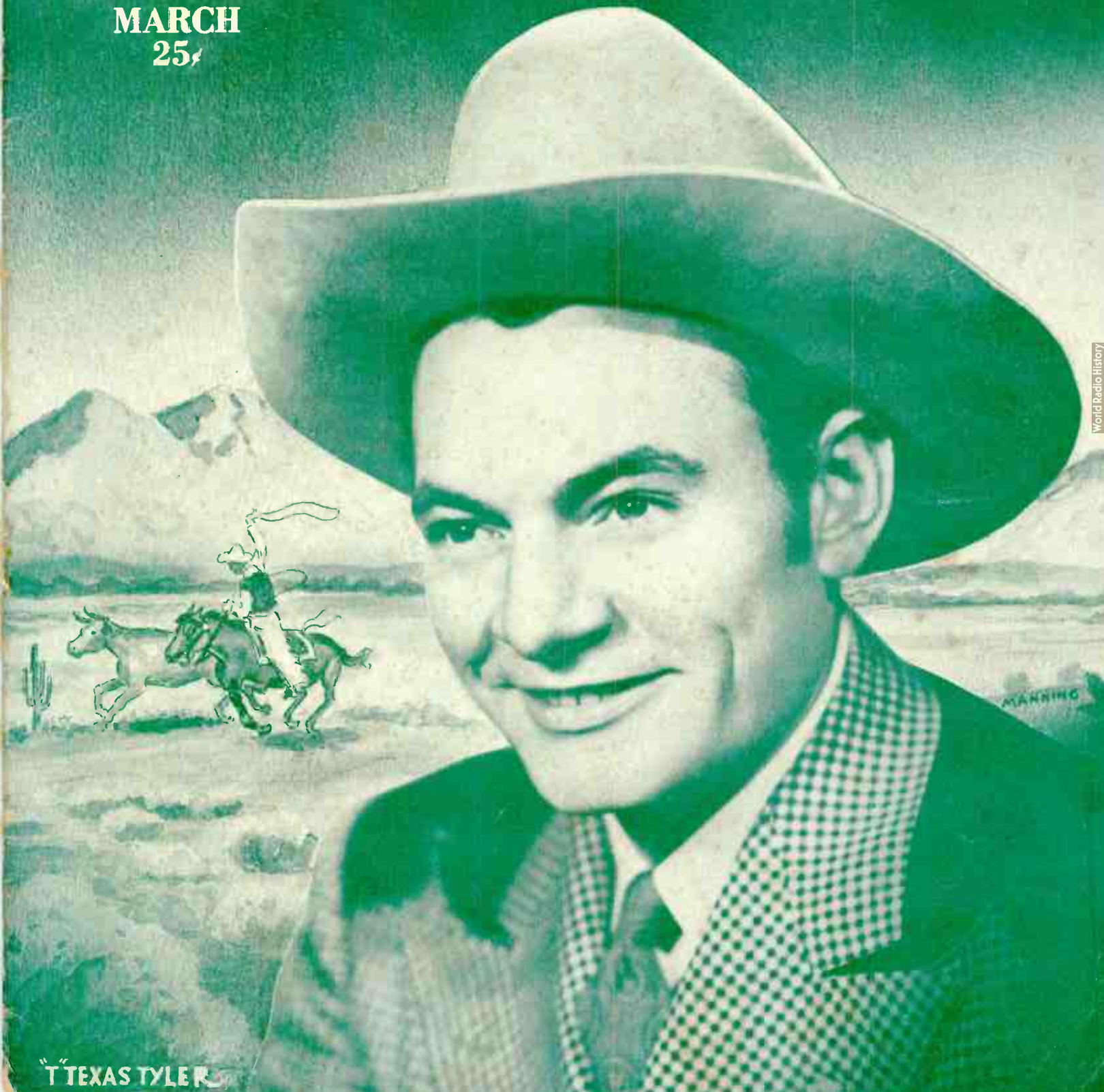


# *The* Mountain Broadcast *and* Prairie Recorder

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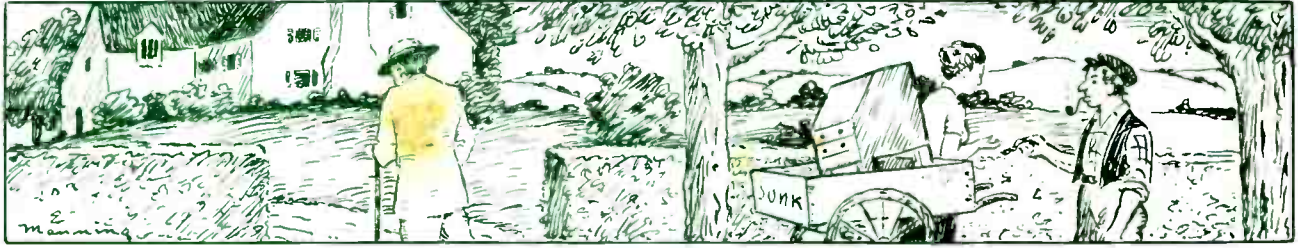


World Radio History

MANNING

TEXAS TYLER





## TRUE VALUES

*by Mary Jean Shurtz*

She wanted new things in her home  
So the old must go:  
She never cared that old things were  
Those that he had loved so.

The chair they bought the day when he  
Came home, good news to tell—  
The boss gave him a raise, and so  
Things would be going swell!

The sun parlor, and his old desk,  
The top worn smooth with time—  
The first pen that he ever owned,  
It only cost a dime.

So cheap they were, and so she must  
Have costly things instead;  
The best in dining rooms, and, too  
Gold-carved lamps by the bed.

A new style desk where once the old  
Caught gleams of morning sun—  
I wonder if she knows she broke  
His old dreams, one by one?

I like to think she didn't know  
What he will never say—  
That she took out a broken heart  
With those old things today.

# RED RIVER DAVE

and other outstanding artists

Prefer. <sup>\*</sup>Blondes—

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THE GRETSCH "115" SYNCHROMATIC GUITAR, with its magnificent tone, its distinctive *\*Blonde* finish and embodying the exclusive "Synchronomatic" features found in no other guitars, is the choice of many top-notch Guitarists.



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We regret to announce that, due to the continued severe shortage of paper and other materials, combined with the generally unsettled labor conditions, we must change the time of issue of *The Mountain Broadcast*.

Until further notice, the magazine will be issued EVERY SECOND MONTH, instead of monthly, as in the past.

In February, the February-March issue will appear.

In April, the April-May issue will appear.

In June, the June-July issue will appear.

In August, the August-September issue will appear.

In October, the October-November issue will appear.

In December, the December-January issue will appear.

All subscriptions will be extended, so that SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE FULL NUMBER OF COPIES THEY ARE ENTITLED TO, under the former monthly basis.

We wish to express to all of our subscribers, our deepest appreciation of their loyal support in the past, and to thank them for the many nice things they have said about the magazine.

Cordially yours,

MOUNTAIN BROADCAST PUB. CO., INC.

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# The Mountain Broadcast and Prairie Recorder

DEVOTED TO THE AMERICAN TRADITION IN FOLK MUSIC

New Series—No. 14

February-March, 1947

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# THE MAN WITH A MILLION FRIENDS

By MARION R. WATSON

Quite a few years back, if you had been walking down a dirt road past a certain farm near Mena, Arkansas, you might have had a glimpse of a small boy sitting on a tree stump, well out of sight and hearing of the house. He would be sitting there with one knee crossed over the other to support the \$2.98 Sears-Roebuck guitar, to which he was giving all his attention. You might say he was sort of torturing that instrument, but what else could you expect? He didn't have a soul to tell him how to work the thing, and the book of instructions was hard for a young boy to understand.

Couldn't ask his folks about it, for they'd like to skin him alive if he went plunking that fool guitar around the house. The folks figured that it was a complete waste of time. They said he never would learn how to play it, and even if he did—where would it get him?

Well, they were surely dead wrong on both counts, for that boy was T. Texas Tyler. All by himself he learned how to play that guitar, and there are millions of folks today who will testify that he did a good job of it.

But Tex got no encouragement in Arkansas. Folks thought he'd be doing a sight better if he stuck to the plow handle and leave music making to those who had nothing better to do with their time.

But all that didn't bother Tex too much. He had his mind set on music, and nothing could change him. As his folks said, you had to give him credit for one thing, anyway—the boy surely had plenty of confidence in himself.

When Tex got to be about sixteen, he said to himself—"Time's a-wastin'", and he figured if he didn't get started on his career soon, he'd be getting to be an old man, with nothing to show for it.

So early one morning, he bundled up a change of clothes, and a new guitar he had managed to save up for. He got on a freight train when it stopped to take water, and off he went to conquer the world.

No friends, no money, no job waiting, no agent to find him one—just T. Texas Tyler and his trusty guitar. But he did have that one vital thing—plenty of self-confidence. He needed it, too, for he missed many a meal, and had to fall back on that same self-confidence to keep himself going.

To be only sixteen, alone, unknown, penniless, in a strange town, is no joke. Of course Tex had a lot on his side. He was already extremely good-looking, tall and well-built. But he was a gangling sort of fellow, with more of the kid than the man about him. His very fine voice was a real asset, and he really had learned how to play that guitar—that was all in his favor. But even with all these strings to his bow, Tex found his introduction to the entertainment world pretty discouraging. But that smile that

has helped him earn the title of "the man with a million friends," was just as broad and disarming then as it is now. Tex worked his way around a couple of honky-tonk owners, and they gave him permission to play for the customers between juke box numbers. There was no salary, just what folks wanted to give him, and that wasn't always too much. The public is not so much heartless as it is careless, and lots of folks were given to bestowing a smile, rather than money, on the youngster strolling among the tables with his guitar and songs. Smiles are nice, and warm the heart, but they don't put much grub under your belt, and try as you will, you can't cash them at any bank.

Of course, he could have gone on back home any time at all and admit that he couldn't make a go of it with a guitar and a song, but he didn't do that. Not that he was too proud to admit failure, but he really knew and believed that he was going places.

Texas had modesty, as well as confidence, and escaped the downfall of so many beginning artists, in that he failed to be indignant at his failure to set the world on fire with his first public appearances. Instead, there was gratitude that he was given an opportunity to learn the hard road that leads to real professionalism, and he was honestly grateful to the people who listened to him sing, who took him as he was, and



T. TEXAS TYLER



who rewarded his efforts with at least enough money to keep him alive.

It's a hard life for a grown man, with dangers and pitfalls on every side, and to a young fellow like Texas, the surroundings might have set him on the wrong path indeed, if it weren't that he had a good Christian upbringing behind him.

After a year of this casual and uncertain existence, Tex remained confident, merely tightening his belt another notch when folk's generosity failed to keep step with his appetite. Then he was called back home to the farm by family illness.

Like all youngsters who have struck out on their own, Texas used to have dreams of what his first return to the old home town would be like. He always figured he'd make his entrance all fixed up like a real dude, with a pocket full of money, a real gold watch, a diamond ring, and all the trimmings. And it was a distinct come-down to have to return apparently no better off than when he'd left. The family objection to his career as a musician was just as strong as ever, or stronger. How could he explain to them the things he'd learned in that

year, the experience he'd acquired that was so much more valuable than money would have been?

It was simpler just not to discuss it. With the kindness that is essentially characteristic of Tex, he put up with this interruption in his own life, and cheerfully did all the things that had to be done around the farm. Then, when things were put to rights, and he felt he could be spared again, he picked up the broken threads of his career once more.

This time he decided to strike farther out into the world, and made tracks for Newport, R. I., where his older brother Jim was training buglers at the Naval Training Station. Jim had joined the Navy some twelve years previous, and was mighty glad to see his kid brother. He listened to Tex and thought he was pretty good. Jim figured that Tex was good enough for a radio career, and sent him to a local station, WMBA, for an audition. The director was not so much impressed as Jim had been, but he consented to give Tex a try-out spot on a show. Our hero sang his song, and the studio phone began to ring. The listeners wanted more of the same, and the director was smart enough to give them what

they wanted. As a result, Tex was assigned a special half hour broadcast of his own. This was a thrill, and Tex loved it, but it didn't pay any money, and Tex couldn't just hang around living off Jim.

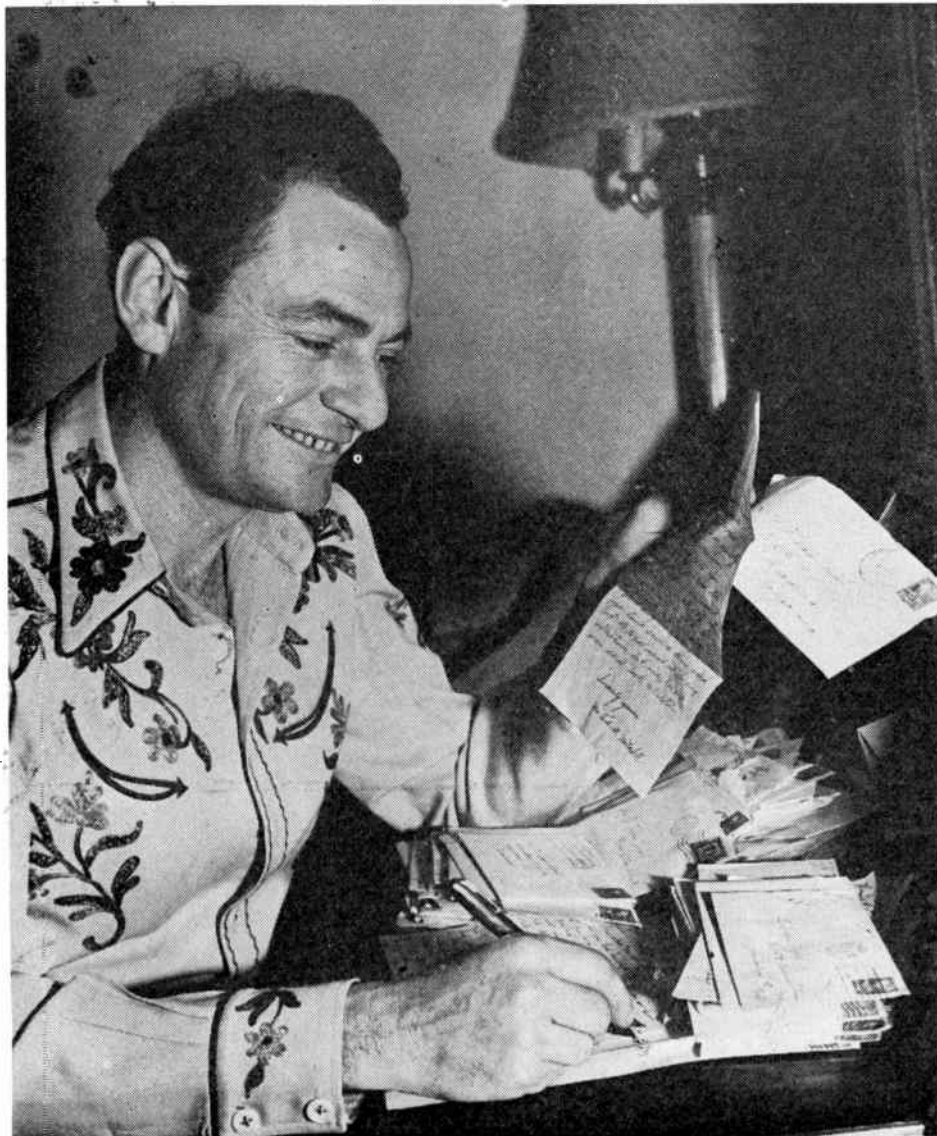
One of the fellows at the station had a friend with radio connections in Philadelphia, and he gave Tex a letter to his friend. So Tex set off for the Quaker City with high hopes. He began to make a name for himself around town, and was going along fine, when he got a letter from the West Coast. One of his co-workers from Philadelphia had gone to California, and he wrote to Texas that there were mighty good pickings out that way. That was enough for Tex, so he loaded up his guitar and lit a shuck for California. It was good, for a while. Tex worked on KGER at Long Beach, and was doing right well, when things just sort of petered out for him. He hopped a freight back to Arkansas, and spent a winter working on a ranch there. Then back to Long Beach in the spring, and he landed a job with an outfit of Hawaiians. That is, they were supposed to be Hawaiians, and Tex was just as much an islander as any of the rest of the band. He wore one of those paper wreaths around his neck, and he says he's darned glad they weren't asked to wear grass skirts, too. But there wasn't much money to be made. They played three shows a night, and for that, Texas got just \$15.00 per week. When he paid for his room, it didn't leave much for carfare and FOOD. And Tex had got into the habit of eating when he was a kid.

He was broadcasting every day on KFOX and KGER, but that just paid off in publicity for the band, not cash for Texas, so he pretty soon had just about enough of that routine.

He bought a broken-down jalopy for little or nothing (which was just about what it was worth) and headed for Nevada. He got just beyond Barstow, California, and in the middle of a terrific downpour of rain, he ran out of gas, oil, money and patience, all at about ten o'clock at night. He looked over the heap of junk, and walked away from it in disgust. A half mile or so back down the road, he had passed the lights of a night club, and with his guitar, he headed for it. The owner liked his looks and his smile, sympathized with his hard luck story, and told Tex he could try his luck with a song or two, to see if the patrons would kick in with a little cash.

Tex made himself about ten bucks, and the owner was so impressed that he asked Tex to stay on at the club. He worked there for five months, gathering a little four piece band, and the owner told him that he was the most popular entertainer who had ever worked there. But the club was on the down grade, for there wasn't enough passing traffic to build up trade. The money began to peter off, and once more Texas was hard put to make a decent living.

Things around Barstow didn't look any too prosperous generally, so Tex decided he'd continue his trip to Nevada, that was interrupted by the break-down of the jalopy. His brother Jim was working in the mines there, and Texas joined him. Jim was out of the Navy, of course, and he got Tex a job in the mine with him. He worked as a mucker during the day, and played club dates with his guitar nights. In the mine he earned



Fan mail is quite a task—but well worth it, says Tex.



\$4.00 a day, and all told, things were better than before, but still none too good.

But about a year of this gave Tex's bank roll a new lease on life, so he figured it was his cue to get back to music as a full-time career. He packed his clothes and guitar, said so long to brother Jim again, and set out for the biggest city of them all, New York!

Well, contrary to his expectations, the streets of the big town were NOT paved with gold. In fact, Tex found New York to be just about the toughest nut he had ever tried to crack.

He made the rounds of the radio stations and couldn't even get to make an audition. He walked up and down Broadway from one theatrical booking agent to another, but all he ever got was "Sorry, nothing today, cowboy." He couldn't even get a chance to show anybody what he could do. And that bank roll which had looked so fat and healthy when he said goodbye to Jim back there in Nevada, began to take on a lean and hungry appearance.

So Tex started making the rounds of the smaller cafes, where they would let him play for whatever small coins the patrons cared to contribute. In the day-times he kept haunting the local radio stations and finally landed a spot on WBNX. But this again had a "catch." There was no salary paid, and he was not allowed to sell song books or pictures. All he got was publicity, and at that stage of the game, a little folding money would have been much more welcome. But the fan mail poured in, and that at least, helped to bolster the belief that he really had something worth while, if he could only find out how to sell it.

By this time it was apparent that people liked T. Texas Tyler, and it was through no real fault of his that his career was not paying off. What he needed was a manager, for Tex himself was completely lacking in business sense. There probably has not yet been born the man or woman who combines artistry with a head for business, and Tex was no exception. He gave away in those early days, many thousands of dollars worth of his talent. But Tex was young, and very inexperienced.

Just about the biggest thing in radio at that time was the Major Bowes Amateur Hour. Tex used to listen to this once in a while, and he wondered if the Major would be interested in a chap like himself. Well, there was no harm in trying, so Tex took himself and his guitar up to the Major's office at Broadway and 53rd Street. He auditioned for the musical director, who asked him to wait and see the Major himself. The Major liked him, spotted him on the show, and was not surprised when Tex proved to be immensely popular. Tex joined one of the Major Bowes Units, went on a six-week tour with them, and returned to New York to find that the booking agents were very much aware of his existence. They entered him in every amateur night the city theatres had, and there were plenty of them. The mere fact that Tex had been playing professionally for a number of years didn't mean a thing. So long as an artist wasn't a well known "name," he was enough of an amateur for these jobs. Tex figured that he was at least as much of an "amateur" as he had been a

"Hawaiian" out there in Long Beach, Calif. And so long as the audiences enjoyed his entertainment, he was satisfied to be billed any way the booking agents wanted.

When spring rolled around, Tex was booked with a big carnival as MC and star in a specialty act. The show bought radio time in every town they played, and all this kept Texas very much on the air. But carnival life was not the life for him. He wanted to get someplace where he could build himself nationally, and not just keeping jumping from town to town, only to land back at the same old round when the season was over.

It was in Davenport, Iowa that Tex really made up his mind to break away from the show. He had some connections in Chicago, and on the advice of friends working there, he parted company with the carnival outfit and headed for Chicago. There, really for the first time, he began to go places.

He worked on WJJD and on WIND, and the fan mail was outstanding. The pay was good, and besides, his growing

popularity made him a real drawing card in the finest night spots in the city. He bought himself some handsome cowboy outfits, and got together a band which he called Tex Tyler's Ozark Ramblers. They were going great guns, but Tex was getting tired of Chicago life.

The fiddle player of the Ozark Ramblers came from a town down in Tennessee, called Paris, and he never did get tired talking about Paris and the surrounding country. Although Tex had never seen the place, he began to get a kind of hankering to look it over, for that fiddle player surely made it sound inviting. There was no good reason why he should pull up the roots he had planted there in Chicago, but Tex had the itching foot, and couldn't hold himself. He talked it over with the boys in the band, and they thought they'd like to go along. Well, Paris and the country thereabouts was everything the fiddle player had claimed, and the boys settled down for a long stay. Of course, they needed a radio outlet, so Texas went

(Continued on page 8)



Claudia and Junior tune in Pop, while Timber listens to his master's voice.



down to Jackson, Miss. and contracted for a daily program on the Jackson Sun station, WJAX. Almost every night saw the act playing personal appearances in school auditoriums, and they were the most popular act in that part of the country. This is not surprising, for Tex is a "natural" for that kind of entertainment, being clean and kindly, and very much like what you'd like your own boy to grow into.

But he was still restless. After a few months here, Tex left the band to carry on by itself, and took off alone for Nashville. He stayed there exactly one day. He had figured on seeing the program director of WSM, and finding that this official was out of town, Tex got restless and left on the next train for Cincinnati. His first stop in Cincinnati was at station WCPO. They asked him to audition, and signed him for an air show to start the very next day. He got together a new band, called T. Texas Tyler and his Dixie Melody Boys, and they played as many personal appearance and shows as any one outfit could handle. Incidentally, this band is still intact, here on the West Coast, and doing very nicely indeed, billed as "The Sunshine Boys."

When the fall of 1938 rolled around, Tex and the boys left Cincinnati and took themselves on up to Columbus, Ohio. Here they did a half hour show three times weekly with that beloved character "Uncle Josh." The program was broadcast coast to coast on the Mutual Network, and Tex began to get some real "long distance" fan mail.

One Philadelphia listener was Beacon Wayne, who handles the famous "Sleepy Hollow Gang" show on WCAU, and he

wired an offer to Tex regarding an opening on WCHS in Charleston, W. Va.

Tex was just about ready for another move, so he changed the band's name to "Tex Tyler and the Red River Rangers," and set out for these new green pastures. He was not just a success in Charleston, he was positively sensational, and after four months or so, he turned the band over to Ace Richmond, and struck out for himself as a "single." He changed his style, for the band had played only the sweet type of cowboy tunes, and Tex adopted a more commercial selection of songs, and began his famous "growl."

Things had never gone better for Texas. The listeners loved him, and he loved them. He had more requests for personal appearances than he could fill, and he made friends by the thousands. He made Charleston his real home, and stayed there two whole years. When you think of what a foot-loose young fellow Tex was in those days, this is truly remarkable.

However, all good things end some time, and finally Tex decided to pull up his stakes in Charleston. First he went to WNOX in Knoxville, Tenn. He liked it there, and did right well, but before long he wanted to get on the move again.

His next stop was at WSAX in Huntington, W. Va. It was right here that fate stepped in and took a hand. The day Tex moved to Huntington, he was walking down the street and saw a pretty girl. He told himself that if he ever did get married, it would have to be to a girl just like that one. By inquiring around, he found that her name was Claudia Foster, and he set about getting



Looks like Tex is having a tough time teaching Timber to "watch the birdie."

himself introduced to her. The fact that she was the prettiest girl in Huntington made it certain that he would have plenty of competition, but that sort of thing didn't scare Tex. He set about convincing her that he was the man for her, and sure enough, he succeeded. So the prettiest girl in Huntington became Mrs. Tex Tyler, and they make just about the handsomest couple you'd ever want to see. In the very highest heels ever put on a woman's shoes, Claudia can still walk right under her hubby's outstretched arm. And Claudia knew more than just how to look pretty, too. That girl can cook the grandest fried chicken, and there isn't a woman in California can take her over on the cook stove.

Now Tex really began to enjoy life. A real home, a loving wife, countless friends, and an assured future. He moved over to Fairmont, W. Va. and his act, "Tex Tyler and his Jubilee Round-up," was the featured attraction of WMMN until the fall of 1942. Along about that time, Tex accepted an offer from Indianapolis, where he organized the Hoosier Barn Dance, with Little Jimmy Dickens. Not long afterwards the Army called, and Tex put a temporary halt to his own career to help Uncle Sam put a permanent halt to the career of a few enemies of our country. Texas served as sergeant in the Field Artillery, served until he received a medical discharge, then threw his efforts into patriotic entertaining. He played hundreds of Army Camps, and worked on many Bond Drives. On one appearance at Huntington Park, California, he personally sold a hundred and sixty-five dollars worth of Bonds.

California looked pretty good to Tex, and he thought it would be a good place to bring up a family. Yes, by now he and Claudia were bringing up T. Texas Junior, and Sunny California looked like just the spot for him, so they moved to Hollywood. Before taking any



Junior's first music lesson.





"Come down from that tree, son, you're not a squirrel!"

regular musical engagement, Tex had to wait a certain period for the Union to clear him for work in Hollywood. In the meantime he made a great many guest appearances on coast programs, including Ginny Simms, The Sons Of The Pioneers, Bob Wills, Bill Elliot, Spade Cooley, and many others. Then, when his union card came through, he organized his own outfit, "The Oklahoma Melody Boys," and things really began to hum. He became one of the most popular Western outfits in the territory, and played for every kind of event imaginable. He worked in the only Western and Hillbilly show ever produced in the famous Hollywood Bowl. To put it simply, Tex was IN DEMAND.

Although he had long been interested in writing songs, he had never taken himself seriously along these lines. But now publishers were after him, and he's turned out many a good hit song. To give you an idea of his abilities, here's a partial list of titles: "You Were Only Teasing Me," "No Regrets," "Tell Your Lies To The Man In The Moon," "I'm Better Off Without You," "I've Heard That Story Before," "Fair Weather Baby." We could go on with this list, but that's enough for a sample.

In 1945 he signed a recording contract with 4-Star Records of Hollywood; among the numbers he's recorded so far, are "REMEMBER ME"—which is his theme song — "OKLAHOMA HILLS," "ROUGH AND ROCKY," "BEAUTIFUL MORNING GLORY," "HOME IN SAN ANTONIO," "FILIPINO BABY," "YOU WERE ONLY TEASING ME," "TEX TYLER RIDE," "T. TEXAS BLUES," "GUITAR BOOGIE WOOGIE," "BABY, I CAN'T SLEEP," "DIVORCE ME C.O.D.," "TELL YOUR LIES TO THE MAN IN THE MOON," "IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK," "I'M GONNA GET MAD AND LEAVE YOU," "SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED," "FAIR WEATHER BABY," "IT'S BEEN SO LONG DARLING," "RED LIGHT," "YOU NEARLY LOSE YOUR MIND."

At the moment, Tex is doing two radio shows a day, noon on KGER and

evening on KXLA; he makes three or four p.a.'s a week, provides intermission entertainment at Dave Ming's 97th St. Corral Friday and Saturday nights, does some song writing, and keeps up with his recording schedule for 4-Star. The Hollywood agents who keep trying to inveigle him into making a motion picture or so, are rapidly getting gray and haggard. Tex isn't interested—and in Hollywood that's news. Believe me.

Tex Tyler's country-wide popularity is thoroughly justified. He is a genuinely friendly person, with an engaging personality and considerable charm of manner. Whether you see him in person, hear him on the air, or listen to his records, you can't miss the friendliness in his voice, or fail to respond to it. While he was operating his own dances, with his Oklahoma Melody Boys, the crowds that jammed the space around the bandstand absorbed about half the dance floor, preferring to watch Tex's expert showmanship, rather than waste their time dancing. His generosity in switching the spot-light to his band members is just one more of the many nice things about Tex that have kept him so popular ever since he got off that tree-stump in Arkansas and began sharing his ability with the public.

Through his fan mail, Tex got started on one of his most endearing, and littlest-known activities — visiting shut-ins. All it takes is one letter to rouse his sympathy and interest, and off he goes with his guitar, to play and sing to some bed-ridden or house-bound invalid, to chat of things going on in the outside

world and, when he departs, to leave behind him a feeling of loneliness banished, a new friend made.

It was one of these visits of Tex's that inspired him to do one of the kindest and most thoughtful things we've heard of. The woman he went to call on had been living in a trailer for nine years, and in those nine years had never moved from her bed, paralyzed by a broken back. For nine years all she'd seen of the world outside was the view of other trailers through the small window over her bed, her only visitor the neighbor girl who came in to look after her. After Tex's visit, he told his radio audience about Mrs. Cary, urging them to write her letters and cards, to relieve her loneliness—and to remember to enclose return postage so she could answer, since the pittance she had to live on didn't run to any extras.

His audience responded generously with mail. Then Tex had another idea. He procured an ambulance, complete with attendant, transferred Mrs. Cary to the ambulance, and took her for a tour of the city. For the first time in nine years, Mrs. Cary had a change of scenery. She visited an amusement pier; drove slowly through the downtown streets so she could window shop; she had dinner at a drive in, then, at dusk, went up into the hills for the breathtaking spectacle of Los Angeles lighted up for the night. She was tired when she got back to her trailer, but so very, very happy.

T. Texas Tyler, the man with a million friends, deserves every one of them.



T. Texas Jr. reads his favorite book to Daddy and Mother.



# FIDDLIN' JIM AND THE VANISHING VILLAGE



Fiddlin' Jim

Dear Editor:

Last time I wrote you, I was in a pretty pickle indeed. You will remember that I was in hiding as a result of the disaster which happened to mar the maiden voyage of my hot-air ship, "The Flying Fried Cake."

Well, thank Heaven, all that is gone and forgotten now. All them folks which was gunning for me has forgot and forgave, and even Harmless Hagum, who spent so much time hung up on the steeple of the First Baptist Church, has decided that the Christian thing to do is let bygones be bygones. Being connected with the church so long must of softened him.

I made him a present of a barrel of choice corn-squeezin's from an old stock that was aging for over four months, and we are just like brothers again. I ain't rightly sure as to which should get credit for the softening process, the time he spent at the church, or my good corn-squeezin's, but the important thing is that he has finally put away his guns and took me by the hand in friendship once more.

Yes sir, once more I am being hailed as the hero of Hardscrabble County. And why not? I, and myself alone am responsible for rescuing a whole village of people from vagrancy, and have returned them to their hearths and homes, free of charge.

Think of it, Mr. Editor, a whole town full of people was bereft of all that was near and dear to them—their houses—every stick and stone—every pot and pan—every smidgin of vittles they owned in the world, had up and disappeared off the face of the earth. And if it was not for your old friend Fiddlin' Jim, they would every one of them be destitute paupers to this day. So I can say with all due modesty, that if they take it into their heads to build a monument to me, it is nothing more or less than what I really deserve.

But maybe I better go back to the beginning of my story and take it up gradually as it goes along.

As I have told you many a time and often, Hardscrabble County comprises the finest group of citizens to be found anywhere in the whole width and breadth of this fair country of ours. I might say that almost without exception, us Hardscrabblers is the paragons of all the virtues.

Almost without exception, I said. And I must blush with shame to admit that there's an awful big "almost" there. For we do have a dark blot on our record. There is one groun amongst us that we are bound to be ashamed of.

They are from a village called Hillside, on the western edge of Hardscrabble County, and I am only sorry that they are not edged over just a little further west, for then they would be clean out of the county, and us Hardscrabblers would not be responsible for them.

Of course, by far the greatest part of the folks in Hillside is fine people, being kith and kin to all of us, but the worm in the apple is a nasty bunch of fellers all belonging to a certain family which their



name is the Crabblaggs. There is eight of these Crabblagg boys, and they are nastier, tougher, meaner, and lower than any critter that crawls on the earth. Their own Papa and Mama run away from them before the youngest was big enough to lift a fowling piece. They run for their lives, too, for them Crabblagg boys told their own parents they would tear off their ears and stuff them up their noses if the old folks didn't obey the children. Old Man Crabblagg and his wife was certainly no ornament to the community theirselves, and we was all well rid of them, but this evil brood of theirs topped everything for pure cussedness. At first some folks was inclined to talk harshly of Old Man Crabblagg and his wife for "deserting" their young 'uns, but we soon seed that they was not deserters, but refugees.

School teachers has been afraid to go up the trail to Hillside for the past 14 years, and the Crabblagg boys just took over the school building. They slept there, and made it into a still-house for making illegal likker, till they finally burnt it down to the ground one night in the midst of one of their disgraceful drunken sprees.

Old Man Crabblagg and his wife had burnt their own house before they run off, so that left the Crabblagg boys without a roof over their heads.

But not for long. There was eight other families living in Hillside besides these here Crabblaggs, so them boys decided that they should each of them board with one of them other families. They went and rapped on these good people's doors, and informed them in a very harsh manner that they had decided each of them to live at one of them peaceful homes.

The Hillsideers was so scared of the Crabblaggs that they said not a word of protest, but just let them move right on in. Them Crabblaggs demanded the best of everything—in fact, they just took it—and if anyone so much as raised their voice to them,—well, they didn't do it a second time.

I believe the Sheriff of the county was a-scairt to go up and speak to the Crabblaggs about it, for he kept putting it off on one excuse or another, no matter how often he got complaints about them.

Them Hillsideers was practically druv to desperation, and they just about decided to get them Crabblaggs drunk, and throw them into a bottomless pool in a nearby abandoned stone quarry.

It would of been a complete success, for not a one of them Crabblaggs could swim a stroke. Not a one of them had ever so much as touched water in his life, either for drinking or washing, and they would of sank like so many stones into the pool.

They wouldn't of polluted the water neither, for there is some mighty big bass and pickerel in that bottomless pool who would of made short work of them nasty fellers, and would of enjoyed a light lunch of Crabblagg meat.

But just about the time when the Hillsideers was ready to put their plan into action, word come filtering down the valley that the country had gone to war. Somebody told the Crabblagg boys that the Government had declared open season on the Japs, and they could collect a bounty on every one they shot.

At first the Crabblaggs wasn't much interested, for they figured Japs was some kind of bird or wild critter, and they had plenty of game up around Hillside. However, someone explained to them that Japs was two-legged critters, almost the same

as human beings, and then every last Crabblagg was anxious to go. There wasn't nothing would please them more than shooting at a human being, and they figured that shooting Japs would be good fun, too.

So, to the great relief of one and all, they went on down the valley, joined up

with the Army, and Hardscrabble County was shut and rid of them. Good riddance, said one and all, to bad rubbish.

But it was too good to last. One fine day they come marching back to Hardscrabble County, all eight of them, and they was worse than they had been before.

(Continued on page 24)



Lyin' Bob Hagum



# I'VE BEEN LISTENIN'

By MARY JEAN SHURTZ



By the time you read this you will have been listening to two of West Virginia's favorite acts that are back on the air again. Doc Williams and His Border Riders, who came back to WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va., in November, and Jake Taylor and His Rail Splitters, who came back to WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va., in December. You can just imagine how happy the listeners are to have them back, too! I'd be perfectly satisfied if they would stay right where they are now because I can listen to them each day.

Think I'll try to answer some of the questions that have been coming in the last couple of weeks. Miss Lorraine Ryan of Wallace Ridge, Louisiana, sends in some information for the readers and doesn't have any questions, I guess. She tells us about one of her favorite acts, Arkansas Slim and His Blue Ridge Boys. She says he has a very good show and Slim was formerly a member of the Dixie Blue Boys, headed by Bill Nettles. So we know he is good after hearing that. Slim is heard over WMIS, Natchez, Mississippi. We'll try for that story on Slim, Lorraine.

We have a couple of fine letters from Pauline Higgins, Chester, W. Va. Pauline does quite a bit of singing and guitar playing, too. Keep it up, Pauline, and maybe we'll be hearing you over the air some day. Pauline asks if Toby Stroud is married. Well, we don't know about that, so can't answer one way or the other. Sonny Day was with Roy Acuff the last time we saw him. We don't have the information on the Jimmie Hutchinson question. But I did write to Texas Bob McCoy and have the story and am sending it in to M.B. Haven't heard Gene Layne yet but have been hearing

several favorable reports on the fellow so we believe you when you say he is good. Pauline mentions several swell shows that have been in Chester recently . . . among them Joe Barker and The Chuckwagon Gang, Ed Moose and The South Mountain Rangers, Bob McCoy and Jackie Osborne. She tells us that Bob can really play the fiddle. She saw Toby Stroud and His Blue Mountain Boys, with Crazy Elmer; Jack Gillette and The Tennessee Ramblers and Buddy Starcher and His All Star Round-up. Gee, we'd sure like to live in Chester!

Irene Schnelberger of Dexter City, Ohio, writes that Doc Williams was over in Caldwell recently for a big show there and she saw it. Said she had seen his shows before but guessed she could go to every one of them because they are so good. She plays guitar and learned by studying Doc's Simplified By Ear System. Well, we know Doc will be glad to hear about that, Irene. The System is one of the best, if not THE best, guitar course in print.

Velma Spragg of Adamsville, Ohio, writes and would like to know where Blaine Smith is. Blaine is living in Andover, Ohio, now, and we hear he is going out on personals with Tommy Sutton of WKBN, Youngstown. Someone told me that Blaine's show was called Blaine Smith and His Saddle Mates.

Another letter gives some information on Blaine's doings lately. Marge Rozsos, who is President of Pappy Howard's Connecticut Kernels Fan Club, writes

that she saw and talked with Blaine when he was at the WJW Barn Dance, I think. Margie writes that she wishes Blaine and Cal would team up again. We have the same wish. They are a swell team.

We've a letter from Eddie, The Plainsman, Snyder or Steubenville, Ohio, and we're sure glad to hear from him. Eddie is going to do some recording in the near future, we hear. We ain't tellin' you all about it until we have the news complete. We really did like the music to one of our lyrics that Eddie arranged. Title is, "Crooning A Yodel Of Texas."

Here is a nice letter from Norma Whipkey, West Finley, Penna. She asks about Ed. Moose and blonde headed Pepper. Norma says she listens to the big WWVA Jamboree every Saturday nite and she sure did hate it when Big Slim left the station. Big Slim — you oughta be ashamed. If we ever get you back to WWVA your fans are gonna insist that you sign a contract to stay there until we are ready for you to leave . . . So hang your hat up and prepare for a long stay when you do come back.

From Larry Doyle of The Oklahoma Ramblers, WHIZ, Zanesville, Ohio, we have a letter requesting some information about music. Arlene Engelken, of New Vienna, Iowa, writes that she read four of my articles and decided I was kinda busy, but when she came across two more in the November issue—well!! That is what comes of likin' to punch the typewriter keys, Arlene. It's a bad habit—someone usually has to read what you write. And thanks for the information which I am passing on to our readers. Happy Johnny and His Gang, who are heard over KXEL, Waterloo, Iowa, has really made a lot of friends out that way already. We're glad to



Shorty Fincher and his Prairie Pals of WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va. The car is a 1910 Model T Ford in perfect condition, running on its original tires. It belongs to Clyde Fogle, who's behind the steering wheel. Lonesome Valley Sallie is the back seat driver, and leaning on the front fender are Rawhide and Johnny Boy Huey. We didn't get the name of the young fellow sitting on the running board with his hat in his hand, but on the other side of him is Shorty Fincher himself.



know that because Johnny always did have a swell program. Arlene says she is going to try to get to see the show one of these times since Waterloo is but 75 miles from where she stays. She is trying to get a picture of the group, too. Say, Arlene, get one extra and send it to me, will yuh? Arlene would like to know about the Austin Family, Mom and Dad and their daughter, Janie. They used to be on KXEL. Does anyone have information on this group? Hope so. Arlene saw Penny West with the Black Hawk Valley Boys at a WLS Barn Dance over a year ago. Write again, Arlene.

From down WSM way comes this very, very interesting bit of news just to further prove the popularity of that great show, The Grand Ole Opry. Proof of its far-reaching popularity came recently from James E. Finegan, Jr., of West Chester, Penna. Writing to George D. Hay, the Solemn Ole Judge of the Opry, Mr. Finegan said:  
Dear Mr. Hay:

Just another little note of encouragement to you fellows at WSM, who put your efforts into the "Grand Ole Opry." My son, Sgt. James E. Finegan, has just returned home from Korea after twenty-four months of service in Uncle Sam's Army. He saw action in Okinawa and Iwo Jima and was detailed to occupational duty near Souel after V-J Day, and upon his return (this week) he swears that "The Grand Ole Opry" is

THE Saturday evening program. My friend, Joe E. Christner, of Huntington, Pa., also tells me that "The Grand Ole Opry" was THE Saturday evening program while he was on the Salerno beach-head in Italy. My nephew, Harry E. Tyson, of Coatesville, Pa., swears that "The Grand Ole Opry" helped them to endure twenty-one months on the Aleutian Islands.

That's all, Mr. Hay. Thank God for you and your boys and girls at WSM. Just an outspoken admirer,

James E. Finegan, Jr.

Well, we know everyone at WSM is rightly proud of that letter. And not only the boys overseas enjoyed, and still enjoy, this program, it is the big time favorite of Saturday night listeners all over the country. Always has been and always will be.

Someone told us that Eddie Arnold moved recently. Moved to Madison, Tennessee, from Inglewood. The reason? Why, that's easy to explain. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold's daughter, little Jo Ann Arnold, gave 'em to understand that she wanted plenty of room for her singin' lessons, so they had to move into a larger home. Seriously, Jo Ann is quite a 'big girl now and, as we all know, a family does need more room when the youngsters arrive. Jo Ann is past 10 months old now and just as cute as can be.

We must not forget to mention that we heard our old friend, Lew Childre



Smiley Sutter, one of the world's greatest champion yodelers.

this morning, over WSM. Lew is on the air now at 6:15 folks, so be listening. Lew was reading one of our poems when we tuned in, title was, "I'd Like To Give You Christmas." And you really did a fine job on the readin', too, Lew!

Bobby Cook writes from WCHS, Charleston, W. Va., and we are glad to have him back out this way even though we do know his friends out Missouri way are going to miss him. But it's been a long while since Bobby has been out our way. Bobby has his own band again, The Texas Saddle Pals. And he mentions that he is planning on doing some recording soon. Good luck, Bobby. And write again.

We have a card from Frank Welling and he says he is sending me some news from over WCHS way soon so we will be looking forward to telling you all more about the friendly people on that station soon. Frank has a transcribed poetry program over WCHS every Sunday at 1:39 EST. and on Nov. 1st, he had "Mary Jean Shurtz Day" and read five of my poems that are popular over the air, "To The Boy Who Would Stray," "Friendship That Lasts," "Coming Back Next Spring," "Hello, Mom, I'm Home" and "Jim's Coming Home Today." Gee, but I was thrilled! And thanks, Frank, for being so kind and we are going to take time out one day and write you some more poems.

From Beulah Newton, Uhrichsville, Ohio, we have a swell letter with some news about her doings of late. Beulah used to be on the air and was known as The Lonesome Mountain Girl. She has started singing again with a couple of fellows over Uhrichsville way, for social gatherings, clubs, and other places where entertainment of the folk song type is called for. Good luck, Beulah, and we hope you make it over soon. Been looking for you. We might add that Beulah is a swell singer and yodeler. And very nice looking.

Who said Friday 13th was unlucky!!! Listen to this: On Friday, December 13th, Jake Taylor, head man of the Rail Splitters, became the proud papa of a son. So maybe one day it will be Jake Taylor and Son, offering you some of the best entertainment you've ever seen.

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Shirley and Joe Barker of WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va., backed up by Lew Clawson, MC of the big Saturday Night Jamboree.



# AL ROGERS

By MARY JEAN SHURTZ



Comes the time in your "listenin' to the radio" life when you think you've heard all the good singers and there ain't no more. And just about that time, something like Al Rogers happens to us, I guess! I'm sure I never expected anything like what I heard after his listeners kept after me until I just had to listen. They would write, "We want a photo of Al Rogers just as soon as you can get it in there," or "Have you heard Al Rogers over WJAS?—if you have, please give us a story and photo as soon as you can," or, "Okay, Mary Jean, you know all the good singers and entertainers and you're keeping us well informed, but you're leaving out one of the best singers on radio"... well, I just took as much of that as I felt like takin', so I decided to find out how wrong these listeners were. I wrote Mr. Rogers, asked him what time he was on the air, if he would send me a bit of news about himself and a photo, etc. He was prompt with his reply and told me when he was on the air and added that the news and

photos were also on their way. So I tuned in his next program and now you can listen to me rave about Al Rogers! Or read what I have to say.

Girls and guys, you never wrote half of what a good singer he is when you wrote me... but then I'll forgive you for there aren't words to express the quality of his singing. You just listen, then listen—and then you listen some more and keep right on requesting more Al Rogers songs. What a singer! The voice of a real Western star right here in the old Tri-State area. And a voice that is destined to thrill millions all over the country, we would predict. Every time I listen to Al I keep telling myself it can't be true—that I just COULDN'T have missed out on a singer like that all the time he has been on WJAS. But I did, so if you can get the station at all start listening right now. Don't put it off one little day.

I know you all want to know a bit about the life of Al Rogers up to his WJAS, Pittsburgh, Penna. days. If I

add a rave or two here and there you'll have to forgive me... then, after you listen to him, you can write me that my descriptive vocabulary on voice is very limited! Al started his entertaining at the early age of nine when his first musical instrument was the banjo. He took lessons on it for around three years and finally stopped when he figured he could learn more by managing his own way of learning. Which he did, and he played the banjo for quite a while throughout the communities of Western Pennsylvania... incidentally, Al was born in the town of Homeville, in western Penna.

At thirteen he got his first chance to get into radio and this was at WKPA in New Kensington, Penna. There he organized his own band and started touring the state. From WKPA and the tours, he went on to WWSW in Pittsburgh, Penna. After a year or so there he sort o' got a longin' for the west and traveled, alone, to Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and other points west. During the tour out west he appeared as guest star over several western networks. Also, he hit the airplanes with Cliff Bruner and many other outstanding radio, stage and record stars. Al says his biggest moment in radio was when he was broadcasting over KGNC in Amarillo, Texas. It was there that his fan mail did the trick when he received the record coverage of fan mail distance. It covered more than 10,000 miles. It was there, too, that he was given the title of The American Folk Balladier by his fans. A title that is really suitable. And we know of no one who could make better use of the title or have more right to it.

Al recently recorded a couple of his own compositions, "Things Have Changed A Lot," and "Will You Ever Try." We've heard him sing the last mentioned number and it's just swell.

Although it is very hard for us to believe, since he has the personality, the voice, and the perfect training for radio of a man twice his age, Al is but 21 years of age. He has kinda sandy hair, hazel eyes, is six foot tall and weighs 165 lbs.. And—he is single! After listening to his singing and gazing at the photos he sent, that is another thing I can hardly believe. But he says he is single and we know he wouldn't fib about it. So, girls, the line forms to the right and—no cutting in ahead!

Very soon, Al will be touring through the east with his big show. But at present he is heard over radio station WJAS, Pittsburgh, six days a week at 7:15 A.M. and on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11:30 A.M. Happy listening, folks. WJAS sure is a lucky station.

Al was in the service and served in the Army Air Forces. He went into the service when he was on the air in Texas. And while in it he directed and produced shows for the Armed Forces Radio in the South Pacific. He had his own show airing over the Armed Forces Radio Network in the Pacific. And his transcriptions are still heard in the European and Pacific theatres of operation. Here in the states, he also has transcribed programs in different sections.

On his WJAS programs, Al uses quite a bit of poetry... we feel mighty lucky when he uses some of ours once in a while. For he really knows how to go about putting a poem over. His enunciation is perfect, he times himself in the



correct way, etc., and all in all he is just as perfect doing a favorite poem as he is when he sings . . . And that, my friends, is saying something! Just in case we haven't put it down on paper plain enough before, we'd like to tell you that we agree with the other Al Rogers fans that he is just about as near perfect as they come. He's big time material and doesn't need any finishing touches. So there ya are.

*I'VE BEEN LISTENIN'*—from 13

We've been doing some lyric writing for Jake recently and four of the songs are ready now. We've been hearing them often, too. I had an awful time, gettin' the contracts signed though, Jake . . . when I could find a pen I couldn't locate the ink. Then, after a lot of searching, I found the ink and had mislaid the pen! After a couple of days of that I located 'em both at one and the same time and I sure did sign them there contracts in a hurry! Hope you folks will like the songs. One of them, "I Kissed You And Told You Goodbye," has been popular over the air for a long while but Jake had never taken time out to do the verses. I tried my hand at doing them and he was kind enough to say he liked them. And the melody he put to the song is something very, very special. Then he put music to a couple of my poems, "Dad Gave My Dog Away" and "Moving In To Town." The fourth one was an idea of Jake's that I wrote into a song. Title is, "Bring My Boy Home." "I Kissed You And Told You Goodbye" is coming out in sheet music form in January. And Jake is recording all four of the songs the same month. Am I ever lucky to be writing with a guy like him! We all think Jake Taylor is one of radio's finest and we're mighty proud to know him and write for him.

Mrs. Annie West of Dewitt, Arkansas, writes and asks where Little Jimmie Dickens is. We don't have the answer to that one . . . last time we heard of or from Jimmie, he was on WLW, Cincinnati. He is as hard to get news from now as his old friend, T. Texas Tyler! Yeah, I mean YOU, Tex! Ain't you ashamed of yourself—not writing in all this time!

Mildred Annis, Grand Rapids, Michigan, writes that there is a fan club for Ernie Lee now and all news required about it can be obtained by writing Miss Alta Steiner, 68 Ridge Ave., Lawrenceburg, Indiana. She adds that Ernie Lee is on a tour of Michigan now but is expected back at WJR after the tour is over. We sure hope that is gonna happen. He is too good a singer to be off the air at all.

Mildred also mentions hearing Pete Cassell read my poems and says she likes them. And that Pete does them best of anyone she has heard read them over the air. I'm sure Pete will be pleased to know that you think that, Mildred. Another thing Mildred mentions is that I have been raving about that tall, handsome guy, Hawkshaw Hawkins, so much that she just must see him in person! You'll be raving, too, after you do see him, Mildred. That young man is tops. Glad you liked the Dick Reinhart write-up.

Rose Ann Horner, Lisbon, Ohio, writes that she finally got to see the big WWVA Jamboree, also. She saw it when  
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## Uncle Tom More

By JUANITA MILLIGAN



"Draw yo'selves up a easy chair and let's start a-listenin' to a few dabs of transcribed music and to the voice of Uncle Tom More, comin' at yo' from WNOX, Knoxville, Tennessee!" Four times daily now we are waiting to hear that greeting over the air waves. We, like the majority of listeners of hillbilly music all over the nation, were familiar with the top-notch programs produced by "Uncle Tom" from WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio, and his voice has grown practically as familiar as the music itself!

Tom was born at Louisville, Kentucky, not so many years ago, and attended Notre Dame University, where he received his Ph.D. in commerce. He later obtained a degree in law in Kentucky and attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. He is married and has two sons, Tom and Bill, five and six years old. He is around six feet tall, rather thin but very distinguished looking.

During the years of the war, he worked in the Ship Yards at Jeffersonville, Ind., where he held the position of Security Chief, with a Guard Force of 125 armed men under his supervision. He also acted as Public Relations Officer, and can tell of escorting the Ambassador of Great Britain, Lord Halifax on a tour of the Ship Yards. It is also interesting to know that he was Master of Ceremonies at the launching of nearly one hundred LST Boats.

The accent used by "Uncle Tom" is not used as a burlesque or a mockery of the Southern way of talking. This is one point he would like to have clarified. It was started and used as a method to catch a specific listening audience, and nothing more. To say that he has gained his point is proved by the fact that the mail pull of the station has increased from 40 to 50 per cent since his coming to Knoxville! We'd certainly say that he is on the right track in supplying what  
(Continued on page 18)



# THE MAIL BOX

Edited by R. F. DEE

This department is for the use of radio and recording artists and fans all over the nation, so send in your letters and we will print them.

Write about your outfit and your work. Let the readers know what other artists are located in your neck of the woods. Get in touch with old friends through these columns and say "Hello" to your old pals.

Address all letters to THE MOUNTAIN BROADCAST AND PRAIRIE RECORDER, 45 Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Here I am doing just exactly what I want to do—writing to all our friends at one time. I'd like to tell you something about the Gang, naming them in rotation as they stand in the picture from left to right. They are, first Dan Walker, second, "Cay" Walt Martin, then Bob Gillman, Rembert Wall, Mat Aggrin, and George Smith. Don Walker, who plays the bass fiddle, is a swell

fellow if ever there was one. I can certainly pat him on the back and say "Well done." Don isn't with me now as my regular bass man is back from overseas. His name is Marvin Francisca, and he isn't in the picture, but you can take it from me he is a good-looking guy, and can sure pound the old doghouse.

Next comes a fellow who probably doesn't need any introduction. I am speaking of Walt Martin (Cay). He plays a mean steel guitar. This fellow has been around. He comes from down around WOWO Fort Wayne, Ind. He'd like to hear from his old gang the "Down Homers." Next comes Bob Gillman, that handsome compoke who knows his women. I mean his fiddle. By the way girls, as of today, Bob is still single.

The next good-looking guy is yours truly, Rembert Wall. I am married. I have a sweet little red-headed nurse for my better half, and a little fellow about five years old. They both go to make up a swell home. Say, while I'm talking

about myself, I would like to mention that I'd like to hear from some of the old gang wandering around this big country of ours. I can always find time to hear from new friends also.

Well, to go on, Mat Aggrin is the next fellow, and can that boy play an accordion. Mat has an interesting hobby. He operates a "Ham" station, and don't be surprised to hear an accordion solo break into the airwaves sometime.

The little fellow on the end is George Smith, and when this fellow sits down to a guitar all you can see is flying fingers. George is also hitched up, and I might add to a swell little woman. George has one of the most beautiful dogs one could ever hope to own. He is anxious to swap pictures with all dog lovers.

Well, I have spoken. I hope to meet a lot of friends through this letter. The "Green Valley Boys" are pretty busy playing somewhere about every night. Although we are doing good playing night clubs and floor shows, we still have our hearts set on our radio career. Rembert Wall, mgr. The Green Valley Boys, 1628 Palmer Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

\* \* \* \*

You're an old friend of ours Rembert, and it sure was good to hear from you. Many of your other friends probably feel the same way, and will drop you a line.

To the Editor:

I was born in Little Rock, Ark., and started my musical career at the age of 14. After playing in several bands through Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, I spent 3½ years in the Army. Was discharged Feb. 8, 1946 and organized my own band, that is now known as the "Lucky Lads," heard daily 11:30 till 12:00 on KBWD, in Brownwood, Tex. I play the fiddle and sing Mountain songs. I'm married and have one son here in Brownwood, Tex. I like my fan mail, and love my fans. Let's hear from more of you.

Charles Mitchell, c/o KBWD, Brownwood, Tex.

\* \* \* \*

Well Charles, your letter was certainly short and sweet. You didn't tell us as much about yourself as we wanted to hear. How old is your son? Where did you meet your wife? Do you have any hobbies outside of your music? Certainly that grin of yours means that you know more than you tell.

To the Editor:

I was raised on a cattle ranch in Eastern Oregon. Then a few months ago I decided to embark on a career playing my guitar and yodeling the two thousand cowboy and hillbilly songs I've memorized while herding cattle and breaking broncs on a 5,000 acre cattle ranch on the sage covered prairies of Oregon. So one August day I caught a west-bound bus to the city of roses—Portland, Oregon.

I walked into KALE and got an audition. I passed alright, and the next thing I knew I was ridin' the airways instead of broncs. Fan letters poured



ROY ROGERS, Republic Pictures star, whose new Saturday night radio show is sweeping the country.



in from all over the Northwest. People liked my cowboy and hillbilly songs! Boy, ain't life swell? So now I reckon I'll devote the rest of my life to "horse opry" tunes.

You probably want to know about some of the other singers out this way. Well—there's my pal Chuck Edwards on KWJJ, Portland, Oregon, Tiny and the Wranglers, at the same station. KGW has Darie West and Smiley Miles and his Sage Riders. Then of course KXLA in Los Angeles has Ramblin' Jimmy Dolan, one of the nation's best. Daw-gone it, ALL the boys are swell. I can swoon to Tex Owens, Ernest Tubb, Tex Fletcher, Jim Robertson, Buddy Starcher, Bradley Kincaid. They're all tops with me. Say where is Tex Owens? Still in Kansas City? Sure miss him.

Well folks, I'd like to thank all the good neighbors for tuning my way and hope lots more of you will listen in. I'm in my late 'teens, and hope you folks will help me get to where I long to be. So how about all you good neighbors? Will you write to me? 'Cause I'd rather have a million friends than a million dollars. Adios Amigos. Cowboy Dallas Turner, c/o Radio Sta. KALE, Portland 7, Oregon.

\* \* \* \*

It must feel like going to work in the middle of the day for you after your ranch experience. If I remember rightly cattle don't have alarm clocks. I'll bet part of the thrill of radio is starting your broadcast at 8:00 A.M. We're hoping to hear you in other parts of the land too. Keep us posted.

To the Editor:

Shorty Warren and his Western Rangers are one of the oldest cowboy bands on the northern side of the Mason-Dixon line, and have acquired the slogan "Eastern King of Western Swing." The boys have traveled for several years with exposition shows and other theatre units throughout the nation. At the present time they are on their way to stardom via radio, stage, recording and screen. You probably have heard them on the "Death Valley" program coast to coast.

Shorty and Smokey Warren were the little boys who played and sang together and later did a lot of radio work as the "Warren Brothers." Eleven years ago the boys formed the Western Rangers in Pottsville, Pa., and are now firmly established in the entertainment field.

The gang is composed of Shorty Warren, the leader, who plays bass and sings. His brother Smokey handles the guitar, sings, yodels, and is the songwriter of the group. Hank Hand does a swell job on his steel guitar along with his golden voice. He hails from Meridan, Miss. Larry Wayne plays the accordion and was born in Wilmington, Del. Larry does a swell job with his polkas, and is quite an arranger, along with "Cy, the fiddler," who hails from Los Angeles, Cal. They're a good-looking crew, and hard workers. The Hollywood shorts they have made prove that. The specialty of the group is Swinging Syncopation in Six Shooter Style.

Very truly yours, Shorty Warren, c/o Cactus Pete Swalik, 198 Pulaski Ave., Perth Amboy, N. J.

Yes, Shorty, the folks here in New York have enjoyed your programs for a long time. Write again soon.

To the Editor:

There isn't much to tell about me, except I've been entertaining folks since 1932, when I first started a radio career. I've been fairly successful, but not to be content is my motto. Keep on keepin' on.

I've broadcast over several radio stations here in Texas. The first station I ever broadcast over was KGKB, Brownwood, Tex. From there to KFPL, in Dublin, Tex. back in my more youthful days. Later broadcasts were both sustaining and sponsored over these stations, KFYO, in Lubbock, Tex. as the "Lumberjack," on KRLD in Dallas for the Sterling Life Insurance, and on KBWD, Brownwood, Tex. both as sustaining and guest artist. There are lets more, but it sounds like an announcer at a train terminal.

I sing novelty songs, Westerns, and some popular songs, do imitations of musical instruments, such as clarinet, sax and trumpet, bass and violin. I also

impersonate a negro quartet, (one voice at a time, of course).

I have a one-man radio show known as "Home Town," with Grandpa Spears, Jess Hawthorne, the country boy; And thony Sawyer, ex-service man; Ethelbert Hollis, Mayor of Home Town; Arabella, a little girl of five, and many minor characters. Story and all written and acted by myself.

The program I'm on now is sustaining over KRIG, Odessa, Tex., a new station, and its popularity is certainly tremendous. 1410 K.C.

That's about all about myself, except my age. 37. Born March 31, 1909 in Nolan County, (a country boy still at heart), single (have hopes), white (when I bathe).

Best wishes to every young artist who thinks they're at the end of the row. Tell 'em to keep trying. It's worth it. "People who live clean and try the Right way have no regrets."

I remain, Cordially yours, Dalton Brue, KRIG, Odessa, Tex.

\* \* \* \*

We like your sincerity. We like your philosophy. We like you Dalton. If you weren't so far away from our radio we might go for Ethelbert too.



DALE EVANS, leading lady in Roy Rogers' pictures and radio programs.



# HERE AND THERE

With **BUDDY STARCHER**



Well, it got me again—the first of the year, I mean. Seems like it's always that way. The very times you should be resting with nothing to do, you get so doggoned busy that you really forget the important things—like, writing to your neighbors, etc. I have said, and I will repeat, reiterate and also say again, that by golly, next month I'm going to have a great big story for you.

Nothing much has happened lately to write about, but I'll give you a few of the things I know, such as—Big Slim is back — I mean at WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va. Jake Taylor is at WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va. The Franklin Brothers are recording for the DIXIE Label. Also recording for DIXIE are your old friends Budge & Fudge, Mac & Bob, Art Gabbard, and say—if you haven't heard Art's recording of "NO CHILDREN ALLOWED," then you'd better run right out and get it—it's a hit—A HIT, THAT IS, SON!

Also your old friend from Little Rock, Ark., Dick Hart.

Last month's magazine had a nice story about Dick, but they had a mistake in it. The article said that Dick was recording for Four Star Records. The label Dick is with is also DIXIE. So keep that in mind when you go to buy some of his brand new records. His first is really a pip—"MISSISSIPPI BASIN LULLABY" and "WHY NOT CONFESS."

I suppose you've all got my new recordings, such as "WILDWOOD FLOWER," "THEY SAY," "YOU CAN'T BREAK THE CHAINS OF

LOVE," "MEMORIES OF HALLOWE'EN," "DARLING, WHAT MORE CAN I DO?," "I WILL MISS YOU TONIGHT," "I'LL STILL WRITE YOUR NAME IN THE SAND," "BLESS YOUR LITTLE HEART." You'll find them on the FOUR STAR label at this time.

My new address, in case any of you want to write to me personally, is Box 642, Marietta, Ohio. Of course, I am going to be doing considerable traveling, and will be "poppin' up" most anywhere at any time. On my travels I expect to dig up all the latest news for you, and I solemnly promise to love, honor, and obey—WHAT AM I SAYING? I mean I promise to pass all the news along to you.

Be good now, and don't get into

trouble, and I'll see you next month with a great big surprise for you. 'Bye Now, Bless Your Little Heart.

Buddy Starcher,  
Box 642,  
Marietta, Ohio.

*UNCLE TOM MORE*—from 15

the people like to hear most.

Uncle Tom now plays four shows daily, from 3:30 to 4:00, which is popular recordings and the first time he has ever aired a show with his hillbilly accent featuring popular music. From 4:30 to 5:00 and from 7:00 to 7:30, from 11:05 to 12:00, and on Saturday nights from 11:05 to 2:00. (All EST.)

For a session of transcribed Hillbilly music at its best, give a listen to these programs, and hear the person who now holds the largest listening audiences in and around these parts.

And remember his greatest desire is for you to like him and to like his programs, so let's show him we really appreciate those efforts of his and tell him so. Well, we told you, Uncle Tom, so now you know!



**ART GABBARD**, radio and record star, KMOX, St. Louis, Mo.



# CORN BELT COMMENTS

By VIOLA M. MYERS



A hearty hello to my friends of radio-land.

The travelin' bug up and bit me again. Recently treked across Illinois to old Iowa, KXEL in Waterloo being my destination. Happy Haines met me with a great big welcome. He showed me over Waterloo, then drove me out to his "harem," where I met and visited with his wife, daughters, and Evee, the Yodelin' Cowgirl. Yesirree, Happy Haines is an "all right" feller—with a nice personality. At KXEL, I was "innerduced" to the Happy Johnny Gang. Happy Johnny told me to tell you all that they like it right fine here in the midwest and KXEL and they think they'll be here for some time to come.

Within past days, I've had letters from the Calgary Kid, Jimmie Morgan, and Patsy Lee. Jimmie, who's still on KMA, Shaw, Iowa, tells me that he can now be heard at five-thirty each morning too. That's an unearthly hour (the middle of the night), but I'm usually up and stirring about at that time. Patsy Lee's still going as strong as ever. The Calgary Kid has his own productions out there in Hollywood. One of these days, I'm sure gonna take the Kid up on his "invite" to make myself at home on his lot.

At five A.M., WLS, Chicago, brings us the "Smile-A-While" program with Rex Allen, Lauree and Allee Sackett, the Sage Riders, Doc Hopkins, and Hal O'Halloran as emcee — each morning, Monday through Friday.

Ted and Wanda have a nice spot at 6:15 A.M. over WLAC, Nashville, Tenn. When they sign off fifteen minutes later, little Judy Perkins brings you her melodies for a quarter of an hour. To those

of you who have been asking for Judy's whereabouts — she's at WLAC. She's heard there from 6:30 to 6:45 A.M. Monday through Friday.

The WLS studios are in the Prairie Farmer Building at 1230 West Washington Boulevard, while those of WBBM-CBS are in the Wrigley Building over on Michigan Boulevard. WGN-Mutual stands next to the Tribune Tower on Michigan across the way from the Wrigley Building, and WJJD is in the Carbon and Carbide Building in the 300 block on North Michigan Boulevard. Over in Waterloo, the KXEL studios are situated in the Insurance Building on East Fourth Street. Out in Ft. Wayne, the WOWO studios are in the Westinghouse Building on Berry Street. I'd advise you to let your favorites at those stations know when you plan to come in. Then,

you might give the party you wish to see a buzz before you go up so you'll know whether or not he'll be free for you to see. That's the setup on that subject.

After ravin' about Happy Haines so much, many of you have asked for a little "dope" on him. Here goes: Happy Haines was born Wesley Kaufmann Haines on April 24, 1914, in Richland County, Wisconsin. He began his musical career in '33 although he'd pounded away on a guitar since he was little more than a baby. In 1935, he started on the radio over WMT in Cedar Falls, Iowa. From there, he went to WHFB in Rock Island and KXEL in Waterloo, where he is now at. In 1937, Hap married his childhood sweetheart who was teaching school. They have three tow-headed daughters, ranging from eight to two in age. Hap is one-half inch from being a six-footer, and weighs about 180 pounds. He has blond hair, blue eyes, and the nicest personality I've ever known anyone to have. Happy Haines, being something of an inventive genius, often turns out knick-knacks of his own concoction

(Continued on page 27)



Doc Hopkins, famous singer of folk songs, WLS, Chicago, Ill.



# The World's Highest Yodeler

By FLOY CASE

Presenting **ELTON BRITT**, the **WORLD'S HIGHEST YODELER!** Altho' Elton is a city-going cowboy these days, he can ride, rope and shoot with the best of them! Perhaps that's due to the fact that he hails from Oklahoma, one of the group of states which we speak of as the "great southwest," and he returns to that state for rest and relaxation whenever time permits. Elton Britt, in colorful cowboy regalia, may be seen any day in the week, striding up Broadway or Fifth Avenue, for his daily radio

shows on WJZ as **TENNESSEE JED** have made him a familiar figure around the big city.

I've already stated that this cowboy who made good in big time show business is from Oklahoma, but perhaps you'd like to know that his exact birthplace is Cleveland, Oklahoma, and the date of this important event was June 28, 1913! Young Elton's childhood was spent much like that of any other youngster who is raised on one of the many vast ranches of the southwest. He learned to sing and

yodel about the same time he learned to rope and ride the range, and **JIMMIE RODGERS**, the beloved **BLUE YODELER**, was his inspiration.

He was discovered musically by R. S. McMillian, in 1929, at the age of 14. Mr. McMillian was searching for talent and when he heard Elton's clean and incomparable silver yodel, he knew this was the lad for whom he was searching! Elton's first introduction to the mike was in California, and reports say that he confesses to being "scared stiff!" But his performance gave no indication of that fright for he came thru with flyin' colors—and one **ELTON BRITT** was on his way up in the musical world!

Two years later, contestants came all the way from Switzerland, Germany, and from various points of the U. S. In the western state of California they held a contest for the title of the **WORLD'S HIGHEST YODELER**, and as you know, Elton won that title!

In 1934 he went to Europe along with **PAPPY, ZEKE, and EZRA**, and they toured all over the continent and were widely acclaimed wherever they appeared.

Upon their return to the United States, Elton appeared on various stations in New York (where he is still living), **WMCA** and **WNEW** being only two of them, and he worked both with a group and as a solo artist, at different times.

He worked for quite a while on **WAAT** over in Newark, N. J. and for several months, he and **ROSALIE ALLEN**, or **JULIA B.** as she was then called, were a very popular team of entertainers, on that station.

At present, Elton portrays the role of **JED SLOAN** in the serial **TENNESSEE JED**, heard on **WJZ**, at 5:45 P.M. (EST) Monday thru Friday. And, of course, some of those high yodels which he renders with such remarkable ease, are highlights of the show.

Elton's star as a recording artist ascended rapidly with his beautiful "**THERE'S A STAR SPANGLED BANNER WAVING SOMEWHERE**"—which was so timely and appealing that it proved to be one of the best sellers ever written. His own recording of that song for the Victor Recording Company, sold well over a million copies and for attaining that record, he was presented with a gold recording of the song—a trophy that he treasures very highly! His other songs are too numerous to mention, but "**WAVE TO ME MY LADY**" has also proved exceedingly popular, having been recorded by a lot of top-notch artists. Elton's latest record at this writing is "**THANKS FOR THE HEARTACHES**" backed by "**GOT TOGETHER WITH MY GAL**" and is reportedly going great up New York way. "**TOO TIRED TO CARE**" with "**I GET THE BLUES WHEN IT RAINS**" on



ELTON BRITT



the reverse of the platter, will be on the counters before this is in print.

Cowboy Elton, who stands 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has dark hair and blue eyes, picked his life partner from his neighboring state of Texas. The attractive young lady's name is Penny, and to Elton, she's his "lucky Penny!" And there's a youngster in the Britt household who shows great promise of giving his famous Dad a run for his money one of these days! Little JAMES ARLEN BRITT, known simply as Jammie to their friends, was three on Aug. 23rd and has been yodeling since he was one year old. So it's quite likely that when the WORLD'S HIGHEST YODELER, ELTON BRITT, decides to abandon that title, his own son may fall heir to it!

#### I'VE BEEN LISTENIN'—from 15

it was at Youngstown, Ohio. Jackie Osborne is on WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va., now, Rose Ann. He is on the air with Charley Arnett and Daisy Mae. They are on the air at 9:30 A.M. and 3 P.M. each day. Take a listen. That Charley Arnett has a tip top show when he gets them Haymakers started broadcasting. And you oughta listen to Charley play the piano! And read poetry! Gee! I sure ain't been missing any programs since I started listening. We'll have photos and stories in here one day about the group. You've been asking for them so you'll get them.

We received a nice letter from Velda M. ShROUT of Hopemont, W. Va. Velda is in the hospital there and she writes that she thinks she is as crazy about hillbilly music as I am. I doubt that, Velda... I don't know of anyone who likes it better. I don't think anyone COULD care more for it than I do. Velda tells us that Buddy Starcher is her favorite of all radio singers. And she wants to see him sometime if it is possible. She's really going to miss him when he leaves WMMN, she writes. We all will, Velda, and we'll be hoping he comes back before too long a time.

From Francis L. Oyster, Associate Editor of the Kensington Citizen, Box 161, Kensington, Maryland, comes a most informative letter and we wish to thank Francis for his kindness. Altho we had the news about Happy Johnny and His Gang we thought it was swell of Francis to take time out to write us. He runs a column, The Roving Radio Reporter, in the paper and features "Notes On Our Hillbillies," and recently ran a story about this group in the paper. He writes information about the hillbillies in the Washington radio area. Maybe we can help you out sometime, Francis. Don't be afraid to ask us.

Here it is!!! After centuries,—well, maybe it is years—or it could be months... well, then,—weeks—we hear from our good friend, Lew Childre! Thanks for the swell letter, Lew. We been missing you. And also missed hearing from you.

A letter from Miss Jane Coleman of Charles Town, W. Va., states that she is a Big Slim fan and she really did like the little poem about him in the Nov. issue. The poem by Frances Whitaker. Jane says Slim is a swell guy and is liked by everyone. And that he will always be remembered in their home.

Iris Clark, Palace, Missouri, writes that she really likes the pictures in the

November issue. And she asks if Wilma Lee Cooper and Jerry Leary are sisters. Yes, Iris. And they have another sister, Peggy Leary. They used to be on WWVA, Wheeling, and were called The Leary Family. Had a swell show there, too. Their mom was with them at that time. Mentioning Jerry reminds me that there was a Christmas gift from her in my mail this morning. Jerry, you're one of the sweetest girls I know! But I don't see how you ever find time to look up things you know I'll like and send them to me. This gift is really a beauty and I'm mighty proud of it... THANK YOU. Yes, Iris, we've heard the song, No Children Allowed. Heard a Wesley Tuttle recording of it over WPTF, Raleigh, N. C. recently. Iris wants a story on Mary Lee, of WHO. And she adds that Mary Lee is a good yodeler. Well, I'm sure gonna be after her for a story. I really do like good yodeling. And plenty of it. Iris writes that Ray and Ken, The Harmony Boys, are now at Siloam Springs, Arkansas. Bob Stotts left KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa, and has traveled to sunny California. Kenneth and Louise Driver are at WKY, Oklahoma City, also Harold and Louise Daniels. Thank you, Iris, and write again.

Annabelle Wilson of Corning, New York writes that she likes the column and poems and is a Big Slim fan. She wants to know if Hawkshaw Hawkins has a fan club. Not yet, Annabelle. But he may have soon.

From Sarahsville, Ohio, we received

a letter from Mrs. Delbert Miller. She asks about several entertainers we already have the information on and we hope she finds all the answers in the column this time.

Texas Bill Strength, I was wondering where you were and when you'd ever sit down to that typewriter again and have me in mind. Some of you guys has the forgettinnest memories. But you did remember to write again so it's okay now. Our friend, Texas Bill, is down in Memphis, Tennessee. We were glad to hear from you, Bill.

From M.A.W. over in Chester, W. Va., we have a letter and in it she asks for a photo of Hank, The Cowhand, in M.B. How about it, Hank? Buddy Starcher tells us that he isn't for sure just what he will do in the near future but he will be doing some recording and transcribing for certain. Dawgone if the fellow don't write like he is leaving the air for good! Are we going to allow that!!! I wouldn't think so. Buddy is talent scout for three recording companies now. And he adds that it keeps him kinda busy. I would think it would! Already he has signed Mac and Bob, WLS; The Franklin Brothers, WSWA; And has recorded Art Gabbard, KMOX and the CBS Net Work; And also Dick Hart of KARK.

Red Belcher is now heard over WWVA, Wheeling, with Toby Stroud and His Blue Mountain Boys. Red and I have a new song, too. Title is, "I'd Rather Be The One That You Forgot."

(Continued on page 31)



Elton Britt, star of "Tennessee Jed," coast to coast ABC radio serial.



# FLOY CASE REPORTS



"TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES" radio show. He was unable to answer the question asked him, so as a "consequence" was told he could have a chance to win the prize by singing a song. He cut loose with BOB NOLAN'S immortal TUMBLIN' TUMBLEWEEDS—and he won the award—a new Aeronca Chief plane. He received the title papers and plane here in Ft. Worth, Dec. 6th, and returned to the Autry ranch in the new plane!

The old maestro, BOB WILLS and his incomparable TEXAS PLAYBOYS, are at this writing, making a triumphal tour of the southwest, playing for dances, appearing as guests on various radio shows, etc. In Houston, Bob and the boys attracted more paying customers than did the Glenn Miller band two weeks previously. Dec. 12th they played a one night stand at the CASINO here, one of the south's finest ballrooms, and played to a packed crowd. Bob's appearance here revived old memories among a lot of the folks! Born in Hall County, Bob rode a box car into Ft. Worth, back in the 20's, and auditioned for his first radio job with a borrowed fiddle! When he got the job, the station advanced him \$5 and at a pawn shop on Lower Main St., he found a fiddle for that price. He organized the LIGHT CRUST DOUGHBOYS IN 1928, then later branched out on his own with his TEXAS PLAYBOYS, and the rest is history! For BOB WILLS is one of the biggest names in western show business today! Featured attractions with the Wills band here were pretty LAURA LEE OWENS, who is a niece of TEXAS RUBY, vocalist TOMMY DUNCAN, (writer of TIME CHANGES EVERYTHING and many other well known songs) and those sweet singing, good looking MCKINNEY SISTERS!

SHER WOOLEY, WBAP's cowboy songster, is now heard Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:45 A.M. and is sponsored by Grove Lab. Sheb hails from our neighboring state of Oklahoma, and uses JACK GUTHRIE's popular "OKLAHOMA HILLS" for his theme song. He has a nice voice and is rapidly gaining in popularity in this section. Has several good songs of his own writing. He's also a popular feature of the SATURDAY MORNING ROUNDUP program from WBAP.

Ft. Worth has a new radio station, KWBC, at 970 on your dial. There's no "live" western talent at present, but they do present several transcribed and recorded shows. Another new station in this vicinity is that of KORC in Mineral Wells, Texas.

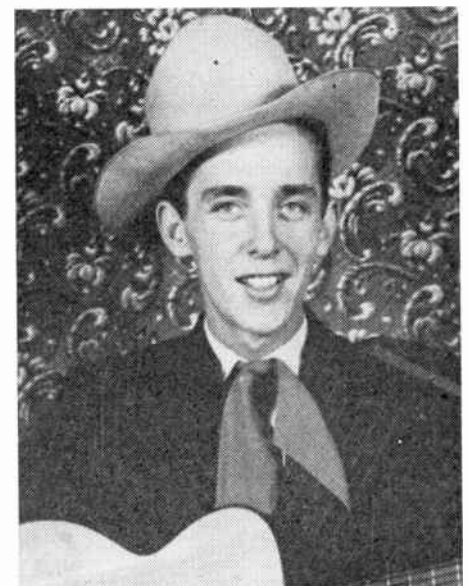
Back in December, we spent an enjoyable evening in the home of CARL STORY, the PALOMINO KID of KFJZ. The occasion was a surprise birthday party for Carl's half-brother, Hershel Watson, given by the latter's wife, Ruby, and Mr. and Mrs. Story. Hershel also plays the guitar and sings, and has been working out with BILL CASE and HIS MELODY BOYS. Music was furnished by that band, then Carl also sang a

few numbers. Songwriter LOIS SNAPP and her husband, were among those present. CARL STORY is still going strong on KFJZ with a daily 6 A.M. program and a commercial show on Sunday, 10:15 A.M. with his RANCH BOYS.

BILLYE GALE advises me that she's signed a six months' option with Columbia Records and that she and her all girl western band, the HOLLYWOOD COWGIRLS, will record four of her latest songs, "THERE'S NOTHING LEFT NOW," "I KNOW I'VE DONE WRONG," "SOMEDAY YOU'LL UNDERSTAND" and "I'VE LOVED YOU, I'VE LOST YOU AND I'M BLUE." "BASHFUL" MARY LEITO has been with Billye longer than any other member of the band and receives top billing on all of their shows. She's proved to be a great and talented little trouser, and is known as the smallest but the loudest member of the COWGIRLS. The fans have a fit over her wherever she appears. If you catch their show and see a tiny little girl giving out with her own version of "PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME" — a version that makes the folks love her—you'll know it could be no other than "Bashful" MARY LEITO!

RAY BERRY, former cowboy singer and harmonica player on our local stations KGKO and WBAP, was heard on EDDY ARNOLD'S MUTUAL show out of Nashville a while back and it seems likely that he may get a permanent spot in that territory. Good luck, Ray!

After ten successful years in the east, at WBAL, Baltimore, Md., HAPPY JOHNNY and his RADIO GANG have left their old stomping ground and landed way out in the midwest at Josh Higgins' farm station, KXEL, Waterloo, Iowa, where they're making thousands of new friends with their 11:30 A.M. and 1 P.M. daily radio shows. And they expect to have another half hour soon, all under sponsorship. HAPPY JOHNNY reports that they've signed a contract with SIGNATURE RECORDING CO. and have already waxed eight sides.



Carl Story of KFJZ, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Hi, Neighbor! I'll bet you up there in the north would gladly exchange climates with me, but personally, I'd like to see a few snowflakes falling outside my window pane, for winter and snow and good radio dialin' just seem to go hand in hand! But before I get into the news, I'd like to send my thanks across the miles for all your nice cards and letters. Believe me, they are indeed welcome! And I'd also like to offer a few explanations. Often we receive letters asking for certain things to appear in the next issue. Due to the fact that a lot of work is required in the editorial office before the magazine is actually printed, our material goes to press quite a while before you receive your magazine, so please give us time to get to your answers! I've been making it a habit to personally acknowledge all of your cards and letters, but the increased volume since the magazine became a monthly, may call for my answering you only thru the column. I hope you won't mind too much!

The new HAL HORTON hillbilly audience participation show, CORNBREAD MATINEE, quickly outgrew the KRLD studios and in order to accommodate the vast crowd that gathers to witness these Monday thru Friday 1 P.M. informal and unpredictable broadcasts, moved over to the KESSLER THEATER in OakCliff. And the KESSLER, by the way, is one of the six theaters in and around Dallas, owned by cowboy star, Gene Autry and his partner.

And speaking of GENE AUTRY—did you know that he has a ranch called the LIGHTNIN' C. located right here in Texas, near Dublin? And that PETE KERSCHER, singing cowboy and horse wrangler on that ranch, recently won a "plane for a song"? On Nov. 16th, Pete was in Hollywood taking part in a



They also have a transcription contract in the making and the possibility of a screen appearance soon. As a lot of you know, most of HAPPY JOHNNY's boys went into the various branches of the service during the war, but Happy Johnny continued on WBAL with the help of his wife, whom he affectionately calls "the gal!" Now that the boys are back again, "the gal" has stepped from the limelight and is simply home with the kids again—in a brand new home in Waterloo! Those of you who've heard Happy Johnny on the air or seen his shows, know that he's an expert showman. And speaking of his shows, reminds me of one cold winter night when we walked four blocks thru the snow to catch his show at Bethesda, Md. (a suburb of Washington, D.C.). And it was well worth it! The other present personnel consists of KIP HOOVER, also known as FLASH. He's returned from three and one-half years in the Navy and rates high as an accordion specialist—LEFTY BUCAR, rhythm guitarist and singer, is also back and Happy Johnny says that having "good ole Lefty back makes everything okay" — DAN MARTIN has just returned from five years with Uncle Sam, and he's one of the finest comedians and novelty men in the hillbilly field today. The above mentioned boys are all of the original group. Then, there's one new man, LLOYD CARTER, who is a special type of hillbilly singer—a smooth baritone with an appeal that's hard to match. Lloyd also served a stint in the Navy, but has years of broadcasting and show work experience behind him. Sounds like a grand line-up, doesn't it? And I'm sure those of you in that territory will agree with me. Thanks for the "dope," HAPPY



Karl Farr, Guitar Star  
"Sons Of The Pioneers"

JOHNNY and best of luck to you and the gang in your new location!

ERNEST TUBB's two latest Decca recordings, FILIPINO BABY and RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT, are really coining the nickels for the juke box operators throuout the nation, and have also been running "top" on various recorded hillbilly shows! JIMMIE and LEON SHORT's latest Decca release is LOVE ME NOW backed by DIS-SATISFIED. Current favorites at the record counters! A recent note from Jimmie's wife, Cherry, says the newcomer to the Short household is really making life interesting these days!

I've been asked to try and locate SMILIN' TEX (his real name is DON RICHARDSON), who is reported to have played the fiddle with Ernest Tubb and Bob Wills at one time. He was recently in the Marines and I believe his parents now live in the state of Washington. If anyone has any information on his location, please let me know.

Remember the BEVERLY HILL-BILLIES who used to delight the listeners out California way? Sure you do! Well, they're back on the air and going stronger than ever! They're on KMPC, 10:05 to 10:30 P.M. Monday thru Friday. It's a commercial show you'll like, featuring GLEN RICE as MR. TALL-FELLER.

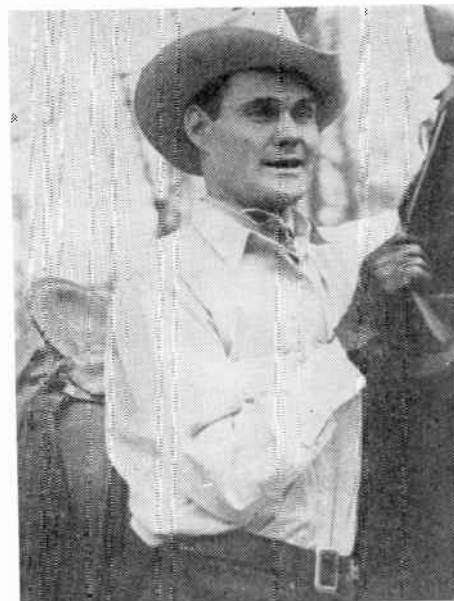
JACK SPARKS and HIS HOLLYWOOD HOTSHOTS are on tour of the southwest at this writing. BILL CHAPPELL who plays the guitar and mandolin, is one of the featured singers with the group. He had his own radio show prior to the war.

When weather conditions are right, I'm able to pick up the program of DICK HART from KARK, Little Rock, Ark. at 7:30 A.M. Dick emcees his own show and it's a quarter hour of easy listenin'! The LONE TEXAN has a voice that appeals to one and all—and personality plus!

Then, the 7:45 A.M. programs of that toe-tappin' band the RADIO RANGERS from KFAB, Lincoln, Nebr. have been coming in swell, and I know you folks who are regular listeners will agree that they have a swell aggregation. TEXAS MARY, lovely and popular girl singer who has been on KFAB for several years, also appears on the program. CHAW MANK of Staunton, Ill. advises me that he has a club for EDDIE SOSBY and the RADIO RANGERS, and TEXAS MARY, called the GOOD CHEER and GOOD LUCK CLUB!

Most of you know that RUSTY MARION has left KMOX and is now located on the west coast—and that his place was filled by that well known yodeler, JESSE ROGERS. Jesse is the new singing emcee and is making a lot of new friends in the midwest. I hear them occasionally on the 7:30 A.M. program for UNCLE DICK SLACK.

BETTY BENNETT and the HOME-TOWNERS are giving out with some good programs via NBC these days, sponsored by Grove Lab. ALLEN MASSEY, formerly with the group, is now living in Hollywood and has been replaced by KENNY CARBONEL who is an overseas veteran. Kenny plays the electric guitar. ALLEGRA FOREMAN of Bluffton, Indiana writes that she is anxious to see a picture of the HOME-TOWNERS IN MBPR.



Texas Jim Robertson, RCA Victor Record  
Star

Thanks to DOROTHY SMITH of Zenith, W. Va. for a swell letter, and you betcha! Send along those pictures! Dorothy is one of the SMITH FAMILY STRING BAND and they've done professional work up W. Va. way, but as Dorothy says, not too far from home. Their act is composed of Mrs. Smith, known as MOM, who plays guitar, auto-harp and piano—DAD, who plays mandolin and guitar—ALVIN (the son), who doubles on fiddle and mandolin, and also plays guitar, tenor guitar and auto-harp when the occasion demands. Dorothy says that she sticks to the guitar and joins in all the singing. The group may accept an offer to go on the new station WRON, Ronceverte, W. Va. as soon as it hits the air. Dorothy also reports that she likes the grand entertainment dished out by the FRANKLIN BROS. and also the rest of JIMMIE RAINES' BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN BOYS from WSWA, Harrisonburg, Va. and also the OLD DOMINION BARN DANCE with SUNSHINE SUE and her RANGERS from WRVA, Richmond, is tops! I'm hearing lots of nice reports on Sunshine Sue and her gang.

LUCILE RITZ writes of seeing several shows along with CURLEY and HALLIE MILLER, with whom she worked a while. One in particular I'd like to mention. It was held in the St. Mary's auditorium at Erie, Pa. with DAN SAVASTANO as the promoter. CURLEY MILLER was M.C. of both the matinee and night shows and in addition to his own act, they had a grand line-up of talent on hand. There was TENNESSEE SLIM, ARKIE (THE BASHFUL TROUBADOUR), and RUBY from WJW, Cleveland, OLLIE BROWN and his SUNSET RIDERS from WJTN, Jamestown, N. Y. (Ollie's little two-year-old son who pretends to be playing his tiny fiddle while the act is on the stage, is the hit of the show!) MARTY LICKLIDER and his MISSOURI FOX HUNTERS from

(Continued on page 32)





"Look, Daddy, I'm bigger than you are," says T. Texas Jr.

*FIDDLIN' JIM—*from 11

Whilst the Crabblaggs had been away to war, the families in Hillside had got them some new additions in the form of young children and babies, and the houses was pretty well crowded up. So there wasn't no room for the Crabblaggs to board in. They told the Hillsideers to throw out some of the grandpas and grandmas to make room for them, but the Hillsideers was too humane to do a thing like that. They told the Crabblaggs that they had a bellyfull of them anyway, and was prepared to carry out their plan of drowning them, if the boys didn't behave themselves.

So the Crabblaggs holed up someplace in the hills, and as each of them was getting twenty bucks a week from Uncle Sam, they lived high.

They done nothing but drink all day and carouse all night, and many an innocent citizen had him lumps on his head from running into the Crabblaggs when their spirits was too high. They got to be a real public nuisance, with their general orneryness and their bragging and boasting about what they had did to them Japs.

To hear them tell it, them eight fellers just about won the war single-handed, for they went on to say how they had spear-headed every step of the invasion from island to island and yet never got themselves a single scratch. It got so, the Crabblaggs said, that when the Japs on an island heard they was a-coming, the Jap generals would call the officers together and say, "Fellers, them Americans is at it again. They really ain't fair, for they got them Crabblaggs working for them. I understand they are heading our way tomorrow, with the Crabblaggs leading them. My guess is, we better scam!"

And scam they did, say the Crabblaggs, leaving the island with all its military installations behind them, not even firing a single shot in parting.

When anyone even mentioned Mac-Arthur, they just laughed and said, "Yeah—he follered along up after us."

They was pretty sore about not having no place to board at, and they swore they would have vengeance on these Hillsideers who denied bed and board to "Us brave Crabblaggs," as they put it, "who swept the nasty Japs out of the Pacific!"

The day of the Annual Grange Picnic come along, and all the Hillsideers come down to attend, leaving not a man, woman or child at home in their little village. They spent a happy day indeed, not being bothered at all by them Crabblaggs, none of them fellers having gone to the picnic.

Late that evening, the Hillsideers returned to their humble homes, and were met by a scene that spelled stark tragedy. Three of the eight houses of Hillside had vanished from off the face of the earth.

Them houses hadn't burnt down, for they was no ashes—they hadn't blown up, for they was no pieces.

**THEY JUST WASN'T THERE!**

The places where them three little homes had stood, was swept as slick as a pastry board. There wasn't hair nor hide of them houses. There wasn't shingle nor nail left behind. It was a complete mystery what could of happened to them.

The whole of Hardscrabble County turned out next day to search for the missing houses, and the low rascals who had did away with them. But no trace of either the one nor the other could be found. Folks was agreed that the Crabblaggs must in some way or other be responsible for this terrible happening, but nobody knowed where to find them in order to question them about it.

Them unfortunate folks whose homes had been spirited away right from under them, so to speak, was in a sad plight indeed. They had not only lost their homes, but also every stick of furniture, every stitch of clothes, and every last morsel of vittles they owned, and was indeed thrown on the mercies of the community.

There wasn't no possible way they could squeeze into the other five houses that was left in Hillside, so they had to come down to town and board with folks as was kin to them. The way it was, they had to put up with their kinfolks, and their kinfolks had to put up with them.

There was a big indignation meeting held in town, and it was decided that there would have to be a Grand Jury investigation into the whole strange situation. The day the Grand Jury sot, they sent summonses to all the folks in Hillside to come into town and testify about what had happened in the case, as they called it, of "The Vanishing Village."

So as not to leave Hillside completely unguarded and at the mercy of whatever scalawags had did this awful deed, they got permission to leave a man on guard. They picked Old Man Drinkwater, who sot hisself onto his porch with a squirrel rifle over his knee. Everything looked safe enough now, for Old Man Drinkwater was a dead center shot when he wasn't drinking, and his wife had seed to it lately that he lived up to his name, for he hadn't had even a sniff of corn squeezin's for many a month.

So off they went, not knowing that Old Man Drinkwater had him a jug of real mountain dew stashed away in the corn crib just in case of an emergency. When the folks was well out of sight, he got hisself out to the corn crib and dug up that jug. Then he got him a good big tin cup and settled hisself onto the porch once more. "Let anyone so much as show his nose," said Old Man Drinkwater to

hisself, "and I'll shore let daylight into his liver and lights."

But the poor old feller had been on a water diet too long, and the jug of white mule was just one too many for him. He fell sound asleep after only about six tin cups of the stuff, and it was late afternoon when he come to hisself.

He got up to stretch, and went over to the well to get some drinking water for a burning he felt in his stomach. He drank a dipper full or so, then looked around him.

**THE WHOLE VILLAGE WAS GONE!**

The only house left in sight was his own. Him having been on the porch, he probably would of woke up if that house too, had of got up and walked away with the others, or whatever had happened to them.

He was so scairt, he took the pledge right then and there beside the well, and what's more, he swore he'd keep it this time.

Old Man Drinkwater got rid of the jug in a hurry, for he didn't want folks to lay the blame too much to him for what had happened right under his nose. Finally, as evening was drawing near, the Hillsideers come back, as they thought, to their homes. Nothing had been accomplished at the Grand Jury investigation; there had been a lot of hemming and hawing, but at the end of the day, not a soul was any the wiser than they had been at the beginning. All hands was satisfied that them Crabblaggs was at the bottom of the mischief, for no one had seed any one of them since the first houses vanished.

And now,—what a sight they come home to! Every last one of them except the Drinkwaters was homeless. Mrs. Drinkwater says she ain't gonna stay another night in a place where such things could happen, for Old Man Drinkwater swore up and down that he hadn't seed a single soul the whole livelong day. This indeed threw a heavy burden on the good people of Hardscrabble County, for all of these new homeless folks had to move right along into town, and find a place to lay their heads.

But it's an ill wind, as the feller says, that blows no one good, and even these terrible happenings had their bright side, for the excitement served to sort of "take the heat off" of Duck Foot Dawson and me, who was still in hiding out in Pokey Moonshine Swamp. Knob Head Noonan had been keeping us informed of doings in town, and I was just as much stirred up about it as anyone else.

Me and Duck Foot figured this was our chance to get back into good graces, so we told Knob Head to go back into town and tell the folks he had seed us. He was also to tell them that if all charges against us was dropped, we would each of us be glad to take in one of the families of Hillside which had their own homes stole away from them.

This did the trick, and Knob Head come back quick to tell us that all was forgave.

It looked like this here mystery of "The Vanishing Village" was too much for ordinary men to cope with, so I decided to do a little detecting of my own. I wanted to work strictly on the quiet, so I dug up a disguise I had got in the mail once, when I took a course in "How



To Be A Detective." There was a long beard, a detective hat and pipe like Sherlock Holmes wore, and various other things which the course had said was needed to be a successful detective. I put them all on me, and started for Hillside early next morning.

First crack out of the box, I run into that numb-skull Bla Bla Jackson, and he hailed me.

"This ain't Christmas, Jim," says he, "what's the masquerade for?"

This made me mighty sore to see that even a dope like Bla Bla could see through my disguise. I spent me \$4.98 of my good hard-earn't cash for that detective course, and now I am of half a mind to sue them.

Bla Bla wanted me to stop and listen to some of his everlasting chatter, but I was in no mood to waste any time on him, so I give him a short answer and got on out of there. I wanted to get up to Hillside whilst there was still at least one house there, for I figured to search around careful, not showing myself, and see if anything would happen to that last house.

I cut across a ridge so as to come to Hillside from behind, so as to speak, in case anyone was watching the road. I come out of a patch of woods right behind Old Man Drinkwater's house, and looked around for a good place to hide myself. The corn crib looked just about right, for I could settle myself comfortable in there, and have a good view all around through the slats the walls was made of. Watching carefully, I worked my way over to the crib, carefully avoiding a patch of mud that layed between the house and the corn crib.

I got inside, and was arranging the corn cobs to make a comfortable couch, when much to my surprise, and pleasure, I might add, I found about half a jug of corn-squeezin's stashed away in one corner. This was the jug that had kept Old Man Drinkwater company the day before, when he was supposed to of been keeping watch over Hillside.

I layed there a couple of hours, snug and warm, taking a little swig at the neck of the jug every so often and again, and was beginning to feel drowsy as it got along about time for my afternoon nap, which I seldom ever miss.

Then all of a sudden I was brung sharply to my senses by the sound of human voices. Not exactly human, I guess, for them voices belonged to nobody but the Crabblaggs. I would of knowed them anywhere. I looked around, through all four sides of the corn crib, but not a soul could I see. The only living thing in sight was a yeller dog coming down a foot path from the old quarry, which was just a short distance away. Suddenly I heard the dog yelp and fly into the air just as if a heavy foot had gave him a good boot. When he landed, he got away from there as fast as he could on three legs, and I could hear the Crabblaggs' voices cussing him out.

But still I couldn't see no Crabblaggs, though they sounded right close by, and I could even hear their footfalls. This was deep stuff, Mr. Editor, and I don't mind telling you, I felt a bit strange about the whole thing. But it wasn't nothing at all, to what was coming.

As I sat there, straining every nerve of my eyes and ears, I heard mud

splashing. I looked out to the mud puddle between the house and the corn crib, and there was foot prints appearing in that mud BUT THERE WASN'T NO FEET MAKING THEM!

My heart done a flip-flop. It come up into my throat, and I could feel the eyes bugging right out of my head. But there it was right before me—footprints of a bunch of men, being made in that there mud, and not the sign of any man within the sight of my eyes. It couldn't be that the jug had made me blind, for then I could not of seed nothing at all.

No, there was something evil afoot here, and I was bound to see it through.

Well, as I watched and listened, the footprints and voices moved on till they come to Old Man Drinkwater's house, and then I could hear laughing, and one voice saying, "When we get this one down, that'll make a house apiece for each of us. And they wouldn't give us no room and board—Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Them voices was the Crabblaggs sure enough, and this talk about them being denied room and board cinched it. I still layed low. Then I seed something that frightened me worse than ever, what little I CAN be frightened.

The Drinkwater house suddenly started rising from its foundation blocks!

It was a small house, just like all them that had been in Hillside, but here it was coming up slowly, with nothing in sight to cause such a thing.

One voice shouted, "Easy there on that back corner!" Another voice yelled, "Lend a hand here with the porch—it's sagging clean off the front of the house!" Then another voice says, "All together, boys, HEAVE HO!"

And with that, the house riz gently about three feet from the ground and started to move off down the road to the entrance of the old stone quarry. I watched it from my hiding place in the corn crib till it disappeared down into the quarry itself.

Then I come out of the crib and made my way to a clump of bushes where I would have me a view of what went on down there.

The house come to a stop when it reached a wide level shelf of the quarry, and settled itself onto the smooth rock surface. As I kept watching, the left hand side of the house begun to disappear a bit at a time. Finally that whole side of the house was gone, and the front begun to go, too. Then the right hand side begun to fade away from my vision until finally there was nothing left in sight but the roof, hanging there in mid-air, with nothing at all under it to keep it up there. Then, bit by bit, the roof disappeared, and there wasn't nothing at all to be seed on that rock shelf at all. The house was completely gone!

I layed there in that clump of bushes, and I tell you, I was really shivering and shaking, with the sight I had just seed, or maybe I should say the sight I could not see.

The voices, which had been chattering and shouting all this time, started away from the quarry and finally faded into the distance. The old quarry was as still as the insides of a tomb, and I gathered up all my courage and crawled over the edge, and clumb down to where I had seed the house disappear. I got out my detective magnifying glass and kneeled



T. Texas Tyler and Red Murrel.

down to search the ground for clues. There wasn't nothing to be found. Suddenly I bumped by head into something, but when I looked up, there wasn't nothing there for me to bump into. I put my hand out in front of me, and found I WAS TOUCHING SOMETHING I COULD NOT SEE!

I lept back, startled, and stumbled over something, which I also could not see. So I walked forwards again, and bumped into the first invisible object. Feeling it carefully with my hands, it seemed to feel like the side of a house. I walked along beside it, carefully feeling my way, till I come to a corner, then I follied that side of what seemed to be an invisible house till I come to what felt like a door. It was just like being in a pitch dark room, and feeling your way around.

I sot down on the invisible doorstep to think this thing out. I stretched out one foot, and it seemed to hit something, and the first thing you know, there was some funny looking paint spreading out on the ground, that seemed to come from nowhere at all. I reached out and felt of it, and it was just like ordinary looking paint, then I reached for the thing my foot had touched. My hand grabbed something about the size of a paint pail, and sure enough, the paint on my hand left the mark right on the side of this pail. Then, as I watched, it faded away again and so did the spot on the rock where the paint had spilled.

Was there magic connected with this here paint, or was there some natural explanation? I had me an idea, and there was just one way to prove it out. So I got out of the old quarry, and struck out across the hills to where the railroad cars run. I caught me a train to the State Capitol, and looked up the State Senator who runs from the Hardscrabble district. Being a politician, he said he was glad to see me, whether he was or not, and asked me what service he could perform for such an outstanding citizen as myself.

(Continued on page 26)



*FIDDLIN' JIM—from 25*

I told him I wanted to find out about the Army record of them Crabblagg boys, and he picked up the phone and got hold of the right party for me. Before long, I had a copy of their service records, and it told me just what I had wanted to know, so I headed right back to Hardscrabble County.

I called for an immediate session of the Grand Jury, for I said I had new evidence in the case of The Vanishing Village to lay before them. They got together in a hurry, and every soul in town hurried to the court room to hear whatever I had found out. They had got word that the last house in Hillside had vanished, and their excitement was at a high pitch indeed. Old "Sue 'Em" Simpson called the Grand Jury to order, and told me to take the floor.

I stood up on my hind legs and informed them that I had solved the riddle of The Vanishing Village.

"That's easy enough for you to say," snarls that low living critter, Lyin' Bob Hagum, "for you probably had a hand in them little homes disappearing. You was hiding out for crimes you already had committed, and I for one, wouldn't put nothing past the likes of you."

This stung me to the quick, for after all I was doing for these people, that they should allow a no-good lying reprobate like that Hagum wretch make such a crack about their most noble feller citizen.

I lept forward and shouted, "I deny the allegation and defy the alligator." Then when things had quieted down,

and Lyin' Bob was properly rebuked for disturbing the dignity of the court and the chief witness, which was myself, I went on with my explanations.

To begin with, I said, they was right in suspecting that the Crabblaggs was at the bottom of the whole mystery. I reminded them how the Crabblaggs had sworn to take vengeance on Hillside, and went on to explain that their vengeance had took the form of stealing away the Hillside's homes, and each Crabblagg living in one of them all by hisself.

The Grand Jury says they still could not see how them Crabblaggs could steal the houses, and nobody see them do it.

I said that is all part of the story I am about to relate to them, and that furthermore, after I get through telling it, them Crabblaggs will be so ashamed of theirselves they will voluntarily skip out and never again show their nasty faces any place within a hundred miles of all Hardscrabble County.

In the first place, I explained, not one of them Crabblaggs had ever seed a single Jap, let alone kill any of them. They hadn't never took no part in no invasion no place. They hadn't never even fired off a gun during the whole war. They was in the Army, true enough, but never in no shooting part of it, so that all their bragging, all their boasting, was nothing but a pure tissue of the blackest lies.

THEY WAS IN A CAMOUFLAGE UNIT, every last man jack of them! Someone asks what is that, and I said I was happy to explain. The Camouflage Unit, was fellers which went to various air fields, and war factories, and smeared

around a lot of paint like a bunch of sissy artists, instead of being out there on the front lines, taking their chances with the rest of the fellers. The paint they used was what was called Camouflage Paint. When you painted it onto something, nobody could see that thing no more. The idea was, that if some hostile airships come over to drop a few bombs, they couldn't see nothing down there on the ground worth throwing bombs at, and so they would have to go on back home disappointed. Then when they bring home the bombs, they had to stack them up again, and there was still more bombs coming in every day to be dropped on our air fields and war factories, but they couldn't find no place to drop them. As time went by, they got so many bombs on hand, that they was et up by the cost of making them, piling them up, loading and unloading them, and having their soldiers watch them, until they just got theirselves overrun with their own bombs, and was glad to give up, so as to get theirselves out of the fix they was in. So of course, the Camouflage Unit DID do some good, but that didn't justify the terrible lies these Crabblaggs had been going around inventing.

When they made up their evil plan to get even with the Hillside's, they got a hold of a lot of this camouflage equipment from a War Surplus sale, and went to work.

First they camouflaged theirselves so as nobody could see them, bided their time for a chance to go to work directly on the good people of Hillside. The day of the Grange picnic was their first chance. Working hard, they moved three of the houses of Hillside down into the stone quarry, and painted them with this camouflage paint. That was why nobody could find a single trace of them. Then when the folks went to town for the Grand Jury investigation, they latched onto all the rest of the houses, excepting the Drinkwater house, which they did not want to wake Old Man Drinkwater, so they left that one until a later date.

At this point in my explanation, Old Man Drinkwater broke down, and admitted that he was sleeping off the influence of the jug that afternoon, which give the Crabblaggs their chance to steal them houses he was supposed to be watching. His wife went to work on him, and he was soon a sorry looking feller. The ruckus ended with Old Man Drinkwater taking the pledge again right there in the court room.

After this interruption, the folks begun to ask questions. How in the world could we catch these fellers even now, they asked, if we couldn't see them? And if we did catch them and get them into the hoose-gow, how could we keep them from escaping, if we couldn't watch them?

But I had thunk everything out before I even come to the court room, so I had the answers for all of them.

I directed every man to get his shotgun and load up the shells with soot. When this was done, I led the way to Hillside, and posted men all around the old quarry. We could hear the Crabblaggs talking down there, and my plan was to close in on them from every side, then when anybody heard a Crabblagg near him, he was to shoot in the direction of the voice with one of them soot-filled shells. The soot would cover the camou-



Smiley Burnett demonstrates one his comedy songs for Polly, Uncle Dan and Texas Rose. Must be right funny, judging from everyone's expression.



flage and we could then see them scoundrels.

As we closed in, we could hear the voices, and they all seemed to be in one place, eating. Knob Head Noonan run full tilt into one of the invisible houses, and his gun went off, and Bla Bla Jackson got the full charge right in his silly looking face. That sure enough made him look sillier than ever, and the sound of the shot really started a ruckus.

The Crabblaggs started running, and must of got their invisible shotguns, for there was shooting going on all around and all of it wasn't soot. Old Man Hess got him a charge of birdshot in the seat of his pants, and within five minutes pretty near everybody was covered with soot, or trying to pick birdshot out of their hides. But the Crabblaggs was being showed up, too. You could see a black arm and head with no body onto them running in one direction, and the midriff of another Crabblagg running another way. Whatever part of them was hit by the soot, showed up perfectly, and before very long, we had the situation under control. We had all of them Crabblaggs laid out on the rocks, while a couple of the fellers shot more soot all over them so we could see to tie them hand and foot.

We was all bumped and bruised up considerable from running our heads into them invisible houses, so that was the next problem to take up. A couple of the fellers went back into town and got a good load of red barn paint at Hard Cash Johnson's store, and drove back to the scene of battle.

We all went to work, and wherever we could feel a house, or see one by a splotch of soot on the wall, we went to work and started to paint. Before the day was over, our job was finished, and there was eight pretty little houses, with a fresh new coat of red paint on them, standing in a neat row there in the quarry. Then we loaded the Crabblaggs into the wagon bed, and headed back for town.

All hands held a meeting to decide what to do with them Crabblaggs. One faction was in favor of stringing them up with no further ado. Another bunch wanted to put them all in the jail house for life. But finally, cooler heads prevailed. After all, they WAS veterans of the war, and we didn't want to be too harsh. So we just painted stripes of yellow paint around each one of them, which with the black soot they was already covered with, give them the look of convicts, then we escorted them to the county line and turnd them loose, with a solemn warning never to show theirselves again in Hardscrabble County.

And it's a pretty safe bet they never will, for not only did they get a pretty rough deal, but they was all showed up as being awful liars, a thing I for one cannot abide.

Then everybody turned to and helped the Hillsideers move back to their houses. Instead of going to all the trouble of moving the houses again back to where they had been, it was decided to leave them where they was, and rename the town. They decided to call it Quarryville, a good enough name, but between you and me, Mr. Editor, I think they would of done better to honor the man who saved them from hardship and poverty by calling it maybe Jimtown, but then,

it's too much to expect gratitude in this world.

But I will say, they throwed a big party in my honor. After moving the folks back in, we built a big bon-fire on the quarry floor and held a barbecue and dance that lasted until the sun started to show itself over the east wall of the rocks, and one and all vowed they never had knowed a friend in the world like

Your Faithful Correspondent,  
Fiddlin' Jim.

#### CORN BELT COMMENTS—from 19

for the house. He is quite musically talented also for he not only ably handles any song that's put up before him to sing, but picks a good guitar, plays a pretty harmonica, picks a nice mandolin, and plays a beautiful fiddle. He yodels and whistles too. Now, is your curiosity satisfied, kids?

Brrr! Chicago got its first real cold weather of the season yesterday. (The lovely mouton fur I ordered came just in the nick of time.) The other day we had some of Los Angeles' "smog." That aromatic combination of smoke and fog, you know.

Raymond Nemeck, Congress Park, Illinois, asks where Curt Poulton, George Arthur, Alice and Jeri Nelson, Bob Mills, Mary Key, Betty Lindenmayer, June Boyd, Dippy Johnston, and Truman Crow, all formerly of WDJ, Tuscola, Illinois, are. George Arthur is one of the Blackhawk Valley Boys at WOWO, Ft. Wayne, Ray. With George is Pete Fall, another WDJ boy.

Recently heard the Big Recorded Jamboree from WCKY, Cincinnati. It's on for two hours—from nine to eleven

EST or eight to ten CST, Monday through Sunday. Features our boys and girls, natch. One record runs into another without a lot of commercials. The tunes aren't even named—you're to put your guessing ability to work.

Like the Texas Rangers? You can hear them via transcription at 2:15 P.M. over WENR. The melodies of Captain Bob and the boys are always welcome. They've always been high on my list.

Glad so many of you Virginia gals have been seeing Sunset Carson. Isn't that cowboy a terrific guy though. Hope he'll hit this part of the country—as per what he told me when I talked with him.

Jaké Wilson's back. Jake came back to the Calumet Region after a long trip through Tennessee and Alabama. He's now at Smokey Joe's place. Riley Shephard, a Calumet Regioner of a year or so ago, is going great guns out there on the west coast. Riley and I used to have some great times together.

I'd like to say "hello" to Virginia Perry of Raphine, Virginia; Tootie Moler of Bakerton, West Virginia; Evelyn Hart of East Liverpool, Ohio; Rudo Purnaver of Point Pleasant, West Virginia; Darlene Boldt of Reinbeck, Iowa; Edward Morgan of Hayfield, Virginia, and Mae Foltz of Reinholds, Pennsylvania, along about now. It was swell hearing from you all. Why not ride out this way more oftener? My own campfire's always open to the likes of you. And, to each of you, I'd like to say, "Thanks for bearing with me and thanks for being a fella clubber like myself."

Mrs. Pat Buttram returned to Chi with her daughter for the holidays. It

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Smilie Burnett is trying to brag about California oranges to Polly Jenkins and her Pals. He doesn't know that Uncle Dan owns a Florida orange grove.



## South of The Mason-Dixon Line

By JUANITA MILLIGAN



for a Knoxville newspaper. Since that time we are practically all familiar with the success that Roy and the boys have met. But to show their appreciation for this first news item, each year at Christmas time, regardless of where they might be, they have returned to Knoxville for their only free show which is a performance for the Empty Stocking Fund; sponsored by the same newspaper which gave them their first publicity. Each year the fun has exceeded their highest hopes, and his visit to Knoxville is now looked upon as one of the prime highlights of the holidays. One week before Christmas Roy brought seven members of the Smoky Mountain Boys for this show, and as usual the place was simply packed . . . For which we all say a million Thanks. It is certainly unusual for anyone to repay a small favor in such a large way.

One of the nicest presents presented to the listeners of WNOX lately was in the return of Homer and Jethro to that station. These two dynamos of harmony started out from here as members of the String Dusters and don't let those crack-pot remarks of theirs fool ya, they can play like anything from the classics

to the hoe-downs, and we sho' nuff hopes they stay here forever.

Have you all heard in full or part any of the "Old Virginia Barn Dance?" If not, give it a listen. I got a small part of it and it's good, I'm telling you! Heard from WDBJ, Roanoke, Va., and a girl musician kinda caught my listening fancy for she played a fiddle, bass, accordion, mandolin, a Hawaiian Guitar and she sang as well, good too!! It was Patsy Jean of the team, Pert and Patsy Jean, so tune in that station for a sample of what I'm telling you.

At WNOX, Knoxville, Tennessee, things are going at pretty much the same rate as usual, with the exception that we were afraid that Molly O'Day and Lynn Davis with the "Cumberland Mountain" aggregation were really leaving for parts unknown. But they changed their minds and after a trip to Chicago for recordings for Columbia Records they will resume their duties here again . . . And that makes us very happy.

Tommy Trent, former WNOX singer and guitar player who left these parts for an announcing post at WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio, is now singing and playing again. This time from WAGA, Atlanta, Ga., and he has a good program from there, too. Tommy was more or less a favorite of the teen-agers around here, but we guesses that he is a big boy now, huh, Tommy?

To answer a question I had a few

Hi! From down below the ole Mason-Dixon in Sunny (WHERE is that Sunshine) Tennessee, greetings once again! It's kinda cool outside and anything but pleasant so let's look around and see what has been goin' on down this way.

Since the first of the year WMPS, down in Memphis, Tenn. has boasted one of the largest stations in this part of the country. It can also boast of the fact that they now have one of the country's finest string bands. It's Eddie Hill and The Mountain Boys!! These former WNOX, Knoxville, Tennessee entertainers are really going over big in that locality and can be heard on a thirty minute program Monday through Friday from 3:00 to 3:30, and from the Hi-Hat Club where they play for dances from 11:30 to 12:00 midnight, (CST). The band now consists of Billy Bowman, steel guitar; John Gaffner, bass and vocals; Troy Hatcher on the drums. Tony Cianciola on the accordion was welcomed back to the band after spending fourteen months overseas and is doing a terrific job with his Steinway. And, of course, there's always Eddie to sing solos or with the trio or duet. Incidentally, those duets of Eddie and Billy Bowman are easy on the listening, I'm telling ya!

Eddie sends his best regards to his many friends all over the country and also a real Southern welcome to anyone who should be able to visit them, or "if you can't come to see us, write," says Eddie. So how about it? At least give them a listen and hear Mountain Music by the Mountain Boys at its best!! (Sez me.)

A long time ago, well, to be exact about ten years ago when Roy Acuff and his band then known as "The Crazy Tennesseans" were aired from WROL, Knoxville, Tennessee, they were given their first newspaper item by a columnist



ERNEST TUBB, "The Texas Troubador". Heard from coast to coast on WSM, Nashville, and the Mutual system each Saturday afternoon.



weeks ago in regards to Jesse Rogers. He is now the singing Emcee of the KMOX Ozark Varietys on CBS, and each day from KMOX, St. Louis, Missouri. He is a very good filler for the vacancy left by Pappy Cheshire who was the Emcee for several years on that program, but who is now in Hollywood.

Also on KMOX, we call your attention to the Billy Starr Program which is really going over with a bang, and is heard each morning at 8:30. This is a guy with personality plus, and he is really using it to good advantage! Give him a listen-in sometime, won't you?

Lost John Miller, writer of the now famous "Rainbow at Midnight," is now broadcasting from WJHL, Beckley, W. Va. Boy! That guy was really lost to us for the longest time, and how! We almost never caught up with you, John, so how's about letting us in on your moving around? Or should I have said movings around?

Have you heard Claude Casey and his new band from WBT, Charlotte, N.C.? Yessiree, he has one and I can't think of the name of it, but it's a good one and if you have heard any of the "Carolina Calling" programs on CBS each Saturday morning, then you are familiar with it, but, in case you haven't, I'll be sure and remember the name and let you know about it.

The very popular Bailes Brothers, Walter and Johnnie with Evy Lou and  
*(Continued on page 32)*

## News From Old New England

By RICHARD H. KEELER

Howdy, fans! had a post card the other day from Dana M. "Jimmie" Pierson, who, with Dick Klasi, Willie Pierson and Cora Deane, form the Novelty Boys and Girls; those Westerners who came East a few years back and captured the hearts of us Easterners. After a successful summer on WABI, Bangor, Maine, Jimmie says they are taking a vacation in Troy, Kansas, before getting started again after the first of the new year.

Duke and his Swingbillies of WMUR, Manchester, N.H., are back on their 3:15 P.M. spot, and are keeping mighty busy with personal appearances every night. During Christmas week, Duke and the gang gave free shows at auditoriums, hospitals, orphanages, and the like. Along with Duke, are Speedy comedian; and Rocco, ace accordionist. Parent, fast trick fiddler; Ralph Lucier, singing cowboy; Happy, bass player and

A new gang on a new station up in Northern New Hampshire, is Emery Lamontagne and His Rambling Rangers. It is a five man act, and is heard at 4:15 P.M. each Sunday on WMOU up in Berlin, N.H.

George and Dixie of the Yankee Network and WNAC, Boston, are tempo-



Curley Bradley, NBC star.

rarily off the air. We are looking forward to their early return.

Georgia Mae, popular cowgirl of WBZ, Boston, has been mighty busy filling theatre dates. She is heard on WBZ twice daily.

Clyde Joy of Manchester, N.H. formerly on WFEA of that city has organized a new show with the Melody Boys of Fitchburg, Mass. The line-up is, Clyde, comedian and MC; Tex Girouard, guitar; Slim, bass; Shorty and Bob, vocals and guitars; all experts at "jamming" with hot guitars and bass. They plan to locate soon at a New Hampshire station.

Gene La Verne and his Lone Star Ranch Boys are still popular favorites on WLAW, Lawrence, Mass. each morning at 6:00 A.M. The act includes Gene; Rocky Carroll, fiddler; Carl Patrick, steel guitar; Little Julie, cowgirl singer; and Joe La Flip, French dialect comic.

WMEX, Boston, has been presenting a very popular Barn Dance program each Wednesday at 10:00 to 11:00 P.M. Jay McMasters acts as MC, with about 25 people in the cast.

On the same station at noon each day, replacing the show Gene La Verne formerly presented at that spot, is The Dude Ranch with Blackie and His Boys. Blackie plays fiddle and MC; Joey Paul performs on the accordion; Hank Young delivers on vocals and guitar, along with Billy Stewart; and Larry Sanders takes care of the bass department.

WGAN, Portland, Maine, reports the Ken Mac Kenzie show still tops their list; WCSH in the same city features Tony & Juanita, and Jim Small and His Dixie Mountain Boys and Girls. WCOU, Lewiston, Maine, has The Lone Pine Mountaineer and His Gang. Ray Little, formerly of WLBZ, Bangor, Maine is in Canada; Smiling Ernie and his troupe are also visiting our northern neighbors across the border. The Melody Playboys  
*(Continued on page 32)*



Duke and his Swingbillies of WMUR, Manchester, N. H. Duke is enjoying the same great success he left to go to war. Left to Right: Speedy, Duke, Rocky and Happy.



# Mid-West Microphone

By GERTRUDE CARSON



The Midwest Microphone is bringing in some mighty good entertainment these days. Keeps me so busy listening, I don't have much time for other things.

Ray & Elda Layman and Ken Mas-sengill, "The Harmony Folks" are still going strong on KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo. at 12:15 P.M. Then there's Ted West and The Range Riders at 12:30 and 6:00 P.M. from WREN, Lawrence, Kansas. At 12:15 P.M. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, we try to catch Jerry Smith from WHO, Des Moines, Iowa. At 4:00 P.M. Ray and Lexie Lou come on the air from KMMJ, Grand Island, Nebr. Roy MacGeorge and Earl Gletso "The Boys From The Hills" brighten up the morning at 11:45 from KOAM, Pittsburgh, Kansas, and at 3:30 P.M.

we come back to Springfield to hear George Rhodes on The Corn Field Follies, via KWTO.

Speaking of KWTO and George Rhodes, have you been listening to The Good Will Family Quartet? If you haven't, you've really been missing something, for they sing those beautiful old hymns in a style you've never heard before, as well as some expert renditions of non-religious numbers. There's Martha, Slim Wilson, Junior Hallworth and George Rhodes. One day, George will sing a grand solo, and Junior will pick on the steel guitar. Next day Junior will sing a solo, and that's wonderful. Slim acts as MC, plays fiddle, guitar and bass; sings a swell solo, and is all around GOOD. The group is heard at 6:00 A.M. each Monday, Wednesday and Friday; on Tuesday and Thursday at 9:00 A.M.; and Monday through Friday at 1:00 P.M. Then every Saturday night they're on Coast To Coast Mutual Network with "Korn's A-Crackin'."

A newcomer on KWTO is Chester Atkins, formerly on WSM's Grand Ole Opry, with Red Foley.

Another new voice was that of Jean Williams, youngest daughter of Joanne and Zeke Williams, on their 4:00 P.M. program recently. We fell for it, too, for she has the sweetest voice ever. Jean will be 17 the first of February, has beautiful blonde hair, and blue eyes.

From KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa, a new group called Jimmy Williams and His Prairie Pals, is heard each day at 10:45 A.M.

KMBC, Kansas City, Mo. welcomes back the songs of Millie and Sue, heard each morning at 5:30 and on the Dinner Bell Roundup each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at noon.

And if you're up at 5:30 A.M. and can tune in WCHS, Charleston, W. Va., listen to Danny and Charlie Bailey for a rousing good eye-opener.

Gertrude Carson,  
Country Club Place,  
Springfield, Mo.

## CORN BELT COMMENTS—from 27

seems as though Christmas in California just didn't seem like Christmas.

Jay Kirby's now making color westerns. I understand that they'll be bringing about a new "trend" to the western motion picture industry. I suggest that you keep your eye on this young fella. His first color, "Sundown Riders," is soon to be released.

Chuck Harding gave me some facts about himself for a writeup for you, and I'd like to furnish you with the material now:

"Chuck Harding, discharged on July 28, 1946, after fifteen months of service in the United States Army, is back with his band, the Colorado Cowhands, with

Ann "Butch" Patterson on the bass, Jerry LaMasters on the fiddle, and Eddie Patterson on the steel guitar. Chuck is pleased with the fact that he has one of his very best friends, Pete Pyle, who is here with his Mississippi Valley Boys. Pete came up here direct from WSM in Nashville. Chuck, along with his Colorado Cowhands and Pete Pyle and the Mississippi Valley Boys, have two radio broadcasts daily (except Sunday) over WJOB, Hammond, Indiana. The first is from 6:30 to 7:00 A.M., and the other is from 4:05 to 5:00 P.M. They also appear nightly at the Club Tiny in Calumet City, Illinois. Chuck has always received a large amount of fan mail and since his return, it has been even better than before. All of which proves that his friends didn't forget him while he was in service. Hundreds of his friends drop in nightly at the Club to visit with him. Chuck and Pete have written many songs together, two of which Pete and his boys recorded on Bullet—"Talking the Blues" and "When Love Has Turned to Hate." "When Love Has Turned to Hate" was recorded by our friend Ernest Tubb on Decca. Chuck and Pete have some big plans for WJOB and the Calumet region, and with their past experiences, they should be able to make it a success."

Missing Rex Allen these days? He's off to his dad's ranch in Arizona for a two-week vacation. If anyone deserves a vacation, our Arizona cowboy certainly does! He's worked hard these past two years, never taking a vacation. 'Course we know Rex just wanted to take Bonnie home and introduce her to his family and show her off to all those cowpokes out there. (If any of you gals want to marry cowboys, don't give up! Bonnie Linder used to sing "I'm Going to Marry Me A Cowboy," and I'll be darned if she didn't. Me, I'll settle for a plain ole hillbilly, or what have you?)

What say I shut up and give somebody else a chance? So long till later,

Viola M. Myers,  
Box 679,  
Chicago 90, Illinois.



George Rhodes, KWTO, Springfield, Mo.



Steve Woodin, KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa.





Uncle Zeke Williams, KWTO,  
Springfield, Mo.

*I'VE BEEN LISTENIN'*—from 21

I've had a lot of mail from readers who want a story on Al Rogers of WJAS, Pittsburgh, Pa. I can easily understand why Al is called The American Folk Balladier after listening to his singing. He's a real handsome guy, and a personality that will really get you. Here's another letter from a Rogers fan right now . . . this letter is from Mary Jean (where have I heard that name before!) Carl, of Acme, Penna. She writes that a group of gals over there have several of Al's recordings and he really is tops with them. She adds that a person would really have to go places to find a singer like Al. And she wants photos in there just as soon as possible, she writes. Okay, Mary Jean, we're doin' our best.

Joe Troyan, "Bashful Harmonia Joe" writes a swell letter . . . Joe, as you folks know, is on WHAM, Rochester, New York, with Pie Plant Pete, his pardner. He wants to know where I get all this stuff I write for the magazine and asks if I ever do anything else. Well, Joe, I do manage to listen to my radio some. And go huntin'. Gosh! I couldn't miss out on the coon and rabbit hunting.

By the way, how is hunting over your way? You didn't tell me when you wrote. Joe writes that they have heard from 26 states and Canada since their return to WHAM recently. They changed their time on the air on Monday, Dec. 9th, so you who have been missing the programs start listening again. They are on daily from 6:30 to 7:00 A.M. And that includes Saturdays. On Saturdays, in addition to their 6:30 A.M. program, they are on the air again at 9:15 A.M. and this program is followed immediately by a new one, for Lee's, "Save The Baby",—that makes about one hour on the air on Saturdays. That newspaper clipping he promised

me hadn't arrived yet when I started on this column so that news will be mentioned next month, I guess . . . writin' about Joe brot another letter from him!—the postman just stopped and there was the letter. He says he wanted to send along a picture with the story and the picture is at his home in Cleveland, Ohio, so when he gets to go home for Christmas he will look it up and send it along. Okay, Joe. Pete is going to do the two morning shows while Joe goes home for Christmas. He sez it looks like a busy 1947 for them. It's always a busy time wherever those guys are. Folks are bound to want to see them.

Here's a letter from Bonnie Baldwin today, too. Gee, Bonnie, I sure want to be in Wheeling for that 20th year celebration but I ain't planning too much on it. Soon as I do make it to Wheeling, though, I'm going to look Bonnie up first thing. She is one person over that way that I haven't met yet. I manage to meet 'em all, sooner or later, Bonnie.

Another letter is from John Kowal of Collingswood, New Jersey. And the compliments he passes on my poetry

writing! You're all going to have to be careful with the compliments or it's gonna cost me plenty for new hats! I do appreciate all the nice things you write, though. Only—I'm not that good a writer.

Miss Evelyn Hart, East Liverpool, Ohio, asks for information on Ed. Moose—we have that in the December issue, I think—Hank Silby, who is on WSVA, I believe—and Jack Gillette. Have had news that Gillette's band has kinda been disbanded for a while so I don't know where he is at present. No, Sunflower and Froggie are not together now. Froggie with Jake Taylor at WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va. Sure, Evelyn, I'd LIKE to go to Fairmont, W. Va. with you and your girl friend next summer but I don't see how I'd ever make it. When I am away from home one day I feel like I'll never get caught up on my writing. So what'd I do if I stayed away a week! Thanks for the nice things you write in your letter. And I wish to thank all the readers who have been sending in the

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Ray and Lexie Lou, "The Ozark Yodeling Sweethearts," KMMJ, Grand Island, Nebr.



*MASON-DIXON—*from 29

Ernest Ferguson are no longer with WSM, Nashville. They are being heard from KDKH, in Shreveport, La. We really do miss hearing them, especially on the early morning program, and are looking forward to them coming back to Tennessee again, soon. C'mon boys, there ain't so much in Louisiana that you can't find in Tennessee, so let's get back up to where I can tune you in again, and really hear your program. From way down there it's kinda hard to get your programs so well . . .

I tuned in the Red River Round-Up from down there the other Saturday morning at 6:30, and heard the "Sunshine Boys," Bob and Joe Shelton, Patsy and the Buckaroos, Harmie Smith, and Pop Echols and the Melody Ranch Boys. They have a swell program there, I sure wish the reception in these mountains was as good all the year around as it is in winter from WSM.

Did you all know that Paul Howard and the "Cotton Pickers" have just recorded a batch of records for Columbia? Yep, they sure have and we are just betting that they will be good ones!

For a program that is a little beyond my listening range but which is very good is that of Wiley Walker and Gene Sullivan heard from WKY, Oklahoma City each morning at 7:15 to 7:30. All I can get of Wiley and Gene is on records but I agree that they are plenty good. Thanks a million for telling me about them.

The Brewster Brothers, Willie G. and Ray, now have a program over WROL, Knoxville, and the Tennessee Valley Network. In case some of you are not familiar with this Tennessee Valley Network, it supplies programs of interest to a group of Southern Stations including WBAC in Cleveland; WKPT, Kingsport; WOPI, Bristol; WBEJ, Elizabethton; WSFA, Montgomery, Ala., and seven other stations in Georgia and Florida. I'm sure that the listeners of

these stations are liking the programs of Willie G. and Ray, as well as the other Hillbilly programs through WROL, which are broadcast through the Tennessee Valley Network.

Well, it's time that I was running along. Don't forget to write, will you? Remember I'm always glad to hear from you, so 'Bye now.

Juanita Milligan  
Maryville, Tenn.  
Route #6

*OLD NEW ENGLAND—*from 29

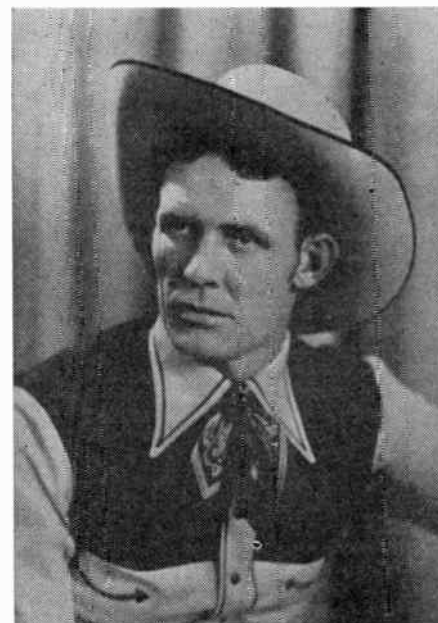
are holding down the number one spot at WAGM, Presque Isle, Maine.

Curley Lawrence and His Prairie Pals are heard over WESX, Salem, Mass. The Range Drifters are on WKNE, Keene, N.H., and at the same station you can also tune in the great yodeling of Slim Clarke.

Ed Parshley, Slimmy Wimmy, and the Saddle Pals, are still leading features on WFEA in Manchester, N.H. Their line-up recently was Dot and Jean, harmony girl duo; Hervey on electric mandolin; Buck Mason on bass; Whistling Bob Miller, banjo; Pee Wee Wilkinson, guitar; Lefty Perdue, Lost Week-Ender; and Alma Trow and Rosalie, singing cowgirls.

In Vermont, WDEV at Waterbury has two Western type acts on its roster, Don Field's Pony Boys, and Buddy Truax and His Cowboys. At St. Albans, WWSR presents The Northern Ridge Runners; and at WSYB in Rutland, the featured Western act is Jimmy Miller and His Saddle Mates.

The famous team of Jerry and Sky, those singers of true Southern style songs, are back again on their old 6:15 P.M. spot nightly at WHDH, Boston, Mass. The boys have added Ralph Jones to the act, and their many, many friends throughout Old New England, are mighty glad to hear them again.



Big Slim, now back at WWVA,  
Wheeling, W. Va.

If I've missed some of you fellers and gals in this roundup, why not drop me a line. If you have photos for the magazine, send them along. Be sure they're glossy finish, with no writing on the front. Send along the news, and we'll tell the folks all about you. Best of luck,

Richard H. Keeler,  
Box 130,  
Concord, N.H.

*FLOY CASE REPORTS—*from 23

WICA, and last but not least, WOODY WOODSELL and his RIDIN' RANGERS, a smooth band who are doing fine for themselves with their dances and other engagements. Marty's comedian, HAPPY, is reportedly one of the best in the business.

And speaking of comedians, sometime back I got a little note direct from HOHENWALD, TENN. YEP! From our good friend, ROD BRASFIELD, that teller of tall tales who lays them in the aisles on WSM's Saturday night GRAND OLE OPRY. Rod's a swell guy and just about as funny as they come—he's one of the few "natural" comedians. Now, don't forget that new photo you promised to send along, Rod!

DOROTHY BARLOWE writes from Big Island, in the old Dominion State of Virginia, and asks a number of questions. No, the team of WHITEY AND HOGAN, heard on WBT, Charlotte, N.C. are not brothers. Whitey's real name is ROY GRANT and Hogan's is ORVAL HOGAN. Whitey was born in Shelby, N.C. April 7, 1916 and Hogan was born July 24, 1911 in Robinsville, N.C. Whitey plays guitar and sings lead in the duo—Hogan plays mandolin. A mighty fine team, those two! Dorothy would like to know where LONNIE ROBERTSON and his gang, formerly of WSVA are located. And would also like to see pictures of SUNSHINE SUE and the RANGERS of WRVA in these pages—and also a photo of those inimitable CASS COUNTY KIDS, heard on the MELODY RANCH program. Those boys



The Range Drifters of WKNE, Keene, N. H. Left to Right: Brother Wayne, Yodelin' Slim Clarke, Colorado Bob Mason, and Lloyd Cornell.





Happy Johnny, KXEL, Waterloo, Iowa.

are favorites of mine, too, Dorothy, since the time when they used to serenade us from right here in the heart of Texas! And a better trio you won't find anywhere!

Thanks to CATHERINE NUESSELE of Buffalo, N. Y. for the nice snap of Gene Autry, which she made when he was at Madison Square Garden Rodeo.

SHIRLEY ANN LUTTENEGGER of Burlington, Iowa, would like to see photos of the WHO artists in MBPR. Will see what we can do, Shirley!

JEAN POLKS of Mosinee, Wis. writes that she's an ERNEST TUBB fan. Shake on that, Jean! Another TUBB fan is OMILEE PULLIAM of Leaksville, N.C. and she's hoping to see a story on Ernest soon. Think we can promise that for the future, Omilee!

MERLE (DIVORCE ME C.O.D.) TRAVIS, who hails from the state of Kentucky, is really going strong out Hollywood way and is now doing some fancy guitar pickin' on the CBS MELODY RANCH show. Merle has a new fan club, with ROBERTA MAC of Sierra Madre, Calif. as the prexy.

PFC. JOHN H. WINGER who is located at the Army air field here in Ft. Worth writes a nice letter and would like to know where he can contact MONTANA SLIM (WILFE CARTER). As you know, he has been reported dead at various times in the past few years. According to a letter from RAMBLIN' RED ROSS of Calgary, Wilfe Carter is very much alive and is located on his ranch a few miles from Calgary, near the Carstairs district. It seems he retired from radio in 1940.

NEWSETTES: A salute to HAL HORTON for his Thanksgiving party for the crippled children at the Scottish Rite Hospital in Dallas! With a few announcements to his listeners, he collected two truck loads of toys, crates of apples, oranges, candy and ice cream for these unfortunate children, and HAL and the TEXAS ROUNDUP GANG aired their CORNBREAD MATINEE from the hospital that day, giving the children an added treat! . . . RAY WHITLEY of Hollywood was the house guest of CUZ HERALD GOODMAN in Dallas a while back . . . Songwriter MEL

FOREE is making a tour of Texas, visiting with the various radio artists, etc. I heard him recently on the program of BILL and JIM BOYD and their COWBOY RAMBLERS from WRR . . . AL DEXTER of PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA fame, has also been visiting in Dallas and other Texas cities . . . ALTA STEINER of Lawrenceburg, Indiana has a fan club for ERNIE LEE . . . ANDY SCHRODER, steel guitarist who formerly played with the RED HAWKS and CHUCK WAGON GANG from WBAP and KGKO respectively is now working on a station in Odessa, Texas . . . THE DOUGHBOYS dance band is now being fronted by J. B. BRINKLEY, and after closing a successful engagement at the SKY-VUE in Dallas, are playing at our local CLUB MORROCO . . . (This band has no connection with the LIGHT CRUST DOUGHBOYS.) JOHNNY TEMPLE advises me that he and his group now have a 30 minute Saturday program from KDNT, Denton . . . The former CRAZY CRYSTAL GANG have reorganized as the JOY SPREADERS. More on them later. Blind guitarist and singer LEROY JENKINS of the JOY SPREADERS has a number out on Columbia Records, with ROY ACUFF as the singer. Title is TELL ME NOW OR TELL ME NEVER . . . HANK THOMPSON's first Globe recording, WHOA SAILOR, has been making the top spots on the hillbilly hit parades around the country. Hank is located at KWTX, Waco, Texas . . . ROY ROGERS and the SONS OF THE PIONEERS new film APACHE ROSE is in Tru-color . . . Thanks to RED RIVER DAVE of WOAI for the 1947 calendar. Nice indeed! . . . JUNE HANSEN, yodeling cowgirl of WLS writes a nice letter. How about a photo, June? . . . STUART HAMLEN is back on KFVB after a nine months' absence . . . TEX ATCHISON is now recording

for King . . . GRADY MAPLE formerly of KFJZ is now part owner of KTNM, Tucumcari, N.M. . . . CAROLINA COTTON is on tour at this writing. And that brings to a close our news for this month, but we'll be seeing you again next issue, so keep the mail coming—and "so long, folks!"

Floy Case,  
3413 Townsend Dr.,  
Fort Worth, Texas

I'VE BEEN LISTENIN'—from 31 cards and gifts. It is mighty swell of you to remember me at this time.

Miss Mae Foltz of Rt. 1, Reinholds, Penna. writes that she is President of the Dick Thomas Fan Club and she asked me to write a poem for the paper. Mae has the poem now and she wrote me that it was really super, so we're glad she liked it.

Barbara Wolfe, Rices Landing, Pa., also writes a nice letter. She likes the poem, especially the one, "And When The Sun Sets". Barbara says she was quite lucky recently when she heard Cliff Rodgers' recorded programs over WHKK.

Before we forget it, we want to tell you that something very nice has happened over there at WHKK. Harry and Bob, The Wanderers Of The Wasteland, are back! They are on the air from 6:00 to 6:15 every morning. And Cliff is still announcing for them and once in a while joins in on a song. You want to listen to this act if you'd like to hear all the latest good hillbilly numbers sung in a very special way. These fellows are really good. WHKK, of course, is in AKRON, Ohio. So be listenin'.

Here is some news, too, about Cherokee Sue and Little John. . . . Barbara writes that they have left WMMN for a

(Continued on page 34)



Doye O'Dell of Republic Pictures, talks over a new recording with Smiley Burnette. Doye is currently appearing in "The Man From Rainbow Valley" and "Home In Oklahoma."



*I'VE BEEN LISTENIN'*—from 33

rest. Paul Yost was on WMMN recently, too, she writes. Barbara also mentions a WKPA program on which The Plainsman—who is NOT Eddie Snyder, The Plainsman—is singing. Barbara says The Plainsman is a very good singer. I'll try to get news and a story on the people you mention, Barbara . . . they are swell people and personal friends but—just try to get a story!

Margaret Frenz, Canton, Ohio, asks about Big Slim. We'll try to get the articles written on The Davis Twins, Tex King, Flannels and Ramona Miller. Blaine and Cal Smith are not on the air steady now. Hallie and Curley Miller haven't sent in any news as to where they are lately so we can't tell you, Margaret. Someone wrote us that they had left WKST.

We always have the swellest letters from Margaret Ranard and Rose McLean of Waite, Maine! They write a combination letter, I guess you would call it—take turns writing it. And the questions they can ask! But we sure do like to hear from them. Yeah, we agree that Lew Clawson is a handsome guy in that pic in The WWVA Family Album . . . he's just as handsome as the pic, too. We've seen him. Gertrude Miller and Millie Wayne Miller are not sisters. But they sure are a couple of good girl singers.

Cliff Japhet, Gloversville, New York, sends a copy of a late number, Blue River Blues, and we like it. Number is by Cliff and Tommy Coley. Cliff has been doing some deer hunting up in the Adirondacks.

I'm going to mention some company we had the first of the month. . . . We were lucky enough to meet some entertainers we have had a lot of mail about but had never heard on the air due to the fact that our radio isn't in the best of condition and hasn't been for months. Ollie and Fred of The Skyline Patrol, WCHS, Charleston, W. Va. came over and we had a very nice visit with them. This is the same act you readers have been writing me about, of course, and I now have the story you wanted. Will write it up and send it in just as soon as I can get to it. And I want to tell you that I agree with you when you write that they are mighty fine people. Ollie asked me how I came to know so much about where everyone was when I lived 'way out here away from all the entertainers . . . aw, Ollie, you wouldn't ask me to give away my secret of success, would you? We will be seeing one of the big Old Farm Hour shows soon and will tell you all about it when we do. Ollie and Fred were on their way to Akron when they stopped in so couldn't stay as long as we would have liked to have them stay. But they told me they'd stop in again next time they are out this way.

\*The same evening we met Ollie and Fred, we drove over to Tuscarawas, Ohio, to see that swell show, The Prairie Pals. And it was something to see, too! Just as good as ever. Started right out with a snappy fiddle tune by Clyde Fogle. Title was "I Don't Love Nobody", but I think he was only kiddin'. Then Johnny Boy Huey, the guy you've been writing and asking me about and wondering if he is Johnny Hill, which he ain't, sang "The Little Girl Dressed In Blue." And he yodeled.

Which is something I NEVER complain about. The applause was just as I expected it to be so he sang another yodel number and it was my favorite yodel song, "The Cattle Call." Johnny really can sing that song well.

Clyde played another fiddle tune for some friends of his who were there, and then Lonesome Valley Sallie, one of radio's prettiest gals, sang a couple of swell numbers. They were "I'll Be The Same" and "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You." Shorty played the harmonica then and after that Sallie and Johnnie sang a couple of duets. In a little while, that tall, handsome fellow, Hawkshaw Hawkins, the boy with a personality that is beyond comparison, came out on the stage and sang for us. These songs included Hillbilly Boogie, a number we'd like to hear him sing on record, "Filipino Baby," Sweet Thing, and another song he should record, "Put Your Little Arms Around Me, Honey." Following Hawkshaw's part on the show, Shorty played the banjo and he and Sallie did some very good singing and comedy with the number, Beautiful Brown Eyes. Shorty, you were swell there and our hat's off to you for some dawgone good acting. Fogle knows how to play the banjo, too. You should have heard him! Rawhide sang "The Old Black Mountain Trail" and yodeled, too. And if you haven't seen Johnnie in his surprise bit of singing you have missed a lot. Can't tell you about it—you have to see the show. The show was excellent all the way thru and Hawkshaw came back near the end of the show and sang some more. Through it all one of our favorite comedians, Rawhide, kept the crowd really enjoying themselves with that particular brand of comedy that he is known for. Rawhide is at the top as a comedian and there's something about him that keeps him there, too. That was the first time we'd met Rawhide, also. But we sure hope it isn't the last. We'll be seeing more of their shows when they get out this way.

Next night after we saw The Prairie Pals we had some company from out Arkansas way . . . Frank Dudgeon, The West Virginia Mountain Boy. Frank had some good news, too, but we can't be telling it yet. He stayed for about 10 minutes this time when he stopped. That fellow should have a medal for being the man who stays the least time when he drops in for a visit. Frank was talking about coonhunting and after he left we went out and got ourselves a couple of coon.

Have you all heard Toby Stroud's latest song, "I'll Forget By and By"? It's real pretty and a lot of you folks have been writing me about it. Bet Toby would be glad to know what you've been writin' me about the song so tell him, why don't you? We hope you have a hit, Toby.

Here is a letter from Mrs. Parker Wilkinson of Westernport, Md. We're glad to hear from Maryland. Mrs. Wilkinson is a member of the Buddy Starcher Fan Club. And she mentions hearing Harry and Bob, The Wanderers Of The Wasteland, over radio station WHKK, Akron, Ohio. We're glad you listen and we know you enjoy the programs. They're really good. She also mentions the transcribed programs of Louie Bono over WWL, New Orleans every morning. I'm afraid we can't get

any news on Louie, though, because he doesn't answer when we write for it.

We have the swellest letter, from Pauline Higgins of Chester, W. Va., and the letter is really a Hawkshaw Hawkins fan letter if there ever was one! We told you, Pauline. We are seldom wrong when we give you a write-up on a guy. Pauline says I didn't say one bit too much when I started mentioning him. She also writes that he sure had a lot of autographs to sign after the show. Pauline asked about Pepper who was with Joe and Shirley Barker . . . we hear he isn't on the air now. And we don't know the time Ed. Moose is on the air. No, Gene Layne isn't Big Slim's son. Gosh, Pauline! we can't be answerin' all them other questions—maybe they wouldn't like for me to tell. I think the answers to them are "no", though. But I don't know for certain.

Thanks, Ollie, of The Skyline Patrol, for that stick of gum . . . really was good. Ollie writes the newsiest letters! And we sure are lucky to be on the receiving end. We'll be having a nice photo of Ollie and Fred in the magazine soon.

Viola Morris, Clarksburg, W. Va., writes that she has been listening to Jake Taylor since he came back to WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va., and really does like his programs. She also says she likes the song, "Dad Gave My Dog Away" that I wrote the words to and Jake has music to and is singing over the air. I'm glad to hear that, Viola, and I know Jake is, too. Viola, the same as all the WMMN listeners, hates to see Buddy Starcher leave WMMN. I think maybe he'll come back sometime, though . . . he doesn't seem like the kind of a fellow who'd desert all his listeners and never come back to 'em.

Blaine Smith . . . take notice . . . I have had a lot of requests for words to Blaine's song, "Tearstains On The Varnish Of An Old Violin." I wish he'd let us know how folks can get a copy of it. As I have always said, it is Blaine's prettiest song. A song with a lovely story running thru it.

We have a nice letter from Mary Mae Felton of Chester, W. Va., and she mentions Blaine Smith. Jake Taylor, Gay Schwing and Doc Williams' Gang.

Here's a letter from that pretty gal, Lonesome Valley Sallie, of The Prairie Pals, WWVA, Wheeling. Sallie writes that she is going home for Christmas and home is over in York, Penna. We know her mom is going to be happy to have her with her for a few days. But WWVA will miss her.

Gertrude Carson of St. Joseph, Missouri, writes that she really does envy me now since I can hear Bobby Cook over on WCHS, Charleston, W. Va. You can quit envyin' me, then, Gertrude, for I can't get the station because of another one that cuts it out all the time.

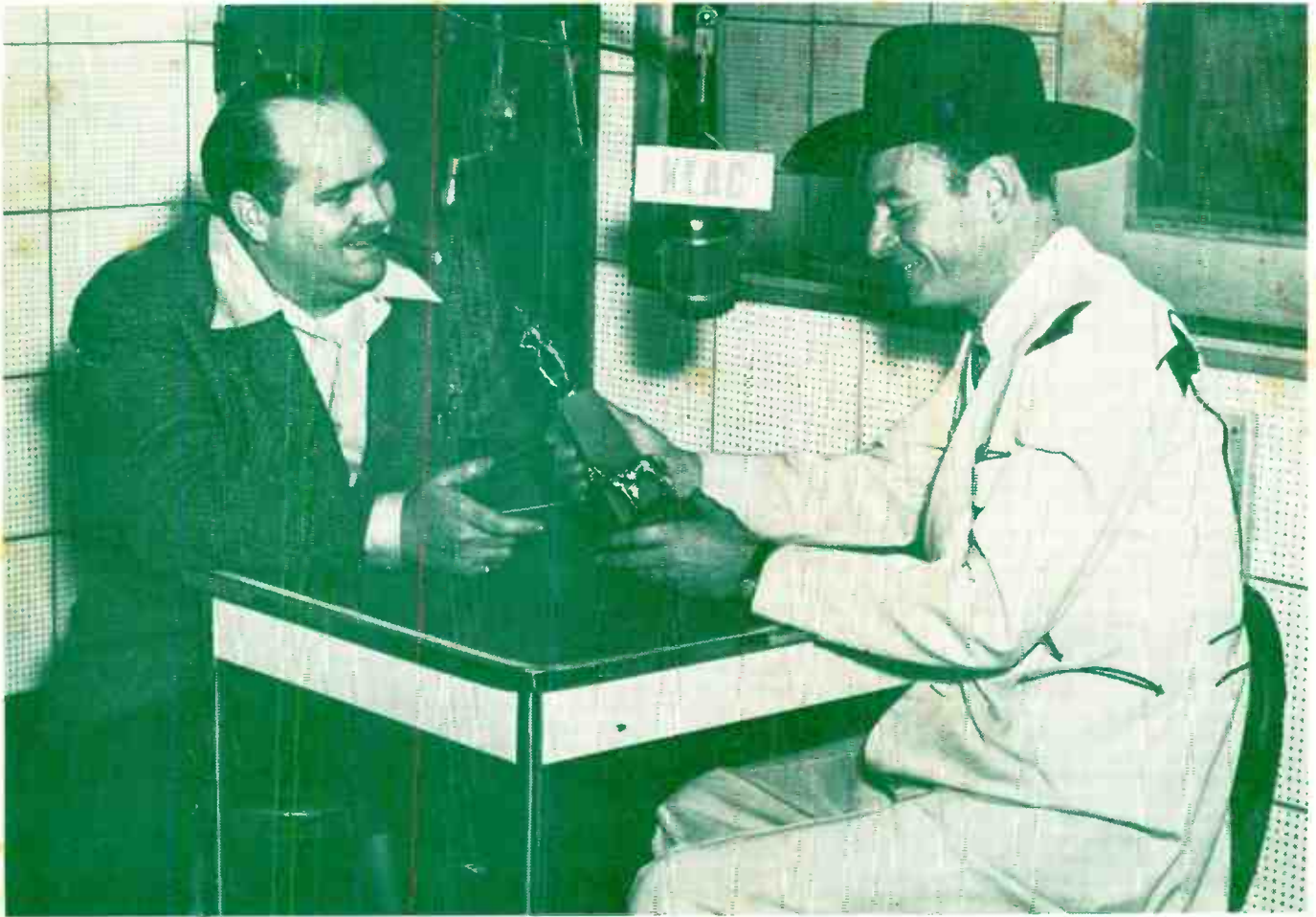
I kinda think I may have missed some of you who wrote me this time and if I did I'm sorry. And it wasn't that I meant to do so. There is so much mail at this time of year that I just can't keep track of it when I should. Again, I'd like to thank every one of you for the lovely gifts and cards you've sent me.

And I'll be seein' ya all next month.

Your Friend,

Mary Jean Shurtz,  
503 East Canal St.,  
Newcomerstown, Ohio





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