



Rural Radio

THE ONLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR RURAL LISTENERS!

Vol. 1. No. 6

JULY, 1938

Ten Cents

★ Four solid pages of pictures showing stars you have always wanted to see

BOB BURNS TURNS AUTHOR



THE PEPPER-UPPERS



BOB TROUT

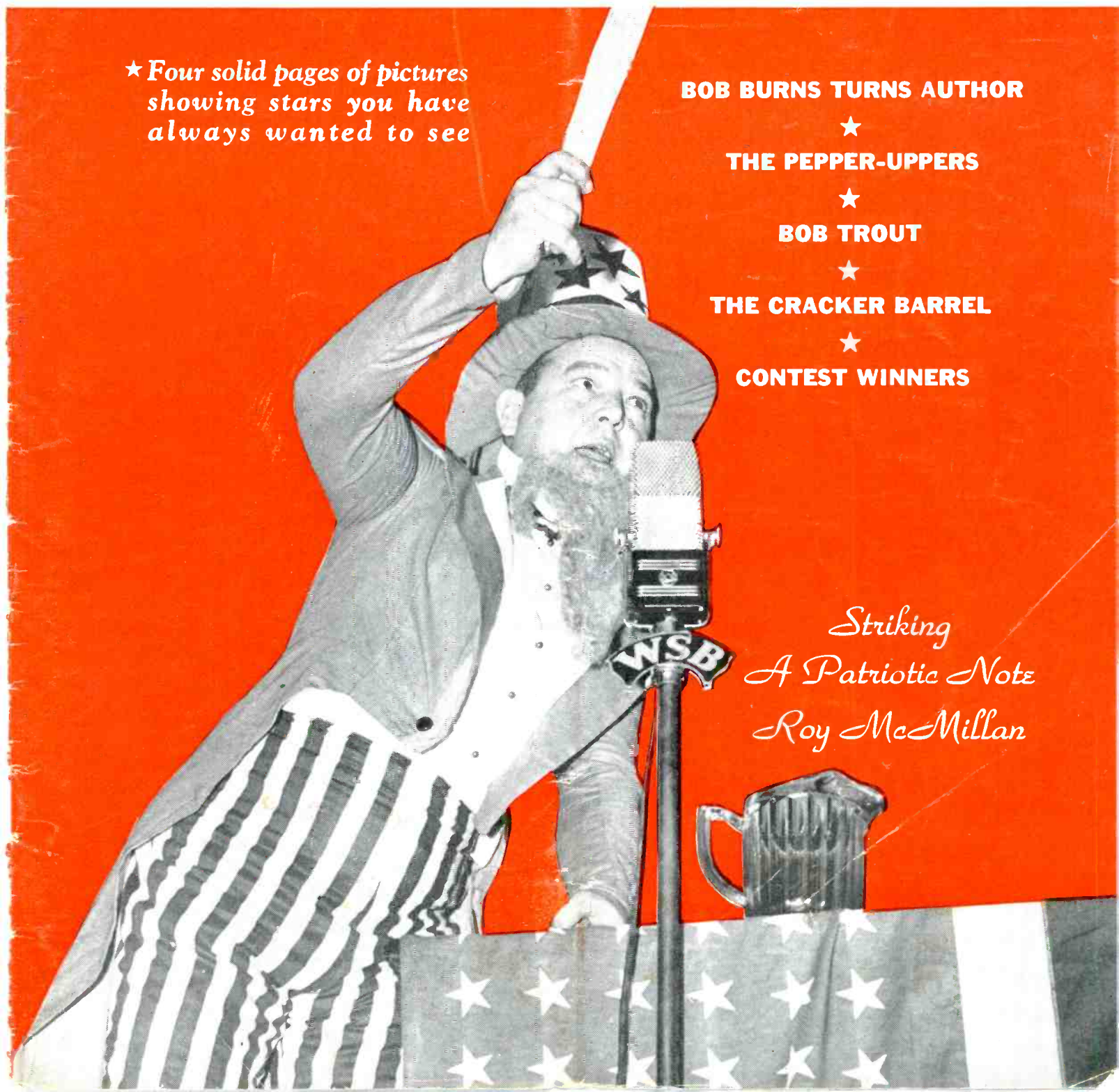


THE CRACKER BARREL



CONTEST WINNERS

*Striking
A Patriotic Note
Roy McMillan*





Rural Radio

J U L Y
1 9 3 8

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

JACK HARRIS and FRANCIS ROBINSON, Associate Editors



Announcement

With mingled feelings of pride and regret, RURAL RADIO in this issue announces that the name of E. M. Kirby no longer appears in our mast-head as editor.

Mr. Kirby has gone to Washington to direct the public relations of the National Association of Broadcasters, the organization composed of all the leading radio stations and units in the nation. In Washington, Mr. Kirby will carry even further his pioneering work begun in RURAL RADIO, where his interests have been for the progress and advancement of radio as a vital factor in shaping America's destiny.

At the same time we announce the departure of Mr. Kirby, RURAL RADIO feels fortunate in being able to print in the above mast-head the names of two of radio's most able writers and editors.

As associate editor, Jack Harris brings to RURAL RADIO a name that is known far and well for his broadcasting of the "World in Review" news feature over WSM and for his many other appearances before the "mike" in feature broadcasts. Perhaps many will remember him best for the manner in which he went into the flood areas of the Ohio Valley in January, 1937, and broadcast to the world a vivid picture of the ravages of Old Man River.

Francis Robinson has a reputation of being one of the best feature editors in the newspaper business. As Sunday editor of the *Nashville Banner* for several years, he brought to his readers many stories of great interest, many of the tales along the byways of the headline news. More recently he has been engaged in writing exclusively of and for radio, and thus he brings to RURAL RADIO a fine background.

It is with a feeling of distinct pride that RURAL RADIO adds these two names to its mast-head.

(Signed) E. M. ALLEN, JR.,

Editor and Publisher.

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PEPPING UP WITH



THE PEPPER UPPERS

By DICK JORDAN

A bouncing baby that turned out to be a whopper is the Pepper Upper program and its affiliated network, the Dr. Pepper-Dixie Network.

The program, which started three years ago as a quarter-hour show produced at WFAA by Alex Keese and the musical department of the station and broadcast over the Texas Quality Network, is now broadcast every Sunday for a half-hour over twenty-five stations in twelve states with a total power of 380,750 watts.

After the program was put on the eighteen-station network organized by the Dr. Pepper Company, its sponsor, Jimmie Jefferies was made master of ceremonies and shared comedy duties with Roy Cowan, special announcer for the program.

For feminine interest, Sugah, a co-ed songstress fresh from Southern Methodist University, was added to the cast of the program.

The number of stations in the network was steadily increased until membership became twenty-two stations, and increased again on the third birthday of the program last April 3 to twenty-five stations.

One policy followed by the producers of the program from the very first was that of having stars of the show world visit the program as guests every Sunday.

Some of those who have appeared are Phil Harris, Don Bestor, Leah Ray, The Weaver Brothers and Elviry, Roy Rogers and Smiley Burnett, Art Jarrett, Joe Reichman and Lila Lee.

Until this year a comedy and musical program, the Pepper Upper program was changed to include only music by an orchestra directed by Karl Lambert of WFAA, and the special announcing of Bill Karn, with Jimmie Jefferies as the master of ceremonies.

With special accent on the musical portion of the program, the sponsors now have two arrangers working on music for each Sunday's program.

They are Tex Brewster, who formerly did arrangements for Kate Smith, and Dale Butts, WFAA pianist who formerly did arrangements for both Clyde McCoy and Vincent Lopez.

Continuity for the program is written by Glenn Addington, who types it in his bed at his home in Dallas. Once an active member of the Tracy-Locke-Dawson agency, which produces the program, Glenn's work has been done from his bed since his back was injured in a fall several years ago.

The way in which the program has "clicked" with listeners has delighted both the sponsors and the agency, and has far exceeded the expectations they had for it at its inception.

BOB BURNS TELLS HOW HE

WHEN RURAL RADIO asked me to write a guest column, I got to admit that I felt pretty proud and a little scared. You see, folks, I know anything I say over the radio *may* be funny, and *if* it isn't, why when I toot the old bazooka, everyone will forget about Grandpaw Snazzy and the rest of my relatives and just laugh at my contraption!

Of course, I admit I've been writing for close to a hundred daily newspapers since folks wrote in and said they liked and appreciated my philosophic humor. But writing for a magazine like RURAL RADIO sort of makes me a little afraid of falling down. I'm afraid of trying too hard to please all my friends on the farms who enjoy listening to my hokum. I know I owe most of my success to them and no one wants to lose friends by writing any high-falutin yarns about himself when people like to

BY BOB BURNS

(himself)

just listen to stories about his relatives back in Van Buren, Arkansas.

Yet, I realize lots of people want to know how I got the idea for my bazooka and how I came to radio. Well, if it doesn't put you back to cleaning eggs or moving the cows I reckon the Editor may call me back to tell one or two stories about the folks back in Van Buren. But I said I was going to forget them for awhile and tell you about myself.

How I Got the Idea

Seriously though, I got my idea for the bazooka from the trombonist in the band with the circus which visited Van Buren every year. I liked the clowns a lot but I was fascinated by

that horn. And each year I'd save enough money to be able to see that circus three or four times just so I'd be able to watch that sliding horn give out. You see, I yearned to be an instrumentalist, too.

Several cronies of mine had a make-shift orchestra with all home-made instruments and they were mighty good, too. They wanted me to be their trombone player because they didn't have one and I was always talking about it. But trombones cost a right smart of money then and I just couldn't afford one. So I had to be content with messing around with old pipes trying to get the effect of that trombone so I could join the orchestra.

Worked at Plumbing Store!

I tried all sorts of pipes trying to figure out a way to get the nice sounds like one of them horns gave out. But I just didn't find the right ones until I went to work in the local plumbing store. Working there most of the day, I was able to experiment a lot until I found a narrow pipe, fitted it into a wider one and soldered an old tin funnel onto the end.

I got some pretty fair sounds out of that and then, when I did some more tinkering with it, I regulated the thing so well the boys put me in their orchestra as first trombonist.

I hadn't named it anything as yet but when we had rehearsals for the orchestra and the fellows would talk a lot I would usually let forth a good blast through the pipes, funnel and all. That was the signal for everyone to stop shooting off their "bazoos"; in this case "bazoos" meaning their loud mouths. Pretty soon every one called it the bazooka and that name has stuck with it right on down the years with me.

Brother Farrar Joins Him

When the "Black Cats," a minstrel troupe, came to Van Buren several years later, I got a job with them as actor and bazooka player. After that,



This is no doubt the way Bing Crosby feels about the Bazooka, played by Bob in duet with John Scott Trotter.

DISCOVERED *the* BAZOOKA

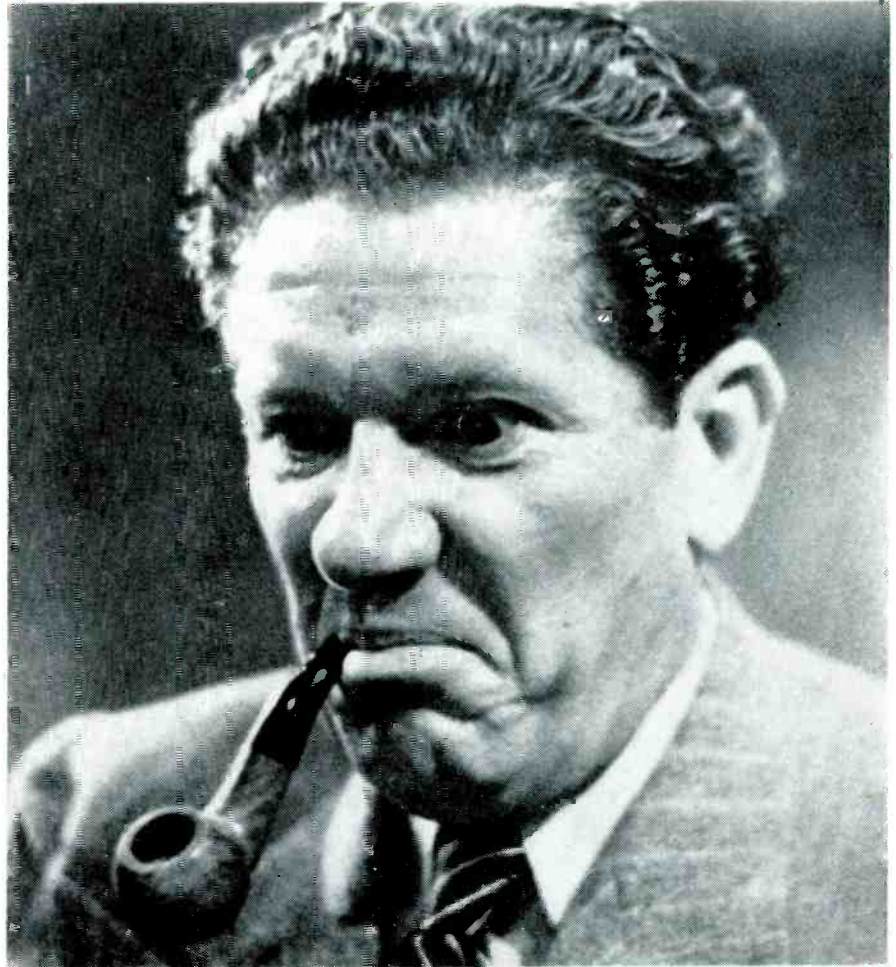
I hit the road in earnest. Traveling around with the troupe brought me to New Orleans, Louisiana, where the manager told me I was no longer needed in the outfit. I was kind of puzzled about what I could do, alone and friendless in that large city. Finally I sent for my brother *Farrar* who played the guitar. Teaming up, we toured theatres and cafes earning our fare up and down the rivers entertaining aboard the steamboats.

When the war came, I served over in France. After that, I came back to the States and got a job as a "humor" spieler at an Atlantic City, New Jersey, concession stand. One night a vaudeville agent saw me and liked me so well he offered me a position with one of his traveling units. When I got as far as California with that group of entertainers I got tired and attempted to do picture work. I reckon none of my readers will ever remember seeing me in some of the old Universal Westerns. I was a hard-riding cowboy in every picture. And always a bad man, too. I guess my face was enough to scare the directors into figuring what role I was suited for. When they got tired of using me as a villain's assistant, I found myself out of work so I headed back East again.

Radio Supplants Vaudeville

In New York, I looked up the same agent who had placed me in that vaudeville unit several years back. With the decline of vaudeville he had gone into the radio booking business. And when I asked him about a spot in a touring troupe he shook his head and told me vaudeville was a thing of the past and that he was booking nothing but radio acts to offer prospective sponsors. Did I have anything to offer over a microphone?

There my so-called "humor" spiling paid dividends. I rattled off several stories about Grandpaw Snazzy and my relatives back in Van Buren. Well—that agent had faith in me and he thought I had something genuinely novel and different—to tell the truth, folks, I didn't know *WHAT I had—if anything!*



Bob is recalling a dirty trick Grandpaw Snazzy pulled on him in Van Buren.

About two weeks later I was called in to audition for one of the big advertising agencies. I don't know how I sounded but I guess they liked me. They all laughed heartily when I mentioned my relatives back in Van Buren. And they liked my bazooka playing even more. (That's for Bing Crosby's benefit!) They told me to report for rehearsal the following Tuesday. *That meant I was in radio!* And me not knowing anything about a microphone until they slapped one in front of my nose! I guess I made a hit, 'cause I just made like I was telling the stories to the folks back in that old plumbing shop in Van Buren. Most of the time they'd keep straight faces until I played the bazooka. Then they pretty near rolled on the floor.

Well—after several guest appear-

ances on the old Paul Whiteman Kraft Music Hall programs, I was given a regular spot with Bing Crosby, the present boss of our Music Hall programs. I'm still in that spot today, thanks to my friends on the farms and in the cities who like my humor. (And I've got a three-year contract with my sponsor!)

I don't worry about running out of material. Just recently, I figured out that if I took just one hundred friends, neighbors and relatives from Van Buren and told stories about them exclusively, I'd have enough material for a thousand broadcasts—two each week for the next ten years. And so long as you kind folk want to listen to my hokum I'll be pleased to give it to you through the NBC Red Network every Thursday night.

Sweethearts OF THE WHAS MORNING JAMBOREE

By DOLLY SULLIVAN



"Mary and Johnny Were Sweethearts," might rightfully be the title of a new song written especially for Sunshine Sue and her husband, John Workman.

It all started back in Iowa a few years ago when Mary Higdon, the youngest of six children persuaded her parents to buy her a guitar. She was in high school then and Johnny was a next-farm neighbor boy. The Workman boys had always had musical instruments around their home and unless we miss our guess, as Johnny's heart began to miss beats over Mary, he felt he might better plead his cause by a little guitar strumming. Bye-and-bye, Johnny and Mary found they could sing duets, so after proper rehearsal they began to appear at community gatherings and were an instant success.

Then Mary graduated from high school and John was finding music more to his liking than farming, also at about that time radio stations were beginning to put on "homey" programs, and this was the style of Mary and John's community-gathering act. These youngsters talked it over; they sang nicely together and Mary was doing quite well with her guitar; John had mastered the Hawaiian guitar. It wouldn't hurt any to take a radio audition. If they were successful they would marry and start out on their own, as all young couples should, soliloquized the lovers.

So, on to Waterloo (Iowa), where their act was immediately accepted. After about six months—with no complaint from the WMT management, but because John thought a bigger

act would do better—he persuaded Brother George, who plays violin, and Brother Sam who plays guitar, to join up with him and Sunshine. In the meantime John had been working hard on the bass fiddle and Mary was going places with her accordion, all this as the basis for a new act. Thus a new foursome was heard on the air. But, having gained Waterloo, these youngsters had no notion of standing still. Soon after they were heard over KRNT, Des Moines as the Rock Creek Ramblers and Sunshine Sally.

About a year later, they advanced on the big town of Chicago. This took plenty of courage for the little farm girl from Iowa and the brothers three. However, they were not long in learning that all any radio executive asks is a good show, and that they had. WLS welcomed the youngsters to the family and changed the name to Rock Creek Rangers to avoid confusion with the Prairie Ramblers, and because two "Sally's" were already on the station, Mary's name was changed to Sunshine Sue.

Smile-A-While was their first Chicago program. "But we didn't mind getting up early," said John, "'cause we were plenty used to that down on the farm. Didn't mind it any more then than we do now."

At this point Sunshine Sue piped up to say, "6:45 is about as early as we have ever been on a program, but if the Early Morning Jamboree was scheduled for 5:45, we'd be here just the same rearin' to go."

It's a funny thing about this Workman family. They're more than willing to talk about each other but they're so modest, they don't want to talk about themselves. To find out something about Sam, you have to ask George, and so on down the line.

For instance, I asked George about the tenor guitar he substitutes for his violin on "hot" numbers such as "Shine."

"Aw, that's nothing out of the ordinary," he answered, turning slightly pink, "Anyone could play that old thing."

"He's just saying that because he plays it," spoke Sam. "It's really rather unusual and we think it is mighty fine when Sam plays the tenor guitar and Sue plays her uke."

"Sam's the smart one in the family," offered John. "He does all our arrangements."

"Beat it," said Sam.

But when John didn't beat it Sam

told this one on him. "John plays the Hawaiian steel guitar as well as the bass fiddle. Yes, ma'am, when we want a regular Hawaiian outfit, Sue picks up her uke and John gets his steel guitar, and there we are."

"Hey, Auntie Dee, how do you like our trio," chimed in George. "I can ask because I don't sing much—Sam and John and Mary do that—I just kinda stay in the background with my fiddle."

"Well, now about Sue, boys . . ." but that's as far as I got. They all talked at once. At any rate I gathered that Sue spends a great deal of time on her solo work and that that part of the act has always been a great favorite with radio listeners. I also learned that her duets with John, her favorite bass player, are running a close second, and I think I know the reason why!

Sue is not only the "mother" of the brood, she's the business manager, and no request goes unanswered, no matter how high the stack of mail and the mail stacked on one occasion almost 22,000 in one week. That, of course, was a special picture offer, but even a request for a give-away is apt to contain a song request. Sue's secret is strict attention to business. Each morning after coffee and doughnuts across the street, Sue returns for her mail. Each request is listed in the order received, and in that same order goes on the musical program.

Sue is a good cook, too. All three brothers attest the fact. She dearly loves flowers and she's just as good fisherman as any of the boys.

(Please turn to page 23)



FROM THE HILLS OF TENNESSEE

By JACK HARRIS

A few of our city cousins have written in to criticize the four solid hours of old-time fiddlin' and banjo pluckin' and good humored singin' that comes over the air each Saturday night from WSM, the Air Castle of the South.

To each of these misguided souls who ask "what good can possibly come from such carrying on," WSM always points out that this "carrying on" is really the true folk music of America, the songs sung and whistled by the earliest pioneers who made it possible for America to become the great nation it is today.

And more than that, we inform them that this music, unlike the "jazz" of ten years ago and the "swing" of today, will live through generations yet to come.

Some, however, have insisted that the pioneering days are over and persist in their question of "what good?"

Among the questioners, however, is not Cordell Hull, distinguished Secretary of State. Whenever Mr. Hull sheds the mantle of his diplomatic post and returns to his native Carthage, Tennessee, he joins with his friends and neighbors there in finding relaxation in the time-honored folk songs of that region, in the very heart of the Grand Ole Opry district.

The figure of Cordell Hull, too, stands as the best refutation to those who argue the pioneering days are over. Born and raised in the midst of the Grand Ole Opry country, his career in the Department of State is that of another trail blazer, his trails being those of friendship among the Americas, and friendly trade as barriers to war among all nations.

It was fitting then that last month when Secretary Hull made one of the most important speeches of his career, he returned to his native Tennessee and spoke into a WSM microphone words that were literally heard around the world.

The same WSM microphones that carry the Grand Ole Opry to all corners of the country every Saturday night, that feature the rustic musicians from rural Tennessee, on Friday night, June 3, broadcast the words of a Tennessee country boy who had made good on an international scale.

And the words of this native Tennessean were carried by WSM to the National Broadcasting Company network, thence to the entire nation; by short wave, his words were carried to South America, our "Good Neighbor"



"... America stands for an unshakable regime of order under law," declared Secretary of State Cordell Hull into a WSM microphone last month, while both the Americas and all Europe listened to his words. Also intent upon the words of the Secretary is Justice James C. McReynolds, of the United States Supreme Court. Years ago in Tennessee, it was Judge Hull of Carthage and Attorney McReynolds of Nashville.

neighbors" under Hull's regime at the State Department; and while he was speaking in Nashville, recordings were being made of the address, that they might be broadcast in Europe on the morrow, when a sleeping continent awoke.

Hull's address was a reaffirmation of the American position of law and order among nations as well as individuals, a challenge to those Dictators who would disturb the peace of the world.

In calling for an "unshakable regime of order under law," Hull offered America's help in an immediate effort for world peace.

In some quarters, the Hull address in Nashville is credited with stabilizing for the moment a shaky situation in Europe, wherein dictators were growing bolder with each hour.

But what impressed the world even as much as his words was the manner in which Cordell Hull addressed the people and the powers that be in Europe.

From his start in Carthage—in the midst of rural Tennessee—this friend and neighbor of many a guitar-plucker and folk-song serenader went to the Tennessee legislature, to a judgeship, to Congress in Washington, then to the Senate and finally to the number one position on the Rooseveltian cabinet.

Many there were who scoffed at the thought of a country-born politician in the Department of State, in the midst of such troublesome and complicated times.

But those scoffers, like most of those who deride the Grand Ole Opry, have decreased almost to the vanishing point now.

For when Cordell Hull spoke so clearly, so convincingly and so plainly over the radio last month—and the powers that be in Europe halted before his words—it became apparent to all that another pioneer had come from the soil of Tennessee to write a glorious chapter in the history of America.



STRICTLY PERSONAL

WITH

George Dewey Hay

(The Solemn Old Judge)

Howdy, Neighbors:

We have a letter from a Tennessee friend who inquires about a new vocation known as "professional listening." Investigating, we found that there are many people who listen to others' grief at so much per grief. Looking back over the past few years we find that we have served in that capacity many times, and are considering the advisability of sending out bills for service rendered. At a dollar per interview we should, if half the bills are collected, be able to pay the mortgage off the house and have enough left over to get a new straw hat. However, we cannot imagine a person hanging out a shingle as a professional listener, unless that person were in position and able to offer constructive help.

It is a psychological fact that one feels better after having dumped his or her troubles in another's lap, regardless of succeeding advice, but in our humble opinion we believe it best to consult a physician, a minister, or an attorney, or one professionally qualified to help in a definite way. Of course, we are often mistaken. . . . As far as we know there is no law against professional listening and the price for such service, like all prices, is governed by the law of supply and demand. However, we'll take vanilla. . . .

We have a letter from a friend who sends us the following question:

"Please give me the psychological reason for our not enjoying transcribed programs as much as we do "in person"? Why can't it be arranged not to be announced as such?"

Our answer is that we doubt if you would notice the difference between a transcribed program and one that is "in person" as you call it, if it were not announced. The reason is that they are regular radio programs recorded from the microphone and distributed, and the recordings these days are just about 100 per cent. Radio law, however, requires that these transcribed programs be announced as such. One of the reasons for this law is no doubt due to the fact that recorded programs, widely distributed, cost far less than talent in person, and that it is only fair, in our opinion, that the station presenting talent in person be given credit.

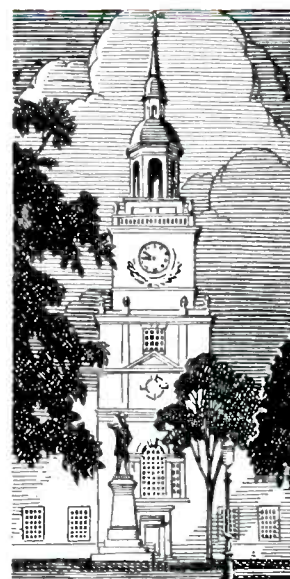
Here is another question received:

"Will you please give advice as to the best procedure for getting some of my songs before the public. I've made several staggering efforts, but to no avail. I even had the audacity to speak to Bing Crosby about it. He wrote just as courteous and kind a letter as he could have, to have let me down, while a much smaller artist didn't even answer my inquiry. I feel confident that I have at least one that would make a go, if given a chance. But, if your home folk won't listen, where next?" . . .

Our answer is as follows:

As to song writing, we appreciate what you say about Bing Crosby. He is a swell fellow and we can readily see that he would always be courteous. We answer many letters on that subject every day, and our advice is to contact IN PERSON publishers in some large city, such as Chicago, New York, or St. Louis. It is a very difficult matter to crash the gates, but if a song once goes over, it usually leads the way for others. Our experience in radio indicates that it takes a personal interview to accomplish anything along this line, as the publishers receive letters by the score.

★
A MAN
WAITED IN
THE
BELFRY



★
On July 4, 1776,
a man waited in the
belfry of Independence
Hall, Philadelphia.

Below him, spread
round the public
square, hundreds
more waited, too.

The old man peered over the bannister, down the shaft below.

Suddenly a barefoot boy rushed to the foot of the stairs, looked up and shouted:

"Grandfather, they've signed the Declaration of Independence! Ring the bell!"

Tears came to the old man's eyes. This was the moment. Out went his gnarled hands to grasp the heavy rope. And he rang the Liberty Bell "in the public interest, convenience and necessity."

Of such is the soul of radio, then and now.

Had radio then existed, the strong, proud notes of the Liberty Bell would have sounded in every home in city and village so that all might hear what had happened when it happened; so that all might know a great day was at hand.

For under the American System of Broadcasting, all barriers of time and distance and circumstance are swept aside in the public interest, convenience and necessity.

No moment of transcendent importance occurs in the state, nation or the world, that radio is not there to record—instantly, impartially, fully. . . .

When Hitler marched into Austria—when his little boy Schmeling met Joe Louis in the squared ring of Madison Square Garden—when Toscanini waved his baton over the finest musicians in the world—when flood waters endangered a whole city—you were there by radio.

And each day and night the whole year round, your radio brings you the finest in entertainment, the latest in news, the most interesting of events. And yet no tax, no charge of any kind is imposed upon the American people for such service. This is the broadcaster's obligation as trustee in the public interest.

In America radio is free: tax-free and free from partisan domination.

In our competitive system no one can be compelled to listen. The problem of getting the listeners' ear challenges only the ingenuity of the broadcaster and not that of the police force. Here one is free to select the things he will listen to—if, as and when he cares to listen.

And on the fourth of this July, when we give thanks-giving that a man waited in the belfry to toll the bell at Independence Hall, we can also count among our blessings a free and independent radio industry in America.

★

TRUE STORIES OF THE NEW YORK STATE POLICE



By BILL ROGERS

The shriek of a siren . . .
The thunderous roll of drums . . .
And the vibrant, clipped voice of
the announcer cutting through both.
"TRUE STORIES OF THE NEW
YORK STATE POLICE!"

This is what radio listeners in New York State hear when they dial the powerful 50,000 watt WHAM Thursday nights at 7:30 EST. The cast is grouped around the microphone, the orchestra is tense, waiting under the baton of Charles Siverson for the zero hour when one of the biggest dra-



Sergeant Harold Kemp talks it over with the producer of the "State Troopers Drama," Jack Lee . . .



The whole cast with Charles Siverson directing the orchestra in the midst of a pleasant scene . . . The calm before the storm . . .

matic shows in Western New York goes on the air.

"True Stories of the New York State Police" are dramatized tales of actual cases solved in the thrilling manner so characteristic of the "Troopers." They are taken directly from the files of the various troops by Wayne A. Shoemaker, who is chatty with all the big-wigs in the game of hide and seek with criminals, and who could often tell you, if he were not pledged to secrecy, nearly as much about a tightly guarded case as the officers themselves.

For four and a half years, the "State Trooper's Drama" as it is popularly called, has been broadcast without missing a single weekly episode. By far the most expensive of WHAM's local shows, it requires a cast of ten to fifteen, a staff orchestra under the skillful direction of Charles Siverson, a sound effects man, and an announcer. So important is it considered by WHAM that the announcer is none other than William Fay, general manager of the station.

The show is ably produced by efficient, genial Jack Lee, the studio manager, who always takes one of the roles. Jack is versatile. He has played on successive Thursday evenings, a Spaniard, a gyp salesman, an Italian, a German, a Cockney, and a bowery bum. The most amazing bit of acting done on these programs was when Jack took two parts—a brawny, boisterous Irishman, and a timid, stuttering shopkeeper. The studio audience looked with amazement, held its collective breath when these two characters appeared together! But numerous listeners reported, upon being asked, that in their opinion, "the

Irishman and the stuttering shopkeeper were the best on the program, and WHAM was fortunate to have two such able actors.

Gene Lane, a veteran of the stage, is the sound effects man, in addition to taking one of the parts. Incidentally, Gene and Jack play together in their own program, *Hank and Herb*, Saturday evenings at 7:00 EST.

Two other staff men also land regular berths each week. They are Tom Murray, the "Esso Reporter" and announcer, and William Rogers, who takes care of an early morning announcing spot.

Other characters are drawn from every walk of life. Dick Toole, who can play the typical "kindly old sheriff" to perfection, is an insurance salesman. Dick Williamson, the "smooth crook" type, is a first-year medical student at the University of Rochester. Tom Collins, "nasty man" unbeatable, is a former actor. Mary Louise Taggart, "tough babe" or "kindly matron" as the particular case may demand, is an expert period costume designer. Virginia Shoemaker, daughter of the script writer, often plays a part.

"The cast of characters is fictional with the exception of the law officers involved" is a phrase heard on every broadcast—WHAM doesn't want to step on anyone's toes.

It may honestly be said that the actors on this program thoroughly enjoy the all-too-brief half hour, perhaps even more so than the tens of thousands who listen in via the air waves. Dial 1150 some Thursday night at 7:30 (EST) and enjoy the program yourself.

"US RADIO MEN

By HELEN WATTS SCHREIBER
Home Economics Expert
Radio Station WHO, Des Moines

HELEN WATTS SCHREIBER, a native Iowan, homemaker and mother, has conducted cooking schools throughout the country. She has directed extension research in home economics, and has written numerous articles. She was director of the Kroger Food Foundation for several years. Under the pen name, "Prudence Penny," Mrs. Schreiber was home economics columnist for the *New York American*.

Mrs. Schreiber produces and broadcasts an hour-long program over WHO each Saturday at 9 A.M., titled "May I Suggest?" in which she is supported by the Songfellows, and Harold Morgan's orchestra with Georgia Lee, vocalist.

She also writes and broadcasts a fifteen minute daily program at 8:15 A.M., titled "What to Serve Today." WHO Announcer Ernie Sanders assists.



The "men folks" at WHO, Des Moines, have added cooking to their accomplishments and give a little practical demonstration to prove it.

"When do we eat?"

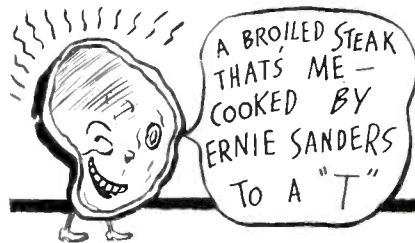
That has been the universal and never-ending cry of the human family's male contingent. Oftentimes they are not so appreciative of quality as of quantity and will gobble down some beautifully prepared dish with never a thought about how much skill and work and downright genius may have gone into it.

But a number of the he-men on the staff at Radio Station WHO, Des Moines, have added fastidiously to the question "When do we eat?" the query of the epicure—"What do we eat?" And what's more, they have answered their own question for these boys literally know their onions.

Stuart Steelman, Ed Lucas, Harold Morgan, Ernie Sanders, Stan Widney, and Harold Fair take such pride in their culinary art they even go so far as to forbid their wives and other feminine members of the family to enter the kitchen while they engage in their favorite pastime.

They know how to behave in front of a microphone and they would also be star performers on anybody's menu.

Just to prove it, we herewith present some of the most prized recipes of these young men who not only know good food when they taste it but how to prepare and serve rare and tasty dishes.



Ernie Sanders

Ernie Sanders is one of WHO's most efficient and popular announcers. He is identified with our Saturday "May I Suggest" programs, as well as with the fruit and vegetable market review, "What to Serve Today," which is heard over WHO Mondays through Saturdays at 8:15 A.M. He has a charming wife, Ruby—a jewel which needs no setting.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders have recently made the transition from the state of "cliff dwellers" to home owners—which means that they have left apartment houses behind and purchased a lovely new home. So, as Ernie says, they are finding it helpful to budget their food dollars right now.

Born in Nashville, Tennessee, he was an insurance agent in Rockford, Illinois, and later he sold advertising. But in 1930 he began his radio announcing career at station KFLV, now WROK, Rockford, Illinois. He came to WOC and WHO, Col. B. J. Palmer's Davenport and Des Moines stations on January 27, 1931, and from there he soon was transferred full-time to WHO which he now calls home.

His favorite recipe is a "he-man" broiled steak, and concerning its preparation, Ernie says:

BROILED STEAK

"An aged steak is preferable. This steak is most delicious when broiled over an open fire. Use a picnic steak-broiler. Allow wood fire to burn down to low flame. Hold steak in broiler so that flame occasionally touches it. Turn frequently to retain all the juices until broiled to desired degree, rare, medium, or well-done. Just before removing steak from fire, add salt to both sides. The result is a tender steak that can be "cut with a fork."

KNOW OUR ONIONS"



Harold Morgan

Harold Morgan directs one of WHO's most popular bands. It is heard regularly on our Saturday morning "May I Suggest" program. Harold is very good-natured—and good to look at, too. Just to razz him, his pals call him "Handsome Harold." However, to paraphrase a bit, "handsome is as handsome does," and Harold surely does a handsome job directing his band.

He is married and the proud father of a four-year-old son, Lanny, who is his dad in miniature so far as appearance is concerned. Lanny is one of Harold's hobbies, and the other, naturally, is his music.

Whenever Harold wants to display his culinary art and arouse the envious admiration of his friends, he trots out his favorite baked eggs. And this is how he makes them:

BAKED EGGS

"Butter each section of a muffin tin and line with cracker crumbs. Drop an egg in each section. Season with salt and pepper and cover with a layer of cracker crumbs. Put a pat of butter on each egg. Bake in a moderate oven until the egg is set."



Ed Lucas

Ed Lucas is superintendent of the mail division at station WHO. Through his hands pass the hundreds of thousands of "fan" letters received annually at WHO. Ed's duties also include those of purchasing agent, and he has the reputation of being able to make a dollar do more for WHO than any other known living being can!

He is married, and has a quiet, sincere personality. His hobby is his job—and "pinching pennies" for the good of WHO.

This is his favorite recipe for

ground beef and spaghetti, which, according to Ed, can be prepared by the average "dasher" with the family's approval.

GROUND BEEF AND SPAGHETTI

- 4 strips bacon
- 1 onion
- ½ green pepper
- 2 stalks celery
- 1 can tomatoes
- ½ pound spaghetti

Cut bacon into small pieces and fry together with diced onion, green pepper and celery for two minutes. Add ground beef and fry for 10 minutes. Add tomatoes and cook slowly with low fire for not longer than 30 minutes. Spaghetti should be boiled until tender, drained and combined with the meat and tomato mixture. Mix thoroughly and cook very slowly for five minutes. Serve it hot.



Stuart Steelman

Stuart Steelman is first tenor and co-director and arranger for WHO's Songfellows Quartet, heard each Saturday on our "May I Suggest" program at 9:00 A.M. He has been married for a year, and previously shared an apartment with Bill Austin, accompanist-arranger for the quartet. The boys did their own housework and "Stu" says his hobbies really are homemaking and cooking—which must be quite a help to Mrs. Steelman.

Not long ago "Stu" served his favorite chili con carne to a group of WHO people, who reported that a grand time was had by all. "Stu" says his pride and joy is his recipe for chili, which has been passed down from father to son as a tradition in his family. Its secret, he says, lies in a special blend of four kinds of pepper, and though the basic ingredients are simply beans, ground beef, suet, garlic and pepper, "Stu's" chili takes a half day to prepare.

CHILI CON CARNE

"In making chili, I begin the night before I want to serve it by putting two pounds of small red pinto beans in water to soak, leaving them overnight. While the beans are cooking the next day, I fry one-half pound of ground round steak. This I season with salt, sage, tourmalin and a very

hot ground Mexican red pepper. I then pour the contents of the frying pan into the beans, first draining the excess liquor from the beans. This is done, of course, after the beans have cooked tender. This amount will serve an almost unlimited number of people."



Harold Fair

Harold Fair, WHO program director, came to the Des Moines 50,000 watt station November 13, 1934. His radio experience includes several years with Eastern stations and CBS. He has had a comprehensive musical education, and is an accomplished pianist, composer and conductor. As conductor of the WHO String Symphony, he leads an organization of some of the finest musicians in Iowa's capital city. In addition, Mr. Fair supervises all WHO Program productions.

Here is Welsh Rarebit, a la Harold Fair, according to his explicit directions:

(Please turn to page 31)



Helen Watts Schreiber



FARM RADIO HIGHLIGHTS For the Month of July

The month of June was noteworthy, among other things, for bringing the 3,000th broadcast of the popular Farm and Home Hour.

Monday, June 27th, marked the milestone in one of the most important broadcasts ever originated.

RURAL RADIO congratulates the National Broadcasting Company for this splendid program, so ably handled, and so appreciated by farm-folk and city-dwellers throughout the nation.

It is fitting that this issue should also carry an article by the man who founded the Farm and Home Hour, Mr. Frank E. Mullen. You'll find it extremely interesting.

The following special programs will be heard on the National Farm and Home Hour during July:

July 2—National 4-H Club program.

July 9—American Farm Bureau Federation program.

July 11—Future Farmers of America broadcast; U. S. Army Band.

July 13—Broadcast of annual meeting of the American Institute of Cooperation, Pullman, Wash.

July 16—National Grange program; U. S. Army Band.

July 19—Broadcast from annual convention of the International Baby Chick Association, St. Paul, Minn.

July 20—Broadcast from the campus of the University of Nevada College of Agriculture, Reno.

July 23—Farmers' Union program.

July 28—Broadcast from the Ohio State Agricultural Experiment Station, Wooster, on the pre-anniversary date of the opening of the World Poultry Congress.

The Farm and Home Hour is heard each weekday at 10:30 A.M., CST (11:30 A.M., CDST) over the NBC-Blue network.

OVER THE CRACKER BARREL

Quite a few of you, no doubt, were surprised to hear from your old friends of Cabins Creek, broadcasting from the Big City.

Sarie and Sallie, those two lovable gals as WSM announcers call them (and thousands of radio listeners echo), took a trip they had been planning for many months. They went to New York to see the sights.

And when they got around to Radio City, they found out they were well known there. Indeed, some of the NBC bigwigs invited the two gals to put on a little program for them—and they did.

That's the way you happened to hear Sarie and Sallie so far away from Cabins Creek.

* * *

Another group of the Grand Ole Opry stars took a trip to far-away places and are once again on familiar stamping ground.

The Golden West Cowboys went to Hollywood, but definitely did NOT "go Hollywood."

They are the same personable boys (and a gal) they were before the cinema capital beckoned them.

* * *

Sensational 14-year-old pianist, discovered and acclaimed by Harold Fair, WHO program director, as one of the most accomplished and unusual piano stylists on the air today, is J. Roland Redd, of Ottumwa, Iowa.

He is son of a Baptist minister, organist and college theologian, and a musical mother who sings and teaches piano. Both grandfathers were Baptist ministers, too. An older brother is a professional pianist and arranger, and conducts his own orchestra in which still another brother plays trumpet and saxophone.

* * *

Henry Burr dates his radio career back to the days of the Spanish-American War. He listened to his first wireless message in the Marconi laboratory at Sidney, Cape Breton, in 1898. This interested him so deeply he followed the development of radio from then on and faced his first radio microphone in 1920.

* * *

The WSB gang is poring over Chamber of Commerce ads and railroad time tables working hard at vacation plans. Douglas Edwards is all set for a trip to California; Mr. and

Mrs. Louis T. Rigdon are heading for New York; John Outler will spend two weeks lolling lazily on his 40 by 60 foot farm bounded by his back yard; Roy McMillan is "thinking about" a visit by plane to California; and Col. Lambdin Kay, pressed by national affairs, will try to make his vacation site coincide with the site of one of the meetings he must attend.

* * *

Joe Kelly recently received a letter from another Joe Kelly. The radio star's namesake is a detective living in Syracuse, New York. After correspondence, Joe and Joe discovered they are fourth cousins.

* * *

WBAP Production Director Ken Douglass was out the other afternoon in a small speed boat owned by Parker O. Willson, master of ceremonies for the Lighterust Doughboys. It was Douglass' intention to dock the craft with a bit of ye olde radio showmanship. Stepping up the motor he approached the landing with a fine burst of speed intending to make a curvacious landing. Thirty feet from the fast approaching dock the intrepid production man discovered the craft's steering mechanism to be on the blink. Douglass and his 250-pound frame took to the water just before the big crash.

* * *

Hugh Ivey, WSB announcer, is president of the Youth Lodge of the Theosophical Society in Atlanta. Hugh says theosophy is the study of face behind all religions, sciences, and philosophies, but we wouldn't know. When the national organization holds its convention at Wheaton, Illinois, in July, Theosopher Ivey will be among those present.

* * *

WBAP announcer Nelson Olmsted married the former Miss Alma Rae Holloway of Austin, Texas, on June 9, in the bride's home town. The bride was a member of Texas University's famous "Curtain Club" and appeared in one program of the WBAP Black Night Series.

* * *

WBAP Rural Radio Correspondent Elbert Haling spent June 1-15 in fishing for big ones along the Texas Gulf Coast.

We Are Pleased to Announce
the Appointment of

J. E. WEST

as Advertising Manager
and

J. E. WEST AND ASSOCIATES

as Publisher's Representatives

Offices, 360 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago

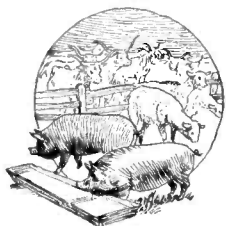
New York Detroit Cincinnati
St. Louis Nashville

**RURAL RADIO
MAGAZINE**

The Only Magazine Published for the
Exclusive Interest of Rural
Listeners

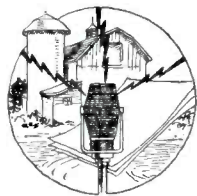
Circulation Now in Excess of
50,000

RURAL RADIO for July



Livestock Markets

6:10 A.M. (Livestock Estimates)	WLS (870)
<i>Daily</i>	
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
8:15 A.M. (Livestock receipts and hog flash)	WLS (870)
9:15 A.M.	WBAP (800)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
10:00-10:45 A.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
11:45 A.M.	WFAA (800)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
11:50-12:00 Noon (Market review by Dave Swanson of Chicago Producers)	WLS (870)
12:35 P.M.	WHAS (820)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Saturday</i>	
12:35-12:45 P.M. (Jim Poole direct from Union Stockyards)	WLS (870)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
2:15-2:30 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
2:35-2:45 P.M.	WBAP (800)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	



Farm News and Views

6:30 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
9:15 A.M. (Georgia State Bureau of Markets conducted by Mrs. Robin Wood)	WSB (740)
<i>Saturday</i>	
11:30 A.M. (Texas Farm and Home Program from Texas A. & M. College)	WFAA (800)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
11:30-11:45 A.M. (Texas Farm and Home Hour)	WOAI (1190)
<i>(TQN)</i>	
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
11:45-12:15 P.M. (Dinnerbell Program)	WLS (870)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
12:00 Noon	WHO (1000)
<i>Saturday</i>	
12:15 P.M. (Voice of the Farm)	WHO (1000)
<i>Wed. and Fri.</i>	
12:15-12:30 P.M. (College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky)	WHAS (820)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
12:15-12:30 P.M. (Lord Burlingham)	WLS (870)
<i>Mon., Wed., Fri.</i>	
12:15-12:30 P.M. (Voice of the Farm)	WLS (870)
<i>Tues. and Thurs.</i>	
12:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
<i>Mon., Wed., Fri.</i>	

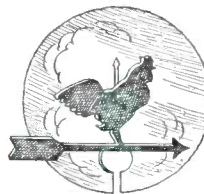
12:30 P.M. (Bill Burnett's Farm Scrapbook)	WSM (650)
<i>Tuesday</i>	
12:30-12:35 P.M. (Voice of the Feedlot)	WLS (870)
<i>Mon., Wed., Fri.</i>	
12:30-12:35 P.M. (Crop News—Chick Stafford)	WLS (870)
<i>Tues. and Thurs.</i>	
12:45 P.M. (4-H Club Meeting)	WHAM (1150)
<i>Saturday</i>	
12:45 P.M. (Farming in Dixie—Extension Service of Georgia's College of Agriculture)	WSB (740)
1:00 P.M. (Agriculture Conservation)	WHO (1000)
<i>Saturday</i>	

Grain Reports



6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
7:00 A.M. (Liverpool Cotton and Grain)	WFAA (800)
9:20 A.M.	WBAP (800)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
11:45 A.M.	WLS (870)
<i>Saturday</i>	
11:45 A.M.	WFAA (800)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Saturday</i>	
12:30-12:45 P.M.	WHAS (820)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
12:50-12:57 P.M. (F. C. Bisson)	WLS (870)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
2:15-2:30 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
2:40 P.M.	WBAP (800)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
4:45 P.M.	WSM (650)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	

Weather Broadcasts



5:30 A.M.	WLS (870)
<i>Daily</i>	
5:45 A.M. (Charlie Smithgall's "Morning Merry-Go-Round")	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
6:30 A.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
6:30-7:00 A.M. (Dial-A-Smile)	WOAI (1190)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
7:00 A.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
7:00 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
7:00 A.M.	WSM (650)
7:02 A.M.	WFAA (800)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
7:15 A.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
9:00 A.M.	WHAM (1150)
<i>Sunday</i>	
9:00 A.M.	WSM (650)
<i>Sunday</i>	
9:45 A.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	

11:30 A.M.	WLS (870)
11:45 A.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
11:50 A.M.	WFAA (800)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
12:00 Noon	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
12:05 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
<i>Daily</i>	
12:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
12:30 P.M. (Jack Sprat News Reporter)	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
12:30 P.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
12:40 P.M.	WHAS (820)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
2:15-2:30 P.M.	WOAI (1190)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
3:00 P.M.	WSB (740)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
3:30 P.M. (WHO News Bulletins)	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>	
5:15 P.M.	WSM (650)
5:30 P.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
6:00 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
<i>Sunday</i>	
6:30 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	
10:00 P.M.	WHO (1000)
<i>Daily</i>	
11:00 P.M.	WHAM (1150)
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>	

Program Highlights of Interest to Women

What to Serve Today	WHO	8:15 A.M.
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>		
Mary Lee Taylor	WHAS	9:00 A.M.
<i>Tues. and Thurs.</i>		
Coffee Pot Inn	WHO	8:00 A.M.
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>		
Enid Day (Dept. Store Reporter)	WSB	9:30 A.M.
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>		
May I Suggest	WHO	9:00 A.M.
<i>Saturday only</i>		
The Party Line	WOAI	11:00 A.M.
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>		
Modern Homemakers	WFAA	10:30 A.M.
<i>Tuesday</i>		
Bureau of Missing Persons	WHO	11:55 P.M.
<i>Daily</i>		
Leona Bender's Woman's Page of the Air	WOAI	9:00-9:15 A.M.
<i>Mon., Wed., Fri.</i>		
Mrs. Winifred S. Bell	WSB	10:15 A.M.
<i>Mon., Wed., Fri.</i>		
Homemaker's Hour—Conducted by Ann Hart	WLS	1:15-2:00 P.M.
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>		
Ann Ford—A Woman Looks at the News	WSM	3:00 P.M.
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>		
Peggy Tudor	WOAI	9:00-9:45 A.M.
<i>Thursday</i>		
Penelope Penn	WSB	8:00 A.M.
<i>Mon. through Sat.</i>		
Women Only—Conducted by Hazel Cowles	WHAM	9:15 A.M.
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>		
Georgia's Women's Markets—Mrs. Robin Wood	WSB	9:15 A.M.
<i>Saturdays</i>		
Betty and Bob	WHAS, 2:00 P.M.; WHO, 12:00 Noon	
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>		
Heme Folks—Conducted by Ethel Strong	WOAI	9:00-9:15 A.M.
Helen's Home	WBAP	8:30 A.M.
<i>Mon. through Fri.</i>		
Our Book—Conducted by Mrs. A. V. Fitzgerald	WOAI	5:15-5:30 P.M.
<i>Thursday</i>		
Courtney Carrell	WFAA	11:00 A.M.
<i>Tues., Thurs., Sat.</i>		
Betty Crocker	WHO	12:45 P.M.
<i>Wed. and Fri.</i>		

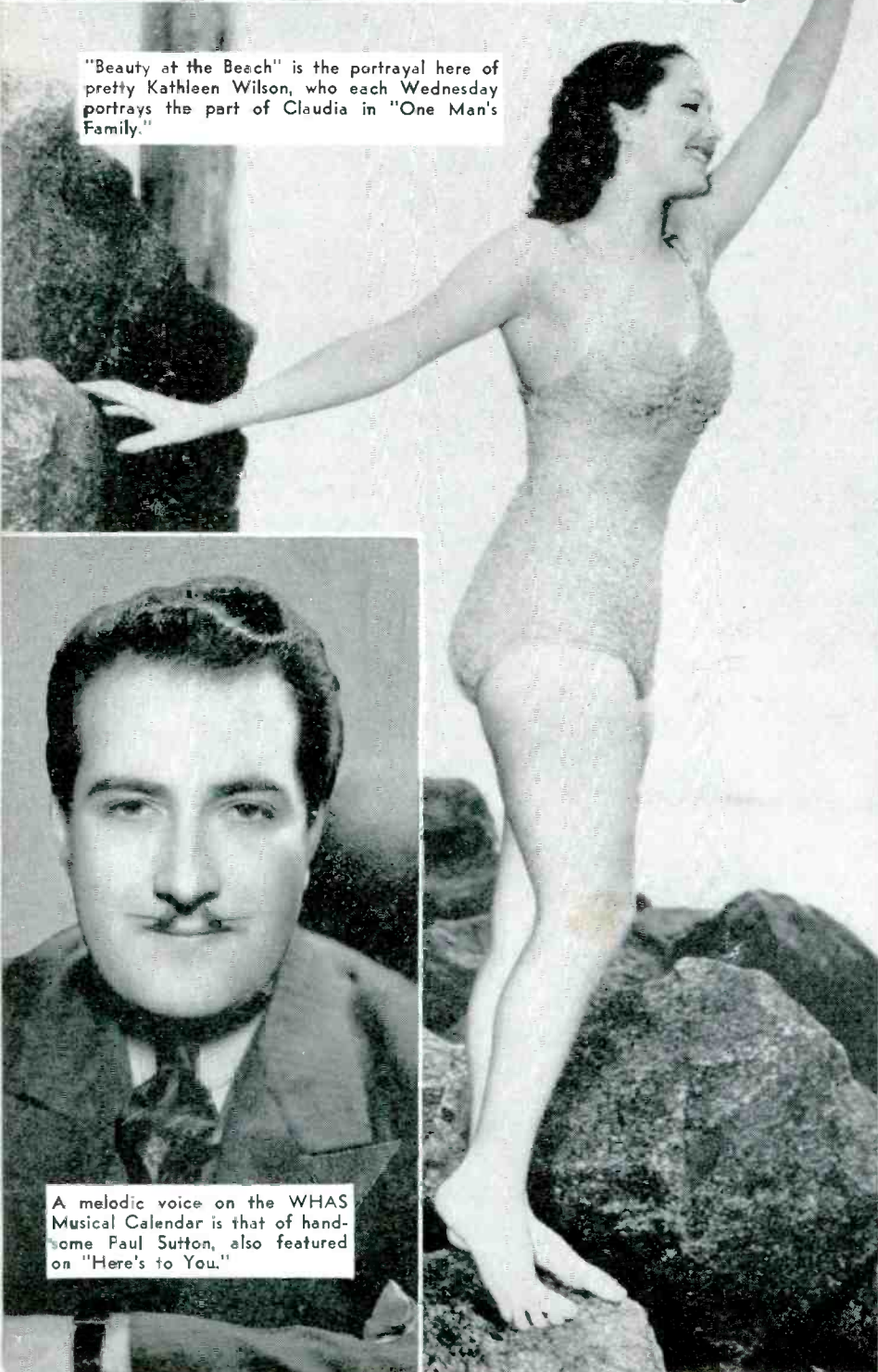
RURAL RADIO ROUND-UP

Below — Meet personable and pretty Evelyn Overstake of WLS, Chicago.

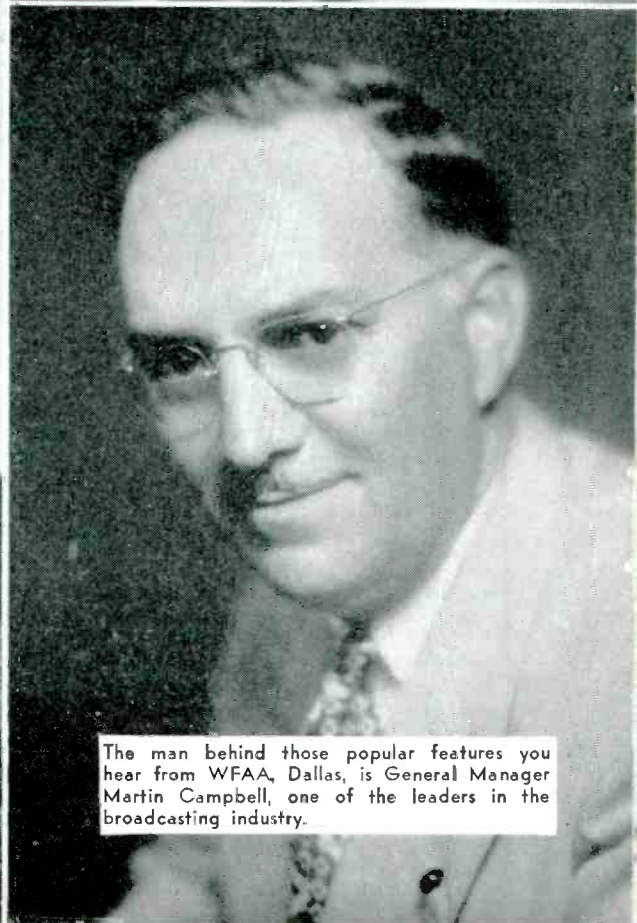


The Gully Jumpers are among the real veterans of the WSM Grand Ole Opry. Left to right, Bert Hutchinson, Roy Hardison, Charley Arrington, and Paul Warmack.

"Beauty at the Beach" is the portrayal here of pretty Kathleen Wilson, who each Wednesday portrays the part of Claudia in "One Man's Family."



A melodic voice on the WHAS Musical Calendar is that of handsome Paul Sutton, also featured on "Here's to You."



The man behind those popular features you hear from WFAA, Dallas, is General Manager Martin Campbell, one of the leaders in the broadcasting industry.



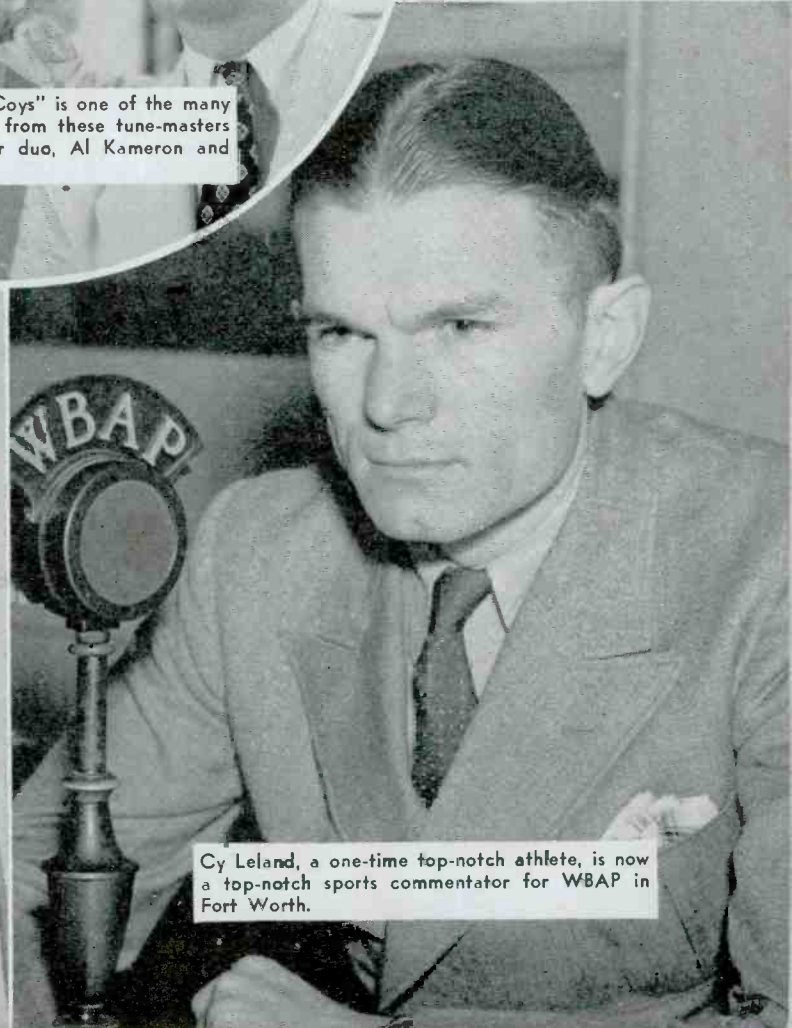
"Going Places" is what WOAI says of the harmonious and beautiful Simpson Sisters. And WOAI listeners hope they will not go too far away to be heard regularly.



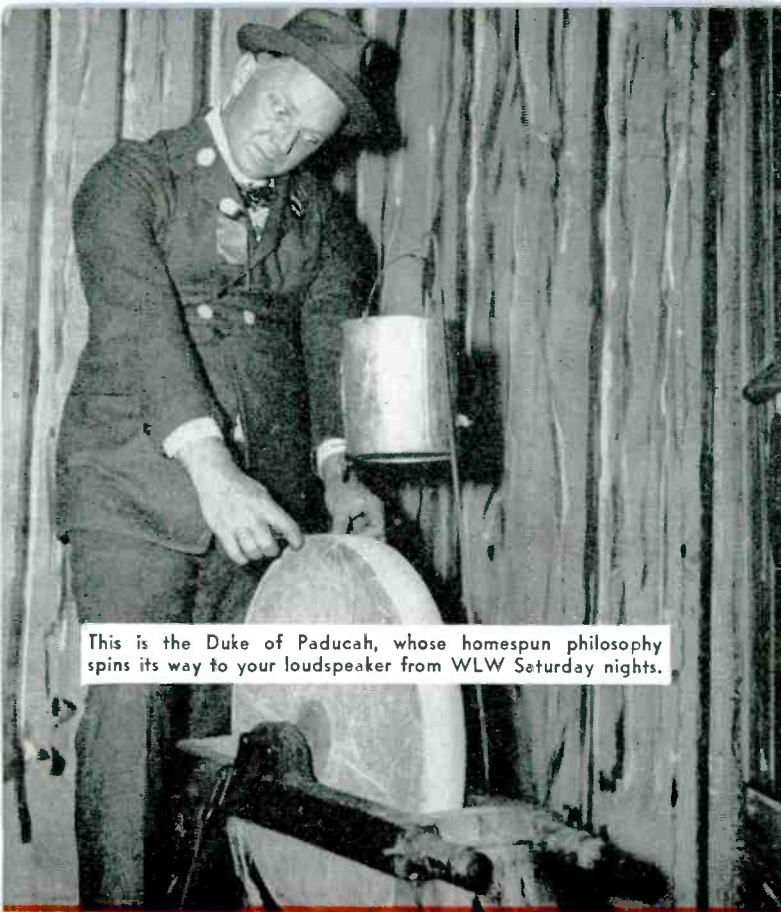
"The Martins and the Coys" is one of the many original tunes to come from these tune-masters of KMOX, the popular duo, Al Kameron and Joe Karnes.



DeFord Bailey and his harmonica are popular parts of the WSM Grand Ole Opry.



Cy Leland, a one-time top-notch athlete, is now a top-notch sports commentator for WBAP in Fort Worth.



This is the Duke of Paducah, whose homespun philosophy spins its way to your loudspeaker from WLW Saturday nights.



Jack Sheehy, "The Irish Minstrel," is one of the reasons folks everywhere enjoy the WHAS Kentucky Play Party.

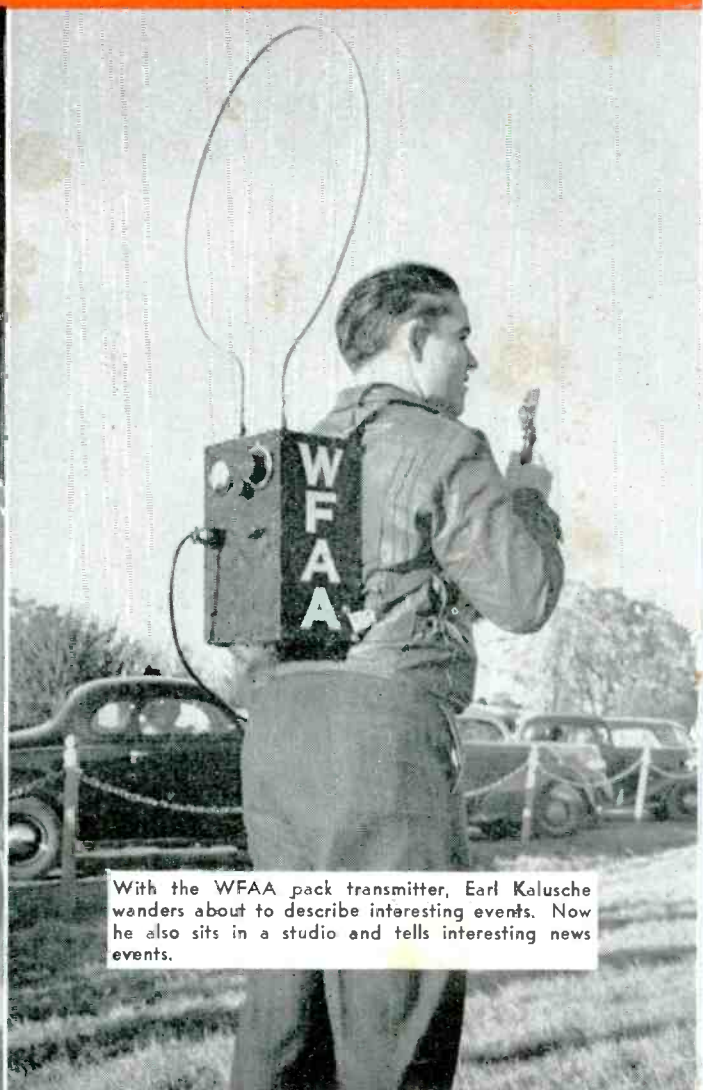
RURAL RADIO ROUND-UP



The Sunset Corners Symphony: Bill Williams, Fid Prescott, Hank Kristufek, Chuck Pray, Don Hovey.



This is the splendid cast of actors that brings to WBAP audiences the fine program of "Helen's Home."



With the WFAA pack transmitter, Earl Kalusche wanders about to describe interesting events. Now he also sits in a studio and tells interesting news events.



"Voices of the South" surround Marcus Bartlett at the piano. Left to right of the WSB announcing staff: Herbert Harris, John Tillman, Hugh Ivy, and Roy McMillan, program director.



The Kentucky Girls, Jo and Alma, stars of WLS in Chicago. They are also sisters of Jack Taylor of the Prairie Ramblers.



Playing the title role in "Kitty Keene, Inc." each Monday through Friday at 10:30 a.m. is Frances Carlon, dramatic star of CBS.



WHO sports announcer Bill Brown interviews Barney Ross, then welterweight champion of the world.



CANARY IN THE STRAW

By FRANCIS ROBINSON

The whole evening was a succession of triumphs for Harriet Gricus. What a lot of talk there would be among the farmers and produce men down in the South Water Market next morning!

Was Switchboard Operator

Before her big night Harriet was a stenographer and switchboard operator at the Chicago Produce Publishing Company in Aberdeen Street. Between reports on the price of farm commodities, Harriet sandwiched in operatic arias. Often her voice shot up to a high note with an accompaniment of cackling hens and the splintering of vegetable crates and baskets.

She got to know hundreds of farmers and produce men and they all loved her. And why shouldn't they? Harriet herself is as lovely as her voice and, what is more, she came from a farm. She is one of them.

Harriet's parents were Lithuanian immigrants and she was born on a farm in Spring Valley. In Lithuanian her name is Jadvyga Gricaitė. Taking pity on typesetters and mortal-tongued Americans generally, they did something about that.

A few years after Harriet first saw the light of day, her family moved to Chicago. The father was foreman in a furniture factory.

When the breadwinner in the Gricaitė household died, the pretty and energetic young daughter went to work in the South Water Market, down where the farmers and produce men, commission men and truck drivers, have a little town of their own.

Harriet ran a sort of information service. From without the office came the smell of vegetables, fruits, and other produce. Men clumped in and out of the publishing company past Harriet's switchboard all day long. For every one, Harriet had a smile in her brown eyes, a toss of her naturally blond head, a word of cheery greeting, spoken in a strong, full-throated, musical voice.

Sent Brother to School

Harriet did not complain because she had to take a hand at being head of a family during the years when most girls have nothing to think about but their new spring hats and the latest color of their finger nail polish—certainly never anything more serious than school or parties. She supported her mother, Mrs. Sophie Gricus, and sent her younger brother through school. All this, and she is only twenty-one now.

Being thrifty, Harriet found that after taking care of the family and feeding and clothing herself, she still had a little money for her beloved music lessons. Three years ago she went to Mario Carboni and began to study voice.

Her singing is partly a matter of inheritance. Her father had studied in the Russian School of Arts in Moscow and sang a great deal in the old country. After he came to America he did not appear professionally but he did sing enough to teach Harriet the haunting folk songs of his homeland.

The blond girl took a lively interest in musical affairs of Lindblom High School where she was graduated and she also sang in the parish choir of St. George's Church.

Early in February, Harriet heard the Chicago International Opera Company was looking for a coloratura soprano. She rolled her music under her arm and went over for a tryout. She realized that if she was successful in her audition, the ordeal would not be over. It would mean that she—a beginner—at an age when most singers are scarcely full-blown students, would be put up alongside such seasoned artists as Armand Tokatyan, tenor, and Joseph Royer of the Metropolitan Opera.

Merchants Sponsor Debut

She was successful and market town buzzed with the news. From then on out, Harriet had to do double duty at her switchboard. In addition to answering questions about the price of eggs and butter, she had hundreds of such inquiries as "Are you really going to sing in opera, Harriet?" . . . "You won't forget us in market town, will you?"

The South Water Market Merchants' Association proudly became the official sponsors of the debut and a week before the concert, Carl C. Casperson, vice-president of the Chicago Produce Publishing Company where Harriet worked, estimated that two hundred and fifty of the men and women who make up a little village all their own, had bought tickets for the event.

They felt amply repaid for their interest in their little friend when for that breathless moment they saw Gilda, in the person of Harriet Gricus, standing quietly in the moonlight of her father's garden, singing to the stars:

"Carved upon my inmost heart
Is that name forevermore . . ."

The place is Chicago's vast Auditorium Theater. The time is a Sunday night last March. The curtain is up on Act II of Verdi's opera "Rigoletto." From deep in the orchestra pit the violins tremble with a melody starting upward. The flutes sigh an echo. Into the low blue light of the grand old stage—transformed for the moment into Rigoletto's moonlit garden—steps a girl in a long shimmering dress, a long blond wig falling about her shoulders.

An operatic debut is always exciting. The gallery is always on the edge of its seat; but this night in a certain section of the Auditorium there was even more than the ordinary excitement which greets a newcomer. In three hundred seats men and women began to turn and whisper, "There she is!" . . . "Doesn't she look beautiful?"

Those three hundred men and women who marched proudly on the Chicago International Opera the evening of March 13, were only a few of the hundreds of farmers, produce men, commission men, office workers, and truck drivers whose minds and hearts were on that performance. They had come to hear Harriet Gricus, their own little girl, sing for the first time in grand opera.

On and on went Verdi's lovable old opera. Standing in the garden, Harriet sang in a high clear voice her love song for Walter, the mysterious student who had come to her the day before. She played on the heart-strings of the audience as she struggled, like a frightened bird, in the clutches of the villainous Duke of Mantua. Now she fell weeping on the shoulder of her hunchback father. Now, dressed as a page boy, she accompanied her father to the assassin's hut where her abductor had been lured to pay for his wickedness . . . the great "Rigoletto Quartet" scene. And in the end, still loving the man who had wronged her, she goes into the inn to receive the assassin's knife in her own breast.

He'd Rather Be Writer Than Presidential Announcer

(Apologies to George M. Cohan)

By EDYTHE DIXON

Twenty-eight years ago, when Bob Trout was born down in Wake County, North Carolina, his mother and dad held the usual parental conviction that some day their young offspring would occupy the White House.

And despite the fact that he has never been president—and never expects to be—Bob already has come considerably closer to fulfilling their ambitions for him than most men do in their entire lifetimes. As CBS's star special events announcer, he has been a guest in the White House many times, has trekked from one end of the country to the other with presidents and presidential candidates and has won the unofficial title of "presidential announcer."

Starting with Hoover's administration, Bob has covered nearly every presidential broadcast made. Three times he has traveled to the West Coast and back with Roosevelt and in the last campaign, he covered both the Democratic and Republican conventions. Scarcely a special broadcast goes out of Washington that Bob isn't on the scene and when governmental activities shift to another spot, there's where you'll find Bob.

When the public eye was focused on London and the last coronation, Bob was stationed right in front of Buckingham Palace—the only American radio commentator sent over to cover the ceremony.

When Bob was a little kid delivering eggs to Mrs. Smith and butter to Mrs. Jones, radio had no part in his dreams. He wanted to be a writer—and although he never has found the time to try his hand at it, that's what he still wants to be.

His beginnings in the broadcasting business date back to the fall of 1931, when Bob had just passed his twenty-second birthday. He was down in Mt. Vernon Hills, Virginia, when he decided to take a look around the radio station there, WJSV. An official of

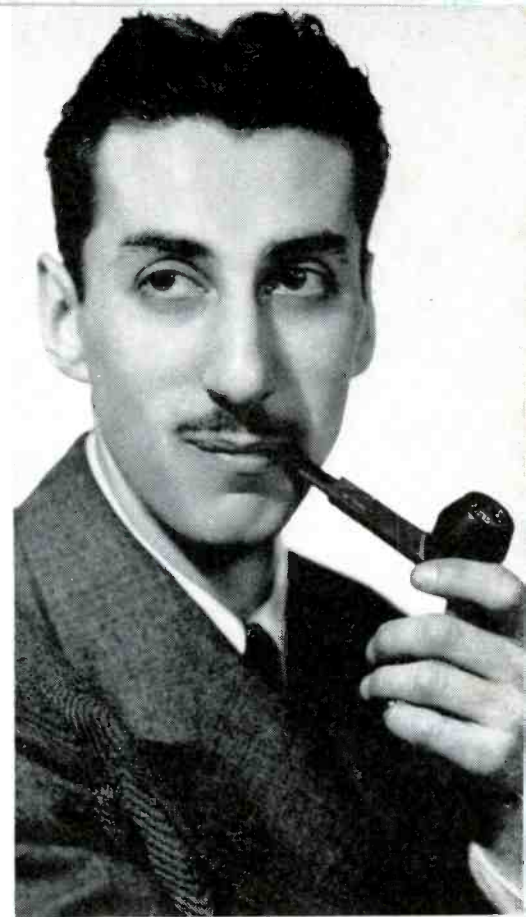
the station answered some questions for him—and liked his voice. An announcer was needed and without even an audition Bob got the job. The following year, the Columbia Broadcasting System bought WJSV, and shortly after that Bob was transferred to Columbia's studios in New York.

As one of the first "Man on the Street" announcers, Bob originated such amusing variations of the program as the "Man in the Rain," the "Man in Traffic," and the "Man in the Snow." Listeners liked his easy, informal manner, and his exceptional talent at ad-libbing through any situation soon came to the attention of studio executives. It was this very talent that landed him in Washington for his initial broadcast there.

In the early days of radio, Senators and Congressmen considered it undignified to talk on the air. The few who occasionally did appear before the "mike" seemed to lack the vaguest conception of time. Bob had a happy faculty of being able to intersperse concluding remarks at crucial moments, without seeming to interrupt the speaker. And his ability to ad-lib on any occasion proved itself invaluable when speakers stopped abruptly, many minutes short of the time allotted them. For in those days, there were no studio orchestras standing by to fill in.

Because his friends kidded him about being too young to be bossing presidents and senators around, Bob added several years to his age and grew a mustache. He's still trying to straighten out the various ages recorded for him and he's still wearing the mustache—says he's used to it now and would miss it.

Though radio is the only business he has ever taken seriously, Bob has held a variety of jobs. In addition to running errands for his home-town grocer, he has been an ordinary sea-



man, a taxi driver and a bill collector. He gave up the latter profession after five months—by request—when it came to his employer's attention that he had collected less than ten dollars in the entire period.

In addition to special events broadcasts, Bob now is heard on two regular weekly CBS programs, "Americans at Work," broadcast Thursday evenings at 8:30 o'clock, CST, and "Professor Quiz," heard Saturdays at 7 P.M., CST.

Bob's greatest ambition is to own a boat some day and live on it. Boats are his particular hobby—yet he has never covered a big boat race, although he has announced virtually every other kind of sports event ever broadcast.

Six feet one in his socks and tipping the scales at 155, Bob has black hair and piercing brown eyes set under heavy black brows. His favorite dishes are cornbread without sugar, spoon bread and barbecued chicken and he has no intention of marrying until he finds a girl proficient at cutting the culinary capers required to prepare them.

He claims no superstitions but admits that he's a "doodler"—marking up every scrap of paper within reach with caricatures and cartoons.

Although he has sworn off smoking, he's still collecting pipes—has more than twenty-five interesting ones that he has picked up in various foreign ports.

Radio's a grand business, Bob thinks, but he'll never be content until he finds out for himself whether or not he can write a best-seller. He'd rather be writer than presidential announcer, so to speak.

ROLLING ALONG

with the Chuck Wagon Gang

By ELBERT HALING



THE WBAP CHUCK WAGON GANG

Left to right: Dad, Anna, Rose and Jim.

Members of the Carter family, Dad, Rose and Jim, made their radio debut over a local station at Lubbock, Texas, in 1935. Such unusual circumstances accompanied their initial radio efforts that it seems the gods of chance really took a hand in determining their career.

It was in 1935 that the Carters, all eleven of 'em, were returning from a Kentucky visit to their black-land farm site in Dickens County, Texas. Ranging in age from sun-bonneted Betty Louise, then 4, to Dad Carter, the family group attracted the attention of the townfolk in Lubbock as their two-flivver caravan rolled down Lubbock's streets one bleak winter day.

It was then that fate dealt her best card. Effie, then 17, had complained of a fever during the trip and it was decided to see a local medico. Result: Effie was carted away to the local sanitarium suffering with pneu-

monia and ten other Carters were left wondering "what next?"

"We'd always had sort of community sings amongst ourselves," says Dad, "so we decided to try our hand at broadcasting." The manager of the local station auditioned and arranged a program series presenting Dad, Rose and Jim. Effie listened from a hospital bed and soon after her illness joined the other three family members on the program.

Imagine, if you can, the surprise of WBAP Director George Cranston, when, in March, 1936, four ten-gallon hats "walked" into his office and requested an audition. The embryo radio artists received an audition, startled all concerned—and got a job singing on the 50,000 watt station.

April 4, 1936, Dad, Rose, Jim and Effie, now known as Anna, received sponsorship by the Bewley Mills, Fort Worth, and the program went out over Texas Quality Network, consisting of WBAP, WFAA, WOAI and KPRC. The sponsor soon made a gift

offer of a photo of the Chuck Wagon Gang to every listener sending a recipe from inside a sack of Bewley Flour. More than 20,000 requests poured in from Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and New Mexico.

The Chuck Wagon Gang, with Cy Leland as "toast master," is presented at 11:15 a.m., Monday through Friday and at 9 A.M., Sundays.

Personal Statistics: Rose (Rosa Lee Carter Karnes), married, 23 years of age, no children. Enjoys athletics and cooking.

Anna (Effie Carter), single, 20, enjoys tennis, dancing and playing steel guitar although she only sings on program.

Jim (Ernest Ray Carter), married, no children, 27, twirls a mighty baseball when not dial twirling for Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

Dad (David Parker Carter), married, nine children, turned to railroading as a youth but preferred guitar playing to herding box cars, now 48 years of age with one ambition: "seeing my kiddies get ahead."

FAMILY GOSSIP

By PEGGY STEWART

Dear Friends: You were very nice to write me so many letters and I hope this batch of answers will take care of a lot of questions. If you don't see the information you asked for on the page this month please don't be impatient! I have had so much mail that I haven't had a chance to write all of you yet. But if you sent a stamped, self-addressed envelope, your reply will soon be on the way. Now, what else do you want to know? Just write and ask and I will do my best to answer as soon as possible. Sincerely yours,

*Sincerely yours,
Peggy Stewart*

Miss Nell Grider, Salmons, Ky.:

Since the Vagabonds of WSM are no longer together, Curt Poulton is not broadcasting and Dean Upson is in the production department of Station WSIX in Nashville. The accordion player with Jack Shook and His Missouri Mountaineers is named Elbert McEwen. Jack has named his month-old daughter Barbara Ann. Texas Ruby of WAPI is not married, so far as we know. You will find the answer to your questions about Roy Acuff of WSM in the June issue. Come again.

Miss Violet Womack Sylva, North Carolina:

You must listen to a lot of different stations and I will answer two of your questions here and the rest in a letter. Tex Forman of WSB was born Sept. 14, 1915 in Paragon, Ky., weighs 178 pounds, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. He is not married and has been in radio three years. Previous to radio career he was a farmer.

Lowell Blanchard of WNOX also has brown eyes and hair and is unmarried. He is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He was born in Palmer, Ill., Nov. 15, 1910.

Miss Adeline Amundson, Holman, Wis.:

The Dezurik Sisters of WLS are both unmarried and live in Chicago. Carolyn is nineteen and Mary Jane is twenty-one years old, but Carolyn is the tallest, being five feet and one inch to her sister's five feet. They

first tried singing only four years ago in their home in Royalton, Minn. and in 1936 won an amateur contest. Within a month they were on the National Barn Dance. Their ambition is to compose music.

Red Foley can now be heard from WLW in Cincinnati.

Mrs. W. E. Pilgrim, Cooper, Texas:

The Chuck Wagon Gang of WBAP are Dad (David Parker Carter), who is 48 years old, married and has nine children; Rose, (Rose Lee Carter Karnes), 23 years old and married; Anna, (Effie Carter) 20 years old and single; and Jim, (Ernest Ray Carter), who is 27 years old, married and has no children.

Mrs. Dean H. Miller of Shelby, Neb.:

George Wilkerson of WSM is 42 years old and has been married for half that time. He was born in Stevenson, Ala., weighs 152 pounds, is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and has brown hair and blue eyes. He has been on the Grand Ole Opry for twelve years and has composed one song called "Memories of Mother."

Mrs. Emily Perry, Cuba, N. Y.:

Harry Stone, Manager of WSM, and David Stone, announcer on the WSM Grand Ole Opry, are brothers but they are not related to Oscar Stone of the Opry.

Miss Edythe Jones, Mt. Vernon, Ill.:

You and your mother will be glad to know that Tex Atchison is back on WLS doing solo work, after having had a rest in Kentucky. Tommy Watson who was on WLS during this time is now back at WIBW in Topeka, Kans.

Mr. D. C. Hay, Dublin, Texas:

Asher and Little Jimmie Sizemore are still at KDKA Pittsburg and are

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

The Singing Rangers of the Lone Star State of WHAS formerly known as the Texas Rangers were all born in Texas: Vernon in Italy, Texas, in 1910; Walter Leverett in Wood County, in 1909, and Arnold Hyles in Italy, in 1906. All of them have black hair and brown eyes, except Walter being different with blue. Vernon is five feet, nine inches tall and weighs 200 pounds, Walter is five feet nine inches, weighing 176 pounds and Arnold is five feet, ten inches and weighs 148 pounds.

also heard through that station on the National Broadcasting Co. Ruffie and Goofie on the Early Bird Program from WFAA in Dallas are played by Cecil Hale, (Ruffie), and Eddie Dunn, (Goofie).

Mrs. Edith Furnish, Camden, Indiana:

Happy Jack Turner of NBC was born in Hannibal, Mo., October 18, 1898, weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. He is married and has three children. Has had a career that covers everything from bootblacking to piano moving and selling; has had no orthodox musical training but has written many songs and hymns; always sits in a chair and not on a piano stool, chews gum and takes off his right shoe when broadcasting.

Mrs. D. J. Wayland, Mart, Texas:

The Texas Rangers are broadcasting from KMBC in Kansas City at 12:30 P.M. and also from that station on Sundays at 3 P.M. on the Columbia Broadcasting System. This schedule is effective July first.

Miss Ruby Lee, Rome, Ga.:

Herb Harris, announcer of WSB, was born 22 years ago. He has brown hair and blue eyes. He has been in radio three years and thinks it is the finest thing in the world. His hobbies are radio, tennis and reading and his ambition is to be a network announcer and production man.

Mrs. Enar Dahlstrom, Oneida, Ill.:

Charles Lyon of NBC was born in Detroit, Mich., March 1, 1903. He is married to a former NBC hostess. He is 5 feet nine and a half inches tall weighs 142 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He has had many varied experiences including being a stowaway on a ship, dental student, vaudeville actor, waiter, stage manager and, of course, recently has done announcing on many important events and shows on the networks. His hobbies are tennis and horseback riding.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Christine Endebak, the Little Swiss Miss of WLS is in reality a little Dutch Miss because she was born in Amsterdam, Holland, January 16, 1917. She came to this country when she was eight years old but still speaks with a slight accent. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has crisp blonde curls, blue eyes and clear complexion. Started in radio doing guest appearances on WCFL and WIND and was first on WLS when only eighteen years old. Favorite pastimes, besides radio work are: tobogganing, skating and sewing.



The Party Line

By Marjorie Arnold

Going Shopping?

There is such a wide choice of styles this summer, what with the new vogue for peasant dirndls, "Gibson Girl" dresses, classic draped frocks—you will have no trouble finding *your* dress among them. But before you select anything, be sure that it *is* your dress. Just because that pale blue suit with its pleated skirt looks "too lovely for words" on Mrs. Brown's girl Mary is no reason that it will be becoming to you. So make your decisions carefully.

For instance, are you one of those short wide people who must achieve an effect of "tallness"? Then for goodness' sake don't buy clothes that emphasize your width. Get clothes with lines that *add* to your height. By that I mean—don't wear a blouse

of one color, a skirt of another, and a belt of a third color. Try dresses with no trimming except a line of buttons down the front. This makes the eye travel *up and down*. And *please* don't wear horizontal stripes, unless you want to look like the side of the old barn. Stick to plain colors with good straight lines. Tall sisters should reverse this process. Belts that "cut you off in the middle," full skirts, capes, and contrasting blouses and skirts all tend to make you look shorter.

Just a word about color. Of course, you have no doubt figured out by now which colors bring a warm glow to your skin or make you look like "something the cat dragged in," which ones show your eyes and hair to their best advantage, which ones just don't "do things" for you. But have you ever tried selecting colors to fit your moods? Colors express varying tones of emotion, so why not fit them into your own personality? For example, wear bright red or green when you feel jubilant, black for sophisticated moments, light blue or pink for romantic interludes, etc. Never lose sight of the "becomingness" of particular colors on you, however.

Why is it that large overweight people *will* wear white? Sacrifice your love of "the emblem of purity" if you are inclined to be on the heavy side, unless you don't mind adding pounds to your appearance.

GALA GASTRONOMICS

By Pokey Martin

"Now if you want good Southern cookin', you have to season your food. At home Mother don't just boil spinach. She cooks it with seasoning in it—a good big slug of salt pork three by five—or somewhere thereabouts. Ma's not Scotch but she does like to get the most flavor out of salt pork, so she scores it before addin' it to the spinach. There were six of us children, Mother an' Dad and an aunt,

and so Mother always made a big pot of it.

"Mom sure put speed in her cookin'. It was nothin' to have kin-folks drop in half an hour before meal time. Mom would say, 'I'll run out and get another chicken,' and in three minutes—no more—that chicken was ready to join the others in the skillet. On those occasions, there wasn't time to heat water to scald the chicken so she skinned it instead of pullin' the feathers.

"Southern fried chicken, the way Mom fixes it, is dipped first in beaten egg or milk and then rolled in flour.

"When it comes to my cookin', I'm right dad-gummed smart at makin' peanut brittle. Peanut brittle is taffy with sound effects, you know. I use two cups of peanuts, two cups of sugar, one cup of corn syrup, one cup of water and a little butter. Cook these together until they're done. The candy is done by the time the peanuts are—because you want to use raw peanuts. You can tell when the peanuts are done because they pop—sounds like popcorn. When it is done, add a teaspoonful of vanilla, stir it well and then add a teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt. Stir the soda up until it gets fluffy. But don't let it go down—'cause then it's bad. Pour the fluffy candy out on a big flat tin, but don't spread it out too much or you'll knock it flat. As it cools, get hold of the end and stretch it out. When cold, take a knife and break it in pieces.

"When the brittle's done, be sure to hide it 'cause it gets snatched right smart. An' talkin' about a snatch racket, I'll tell you somethin' else men folks go for worse than kidnapers after ransom money. It's Bean Delight and here's how you fix it:

Bean Delight

- 1 can Pork and Beans
- 2 small onions
- 2 small green peppers
- 1 cup chipped or grated cheese

Mix beans, shaved onions and green peppers chopped fine. Put in baking dish and top with grated or chipped cheese.

Bake in slow oven for 30 minutes or so. Remove from oven, spread butter over top, add dash of pepper and brown in hot oven.

"It shore is an egyptant dish."



COWGIRL KAY

Kay Woods, soloist and yodeler-in-chief for Pop Echler and His Young 'Uns, is heard on the Cross-Roads Follies over WSB every day at 1 o'clock CST.



When your baking dish has accumulated a little hard-to-get-off dirt, soak the dish in a *soda solution* for a short time. Then wash it again and presto, you'll have a sparkling glass dish ready for your next cooking spree.

Would you like to *cut down* your breakage bill on drinking glasses? Here's how! Just place your glasses in a pan of cold water, with a pad of paper in the bottom of the pan, and bring to a boil. This tempers the glass.

Did you know that egg yolks should be *beaten lightly* when they are to be used as thickening agents and that a little *salt* added to the egg white makes the beating easier?

And how many of you remember to dip your pie knife in *cold water* to keep the meringue from *sticking* to it as you dish up the pie?

Be sure to snap *clasps* on garments before putting them through the wringer so as to avoid *crushing* and *breaking* them.

USES for adhesive tape: To hold torn shoe linings in place; to fasten loose book leaves; to repair torn sheet music; to mend rubber hose, rain-coats and overshoes.

To remove those *white water stains* from your hardwood floors first rinse the spotted area with cold water. Then rub it well with a cloth dipped in two cups of clear water in which two tablespoonfuls of spirits of camphor have been placed. Next, wipe the area dry and apply floor polish.



Leona Bender conducts the WOAI Woman's Page of the Air, broadcasting the latest of news, fashions, and cooking recipes.



SMOCKED SMARTNESS

Jean Janis, the lovely vocalist featured with WSB's staff orchestra, looks "good enough to eat" in her new summer evening dress. It is white taffeta with yards and yards of material smocked into a swirling skirt. Beautiful, yes?

Being sponsored by the Fehr Baking Company of San Antonio, gives Leona Bender the opportunity of keeping up on all breads, the various ways of serving breads and the history of flour. . . . She sends along a few hints and recipes for bread. . . . Did you know that if you placed a piece of bread on top of cabbage or cauliflower in the pot in which it is cooking, it will absorb the unpleasant odor? And here is a little recipe you will use many times:

CINNAMON TOAST

Cut slices of bread 1 1/4 inches thick. Remove crusts, and cut each slice into three strips. This makes three oblong blocks. Toast them on all sides. Dip them in melted butter, then roll quickly in sugar and cinnamon. (Mix together 1/2 cup confectioners' sugar and 2 tbsp. cinnamon.) Serve immediately.

Did you know that there are well over 100 different ways to serve bread? There are, and as time goes on we'll pass the good word along to you.

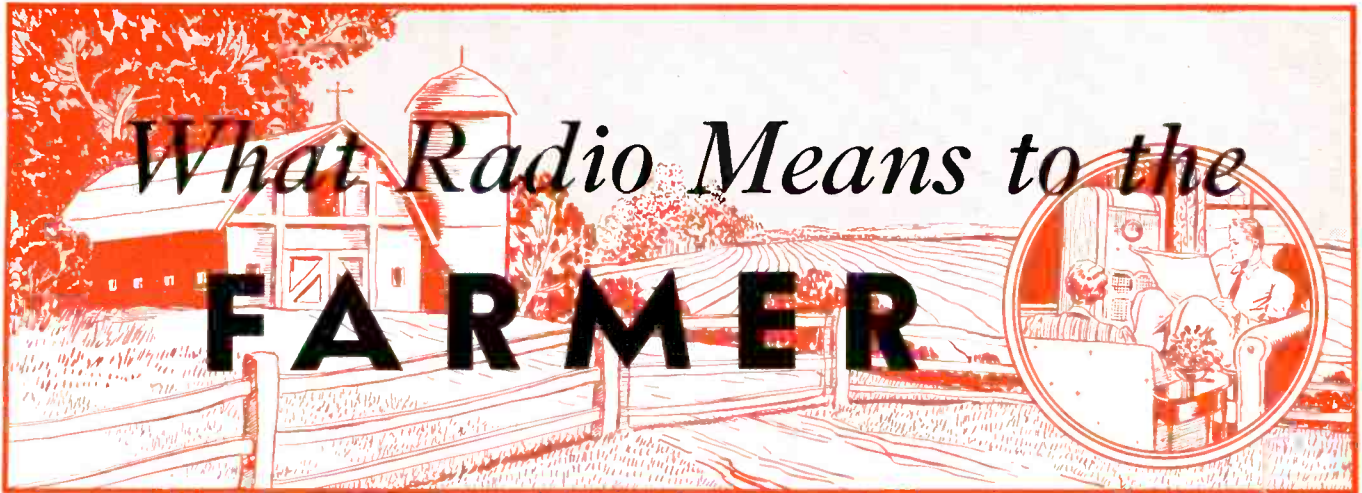
SWEETHEARTS

(Continued from page 6)

Mary Workman—Sunshine Sue—is five feet, five inches tall; has brown hair and brown eyes; a "peaches and cream" complexion.

Sam and John stand five feet, eleven inches; both have light brown hair; George is five feet, eight inches tall and like John has brown eyes. Sam has blue eyes. All the boys learned to hunt, fish and trap back on the farm in Rock Creek Valley, which by the way is where the trio got their name. "Rock Creek" runs through the farm out in Van Buren County, Iowa, where the Workman family still live.

The Early Morning Jamboree is an hour show, heard Monday through Saturday at 6:45 A.M. over WHAS, and in addition to Sunshine Sue and the Rock Creek Rangers, presents the Texas Rangers and Little Betty and Gordon Sizemore. Ray Hunt is the amiable announcer.



FRANK E. MULLEN, Manager of RCA's Department of Information, is a Kansan by birth, but spent his boyhood and high school days in South Dakota. He was a journalism student at Iowa State College when the United States entered the World War, and enlisted in the U. S. Army in May, 1917. After serving overseas with the Tenth Engineers from September, 1917, to February, 1919, he returned to this country, and completed his course at Ames.

Immediately after graduation, he began work as a newspaper man. This soon led into the radio industry, when he was assigned in March, 1923, by the National Stockman and Farmer, a weekly paper published in Pittsburgh, Pa., to organize the first radio broadcasting service to farmers ever undertaken in the United States. In his programs for this newspaper, broadcast over KDKA in Pittsburgh, he was the first announcer to give a market report over the air, and was also the first to broadcast a "barn dance."

When the National Broadcasting Company was formed, in 1926, Mr. Mullen joined its forces. His first NBC assignment was the organization of an agricultural service, which he started at Station KFKX at Hastings, Nebraska. He soon was transferred to Chicago, and opened the offices and studios of NBC there.

The National Farm and Home Hour, the noon broadcasting program that numbers a host of farmers and city dwellers interested in agriculture among its followers, was organized by Mr. Mullen in 1930. His work in directing that program has given him an exceptionally wide acquaintance throughout the country.

In December, 1934, he was appointed manager of the newly created Department of Information for the Radio Corporation, with headquarters at Radio City, New York.

EVERYONE who knows me knows that I am intensely interested in the farmer and especially the farmer and his radio; so it was only natural that one of the first things I did in a recent examination of some statistics concerning receiving set ownership in the United States was to turn to the farm figures.

The survey showed the total of rural farm families owning radio receivers to be just short of 4,000,000 or 56 per cent of the total families of this type. It also showed the number of rural non-farm families, or families in towns and villages of less than 2,500, owning radio receivers to be approximately 4,700,000 or 78 per cent of this type.

The next step was to compare these figures with those of the cities; for it seemed to me that the rural ratios were rather low. As a matter of fact, it turned out that there is a great disparity between the two divisions. While the ratio of the rural ownership runs between 56 and 78 per cent, that of the cities gets up above 90 per cent.

In searching for the reasons for this difference, I found the fact that, until the last year or two, certain technical difficulties in farm reception had been a serious handicap to the sale of farm sets. Most farmers depend upon batteries to give them electrical power for receiver operation. It is characteristic of batteries to run down, or lose their power, thereby necessitating a trip to the nearest town for recharging. It is also characteristic of radio receivers for the quality of reception to decrease in direct proportion to the decrease in electrical power.

The battery continues as the primary source of power for the farm set; but there is now available a new device, utilizing the windmill which acts as a steady and automatic battery recharger. This device, and many improvements in the radio antenna and receiver, have worked out to give the farm resident radio program reception comparable to that of the city dweller.

This is as it should be because radio has come to mean

By
**FRANK E.
MULLEN**

*Manager of
the Department of Information—RCA*

so much to the farmer, his family, and their pocket-book. It hasn't been so many years ago that the farmer and the small-town resident lived a comparatively isolated life. Of course, the telephone, the automobile and good roads had brought him into much closer contact with his city brothers and most of the advantages that accrued to them; but it remained for radio broadcasting to bring him all the great services—information, education, culture, and entertainment—of mass communication.

Radio has taken its obligation to the rural listener seriously and is providing him with services especially designed for his benefit. The most outstanding of these is the National Farm and Home Hour, broadcast daily except Sundays, over the NBC Blue Network.

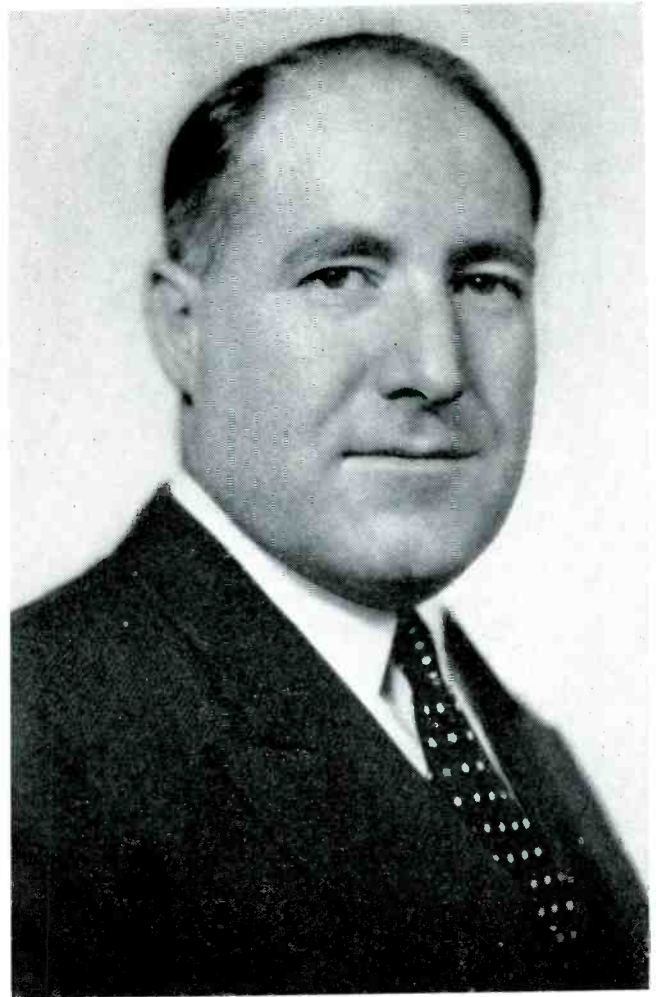
The Farm and Home Hour is dedicated to the service of agriculture. It performs this service by giving him specialized information and specialized education as well as cultural and entertainment features.

The specialized information includes today's comment on today's news; livestock and market reports, and reports directly from the scene of all the important agricultural events. It also supplies a daily knowledge of what is happening in Washington government circles and a comprehensive coverage of the entire agricultural front.

Specialized education is provided in the form of talks by leading economists and agricultural experts in all lines. From these talks, the farmer learns new facts about soil and the handling of crops and livestock. The farmer's wife learns new facts about home economics—the preparation and preservation of foods, the handling of budgets, the training of children, and other factors of the home.

Both of these services can well be turned to advantage. They can be used to improve all of the products of the farm and thereby increase income. They keep the farmer posted on the daily fluctuations of the markets, permitting him to sell his produce at the best possible prices. And they provide a means of elevating living standards.

It is not enough, though, to look upon radio broadcast-



ing as a means of providing the farmer with specialized services. The entire scope of radio belongs equally as much to the farmer as it does to the city man. And that is one of the most fascinating things about radio. Even though his home is miles from any metropolitan center, the farmer has but to put his fingers to a dial and find himself immediately transported into a world of exquisite culture and wonderful entertainment.

The great leaders of industry, education, and statesmanship speak to him; the finest singers and instrumentalists perform for him; and the greatest actors, comedians, and other entertainers are constantly at his service.

Gutzon Borglum, the eminent American sculptor, who was born on an Idaho farm, has said that radio entertainment is the greatest asset which recent invention has brought to the American farmer. In elaboration of this statement, he said:

"The very word radio radiates and inspires. It suggests whispering messages from the heart of the world across the heavens to every listening soul; it stirs the imagination; it reaches into unlimited space—joy, tears, song, the very drama of life, vibrating its way toward the stars."

DON'T MISS

AUGUST ISSUE OF

RURAL RADIO

Starting then, RURAL RADIO will print on inside back cover full sheet copy of words and music of one of your favorite songs.

Each month you will be able to clip off the cover and add to your musical album the songs you have always wanted to have in your own home.

Next issue we announce the first in the new series of America's favorite music, contained right in your copy of RURAL RADIO with . . .

A STORY

WRITTEN BY

MILTON ESTES

OF THE

GOLDEN WEST COWBOYS

"Hillbilly to Hollywood"



RURAL RADIO PICTURE ROUND-UP

AND

STORIES ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE

STARS FROM

YOUR FAVORITE STATIONS

BE SURE TO GET
RURAL RADIO FOR AUGUST
AND EVERY MONTH

Why not send a subscription
to your friends?

MONEY!

Everything
GOING OUT
Very Little
COMING IN

Here's Your Chance To Cash In!

Money is a problem to a lot of folks right now! It just seems that there's not enough to meet all the demands of the family. That's why so many men and women are glad of the opportunity to add to their income materially by taking subscriptions to Rural Radio magazine.

You, too, can use some of your spare time profitably. Not full time work—just a few calls each day on your friends and neighbors. Or make several calls to them by phone. You'll be surprised at the results!

There is no money required for you to get started in this paying business. All that is necessary for you to do is to use this copy of Rural Radio as your sample, call on the folks in your neighborhood that do not subscribe to it, and let them see for themselves what a wonderful magazine it is! Be SURE to point out all the interesting pictures of their favorite radio stars—and all the fascinating stories about them!

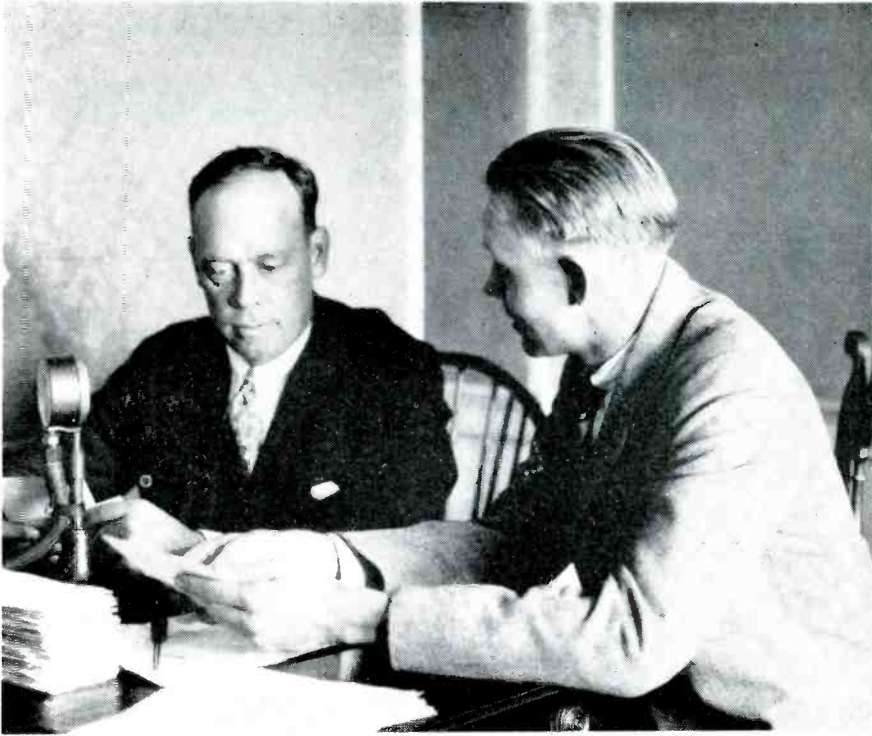
This is the only radio magazine in America published exclusively for the rural listener—so be sure to tell your friends all about it! The subscription price is \$1.00 per year, and our commission to you is 20% (20c) on each order you secure. The work is easy. Try it and make some of that extra money you've always wanted!

Don't Delay! Act Now!

Write your name and address on a piece of paper—and below it list the names and addresses of the people whose subscriptions you take to Rural Radio. (Print or type names and addresses.)

For every subscription you take, send us 80c—you keep 20c. Address all letters to:

CIRCULATION MANAGER
RURAL RADIO, Inc.
908 Commerce St.
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



Ed Mitchell talks things over with C. Emerson Markham of General Electric.

ED MITCHELL

WGY

Farm Adviser

A flood of questions ranging from "How can I remove the creek from our cellar stairs?" to "Our chickens have watery eyes, eat too much and don't lay enough eggs, what can we do?" come before Ed Mitchell as he sits down in his book-surrounded office in his home to answer the hundreds of questions asked by his farm friends throughout the country.

If anyone is qualified to help the farmer solve the problem confronting him, Ed Mitchell should be the man. His weekly talks on the General Electric Farm Forum over WGY in Schenectady, N. Y. the last 10 years, readily indicate his closeness to his own and fellow farmers' problems.

"For many years I was what some people might call a 'hobo' but what more kindly and better informed persons call an 'itinerant farm laborer,' one of that large army of restless

persons who follow seed time and harvest with their attendant high wages from one part of the land to another," says Ed. "That is not only a very interesting and instructive occupation, but one full of adventure and fun."

"Recently, a listener wrote to me and asked me whether I was a farmer, a doctor or a college professor, and how I was able to answer all of the questions which are sent to me."

"Well, after several years of 'tramping' around the country punching cows in Montana, harvesting wheat in the midwest, picking fruit on the coast and in New York state, digging potatoes in Maine and working cotton in the South, I gathered a lot of practical information, but feeling that I needed some 'schooling,' I enrolled at the Cornell Agricultural College.

"I eventually was married, and might I say now, that a farmer has no more chance of making a success of farming without a wife than one would have trying to produce cotton in Maine. It just can't be done.

"I am proud to call myself a farmer, although sometimes I think I am a rather poor one," said Ed. But this point is readily disproved by anyone who has seen his well-kept apple orchards near Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y., 25 miles south of Albany on the east side of the Hudson River.

"My farm has, I think, one of every kind of soil and topography you can think of, from level to steep hills, from shale knolls to swamps, from light sand to heavy clay and all the variations in between. We have tried almost every kind of crop and stock that can be grown in this climate, and have built enough labor-saving gadgets and machines to sink a ship. At least, the dump heap has filled a large hollow behind the barn."

The Farm Forum is one of the oldest regular radio programs existent, having been presented from WGY daily, except Sunday, since November, 1925. Since that time Ed has answered nearly 100,000 questions from his listeners on all phases, subjects including care of cattle, plant growth, insect control, building construction, crop control, animal breeding, horticulture, federal law, flood control, frog farming, mining, real estate, cock-fighting, in fact, most every subject that one could think of.

"I delve through books and bulletins in my spare time and write to the experts and specialists of the state colleges and departments of agriculture to find the answers that a lifetime of farming and travel, rearing a family and years of study have not taught me. It has gotten so that my neighbors run to shelter when they see me coming, for fear that I will have them experimenting with soy beans on their front lawn.

"One has to work pretty hard to make a living and devote a lot of time to study and learning things from others, because the farming game is a fast one, and the rules and methods are changing every day.

"Fortunately there are experts at almost everything, and their expert knowledge and advice may be had by applying for it at the proper place and through the right channels. I have discovered many of them, and so am able to act as sort of a clearing house for information," says Ed.

Naturally enough, a good share of the questions sent in to his "Question Box" bear city addresses. His knowledge is so great and his answers so clear that many a housewife who has had difficulty keeping her pet rose arbor or choice evergreen tree alive, writes to him for the solution, enclosing in the letter a twig or a leaf, or a husband is having trouble keeping ants out of the front lawn. And within a few days each receives a practical answer in understandable everyday language.



Rural Radio's DADDY GANDER

A Page for Children

Dear Daddy Gander: Merle's mother took her to the photographer's to have her picture made for her grandmother, and just as the photographer said, "Smile now—one-two—" a fly lit on Merle's nose and the picture was ruined. Please make a poem about this.

Love,
Rosalie Mae.

A FUNNY HAPPENING

Merle went to have her picture made
And, oh, she did look sweet!
She sat there in a pretty chair,
And crossed her tiny feet.
The man said, "Smile now—hold it,
dear,
While I count one, two, three;
Now, don't look up and don't look
down,
You just look straight at me!"
So little Merle she tried her best,
And—what do you suppose?
Just as the man was snapping it,
A fly lit on her nose.

THE FOURTH

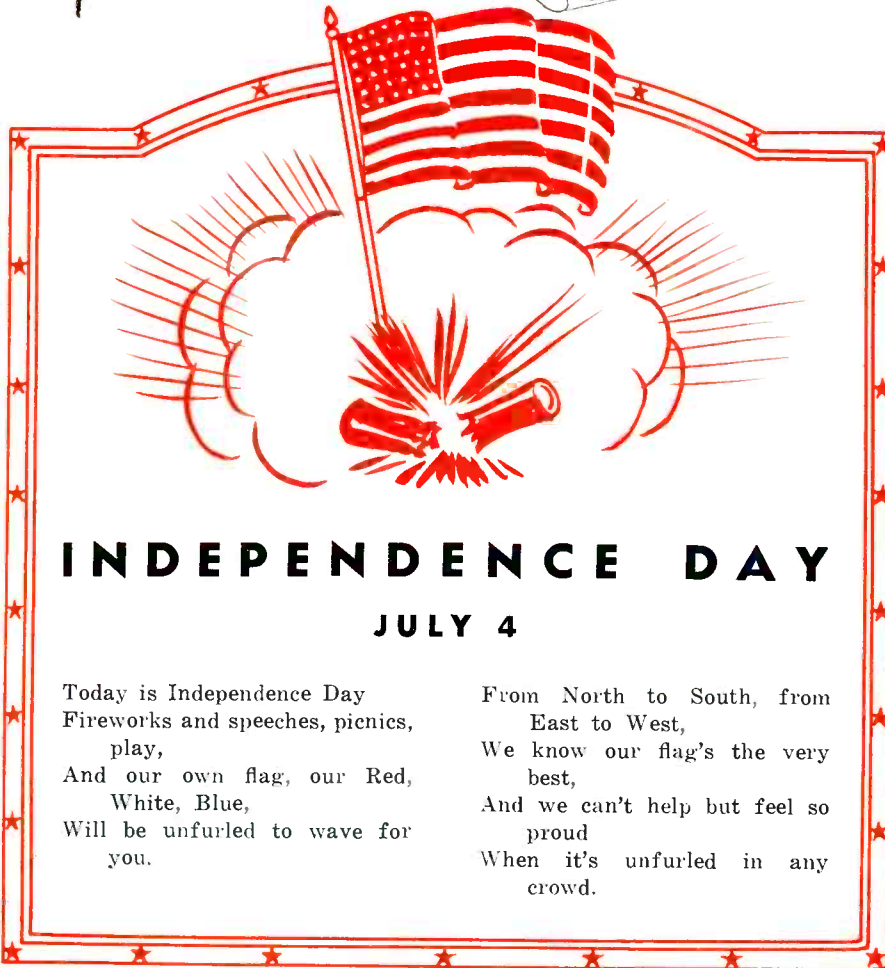
Doggie had a firecracker
Dangling to his toes;
Firecracker went zip-bang-bang—
Off went doggie's nose!

Dear Little Children:

Guess where I have been since I last wrote you a letter? I've been to Palm Beach, Florida, and I went in bathing and swimming every day. I also played with the little children on the Beach. I watched two boys dig a cave in the sand. It was a real deep cave, but the tide came in very fast and filled the cave up. Two other boys were playing ball, and one of them hid behind a sea wall,—they had lots of fun. One day I went on a fishing boat. I didn't catch a fish, but I saw a big old alligator sunning on the bank.

Please write and tell me what you want me to write about. I hope you'll write lots of letters to

Your loving
DADDY GANDER,
Care RURAL RADIO,
Nashville, Tenn.



INDEPENDENCE DAY

JULY 4

Today is Independence Day
Fireworks and speeches, picnics,
play,
And our own flag, our Red,
White, Blue,
Will be unfurled to wave for
you.

From North to South, from
East to West,
We know our flag's the very
best,
And we can't help but feel so
proud
When it's unfurled in any
crowd.

Dear Daddy Gander: One day I got some new skates, but before I had learned to skate awfully well I went down town. Away I went bumpetty bump, and I bumped right through the swinging doors of the bakery shop and knocked a tray full of cakes down. The bakery lady was mad at first, but then she said, "Never mind." Please write a poem about this. Your little friend,

Irene Apodaca, Lake Valley, New Mexico.

IRENE GOES SKATING

Irene had learned to skate a little
And she felt so proud,
She skated down the street one day
And pushed right through the
crowd,
She bumped into the bakery shop
And hit against a shelf,
She scattered all the pies and cakes
And couldn't help herself!
The bakery lady got real mad
Till Irene said she'd go
And bring the pennies in her bank,
The lady said, "Oh, no—
Just keep your pennies—never mind."
Now don't you think that she was
kind?

RFD

RADIO FARM DIGEST

I received my April issue. Sure did enjoy it, in fact all the family did. Sure don't want to miss an issue. As soon as I can I'll be a subscriber.

Mrs. J. B. Corcoran, Route 1, Box 37, Mobeetie, Texas.

Thanks, Mrs. Corcoran, and we will certainly welcome you as a subscriber.

Just a word of praise to the publisher and editor of RURAL RADIO. It is the most entertaining magazine that I have had the pleasure to read and I for one wish it long years of success.

Yours always a reader of RURAL RADIO.
Mrs. J. W. Bright, Route 1, Rayland, Alabama.

Mrs. Bright, we are growing by leaps and bounds, and are going to give you even a better magazine. We welcome your help.

I have just received my first RURAL RADIO Magazine and I really think it is grand. The picture section is very interesting. I have eight children and they enjoy the big picture of Uncle Dave Macon and his son Dorris in the May issue. Will you please publish the following pictures? The Delmore Brothers, David Stone, and most of all I want to see a picture of Milton, who plays with the Golden West Cowboys.

I can hardly wait for the June issue to come to the news-stands. I listen to the Grand Ole Opry at WSM every Saturday night. That is how I first learned of RURAL RADIO Magazine.

Mrs. Mamie E. Burch, Buena Vista, Virginia.

The Delmore Brothers' picture was in our April issue, page 13, Rural Radio Round-up. (You can obtain this issue by sending us 10 cents with your request.) David Stone's picture will be found in June issue, page 23, reading "How to Be Happy Though Married." Every issue is interesting. Why not send us your annual subscription?

COUNTRY BOYS

We live in a rural section of north Alabama and radio means much to us. We enjoy it so much more since we received the RURAL RADIO and have seen pictures of some of our favorite artists. We have read every word of it.

RURAL RADIO is a grand magazine for farm folks and all radio listeners. I am a real radio fan, and I congratulate you for doing such splendid job for us.

Keep RURAL RADIO going, by not going Hollywood.

Mrs. Ruth Williams, Crossville, Alabama.

Thanks, we are "country boys ourselves."

I think it is the grandest little magazine I ever saw. It gets bigger and better every month.

Mrs. C. B. Williams, Route 4, Russellville, Kentucky.

With loyal readers like you, we can't help but grow.

I want to send a word of appreciation for your very excellent magazine, RURAL RADIO. It is unique, far surpassing any other current radio magazines, and it is so truly what rural listeners have been wanting for so long. I am particularly attracted by "Rural Radio Round-Up." Your column features are good, too. To me, indeed, RURAL RADIO hasn't a dry page in it.

Wilma Pate, 108 S. Marable St., West, Texas.

I am just writing a few lines to let you know that I am a new reader of your RURAL RADIO Magazine. And I must say I enjoy it very much. I've been longing for this kind of a magazine for a long time. At last I've found it. Here is why I like RURAL RADIO. First, because of the many pictures you publish in it. Second, because of the low price—so that I can afford it every month. So now I must say "Three Cheers" for RURAL RADIO. You may count me in as a monthly reader. I hope you will publish at least one of my favorite WLS stars in it every month. You see, the WLS Barn Dance stars are my favorites. Thank you.

Yours truly,

Mary Ruffalo, Venosha, Wisconsin.

We are doing just this thing and will continue to give you the news and pictures of radio stars.

I can't resist writing again to praise your friendly little magazine. I just want all RURAL RADIO readers to know how I feel.

Three cheers for RURAL RADIO—

Don't you think it's grand?
The best of best of magazines
In Uncle Sam's free land.
Starting with the cover
Which always is so neat,
And every page thereafter
You're sure to find a treat.
Swell are the special features,
The sermons, too, as well.
Listeners' opinions on the RFD page.
News of the stars Peggy tells.
Daddy Gander's page for the kiddies.
Homemakers' pages for mothers,
And every page is always read
By Daddy and big brothers.
The four big pages of pictures
Is where the picture fans "shine."
I'm tickled pink when I look and see
Favorite entertainers of mine.
Now in concluding this little rhyme
About my favorite magazine
May I say to you—"RURAL RADIO
YOU'RE THE MAGAZINE OF MY
DREAMS."

Always a RURAL RADIO reader,

Miss Hazel Bonnell, E. Royalton St., Waupaca, Wisconsin.

OUR RADIO

It helps me make a living—
It quotes the market price
Of things my farm produces
In words plain and concise;
It warns about the weather
And coming temperature
In summer and in winter
So I can make secure
My live stock and my poultry,
My fruit upon the trees;
It tells my wife new fashions,
And gives her recipes;
It dramatizes stories
The children like to hear;
It gives us current news notes,
Sweet music, humor's cheer—
Next to the kitchen cookstove
My vote I will bestow
For furniture most useful
Upon our radio!
Carmen Malone, Springtown, Texas.

I received my RURAL RADIO magazine and am thrilled to death with it. I have already paid for the May issue and after that month I will send \$1.00 for a year.

I am sending a few names in the copy I would like to see in one of the issues of RURAL RADIO.

Yours,

Mrs. Marvin Ray, Route 2, Mitchell, Indiana.

I think RURAL RADIO is the best honest-to-goodness radio publication on the market. Although I live in town, I rush for my copy each month.

Sincerely,

Louise Tucker, Cheraw, South Carolina.

I enjoy your Grand Ole Opry so much, especially Sarie and Sally, the Delmore Bros.—in fact, all of it. I like *The Great Speckled Bird*. Could listen to it every Saturday night.

I would like to get the words of *The Old Age Pension*. I heard it the other Saturday night. Would like for you to have it put in the RURAL RADIO in July or will send postage if I can get it there. I like the RURAL RADIO and the WSM artists.

Shall be listening Saturday June 18th for *The Great Speckled Bird*.

Very truly yours,

Lucy Howard, Joplin, Mo.

This request is similar to a great many others. We are soon to start a music page if our readers want it. At present the song "The Great Speckled Bird" is being contested in the courts. We hope to be able to publish it soon. Expect to publish "The Old Age Pension" in our August issue. Look for it.

RURAL RADIO'S REQUEST CORNER

RURAL RADIO wants to publish the pictures you want most to see. This Request Corner will be run in every issue. What pictures do you want us to publish in the RURAL RADIO Roundup Section?

- (1)
- (2)
- (3)
- (4)

If more space is needed write us a letter. Signed
Address

Rural Radio will publish those receiving the most requests. Send yours in. . . . Cut out and mail to us:

RURAL RADIO MAGAZINE, Nashville, Tennessee

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD FOR \$3.16

"... around the world."

There's magic in the phrase. The idea has tempted man and lured him on as long as he had a history.

Magellan attempted it in 1519. It cost him his life, but his dream came true. The expedition, however, took more than a thousand days and only thirty-five of his 280 men got home to tell the story.

Once man had accomplished circumnavigation of the globe, his burning question was how to make it faster. Trial after trial broke record after record.

In the imagination of Jules Verne, Phileas Fogg accomplished it in four score days about the year 1872. Verne wrote a book called *Around the World in Eighty Days*, and everybody—Verne's friends and enemies alike—said he was a candidate for the insane asylum and recommended immediate examination of his head.

Just seventeen years after Phileas Fogg made his imaginary journey, a woman named Nellie Bly (not she who caused Frankie to shoot Johnny) proved Verne wasn't crazy and circled the globe in seventy-two days, six hours, and eleven minutes.

The U. S. Army planes in 1924, the Graf Zeppelin in 1929—the cavalcade pressed on endlessly. Two years ago the "modern Nellie Bly" took her chances. She was Dorothy Kilgallen, daughter of the ace International News Service reporter and herself a ranking newspaper writer. She raced around this terrestrial ball against H. R. Ekins, another reporter—and lost. But she had a great trip and turned out some swell copy.

What all this is leading to is the story of a crackerjack stunt which Radio Station WHO, Des Moines, put on in celebration of National Air Mail Week, May 15-21. Radio stations all over the country co-operated with the Post Office Department in the observance of Air Mail Week and prizes were given to the station offering the best special programs and promotion.

Woody Woods of Station WHO's public service department mailed a letter to Col. B. J. Palmer, president of the Central Broadcasting Company, Davenport, Iowa, on April 16. The letter was to go westward around the world to reach a destination less than 200 miles of its starting point.

The entire trip, with the exception of crossing the Atlantic Ocean, was made by established air mail lines and was completed in exactly one month. The letter was delivered to Colonel Palmer at 7:04 A.M., Monday, May 16, one day ahead of schedule.

To climax the stunt, WHO broadcast the reception of the globe-hopping letter. The program was written by

By WOODY WOODS

Dick Anderson and Stan Widney, WHO announcers, and was produced by Anderson and Harold Fair, WHO program director. The letters in the mail bags were allowed to tell the story.

Postage for the entire trip amounted to \$3.16 in American money. Three separate mailings were necessary to complete the itinerary. The first mailing was made in Des Moines; the second, in Hong Kong; and the third, in Southampton, England.

The first postage was two 50-cent and two 20-cent trans-Pacific U. S. Air Mail stamps. The other stamps are British, bearing the likenesses of two monarchs—the late King George V and his son, King George VI.

The letter follows:

"April 16, 1938.

"Colonel B. J. Palmer,
Central Broadcasting Company,
Davenport, Iowa.

"Dear B. J.:

"This letter will have traveled around the world when it reaches you.

"This circuitous route will have been taken on account of National Air Mail Week, May 15-21, 1938.

"Let the letter speak:

"I left Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A., on a west bound United Air Lines plane at 11:00 P.M., the night of April 16; and arrived in San Francisco, California, on the West Coast of the North American Continent at 9:14 A.M., the next day, Sunday.

"There I found that the famed China Clipper, a Pan-American Airways ship, would take the air westward the following Wednesday morning, April 20, for a twenty-two-hour hop across the Pacific to sunny Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands where we spent the night so that the plane might be inspected and serviced before proceeding toward the Orient.

"We left the land of the lei the next morning on April 22, and arrived at Midway Islands the evening of the same day.

"The next morning and evening took us to Wake Island for a quiet week-end. Monday we landed on the island of Guam and Tuesday brought us to Manila in the Philippine Islands.

"We left the Philippines Wednesday morning and arrived in Hong-kong, China, that evening, April 27.

"Here we bade farewell to Pan-American Airways to embark after a three-day lay over, on an Imperial Airways plane Sunday morning, May 1.

"Now the itinerary reads like scattered pages from your own around-the-world travel tales. Hanoi, French Indo-China on May 2; Bangkok, in



legendary Siam, the night of the same day. It would have been interesting had we time to look about for Siamese twins and Siamese kittens, or even a white elephant or two, but the pilot said, "Go early next morning"; and we took off for Calcutta, India.

"Our next stop was Karachi, India, on May 5. Thence to Basra, the principal port of Iraq, the independent Arab kingdom whose capital is Baghdad.

"We left the land of the Arabian Nights on May 6, and reached Alexandria, Egypt, the following day. From there it was a relatively short hop to Athens, Greece; and then a day-long trip across southern Europe to Marseilles, France; and that brings us to the 8th day of May. The next day, May 9, we landed in Southampton, Hampshire, England.

"Here we prepared to abandon airways for the high seas, the one and only step in our trip around the world in which we traveled on the surface of the globe for any appreciable distance. Fortunately, a transatlantic liner was leaving the day following our arrival in Southampton. Fast though it was compared to those tiny cockleshells that carried the mighty Columbus across the uncharted waves in 1492, it seemed to crawl at snail's pace after our thousands upon thousands upon thousands of miles through the air at speeds that would have been incredible two decades ago.

"Six days at sea, and the Statue of Liberty hove into view; and we docked in New York City on May 16, were hustled to a United Air Lines plane for a one-day trip half across these good old United States of America; and here, my dear B. J., we are on May 17, just a month and a day after we left WHO, Des Moines.

"Here endeth the story of the peripatetic epistle.

"Sincerely,
"WOODY WOODS."

SPRING WHITTLIN'S

By PAT BUTTRAM



Stan Widney

Stan Widney, producer of WHO's famous Saturday night radio show, the "Sunset Corners Frolic," faces the weekly responsibility of entertaining a packed house, as well as the radio audience, at the Sunset Corners Op'ry House (the Shrine Auditorium in Des Moines) every Saturday evening during the winter season. For Stan, in addition to his production duties, is master-of-ceremonies of this popular program, and holds all the threads of the entertainment together.

During the summer, of course, the "Sunset Corners Frolic" is presented in the WHO studios, with a much smaller visible audience, but the radio listeners are always waiting eagerly for the show to begin—the year around. Stan is married and has a little daughter. He says his hobbies are golf, with a "good feed" afterward, especially when he prepares his favorite recipe for chop suey loaf.



CHOP SUEY LOAF

- 2 cups cracker crumbs
- 1 lb. ground lean beef
- 2 t. butter
- 1 can chop suey vegetables, with bean sprouts. Dice vegetables.
- 1 cup celery, diced
- 1 c. onions, diced
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 1 egg
- 4 t. soy sauce

Put meat in mixing bowl. Add cracker crumbs. Break egg over this and mix well. Add rest of the ingredients in the order named, mixing thoroughly. Mould into loaf and bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes. This recipe serves four.

The Country Store

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

M. M. earned \$267, three weeks, raising mushrooms in cellar! Exceptional, but your cellar, shed perhaps suitable. We buy crops. Book free. United, 3848 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 518, Chicago.

CLASSIFIED

CONTESTANTS "Facsimile" contest monthly contains current contests, winning entries, news, suggestions for winning, etc. Whole year, \$1; Single copy, 20c.

FACSIMILE JOURNAL
Brookhaven Georgia

ROLLS DEVELOPED—25c coin. Two 5x7 double weight professional enlargements. 8 gloss prints. Club Photo Service, Box 53, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

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

**Limerick Contest
Winners**

After wading through a batch of clever limericks, your editor has had a really tough job in selecting the winner. They were all mighty good.

But we finally resorted to our own specially devised "laugh-o-meter" to select the funniest of all the hundreds which were submitted.

We got a group of friends around the editor's desk and then read over very carefully (and with proper emphasis) the ten we had selected as qualifying for the champion-ship round.

And the one selected by getting the heartiest laughter was that one sent to us by Mrs. E. R. Kreger, of 409 Caroline Street, Neenah, Wisconsin.

The limerick with Mrs. Kreger's last line follows:

**The bow of a fiddler named Jule
Was made from the tail of a mule.
When he started to play,
He heard a loud bray
CONTRARY TO ORCHES-
TRAL RULE.**

Congratulations to you, Mrs. Kreger and here comes your three dollar first prize.

Second prize of two dollars goes to Raymond Harris, 10 East Washington Street, Newnan, Georgia.

Third prize of one dollar to Boyd Choate, Pecan Island, Louisiana.

Prize winners of a year's subscription to RURAL RADIO are:

Mrs. Emil Marugg, R.R. 2, Crocker Springs Dairy, Goodlettsville, Tennessee.

Margaret Cooper, Biological Station, Cheboygan, Michigan.

Frank G. Davis, P. O. Box 911, Springfield, Ohio.

Mrs. Ray Hitch, Maryville, Tennessee.

H. B. Campbell, 2716 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

Mrs. Edwin Crutcher, Montague, Madison, Tennessee.

Common sense is gittin' mighty uncommon these days.

Th' potater bug mite be a pest but his color scheme has give th' makers uv sport coats sum snappy ideas.

Uv th' two, I think a feller that's allus a rushin' around in a hurry is worse off then th' feller that's allus shiftless an' lazy.

All sum pupils take up in school is space.

Don't worry about yer mind wearin' out . . . Worry about it rustin' out.

Money does talk . . . It'll say good-bye awful easy.

About th' greatest water power that I know uv is a woman's tears.

Th' main thing hinderin' peace in Europe is ther's more dogs than bones.

It rained down on our farm last week an' ruint all our little taters . . . it made big uns out uv 'em.

It's all right to prime th' pump but ye have to put both hands on th' handle afore th' water'll come.

Yourn till I learn to cut my own hair. . . . PAT.

WE KNOW OUR ONIONS
(Continued from page 11)

WELSH RAREBIT

One-half pound of Herkimer yellow cheese, grated finely into the top part of a double boiler. Be sure to have plenty of water in the lower part of the boiler. Melt the cheese slowly and then add ¼ cup of cream, stirring until smooth. Next stir in ½ cup of stale beer and the juice from half a lemon. When this is nice and smooth and creamy, add 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and ½ teaspoon of powdered mustard.

Then, presto—the rarebit is ready to serve. Just at this point Harold screams to his wife to get the toast made. If she doesn't, it's just too bad for her. Of course Harold insists on having the toast buttered.

"All right," says Mr. Fair. "Now serve this delicious, delectable rarebit on the hot buttered toast."

This Brand-New Cook Book Is Yours

FREE



758 Selected Recipes by 500 of the World's Best Cooks—

YOU have waited a long time for this compact newcomer to your kitchen library, for it is really a careful selection of the choicest ideas contributed by over 13,000 housewives. With this rare volume at hand you'll never be at a loss for an interesting meal; it is literally filled with opportunities to repeat in your own home the successes of the country's most experienced cooks.

For instance, there are more than 60 ways of making bread, biscuits, and rolls, as well as innumerable suggestions for pastry, cakes, and cookies of all kinds. You will find more than a hundred delicious ways of preparing meats and poultry and over a hundred delightful vegetable dishes just waiting for you to try them. You may choose your salad from 50 different ideas . . . and you may select any of 15 tempting dressings.

There are party ideas, desserts, special dishes, and complete menus for all occasions; there's really no end to the fascinating variety. Best of all every one has been tested and used for years in kitchens in every part of the country . . . practical, economical, tasty dishes that will please everyone in your family.

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