
Lamented the nigh-
barren orchard,
The runty 'taters
and pumpkins,
Worried over war
r u m o r s , hard
times,
Old age, rheumatism, taxes!



May McCord

"Hit's fall!" he said,
Planning to cut stove-wood and sell it,
"Get shet of some stock an' chickens."
Keep the team, one cow, a few hens,
One pig—(a feller's got to have hawg
meat).
Wood money'll buy scads o' corn meal,
Navy beans, sugar, coffee, terbaccer—
"Hit's fall!" he said,
Gazing aloft at some wild geese,
Thrilling again at their calling,
Sensing the peace of the Ozarks—
("Thank ye, Lord, fer life and all!")
Making big plans for next year,
Blue hills, golden leaves,
Wood-smoke, sunset . . . home!

—Ruth Tyler, Neosho, Mo.

Yes, hit's fall, right upon us, whether you realize it or not. Bess Neil McMurry at Dadeville says, "Winging birds in their southern flight, honk of geese on a clear cold night, dark brown leaves from the tall trees drifting, dull clouds in a gray sky shifting—" all these signs tell us that fall will be here soon. I don't like it. The summer is never long enough for me, but fall is something I have to take whether I like it or not.

I remember a woman speaker who came here one time to speak at a banquet in the fall and she arose and said:

**When day has ended, and the peace
Of twilight softly falls,
I love to see your Ozark hills
Asleep in paisley shawls!**

I never heard an expression quite so beautiful—and so true of this ever-changing, ever-capricious and golden country when the Moon of Painted Leaves is at its full.

* * *

Somehow I can never forget a little poem by the dear Mary Elizabeth Mahnkey, so lately gone away and left us for another world. It was about October, and "Myra's Big White Hens."

**Myra, gentle one who loved her home,
Her husband, her little grandchildren,
And her big white hens—
died in October.**

**I was glad it was October,
When her yellow chrysanthemums
were blooming,
And the walnut tree was covering
The blue grass with gold.
I reckon William, Myra's man,
Was lonesome.
Anyhow, he married again,
Almost too soon.
It made us all sad
When Mrs. Number Two
Caught up Myra's big white hens
And sold them
To pay for her "permanent."**

* * *

Well, the women have done their canning and their cellars are full. The barns and bins of the Ozarks are running over. Now they are making apple butter and sorghum and untold gallons of sour-kraut, and they have meat stored away in lockers and potatoes and apples in the cellar and sausage made and fried and canned. Fred Starr, columnist down in Arkansas, always intrigues me more than anyone. He says "they worry a heap back in the east about us hillbillies starving to death here in the Ozarks." So he just lays out a good bill of fare and tells them to match it in their pinched-up penthouses and their five-foot back yards. And he says, "Besides, we fish in the summer, eat persimmons and possum-grapes and paw-paws in the fall and let
(Continued on PAGE FOURTEEN)



ABC ROUNDUP

NEWS OF NEW FALL NETWORK PROGRAMS

Snappier weather brings network programming to match for KWTO's nighttime as well as daytime listeners. For example, meet three personalities in Wednesday night's parade of headliners, pictured above: Groucho Marx, Ted Mack and el Groaner himself—Bing Crosby.

"Bingsday" night's schedule starts off with General Mills' Lone Ranger at 6:30, followed by Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour, sponsored by Old Gold Cigarettes, at 7. Ted was understudy to the late Major Bowes for 14 years, will travel about the country with this famous hour-long show.

Eight p. m. Wednesday will find Meredith Willson, his Will Rogers brand of humor, his music and his "Talking People" selling Jell-O like crazy. Groucho Marx is back at 8:30 p. m. for Elgin-American compacts and cases, and Crosby will parade the Rhythmaires, John Scott Trotter's orchestra and his delightful guest stars at 9 o'clock for Philco.

The new Texaco Star Theatre at 9:30 Wednesday is one of the most larrupin' laughgetters on the autumn air, starring Milton Berle, with Arnold Stang, the former Henry Morgan stooge with the off-key voice, running him a close comedy second.

Highlight of Monday evening is the Railroad Hour from 7 to 7:45, featuring Gordon McCrae as singing emcee, introducing a whole constellation of guest talent in musical comedy favorites of today and yesterday.

Quaker Oats brings us a new dramatic program, Challenge of the Yukon, Tues-

day, Thursday and Saturday at 7 p. m. There's a flavor of the Lone Ranger's adventures in these exciting stories of Sgt. Preston, Northwest Mountie, and his husky, King, in a gold-rush country setting.

Outstanding among daytime treats is Kay Kyser's College of Fun and Knowledge from 10 to 10:30 every Monday through Friday morning, the last 15 minutes sponsored by Pillsbury. Kay has given up bandmastering for quizmastering, and is tossing brain-teasers in the form of blackboard problems to his delighted audiences.

The U. S. Army and Air Force Recruiting Service is bringing you the outstanding football game of the week every Saturday at 1 o'clock, a series which will give way to the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts when the football season is over. Farnsworth's Metropolitan Opera Auditions return Sundays at 3:30 p. m. the middle of this month.

As the Dial goes to press, we don't know whether philosopher Galen Drake will be back with us this season, but if he is it will probably be at 3 in the afternoon, so you might watch for him.

LUTHERAN HOUR RETURNS

Dr. Walter A. Maier, regular Lutheran Hour speaker, returned to the air Oct. 3rd, inaugurating that fine program's 16th season of broadcasting. He will be heard every Sunday at 6:30 p. m. These programs are heard over 1100 stations in 47 countries.

THE SPOTLIGHT**MEET SUE THOMPSON—
EXPERIENCED TROUPER**

Most of the folks around KWTO got into radio the way Columbus discovered America—they just kept going until they ran into something, but they weren't sure what it was until after they got there. It was altogether different with Sue Thompson, wife of the bumptious, buoyant, hard-working Shorty. She had learned cues and chords and keys along with her ABC's, cut her teeth on piano keys and chinned herself on a microphone before she was 12 years old.

At the outset, let's make it clear that Sue is 60 per cent of their man-and-wife team and—before Shorty bites a hole in this page—that he's the other 60 per cent. And what happens when a team adds up to 120 per cent? An outstanding performance every time that team takes to the air. There isn't any room for mediocrity, for ragged harmony, careless accompaniments, slurred musical phrasing and sour notes, when each partner puts into the act a little more than is expected.

Sue was born in Yankton, S. D., in October, 1913, of Danish parents. When father Nelson had locked up his furniture store for the night, he was much in demand at local parties as an oldtime fiddler. Mrs. Nelson and two older sisters played piano, with one sister doubling on accordion, an older brother was program director of station WNAX, another played saxophone. As Sue describes it: "It was the sort of family where you had to be some kind of musician or you might as well have been a moose, for all you had in common with the rest of them."

Her piano lessons started before she could reach the pedals, and she was playing classics over the radio six years later, accompanying her father at dances, perfecting school Glee Club arrangements. Although the Yanktown Conservatory, where she studied piano and harmony, was almost her second home, there was still time for Sue to "live on ice skates all winter and in the swimming pool all summer and go to every basketball and football game."

At 16, she was part of a radio trio with sisters Verna and Myrtle (professionally known as Sally), and joined the WNAX

staff as a regular pianist when she graduated.

"They ran us in and out of the studios and on and off the air like cattle," Sue recalls, "and to add to the stockyards atmosphere, Uncle Phil—one of the Gurney brothers who owned the station—used to throw a huge cowbell into the studio whenever a program got dull."

Once Sue was broadcasting a sweet and solemn solo, with her sister as accompanist, when one of the old-timers at the station walked over, picked up her microphone and carried it off to the other end of the studio to set up an orchestra for the next program.

"Mother was anxiously listening in at home," Sue says, grinning, "because I hadn't done much singing up to that time. She said my voice trailing off in the middle of the song, as the mike was carried away, sounded just like a bawling calf on the slaughterhouse chute."

It was rugged training, but perfect for developing poise, an easy manner at the microphone, a healthy sense of values. There were too many laughs, there was too much deflating horse play, for anybody to get prima donna delusions. Not that Sue was likely to anyway. Her smiling, pink-cheeked face, her peaceful Scandinavian-blue eyes with laugh-crinkles at the corners, testify to a serenity of spirit that makes her easy to work with, helpful and considerate. This column is probably the only "spotlight" she ever hogged, and that not because she wanted to. Interviewing Sue is hearing lots about other people; next to nothing about herself unless you twist her arm a little.

Sue and sister Sally were a harmony team over the Clay Center, Neb., station when she decided to marry Shorty, whom she'd worked with the year before in Yanktown. They were married in Springfield in 1934 and Sue "gave up" radio—until she could work up a harmony team with Beverly Long a month or so later, adding Sonny Clarkson to make it a trio.

"Shorty was working with Slim then," Sue says, "and I was trying to learn to cook. All I could make was pies and cook-

(Continued on PAGE SIXTEEN)

SCHEDULE FOR OCT.

WHAT'S GOING
ON AT KWTO?



WEEKDAYS AND SATURDAY

5:00 a. m.—Yawn Patrol
 5:30 a. m.—Carl Haden
 5:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 6:00 a. m.—Southland Echoes (M-W-F)
 6:00 a. m.—Slim Wilson (T-Th-S)
 6:15 a. m.—R. F. D. Roundup
 6:30 a. m.—Haden Family
 7:00 a. m.—Shorty Thompson
 7:15 a. m.—Slim Wilson
 7:30 a. m.—Newscast
 7:45 a. m.—Matthews Brothers
 7:45 a. m.—Saddle Rockin' Rhythm
 8:00 a. m.—Chuck Bowers
 8:15 a. m.—Bill Ring Show
 8:15 a. m.—Church Page (S)
 8:25 a. m.—Weatherman Williford
 8:30 a. m.—Breakfast Club—ABC
 8:30 a. m.—Matthews Brothers (S)
 8:45 a. m.—Gospel Rocket (S)
 9:00 a. m.—Pleasure Parade
 9:00 a. m.—Chuck Bowers (S)
 9:15 a. m.—Meal of the Day (M-W-F)
 9:20 a. m.—Today's Almanac
 9:25 a. m.—Betty Crocker—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—Dial Editor (S)
 9:45 a. m.—Newscast
 10:00 a. m.—Kay Kyser—ABC
 10:00 a. m.—Sat. Morning Roundup (S)
 10:30 a. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 10:30 a. m.—Floyd Hitchcock (S)
 10:45 a. m.—Slim Wilson
 11:00 a. m.—Ozark Farm Hour
 11:00 a. m.—Meet Your Neighbor (S)
 11:15 a. m.—Markets, Slim Wilson
 11:30 a. m.—Ark. Conservation Com. (S)
 11:45 a. m.—Man at Stockyards (M-T-W)
 11:45 a. m.—Penny Nichols (Th-F)
 11:45 a. m.—Farm Forum (S)
 12:00 noon—Baukhage Talking—ABC
 12:00 noon—Farm Forum (S)
 12:15 p. m.—Matthews Brothers, MFA
 12:30 p. m.—Newscast
 12:45 p. m.—Man on the Street
 1:00 p. m.—Welcome Travelers—ABC
 1:00 p. m.—Football—ABC (S)
 1:30 p. m.—Bride and Groom—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Judy and Jane
 2:15 p. m.—Kitchen Talks
 2:30 p. m.—Linda's First Love
 2:45 p. m.—Ladies Be Seated—ABC
 3:00 p. m.—Melody Time
 3:15 p. m.—Shorty Thompson Show
 3:30 p. m.—Telephone Quiz (M-W-F)
 3:30 p. m.—Chuck Bowers (T-Th)
 3:45 p. m.—Cornfield Follies
 4:00 p. m.—Newscast

4:15 p. m.—Markets
 4:25 p. m.—Do You Know?
 4:30 p. m.—Weatherman Williford
 4:35 p. m.—Ozark Newsettes
 4:45 p. m.—Haden Family
 4:45 p. m.—Decision Now (S)
 5:00 p. m.—Haden Family
 5:15 p. m.—Matthews Quartet
 5:15 p. m.—Voice of the Army (S)
 5:25 p. m.—Animal World Court
 5:30 p. m.—Jack Armstrong & Sky King
 5:30 p. m.—Man on the Farm (S)
 6:00 p. m.—Newscast
 6:15 p. m.—Sports Spotlight
 6:30 p. m.—Lone Ranger—ABC (M-W-F)
 6:30 p. m.—Spotlight on Industry (Th)
 6:30 p. m.—Relaxin' Time (T)
 6:45 p. m.—Sully's Radio Spotlight (Th)

MONDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—The Railroad Hour—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—It Pays To Listen
 8:30 p. m.—Boy's Club
 8:45 p. m.—O'Reilly Veterans' Show
 9:00 p. m.—Arthur Gaeth—ABC
 9:15 p. m.—Earl Godwin—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—String Orchestra—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

TUESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Symphony Concert—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—What Do People Think?—ABC
 9:45 p. m.—Summer Serenade—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Original Amateur Hour—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Meredith Willson—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Groucho Marx—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Bing Crosby—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Texaco Star Theatre—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

THURSDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Conservation Forum
 8:00 p. m.—It Pays to Listen
 8:30 p. m.—Candid Microphone—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Dance Band—ABC
 9:45 p. m.—Harrison Wood—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

FRIDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—The Fat Man—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—This Is Your FBI—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Break the Bank—ABC

8:30 p. m.—The Sheriff—ABC
 8:55 p. m.—Champion Roll Call—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of Sports—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—American Sports Page—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request

SATURDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Amazing Mr. Malone—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Gangbusters—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—What's My Name?—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Homes On the Land
 9:15 p. m.—Guest Star
 9:30 p. m.—Hayloft Frolic
 9:45 p. m.—Newscast
 10:00 p. m.—Korn's-A-Krackin'

SUNDAY PROGRAMS

6:30 a. m.—Haden Family
 7:00 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 7:30 a. m.—Carl Haden
 8:00 a. m.—Newscast
 8:15 a. m.—Sermons in Song
 8:30 a. m.—May Kennedy McCord
 8:45 a. m.—Al and Lee Stone
 9:00 a. m.—Message of Israel—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—The Southernaires—ABC
 10:00 a. m.—Fine Arts Quartet—ABC
 10:30 a. m.—Hour of Faith—ABC

11:00 a. m.—Guidepost for Living
 11:15 a. m.—First Baptist Church
 12:00 noon—American Almanac—ABC
 12:15 a. m.—The Editor at Home—ABC
 12:30 p. m.—National Vespers—ABC
 1:00 p. m.—Newscast
 1:15 p. m.—Drury Quarter Hour
 1:30 p. m.—Mr. President—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Harrison Wood—ABC
 2:15 p. m.—To Be Announced
 2:30 p. m.—Sermons in Song
 3:00 p. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 3:15 p. m.—Johnny Thompson—ABC
 3:30 p. m.—Opera Album—ABC
 4:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo Show
 4:30 p. m.—Counterspy—ABC
 5:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson—ABC
 5:15 p. m.—Monday Headlines—ABC
 5:30 p. m.—Greatest Story—ABC
 6:00 p. m.—Go For the House—ABC
 6:30 p. m.—Lutheran Hour
 7:00 p. m.—Stop the Music—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell—ABC
 8:15 p. m.—Louella Parsons—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Theater Guild—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Newscast
 9:45 p. m.—We Care—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Revival Hour
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO

(Continued from PAGE TWO)

a rifle slung over his shoulder, but he's after no bigger game than pigeons. The birds are particularly pesky in the neighborhood, half a block from KWTO, where he boards. . . "How many did you get today?" **Bob White** asked. "Forty-eight," replied **Chuck** proudly. "Well, fella—stay right in there pigeon" . . . Chuck made a wry face at the pun. "Quiet," he said. "You sound just like **Jim Lowe's** program" . . . Can you get KWTO at night? If you're in our after-dark area, you'll find Jim's after-10:15 platter-patter smoother than ever since he stopped cutting it up with dedications every night but Saturday.

Add dilly Dale Parkerisms: "Why did the paper doll commit suicide? Because she found out her mother was an old bag" . . . **Bob Hubbard** gave up a chance for a coaching job to join the Matthews chord-crowders . . . He and **Culley Holt** and **Bob Money** are living with **Bill and Waneta Matthews** and the baby. "From time to time they have to use a team and chain and a shoe horn to unblock the" (Continued on PAGE THIRTEEN)



MEET THE CHAMP!

One of two consistent winners in the K-A-K bus pitch tournaments, **Goo-Goo** has switched to checkers for the stay-at-home season. It's more relaxing.

OUT OF THE FILES

Seven Years Ago This Month

KWTO noon newscast celebrates 3000th presentation . . . Goo Goo Rutledge in spotlight . . . Community Sing scheduled again from American Legion Home with Bill Ring and George Earle as masters-of-ceremonies.

Six Years Ago This Month

Vince Harding, popular announcer, takes the air for U. S. Navy (now in Nashville) . . . New star, Shug Fisher, added to KWTO staff (now in Hollywood).

Five Years Ago This Month

The spotlight devoted to Bill Mason (here in Springfield) . . . Glen, Mary, Bonnie and Mike, The Bell Family, new KWTO act (now in Des Moines) . . . Milton Dickey, new announcer (now in Kansas City).

Four Years Ago This Month

Lonnie and Thelma Robertson presented with War Bond for the act selling the most Dial subscriptions in a month (now in Pittsburg, Kans.) . . . KWTO microphones meet Gov. & Mrs. Dewey just after their train pulls into Springfield.

Two Years Ago This Month

Mike Dosch back again (now in Strasburg, N. Dak.) . . . Smokey Lohman featured in "Stars of The Stars" (now in Shreveport) . . . Dale Parker writes promising tune, "No Children Allowed".

One Year Ago This Month

Korn's-A-Krackin' takes to home studio after strenuous road tour . . . "Breakfast" Parties start new season with George Earle.

WHO AFRAID?

During one of summer's really violent thunderstorms, George Earle was babysitting with 18-months-old Rickie while Mrs. E. took in a movie. A terrific clap of thunder bolted him clear out of his chair, sent his mystery story flying, scared him half to death, and he rushed to the bedroom to quell Rickie's fears. The baby sat up in bed, grinned delightfully, pointed at the ceiling and said, "Boom!" Our hero returned sheepishly to his chair.

YOUR STARLORE

BY OPAL PORTER

The first commandment in the psychologist's Bible is "Know thyself." The second one should be, "Know the other fellow, also." A study I find is revealing of character, traits and talents is ancient astrology, which was known and practiced by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Chinese and others centuries ago.

It is our privilege this month to chat with Librans, those whose birthdays fall between September 24th and October 23rd. Their's is a mental air sign, ruled by the most beautiful of all the planets, Venus, who has jurisdiction over all artists, musicians, composers, writers.

Those who were lucky enough to have had Venus here at birth should keep their age a secret, for it is claimed by astrologers that with Venus so placed in Libra, as first house, the charm and appearance of youth will still be theirs should they live until they're ninety! Libra has long been called the sign of beauty, with Venus, Goddess of beauty, located in its own sector at birth.

Since Libra is symbolized by the scales, it is characteristic of these natives to weigh every question pro and con before committing themselves. This is good logic if they can let it go at that; but too often they keep "juggling" some matter in their minds after reaching a decision, until they are never quite sure whether it was right or wrong. Such uncertainty does not produce a happy state of mind.

Libra has been much in the limelight all this year. It is the Sun-sign of both General Eisenhower and Henry Wallace and was on the ascendant in President Truman's nativity.

Jupiter moves from the 3rd to the 4th house in November, where, instead of trips and travel, he will center ambition in home matters. Many a Libran will be boasting a new or enlarged house within the next year. We will be watching the Uranus influence on the Libra-born after it moves into the career house next June for a 7-year stay. His square to Neptune in Libra should bring out a new and original trend in art that includes music and composing too.

Good luck to Libra's children!



COME RIGHT IN!

AT HOME WITH
THE G. WILSONS

"George Earle and I agreed," says Dickie Wilson, "that when we built a home we'd combine our ideas for the house, but that he'd look after the outside and I'd decide about the inside. It was finally finished the first of August last year. But when I saw the bill for shubbery, I began to wonder if we were going to have to sleep on the floor!"

Cherry and peach trees, a row of poplars, hydrangeas, a pair of cherry laurels at the kitchen steps, cedars and junipers and several dozen other varieties of foliage are getting their second growth on their 150-foot-deep lot on South New St.

The five-room modern cottage is fully insulated and finished in white asbestos siding with a heather roof, has steel casement windows, a utility room with shower cabinet, gas blower furnace. The big back yard is enclosed with electrically woven wire fencing. "To keep in our dog, Trifler, and the baby, according to George," Dickie says, "but I suspect it's to protect his shrubbery as well."

The living room is airy and restful, color keyed to a Chippendale divan upholstered in wistaria, an armchair in light green, another in white leather. The fireplace is centered in one white-paneled wall; bookcases line another. Organdy ruffled curtains are triple at the wide front windows.

Dickie made the blue and white checked spread and draperies in Rick's nursery, which has two of its four walls papered in Mother Goose characters, and the widely ruffled unbleached muslin curtains in the kitchen, which has white inlaid linoleum, maroon inlaid work surfaces below the built-ins, and maroon, gray and white paper. Her love of color is fully expressed in the "magazine-ad" bedroom, papered in large clusters of red roses and hydrangeas with green leaves on a white background. Silk draperies and chenille spread are white, a dark green rug with French fringe matches the green in the wallpaper, and the furniture is of solid mahogany with brass pulls.

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO

(Continued from PAGE ELEVEN)

doorway when everybody starts out at once," according to Monty, but otherwise it works out very well . . . Monty and Bob Money (why don't they call him "Buck"?) listen to plenty of Stamps-Baxter records for new arrangement ideas, but throw in a liberal sprinkling of "Clair de Lune," Mozart's "Rondo" and other classics . . . They join Sue Thompson and Bill Hickman as KWTO lovers of high-brow music. Sue's mother and older brother once had her primed for the concert stage.

SPORTS SPOTLIGHT

. . . BY LEE GEORGE

Baseball has come to that stage of the game where generally you have a pretty good idea of what team is going to take the Pennant. In the National League, the Braves have just about wrapped it up, but in the American it is going to be an all-out battle right down to the wire between Boston, the Yankees and the Cleveland Indians, with the Philadelphia A's having an outside chance. Your guess is as good as mine, but I still like Boston's power at the plate even if pitching won't get them far.

* * *

Old King Football is crowding baseball for top billing now and bids fair to really take over in a topsy turvy season. This department believes that neither Notre Dame nor Michigan will get very far in the National picture this fall. I like Georgia Tech and Texas, to take over where Notre Dame and Michigan left off.

* * *

Joe Louis is going to fight again apparently, and the reason is just about as apparent. Despite the fact that Joe has made thousands, possibly a million, out of being heavyweight champion, he gets to the point where a little ready dough comes in handy and being Joe Louis the best way he has of getting hold of some more is fighting. I'm afraid I wouldn't retire from a job that would pay me half a million every time I stepped into the ring. Joe isn't going to pass up that kind of dough either. So don't believe all you hear about his retiring unless somebody slaps him down on the seat of his pants a few times in the ring. The only guy I can remember who made a pocketful and quit when he was still ahead, handsome and healthy, was Gene Tunney . . . and Gene was head and shoulders above the rest of the flock in that stuff called brains, along with his brawn.

* * *

There is a slight change in football rules that covers a multitude of sins. It is a Personal Foul. Whenever the referee signals a waving motion with the arm

HEARTBEATS

(Continued from PAGE SEVEN)

the government do the worryin' in the winter!"

Well, I know just how it used to be when I was a kid—onions would be dried and hanging from the rafters of the smokehouse, and sage and catnip and jinseng for sick-a-bed teas were gathered in. Wild honey from bee-hunting had put plenty of 'sweetnin' in the kitchen. Rabbits were getting ripe about this time and old Spot was full of pep and ginger. Time for roast pork and candied yams and saffras-cured hams. Persimmons started dropping and we had persimmon pudding. Then came cracklin' cornbread and sausage made out of real tenderloin, good old lye hominy, corn dodger and squirrel pie! You ate all you could, then sat by the fireplace and heard the logs crackle.

And then—the glory of all glories—my mother made Jeff Davis pie. So many have searched high and low for the recipe for Jeff Davis pie that I am going to give it to you Dial readers. The real thing! Of course maybe you can't afford to make it (I can't), but you can at least sit and let your mouth water. We poor folks when I was a kid could afford more than the rich can now when it came to good things to cook.

Here it is: (I remember as a kid we used to sing the old folk song "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree!")

One cup of butter, two cups sugar, one cup cream, six eggs, Vanilla flavoring if you wish, or slightly spiced with cinnamon and cloves. Mix well. Bake in a slow oven in a fine pastry crust for forty-five minutes. Serve cold. No meringue. This will make two pies, so you can halve it if it bears on your conscience or your pocketbook! You never ate a finer pie on earth. They used to serve it at the governor's mansion in our state, and this recipe came originally from there.

Goodbye, with love — **MAY.**

stretch to the side, its the signal for a Personal Foul and means 15 yards will be stepped off.

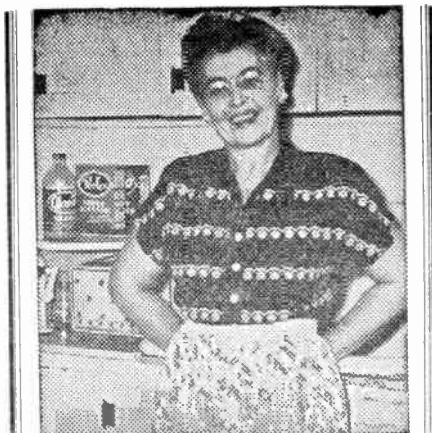
EAVESDROPPING

... BY TERMITE

Chuck Hesington says Buster's new reel is the mother-in-law variety—it snaps back at you . . . They call him "Foldin' Joe" Slattery since he bought that midget car with station wagon fixin's . . . "Trees," says Williford, "are obviously feminine. They do a striptease in the fall, show their limbs all winter, get new outfits in the spring and live off some sap all summer" . . . Did you see the exhibits he rounded up for the Springfield fair?—15-foot corn, three ears to the stalk; a sextuplet ear of corn; a foot-long ear of hybrid popcorn . . . Slim Wilson is ready to invest in medical attention for his bus-bent back, now that Korn's-A-Krackin' is off the road . . . Matt Matthews' fine prayer meetin' in the Ozarks program has moved to 8:30 p. m. Thursday.

... .

Aunt Martha, looking healthy, rested, and smart in a black and white printed crepe dress with a draped skirt, dropped in one morning to sing a program with Slim, George Rhodes and Junior Haworth, who was back from Des Moines for a week's vacation. "Nowadays," she said, "I have time for that second cup of coffee in the morning" . . . Two of George's 20 cows are anemic, he reports, "And I thought I was being so nice to them" . . . Jimmy Haden's mid-month birthday present: money to buy music for his seven-piece orchestra. Uncle Carl has promised to help him find parts to make a "hot-rod," which Mary Jane says, "sounds more like a smoking revolver than a midget racer" . . . Sharon Kay got her first permanent the last Saturday in September, asked just one question in advance: "Will Kenneth like it?" Kenneth is her first (and first grade) beau, walks home with her each day from Boyd school. Mary Jane can tell, from Sharon Kay's questions each afternoon, what they've been discussing. Sample questioned: "Momma, can a German police dog chew a bear to pieces?" "Momma, do false teeth cost \$10?" . . . Doc Martin now rivals Goo-Goo when it comes to napping in any available empty studio.



FOR HOMEKEEPERS

... EDITH HANSEN

Caramelized popcorn is a treat for the youngsters these cooler days. I make it by melting 3 Tablespoons of butter in a heavy skillet, adding 1 cup of sugar, stirring and cooking until syrupy and a light golden brown. (Don't overcook!) Pour over 2 or 3 quarts of popped corn, stirring until each kernel is coated.

Here's something else the children like:

Soft Molasses Cookies

Combine: 1 cup melted shortening, 2 cups molasses, 2/3 cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 6 cups sifted flour, 1 Tablespoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 Tablespoon ginger, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon cloves. Chill the dough. Roll out 1/4 inch thick; cut with floured 3-inch cutter. Sprinkle a little granulated sugar on each cookie and press a raisin in the center. Bake in moderate oven 375-F about 12 minutes. Makes three dozen.

Last-of-Garden Relish

Chop fine; 2 cups each of green tomatoes, cucumbers, green peppers and onions. Mix 1/2 cup salt and 1 quart water, pour over vegetables, let stand overnight, drain. Add 3 cups each of sugar and vinegar, 3 Tablespoons mustard seed, and cook. When almost done, add 2 cups diced cooked carrots, 1 bunch diced cooked celery, a can each of lima beans and kidney beans, drained. Let come to a boil and seal.

'LOOKIN' AT YOU

.... BY SULLY

When a man walks through the News Room door with a tab-show smile on his face and says: "I have a news flash for you," you can bet your last dollar that it is an announcement of a pie supper at Podunk School, and that we're glad to hear about it.

* * *

However, in the KWTO News Room we have discarded the use of the term "flash". Newspaper advertisers have over-used the word until they have completely killed its news value. Unexpected and important news breaks in this department are slug-lined merely as "bulletins." We have bequeathed the "flashes"—both hot and cold—to those engaged in barter.

* * *

Fred Rains, veteran member of the KWTO News Department, put his money on the "T's", when he set out on his vacation. He visited friends in Dallas, Tex., and Nashville, Tenn.

* * *

The big events in the lives of ordinary men, who obey the law, fall under such headings as births, deaths and marriages. So a news reporter has to learn the importance of such news, even if he is interrupted, while writing a murder story, by a telephone call from some funeral home, announcing the death of a plain, ordinary, hard-working, law-abiding citizen.

* * *

The KWTO News Department could easily be transformed into a Bureau Of Missing Persons, if we complied with all requests to aid in the search for someone who is missing for one reason or another. After all, if one is twenty-one, sane and not wanted for crime, he has a perfect right to change his environment without some radio station broadcasting about it. . . . In the dim, distant, colorful and intriguing past there have been times when The Never Silent Partner might have wanted to broadcast for me, too.

* * *

After you have lived half a century and discovered just how unpopular you are, it is easier to understand why they have pallbearers' unions in the larger cities.

The Spotlight

(Continued from PAGE NINE)

ies. For the first six months we lived on canned tomato soup. The gravy had lumps. My burned fingers were usually bandaged to the elbow. The first few biscuits didn't rise over a quarter of an inch, which really amazed Shorty—his mother's a wonderful cook and he'd never sen flat biscuits before. Everytime he laughed, I bawled. Once I had my in-laws over to dinner for what I thought was a nice fryer, but was really a thousand-year-old bantam. Their forks bounced right off. Then I stewed it all the next day and it still wasn't fit to eat."

By the time Gary Alan, now 11, was on the way, Sue had learned Ozarks cooking from Shorty's mother, they were comfortable in their own home on Circle Drive, and broadcasting from there at 7:15 every morning, over coffee and doughnuts, with George Earle dashing out to announce the program. But Shorty had the same wanderlust that makes it so difficult for radio people to settle down, and the Thompsons were off—to Coffeyville, Tulsa, Denver—usually working with Zed Tennis and Sue's sister, Sally, who lives in Denver. They stayed longest there, where five-year-old Wayne Carson, who has Shorty's pixie expression, was born; worked for five of their seven and a half Colorado years building tremendous popularity on 50,000-watt KOA and playing personals throughout the state.

Shorty and Sue are comfortably back in the KWTO groove. They've bought 10 acres with pigs to match six miles south of town, have a comfortable home with sandstone and brick trim.

"But we won't take on chickens and rabbits again like we did in Denver," Sue says emphatically. "We had 500 white rocks and they died like weak flies. A hundred finally pulled through, but we fed those so much they wouldn't lay. The rabbits did fine—they multiplied faster than Einstein. But my mother, who was living with us then, and I had a crying tantrum everytime Shorty proposed killing a single one of them. They were too sweet and trusting. Do you think we ought to keep those pigs, or do you get fond of them too?"

PORTSIDE PATTERN GEORGE EARLE FAMILY TAKES A K-A-K JUNKET

Saturday afternoon, a few weeks ago, **Dickie, Rickie** and I boarded the bus with the KWTO Korn's-a-Krackin' cast and made the trip to Bentonville, Ark. Honestly, I haven't had so much fun since Uncle Jeff fell in the well!

Rickle is not quite two, and the trip was a real adventure for him. All the members of the cast took turns entertaining him, and it spoiled him for a few days to come, but it was worth it. The bus picked up **Slim Wilson** en route, just past the Federal Hospital, and with him a keg of cold water which was placed at the head of the aisle alongside the driver.

Taking that water along was a dangerous thing. **Goo-Goo Rutledge**, weight 270, and **Bill Ring**, weight 290, tried to pass in the aisle going and coming from the water keg, and nearly tipped the bus over!

Luke McNeley sat on the keg on the trip down to Bentonville, chatting with the driver, and caught a severe cold in his head. Served him right. Passengers are not supposed to talk with the driver anyway. Believe it or not, they were discussing the distance to the moon! **Dale P. Parker** ("P" for puns) remarked that the moon was like a woman's heart. It's always changing . . . and there's always a man in it! When informed how far it was to the moon, Luke said he "wondered how that man got up thar."

Handsome **Billy Hickman** sat with sweet **Betty Hindman** in the seat across from us. Billy read to Betty all the way down and back from, believe it or not, Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Betty listened with deep fascination, especially to "wherefore art thou, Romeo?" (Wonder why my wife never runs her fingers through my hair any more?)

Lou Black, George Rhodes, Slim Wilson, Bill Ring, Goo-Goo, Bob White and other male members of the cast engaged in a pitch tournament in the rear of the bus on the trip down. An argument flared up between Goo-Goo and Chuck Bowers, but **Lou Black** calmly settled it and all was peaceful again.

Lennie Aleshire sat in the seat just behind the driver and never took his eyes

off the road all the way down . . . **Penny Nichols** slept most of the way to Bentonville . . . **Matt Matthews** worked on his sermon notes . . . **Monty** wanted to stop at every town to get a sack of popcorn, a candy bar or "another coke."

Every few miles, **Bill Ring** would give an impersonation of the colored midget at the Ozark Empire Fair who sat on a tripseat above a vat of water and harangued passersby to toss the ball at the target, which, when hit squarely, would throw him into the vat. Bill was the perfect mimic, whining, "Ball playahs, ball playahs, Springfiel' sho ain't got no ball playahs! They can't hit that ol' tawget . . . Splash!"

Perhaps the most amusing trick on the trip was when **Lou Black** tossed a dipperful of cold water out the front window which the air current carried straight down the side of the bus, into **Penny's** open window and smack into her face. She was having such a nice dream, too!

Well I'd like to tell about the return trip, punctuated by **Monty's** snores and **Pat Evans'** nightmare, but my column is about to run over. Wish time permitted my telling about the Merlin Carwoods (he's plant superintendent at the big, modern Karft plant there) and the wonderful fried chicken dinner we enjoyed in their home; the trip to the huge cave, and other delights, but till next month I'll have to say, "Thanks a million for reading my column!"

TALE OUT OF SCHOOL

George Rhodes tells, on Buster Fellows, about the time Buzz came back to his car from a bit of fishing on White River just as a tourist emerged from a cornfield, a dozen fine ears of corn in his arms. The tourist took in Buster's overalls and apple cheeks and, somewhat shamefaced, asked, "About how much would this be worth?"

"Oh, about a dollar, I guess," Buster replied. He received the dollar, shoved it into his pocket, got in his car, started it, and leaned out the window. "Sure is a nice field of corn," he commented. "Wonder who owns it?"

SPONSOR'S SUCCESS STORY . . . FURNITURE STORE NOW HAS THREE PROGRAMS

Before very long there'll be genial feudin', without the fussin' and a-fightin', between the stars of KWTO's 7 a. m. and 10:45 a. m. programs. It's inevitable. Both boys are Ozarks-born, started out in radio at the same time, and were a KWTO team a number of years ago. Each climbed the popularity peaks, but by different routes. Now they're with the same station again, but starred on separate programs—for the same sponsor!

The firm that buys their separate times is Biederman's Furniture Co. And the good-natured "competitors" are Shorty Thompson, heard at 7 a. m. with Buster Fellows, Dale Parker and Luke McNeley, and Slim Wilson, the 10:45 headliner backed up by Bob White and Zed Tennis. Lou Black announces both shows.

Julius Siegel, Biederman's manager, is a strong believer in the value of consistent radio advertising, and has kept the 7 a. m. time six days a week since shortly after the store opened in Springfield three years ago. Volume has doubled over and over again during that period, and Siegel was so pleased with the results from the "Homesteaders" programs that he decided to increase his KWTO time last spring, added Slim Wilson's 15 minute show two months ago. Yet a third time buy was added the last of September—co-sponsorship with Philco, in the KWTO area, of Wednesday night's Bing Crosby Show at 9:00.

"We credit our KWTO advertising with the fact that thousands and thousands of new accounts are being opened with us by people all over the Ozarks," Siegel told The Dial. "KWTO is a natural medium for Biederman's because we're an Ozarks-wide store. That's why our radio advertising emphasizes free delivery, in our own streamlined trucks. There isn't anywhere in this trade area—Bentonville, Rogers, Lebanon, Neosho, etc.—where we don't deliver at least once a week."

Other familiar "buy-words" in Biederman advertising: "The store with a million friends"; prices as low or lower than anywhere else; the "Thrifty-Time Credit Plan,"

with no interest or carrying charges, as an added service to those short of cash.

Two years ago Biederman's expanded beyond its 6-floor main building at 210 East Walnut with an outlet store, handling reconditioned furniture, floor samples and factory seconds, on South Street. Early this year the outlet was moved to the former J. L. Long and Sons building on South across from Medical Arts Building.

Biederman's personnel with whom you may have done business: Ralph Calhoun, who greets customers at the door of the main store; Sales Manager Ray Criger; Office Manager Lester Buttron; Warehouse Manager Edward Griesbaum; Mrs. Mary Maples of the curtain and drapery department. There are over 100 employees.

"Biederman's," Siegel said, "is really a home furnishing department store—more than a furniture store—handling everything from dish cloths and curtain-stretchers to seven-piece suites."

MEDITATIONS

. . . BY MATT MATTHEWS

With the advent of autumn—brisk days and falling leaves—we are reminded that sometime all of us shall fall into the obscurity of the ages. However, if we have lived courageously, such thoughts hold no reproach . . . it is but another phase in the great eternity of which we are an infinitesimal part—a thought so well expressed in the poem I would like to pass on to you:

**E'en as the autumn leaf,
Devout in its belief of lasting life,
Falls to Nature's bosom,
I, too, shall send my body to the earth
That life may be renewed.
If allowed, with pride, I would point
to the cypress tree, saying,
"Living, it springs from the marrow of
my bones
To enhance yon sylvan beauty."
Nay, I am not deceased,
But shall live, grow and flourish,
Time without end.**

THE PASSING PARADE PHOTOGRAPHS BY REUEL HAYMES



1. The "helpless" week after Betty Hindman left, Lou Black took dictation from Bill Ring. Well . . . sort-of.

2. Slim and Chuck Bowers go rustic, talk shop while rolling their own smokes.

3. George Rhodes and Billy doctor a chicken.

4. Chuck Acree, your Saturday, 5:30 p. m. Man on the Farm emcee, back with us by transcription for Ful-O-Pep Feeds.

5. May McCord and lovebirds Lovey and Dovey exchange friendly trills.



MISS DOROTHY MAE DAVOLT
304 INDIANA ST.
OSWEGO, KANS.

5-49

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MATTHEWS QUARTET

THREE NEW FACES.
MORE HARD WORK

You may share our disappointment at KWTO at losing both Matt and Jack Matthews, but if you could see how hard their replacements are working in the new MFA, 12:15, and Peruna, 5:15 p. m., Quartet, you'd applaud them until your hands were blistered. May we introduce the new line-up? Top to bottom: Bill Matthews, first tenor; Bob Hubbard, second tenor; Culley Holt, bass; Monty Matthews, baritone; Bob Money, pianist. And here's the story:

Some time before Matt and Jack had definitely decided they must give full time to the ministry, the old quartet made a personal appearance at Pierce City. After their show, four boys came backstage and introduced themselves as the 4-H-ers, a quartet formed at Monett Junior College and including Jimmy Helmkamp and Alfred Higgins. The two quartets sang several off-the-program numbers for each other.

When Bill and I decided to try to keep the Matthews Quartet going without two of its namesakes," Monty explains, "we naturally thought of those boys—the smooth tenor, the perfect bass. Then I got in touch with Bob Money of Mount Vernon—he was drums and I played trombone in the SMS band—because he's also a fine pianist. Rehearsals began in early August, and here we are."

Hard labor on the rock pile is not much more strenuous than shaping up a quartet, or did you know? Daily rehearsals last three, four, five hours, or until all but Bob Money sound like fog horns with laryngitis, and he has stiff fingers. They've worked on such songs as "Rock-a My Soul in the Bosom of Abraham" and "Gonna Raise a Ruckus" for as long as an hour and 45 minutes, going back to them day after day. Monty preaches at Jericho Springs near Stockton once a month, Bill at Grace Point near Miller and Mt. Sinai near Marshfield once a month each. The others have given up everything else right now to concentrate on building to a new high in vocal teamwork.

