



The  
**KWTO**  
**DIAL**

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# THE DIAL

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

If the numbers 6-50 appear after your name on the address label at the top of page 20, your subscription expires with this issue. Address correspondence and renewals to Editor of The Dial, care of KWTO, Springfield, Missouri. The Editor will be happy to answer your inquiries about past and present KWTO personalities and fill your requests for pictures you'd like to see in The Dial.



★ HERO OF THE MONTH

Look what life in Texas has done to Bill Ring!—the badge, the gun, the snap-buttoned black gabardine rodeo shirt, the Pecos trimming on the upper lip, the seven-and-a-half-gallon hat. He even threatens, as this pose indicates, to borrow from his Taystee Bread Time, an 8:15 a. m. KWTO feature by transcription, and run for sheriff.



★ "ALL THE ANIMALS ARE NOT IN CAGES"—AS YOU CAN READILY SEE

The most puzzling thing about this photograph is that there are no microphones in Springfield's Zoo Park, yet that is obviously a portable mike grasped in the bony claw of the eerie bird on the right, and the equally strange creature on the left, about

to eat the trimming on his own hat, is already squawking into it. Confused? Don't be. Take a look at the bottom picture on page 19. Better still, reduce your blood pressure and then attend a Breakfast at Keller's broadcast. This goes on all the time.

# KWTO STAFF CHANGES . . .

CARTERS LEAVE AND  
OLD FRIENDS RETURN

Dial friends of the Carter Family and Chet Atkins will be as sorry as we are here at KWTO to lose this sparkling, fun-loving radio team, but we're glad that their new job at 50,000-watt WSM, Nashville, is such a fine opportunity. They will do only one show a day—5:45 a. m. through the week, Grand Ole Op'ry Saturday night and a program early Sunday morning—unless Red Foley's hopes that they will join his morning show materialize. The rest of their time will be available, as Anita and Mother Maybelle say, "for a little home and family life, and for making new costumes."

Another advantage, E. J. points out: "We'll be only 300 miles from my old home, Mace's Springs, and a lot closer to Richmond, where we still have our home in town, a farm 40 miles out, and where Helen and Glen have just bought a farm close by."

June speaks for the whole family: "Leavin' you folks is just like leavin' a great big bowl of fried 'taters with the grease drained off! Honest—we've had the best time here, and loved every town we visited!"

Staff and program changes, in part precipitated by the Carters' departure, include the return of:

**Buster Fellows**, Polk, Mo., native and veteran of many years on KWTO, who left us last fall to join the staff of KOAM, Pittsburg. "Buzz," Mildred, Connie Jo and Georgianna, and even Buzz's fiddle, are glad to be back home. Their only worry is about getting in enough garden for the fall canning that is Mildred's speciality.

**Derrel Friend**, also from KOAM, a Mountain Grove boy who got his start in radio on KWTO in 1947, does nice solo and trio work, plays both standard and steel guitar, and has worked with Lonnie and Thelma often in the past. As one of the "Down Home Folks" he has joined them at 6:15 a. m. for Quisenberry Mills and at 6:45 a. m. for Busy Bee, as well as on their 2:45 sustaining program and the Farm Hour (when Eatherham also creeps into the act). Derrell is 24, married, has two youngsters.

**Penny Nichols**, our loveable "yodelin' redhead," who starred for Morton Salt through the winter months but had to wait for a staff opening before returning full-time to the air. Penny left late last summer to await the arrival of her baby, Sherada Ann, who was born in mid-September, and has been anxious to come back to us since spring. Penny is featured on the Biederman program at 7 a. m., with Buster, Bob White, George Rhodes and Dale Parker, and sings

a number on Lexie White's 8 a. m. show for Staley Milling Co., which also has Buster in the crew. Buster will replace various members of the Goodwill Family on their programs at 6 a. m. for Missouri Hydro Gas, 12:15 for MFA and 3:45 for Hadacol as they take their vacations through the summer.

**Verne Hawkins** is another chap we want you to meet, an outstanding sportscaster who has made a fine reputation on KGBX, and who will take over the 6:15 p. m. Sports Spotlight as well as serving on Floyd Sullivan's news staff. Verne played basketball, baseball, tennis and was a track star at Buffalo High School, was active in the same sports at Missouri Valley College, and played basketball for SMS. He is 26, six feet, three inches tall, blond and personable, and has a fine voice. You'll like him. Verne's addition to the staff relieves Don Dailey for more newscasts, which relieves Joe Slattery for more concentration on program department duties, which relieves Mary Slattery—who never knew when to put dinner on the table.

Old friends who will remain with us by transcription:

**The Jordanares** at 6:30 a. m. and

**The Carter Family** at 3:45 p. m. for Red Star Flour.

## ★ COVER STORY

Perhaps no character ever heard over KWTO with the possible exception of Percy the Parrot has been the object of more curiosity and controversy than Eatherham Hobbs. Some listeners argue that he is the soul of witty wisdom; others that he is a sharp old codger you couldn't trust to hold your horse's reins at a sheriff's convention. All seem agreed that he reminds them of someone else—some other elderly Ozarkian whose voice may be as dulcet as a rusty hinge, whose yodel may be as resonant as the complainings of an old rocking chair, but whose humor and spirit are always keen-edged. Such are the wonders of radio's land of "let's pretend."

Speaking of pretending—we won't tell you that our cover really happened, that Eatherham really had just plugged a big bass before the season started, and that game warden Lonnie Robertson (not to mention Photographer Reuel Haymes) happened along at the critical moment. You should know, however, that Louise Bailey, an expert at theatrical character-creation, supervised this cover "production."

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

News Chief **Floyd Sullivan** had been having more difficulties than an arsonist in the Petrified Forest—his charming wife, Virginia, ailing; his sessions with the dentist long and painful; his adored dog, Laddie, living a temporarily lonesome life at the veterinarian's. Then he wandered into the Dial office one day with a gloomy look and a news story—about a man who had won an all-expenses-paid round-trip to New York on a radio quiz show. "But he can't go. He's serving 18 years in a Massachusetts penitentiary. Poor guy," Sully mused, shaking his head. "He must be kin to the Sullivans!" . . . **Loyd Evans'** powers of concentration are such that if the building caught fire he'd thoughtfully roll another sheet of paper into his typewriter and ignore the blaze until it singed his eyebrows. Accordingly, nobody was surprised when he drove absent-mindedly through a school zone, while dreaming on the relative merits of two types of fodder, and got a ticket. He was late the morning after he'd paid a \$5 fine. "Is it true," Sully wanted to know, "that you parked your car at the city limits and walked in?"

\* \* \*

Most occupational neckwear is pretty tiresome, but Chief Engineer **Fritz Bauer** has a tie that suits his calling without screaming at you—a dark red wool with a geometric design of gray zig-zag radio signals, a gift his daughter bought in Chicago . . . Remember **Jim Lowe**, our bright, blond bachelor disk jockey who left us for WIRE, Indianapolis, where KWTO alumnus **Wayland Fullington** is program director? Jim has taken another step up the professional ladder — to WBBM, Chicago . . . **Bill Chatham** of the News Room went to New York on his vacation, was stricken with Manhattanitis, and is too charmed with Gotham to return . . . Old friends of the **Schaffer Sisters** of Marshfield will be saddened by the news **Dora** brought us late last month when she and her husband, **Bruce Woodruff**, came through on their way to visit **Ann**, who is on WKY in Oklahoma City. Their five-year-old boy was killed by a car a month ago. Dora and Bruce will spend some time fishing near Branson before they return to their television work in Cincinnati.

\* \* \*

"Rockin' Rhythm, the sleek Tennessee walking horse **Ralph Foster** and **Lou Black** have groomed so carefully, took a red ribbon at the Springfield Horse Show, and she's

only three years old. "Another two years and she'll be able to do anything!" R. D. enthuses. "Even now she can almost sing!" . . . **Les Barnett**, former KWTO-er who makes religious transcriptions on the west coast and has been traveling with Evangelist Billy Graham, dropped in for a visit with old friends, **Al** and **Lee Stone**. "You're going to California again on your vacation?" Les said. "Then wait a few weeks and I'll give you a fine ride in a new Oldsmobile 88." Silently and solemnly Al and Lee took Les by the hand and led him out the door and around to the garage—to see their new, slate-gray Oldsmobile 88!

**Monty** and **Betty Matthews** are no prouder than grandparents Rev. and Mrs. A. Z. Matthews over their first-born, a boy, **Warren Randolph**, who weighed in at eight pounds on May 7th . . . **Ada Wilson's** request for an official Dial "thank you" to radio friends who sent cards, gifts and flowers during her stay in the hospital was not received in time to make the last issue. However, she wanted us to explain that her regimen of convalescence is so strict that she is not even allowed much correspondence, so she can't write her appreciation to everyone. Her activities, as she describes it, are confined to "sitting, sleeping and a little embroidery work, but not much of that." **Slim**, meantime, says he's running short on shirts, and Ada makes all of his . . . **Bunny Hesington**, Chuck's nimble-fingered wife, not only turns out those sporty plaids he wears, but makes all the children's clothes . . . **George Morgan** tells us that in our list of things he used to do before his voice was discovered by an Akron, Ohio, disk jockey, we left out something. Along with soda-jerking, washing dishes, waiting tables, selling bread and working in a rubber factory, he was also at one time (along with George Washington) a surveyor!

\* \* \*

Dial readers may as well stop guessing the identity of the two families expecting new arrivals; now there are three! . . . **Mary Jane Haden** brought **Tommy** and **Sharon Kay** to the studio the day of their singing debut in a school play, Tommy wearing a brown and orange cap with eyes on the crown and a duck bill that really quacks; Sharon Kay a picture in yellow organdy trimmed with brown dotted swiss. "They did fine until half-way through," she reported. Then they raced it!" . . . The new home the Haden's are building for the **Davidsons** (**Mary Elizabeth**) is almost finished.

# THE SPOTLIGHT . . . . .

ON "MISSOURI MOTHER"  
MAY KENNEDY McCORD

(EDITOR'S NOTE: With apologies to old Dial friends who have read it, we reprint this biographical sketch of May McCord which first appeared in the Oct., 1947, issue of *The Dial*. We are proud that our May was chosen by the Golden Rule Foundation to be Missouri Mother of 1950.)

By DIOGENES

The text of May Kennedy McCord's life might have been taken from these lines in Jonathan Edwards' credo: "Resolved: To live with all my might while I do live."

For May's life has been lived, from the moment of her birth the first day of December, 1880, to and beyond this moment of writing, with a mightiness and magnificence fit to shame conquerors and awe the saints.

That's not to say that May is issued special, plastic-treated, non-moulting wings with every dress she buys, or a chip-proof halo, guaranteed to glow from sundown to sunup, with every hat she chooses. She has her weaknesses—not the least of them for frivolous, beflowered headgear. But none of her frailties are of the vision, the heart, the mind, the spirit. In all of these, May has warehouse capacities. And each warehouse is as full of the love of life and the love of people as the granaries of Joseph in the seventh good year.

May was born near Carthage, Mo., in a big 6-room log house with deep-set windows, daughter of an Indiana-born storekeeper who had chummed with Bob Ingersoll on the banks of the Wabash as a boy. Her mother was a handsome, well-educated Illinoisian of German descent. When May was five, the family, including "baby sister" Maudeva and her adored brother Leslie, moved to Galena. Father Kennedy had consumption. They "health-hunted" with him for two years—in Arizona, California, and Colorado—but came back to Galena. He died when May was 12.

"There never was a more predictable child," May's mother used to say of her. "You always knew that when she did something wrong, she'd repent with her whole heart and soul—and do it again."

Predictable, perhaps. But never repressible. They called her "frog in a bottle"—fidgety, intense, brilliant, imaginative, never still a moment. Galena old-timers remember her well, swimming her horse across the storm-swollen and perilous river, chestnut hair streaming behind her . . . rowing a boat like a sailor . . . shooting the river's ripples fearlessly in the unsteady birchbark canoe her step-father gave her . . . starring in amateur theatricals . . . sitting at the

piano, her photographic mind and singing spirit recreating every ballad she had ever heard. And May in church, down on her "prayer bones," or strong-voiced and tall-standing in the Methodist hymns, but always with a glisten in her Viking-blue eyes.

And there was another side to her that not everyone knew. This was the May who sought the solitude of river banks, woods, hollow logs, and wrote poetry, hiding it in self-shame under rocks because people who wrote verse were thought to be a little "tetched." The conflict between the studious self who loves to write, and the self who loves singing, dancing, gaiety, friends, spell-binding, the thrall of the crowd, has always frictioned sparks in May's heart and mind, deeping her intensity. A weaker person might have been defeated by such conflict. May's strength is that she has always resolved it on the side of great-heartedness, doing the thing that gave the most of herself to those about her.

May likes to speak of having lived "from the ox-cart to the Atomic Age." Life was pretty primitive in the Galena of those days. "We had joke roads in Stone County then, and only one cut through from Harrison to Springfield—the old Wilderness Road, called the Wire Road during the Civil War. We were kept from civilization's fangs; kept a generation behind, close to the old religion, the old values, the old ways—praise be."

The Kennedys' neighbors, like their Coon  
(Continued on page SIXTEEN)

## ★ VESTA TO WED

We'd almost sooner lose the roof off the building than give up smiling, gentle, kindly Vesta Gamble, a KWTO employe since 1942, first as singer with twin sister Violet, then as mail clerk since 1946, when Jimmie Morton came back from Japan and he and Violet were married. Vesta's romance with Gene Blue, Bolivar furniture dealer whom she had known since childhood, began two years ago when she stopped in his store to buy lawn chairs. They'll be married June 11 at Bolivar Baptist Church with members of the immediate families—her parents, the E. O. Gambles of Dunnegan, and his, the Claude Blues of Bolivar—in attendance. Vesta graduated from Humansville High School and Draughton's Business College; Gene attended Southwest Baptist College, SMS and Missouri U. Vesta's shower gifts at an office party at Mrs. Harry Scherner's included a set of pottery, glasses, table linen, an electric percolator. Mrs. Edna Boyle will take Vesta's place.

# HILLBILLY HEARTBEATS . . .

BY MAY KENNEDY McCORD  
"QUEEN OF THE OZARKS"

## Greetings, friends!

June is here! The month of brides . . . The month of fishin' and eatin' garden-sass and porch settin'. It's a good time to stay at home and rest and that's what I hope to do, at least most of the time. And if you are working hard and need a vacation it's a good time to go on a trip and have a good outing. I read in my own little home town paper, the Stone County Oracle (a good paper with an excellent editor), that in a recent survey conducted by the Crowell Publishing Co., there were only eight states in America more popular than Missouri! The survey indicated that one out of every 25 vacationers in the nation vacationed in Missouri in 1949. Also, the Division of Resources and Development of Missouri estimated that the business brought by vacationists to Missouri in 1949 was 204 million dollars. The largest in the state's history! And this, in spite of the "chigger that's no bigger than the point of a pin. But the bump that he raises itches like blazes, and that's where the rub comes in!"

**And the article said that courtesy was one cause of people coming here to vacation. Travel business is one business which literally thrives on courtesy.**

Well, I wonder how many special days we have in June. I read a list of them in May, and it simply beat anything I ever saw. Child Health Day, Frozen Food Day, Be Kind to Animals Week, Mother's Day, Rural Life Sunday, Memorial Day, and exactly 20 others. We seem to have a day for everything in the catalog nowadays. Also they had National Pickle Week in May, and "I am an American" Day. Now it would be well if they would find a Day for Extracting Vitamins From Turnip Peelings and a Day for Cutting Gall Stones out of Esquimaux! Nothing like having a "day" for everything! There's a costume for every occasion now, and a hat for every affair, and shoes for every dress, and so on.

Do you oldsters remember when we had just one dress for a good, winter, Sunday-Go-To-Meetin' dress, and one for summer? Also a hat for summer and one for winter, and no in-betweens? We had what we called "fine shoes" for Sunday and "coarse shoes" for school and sturdy wear. The fine shoes were made of really fine glove kid and they were high, and buttoned, and fit like a glove. I shall never forget those shoes. And few people will ever forget the little copper-toed shoes the young children wore long ago in the Ozarks. They simply broke my heart. I remember that the first ones I

ever wore, my father took a house shingle and paddled me half way to school. If he stopped paddling I balked and bawled and wouldn't budge a step. They humiliated the little girls because the boys made fun of them. I remember that Sam Thomas and some other boys would spit at our toes during recess and play. I often wonder whether a stern parent of the older type had any right to do a kid that way. However, we didn't have any juvenile delinquency in those days! We behaved, and liked it. We obeyed our parents and were perfectly content.

**I remember one thing my mother did, however, that I question until now. You remember the little dresses with the set-in velvet fronts? One time the front wore out of a little dress of mine and my mother wanted something to set in just to make it do until the end of school. Having nothing else, she put in some real black crepe. Mourning crepe they had in those days! Well, every time the boys looked at me they sniffed and snubbed and wiped their noses and said "Who's dead?" I took it as long as I could and then I lit in, and such fighting and scratching you never saw! But after several bawlings my mother did away with the dress. She made me wear it a few times just to make me know that I must rise above such small obstacles (I suppose), but mothers are kinder than fathers, and she took the dress off of me to remain off.**

Every time I go anywhere, people still tell me to repeat to them the tale I seem to have unfortunately told on the radio once about the time I sat in church when a youngster and listened to long, long sermons. And then they always sang a song about eternity, and I remember these words: "Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end." Not a very bright prospect for a kid!

Well, in those days we always knelt during prayer, many will remember. Mother got down to kneel and I got down with her. The prayer was so long that I got to crossing my eyes back and forth to pass the time and amuse myself. Well—I got them crossed, and couldn't get them uncrossed! I began to howl with fright and mother got up and tried to do what she could. The whole audience got into a tumult! They took me to Aunt Liz Melton's house near by, and they worked and worked. They threw water in my face, slapped the sides of my head—with me howling like a Comanche

(Continued on page SEVENTEEN)

★ IF I WERE A COLUMNIST, THIS IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO WRITE ABOUT

By Dale Parker

When Lennie Aleshire returned to Springfield after being in Washington, D. C., all winter, the first thing he said to me was, "Dale, you still look like a member of the human race, but a very tired and puzzled one."

Says I, "Lennie, last September I sent Jean and Dale off to school, and all winter long I've been wondering what happens!"

Here is a list of some of the things I can't understand:

1. At the start of the school year I buy them each a pencil box containing about fifty pencils, with the provision that if they are Roy Rogers pencils they will be extra careful and not lose them. Well, in three weeks, all they have left is the cover of the box and two stubs which they borrowed from Jackie. What happens to the pencils and the rest of the box? If they eat them, what's the use of my giving them money for lunch in the school cafeteria?

2. When I ask Dale what he learned at school, his new knowledge includes:

- a. How to do a cake walk.
- b. How to make a throat gargle sound like Shep Field's Rippling Rhythm.
- c. Reading a comic book camouflaged by a spelling book cover.

Jean tells me she has learned:

- a. How to make a doll out of a handkerchief.
- b. How to chew a bubble gum cigar without attracting the teacher's attention.
- c. How to sound like Spike Jones' latest recording with a pocket comb and piece of wax paper.

Since most of these treasures of knowledge are not taught by the teachers in class, how

can they find time to exchange such vast stores of information at recess?

3. I see by their report cards that both Jean and Dale are "well-behaved" and "show a desire to cooperate with other pupils." What happens on the three blocks to school? That is, what happens when they leave home after telling each other the raisins in their breakfast cereal are flies, killing 12 rustlers for exercise, lassoing three pieces of furniture with one throw, Dale practicing his fire alarm call fifteen minutes, and Jean wanting to give me a Toni to see if she'd like to take up beauty culture in ten years?

Every day I wonder if it will be the same. It isn't—it's worse.

I say to Lennie, "If you doubt any of these statements, I'd like to offer you a free demonstration in your own home. Why not take the children over to your place till this evening? They've been wanting to visit you and Mae anyway."

In an hour and a half he is back with them with the explanation that he and Mae have suddenly developed headaches and need vast quantities of no noise.

I am so thankful to Lennie for his suggestion that maybe the Parent-Teachers' Association can tell me what happens at school that I promise to send the kids over to his place often to visit.

I get the impression he is returning immediately to Washington.

JONESBORO FIRM ADVERTISES

KWTO welcomes, to its schedule, the Childs Razor Blade Co. of Jonesboro, Ark., which has signed a year's contract for 14 spot announcements each week. Childs' Blades are available in 10-cent packages at drug and grocery stores.



★ NEW SHOW FOR LOYD

Revay and Loyd Evans confess that they yearned over the comforts of the home they own in Topeka when they first moved to the Ozarks, but now feel comfortably settled since they moved to the country. Loyd's busy schedule includes farm work early and late, announcing tasks that begin at 5 a. m., and a new show for MFA-Mutual Insurance at 12 noon. He brings, at that time a complete summary of national and local farm news, MFA livestock, produce and grain markets, results stories from balanced farming programs throughout the Ozarks.

## PORTSIDE PATTERN

BY GEORGE EARLE

I shudder now to think of some of the foolhardy things I did as a youngster. My two brothers and I would often join other boys in our neighborhood at Saint Joseph, Mo., and each would try to "outdare" the other. Many a time we would walk bare-foot across a two-inch gaspipe spanning a deep ravine with a depth of twenty feet in the center. Although as I recall, none of us ever fell from the pipe, on more than one occasion we would have to straddle it to keep from falling.

Believe it or not, one time we actually walked a telephone cable from one pole to another, holding onto an overhead wire! Another time we climbed the smokestack at the city waterworks, upwards possibly 150 feet, using the steel rungs, of course. Then we descended via the inside steps. Thankfully, there were no tragedies.

I remember finding a railroad signal cap. We tried various means to discharge it. Finally, my older brother smacked it with a baseball bat. The detonation was terrific. Fortunately, none of us was hurt that time; just badly frightened. We never did find the ball bat!

Yes, I'll even admit we used to hop box-cars and ride to Savannah, Missouri, about twelve miles away. I was cured of that before too long. On the last occasion the freight was moving faster than I realized. I grabbed a rung and was jerked off-balance before I could swing a foot to the first step. My foot hit the wheel and was going around when I pulled myself up by my arms. It frightened all of us so much we never hopped another freight train again.

I think of these and other things just as foolhardy that I have done, and wonder how I survived? Many boys have not been so lucky. It's just natural for a boy to want to take a dare. He doesn't want to be called a coward. He doesn't stop to think that it isn't bravery that prompts him. Rather, it's fear of ridicule. It takes much more courage to brave the taunts of the older boys and say, "That's not for me; I want to live to enjoy life!"

My dear mother in Saint Joseph, who reads the Dial, will likely learn for the first time some of the reckless things her boys did back in their 'teens. However, I doubt that she will be too surprised. After all, I have a pretty vivid recollection of the time she chased the burglar through the living room window with dad's double barrel shotgun—and she didn't know one end of the gun from the other!

## LOOKIN' AT YOU

... BY FLOYD SULLIVAN

Here it is June-Buggin' time agin.

'Course, th' young'ns won't know what I'm talkin' about when I say "June-Buggin'," but I'll bet my Barlow a lotta you older folks can reckon catchin' June Bugs when you wuz kids an' tyin' silk sewin' thread 'round one uv their hind legs an' then lettin' 'em loose to see how high they'd fly.

\* \* \*

It goes without sayin', young'ns back in th' late 1890's an' early 1900's didn't have no model airplanes to fly, 'cause older folks didn't have no big airplanes either. Jest th' same, us early-day kids had some mighty excitin' June Bug altitude races. I never will fergit, it wuz back in 1904, th' year uv th' World's Fair in St. Louis, I had me a high-flyin' June Bug that I called "Buzzin' Bill." I named him after Bill Bryan, 'cause he wuz doin' some high political flyin' 'long about that same time. Anyway, I won more agates than I could carry in th' hip pocket uv my overalls an' more buckshot than I could shoot in my flipper all summer off'n "Buzzin' Bill."

\* \* \*

I've always had a sorta hankerin' fer th' month uv June, 'cause somewhere back yonder, I can't reckon th' date, I earned my first foldin' money durin' th' month uv June—pickin' strawberries fer a cent-an'-a-half a quart. I see Southwest Missouri berry growers are payin' five-cents a quart this season an' a good berry-snatcher can earn seven dollars a day 'er thereabouts. Anyway, at a cent-an'-a-half a quart, I earned enough money to buy my first bicycle—a second-hand outfit without a coaster-brake—an' my first suit of clothes with long pants that had pegged tops. An' strange as it may sound, down here in 1950, I look back now an' I'm plumb grateful to th' berry growers fer not payin' me but a cent-an'-a-half a box fer pickin' berries, 'cause they helped teach me to earn my keep an' sorta understand where a dollar comes from. 'Cause, to my way uv thinkin', no matter how easy-like you may git a dollar by short-cuts 'er sharp tradin', some feller had to sweat to put it in circulation where you could git your hands on it.

### NEW NEWSCAST SPONSOR

Campbell "66" Express is now bringing you KWTO's 10 p. m. newscast. The former sponsor, West Side Lumber Co., has changed to a morning spot announcement campaign.



# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

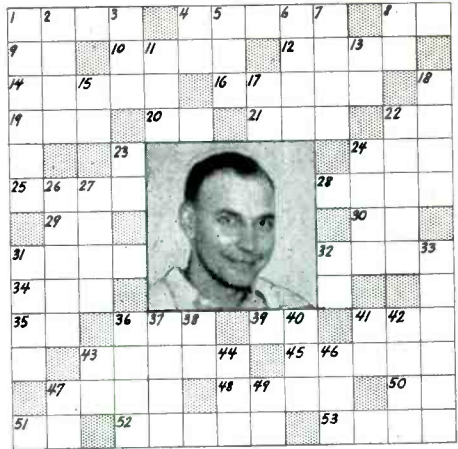
By Joe Slattery

**ACROSS**

1. and 4. Pictured announcer.
8. First note of the scale.
9. Registered nurse (ab.).
10. Villain in Shakespeare's "Othello."
12. Opening.
14. Anesthetic.
19. Whose "57 Varieties" are advertised on the Ozzie and Harriet program at 8 p. m. Friday over KWTO?
19. Ozone.
20. Printer's measure.
21. Consumed.
22. Toward.
24. Used in propelling a boat.
25. Meaningful sign or warning.
28. Projecting part of a hat.
29. Elevated (ab.).
30. You like to hear him sing hymns.
31. Superlative form of "good."
32. Too; in addition to.
34. To increase, enlarge. (Archaic.)
35. Like.
36. Skill or aptitude.
39. Pronoun.
41. Southwest Power Administration (ab.).
43. Drama set to music, to be sung.
45. Engine.
47. "Luna" is the Latin word for this.
48. Number.
50. Correct; right.
51. Same as 22 across.
52. Dullards.
53. They put these on the jailhouse windows.

**DOWN**

1. Margarine sponsor of 4. p. m. newscast.
2. Against.
3. Fib.
4. Chemical symbol for mercury.
5. Ancient Order of Hibernians (ab.). (Editor's Note: All right, Slattery. No partisanship.)
6. To prepare copy for printing.
7. Not any.
8. Doctor (ab.).
11. Plural form of the verb, "be."
13. Mythical kingdom where a wizard lived, visited by Dorothy, the Tin Woodman, the Scarecrow.
15. Hour (ab.).
17. Each (ab.).
18. Figure, shape, conformation.
22. Monkeys have 'em.
23. Within.
24. Pertaining to the mouth.
26. "....." Lumber Co. is Man-on-the-Street sponsor.
27. Adjective meaning "taking the place of; other; in addition to."



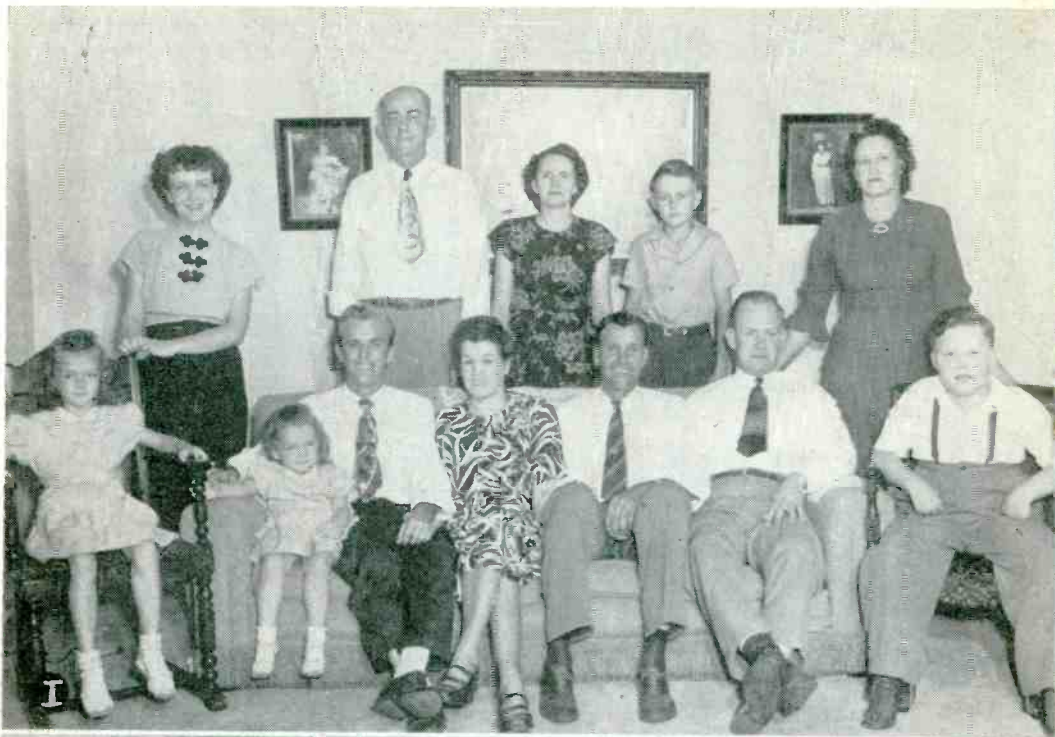
31. Legume.
32. Preposition meaning "in, on, by, near to."
33. Our native mountains.
36. Without feet.
37. City in Nevada.
38. Terminal Railroad (ab.).
40. Large Australian bird, related to ostrich.
41. Street (ab.).
42. Not rich.
43. The two middle letters of 42 down.
44. Nautical term for "toward the stern."
46. Eye.
47. Missouri (ab.).
49. A bone.

## MEDITATIONS

BY AL STONE

The unknown author of this bit of verse, entitled "My Ambition," has written simply and thoughtfully of the greatest challenge to the Christian life—the challenge to be true to oneself. It is not easy to rid one's personality of everything artificial, of false standards and poses, and present an honest front to the world.

To live as gently as I can;  
 To be, no matter where, a man;  
 To take what comes of good or ill  
 And cling to faith and honor still;  
 To do my best and let that stand  
 The record of my brain and hand;  
 And then, should failure come to me,  
 Still work and hope for victory.  
 To have no secret place wherein  
 I stoop unseen to shame and sin;  
 To be the same when I'm alone  
 As when my every deed is known;  
 To live undaunted, unafraid  
 Of any step that I have made;  
 To be without pretense or sham  
 Exactly what men think I am.



## FLASHES IN THE PANORAMA

Reuel Haymes' theme for our June picture page might be "just among us folks," so friendly and informal are his pictures.

I.—If all the relatives in the Goodwill Family took to the air, there'd be no room for visitors in KWTO's largest studio! Here they are together, at Aunt Martha's, for one of her famous fried chicken "feeds": Back row, standing — Wanna Fay Haworth, Everett Bary, Ada Wilson, John Wesley Wilson and Alice Rhodes. Front row, seated—Donna Sue Haworth, Shirley Jean and her daddy, Junior Haworth, Aunt Martha Baty, Slim Wilson, George Rhodes and Billy Rhodes.

II. Welcome back to Buster Fellows, whose hoe-downs have been entertaining listeners to KOAM, Pittsburg, for some time. He'll be heard on the 7 a. m. Penny Nichols Show for Biederman's, the 8 a. m. Staley Milling Co. program, and others.

III. All winter long, and through the damp spring, Pat Black kept telling Lou he ought to oil that reel. "And I," says Lou, "kept not getting around to it." Here they view the damages of rust while Pat bravely refrains from saying, "I told you so!"

IV. Reuel was on control room duty the day Vesta Gamble told everyone of her wedding plans, and he just happened to have his camera with him as Bill Bailey, Junior Haworth, Thelma Robertson and Shorty Thompson gathered around with congratulations. The choicest thing about the picture is that there's a sign (which you can't see) on the wall behind them. It reads: "Radio's great commercial success as an advertising medium is based on the warm and natural friendliness of its unseen voices."



# "FAIR AND WARMER" . . . COLUMN OF COMMENT BY C. C. WILLIFORD

Eons and eons after the earth, in its process of creation, was changed from fire-mist into water, the Creator deemed best that some land rise from those watery seas. Scientists are now agreed that it was the Missouri and Arkansas Ozarks that first appeared, of all the land on the earth. Then the rains came, more eons passed, and the streams cut channels through the limestone rock; then more centuries fell like grains of sand from the hand of God; earthquakes came and there were great upheavals of those limestone ledges, resulting in what today are known as "bluffs" along our streams and rivers.

One of the most famed bluffs in the Missouri Ozarks is just about three miles south of the little town of Cape Fair, down in Stone county. It towers fully 600 feet above the winding James River at its base and the view from its summit is unsurpassed in pastoral beauty. Great shelves of limestone extend out like canopies. At other spots there are sheer walls nearly 300 feet high. Alternating layers of limestone and a sort of slate-grey talc prevail and the floors of some of the caverns consist of pure talc, which, if tossed in the air, never reaches the ground but floats off in minute dust particles. In one cavern there is a vast deposit of nearly pure magnesium-sulphate-heptahydrate ("Epsom Salts" to you), and it is said that the Kickapoo Indians knew of the medicinal value of this mineral and used it as such. Even today, some natives feed the mineral to their stock and even take doses themselves. From the Cole Ford Road just back of the top of the bluff there are still other magnificent views to the south where, on a clear day, one can see the tops of the Boston Mountains down in Arkansas nearly 50 miles away. Truly Virgin Bluff is a geological marvel.

Legend has it that many, many years before the first white settlers came to these southern Missouri hills, a tribe of Kickapoo Indians settled in the valley of what is now the James River near the site of Cape Fair. There they found a red man's paradise, for the woods were full of deer and other wild game and the river abounded with fresh water fish of every species.

Chief Laughing Water was the head of the tribe, and the father of a most lovely and beautiful Indian maiden, known as Arra Wanna, Queen of Fairies. Arra's silky, coal-black hair hung in two great plaits down her back until it almost reached her knees, and in the summer, garlands of wild flowers adorned both her hair and body.

Her soft black eyes sparkled like the dew in the meadows on a summer's morning, and her figure had the grace of a fawn.

All the braves of the tribe sought the favor of Arra Wanna and hoped to some day claim her, but old Chief Laughing Water had other plans and had already betrothed his daughter to an aging Chief of another nearby tribe, hoping the union would produce a long peace between the warring factions. In her own tribe was one young brave, Grey Eagle, strongest, tallest and most manly of all the Kickapoos, and it was he who had won the maiden's heart. The top of the high bluff just across the river was their trysting place and there, on a lovely summer's night, Grey Eagle and his Indian sweetheart would meet to pledge their love, with the stars in the heavens overhead and ten thousand fireflies flashing in the meadows of the valley below. On other evenings they would drift lazily down the river in a birch canoe, their music the soothing breeze in the tall sycamores along the banks and overhead a great, white moon, smiling down his benediction on a pure, young love.

But old Chief Laughing Water was firm and relentless, and when Arra Wanna spurned the hand of the Chieftain and clung to young Grey Eagle instead, he banished the warrior from the tribe and set him afloat with few belongings in a canoe, never to return to the village under penalty of death. Arra Wanna's heart went drifting down the stream with her lover and, one stormy night, she crept from her father's wigwam, crossed the river and climbed the highest point on the bluff she loved so well and where she has spent so many hours in ecstasy with her sweetheart. Her loneliness and grief overwhelmed her and in one wild, mad moment, she leaped from the precipice and hurled her lovely body to the edge of the timber 300 feet below where it was crushed on the rocks.

So that is how Virgin Bluff got its name. Even to this day, it is said, fishermen on float trips who have stopped to camp on the banks of the river or else on a gravel bar have awakened at midnight to see the spirit of the brave and his lover, floating down the stream by a firefly lamp and paddling their birch canoe.

\* \* \*

Nearly every tree native to the Ozarks grows in the timber line below the tall rock walls of Virgin Bluff. There may be found small "leatherwood" trees, so named

(Continued on page THIRTEEN)

**FARMING AT 560 . . . . .**WITH LOYD EVANS  
FARM DIRECTOR

Hello again!

Planting, shearing and hay-making time roll around in a hurry, but nothing slips up on you as quickly as press deadline on the Dial magazine! I sometimes think the Editor is working a double issue on me, but the calendar does say June is here. At the rate fair dates are rushing in, that county get-together will soon open in your territory. So if I'm not there to visit with you in person, you'll know the Editor has me pounding out another column of "Farming at 560."

\* \* \*

I want to tell you a little about the field day I attended at the Melvin West Farm near Golden City recently. It was interesting to note the many fine improvements this young farmer has made since we visited the farm for a demonstration last year. His balanced farming system is surely working out. Of particular interest was the application of 'Anhydrous Ammonia, Ammonium Nitrate in liquid form. Liquid fertilizers have been used extensively in the South for some time because plants receive the benefits immediately. Mr. Ted Hutchins of Springfield has invented a plow that puts the solution right in the ground to feed grass pastures without tearing up the soil, and side-dresses corn rows after planting. It can be used just as cheaply as the dry fertilizer, so we should hear much more about it when results stories come in.

\* \* \*

Slim Wilson just came bounding into the office with some news of his fine Guernsey herd. Slim had 27½ cows on test (the boys kid him plenty about that half a cow he milked, but it figures out that way over the year). His cows, with two-year-olds in the herd, averaged 9,193 pounds of milk and 450 pounds of butter-fat for a year. Whether dairyman or not, you'll know that's lots of milk! . . . George Rhodes tells me he has cut his farming operations to a small herd of Hereford stock cows and calves and a few acres of oats . . . You should hear him describe Slim Wilson putting sheet roofing on the barn during those windy days we had—the way he saw it as he drove by!

\* \* \*

Les Kennon, KWTO assistant manager, suggests: "If you want a problem to work on, tell me what to do with that pesky chick weed that's taking my lawn." Well, Les isn't alone. As the morning mail arrives I can expect a few inquiries on the same subject. C. C. Keller tells me DDT is killing it in most every case.

See how the time goes? The Editor tells me this is the final day for the column, Revay wonders why I'm not home to lunch, so I'll just invite you to tune in our noon review of farm news and markets for MFA-Mutual. We can visit there when we are not so rushed for time.

**★ OZARKOLOGY**

Lou Black 'lows as how he can't keep up with all this present-day talk about economics, and the high-flown explanations of business conditions, inflation, deflation and the like. "But there's a basic law of economics I learned as a young fellow that's not gonna change one bit, no matter how they try to dress it up with fancy talk. 'Capital' is the money the other guy has. And 'Labor' is getting it away from him."

**FAIR AND WARMER**

(Continued from page TWELVE)

because the branches are so pliable that they may be tied into knots, like strips of leather, without breaking. The dogwood grows there in profusion, and now that it has shed its blossoms, the green fruit is on the branches, turning brilliant red in the fall.

The dogwood tree has its own legend and I repeat it at the request of many readers:

At the time of the Crucifixion the dogwood attained the size of the oak and other forest trees. So strong and firm was the wood, it was chosen as timber for the Cross.

To be thus used for such a cruel purpose greatly distressed the tree, and Jesus, nailed upon it, said to it, "Because of your regret and pity for my suffering, I make you this promise; Never again shall the Dogwood Tree grow large enough to be used for a Cross. Henceforth it shall be slender and shall be bent and twisted, and its blossoms shall be in the form of a cross—two long and two short petals.

"And in the center of the outer edge of each petal there will be nail prints. And in the center of the flower, brown with rust and stained with blood, will be a crown of thorns—so that all who see it will remember it was upon a dogwood tree that I was crucified. This tree shall not be mutilated nor destroyed, but cherished and protected as a reminder of My agony and death upon " Cross."

## SCHEDULE FOR JUNE

WHAT'S GOING  
ON AT KYTO?



### WEEKDAYS AND SATURDAY

5:00 a. m.—Yawn Patrol  
 5:15 a. m.—Lonnie Glosson  
 5:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock  
 6:00 a. m.—Goodwill Family  
 6:15 a. m.—Down Home Folks  
 6:15 a. m.—Farm Facts (S)  
 6:30 a. m.—Jordanaires  
 6:30 a. m.—Robin Hood Hoedown (S)  
 6:45 a. m.—Down Home Folks  
 7:00 a. m.—Penny Nichols  
 7:15 a. m.—Slim Wilson  
 7:30 a. m.—Newscast  
 7:45 a. m.—Yellow Bonnet Show  
 7:45 a. m.—Goodwill Family (S)  
 8:00 a. m.—Lexie White  
 8:15 a. m.—Bill Ring Show  
 8:15 a. m.—Lexie White (S)  
 8:25 a. m.—Weatherman Williford  
 8:30 a. m.—Breakfast Club—ABC  
 8:30 a. m.—Jordanaires (S)  
 8:45 a. m.—Rev. Dowell (S)  
 9:00 a. m.—Freddie Martin Orchestra  
 9:00 a. m.—Breakfast at Keller's (S)  
 9:15 a. m.—One Man's Opinion—ABC  
 9:20 a. m.—Program Notes  
 9:25 a. m.—Betty Crocker—ABC  
 9:30 a. m.—Farm News, Markets (S)  
 9:45 a. m.—Newscast  
 10:00 a. m.—Saddle Rockin' Rhythm  
 (M-W-F)  
 10:00 a. m.—Robin Hood Hoedown (T-Th)  
 10:00 a. m.—Meet Your Neighbor (S)  
 10:15 a. m.—Kitchen Talks  
 10:30 a. m.—Guide to Happier Living  
 10:30 a. m.—What's New (S)  
 10:45 a. m.—Slim Wilson  
 11:00 a. m.—Ozark Farm Hour  
 11:00 a. m.—101 Ranch Boys—ABC (S)  
 11:15 a. m.—Markets  
 11:20 a. m.—Farm Hour  
 11:30 a. m.—Ark. Conservation Comm. (S)  
 11:45 a. m.—Farm Front (S)  
 12:00 noon—Lloyd Evans  
 12:15 p. m.—Goodwill Family  
 12:30 p. m.—Newscast  
 12:45 p. m.—Man on the Street  
 1:00 p. m.—Linda's First Love  
 1:00 p. m.—Let's Go to the Opera—ABC (S)  
 1:15 p. m.—Ma Perkins  
 1:30 p. m.—Young Dr. Malone  
 1:30 p. m.—Where There's Music—ABC (S)  
 1:45 p. m.—Judy and Jane

2:00 p. m.—Bride and Groom  
 2:00 p. m.—Old, New, Blue—ABC (S)  
 2:15 p. m.—Horse Race—ABC (S)  
 2:30 p. m.—Korn Kobbler  
 2:30 p. m.—Treasury Show—ABC (S)  
 2:45 p. m.—Lonnie and Thelma  
 3:00 p. m.—Ladies Be Seated—ABC  
 3:00 p. m.—Tea and Crumpets—ABC (S)  
 3:25 p. m.—Carol Douglas—ABC  
 3:30 p. m.—Goodwill Family  
 3:45 p. m.—Cornfield Follies  
 3:45 p. m.—Fascinating Rhythm—ABC (S)  
 4:00 p. m.—Creamo News  
 4:15 p. m.—Markets  
 4:25 p. m.—Do You Know  
 4:30 p. m.—Weatherman Williford  
 4:35 p. m.—Everett Mitchell (M-W-F)  
 4:35 p. m.—Interlude (T-Th-S)  
 4:45 p. m.—Rev. Dowell  
 4:45 p. m.—Voice of the Army (S)  
 5:00 p. m.—Jack Hunt  
 5:00 p. m.—Ozark Traveller  
 5:15 p. m.—Ozark Newsettes  
 5:30 p. m.—J. Armstrong—ABC (M-W-F)  
 5:30 p. m.—Sky King—ABC (T-Th)  
 5:30 p. m.—Here's To Veterans (S)  
 5:45 p. m.—Christian Science Program (S)  
 6:00 p. m.—Newscast  
 6:15 p. m.—Sports Spotlight  
 6:25 p. m.—Edwin C. Hill—ABC  
 6:30 p. m.—Lone Ranger—ABC (M-W-F)  
 6:30 p. m.—Counterspy—ABC (T-Th)  
 6:30 p. m.—Buzz Adlam—ABC (S)

### SUNDAY PROGRAMS

6:30 a. m.—Pipes of Melody  
 6:45 a. m.—Sunday Morning Reveries  
 7:00 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock  
 7:30 a. m.—Riders of the Purple Sage  
 7:45 p. m.—Happy Hollis Warren  
 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.—Negro College Choir—ABC  
 10:00 a. m.—Voice of Prophecy—ABC  
 10:30 a. m.—Hour of Faith—ABC  
 11:00 a. m.—Guidepost for Living  
 11:15 a. m.—First Baptist Church  
 12:00 noon—Through the Listening Glass  
 12:30 p. m.—Revival Time  
 1:00 p. m.—Newscast  
 1:15 p. m.—Drury Quarter Hour  
 1:30 p. m.—Mr. President—ABC  
 2:00 p. m.—Senator Kem  
 2:15 p. m.—National Guard Show  
 2:30 p. m.—Southern Baptist Hour—ABC  
 3:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of Music  
 3:30 p. m.—Fine Arts Quartet—ABC  
 4:00 p. m.—Think Fast—ABC  
 4:30 p. m.—Greatest Story—ABC  
 5:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson—ABC

- 5:15 p. m.—Monday Headlines—ABC
- 5:30 p. m.—Music With the Girls—ABC
- 6:00 p. m.—Stop the Music—ABC
- 7:00 p. m.—Voices That Live—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Amazing Mr. Malone—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell—ABC
- 8:15 p. m.—Jergens Journal—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Chance of a Lifetime—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Lutheran Hour—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Newscast
- 9:45 p. m.—George Sokolsky—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—News of Tomorrow—ABC
- 10:15 p. m.—Thoughts in Passing—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

**MONDAY NIGHT**

- 7:00 p. m.—Ethel and Albert—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Henry J. Taylor—ABC
- 7:45 p. m.—Spotlight on Industry
- 8:00 p. m.—Melody Rendezvous—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Solo and Soliloquy—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Crossroads—T. Malone—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Strictly From Dixie—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

**TUESDAY NIGHT**

- 7:00 p. m.—Rex Maupin Entertains—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Million Dollar Ballroom
- 8:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Proudly We Hail
- 9:00 p. m.—Time for Defense—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—It's Your Business—ABC
- 9:45 p. m.—Robt. R. Nathan—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

**WEDNESDAY NIGHT**

- 7:00 p. m.—Dr. Riepma Speaks
- 7:15 p. m.—Hollis Warren
- 7:30 p. m.—Cliche Club—ABC

- 8:00 p. m.—Sherlock Holmes—ABC
- 8:25 p. m.—Mo. Savings Bond Division
- 8:30 p. m.—Chandu the Magician—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Lawrence Welk Orch.—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—On Trial—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

**THURSDAY NIGHT**

- 7:00 p. m.—Casebook of Greg. Hood—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Original Amateur Hour—ABC
- 8:45 p. m.—Robert Montgomery—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Author Meets Critic—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Unified—or Not—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

**FRIDAY NIGHT**

- 7:00 p. m.—The Fat Man—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—This Is Your FBI—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Ozzie and Harriet—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—The Sheriff—ABC
- 8:55 p. m.—Champion Roll Call—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—To Be Announced—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—American Sports Page—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

**SATURDAY NIGHT**

- 7:00 p. m.—Dixieland Jazz Band—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Million Dollar Ballroom
- 8:00 p. m.—Rayburn and Finch—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Sleepy Hollow Show—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Saturday at the Shamrock—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Tops in Sports—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

**HILL TALK**

HOW WE SAY IT

Dial readers will have to scratch around a bit more for sayings that reflect local color if they expect our little column of folk expressions is to continue. Address your contributions to Hill Talk Column.

**From Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin Boehm, English Inn, Hollister:** "If the weather doesn't clear up pretty soon, we're all gonna moss over."

**From "Arizona":** "Slim, talkin' about thet tall feller, ain't seen nothin' yet. I seen a runty character too short even to be called 'Shorty,' so us hill folks jist called him 'Mist'."

**From another anonymous contributor:** "How well do I remember my first pair of shoes. I wuz so proud, I backed home lookin' at 'em!"

**From G. F., Kissee Mills:** "Don't know if them red horse are ever gonna shoal, spring bein' so back'ard, an' all."

**From "Harry," of Forsyth, Mo.:** "Eureka Springs wouldn't be sech bad country if they had set it all in edgewise."

**From Mrs. Lester W. Sisney, Pontiac, Mo.:** "While working in my garden, I heard an odd noise. I looked—and there was a mother cut worm whipping a baby cut worm because he wouldn't take two rows 'time!"

# THE SPOTLIGHT . . . . .

CONT. FROM  
PAGE FIVE

dogs, were mostly Tennessee stock, and had brought their old English ways with them. These—the ballads, the dances (May says she has a "Methodist foot"), the faith, the superstitions—registered on May's memory as on wax. And it is her memory of these things that she writes about and talks about on the air, as well as the sturdy simplicity of her philosophy, that made her loved and sought-after far beyond the hills.

May was 22 when she married Charles McCord, son of the doctor who lived in the big 12-room house on a 1000-acre valley farm near Galena. Her girlhood pranks—the Hallowe'ens she'd helped paint a cow red (it died) and tied a mule in a pulpit—were behind her, but not her love of music and fun. She was always surrounded by friends, drawn to her by the magnetism of a great personality, as well as by her classic, Grecian beauty and the proudest carriage between Springfield and Searcy County.

Fourteen years later the McCords moved to Springfield, but May was 40, her three children growing up, her husband on the road, before time was free enough to try writing once again. The first article appeared in a traveling men's magazine.

"I got \$35 for it, and I nearly dropped dead," she remembers. Then there was a piece in "Field and Stream" on her life with a fisherman, and later, a short story, "Partin' in Smoky Holler," in American Mercury. For several years that story has been required reading for Humanities classes at Columbia University, New York.

"Charlie didn't want no writin' woman," May smiles, "but I thought he wouldn't mind a column." So for 11 years, without pay, May stayed in touch with her Ozarks friends through "Hillbilly Heartbeats" in the Springfield Sunday paper. Then she went to St. Louis for two years on KWK, five days a week, and got the big city build-up through street car and newspaper ads. But she didn't need it. There as here, the warmth of her personality caught on immediately, and a popularity survey placed her among the "big five" radio stars in the area.

May's ballad singing, her KWTO appearances over the past two years, her love of music and dancing, her easy way of captivating any gathering she speaks to, are all well known in the Ozarks area. But not everyone hereabouts knows that May is listed in "Who's Who," that she has a nation-wide reputation as an authority on American folklore, that she has spoken on Ozarks customs and superstitions from one end of the country to the other.

One hundred of her ballad records are filed in the Library of Congress. Others are studied at Iowa State University, and Grant Wood, the artist, asked her permission to paint the "spirit" of them shortly before he died. She has addressed meetings, classes and post-graduate gatherings and folklore festivals all over the state and at Missouri University, throughout Kansas, in Philadelphia "on the same stage where Lincoln spoke," and in half a dozen other states. She has been written up in the New York Times, the Los Angeles Times, the Chicago Tribune, and dozens of other papers. And an address of hers was the hit of the banquet at a meeting of the exclusive English-Speaking Union at the Biltmore in New York.

May is famous, numbering titled persons and such literary greats as Carl Sandburg among her close friends, but unspoiled.


"I'm proud of having come from the hills," she says. "Christ came from the hills. So did Lincoln. There's a nobility in them and about them that a person ought to hold to."

Her pet hates: "Nasty little manicured poodles," and "writer-folks who come down here to count the horns on a hillbilly and see if he roosts in trees."

May is not an easy person to spotlight, because she is too full of ideas and anecdotes to keep the conversation on herself for very long. But the next Sunday morning you tune her in on KWTO at 8:30, conjure up a picture of the ageless grandmother of five beautiful children, a richness of graying hair worn in softly curling bangs over her high forehead, talking to you eagerly, spontaneously, about whatever is in her heart.

## ★ MAY CROSSWORD PUZZLE

A <sup>1</sup>	U <sup>2</sup>	N <sup>3</sup>	T <sup>4</sup>	M <sup>5</sup>	A <sup>6</sup>	R <sup>7</sup>	T <sup>8</sup>	H <sup>9</sup>	A <sup>10</sup>	J
M <sup>11</sup>		H <sup>12</sup>	E <sup>13</sup>	E <sup>14</sup>	O <sup>15</sup>	A <sup>16</sup>	R <sup>17</sup>	A		
E <sup>18</sup>	N <sup>19</sup>	T <sup>20</sup>	I <sup>21</sup>	R <sup>22</sup>	E <sup>23</sup>	S <sup>24</sup>	C <sup>25</sup>	R <sup>26</sup>	E <sup>27</sup>	N <sup>28</sup>
R <sup>29</sup>	O <sup>30</sup>	S <sup>31</sup>	A <sup>32</sup>	K <sup>33</sup>	I <sup>34</sup>	K <sup>35</sup>	E <sup>36</sup>	N <sup>37</sup>	S	
I <sup>38</sup>	A <sup>39</sup>	N <sup>40</sup>						A <sup>41</sup>	L <sup>42</sup>	S
C <sup>43</sup>	U <sup>44</sup>	T <sup>45</sup>	E <sup>46</sup>					A <sup>47</sup>	I <sup>48</sup>	
A <sup>49</sup>	L <sup>50</sup>	O <sup>51</sup>	E <sup>52</sup>					D <sup>53</sup>	I <sup>54</sup>	A <sup>55</sup>
I <sup>56</sup>	K							D <sup>57</sup>	O <sup>58</sup>	R <sup>59</sup>
I <sup>60</sup>	C <sup>61</sup>							D <sup>62</sup>	S <sup>63</sup>	M
N <sup>64</sup>	R <sup>65</sup>	A <sup>66</sup>	S <sup>67</sup>	R <sup>68</sup>	A <sup>69</sup>	D <sup>70</sup>	I <sup>71</sup>	M		
E <sup>72</sup>	V <sup>73</sup>	A <sup>74</sup>	D <sup>75</sup>	E <sup>76</sup>			C <sup>77</sup>	A <sup>78</sup>	C <sup>79</sup>	H <sup>80</sup>
P <sup>81</sup>	T <sup>82</sup>	A <sup>83</sup>	R <sup>84</sup>	A <sup>85</sup>	R <sup>86</sup>	M <sup>87</sup>	S <sup>88</sup>	O <sup>89</sup>	R	
T <sup>90</sup>	E <sup>91</sup>	M <sup>92</sup>	E <sup>93</sup>	R <sup>94</sup>	G <sup>95</sup>	E <sup>96</sup>	E <sup>97</sup>	N <sup>98</sup>	S	





## INQUIRING REPORTER

**Bettie Low:** Of all the vacations you've taken, which one do you most fondly remember?

**Paul Adams:** In January, 1946, after I was discharged from the Navy, I took a long-wanted vacation to Mexico, Grand Canyon and other points of interest for two wonderful months prior to entering school.

**Carl Haden:** My best-remembered vacation was in 1924. A year before Mary Jane and I were married, a relative of mine, then president of the school board at Anderson, Mo., invited us down for a week's vacation at his home. Since it was the strawberry season (and Anderson is very well known for its strawberries), and since Mary Jane was going, I thought it a wonderful idea. I did go, and it was the best two week's vacation I ever spent.

**Don Dailey:** The vacation I remember most would be very hard to forget since it was just last week. I spent the first half of the week at home in Marshfield eating fried chicken and just resting, after getting that SMS degree. The last of the week I spent at Rockaway Beach along with the rest of the 1950 graduating class. We had a wonderful time and hated to see it end, since it was the last time we would all be together.

## HEARTBEATS

(Continued from page SIX)

Indian all the time. It was an hour before they got my eyes straight, with the help of the doctor, at last, and for a week my eyes were so sore (the muscles) that I had to wear a bandage most of the time. Anyway, it surely "broke up the meetin'!"

**What kids won't do! And I was a sample of the fidgetiest, most nervous, tormenting type, always thinking up something exactly like the eye-crossing business.**

It's a great world—and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. And this lovely morning I am thinking of past Junes and of picnics and boat rides and all the things we used to do. When the world was young . . . When nations were not at each others throats and dictators had not tasted of power, at least in the world we knew much of. And there were no atom bombs and no big seven dollar words to confuse us all the time.

**Bye-bye—and I'll be seein' you again, the Lord willin' and the creek don't rise.**

With much Love—

MAY

## FROM THE FILES

. . . A DIAL REVIEW

### 7 Years Ago This Month

Jess Gaddis takes place among KWTO favorites. (Now at KFEQ, St. Joseph) . . . News of Ozarks will be broadcast to boys overseas . . . Al Stone in Spotlight . . . Hugh Aspinwall joins announcing staff. (Now at KMA, Shenandoah.)

### 6 Years Ago This Month

Popular announcer Don Harvey returns to KWTO. (Now in Hollywood working in the movies) . . . Williford publicized through 22 states in the "Phil Farmer," the official news organ of an oil company, for his "chummy chats to farmers in six states" . . . Milt Dickey helps swell Navy's roll. (Now with KCMO, Kansas City.)

### 5 Years Ago This Month

Wartime restrictions removed and KWTO resumes "Man On The Street" program, with George Earle . . . Bill Ring in Spotlight. (Now heard over several stations in Texas and Oklahoma, as well as KWTO, for Taystee Bread.)

### 4 Years Ago This Month

Korn's-A-Krackin' to visit Ozark towns weekly, starting June 29 . . . National scoop for Lee George. (Now with KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo.) . . . KWTO's Chief Engineer, Fritz Bauer and new baby daughter Victoria, featured in picture section.

### 3 Years Ago This Month

Bill Chatham is newest addition to KWTO's news department . . . Bob Rector featured in Stars of the Stars. (Now with KSTL, St. Louis.)

### 2 Years Ago This Month

Slim Wilson in Spotlight . . . Baby of the month is Rick Allen Wilson, son of George Earle . . . Myrtie Dean Litle is new switchboard operator . . . Dale Parker has been selling his photographic equipment, since composing leaves little time for his once favorite hobby.

### 1 Year Ago This Month

Ralph Foster's birthday party featured in picture section . . . Two new announcers join staff: Loyd Evans from WIBW, Topeka, and Mark Hauan from Carthage. (Mark now with WKY, Oklahoma City.)

### DR. RIEPMA RETURNS

It will be a pleasure to all who remember the inspirational talks of the Rev. Sears F. Riepma, former rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Springfield, to know that he is now on the air every Wednesday evening 7:15, courtesy of Wickman Gardens.

**DEAR DIAL:****QUESTION COLUMN**

**Q.** Is Penny Olsen's hair black or red? How old are the Olsens? (Mrs. D. R., Cassville, Mo.)

**A.** Penny's hair is black, and, undone, hangs to her knees. We took a "Long Hair Day" picture at the Mosque when the Olsens were here, and will run it in The Dial in a month or so. I don't know the Olsens' ages, but can make a guess: Johnny is about 40, Penny a few years younger.

**Q.** Does Carl Haden have any grandchildren? Would like to see pictures of Carl and his wife and Penny Nichols' baby. (M. T., Dixon, Mo.)

**A.** No grandchildren yet. I promise you Carl and Mary Jane in July, and we'd have had Penny's little girl in this issue but she had a cold on the day we set for picture-taking.

**Q.** What church does May McCord belong to? How old is Happy Hollis Warren? Is his mother a widow? How old is Shoo? (J. M. C., Cabool, Mo.)

**A.** May McCord belongs to Grace M. E. Church in Springfield. Hollis is 20. His father passed away a few years ago. Shoo is three years old.

**Q.** Where is Kentucky Jess? Tim Cross? Where are Chuck Bowers and his wife? (Miss C. C., Green Forest, Ark.)

**A.** Jess Gaddis is at KMBC, Kansas City; Tim at KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo. Chuck's wife has kept their apartment here and he drives home every weekend. She hesitates to give up her home and her job here because we all hope that eventually he will return to KWTO.

**Q.** How long has Slim Wilson been married? Can we hear recordings of Chuck Bowers over KWTO? (D. F., Berryville, Ark.)

**A.** Slim and Ada have been married 19 years. Chuck Bowers has never made recordings; sorry.

**Q.** How tall are Ada Wilson and Alice Rhodes and how much do they weigh? How much does Slim weigh? Who are expecting babies? (Miss V. R., Pro Tem, Mo.)

**A.** Ada and Alice are about the same height—five feet, three inches. Ada weighs 120, Alice 133, Slim 190. As to your last question—still a secret!

**Q.** How long has KWTO been on the air? How old is The Dial? How long have Al and Lee Stone been residents of Missouri? Were Lonnie and Thelma in radio before they were married? What is John Wesley Wilson's ambition? (Anonymous.)

**A.** KWTO took to the air Christmas

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

Once again we will draw a lucky number from the first 20 correct "who are they?" guesses to arrive at the Dial office, and that winner will receive an autographed picture of his or her favorite KWTO star. Want to try your luck?

1. This talented KWTO-er is never happier than when working on the construction or improvement of a new musical instrument. Who is he?

2. What would you do if, the very first time you were on the air, you forgot the words to the song you were supposed to sing? This KWTO-er just made up new words and sailed right through. Who is he?

Winner of last month's guessing game was Mary Bayless, 1120 N. Clay, Springfield. She will receive an autographed portrait photograph of whichever KWTO star she chooses as her favorite.

Incidentally, our May "who are they" questions must have been real sticklers! Only 23 Dial readers correctly guessed Mary Jane and Carl Haden as the 12-year-old girl and 11-year-old boy who went to the movie a long, long time ago when she was living in Kansas and visiting relatives in Springfield. And only 12 correctly guessed the identity of the KWTO-er who used to be in the tire business and was part of an early radio act called the Rubber Twins. It was President and General Manager Ralph Foster.

Day 1933. The Dial, as you will notice from the volume number at the top of page 2, is nine years old, with another birthday in August. Al and Lee were brought up from childhood, in St. Joseph, Mo., and have always lived in the state. Lonnie was in radio for a number of years before he was married. Thelma did not make her mike debut until Jarrett was about six years old. Slim says John Wesley is sometimes an artist, sometimes a jet pilot, always a fisherman, but never much of a farmer, and his ambitions vary between these interests from day to day.

**Q.** What relation is Chet Atkins to the Carter family? (M. W., Malta Bend, Mo.)

**A.** None. He joined the act a little over a year ago in Knoxville.

**Q.** How old is Zed Tennis? Why not have more of George Morgan's programs? (B. F. M., Green Forest, Ark.)

**A.** Zed is 37. I wish we could hear more of George Morgan, but I suppose we're lucky to have him three times a week for Robin Hood Flour.

## ★ THE PASSING PARADE

We can think of several reasons why Assistant General Manager Les Kennon frowns and pulls his chin as he surveys the clutter on Liz Cole's desk. It could be because all that vacation literature conceals a heap of important business correspondence that he'd like to get in the mail in the next 30 minutes. But it's more likely envy. Liz has her plans for an eastern vacation, and a visit with her brother, Max, popular Manhattan disk jockey, all set. Les hasn't taken a real vacation in two years, and can't decide where to go!

Below—Here are the madcap characters of our page 2 picture in more conservative guise. George Earle, left, and announcer Paul Adams honor Mrs. H. J. Hooten, 92, of Buffalo, with the Breakfast at Keller's orchid for the oldest guest, who always receives a beautiful corsage from Florist Joe Gelven. They could, with good reason, change the name for these merry parties to "Fun, Unlimited." Obviously, in the page 2 picture, Paul is trying on one of the wacky hats a guest has worn to the party, George has false glasses, false beak.



LYLE HOLDER  
MARIONVILLE, MO.

4-51

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★ MAY McCORD IS HONORED BY STATE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION

A beautiful article about May's "Missouri Mother" designation appeared in the May 1 issue of the Springfield Leader and Press. It was authored by Lucille Morris Upton, and we quote from it: "The friends she had made writing and speaking successfully backed her. Helping them, however, were numerous others whom she had shown some

kindness, given advice or help in trouble, served as a friend in need. For Mrs. McCord has the mothering instinct, not only for her own 'younguns,' but everyone else's. When anyone speaks of her rejected opportunities to become a famous radio personality, she promptly says that she prefers her present role." She is 68; was widowed in 1943.