

# Stand By

JANUARY 18, 1936



PAT BUTTRAM

It's A Big  
Town

•  
Features



### Yes, Who Can?

Who can beat this record? I wonder how many listeners of the National Barn Dance can tell you the name of the artists and the songs they sang on each Barn Dance for the past five years? I have a record of the appearance of each artist and the songs they sang on 250 Saturday night Barn Dances out of 260 in the past five years. I have enjoyed all the Barn Dances but I especially enjoyed the New Year's Eve Party of this past year. . . . **Betty Wilkey, Maroa, Ill.**

### Congratulations

I heard the good news this morning . . . about Lulu Belle's and Scotty's baby. Congratulations to them, and I hope Lulu Belle and Linda Lou are fine. I'll surely be glad when Mamma and Papa can sing together again, because I think their programs are wonderful. . . . **Lillian Pruess, Draper S. D.**

### Hail, Linda Lou

Congratulations to Lulu Belle and Skyland Scotty upon the arrival of that lovely daughter. With her background—that is, her fine parents and the lovely Linda whom she was named for—she should certainly always be grand. And I am sure she will be. Orchids to the whole Wiseman family.—**Mrs. Wise, Chicago.**

### Why Not?

Why can't we have more men singers such as Arkie and Tumble Weed?—**Elaine Hursh, Thompson, Mich.**

### It Was Grand

Will you tell the ones responsible for the Christmas Neighbor's Club Radio dedication program that it was grand? The half hour slipped by all too soon. . . . **Mrs. R. N. Bennett, Mill-edgeville, Ill.**

### Cold Winter Morns

I very fully agree with H. H. of Deerfield, Ill., in Stand By about the time question. Although none in my family go to grade school, I am a freshman in the Antioch Township High School and my sister is a senior. I live about four miles from school and it would be quite a job to milk cows in the winter, get ready for school, get the car started and go a little after seven standard time. Our school now begins at a quarter to nine, but next winter it would have to start at a quarter to eight, CST. You may say that we did it before but that was when the days were longer and warmer. I am afraid I would be late for school quite often. Others may not agree with me but I know people who do.—**Ruth Pierstorff, Antioch, Ill.**

### A Real Neighbor

I have no way of earning money, as I have been under a doctor's care for some time. But at Christmas time I was given two dollars to spend as I saw fit. Well, I sat down and sent one to the Christmas Neighbors' Club, as I wanted some part in spreading cheer to those who were shut in as I have been. Thank God so many thought the same way. It was great to hear the boy from the Home thank all for the radio they received. . . . **G. D. M., Joliet, Ill.**

### Beware of Gloom

Three cheers for Janet Lackey. We would like to tell all the professional knockers how to turn off their radios. The programs are so varied that anyone seeking amusement should be able to find a program to his liking. 'If you cannot spread sunshine, beware of the rain and gloom.' . . . Jack's Ad Lib, Marjorie's Fanfare and Check's Latch String couldn't be better even if Pat Buttram wrote them. . . . **Lovey Reynolds, Birmingham, Ala.**

*(Reader Reynolds will be interested, if not edified, to find on page 10 of this issue an example of Dr. Buttram's polished prose.—Ed.)*

### They're Fed Up

We get fed up on popular music all week and when Saturday night comes we like to listen to something different. You could not make the programs any better.—**Mr. and Mrs. A. Knapp, Mankato, Minn.**

### God-Send

My work is that of a nurse and consequently I am shut in much of the time. I for one can say that radio is a God-send to such people as are not able to get out for their amusement and recreation. . . . **Alma M. Gotham, Chicago.**

### As Maine Goes . . .

Did you realize that you have regular Smile-A-While listeners out near the coast of Maine? Your theme song awakens my wife and thus saves me the trouble of calling her. . . . **John T. Burgess, Waldobor, Me.**

### Free Dialing

My advice to anyone who doesn't like to hear Patsy yodel is either use your "free dialing" or turn the radio off. More power to Patsy and here's hoping her daughter will be a yodeler, too.—**Mrs. R. Hartley, Clifton Heights, Pa.**

## STAND BY

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**JULIAN T. BENTLEY, Editor**

January 18, 1936

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ONE of the proudest fellows on the airwaves these days is Skyland Scotty Wiseman, as he and his wife, Lulu Belle, make a new little mountaineer feel right at home.

The newcomer arrived Friday, January 3, at 7:30 p. m. at Washington Boulevard Hospital, Chicago. She was promptly named Linda Lou Wiseman. She weighed eight pounds, nine ounces. (Some day, when Linda Lou is a bit older, Stand By is going to lecture her about arriving just after the January 11 issue had gone to press.)

Scotty's regular grin is wider than ever as he announces that Linda Lou "has red hair, just about the same shade as mine and Lulu Belle's."

Lulu Belle and Linda were reported "doing splendidly" and before too many weeks have elapsed the gang in the Old Hayloft expects to welcome back the "belle of the Barn Dance."

Incidentally, Stand By plans to carry a big picture of Linda Lou and her mother in the near future. Watch for it.

James P. Warburg and a group of distinguished economic experts will discuss the subject "Can We Solve the Money Problem?" on Thursday, January 30, during America's Town Meeting (NBC-WJZ, 8:30 p. m. CST). On February 6, Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase, Dr. Arthur E. Bestor and other prominent educators will take part in a discussion of "Does Our Educational System Need Reorganizing?"

George V. Debby, associate director of the League for Political Education, will act as chairman of each broadcast. The questions of the Town Hall audience will be a feature of each meeting.

Fred Allen stepped into a crowded NBC elevator on his way to a "Town Hall Tonight" rehearsal. Behind him a pair of elderly ladies began to chatter in excited tones. "Go ahead and speak to him," one of them said.

"Ah," thought Fred, "my public." He turned about with a smile.

"Young man," said the lady, "will you kindly get off my foot?"

"Dreams of Long Ago," Ethel Park Richardson's dramatizations of old folk songs, heart songs and sentimental ballads, will return to the air on a new schedule over an NBC-WEAF network at 4:00 p. m., CST, each Wednesday, starting January 22. The series will open with a dramatic version of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The Vass trio, Frank, Virginia and Sally, will be heard in the song renditions, also joining a cast of five in the dramatic presentations.

Mrs. Richardson, originally from Chattanooga, Tennessee, is the author of the book, "American Mountain Songs."

"Good books never grow old" is an old saying and that has been proved by a request received by Mrs. William Palmer Sherman for the lovely book, "The Story of San Michele," by Alex Munthe, a best seller for many months. This story about beautiful Capri will be discussed by Mrs. Sherman, Tuesday, January 21, during Homemakers' Hour.



**EXPERT ADVICE** from Production Man Al Boyd helps one of Jolly Joe Kelly's Pals during a Christmas Party broadcast from the Eighth Street Theatre.

Vernon Bartlett, diplomatic correspondent of the London News Chronicle and former director of the London Bureau of the League of Nations, will broadcast fortnightly to America from London in a new series of news commentary exchanges over the WABC-Columbia network beginning Sunday, January 12. The programs, arranged in cooperation with the British Broadcasting Corporation, will be heard from 12:45 to 1:00 p. m., EST, that day and on January 26, February 9 and 23 and March 8 and 22. Bartlett will interpret news developments in England and on the continent at first hand to give network listeners here a more intimate picture of happenings abroad. Britons, in exchange, may hear similar comments on American affairs through weekly broadcasts from New York to England by Raymond Gram Swing, editor of The Nation. Swing's talks, however, are not heard here nor are Bartlett's in his own country.

Walter Lippmann, distinguished editor and writer on national and international affairs, will discuss important problems facing the present session of Congress over NBC-WEAF on Saturday, January 18, at 10:00 p. m., CST.

Lippmann, regarded as one of the nation's outstanding critics on public affairs, particularly those of a financial nature, will attempt to give radio listeners a full understanding of the vital questions, some of them involving fundamental principles of government, with which the present Congress must cope.

Some of the problems before the present Congress include aid for agriculture, the soldiers' bonus, permanent neutrality, the budget, and relief and social security legislation.

Brief recent political (radio) history of the United States:

Calvin Coolidge—"Ladies and gentlemen."

Herbert Hoover—"Citizens of the United States."

Franklin Roosevelt—"My friends."

Herbert Hoover—"Hello, Everybody."

Boston Evening Transcript.

Les Tremayne, leading man in the Hayloft Drama series on Saturday nights, is "reveling" in a brand new nickname—Genie Weinie, of all things. Les was called upon to play a part with George Burns and Gracie Allen when they broadcast their show from Chicago, January 8. Gracie, who was trying to make "Milty Wilty" Watson jealous, promptly dubbed Les "Genie Weinie."



By JACK HOLDEN

OH I push the typewriter key down . . . and the ribbon goes 'round and 'round . . . whoa, ohhhh, ohhh, oohhhh and it comes out here. Everybody's singing that song and even I can't get it out of my mind. I liked it and enjoyed hear-it over the air until Pat Buttram attempted to sing it last week.

The editor will be surprised in the morning when he finds this column on his desk. Sunday afternoon at home and a sudden streak of ambition strikes me. Incidentally, finally paid the last installment on this typewriter. I've had it ever since last spring but I own it now.

#### Fifty Years for Tom

I think our good friend Tom Corwine deserves some space in Stand By this week. Tom told me last night at the barn dance that this week he is celebrating his fiftieth year behind the footlights. Just imagine! For 50 years Tom has entertained millions of people with his unequalled imitations of everything and anything from the sound of a falling pin to the puffing of a locomotive. Congratulations, Tom, for a splendid contribution of happiness to unnumbered people.

Verne of Verne, Lee and Mary, lost her voice the other day. The barn dance wasn't far away and Verne had no voice in the matter. Yesterday morning when Verne woke up she found her voice had returned. Hot tea and lemonade with plenty of rest. That's her recipe for finding a lost voice. I wonder why Pat Buttram has never made any attempt to find his voice.

#### Courage Still

Dr. Preston Bradley, who on the first Sunday of every new year has preached the same sermon since 1912, said this morning that the key word for this year, as it always has been, is "COURAGE."

Their favorite flower. Sophia Germanich, Gardenias; Joe Kelly, Roses; Mary Wright, Sweet peas; Howard Chamberlain, Carnations; Patsy

Montana, Azalea; Bill Vickland, Chrysanthemums; Elsie Mae Emerson, Orchids; John Baker, Violets. And mine, Lillacs.

#### Some Travelin'

Here is a real example of necessary insomnia. Paul Aubrey of the Artists' Bureau left last night after the barn dance with Winnie, Lou and Sally, to make a 250-mile trip to an Iowa town. The trio is playing there today. Such a trip means that Paul drives all night and with roads as they are, I suppose they arrived only a little ahead of the first show. They'll work hard all day and then tonight after the last show will start back for Chicago, arriving just about in time for their first air show tomorrow morning. I asked Paul how he kept awake those many hours, while driving. He said he does it by imitating Max Terhune.

#### A Few Memories

Isn't it odd how you associate certain things with other locations and happenings? For example, every time I puff at this old curve-stem pipe, I'm right out there in a boat on Pine Lake with "Tink" Raymond, and only because this was my "fishin' pipe." Every time I smell kerosene I think of that oil stove Aunt Cynthia used to have. The smell of a tannery always takes me down to Cincinnati where I first went by one. I never slap a mosquito that I don't think of Elmhurst. The sound of an electric fan always makes me groggy. One of them was humming away at me the day the doctors put the ether cap over my nose. I went to sleep with the hum of the fan in my ears. Every time I hear a musical number with an abrupt ending I think of the time I announced John Brown's second number before he had finished the first one. I never see a round oat meal box that I don't think of my first radio. The biggest part of it was just such a box with copper wire wrapped tightly around it. Every time I hear "Du Bist Mein Kleine Pupschen" I think of the time we

were at "Old Heidelberg" and Herr Louie and The Weasel were singing it. The Weasel with his arm in a sling. He had missed the trapeze the night before as he "flew through the air."

Since writing the above, Donnie and I did a bit of ice skating. He skated circles around me. I swept the ice off for the skaters. You know . . . if they could only have a strip of artificial ice between third base and home plate during the baseball season it would be a great help to the player who tries to steal home.

Skating isn't what is used to be. Back home we used to wear old clothes. Play crack-the-whip, have races, play tag, and build a bon-fire on the ice. Today . . . an ice rink is like a masquerade party. You're just not in it at all if you haven't brightly colored skating outfit. Everybody seems to be on parade as they slowly skate around in a huge circle. A radio loud speaker booms out a radio program over the ice and it's really difficult to work up a desire to skate as a nasal tenor sings "Would God I Were the Tender Apple Blossom" or while some philosopher with organ background stresses his argument with Kipling's "Boots". I'll take the old-fashioned frozen creek for mine.

#### Old Faithful

Lucy Monroe's most ardent fan is a Boston lad. As soon as the first of each month rolls around, the singing star of "Lavender and Old Lace," heard each Tuesday evening on the CBS network, receives a handsome, leather-bound volume. It was learned that this young man sends each book to Milan, Italy, for a hand-tooled leather cover, after which it is dispatched to Miss Monroe's apartment on Riverside Drive.

#### ELMER



With a mouth that big he ought to sing a duet . . .

ABOUT five months ago you could have seen an Arizona cow-puncher leanin' against a corral fence studyin' with considerable interest a yellow piece of paper.

That was me and the paper was a wire from my old boss Romaine Lowdermilk of Soda Springs Ranch at Rimrock. It said, "We're to be in Chicago Friday September 21 for Radio Station WLS."

Well, I was quite excited to think I was going to get the chance to broadcast over a big radio station and to be on the National Barn Dance, so I packed my war-bag and sacked my saddle, bid good-bye to all the old friends and range pals. After marrying the swellest little gal in the west at Flagstaff, I met Romaine September 18 and we boarded the train and headed for Chicago.

Well, the farther east we go the more I thought of two things—what was ahead of me, the girl I left in Arizona. (Everything is fine now 'cause my wife has joined me and we're happy.)

When I arrived in Chicago it was 7:45 in the morning and dark and gloomy-lookin'—not like ole Arizona at all.

When Romaine and I stepped out the front door of the Dearborn Street depot I thought a parade was lined up gettin' ready to start—all those pretty green and yellow cars which later turned out to be taxi cabs. I have seen more taxi cabs in Chicago at one time than there ever were cars at the state Rodeo at Prescott, which is the biggest doin's in Arizona. And when you want one right bad, you can't find one. Well, we were holler'd into a taxi and 'fore we knew it we were at the hotel, and as we walked from the hotel to the studio along Washington Boulevard it reminded me of a race track—all the cars travelin' like they were goin' to a fire or something—and to find out they were only goin' to work about three minutes late. I just trailed along behind my boss like a young



## It's a BIG TOWN

### Cowpuncher Learning New Set of City "Ropes"



At top, Tumble and Mrs. Weed; above, Tumble, on a Grand Canyon "taxi" during his career as a guide.

#### BY TUMBLE WEED

calf after its mother walkin' down the trail headin' for the water hole, and he popped in a door and it was WLS. Well, we met our new range waddies and started to roundin' up

songs and tyin' 'em down so we could handle them on the mike-a-phone.

Now, folks, I've been here over three months and seen a lot of this big city. The first time I saw Lake Michigan it reminded me of the time I was ridin' a horse-back across the plains of Western Texas. You couldn't see the other side. The lake is the biggest pond of water I've seen. Sure wish I could move that to Arizona 'cause we need lots of water out there.

Well, speakin' of distance, I looked down Michigan Boulevard and wondered if that was New Orleans I saw in the far view. That is the longest one street I've ever looked down and couldn't see the end. And lookin' up north on Michigan Boulevard—all those tall buildings remind me of the peaks in the Grand Canyon a-standin' out against the blue.

One day I started to go out to the Southtown Theatre and got up on top of these "L" lines down town and went to ask which car I take to get there. The crowd just pushed me on before I had a chance to find out where I was going until I ended up out at the Stock Yards. I guess people thought 'cause I was wearin' a big hat and a pair of boots I was headin' that way. Well, folks, to tell the truth I had to transfer four times to get back where I was goin', and I want to say right here there are more people in the loop after work hours than there is in the whole state of Arizona.

I got into another stampede doin' Christmas shoppin' in one of the big stores downtown. Started up those new-fangled chutes they have in the store and wanted to go to the second floor, but ended upon the fifth, and had to ride the bear cage back down to the second floor.

If I ever get the money, I think I'll install one of those movin' chutes in my home town railroad corral so we can get the cattle into the cars easier.

On Saturday night while I was takin' time out between (To page 13)

# Fanfare



Lulu Belle and Scotty  
PLEASED

By MARJORIE GIBSON

HELLO, Fanfare friends. Well, folks, about the happiest people we know anything of are those two popular barn dance stars, Lulu Belle and Skyland Scotty. And we suspect that by this time, most of you know the reason why. It's all because a certain little girl decided that the Scotty Wiseman home was just the place she wanted to live and that Lulu Belle and Scotty were just the mother and dad for her. Linda Lou is her name.

She was born at the Washington Boulevard hospital in Chicago, at 7:30, Friday evening, January 3. She weighed 8 pounds and 9 ounces, and has red hair. Linda Lou was named for the Little Sunbonnet Girl, Linda Parker, also for Scotty's sister, whose name is Linda. The Lou part of the baby's name is for Lulu Belle.

We're sure you folks join with us in extending congratulations to Lulu Belle and Scotty and best wishes to Little Linda Lou.

Our first inquiries this week are from Margaret A. Johnson of Detroit. "Where are Sue Roberts, Ford Rush and Marquis Smith since the Sear's programs went off the air?" Sue, who conducted Tower Topics, is still in the radio departments of Sears, Roebuck Company in Chicago. Ford spent Christmas holidays with his mother in St. Louis. We understand that he expects to return to Chicago soon. Marquis Smith, who announced the Sears' Retail Stores period is now in the radio continuity department of Presba, Fellers and Presba Advertising Agency in Chicago.

These questions are from Mildred Parrish of Monmouth, Illinois. "Is Captain Henry's Show Boat the only radio program on which the Westerners and Louise are appearing? And where are the Log Cabin Boys?" Yes, the Show Boat show is the only radio broadcast on which the Westerners and Louise are appearing.

Regarding the Log Cabin Boys: Mrs. Frank Peet of Richmond, Illinois, writes us that Freddie Owen is now at KYW in Philadelphia. Frankie Moore is still broadcasting from WHAS in Louisville and may be heard each morning at 7:15 and at various other times throughout the day. Working with Frankie are Cousin Emma and the Little Hoosier Maids.

Now to answer several inquiries for Wilbur D. Hoppes of Washington, C. H., Ohio. Grace Cassidy was originally from Crystal Lake, Illinois, but she has lived in Chicago for a number of years. She has never resided in Columbus, Ohio. Grace is head secretary at WLS.

The Pine Mountain Merry Makers' show is the only radio program on which the Flannery Sisters are appearing at the present. However, they are making frequent appearances with road shows.

Gene Autry is 29 years old. His wife is the former Ina Mae Spivey of Duncan, Oklahoma. Gene and his Hollywood pals, Smiley Burnett and Frankie Marvin, have returned to start work on a new picture called "Red River Valley."

Theresa Welnetz of Michigan City, Indiana, inquires, "Are George Burns and Fred Allen the same person? And is Fred Allen Portland Hoffa's husband?" George Burns and Fred Allen are two different people. Yes, Fred Allen is Portland's husband. George Burns is the husband of the radio comedienne Gracie Allen.

Settling an argument for Mrs. D. Cooley of Springfield as to the identity of the announcer for the "Pine Mountain Merry Makers'" show: The announcer called Clem on this show is Ted Maxwell—not Joe Kelly. John Lair also acts as master of ceremonies for part of the "Pine Mountain Merry Makers'" broadcast.

Answering a couple of questions for Mrs. Lee R. Le Master of Peoria, Illinois. The fact that Homemakers' Hour is broadcast on Saturday afternoon instead of Saturday morning as formerly is the reason it has been necessary to shorten the Merry-Go-Round period. No, Red Blanchard of Rube Tronson's band is not married.

## For Skiing in Manhattan

By Gogo DeLys

(Gogo DeLys is the young CBS songstress heard on the Freddie Rich Penthouse Party broadcast over the WABC-Columbia network on Sunday nights at eight o'clock.)

YOU wouldn't expect the city of skyscrapers to offer much in the way of ski-jumps, would you? But if there is any little thing New York doesn't have, the enterprising merchants usually get around to acquiring it sooner or later. This year ski-jumps have been popping up in department stores all over town—



Cavorting in Manhattan

and I, for one, have been mighty grateful. I used to ski a lot in my childhood at Edmonton, Canada, where I was born, and it's fun to go cavorting down a slide.

Even though indoors, the refrigerating system makes the atmosphere cold enough to need good warm clothes for skiing in Manhattan. When this picture was taken, I was wearing maroon ski pants, plaid waistcoat with a zipper fastening down the front; white turtle neck sweater with woolen gauntlets and stocking-cap to match.

White stripes trim the cuffs of the red woolen socks, and wool covers me literally from head to toe.

# BRAVE NEW STYLES APPEARING

THE success of almost everything you can think of depends upon public opinion. The air just now is full of political "trial balloons." The reaction of the ageless Philemon G. Public in a great measure controls the future words of many politicians.

Other "trial balloons" nearer and dearer to a woman's heart are these first brave fashions that are coming up over the horizon. Whether they definitely become a fashion or die a slow death depends upon customer reaction. Some of the most critical customers I know about are the women at WLS. They are constantly on the alert for new AND smart things. They watch with interest clothes that are born with the new year. In this week's column they give you their views on this subject.

MARJORIE GIBSON . . . discussing resort fashions and their possible influence on coming summer frocks, says, "I was delighted to discover that many magazines believe that white will be the outstanding color for summer because it is most in demand for resort wear. There is no color I enjoy wearing more. It's so very smart all by itself and can be varied so beautifully with colored accessories. I want at least one white dress in my wardrobe, with which I will wear yellow, powder blue, dark brown or red accessories."

PATSY MONTANA . . . likes all kinds of prints, particularly geometrical patterns. She thinks, however that the new fruit and vegetable prints are arresting and a lot of fun. Patsy would like to have a fruit or vegetable print right now with brown as the predominating color. The dress should be very simply made with fullness through the shoulders (another new note). Miss Montana adds that Lulu Belle's new baby should look pretty in a vegetable print, what with her carrot top.

MARY WRIGHT . . . looks at fashion in a practical light. Dark dresses, Mary says, and rightly, are best for the city. When Spring arrives she likes to freshen up these dresses with light fluffy collars that launder quickly and easily. "This allows me to wear out some of my dark silks while they are still in style, and yet look 'Spring-y,'" says Mary. "Then, by adding one or two new frocks to my wardrobe, I feel as buoyant as though I had all new dresses for the spring season."

VIRGINIA SEEDS . . . "About this time of year I always get a yen for a printed dress . . . one that I can wear under my fur coat now and one that will be the basis for my Spring clothes. This year I chose one with Dubonnet and gray as the predominant colors. With this color combination I can wear either of these colors or black in accessories. My print is geometrical. The dress is one-piece, made with a gored skirt."

DOLLY GOOD . . . prefers a two-piece dress, a blouse and skirt, to a plain dress or an ensemble. Dolly plans to have a heavy crepe dress with an olive green top, smocked with brown, and a brown skirt.

Neckwear, being one of the simplest and best ways of adding a crisp new touch to a much worn dress, is in demand right now, as it is every year at this time. Never since I can remember has there been such a marvelous range of styles to choose from. Some of the hundreds of types being shown at \$1 are sketched below.

—Shari.



# GRACE WILSON . . . Homemaker

**D**ESPITE the fact that Grace Wilson started her theatrical career at the early age of four years or perhaps because of it she is never happier than when she is in her home, preparing meals, cleaning house and buying groceries.

## Home Is Her Hobby

This confession of Grace's rather surprised me, for knowing that she has 13 programs on the air every week (Grace is not superstitious, you see), and that each one requires a certain amount of rehearsal, one would expect that she would prefer to rest or follow some hobby in her spare time. But to Grace, home is her hobby, which goes to prove that we find time to do the things we really want to do. Grace not only does all the housework for herself, her brother and his wife, who make their home with her, but she also does her own marketing . . . and does it wisely. "You can't fool me on prices," said Grace with her characteristic little laugh, when I expressed surprise at this added accomplishment of hers.



Mrs. Wright

Grace appeared on the first program to be broadcast over WLC, back in 1924 and has missed only one barn dance from the Eighth Street Theatre, this absence occurring at the time of her father's death. Besides being on the National Barn Dance, Grace is also heard on Homemakers' Hour every Thursday afternoon (1:37 p. m.), on the Feature Food program every Tuesday and Thursday morning (10:00 a. m.) and on two programs on WCFL, every night at 5:45 and Monday, Wednesday and Friday night at 8:15.

## Tackles Big Ones

"Holiday dinners, with roast fowl and all the trimmin's are really the easiest for me to serve," she confided to me, and I'll wager her holiday dinners are worth going on a fast for. Because when anyone thinks holiday dinners are easy to prepare, they're a born cook and everyone admits it.

With a big meal I like to serve a cooling gelatin salad. My favorite is one made of shredded cabbage, grated carrots and crushed pineapple molded in lemon gelatin. With this, I serve mayonnaise dressing into which I have folded whipped cream. Another simple salad I serve often is made of apples, celery, nuts and dates mixed with salad dressing and served on a generous amount of lettuce—and if I hadn't side-tracked her by asking for her favorite dessert recipe (for fear I might forget it), Grace would probably have been able to have named a dozen more favorite salads.

It was easy to see that Grace likes to collect and try out new salad recipes as much as she does songs.

By  
**MARY  
WRIGHT**

But she became so interested in telling me about her favorite desserts that salads were completely forgotten. And here is a recipe of Grace's you will approve of highly.

## CHARLOTTE RUSSE PIE

Soak gelatin in milk for 15 to 20 minutes. Mix sugar and egg yolks together well, add gelatin and milk, heat for 5 minutes and let cool. Add to this mixture 1 pint whipped cream, flavored with vanilla. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered pie pans which have been lined with graham cracker crumbs. Sprinkle top with graham cracker crumbs and serve plain or with whipped cream as desired. Chill before serving. This make 2 pies.

1 tbsp. plain gelatin	1 pt. cream, whipped
1 c. hot milk	1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. sugar	Graham cracker
2 eggs	crumbs

All of Grace's enthusiasm doesn't go into her homemaking, though, as anyone can tell who hears her sing. Grace likes especially to sing children's songs. Last year it was "On the Good Ship Lollypop," this year, its "The Story Book Ball" which she



Grace—a recipe collector

enjoys perhaps most of all and there's always a twinkle in her big blue eyes as she "lands on a chocolate bar."

Grace takes delight also in making elderly people happy by her songs and during the past three years has often reminded them that the harvest time is best of all by singing a favorite of hers "When the Autumn Leaves of Life Begin to Fall."

For a pet, Grace has a pretty little black kitten in which she has taken an interest since her police dog died. Grace came upon this kitten as a

homeless stray, stopped to befriend it and its friendliness won it a home. Now, the kitty is a fine one and welcome's Grace home by running up and perching on her shoulder.

Driving back and forth between work and her suburban home in Riverside, about 10 miles from the loop, occupies a great deal of her spare moments. But fortunately, next to her singing and homemaking, Grace likes best to drive her own car.

## Buttram Butts In

Well, I wuz jest sittin' in Julian Bentley's stall an' a news flash come in that they'd throwed out th' AAA. They throwed out th' NRA an' now th' AAA . . . if they don't watch out we won't have no alphebet left an' there'll be nothin' t' send th' kids t' school to learn.

I see where Japan an' England an' th' U. S. an' a few more countries are all increasin' their navies. . . . It sounds t' me like they're gittin' ready fer another big disarmament conference.

Washington is pretty crowded these days. . . . You know that's a pretty small town fer all them Senators an' Representatives an' Lobbyists . . . but they don't have t' worry about a place t' sleep . . . they do that in Congress.

Yourn 'til th' music quits goin' 'round an' 'round.

Pat Buttram.

## STICKERS

Here are the last of the prize-winning tongue twisters:

"Five fleet flyers flew forty feet for flying freshens flyers."—Doris Anderson, Valparaiso, Indiana.

"Skyland Scotty's sunny smiles soothe sunless snowy seasons since summer's sun stopped shining."—Mrs. Eda Duenke, Menasha, Wisconsin.

"Silvery slits of sunshine sifted through shining slats of sheet steel."—H. A. Crow, Kent, Illinois.

We've all had a good time with this studio sticker contest, but to save wear and tear on our announcers' tongues, the studio stickers are retiring in favor of limericks. You'll find them just as much fun!

# The Latch String

By CHECK STAFFORD

**H**OWDY, folks. Last week when writing this column, it was warm and spring-like, but today a heavy snow is covering the soiled dingy housetops with a fresh, white blanket and winter's icy hands are painting frosty designs on our office window panes.

Coming back from luncheon, we saw an elderly woman, resident of a near-by house, sweeping a clean place in her snow-covered courtyard and scattering bread crumbs for her sparrow and pigeon friends. Thoughtful, kind lady. It would be a grand idea if many more of us would do likewise when the deep snow and ice of winter make food hard to find. Maybe birds cannot talk, but they will sure chirp and twitter their thanks.

Adelbert Sumpter of Beloit, Wisconsin, wrote us last week, that although shut in by sickness, he loves to watch the bevy of birds that come and go and have a big time with the Sumpter's Christmas tree as their playground and feeding place. You see, the Sumpters are Stand By readers and when they read our item about Christmas trees being forlorn and useless, they wrote us to tell what they do each winter with their Christmas trees after the Yuletide is over. Mr. Sumpter fastens or stands the tree securely upright in the front yard and it is kept generously covered with pieces of bread for the birds. Fifty feathered visitors were luncheon guests, and enjoying the Sumpter bread crumb decorations the morning Adelbert's letter was written. So you see we were wrong. There are uses for Christmas trees—up Wisconsin way, at least.



More about birds . . . canaries, this time. Mrs. H. George, Fifth Avenue, Chicago, was a Little Theatre visitor who told us she was a canary fancier and had eight fine birds at her home, all named after WLS folks; Scotty, Lulu Belle, Jolly Joe, Winnie, Lou, Sally, Linda and Patsy, with Jolly Joe and Scotty the best of the singers. Mrs. George says when a lively musical program is coming in, there is plenty of singing at her house, too.

John Baker on Dinnerbell time has told of several horses, though aged in years (some as old as 40 and 42), still going strong. These horses have most of them been driver or work horses. Now comes Leola Shonts, Chicago, with the interesting story of her riding horse which is now 34 years old and which she enjoys riding today. Her horse, a fine, spirited animal of five gaits. Just think—still cantering about the bridge paths at 34! Certainly a stout-hearted animal and one for the book of the riding horse enthusiasts.

Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Williams of Webster, N. Y., have a son in Chicago and they resolved when coming to visit him, to see the Barn Dance and visit our studios. The Williams, being farm folks, are early risers and they hear Smile-A-While and early morning programs daily. Mr. Williams told us he recently sold 26 acres of his farm for \$300.00 per acre—land which had been purchased in 1826 by an ancestor for \$5.00 an acre.

Our visitor said that five generations of the family have occupied the old homestead. The Dutch West India company leader who purchased Manhattan island so cheaply from the redskins did the trick in 1626—just 200 years before Mr. Williams's forefathers paid the then handsome figure of \$5 an acre for farm lands, far to the west of New Amsterdam, now New York City.

There is much of romance and adventure in the history of old folks and their homes. It takes time to make history, and we never pass an old home without thinking of Eddie Guest's true statement: "It takes a heap of livin' to make a home."

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## Man on the Cover

THE life and works of Pat Buttram as told to Stand By: I wuz borned in the little town uv Addison, down in Winston county, Alabama, on June 19, 1915.

My father was a circuit ridin' Methodist preacher. He never made much money at it but he done a lot of good. He was only paid \$200 in money the year I was born. But he was the best preacher in the county. He wuz the only one in the county.

### Not Much Cash

Down there the folks allus pay the preacher in farm products or lend him work. I guess I'd better explain that last there. If we had some cotton to pick, Mr. Baswell er somebody would send one er two of their boys over to help us pick cotton an' paw would credit Mr. Baswell with



Winston's Pride and Joy

a dollar and a half "On quarterage." At the end of the year then he would figger up how much he was paid in money and then add to it how much in work and in hams and milk and eggs and etc. and would know how much he was paid for the year.

Paw has four churches and it keeps him busy going from one to the other. Sometimes he is gone for a week at a time.

### Autos Were Scarce

When I was about five years old I started helping my brothers work in the field. I was water boy—and where I come from that's a hard job. Beins as how my paw didn't make enough preaching to support the family my three brothers would raise a few bales of cotton and some corn every year to sorta help out. My Uncle Joe owned a sawmill and we

helped there while the crops wuz laid by. I remember the first time my oldest brother saw a automobile. He run into th' house and yelled, "Maw, Maw, here comes Uncle Joe's sawmill down the road."

### Winston Stayed Out

Before I go any futher I think I'd better tell you a little about Winston county, Alabama, my home and my folks' home.

Well, a lot uv the old folks, call it the Free State of Winston on account of the fact that they declared themselves free from the rest of Alabama durin' th' War between the States.

It is said by some to be the onliest spot in the South that didn't succeed from the Union. Some say they didn't know the war was goin' on but here's th' story as best I could patch it together. When the sucession meetin' was called at Montgomery the representatives frum Winston county addressed the group with th' statement that "there is only three er four slaves in the county uv Winston and they ain't worth fightin' over" so the county decided they wasn't mad at nobody and stayed out uv th' war.

### Debut in Church Play

I made my first stage appearance when I wuz eight years old. They wuz havin' a play at th' church and folks, wuz comin' frum all over the mountain to see it so I told them that I would be in it if they would let me in free. They knew I'd get in free anyway so they put me in it. Well, it wuz the same way with any of the plays they'd try to have anywhere in the county. My Paw wuz preacher and if he sed put me in the play I wuz in the play. I got quite a bit of experience this way if nothing else, and I had a lot of fun at it. I used to git out in the woods an' act and preach to th' trees an' stumps. I had my mind set on a-bein' a preacher until I finished high school.

### Moved Around Some

We moved around quite a bit while I wuz growin' up. Jest a few uv the towns I've lived in are: Addison, Navoo, Haleyville, Pebble, Maxwell's Chapel (named after my grandmother), Dixiana, Empire, Odenville, Flat Creek and Altoona. I went to high school most of the time at Mortimer Jordan High, a country school where most of the students either walk or ride a battered bus over muddy roads.

I wuz pretty smart in schoolin' an' when I finished I got a scholarship to Birmingham - Southern College, a Methodist school in Birmingham. I went there for a year and could uv larned a great deal if I had stuck to my school work. Instead I got a job at a radio station before I had been in school fer six months.

Frum Birmingham I come to Chi to see the world's fair and drapped over to station WLS and got an au-

dition and a job. Then I wuz added to the National Barn Dance on Saturday nights.

A lot of people have ask me about the revenuers and if the stories told about moonshining is true. A lot uv 'em are an' a lot uv 'em ain't. I've been t' quite a few stills and watched 'em make an' mix corn whiskey an' it's an art. Some of the old timers back in the mountains have been doing it all their lives jest like their paw did a-fore 'em. That's their trade jest like you're a docter an' you're a bricklayer an' etc. They believe that they are doing right. They claim they make good whiskey and sell it at fair prices an' deal square with everybody an' if somebody tries to stop them they look at it jest as you'd look at somebody tryin' to rob yore bakery shop.

### Bearcat Got Religion

Feuds have died out down in my part of the country. There's jest one that I know uv down there an' it ain't been active in about 25 years.

I could go on an' talk to ye fer hours like this about things that's happened down home. Fer instance there wuz the time that ole Bearcat Davis fell in the river when his boat overturned. He swum to to a steep bank and grabbed the root of a tree there. He couldn't get up the bank and he was afraid to turn loose and float down stream, so he done about all there wuz left to do—he prayed. After praying for about 10 minutes Bearcat decided that he had sufficient religion so he decided to turn loose and drown and go on to Heaven. He turned loose and the water was only shoulder deep. You could uv heard him cussin' three miles.

### Started Sudden Like

Another incident that I'll never fergit wuz th' night after a play that I wuz in at Birmingham Southern College when a feller knocked on my dressin' room door an' ask me if I wanted to go on the radio. That started me off on what I hope is a career. I like the radio work, altho it does git sorta wearysome once in a while, especially if you're a long ways frum home.

Vital statistics: height, five feet, 10 inches; weight, 155 pounds; age, 20; eyes, brown; hair, black; state, single.

### Ameche in Flickers

Don Ameche, NBC actor, is definitely signed with 20th Century pictures and will go to Hollywood in February for the first of his flickers. First Nighter sponsor is reported uncertain as to whether the show will move to the west coast. If the show does move, Betty Lou Gerson, the leading lady, will take several screen tests. Scouts from two of the major film companies have already contacted the petite brunette.

## Invention Wrecked

WELL, three of us is pretty bad bruised up today as a result of trying to help Bill Putt affix his anti-snore invention onto Missouri Gollyhorn. Ossifide Jones, Shadrack Snoots and yours truly slipped into the bunkhouse where Missouri were sleepin' an' snorin' when he suddenly woke up and flang back the covers, flailin' his arms and hollerin'. The bruises was suffered when all of us hit the door at one time tryin' to git out. Bill Putt thinks he can repair the machine, but I don't think I'll ever be of much use any more.

Al Fish, our efficient deputy sheriff, is laid up in bed with a turrrible cold which he cotched Thursday night. He was hiding out by the water trough over at Buckhorn corral aimin' to ketch some cattle rustlers when he fell asleep and the trough run over onto him and froze him to the ground where he din't thaw loose nor wake up until ten o'clock the next morning. Nobody is lookin' after the law hereabouts in his absence but all seems calm and still.

Citron Spinks is in a bad fix and in no shape to begin the coming winter, although the weather is sort of cooling off in these parts. Citron sent in an order to a mail-order house for a pair of winter riding pants as he wanted a lower price than the store at Cottonwood would give him. But the first time he bent over to pick up



something from the ground they split wide open from ankle to waist, the accident happening in front of some folkses, which made it plumb ambarassing and so forth.

At last night's cowboy club meetin' it were voted unanimous to proposition the government fer a loan with which to hire our new club house built instead of doing it ourselves. There was a good deal of sentiment in favor of the motion and it carried unanimous. After which Wimpus Gollyhorn recited Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight and when he got thred Bill Putt sung A Bird in The Gilded Cage which he have completely memorized.

—ARIZONA IKE.

## SALESMAN



BILL CLINE used to use his salesmanship on a mike. Now he uses it in selling radio time.

### Another Limerick

Next week, we will announce the first three winners in the STANDBY limerick contest. Entries are stacking up—there seem to be a number of rhymesters among Stand By readers—and the judges will pick the winning last-lines before we go to press on the next issue.

In the meantime, make up a last line for this new limerick:

There is a Swiss miss named Christine,  
Who is as pretty a maid as we've seen,  
She sings like a bird  
And her yodeling is heard

Your line should be as long as the first two lines and rhyme with them, you know. Try it! It's easy and a lot of fun. Your line might win one of the dollar prizes. Three are awarded every week. Send your entry to Limericks, care of Stand By, Chicago.

### Query

Every now and then some query received at the NBC telephone board in San Francisco seems to top all existing records. Another all-time "high" was reached recently when a lady telephoned to ask: "Is this NBC? Well, can you tell me where Amos and Andy park their taxicab when they don't park it on Lenox Avenue?"

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# Music Notes

By JOHN LAIR

MR. Kalman Kapornyar of Hammond, Indiana, addressed an inquiry to Homemakers' Hour as to the origin of "Shine on Harvest Moon" which has been turned over to the Music Library to be answered in this column. This song is by Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes and was copyrighted in 1918 by the publisher, J. H. Remick.

Mrs. Eugene Drew of Benton Harbor, Michigan, asks about a song, the title of which she does not exactly remember. The number, Mrs. Drew, is "Leven More Months and Ten More Days." It is published by the Piedmont Music Co. and is to be found in a book called "Get Together Songs".

Lulu Belle and Scotty (now Papa and Mama Wiseman) have asked me to ask you for the music to "Hang Out the Front Door Key." Who'll be first to send it in?

Mrs. H. A. Nuthak, Rollingstone, Minnesota, has asked for the old song "Just Forty Years Ago." I have in my own collection a number printed in 1856 under the title of "Twenty Years Ago" which is, I believe, the one she has in mind. My recollection is that old school readers gave it the name "Just Forty Years Ago." I believe the two are identical with the exception of the period of years indicated.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree  
Upon the schoolhouse playground which sheltered you and me;  
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know  
That played with us upon the grass some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom, barefooted boys at play  
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;  
But the master sleeps upon the hill which, coated o'er with snow,  
Afforded us a sliding place just twenty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some. The benches are replaced  
By new ones very like the ones our penknives had defaced;  
The same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,  
The music just the same, dear Tom, as 'twas twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,  
Is very low. 'Twas once so high that we could scarcely reach.  
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so  
To find that I had changed so much since twenty years ago.

The boys were playing the same old games, beneath the same old tree—  
I do forget the name just now; you've played the game with me  
On that same spot. 'Twas played with knives, by throwing so and so.  
The leader had a task to do there twenty years ago.

Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,

Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same.  
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—'twas dying, sure but slow,  
Just as the one whose name we cut died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes;  
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties.  
I visited the old churchyard and took some flowers to strew  
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid. Some sleep beneath the sea.  
But few are left of our old class excepting you and me.  
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,  
I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty years ago.

James H. Dulaney of Lea Key, Texas, asked us to try to dig up an old song, "Rosalee," which he says was popular from about 1876 to 1884. We didn't have to go far to get this one. Buddy Gilmore of Otto's Tune Twisters gave us the words to it. You can perhaps catch the tune from listening to Buddy sing it on some of their programs.

## ROSALEE

Way down in old Kentucky, 'twas many years ago,  
When I used to hunt the possum and the coon,  
The darkies they would gather 'round and have a merry dance  
When the fiddles and the banjos were in tune.

Chorus:  
So hang up your fiddles and your banjos on the wall,  
Lay away your bones and tambourines.

Death has taken away my Rosalee, the only flower that bloomed  
In my little old log cabin by the stream.  
No more those merry times I see, those happy days of yore,  
The little darkies rolling on the green.  
Death has taken away my Rosalee, the only flower that bloomed  
In my little old log cabin by the stream.

The stream is running just the same, the willows by its side  
Are waving o'er the grave of Rosalee,  
And here I sit beside the grave and pass the time away  
And I wonder when the saints will shelter me.

Some time ago we printed "The Old Log Barn" in incomplete form. Now, thanks to Mrs. Olive Magee of Gardner, Illinois, we print a more complete version. We have not yet been able to find the melody. Who can supply it?

## THE OLD LOG BARN

There's a charm for me yet in the old log barn,  
So tottering, old and gray,  
Where wildly I loved long years ago  
To romp in the new mown hay.

Chorus:  
For the merry old times that I spent there  
And the songs that I sang in my play  
Have an echo and image within my heart  
That never shall fade away.

There, too, was the old-time threshing floor  
Where busily moved our feet  
To handle the hay or the golden grain  
Or winnow the bearded wheat.

But now the old barn is forsaken and lone,  
The best of its day it has seen,  
But when it has fallen and molded away  
Its memory still shall live green.

## ARKIE AND PALS



WHEN ARKIE SINGS a crowd is sure to gather. Here's the old Woodchopper with a group of his pals on the stage of the Eighth Street Theatre. Jean McDonald is at Arkie's left.

## It's a Big Town

(Continued from page 5)

shows at the Barn Dance I went over to the Stevens Hotel to get some change and I looked like the boss in a corral a-pickin' out shippin' cattle. I never have seen so many people in one "bunk house" in my time. But they must have been kinder scared of me' cause when I started down the run way they all spread out like they were being pushed back by the home guard, and I felt like a king a-walkin' to his throne.

## They Do "Sunfish"

While ridin' downtown one day a-top one of the buses I hadn't gotten to a seat yet and the darn thing hit a side weave. I had a-hold of the seat handle and I thought for a minute I was a-straddle of a buckin' horse with loose rope and everybody on the bus started hollerin' "Ride 'em, cowboy," and I did. I believe I can get quite a bit of buckin' horse practice on top of the buses when they go sunfishin' down the street.

Went to the Field Museum one day with Mrs. Weed and we saw a lot of interesting sights, especially when we come to the wild animals that were of the western part of the country. I have seen a great many wild animals out in the open and the fellows that fixed up them animals must-a seen them in natural life 'cause they sure look natural. Even the paintings in the scenery's background looks like you were lookin' across the open spaces.

Since I've been back here I have been asked some pretty dumb questions about the paraphernalia a cowpoke wears, and I have asked some dumber one of city folks. But after

all, whether a fellow wears a pair of high-heeled boots and a big hat, chaps and spurs, or if he wears a stiff-boiled shirt and derby hat, we have our line of business and seem pretty dumb about the other fellow's trade and habit of wear and livin'. You can't punch cows in a tuxedo and spats, and you would look kinda funny sittin' in a swivel chair with a pair of spurs and chaps on a-doin' office work. So folks, whether you're born in the west or east, we're all pups with the same kind of fur.

So I'll say "adios" until I have the pleasure of meetin' you personally.

## Hotan's Council Fire

BO-SHO Aunish-Nau-Be Bo-sho! Greetings to all my pale face friends!

The white man's talking birch-bark brings you new and interesting things. With this issue of "Stand-By," or to give it the Chippewa name, "Esh-quay-gah-bow," which means to stand around or to stand by something or some place, I welcome you to our council fire. Here at the wigwam we will speak of many things, tell of many peoples or tribes and from time to time, perhaps, I may write for you in the picture writing of my people.

This week, because so many of you have asked to have them printed in Stand By, I am giving you the Indian words that were included in the Monday morning Pow-Wows. Many boys and girls must leave for school before the council fire is lighted and they asked that these be printed. Remember this is Chippewa, so do not become confused if you find some other Indian word meaning the same thing. There are hundreds of ways of saying the same word, in the In-

dian language. Here are the first 20:

- Arrow—Mi-ti-gwab
- Baby—A-bi-no-gee
- Cradle—Di-ki-nah-gun
- Girl—E-qway-zaince
- Listen—Bi-zi-dun
- No—Ga-win
- Salt—She-we-taw-gun
- Sugar—Se-se-baw-qwod
- Sleep—Ni-bon
- Yes—Ah-wahw
- Bow—Bi-qwuk
- Boy—Gwe-we-zaince
- Bread—Baw-qway-she-gun
- Head-dress—Mi-aqwa-zi-gun
- Meat—We-yaws
- Potatoes—O-pe-neeg
- Spear—A-nit
- Stop—No-gi-sh-con
- Wake up—Goosh-co-zin
- Kettle—O-caw-dah-gick

I have spelled these Indian words in the same manner in which they are pronounced. You should have very little trouble in speaking them, after a few hours practice. Next week we will have ten more ready for you. Better save these, perhaps you will want to make a little dictionary, in that case, get an indexed book, then you can write each word under its proper letter, and they will be ready when you want them.

How many of you would like to have an Indian corner in Stand By each week, with sign language, picture writing, Indian words, names and other information about the First Americans in it? Why not send in your requests and your ideas to the council fire?

*Hotan tonka*  
STP

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# ... LISTENING IN WITH WLS DAILY PROGRAMS

Saturday, January 18, to Saturday, January 25

870 k.c. — 50,000 Watts



**THE BUSY CAMERA** of Frances O'Donnell catches four-fifths of the Prairie Ramblers. L. to r., Chick Hurt, Patsy Montana, Jack Taylor and Salty Holmes.

## Sunday, January 19

- 8:00—Romelle Fay plays the organ in 30 friendly minutes, announced by Howard Chamberlain.
- 8:30—"Everybody's Hour" featuring Don C with interesting facts; WLS Concert Orchestra; Hilltoppers; John Brown and Walter Steindel; Ruth Shirley in children's songs; George Harris with news; Everybody's Almanac; brain teasers, and "Hobby Interview" of a prominent personality.
- 9:30—WLS Little Brown Church of the Air with Dr. John W. Holland; Hymns by Little Brown Church singers and Henry Burr, tenor, assisted by WLS Orchestra and Romelle Fay, organist.
- 10:15—"Three Star Program," Tony Wons; Henry Burr; Ralph Emerson. (Alka-Seltzer)
- 10:30—WLS Orchestra; Roy Anderson, soloist; Frank Carleton Nelson, "The Indiana Poet."
- 11:00—Henry Burr in "Songs of Home."
- 11:15—"Sycamore and Cypress"—Eureka Jubilee Singers and Bill Vickland.
- 11:45—Weather Report; "Keep Chicago Safe"—Dramatic skit.
- 11:58—Livestock Estimates.
- 12:00—Sign Off.

## Sunday Evening, January 19

- 6:30 p. m. to 8:00 p. m., CST
- 6:30—The Bakers Broadcast. (Standard Brands) (NBC)
- 7:00—NBC—The Melody Lingers On.
- 7:30—Ralph Emerson—Organ Concert.
- 7:45—Al Rule—"One Buck Private's Experience."

## Monday, January 20, to Friday, January 24

### MORNING PROGRAMS

- 5:30—Smile - A - While — Prairie Ramblers, Patsy Montana; Hoosier Sod Busters and Tumble Weed.
- 6:00—Farm Bulletin Board—Howard Black.
- 6:10—Johnny Muskrat Fur Market. (Wed., Sat.)
- 6:30—Mon., Thurs., Fri.—Chuck & Ray with Hoosier Sod Busters. Wed.—Buddy Gilmore and Sod Busters. Tues., Thurs.—Tumble Weed & Hoosier Sod Busters.
- 6:45—Pat Buttram; Henry; Prairie Ramblers. (Oshkosh)
- 7:00—WLS News Report — Julian Bentley. (Hamlin's)
- 7:10—Daily Program Summary.

- 8:15—Morning Devotions conducted by Jack Holden, assisted by Hometowners, and Ralph Emerson.
- 8:30—WLS News Report — Julian Bentley; Bookings.
- 8:43—Livestock Receipts; Hog Flash.
- 8:45—Mon., Wed., Fri.—Morning Minstrels, featuring Hometowners Quartet; Tune Twisters; Chuck & Ray; Henry; Possum Tuttle; Joe Kelly, and Jack Holden. (Olson Rug Co.) Tues., Thurs., Sat.—Wm. O'Connor, tenor; John Brown, pianist.
- 9:00—Prairie Ramblers; Patsy Montana; Henry. (Peruna & Kolor-Bak)
- 9:30—NBC—"Today's Children," Dramatic Adventures of a Family.
- 9:45—Mon., Wed., Fri.—"Old Music Chest"—Phil Kalar and Ralph Emerson. Tues., Thurs.—"Three Star Program," Tony Wons; Henry Burr; Ralph Emerson. (Alka-Seltzer)

### Saturday Eve., Jan. 18

- 7:00—Prairie Ramblers and Patsy Montana; Henry Hornsbuckle and Hoosier Sod Busters. (G. E. Conkey Co.)
- 7:15—Hoosier Hot Shots and guest artist. (Morton Salt)
- 7:30—Keystone Barn Dance Party, featuring Skyland Scotty. (Keystone Steel and Wire Co.)
- 8:00—Barn Dance Jamboree, featuring Pat Buttram. (Murphy Products Co.)
- 8:30—National Barn Dance NBC Hour with Uncle Ezra; Maple City Four; Verne, Lee and Mary; Hoosier Hot Shots; Lucille Long; Sally Foster; Skyland Scotty, and other Hayloft favorites, with Joe Kelly as master of ceremonies. (Alka-Seltzer)
- 9:30—Aladdin Hayloft Theatre.
- 10:00—Barn Dance Frolic—Hilltoppers; Patsy Montana; Possum Tuttle. (Gillette Rubber Co.)
- 10:15—Prairie Ramblers & Red Foley. (Jelsert)
- 10:30—Prairie Farmer-WLS National Barn Dance continues until 12:00 p. m., CST, with varied features, including Prairie Ramblers; Otto & His Tune Twisters; Patsy Montana; Hometowners Quartet; Christine; Girls of Golden West; Red Foley; Hilltoppers; Bill O'Connor; Grace Wilson; Hoosier Sod Busters; Eddie Allan; Arkie, and many others.

- 7:15—Mon., Wed., Sat.—Red Foley. Tues., Thurs.—Otto & His Tune Twisters. (Ferris Nurseries) Fri.—Tune Twisters with Evelyn. "The Little Maid."
- 7:30—Mon., Wed., Fri.—Hotan Tonka, Indian Legends; Ralph Emerson, organist. Tues., Thurs., Sat.—"Junior Broadcasters' Club." (Campbell Cereal)
- 7:45—Skyland Scotty and Girls of the Golden West. (Foley's Honey & Tar)
- 8:00—Jolly Joe and His Pet Pals. (Little Crow Milling Co.)

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

(Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.)

12:00 Noon to 3:00 p. m., CST

- 12:00—Prairie Farmer Dinnerbell Program, conducted by John Baker, 45 minutes of varied farm and musical features. Dr. Holland in Devotional Message at 12:40.

12:45—Jim Poole's Livestock Market Summary direct from Union Stock Yards. (Chicago Livestock Exchange)

12:55—Mon., Wed., Fri.—Livestock Feeding Talk—Murphy Products Co. Tues., Thurs., Sat.—Country Life Insurance.

1:00—Mon., Wed., Fri.—Cornhuskers & The Chore Boy.

Tues.—Hometowners and Federal Housing Bureau speaker.

Thurs.—Red Foley and Hoosier Sod Busters. (Penn. Salt)

1:15—"Pa and Ma Smithers," humorous and homey rural sketch.

1:30—F. C. Bisson of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture in grain market summary.

1:35—Homemakers' Hour. (See the detailed schedule.)

2:15—NBC—"Ma Perkins"—rural comedy sketch.

2:30—Homemakers' Hour, cont'd. (See the detailed schedule.)

3:00—Sign Off for WENR.

### Saturday Morning, January 18

5:30-9:30—See Daily Morning Schedule.

8:15—WLS Sunday School Class, Dr. John W. Holland.

9:35—Lancaster Seed. (E. T.)  
9:35—Jolly Joe's Junior Stars.

10:00—Martha Crane and Helen Joyce—(Feature Foods)

10:30—Rocky, basso, with Ted Gilmore.

10:45—WLS News Report — Julian Bentley. (M. K.)

10:50—Butter, Egg, Dressed Veal, Live and Dressed Poultry Quotations.

10:55—Program News—Harold Safford.

11:00—Morning Minstrels. (Olson Rug Co.)

11:15—"Old Kitchen Kettle," Mary Wright; Hilltoppers; Fruit & Vegetable Report.

11:30—Winnie, Lou & Sally; Hilltoppers.

11:45—Weather Report; Fruit and Vegetable Market; Bookings.

11:55—WLS News Report — Julian Bentley. (Morton Seasoning)

12:00—Poultry Service Time; Hometowners Quartet; Ralph Emerson.

12:15—WLS Garden Club.

12:30—Closing Grain Market Summary by F. C. Bisson.

12:37—Variety Music.

12:45—Weekly Livestock Market Review by Jim Clark of Chicago Producers' Commission Association.

1:00—4-H Club Program, conducted by John Baker.

1:15—Prairie Farmer - WLS Home Talent Acts.

1:30—Homemakers' Hour.

2:40—WLS Merry-Go-Round, with variety acts, including Ralph Emerson; Henry; John Brown; Christine; Hilltoppers; Eddie Allan.

3:00—Sign Off for WENR.

### HOMEMAKERS' SCHEDULE

(Conducted by Mary Wright)

#### Monday, January 20

1:35—Orchestra; Paul Nettinga; Vibrant Strings; Hometowners; Evelyn, "The Little Maid"; John Brown; Marjorie Gibson in Fanfare; P. T. A. Speaker.

#### Tuesday, January 21

1:35—Ralph Emerson; Hilltoppers; Don Wilson and His Singing Guitar; Helene Brahm; Bill O'Connor, tenor; Marjorie Gibson in Fanfare; Mrs. Sherman's Book Chat.

#### Wednesday, January 22

1:35—Orchestra; Paul Nettinga; Vibrant Strings; Hometowners; John Brown, Marjorie Gibson in Fanfare; Garden Talk. Bird Personalities.

#### Thursday, January 23

1:35—Orchestra; Grace Wilson; John Brown; Wm. O'Connor; WLS Little Home Theatre; Marjorie Gibson in Fanfare.

#### Friday, January 24

1:35—Orchestra; Marjorie Gibson in Fanfare; Cornhuskers & Chore Boy; Evelyn, "The Little Maid"; Lois Schenck, Prairie Farmer Homemakers' News; Jean Sterling Nelson, "Home Furnishing."

#### Saturday, January 25

1:30—Ralph Emerson; Hilltoppers; Skyland Scotty; John Brown; Otto and His Tune Twisters; Tommy Tanner; Ken Wright; Christine; Interview of a WLS Personality—Marjorie Gibson.

### EVENING PROGRAMS

#### Monday, January 20

7:00—NBC—Fibber McGee and Mollie. (S. C. Johnson)

7:30—NBC—Evening in Paris. (Bourjois Sales Corporation)

8:00—NBC—Sinclair Minstrels. (Sinclair Oil Refining)

#### Tuesday, January 21

7:00—NBC—Eno Crime Clues. (Eno Salts)

7:30—NBC—Edgar Guest in Welcome Valley. (Household Finance Co.)

8:00—NBC—Ben Bernie. (American Can Co.)

#### Wednesday, January 22

7:00—Rendezvous—Musical Varieties. (Life Savers)

7:30—NBC—Armco Iron Master Program.

8:00—NBC—Cinema Theatre.

#### Thursday, January 23

7:00—Ralph Emerson; Hilltoppers; Roy Anderson. (Ferris Nurseries)

7:30—Country Life Insurance Program—Hometowners and John Brown)

7:45—The Old Judge. (University Broadcasting Council)

8:00—NBC—Death Valley Days. (Pacific Coast Borax)

#### Friday, January 24

7:00—NBC—Irene Rich. (Welch Grape Juice)

7:15—NBC—Wendall Hall. (Fitch's)

7:30—To be announced.

8:00—NBC—Pepsodent Program.

## WATCH THIS SPACE

FOR Appearance of WLS Artists in YOUR Community

### WLS MINSTREL SHOW

#### SATURDAY, JANUARY 18

Huntington Theatre, Huntington, Indiana—WLS Minstrel Band: Chuck & Ray; Three Neighbor Boys; Bill McCluskey.

#### SUNDAY, JANUARY 19

Hippodrome Theatre, Sheridan, Indiana—WLS Minstrel Band: (See above)

#### TUESDAY, JANUARY 21

Tibbets Theatre, Coldwater, Mich.—WLS Barn Dance: Hoosier Hot Shots; Max Terhune; Hayloft Trio.

#### WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22

McLean Co. Service Co., Bloomington, Ill.—Tom Owens & His Cornhuskers; Max Terhune & Flannery Sisters.

#### THURSDAY, JANUARY 23

Shelby - Effingham Service Co., Shelbyville, Ill.—Max Terhune and Hayloft Trio.

Eagles Ballroom, Oshkosh, Wis.—The Hoosier Hot Shots.

WLS Minstrel Show, Peru Theatre, Peru, Ill.—Chuck & Ray; WLS Minstrel Band; Three Neighbor Boys; Bill McCluskey.

WLS Barn Dance, 1936 Edition—I. O. O. F. Lodge, Alma, Mich.

#### FRIDAY, JANUARY 24

WLS Merry-Go-Round—Decatur Town Hall, Decatur, Mich., Masonic Lodge No. 99—Arkansas Woodchopper; Rube Tronson's Band, Tom Corwine; Hayloft Trio; Cousin Chester.

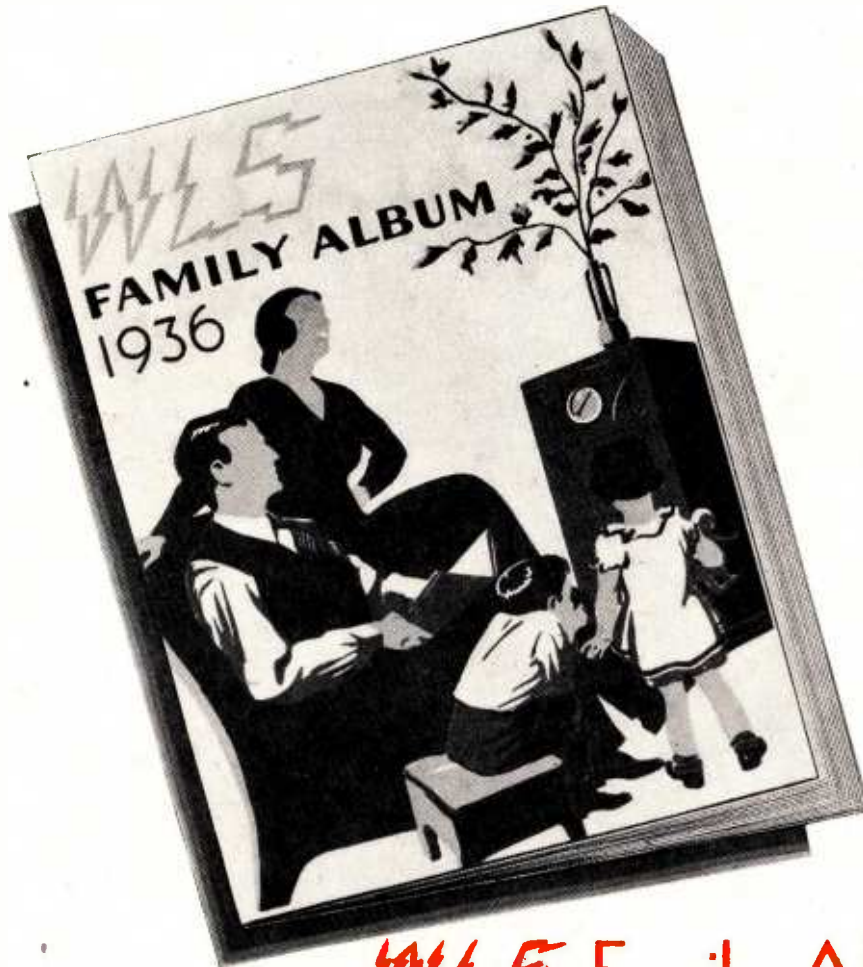
WLS Radio Show—Gurnee Grade School, Gurnee, Ill., H. S. Gymnasium—Prairie Ramblers; Patsy Montana; Pat Buttram.

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