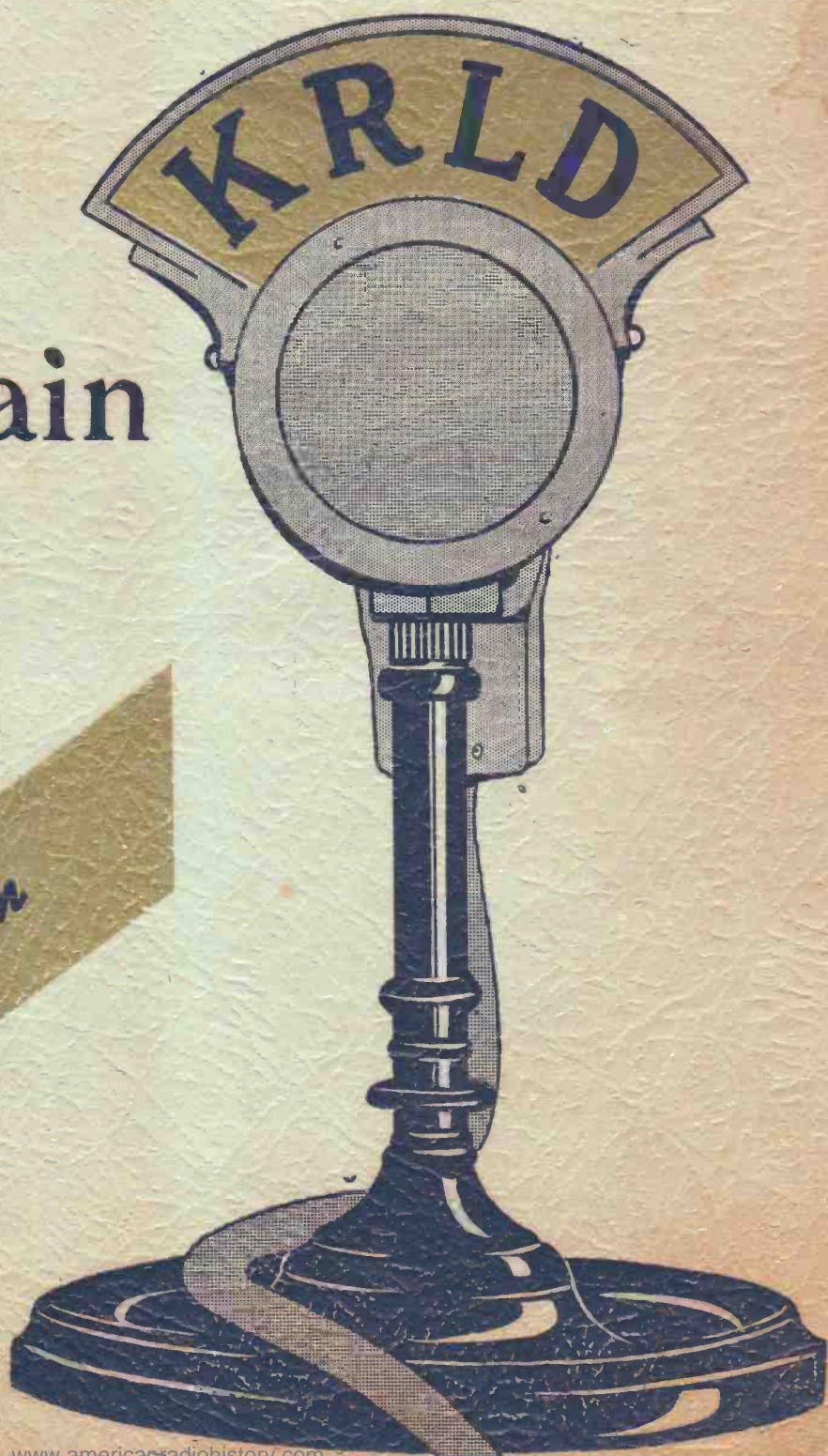


Gus Foster

and the

Blue Ridge Mountain Folks



Souvenir Album

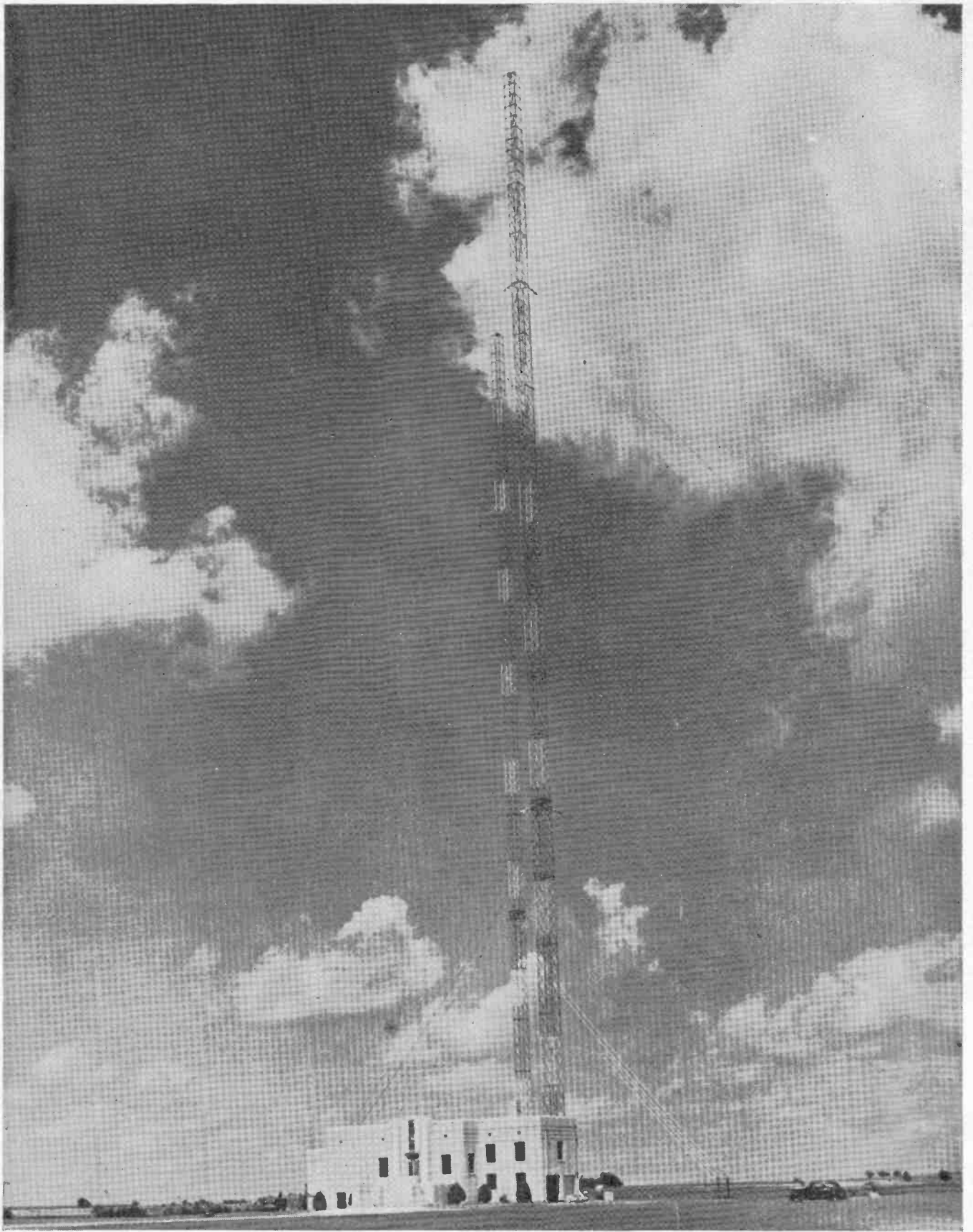
Foreword . . .

This Souvenir Book came into being, because you asked for it. We have tried to make it as big and as full of interest as we possibly can. We have included not only the people you hear over KRLD, but people and scenes "behind the scene", all of whom work unceasingly day and night to bring you radio entertainment at its best.

You have often asked for songs that you hear on the BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN FOLKS' program; so, we have included many of them in this book. We want it to be more than just a Souvenir Book. We want it to be a book you'll be proud to have, and proud to keep.

So, to you, our thousands of radio listeners, we dedicate this Souvenir Album of KRLD and the Blue Ridge Mountain Folks.

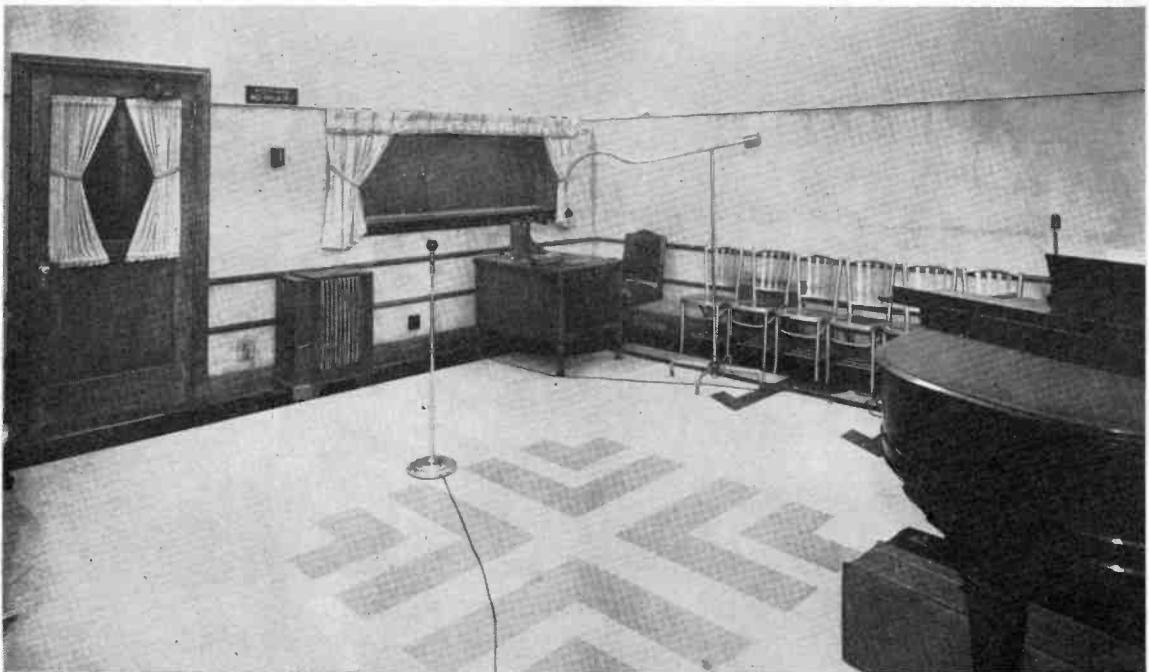
Gus Foster



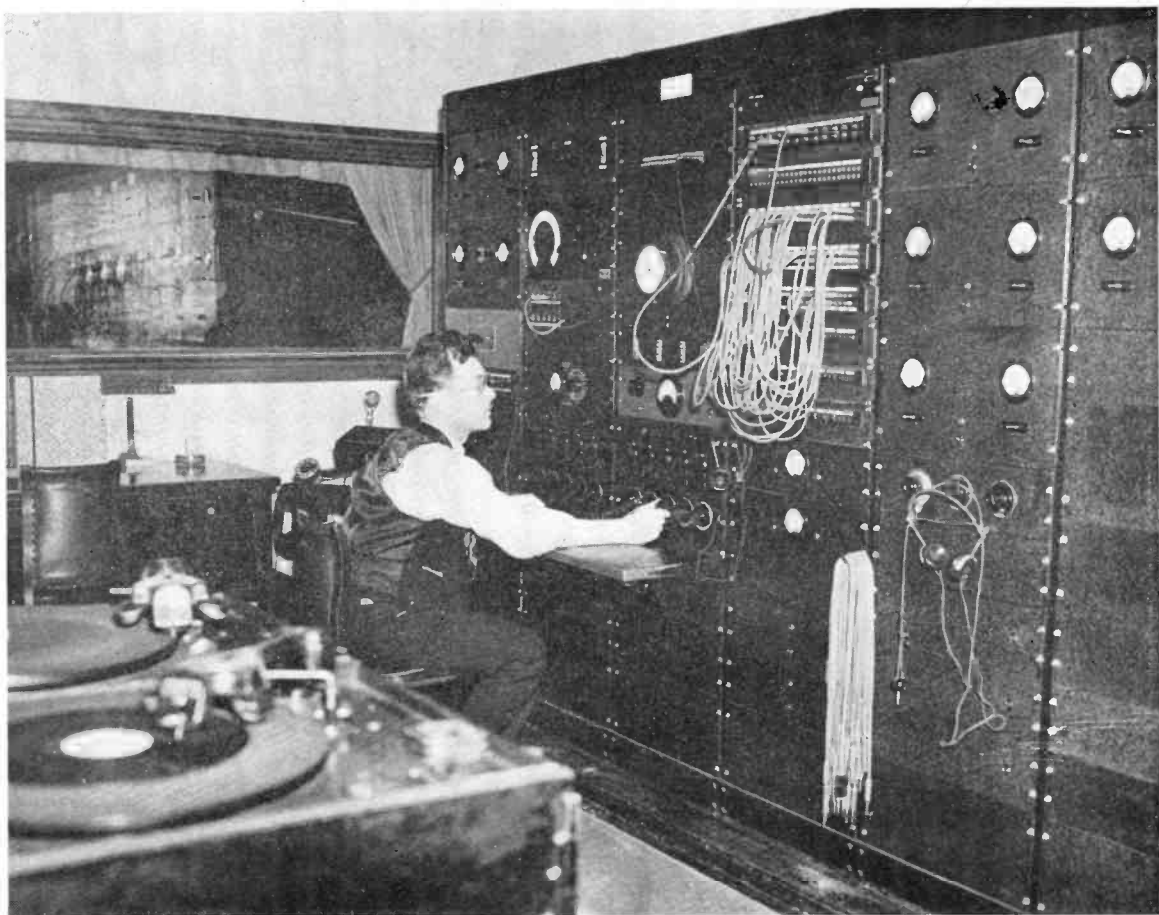
KRLD's New 50,000 watt Transmitter Plant showing the two 475-ft. Vertical Radiators located near Garland, Texas



Reception Room KRLD'S Studios, Adolphus Hotel.

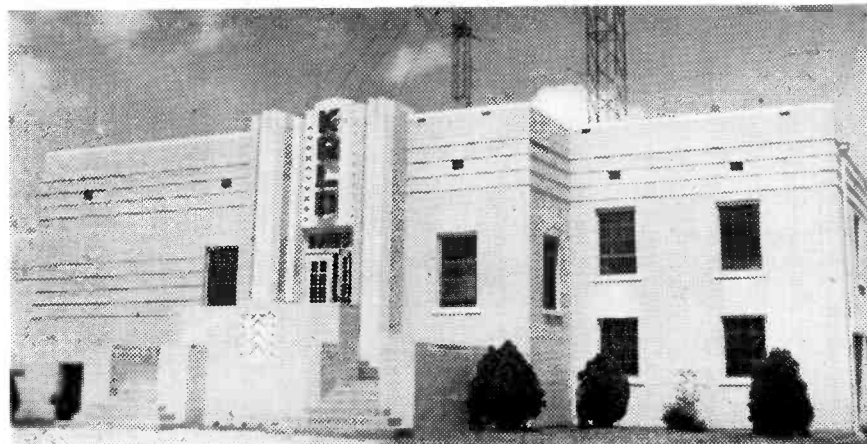


KRLD'S Beautiful and Luxurious Studio A.



Studio Control Room showing operator VIRGIL SIMPSON on duty.

The Beautiful new
modernistic Home of
KRLD'S 50,000 watt
Transmitter.





Edwin J. Kiest

who is owner and publisher of the Daily Times Herald of Dallas, and likewise owner of Radio Station KRLD, pioneered in Southwestern Radio development. It was his faith in radio during the early days of broadcasting that now makes it possible for him to give the Southwest a modern radio station like KRLD.

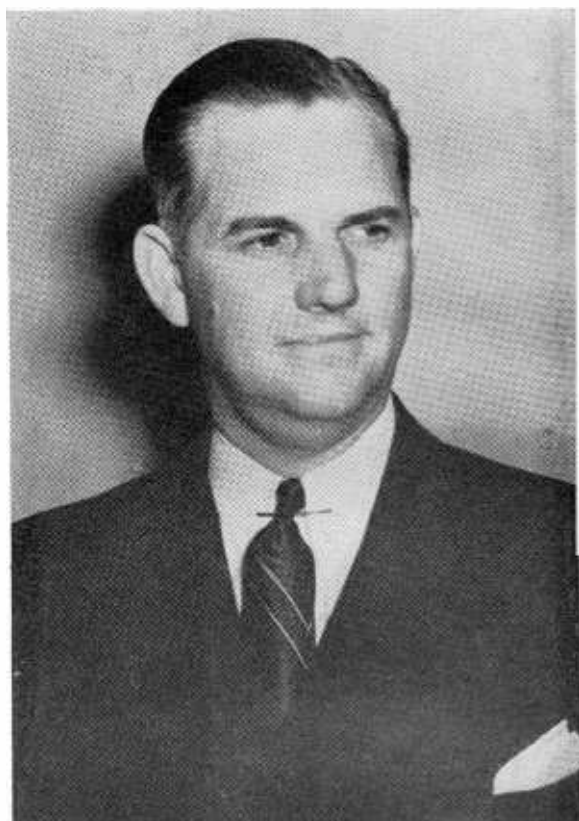
Mr. Kiest and his associates created KRLD 14 years ago. Since then he has watched it grow from a 500-watt transmitter to the present 50,000 watt station.



TOM C. GOOCH
Vice President and General Manager
Times Herald, and President KRLD
Radio Corporation.



JOHN W. RUNYON
Advertising Manager, Dallas Times
Herald and Managing Director KRLD



CLYDE W. REMBERT
Station and Commercial Manager.



DOUGLAS HAWLEY
Radio Editor, Dallas Times Herald.



KRLD *Personnel*

Reading left to right— GEORGE HARDING, Sales; JIM CROCKER, Sales; CLYDE REMBERT, Station and Commercial Manager; JOHN W. RUNYON, Managing Director; A. H. PLUMLEE, Traffic Manager; W. A. ROBERTS, Assistant Commercial Manager.

ROY FLYNN
Chief Engineer



A. H. PLUMLEE
Traffic Manager.



RUTH CLEM
Program Director.



J. W. (Jim) CROCKER
featured on KRLD as "Mr. Dodge".
Studio Director.



GWEN BOYD
Secretary



ROYCE COLON
Chief Announcer



MEADOR LOWREY
Ace News Commentator



DAVE CHAPMAN
Sports Announcer



Staff Orchestra

Scene from actual broadcast showing **HYMAN CHARNINSKY**, leader, and **ROYCE COLON**, announcer.

JESSE MILBURN
Announcer





FRITZ KUHLER
Announcer

(Known on the BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN
FOLKS' program as Pappy Fritz
The Mail Man.



ROY GEORGE

Roy George . . .
"The Country Editor"

A country boy who never rode a plow, was born in Linden, Marengo County, Alabama, on a sultry day in August, 1909.

Like many radio announcers, George was a singer, and became an announcer purely by accident. When two announcers at WAPI, Birmingham, resigned on short notice, the program director asked George if he'd like to take a crack at announcing. He quit a good job for which he had no love, to try his hand at announcing—for nothing a week. He hadn't lost many accounts for the station, when he got on the payroll. And in 1933, one of the announcers whose departure had started his announcing career, wired him from Austin, Texas, offering him a job as program director of KNOW.

He has been in Texas since 1933. Has been program director of several stations, and is now production manager of station KRLD . . . a job that keeps him pretty busy. But he still finds time for microphone work. His favorite program is the Early Morning News Broadcast, following GUS FOSTER and THE BLUE RIDGS MOUNTAIN FOLKS. He has a genuine interest in his rural audience. He produced and announced the Texas program of the Columbia Broadcasting System's "Farmer Takes the Mike" Series last year, and is a consultant for the Dallas area on farming condition.



Dallas Times Herald Building

Dallas' Leading Newspaper.
Owners of Radio Station KRLD.





JOE

Daisy

Steve

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN



Violet

Bill

MOUNTAIN FOLKS



Gus Foster

"Uncle" Gus Foster's real name is Claymon Howell Foster. But to quote Gus, he is "undyingly grateful to the radio folks who first started calling me Gus. Gus is a friendly name." And there, friends, is the key to Gus' whole character.

He was born in Calvin, Oklahoma, but his folks

moved to the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia when he was only two years old. He grew up in the Blue Ridge Country, and he learned to love the hills and the hill people. As he listened to them singing the old ballads and playing the old fiddle tunes, a burning ambition filled him. He determined to make a career of bringing those mountain songs out into the world for everybody to enjoy. And that's what he's done.

He chose radio as the best way to do it, and for seven years he has had programs featuring this type of music on stations all the way from the Blue Ridge to the Rockies.

His friendly voice and easy, home-spun manner have instilled into his program of the Blue Ridge Mountain Folks a quality of friendliness and neighborly hospitality that few radio programs have. It's a feeling best expressed in the words of the mountain folks, who say, "Won't you come in and set a spell?"

Well, Folks, That's Uncle Gus All Over!



14,000 *Fan Letters and Cards*

MILDRED MOORE checking fan mail received at KRLD for Gus Foster and the Blue Ridge Mountain Folks.





Daisy

Violet

The Coon Creek Girls

For two of its prettiest mountain girls, Radio had to go "way down in the Hills" of Old Kentucky. The COON CREEK GIRLS, MISS VIOLET and MISS DAISY, started singing at each other across a mountain valley when they were very young. They finally got together to form one of Radio's best known girl teams.

They are talented, really very pretty, and have been popular with radio listeners for several years. For three years they were featured with Aunt Ida on the Renfro Valley Barn Dance, and while attending the National Folk Festival at Washington, D. C., in 1938, they got their real break. It was there that Mrs. Roosevelt heard them, and the following summer she invited them to appear at the White House to play for the King and Queen of England, while they were visiting America.

Miss Violet is the sweet "voice" you hear on the Blue Ridge Mountain Folks' program over KRLD, singing the old ballads of the hill country. Miss Daisy also sings, but is featured mainly as the "red-headed fiddler" of the program. She has been acclaimed National Girl Champion Fiddler, and she well deserves the title.



Bill Callahan

Joe Callahan

Callahan Brothers

When Gus Foster talks about the boys from the "Land of the Sky", he means BILL and JOE, the CALLAHAN BROTHERS. And that's just where they hail from. They were born in a little mountain town called Mars Hill, in North Carolina. They came from a musical family, and started their career with a little music box they made themselves with the aid of a cigar box and guitar strings. From this early start, they graduated to a guitar and mandolin; and about the time they started wearing long pants they were singing over a radio station in Ashville, North Carolina.

It was here that a talent scout for Columbia Records heard them. He thought they were pretty good, and took them to New York to make a few records of

their mountain songs. These records made a hit from the start, and since that time they have made over two hundred records, most of them original songs. Some of the bigger hits were "She's My Curly Headed Baby"; "Once I Had a Precious Mother"; and "The Little Poplar Log House on the Hill."

The CALLAHAN BROTHERS have been featured on the leading stations all over the country. Their records are featured daily on stations in this and foreign countries. But you now hear them in person on KRLD, with the BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN FOLKS.

Bill is 26 years old, has curly brown hair, and his mother calls him Homer. Joe is 28, has blue eyes and brown hair, and at home answers to the name "Walter".



V. O. Stamps

September 18, 1892 was just another day for many people who lived then. To the Stamps family it brought another boy into the home. His mother christened him Virgil Oliver. This lusty youngster was the fourth son born to his parents, who were hardy, God fearing people. W. O. Stamps (Virgil's father) was a "Saw Miller," and had for many years— by the dent of hard work—made a good "living" for himself and family from the virgin forests of East Texas. Later he was to become a farmer, merchant, banker and public servant. For several years he represented his district in the Texas Legislature. Both W. O. Stamps and his wife were devout Christians, and it was in this God fearing home that the boy Virgil, grew up.

When this "sawmill youngster" was in his early "teens" he attended a session of the Upshur County Singing Convention. It was there that he heard a quartet sing for the first time. Their harmony thrilled him through and through and that day he resolved to learn to sing. There were few teachers in the "woods-country," but from such as the country afforded, the boy learned what he could. He bought every book upon musical subjects that he could find. He spent hours, days and weeks devouring their contents, hungry for the knowledge they contained. Later, when he was grown, he decided to go away to school. By this time financial reverses had overtaken his family and he had to borrow heavily. The result was that he got a musical education and at the same time acquired debts that it took him years and years to pay.

Young Stamps' heart was set on carrying gospel music to the masses, in every nook and corner of the land. He succeeded, but it was a long, hard climb. Many times, penniless, he kept going in the face of almost unsurmountable difficulties. Little by little his work was recognized. The people loved his songs and bought them, (his first were published in pamphlet form) and he made friends by the thousands. In 1924 he published his first book. It is still in print and has been one of the "best sellers." He called his business the V. O. Stamps Music Company. In 1926, J. R. Baxter, Jr., one of the outstanding musicians of the country, came in with him and the business name was changed to the Stamps-Baxter Music Company. Stamps and Baxter are still "sole owners" of the Stamps-Baxter Music and Printing Company, Inc. They have offices at Dallas, Texas, Pangburn, Arkansas and Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Great Grand-dad

Arr. Copyright, 1940, by the Stamp-Baxter Music Co.

Traditional
Arr. G. C. Stein

Lively

Chords: D D A A7 D D D7

1. Great grand-dad when the land was young, Barred the door with a wag - on tongue; Times were rough and the
 2. As a man he was tough and grim, Dan - ger was duck - soup to him; Ate corn - bread with his
 3. Great grand-dad was a bus - y man, Cooked his grub in the fry - ing pan, Picked his teeth with his

Chorus

Chords: G D A7 D D A7 D G D

red - skins mocked, Said his pray'rs with his shot-gun cocked. Great grand - dad, great grand - dad
 ba - con fat, Great grand-son would starve on that.
 hunt - ing knife, Wore the same suit all his life.

Chords: D D #F7 Bmi | D 1 A7 D G D 2 D Fine 2 A7 D A7 D

1. Said his pray'rs with his shot-gun cocked,
 2. Great grand-son would starve on that, our Great grand - dad, great grand - dad.
 3. Wore the same suit all his life,

* Use last line of verses in chorus as above.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Twenty-one children came to bless
 Grand-dad's home in the wilderness,
 Doubt this tale if you wish and can,
 Great grand-dad was a busy man.</p> <p>5 Twenty-one boys and how they grew,
 Tall and strong on the bacon too;
 Slept on the floor with the dogs and cats,
 Hunted deer in their coon-skin hats.</p> | <p>6 Twenty-one boys and not one lad
 Would get fresh with my great grand-dad,
 They well knew if they ruffled him
 He'd tan their hides with a hick'ry limb.</p> <p>7 They were rough but he raised them well,
 If their feet made a break for hell,
 He turned them back with an iron ramrod,
 And filled them full of the fear of God.</p> |
|---|---|

Turn Your Radio On

Copyright, 1938, by Stamps-Baxter Music Co., in "Guiding Star"

A. E. B.

Albert E. Brumley

G G C

1. Come and lis - ten in to a ra - di - o sta - tion Where the migh - ty hosts of heav - en
 2. Bro - ther lis - ten in to the glo - ry - land cho - rus, Lis - ten to the glad ho - san - nabs
 3. Lis - ten to the songs of the fa - thers and moth - ers, And the man - y friends gone on be -

G G G A7

sing, Turn your ra - di - o on,
 roll, Turn your ra - di - o on;
 fore,

D7 G G C

If you want to hear the songs of Zi - on Com - ing from the land of end - less
 Get a lit - tle taste of joys a wait - ing, Get a lit - tle hea - ven in your
 Some e - ter - nal morn - ing we shall meet them O - ver on the hal - le - lu - jah

G G E7 A7 D7 G

spring,
 soul, Get in touch with God,
 shore, Turn your ra - di - o on,

Turn Your Radio On

Chorus

Turn your ra - di - o on And lis - ten to the mu - sic in the

air, Turn your ra - di - o on, Heav-en's glo - ry share;

Turn the lights down down low And lis - ten to the Mas - ter's ra - di - o, Get in touch with

God, Turn your ra - di - o on. Turn your ra - di - o on.

"Molasses"

Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

Arr. by G. C. Stein

Moderate

C G Aug. C C C7 F C7 Aug.

1. Now al-most ev-'ry-bod-y have food they like the best, O some like mashed po-
 2. I went to see my sweet-y 'twas just the oth-er day, She told me sup-per's
 3. Now grand-paps teeth are miss-ing, yes, ev-'ry sin-gle one, And when he eats mo-

F C7 F C7 F C7 F G D7 G D7

ta-toes while some as-par-a-gus; Now I'm a bit old-fash-ioned, you
 wait-ing and want-ed me to stay; She did-n't have no ta-ters, she
 lass-es he smacks them with his gums; Now grand-paps eyes are fail-ing and

G D7 G G G A7 D7 G

all can plain-ly see, Just give me coun-try sorghum, it's good e-nough for me.
 did-n't have no meat, A jug of black-mo-lass-es was all she had to e-'e-eat.
 he can hard-ly see Just what's in his mo-lass-es but what a darn cares he.

"Molasses"

Chorus

G Aug. C

C

C

C

C

F

'Cause I like mo - lass - es, good old coun - try sor - ghum And I eat them in the sum - mer and the
'Cause she likes mo - lass - es, good old coun - try sor - ghum And she eats them in the sum - mer and the
'Cause he likes mo - lass - es, good old coun - try sor - ghum And he eats them in the sum - mer and the

C

F

F

fall Get them hot and get them spread on
fall When they trick - el down my chin, I
fall When they get so full of flies that

C

C

F

D7

G7

a big hunk of short - 'nin' bread And that's the way I like them best of
let her lick them off a - gain And that's the way she likes them best of
they re - sem - ble rai - sin pies, But that's the way he likes them best of

C

G Aug. C

all 1

'Cause all 2

An Old Log Cabin For Sale

Mrs. J. W. P.

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co. in "Gospel Tide"

Mrs. J. W. Payte

Ab E7 Ab Eb7 Eb7 Ab Ab

1. While stroll - ing a - lone in the coun - try, Re - view - ing the scenes new and old,
 2. A wel - come I read on the floor mat, An old braid - ed rug by the door,
 3. How long has it been since you've writ - ten A let - ter to moth - er and dad?

Db Db Ab Ab Bb7 Bb7 Eb Eb

I found an old - fash - ioned log cab - in, So beau - ti - ful there to be - hold;
 The hand of an an - gel had made it With man - y a pray'r prayed be - fore;
 How long has it been since you've seen them? O why don't you make their hearts glad?

Ab Eb7 Ab Ab Eb7 Eb7 Ab

A stran - ger was stand - ing in si - lence, His eyes firm - ly fixt on the door,
 In an old rock - ing chair long she wait - ed, For one glimpse of him how she yearned,
 Too soon will the old home be va - cant, A can - dle light gleam - ing no more,

Db Db Ab Ab Db Eb7 Ab

My heart ached in pi - ty to see him For these were the words that it bore:
 And now he was stand - ing in si - lence, Too late, yes, too late he re - turned,
 Don't wait till too late to re - mem - ber, There may be a sign on the door.

An Old Log Cabin For Sale

Chorus A \flat D \flat A \flat A \flat E \flat 7 E \flat 7 A \flat

And the sign read, "an old log cab - in for sale, An old oak-en buck-et and well,

A \flat D \flat A \flat A \flat E \flat 7 E \flat 7 A \flat

Eas - y terms, just keep a log on the fire each day And a light burn-ing bright in the dell,?"

A \flat E \flat A \flat A \flat E \flat E \flat 7 A \flat

Man - y years an old cou - ple so pa - tient-ly looked For a boy whose last prom-ise did fail,

A \flat D \flat A \flat A \flat E \flat 7 A \flat E \flat 7 A B \flat mi A \flat

Now the old rock-ing chairs will be rock - ing no more, "There's an old log cab-in for sale."

This World Is Not My Home

(I'm Just A Passing Thru)

Arr. Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

Arr. by
Albert E. Brumley

Arr.

G G C C D7 G

1. This world is not my home, I'm just a pass - ing thru; My treas - ures are laid
 2. They're all ex - pect - ing me, And that's one thing I know, I fixed it up with
 3. I have a lov - ing moth - er o - ver in glo - ry land, I don't ex - pect to
 4. Just o - ver in glo - ry land We'll live e - ter - nal - ly, The saints on ev - 'ry

G A7 D7 G G C

up Some - where be - yond the blue; The an - gels beck - on me From heav - en's o - pen
 Je - - - sus man - y years a - go; I know He'll take me thru Tho I am weak and
 stop Un - til I shake her hand; She's wait - ing now for me In heav - en's o - pen
 hand Are shout - ing vic - to - ry; Their songs of sweet - est praise Drift back from heav - en's

G D7 G G E7 A7 D7 G

Chorus

door,
 poor, And I can't feel at home in this world an - y more. O Lord you
 door,
 shore,

This World Is Not My Home

G C G G G

know I have no friend like you, If heav-en's not my home then

A7 D7 G G C

Lord, what will I do; The an-gels beck-on me from heav-en's o-pen

G G G E E7 A7 D9 D7 G¹ G²

door, And I can't feel at home in this world an-y more. O more.

CHEER UP

If ever you feel you are all down and out,
And everything's all gone agin' you,
Don't go round complainin', and frettin' and pout
As if all is pizin within you.

Remember, you're like any other old fellow
Who's just lost his grip on himself;
Let it brighten your character, make you more mellow,
You're too young to lay on the shell.

Only buck up your courage and hit harder licks,
And pull in your purse strings the tighter;
Remember, you've never tried all of the tricks,
Keep at it, your heart will grow lighter.

Then after a while, when the clouds blow away,
And you take time to look all around you,
You'll find after all, that you've had a fine day,
And success has abundantly crowned you.

J. I. Ayres

How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

Arr. Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

A. P. Bland
Arr. G. C. Stein

A. S. Bridgewater

F F F C

1. We read of a place that's called heav - en, It's made for the pure and the free;
 2. In heav - en, no droop - ing nor pin - ing, No wish - ing for else - where to be;
 3. Pure wa - ters of life there are flow - ing, And all who will drink may be free;
 4. The an - gels so sweet - ly are sing - ing, Up there by the beau - ti - ful sea;

F F A7 D Mi F C7 F

These truths in God's word He has giv - en, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.
 God's light is for - ev - er there shin - ing, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.
 Rare jew - els of splen - dor are glow - ing, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.
 Sweet chords from their gold harps are ring - ing, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.

Chorus F C7 F C7 F F G7 C7

How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be, Sweet home of the hap - py and free;

F F A7 D Mi F C F

Fair ha - ven of rest for the wea - ry, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be.

GUS FOSTER . . .
and the **BLUE RIDGE**
MOUNTAIN FOLKS