

The
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DIAL

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

If the numbers 9-50 appear after your name on the address label at the top of page 20, your subscription expires with this issue. Address correspondence and renewals to Editor of The Dial, care of KWTO, Springfield, Missouri. The Editor will be happy to answer your inquiries about past and present KWTO personalities and fill your requests for pictures.



★ BRIDE-OF-THE-MONTH

Pat Baumann is marrying Donald H. Jenkins, Jr., in her hometown, Lebanon, September 2. (Story on Page 13.) You'll find her pulchritudinous Continuity Department replacement on the Picture Page.



★ YOU WONDERED WHO DOES THE WORK IN THE TENNIS FAMILY?

Marge Tennis thinks it's verrr-y funny how busy everybody gets with rods, reels, skeet guns and other outdoors equipment in a sudden state of disrepair when it comes time to pack the family car for an outing. Jimmy,

Zed and Larry are all terribly preoccupied as she struggles with picnic box, hamper, thermos, frogging light and other essentials. And obviously that vest-pocket edition of a dog is absolutely no help to nobody!

AL STONE

COOL IN A CRISIS

Al Stone has been deeply reluctant to tell anyone about a strange experience he had while vacationing in California. Lea and Janice, however, are so proud of his calm and quick-thinking, when others might have been panicked, that we give you their version:

After church one Sunday evening the family—Jean and Woodrow Nickel and their eldest boy, Jimmy; Janice, Lea and Al—stopped at a filling station in San Leandro. Al left the car and was gone such a long time that the girls, who had been laughing over some family joke, urged him to "hurry up and get going" when he returned.

"We'll go in just a minute," he said in his usual soft, unruffled tones. "There's been a little trouble."

Just then two squad cars with sirens wide open swung around the corner and into the filling station, their tires singing. Police jumped out, collared a dark, husky, 200-pounder with a wild look in his eyes, and asked Al if he wanted to prefer charges. While Lea and the girls gaped in puzzled amazement, Al told the police: "Not at all." And added, getting back into his own car, "Just let the poor guy sleep it off." Then the story came out, with Al relating it slowly, evenly, much as he would describe a particularly dull and uneventful ball game.

He had bought a coke and then had gone into the rest room, and the man had followed him. "I want ten thousand dollars," the stranger demanded. Al laughed, thinking it a joke of some sort until he looked the stranger over, taking careful note first of his bloodshot eyes with glazed, dilated pupils, next of the reek of wine on his breath and clothes, and, finally, of the knife glinting in his doubled-up fist.

"I don't have it," Al said, "but I'll give you \$10 for that knife in your hand."

The stranger gestured toward Al's hip pocket where a folder of traveler's checks protruded. "Those wouldn't do you any good," Al told him. "Even if I signed them, you couldn't cash them."

"Ten thousand dollars," the stranger repeated thickly, crowding Al toward the corner, shaking the fist that gripped the knife.

Al pulled out his billfold, opened it to see how much cash he had, and then, impulsively, showed the stranger a picture of Christ that he carries uppermost in his card case. The man wavered a little and backed away. "Get that out of sight!" he ordered, shrilly. And then, with menace in his voice: "Money. Ten thousand dollars."

Al let the coke bottle in his right hand slide down until he could grip the neck of it firmly, swung, and sent it sailing through

THE SCHEDULE:

FALL CHANGES

Assuming the hay's in the barn, the kids are ready for school, and you'll soon be set for fall and winter listening, you'll want to watch for these KWTO schedule changes—the return of some old friends and the arrival of some new ones:

Kroger Stores have scheduled Share the Wealth to replace Linda's First Love at 1 p. m. beginning September 11, and the tremendous popularity of this program in other parts of the middle west is a guarantee you'll enjoy it.

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson come back September 8 at 8 p. m. Fridays for H. J. Heinz and Co., bringing along their two fine boys and the usual 57 Varieties of family fun.

Norwich Pharmacal Co. is bringing you Modern Romances via KWTO-ABC at 7 p. m. each Tuesday and Thursday . . . The Pan-American Coffee Bureau has renewed ABC-KWTO sponsorship of Edwin C. Hill at 6:25 p. m., Mon., Wed. and Fri. . . . Old Fashioned Revival Hour has come back to KWTO and will be heard from 3 to 4 p. m. Sundays, continuously when the Springfield Cubs broadcast schedule has been completed.

It's the same brand of fun with the same wonderful people—Johnny and Penny Olsen, Bob Maurer and the rest of the Ozarks boosters—but we thought we'd call your attention to the change in the program's name. What used to be Ladies Be Seated at 3 p. m. for Philip Morris is now Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club.

Look for Jack Armstrong at a new time, 6:30 p. m. Tues. and Thurs., alternating with the Lone Ranger.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is buying five spots a week beginning September 6 . . . Black Draught returns with five spots a week starting September 18.

★ COVER STORY

Junior and Wanna Fay Haworth and their eldest, Shirley Jean, re-enact a September scene familiar to us all: A last-minute straightening of hair and frock, a fresh supply of books, tablets, pencils, and our small fry are off to the little red schoolhouse once again.

the glass transom with a crash, taking advantage of the momentary distraction to grab the stranger around the arms and waist until help came—his son-in-law, Woodrow, and the filling station attendant.

"Fine thing," Al told Janice, teasingly, as they drove home—and before he had told them the full story. "While you and Jean were out here clowning and giggling, I was about to get my throat cut!"

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO . . .

DAILEY'S DOINGS OF
KWTO PERSONALITIES

Aunt Martha, Slim Wilson and Junior Harworth, three-fourths of the Goodwill Family, were blinded briefly when the other 25%, George Rhodes, returned from his California vacation with one of the loudest sports shirts in captivity. It's a sort of Hawaiian nightmare, every color in the rainbow, and Alice swears he chains it to the bedpost at night to keep it from galloping away when the moon is full . . . Billy accompanied his parents on the westward junket in their new green Plymouth. They visited Salt Lake City, drove on to Berkley, Oakland, Santa Cruz; spent four days with George's sister in Modesto, two in Sacramento; re-visited Billy's birthplace in Phoenix, Alice's home town, where she and George met when he was a "cow-poke" . . . Bill's biggest thrills came with driving through the mountains of Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. Owner of the tourist court where they stayed at Roswell, N. M., turned out to be a homesick Springfieldian who once showed Guernseys from his Neosho farm against Slim Wilson's stock at the Springfield Fair.

* * *

Al Stone's California vacation was colorful in a lot of ways. He and Lea brought back beautiful color pictures of both scenery and family. Janice appeared on a "Youth for Christ" television program, singing several inspirational selections. And the whole family attended services at the Neighborhood Church, Oakland, a magnificent church with a 100-voice choir where each sermon is beautifully dramatized . . . It was the Stone's first glimpse of the new grandson born a year ago to Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Nickel . . . If anybody wants proof of the man-hours of hard work Paul Adams has put into the prettying up of his new home on East Elm, look at the poor boy's blistered paws. Nadine has declared a temporary truce with the backyard weeds until his hands have healed! . . . Chuck and Bunny Hesington have enjoyed two weeks of visiting around the Ozarks and entertaining Chuck's mother and Bunny's folks who came from the east and from Florida to see them . . . That bass voice that chimes in occasionally when Lonnie, Thelma and Derrel are harmonizing is what you might call "unscheduled" talent. Sounds great, Paul!

* * *

Much admired by yours truly (Don Dailey): the green tweed slacks Art Johnson wears with a matching green tie . . . Co-worker Paul Adams says it's a close race between Al Stone and Slim Wilson, both competing for construction foreman honors

as carpenters, paper-hangers and linoleum- and rug-laying specialists put finishing touches on the new studios and the second floor lobby . . . Doc Martin, Junior Harworth, Junior and Jimmy Haden have been surprised in some earnest practice sessions lately, which indicates future good listening for KWTO fans . . . C. C. Williford's latest honor: He's a local director of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America.

* * *

A good part of George Earle's spare time the week of the 21st was spent at St. John's hospital. Mrs. Earle—Dickie—is recuperating nicely from a goiter operation . . . Ada Wilson, who underwent the same surgery a few months ago, is fit again . . . Footnote to Dr. Eastham's biography, beginning on page seven: Mrs. Eastham says he likes red ties, blue or gray suits, and that he often unconsciously puts his tongue in his cheek, when being photographed, to hide a deep dimple . . . High School history teachers in the KWTO area will want to be getting their quiz teams ready for the Know Your Presidents competition, starting Saturday morning, October 7 at 11:15 over KWTO, and held in connection with the Sunday Mr. President program. Globe Realty is sponsor; cash prizes and a trophy will be awarded.

* * *

Handsome Wheels Department: Aunt Martha's new blue sedan . . . When business moved Tharol Nichols to St. Louis, Penny had to leave us again. The Goodwill Family replaces her at 7 a. m. for Biederman's, Derrel Friend at 8 a. m. for Staley Milling Co. . . . The 1940 dime trade-in on a box of Meadolake Margarine keeps KWTOers Bob White, Buz Fellows and Doc Martin busy buying their morning coffee with dollar bills to get lots of change (on orders from home, of course). Newest Mrs. Tucker gimmick: A three pound can for any Canasta player, in a game of four or more, who gets all red threes in one deal . . . Les and Ruth Kennon and the Dial Editor are keeping their new 11-inch aluminum griddles busy toasting sandwiches and baking pancakes. The griddles were gifts from the Perfex Co., are \$2.95 values, designed to Edith Hansen's specifications, and offered on her program for only \$1 and a Dexol Powdered Bleach boxtop . . . Dial Circulation Manager Betty Low visited the Carter Family in Nashville on her vacation, returned with word that they miss the Ozarks and their many friends here. She and June burned their noses beet-red swimming and sunning.

COME RIGHT IN

LOYD EVANS: TWO KINDS OF FARMER

Few radio station Farm Service Directors enjoy Loyd Evans' opportunity to put into daily farming practice much of the advice and many of the theories they offer over the air. That's why Loyd and Revay are especially happy with their life at the E. J. Sieger and Sons farm on route 3, half way between Galloway and the KWTO transmitter and a few miles from Springfield.

Loyd finishes his morning shift at KWTO shortly after noon, rushes home to help with the new corral and doctoring chute; spray the registered Aberdeen Angus cattle; work in the vegetable garden; equip the new tool shed; go over the plans for the new hay barn and cattle shed yet to be built; talk over better farming practices with the Siegers, to whom both Loyd and Revay are devoted.

The Evanses occupy the "doll house" tenant house off to one side from the big,



stucco family house, beautifully landscaped and set in deep, well-tended lawns. The tenant house, too, is stucco, with exposures an artist would covet. On the first floor is the kitchen-dining room, handsomely equipped with modern metal cabinets, range and electric refrigerator. There are red-figured cottage curtains at the many windows on two sides; the table is white, chairs are red-upholstered, walls are a subtle, soft blue-gray and Revay has potted plants—ivy, philodendron, geraniums—spilling over every window sill.

The upstairs bedroom-sitting room is even sunnier, with four white-ruffle-curtained windows in each of the four walls and sunlight (when they can find it this summer) streaming through them. Here again Revay has brought the outdoors inside with growing things. Chairs and bed headboards are

upholstered in cream-colored leatherette, the wall-to-wall carpet is coffee brown, and bedspreads, adding a splash of color, are a bright salmon shade. The landscapes of trees and shrubs, lawn and farmlands that fill every window are all the "pictures" they need in this lovely "eyrie," where Revay keeps her sewing machine busy.

Also on the Sieger place are a guest house and screened-in summer house where both families do their entertaining. The summer house, with a native stone barbecue grill and open fireplace for roasting, seats 25 at bright picnic tables, and most of their meals are taken there on fair days.

Biggest part of their garden produce has gone into the locker, along with 50 chickens, six turkeys and a brace of ducks—Loyd's share of the fowl raised this year. Revay, however, has canned tomatoes, beans and pickles, and has been putting up grape jelly as the fruit ripens. One of the calves in the picture will go to the locker, too; his two short-horns Loyd will be milking a year from next spring. He also has a lamb, and a gilt that will be ready to farrow in March. His special interest at the farm is the herd of Angus—40 head.

Loyd and Revay may move into town during the winter and return to the farm in the spring, but "we don't want, ever, to be too far from country life," they say. And Loyd adds: "It's the perfect combination for me—farm work on the air in the mornings; workaday farm work in the afternoons."

PORTSIDE PATTERN

Just call me "Snooper"! Boy, howdy, have I been snooping; I've got the low-down on some of the "characters" around KWTO straight from their better-halves. What a neat piece of blackmail business I could do! But no, I'm going to tell you all about it!

* * *

Do you know that I got it straight from Mary Slattery that hubby "Joe" has lately transferred his affections from her to a sausage-shaped pooch called "Rusty"? Yes, it's puppy-love, pure and simple. And it takes at least four calls to bring Joe in for dinner. Mary says little Jimmie is the same way, adding, "Monkey see, monkey do." . . . Mary wonders at Joe's frugality in not hiring a trash-hauler to carry away a pile of recently trimmed tree limbs. Joe has been trying to burn the green wood a little at a time, without much success . . . Joe's favorite dish is bacon and eggs with hot biscuits . . . His hobby is going to the airport and watching the planes come and go. He likes to read mystery thrillers.

* * *

Leslie Kennon is another chap who changes clothes as soon as he gets home of an evening. Then he picks up the evening paper, lies down on the couch, puts the paper over his head, and sleeps till dinner is ready . . . Ruth Kennon advises that Les will help with the dishes—even the housecleaning—if asked, but does not volunteer his services . . . He is always pleasant around the house . . . His favorite dish is steak, prepared on the charcoal broiler . . . Les likes to fish, but lately has been engrossed with his seven cocker spaniel pups. He also likes to putter around the yard and keeps the lawn and hedges looking fairly neat . . . He's a pretty affectionate fellow, says Ruth, and generous with the terms of endearment every wife loves to hear.

* * *

Lea Stone believes she is married to the grandest husband in the world, and doesn't make any bones about it! Al is her idea of an A-Number One man. He never quarrels or finds fault. On the other hand, he is oftentimes a clown around home, says Lea, and, together with daughter Jan, occasionally puts on a regular sideshow of mimicry . . . The Stones eat dinner at 4:30. Al helps clear the table but doesn't like to help with the dishes. He usually asks, "Are you going to do the dishes now?" hoping the answer will be "No." In that case Al will lie down for a half hour, never longer . . . He is a mental alarm clock: Can set his mind to awaken at a given time in the morn-

ings, and seldom misses the time more than a few minutes . . . Al likes to fish, to watch softball games and eat candy . . . Yes, to hear Lea tell it, he is Prince Charming on a white horse, no fooling!

* * *

"With all his faults I love him still," might best sum up Jeanelle Bauer's estimate of hubby, Fritz. Alas, says Jeanelle, Fritz is very careless about his clothes, doesn't know what a coat hanger looks like, and can never find his brief case or his wrist watch. Either may turn up in the most unlikely places . . . Fritz's hobby is guns. He hopes someday to do a little big-game hunting. He knows how to make his own loads and delights in it, reports Jeanelle. His bridge game is mediocre, but Jeanelle is confident—what with Fritz's vast knowledge of mathematics—he could be terrific at the game if he wanted to be . . . Fritz never talks "shop" unless he has a good idea about improving KWTO's broadcasting equipment: then he will tell Jeanelle the whole story. Take it from her, Fritz is really a peace-loving home-guy, deeply interested in his family, and a great help around the house.

SPORTSCAST SPONSOR

Sedgwick Furniture Co. has been sponsoring Vern Hawkins' 6:15 Sportscast since August 7, and contributed wonderful prizes to Radio Appreciation Night at the Springfield Cubs game August 31—a \$60 portable radio and gift certificates. Other prize donors helped make the evening a success with 17 gate gifts of merchandise.

★ AUGUST CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1	L	E	S	11	K	E	N	N	O	N	12	D	O				
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4	E	17	M	O	O	N	18	C	E	N	19	N					
5		20	N	A	N							21	E	A	T		
6		22	A	N	S							23	L	A	M	Y	
7	A	T	E									24	A	M			
8	F	A	T									25	T	H	O	R	
9	I	L	L									26	T	H	E	A	R
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11	E	T	A			29	R	O	T	O	R	30	D	A	M		
12						31	O	R	I	O	N	32	S	G	E	T	O
13	E	G				33	T	S	E	T	S	E	34	R	E	G	



THE SPOTLIGHT

FOUR KWTO YEARS
FOR DR. EASTHAM

In the 400 block on South Street in Springfield, a new house of worship takes form. Its massive steel framework is already in place, rising to the dignity of a tall steeple, and in its outline you can recognize the classic style of the Jeffersonian revival.

Many mornings you will find, standing before it, an erect, well-built man with a kindly face and dreams in his eyes. You would not know, from the serenity of his gaze, that he has bolted his breakfast toast and fruit juice and scorched his tongue on the coffee in his haste to rush downtown and check on building progress.

He does not see what you see—steel girders fitted into the skeleton of a church; heaps and stacks of materials; busy workmen. He sees the completed structure—Georgian Colonial in dark red brick with white stone trim; the interior finished in maroon and white, furnished with opera chairs downstairs and in the balcony, with a seating capacity of 1600. He sees the vault of the interior, rising majestically without the support of columns; the World War II Memorial Chapel that will seat 300; the downstairs banquet hall. He visualizes the baptistry, rising above the choir loft; the special sound room for radio broadcasts; the system of sound amplification throughout the building; the rheostat system by which lighting can be controlled; the inter-communication system whereby the pastor can

sit in his office and address any department, or at the altar and contact his head usher in case of emergency. Perhaps he even sees what none may see for years to come: The two additional wings that will someday be added to house offices and Sunday School, which will remain in the present First Baptist Church two doors away when the new building is completed next June.

Springfield's First Baptist Church members bought the property and planned the new church 20 years ago, but it was the Rev. Fred Eastham, whose fourth anniversary here was September 1, who got the plans accepted and broke the ground. Then he decided to raise \$100,000 above the regular budget last summer, during the month of August. "It can't be done," the skeptical said. "In late summer? Vacation time? You couldn't do that anywhere in the country!"

The faith of Rev. Eastham in his mission, the faith of his parishioners in him, the confidence of the young people of the church, made the drive a success, and the minister was able to take the vacation he'd missed during the summer and go deer-hunting in Colorado, happy in the knowledge that the new church was at last underway.

"Fishing and hunting, especially fly-fishing, are his favorite recreations, although he loves all sports and every form of outdoor life," Mrs. Eastham tells you. "We vacation every year at the lodge of friends from Wichita Falls, an inspiring place in southern Colorado on the Conejos River, in the shadow of a mountain taller than Pike's Peak." He likes baseball and football, too, and used to help with the Wichita Falls high school team, wrapping ankles, getting the boys ready for practice, taking trips with them, saying a prayer before every game.

Dr. Eastham likes to recall that the Apostle Paul was a great admirer of sports and spoke of "running the race" and "playing the game." Through these interests, the minister has had an avenue of approach to young people, a contact with older men, and an opportunity to gain the confidence of both, that he might never had otherwise. "Teamwork and the life of the out-of-doors," he believes, "are great character builders. And it is men and women, boys and girls of character who can best fortify the home front, the local church that determines how far we can go in world evangelism. If the basis of faith is to be broadened, the beginnings are at home."

The thousands of Ozarkians who follow the Rev. Eastham on KWTO through the First Baptist Church service, heard every

(Continued on Page FIFTEEN)



HILLBILLY HEARTBEATS . . .

BY MAY KENNEDY McCORD
"QUEEN OF THE OZARKS"

Greeting friends!

September is here! Autumn is upon us . . . Autumn, the troubadour of seasons . . . Bittersweet and the muskiness of paw-paws and the tang of pucky persimmons and buttery nuts. Corn shocks standing at attention near fields of golden pumpkins.

September, and Labor Day. We talk and we sing of the dignity of labor, but how far "civilization" has carried us from the dignity of labor that our pioneers knew. Labor, to them, meant creating something, making something with their own hands for someone dear to their own hearts.

For a man needs a plow in the spring of the year,

And a roof to keep out the storm,

And a man needs a woman to wear in his heart

To keep his pulses warm.

Men made their own shingles and clapboards, riving them out with a frow, and had the satisfaction at night, on their pillows, of knowing that they had made, with their own hands, the roofs that kept the wind and storm away from their loved ones. Men made their own plow-shares at the smithy's flaming forge. Men felled the timbers and hewed the logs that went into their homes, cutting the stone, with chisel and crowbar, that made the fireplaces by which they could sit and warm their rough hands. My, there must have been a lot of satisfaction in it! Every day was Labor Day. And few sat and grew fat jowls and a bloated paunch off man's labors, because a man worked for himself: His own house, his own field, his harness, made from the raw leather. He ground his own "bread-stuff" on great burrs of solid rock in a mill run by water power from a dam which he built with his own hands! And his bread was sweet. Little he knew of the bitter bread of slavery or economic serfdom.

And now—in this day, I don't know—I never will know whether "progress" is progress or not. That is in the lap of the gods.

And the women — they think they are "emancipated" now, and they shun labor by every means at the disposal of science and invention. Sitting around listening to their arteries harden!

A lot of women, that is. Not all of them, thank goodness . . . Many women yet know the sweet sleep that comes from loving labor. It's nice for me to remember, even I, that I have lifted rich yellow butter from a cedar churn . . . That I have slept under comforters and quilts of my own making . . . That I have hoed gardens and washed

clothes on a washboard and made lye soap and scrubbed a kitchen floor to a shining whiteness, when nobody had any linoleum in my neck of the woods . . . There's no satisfaction greater than taking a fragrant loaf of lightbread out of the oven of a big old wood range, or canning row after row of fruit and pickles and jams and jellies.

A woman knew the dignity of labor when she made a suit of clothes from start and scratch for a six-year-old boy—and his overcoat and all his blouses and his blue jeans. That was knowing the dignity of labor—clothing your own dear child with your own hands. I am only sorry that I never lived where I could have learned to spin and weave and card wool and cotton. Those things are passing into antiquity, and any woman is poorer not having known them.

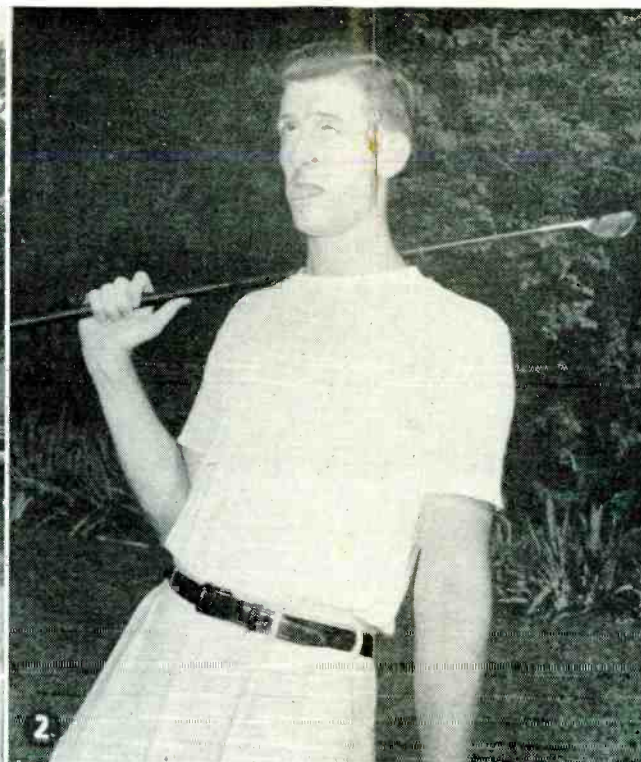
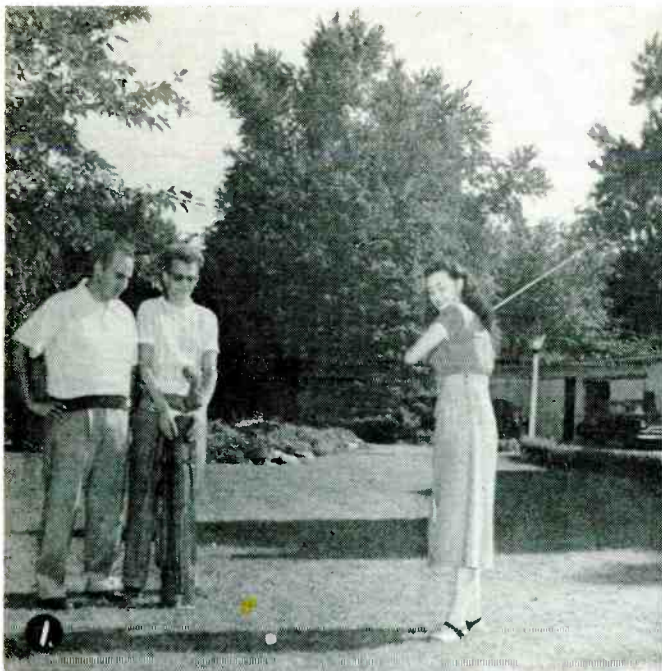
Nowadays we think of labor as something different. The word has gotten into strange company. We think of labor unions and factories with the mad whirring of wheels, and contracts where they press a hard bargain, and unemployment, and worry over bills and things coming due, and claim agents and accidents . . . Yes, Labor is a different word now.

But it is labor that moves the world. I think of the life of one solitary Man who knew the dignity of labor, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—and He was a Carpenter! And this Man of labor has reared more temples, moved more lives, shaken more nations to their foundations and left a greater imprint on the walls of destiny than "all the armies that ever marched, and all the parliaments that ever sat" since the beginning of time . . . This one solitary life! And He was a Carpenter! He wasn't a rich baron with houses and lands. He was not a prince with a crown of glittering, useless baubles upon his brow. He was not a swivel chair magnet who counted his vast systems by miles . . . He was a man of Labor.

So here's to the working folks of farm and factory, city and country: Long may they live. Our world has changed. Labor has changed. Life has changed. Values have changed. It reminds me of a cute thing my favorite preacher, Lee Ferrenburg at Fair Grove, Mo., wrote in his little paper. It's a sound note to end this column on, and very true. He said:

"When Robinson Crusoe discovered the first footprints on the sand in his hit-and-miss existence, he realized that the era of individualism had come to an end. On Thursday he could live his life in his own

(Continued on page SIXTEEN)



REUEL HAYMES' FLASHES IN THE KWTO PANORAMA

The first three pictures tell a tale
Of a golfing wife, and a wounded male,
And of evidence—raised on his injured dome—
That woman's place, surely, is in the home!

1. It started out as a happy foursome at Springfield's Municipal Golf Course: Jimmy and Junior Haden, Junior's wife, Doris, and Derrel Friend. Derrel was off to one side, practicing putts, as Doris teed off. Then—
2.—Wham! Doris' ball konks Derrel in the back of the head! (With a hook like that, she could catch a whale.)
3.—Here's the Alma-Lohmeyer-Jewell Windle ambulance to the rescue, with Derrel out colder than that famed mackerel in the moonlight, Jimmy and Junior hoisting the stretchered victim, and Doris tearing her hair in despair. (Well, maybe we do exaggerate it all a little, but you could have hung a side of beef on the knot on Derrel's bandaged head for a week after!)
4.—The Continuity Department upholds its reputation for beauty as well as brains. Here's Alta McElroy showing pretty Sue Chambers, who replaced Beulah Nunn on the staff, how to check the daily schedule.
5.—Let's caption this "Labor Day at KWTO" or, "Who Said the Boss Wouldn't Be Back That Afternoon?" While President R. D. Foster eyes the scene critically, Maintenance Superintendent Orville Price and Selhy Coltsen, transcription librarian, park their paraphernalia and siesta on the main stairway.



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

By the time this issue of the Dial reaches you, we'll be well into September; the Dog Days will be over and gone, and while the days will be mostly sunny and warm, there will be a tinge of coolness in the night air, reminding us that golden October will be the next month in the march of time and the "glamour season" will soon be here. Already there are red leaves showing up on the sassafras and sumac bushes along the Ozarks roads, preparatory to their flaming coloring a little later on when they will literally be "afire with God." Down by the brook the golden sunflowers are blooming, and in most every field, pasture and woods lot, some sort of little yellow wild flower will be blooming, for yellow is always the predominating color of the fall wild flowers in this latitude. In the fields the corn is still tall and green, but the big ears, now in the denting stage, as they say when the grains begin to harden and little dents appear in them, is fully mature, and many of the bigger ears are drooping on the stalk for this is going to be one of the biggest corn years for the Ozarks in a decade of good crops.

September, the ninth month of our year, was the seventh month of the old Roman Calendar and gets its name from the Latin word "septem," meaning seven. Several Roman Emperors sought to give their names to September, but the innovations did not survive. It will be on the 23rd day of this month that Fall will officially begin. On that day at 8:44 a. m. (Ozarks Time) the sun will be directly over the equator on his way back south, the days and nights will become equal, and the Autumnal Equinox will arrive.

There will be an interesting astronomical event this month. On the night of the 26th the earth will pass directly between the sun and the moon and the earth's shadow will completely blot out Luna for nearly an hour. A total eclipse of the moon can only occur when the moon is in direct opposition to the sun, or that phase of the moon known as "full." Although completely engulfed in the earth's shadow the night of September 26th, the full moon will take on a reddish-copper hue, an eerie sight in the night skies.

And speaking of the moon and its effect on the earth and its inhabitants, science does not give much cognizance to the widespread belief that there really are relation and effect. Still, if you want to put faith in them, it is one of your many great American privileges. I do not have the slightest quarrel

or argument to give you if you do believe in signs. Your well-known and beloved contemporary correspondent in the Dial, May Kennedy McCord, at least makes us believe that she believes in such things. May was highly honored by being made Missouri's Mother of the Year just recently and we should always have faith and believe in "mother." On September 1st and 2nd, the sign will be in the head, on the 3rd, 4th and 5th, in the neck; 6th and 7th in the arms; 8th and 9th in the breast; 10th, 11th and 12th in the heart; 13th, 14th and 15th in the intestines (I can't use the word bowels); the 16th in the kidneys; on the on the 17th and 18th in the loins; on the 19th and 20th in the thighs; the 21st, 22nd and 23rd, in the knees; the 24th and 25th, the legs; the 26th, 27th and 28th in the feet and back to the head the 29th and 30th.

The best fishing days during September are said to be on the 15th, 16th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th, with good fishing on the 19th, 20th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. Where did I get these signs and information? They were handed down to me through the family and descendants of Old Chief "Cool 'Em Off," an Oklahoma Cherokee, whose great-granddaughter, married my half-uncle down in Ardmore in the latter part of the Gay 90's. (Editor's Note: Just remember he's the weather man, and given to flights of fancy.)

But really, fishing is always best, from my experience, in the month of September here in the Ozarks, and some of my best catches have been made in this month including the big four-pound small-mouth bass that I have mounted in my office, once pictured in the Dial.

Medicos will tell us that September is the healthiest month of the year and that fewer people die in this month than any other, but as only the good die young, I expect to live to a ripe old age. I believe it was Ben Franklin who penned that old saying;

**"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."**
I do not mean to be philosophical—but I'd say:

**Early to bed and early to rise
May have done very well with some old guys**

Who have joined the saints and gone to the skies.

But go to bed when you want to, get up when you please,

For you'll die anyway with some Latin disease.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

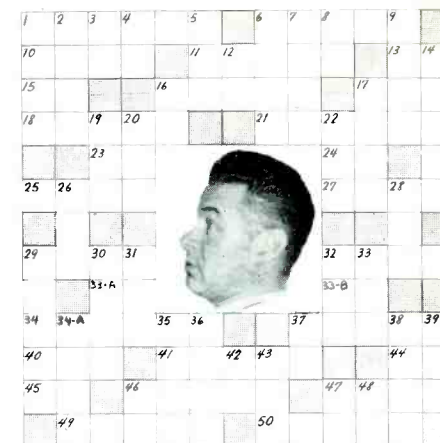
By Joe Slattery

ACROSS

1. Logs and 6. Pictured star.
10. Logs lashed together to form a "boat."
11. Even and horizontal.
13. Egyptian sun god.
15. Opposite of DC.
16. Behind; following.
17. Nothing.
18. Indian hemp.
21. To take note of.
23. First note of the scale.
24. Same as 15 across.
25. This covers the motor of your car.
27. Dexterous; skillful.
29. Where the serpent caused so much trouble.
32. First man.
- 33-A. Toward.
- 33-B. Royal Order (ab.).
34. Thin and puny (collog.).
37. To change or alter a statement or a piece of legislation.
40. Beige color.
41. Stand used by artists to support a painting.
44. Each (ab.).
45. Chemical symbol for "yttrium," a metallic element.
46. Argentine dictator.
47. One article in an account or list.
49. To be filled with longing.
50. Puts off; postpones, delays.

DOWN

1. To snatch something.
2. Every single one.
3. Preposition meaning with, from, about.
4. Right (ab.).
5. Woods-fairy; leprechaun.
6. Level; regular.
7. Prefix meaning "concerned with flight."
8. Royal Lodge (ab.).
9. Man's name (Norse).
12. Latin for "and."
14. Vigilant; wide-awake.
16. Agriculture (ab.).
17. Refined; pleasing and agreeable.
19. Fuss and bother.
20. To signal with a bow of the head.
22. If you add a "pole" to this, you'll get a baby frog.
26. Not young.
28. Federal Housing Administration.
29. Not full.
30. Famous English boys' school for which a collar and jacket have been named.
31. Used with, and following, "neither."
32. Human upper limb.
33. Female deer.
- 34-A. Having oat-like characteristics or flavor.
35. Sly, sinister grin.



36. Used in knitting.
37. Nickname for "Alfred."
38. Poetic abbreviation of "never."
39. A bank or wall across a watercourse (pl.).
42. Fifth note of the scale.
43. Opposite of the beginning.
46. Slang for "father."
47. Conjunction meaning "in case that."
48. Topographical engineer (ab.).

NEW BARDAHL SHOW

At KWTO we like to think of Bardahl, a motor lubricant that is added both to gas tank and crank case, as the product radio has helped build. When Bardahl signed for KWTO spot announcements through the Harold Kirsch Agency of St. Louis over a year ago, it was brand new in the Ozarks. Lloyd B. Johnson of Lebanon, the distributor, had only a handful of dealers and some motorists even had to call KWTO to learn where to buy it.

Just last month, Kirsch, Johnson and Dave Knost of St. Louis, district sales manager, came to see us, and we found them three of the friendliest fellows we ever met. Now, with hundreds of dealers throughout the Ozarks and customers coming steadily back for more Bardahl, the company felt ready to increase its KWTO time. Johnson, with an assist from KWTO advertising, had built his distributorship into a big operation in less than a year.

So for Bardahl and Bardahl Dealers you're hearing, over KWTO every Tuesday and Thursday from 5:30 to 6 p. m., a new program called "Meet the Band." It's just the kind of pleasant and relaxing music you'll enjoy before and during dinner time. And around KWTO we're pretty proud of it because it means that we've helped to get a new business, in our own Ozarks area, off to a good start.

PAT BAUMANN

TO BE WED IN LEBANON

One of the prettiest, most piquant personalities on the KWTO staff will have been wedlocked and off on her honeymoon by the time this issue of *The Dial* reaches you. She is the former Patricia Baumann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Baumann of Lebanon, now Mrs. Donald H. Jenkins, Jr.

Pat has been one of George Earle's "gals Friday" for several years, attending SMS part-time and working in George's continuity department as a copy-writer, until she quit school in the spring. ("By that time it wasn't education I needed," Pat says. "It was a good cook book and a kitchen to practice in.") At SMS she was an active and well-loved member of Alpha Delta Pi sorority. A year ago last January a sorority sister arranged a "blind date" for Pat with a Pine Bluff, Ark., boy who was attending Missouri School of Mines at Rolla. "We didn't get along at all," Pat grins. "He was—and is—the handsomest fellow you ever saw: Black hair, six feet-two, blue-gray eyes, dark. I was sure he must be conceited and teased him mercilessly." A year later the 23-year-old college boy and the 20-year-old college-and-continuity girl who "didn't get along" were planning marriage as soon as he graduated.

Only members of the family—Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Jenkins of Pine Bluff, the Baumans, and close friends from their homes and from Springfield—are to attend the wedding Sept. 2 at 4 p. m. at Trinity Episcopal Church, Lebanon. "And you can't say where we're going on our honeymoon," Pat cautioned, "because it isn't far away and Don is afraid some of his Sigma Nu fraternity brothers will decide to join us."

Pat will wear a navy faille suit with three-quarter-length sleeves and a coachman cut to the fitted and flared jacket. Her navy velvet has a veil that ties under the chin; her shoes will be navy, her gloves white kid, her corsage of white orchids. David Jenkins will serve his brother as best man. Maid of honor will be Pat's sister, Teresa, dressed in beige with beige and black accessories. There will be a reception for the guests following the ceremony, and Pat has insisted that the traditional three-tiered wedding cake, topped with miniature bride and groom, have the old fashioned wedding symbols baked in—a thimble for the old maid, a button for the bachelor, a ring for the next-to-be-wed, and all the others.

Pat and Don will live in Joplin, where he is a sales engineer with Missouri Steel Castings Co.

INQUIRING REPORTER

Selby Coffeen: If you had your "druthers," what kind of home would you most like to have? City? Country? What style? In other words, what's your dream home like?

Bob White: After eight months of hard work, Waneta and I are as close to it as any home I've seen. I have bought and adapted plans and built myself, with the assistance of Junior Haworth's father, a four-room home at Galloway. We have an acre of ground, and the house itself is varnished pine and buff brick, with a big L-shaped living-dining room and a cheerful fireplace. The terrace is also buff brick and there is a long flower box built into it right next to the house, flush with the terrace, in the modern manner.

Thelma Robertson: Lonnie and Jarrett and I will always be happiest, of course, in the country. My dream is of a ranch-type house because that sort is informal and easy to keep up. I would want native stone with some color to it, and unlimited space to grow flowers and shrubs.

Derrell Friend: We like the suburbs best. A cobblestone bungalow, roomy, with a big lawn and garden plot, would be ideal. And the first thing I'd build would be an outdoor fireplace for backyard picnics and barbecues.

Chuck Hesington: Bunny and I have agreed that 10 acres is an absolute minimum on which to build an ideal home, so of course it would have to be suburban. We'd like the rambling ranch type, perhaps combining redwood with cream brick or stucco, and with a couple of big picture windows. It would have to have a "rumpus" room, and a completely automatic kitchen, with garbage disposal, automatic dish-washer and range that reaches out and taps you on the shoulder when the biscuits are done.

Evidence of how much her starry-eyed smile and cheerfulness will be missed, both by her sorority sisters and her KWTO friends, piled up at showers given for her. Her KWTO shower produced such handsome presents as a white nylon gown with matching lace-trimmed peignoir; satin lingerie, hose, a place-setting in her sterling pattern. Alpha Delta Pi girls showered her with a starter set in burgundy pottery; kitchen utensils; linens, glassware, a lamp, sterling, pillow cases—and that much-needed cookbook. "How's my cooking now?" Pat looks apprehensive. "Still pretty experimental!"

Alta McElroy of the Continuity Department and Beulah Nunn, formerly of KWTO Continuity and now (and sorely missed) with KICK, will attend the wedding.

SCHEDULE FOR SEPTEMBER**WEEKDAYS AND SATURDAY**

5:00 a. m.—Yawn Patrol
 5:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 6:00 a. m.—Hillbilly Tune Time
 6:15 a. m.—Down Home Folks
 6:15 a. m.—Farm Facts (S)
 6:30 a. m.—Haden Trio
 6:30 a. m.—Robin Hood Hoedown (S)
 6:45 a. m.—Down Home Folks
 7:00 a. m.—Goodwill Family
 7:15 a. m.—Slim Wilson
 7:30 a. m.—Newscast
 7:45 a. m.—Yellow Bonnet Show
 7:45 a. m.—Republican Party Reports (S)
 8:00 a. m.—Derrel Friend
 8:15 a. m.—Bill Ring Show
 8:15 a. m.—Derrel Friend (S)
 8:25 a. m.—Weatherman Williford
 8:30 a. m.—Breakfast Club—ABC
 8:30 a. m.—Jordanaires (S)
 8:45 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock (S)
 9:00 a. m.—Freddie Martin Orchestra
 9:00 a. m.—Breakfast at Keller's (S)
 9:15 a. m.—"One Man's Opinion"—ABC
 9:20 a. m.—Program Notes
 9:25 a. m.—Betty Crocker—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—Farm News, Markets (S)
 9:45 a. m.—Newscast
 10:00 a. m.—Saddle Rockin' Rhythm
 (M-W-F)
 10:00 a. m.—Robin Hood Hoedown (T-Th)
 10:00 a. m.—Meet Your Neighbor (S)
 10:15 a. m.—Kitchen Talks
 10:30 a. m.—Guide to Happier Living
 10:30 a. m.—What's New (S)
 10:45 a. m.—Slim Wilson
 11:00 a. m.—Ozark Farm Hour
 11:00 a. m.—101 Ranch Boys—ABC (S)
 11:15 a. m.—Markets
 11:20 a. m.—Farm Hour
 11:30 a. m.—C. C. Keller
 11:30 a. m.—American Farmer—ABC (S)
 11:35 a. m.—Farm Hour
 12:00 noon—Lloyd Evans
 12:15 p. m.—Goodwill Family
 12:30 p. m.—Newscast
 12:45 p. m.—Man on the Street
 1:00 p. m.—Share the Wealth
 1:00 p. m.—Navy Recruiting (S)
 1:15 p. m.—Ma Perkins
 1:15 p. m.—Guest Star (S)
 1:30 p. m.—Young Dr. Malone

1:30 p. m.—Where There's Music—ABC(S)
 1:45 p. m.—Judy and Jane
 2:00 p. m.—Bride and Groom—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Treasury Show—ABC (S)
 2:25 p. m.—White House Report—ABC
 2:30 p. m.—Korn Kobblers
 2:30 p. m.—Horse Race—ABC (S)
 2:45 p. m.—Down Home Folks
 2:45 p. m.—Old, New, Blue—ABC (S)
 3:00 p. m.—Luncheon Club—ABC
 3:00 p. m.—Tea and Crumpets—ABC (S)
 3:25 p. m.—Carol Douglas—ABC
 3:30 p. m.—Goodwill Family
 3:45 p. m.—Johnny Willis
 3:45 p. m.—Here's to Veterans (S)
 4:00 p. m.—Creamo News
 4:15 p. m.—Markets
 4:25 p. m.—Do You Know
 4:25 p. m.—Ark. Conservation Comm. (S)
 4:30 p. m.—Weatherman Williford
 4:35 p. m.—Everett Mitchell (M-W-F)
 4:35 p. m.—Interlude (T-Th-S)
 4:40 p. m.—Interlude
 4:45 p. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 4:45 p. m.—Stars on Parade (S)
 5:00 p. m.—Jack Hunt
 5:00 p. m.—Ozark Traveller (S)
 5:15 p. m.—Ozark Newsettes
 5:30 p. m.—Meet the Band
 5:30 p. m.—Harry Wismer—ABC (S)
 5:45 p. m.—Christian Science Program (S)
 6:00 p. m.—Newscast
 6:15 p. m.—Sports Spotlight
 6:25 p. m.—Edwin C. Hill—ABC (M-W-F)
 6:30 p. m.—Lone Ranger—ABC (M-W-F)
 6:30 p. m.—Jack Armstrong—ABC (T-Th)
 6:30 p. m.—Buzz Adlam—ABC (S)

SUNDAY PROGRAMS

6:30 a. m.—Methodist Hour
 7:00 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 7:30 a. m.—Cote Glee Club
 7:45 p. m.—Happy Hollis Warren
 8:00 a. m.—Newscast
 8:15 a. m.—Sermons in Song
 8:30 a. m.—May Kennedy McCord
 8:45 a. m.—Al and Lee Stone
 9:00 a. m.—Message of Israel—ABC
 9:30 a. m.—Riders of the Purple Sage
 9:45 a. m.—Haden Trio
 10:00 a. m.—Voice of Prophecy—ABC
 10:30 a. m.—Hour of Faith—ABC
 11:00 a. m.—National Guard Show
 11:15 a. m.—First Baptist Church
 12:00 noon—Public Service Program
 12:30 p. m.—Revival Time
 1:00 p. m.—Newscast
 1:15 p. m.—Drury Quarter Hour
 1:30 p. m.—Mr. President—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of Music
 2:30 p. m.—Music of Today—ABC
 3:00 p. m.—Revival Hour—ABC

- 4:00 p. m.—Lutheran Hour—ABC
- 4:30 p. m.—Think Fast—ABC
- 5:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson—ABC
- 5:15 p. m.—Monday Headlines—ABC
- 5:30 p. m.—Speaking of Songs—ABC
- 6:00 p. m.—Stop the Music—ABC
- 7:00 p. m.—Voices That Live—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Amazing Mr. Malone—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell—ABC
- 8:15 p. m.—Jergens Journal—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Cross Roads, T. Malone—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Jimmy Blaine Show—ABC
- 9:15 p. m.—Love Letters Set to Music—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Jackie Robinson Show—ABC
- 9:45 p. m.—George Sokolsky—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Thoughts in Passing—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

MONDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Inner Sanctum—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Henry J. Taylor—ABC
- 7:45 p. m.—Spotlight on Industry
- 8:00 p. m.—Treasury Show—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Solo and Soliloquy—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—United—or Not?—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Martha Lou Hart Show—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

TUESDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Modern Romances—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Million Dollar Ballroom
- 8:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Proudly We Hail
- 9:00 p. m.—Time for Defense—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—C. I. O.—ABC
- 9:45 p. m.—It's Your Business—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Dr. Riepma Speaks

- 7:15 p. m.—Hollis Warren
- 7:30 p. m.—Cliche Club—ABC
- 8:00 p. m.—Detour—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—To Be Announced—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Lawrence Welk Orch.—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—On Trial—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

THURSDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Modern Romances—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Million Dollar Ballroom
- 8:00 p. m.—Original Amateur Hour—ABC
- 8:45 p. m.—Robt. Montgomery—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Author Meets Critic—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Paul Harvey—ABC
- 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
- 10:15 p. m.—Sports Report—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 10:55 p. m.—Gems for Thought—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

FRIDAY NIGHT

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

SATURDAY NIGHT

- 7:00 p. m.—Shoot the Moon—ABC
- 7:30 p. m.—Million Dollar Ballroom
- 8:00 p. m.—What Makes You Tick—ABC
- 8:30 p. m.—Can You Top This?—ABC
- 9:00 p. m.—Sat'day at the Shamrock—ABC
- 9:30 p. m.—Dixieland Jambake—ABC
- 10:15 p. m.—Tops in Sports—ABC
- 10:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra—ABC
- 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

THE SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from Page SEVEN)

Sunday from 11:15 until noon, are already familiar with his "church militant" philosophy, expounded in one of the most resonant, sympathetic and powerful voices in all radio. They will be interested to know that he has long used this medium of following Christ's apostolic injunction to carry the spoken Word to others. He was on the air for a number of years during his nine-year Wichita Falls pastorate with direct broadcast of the full church service. And

when he left there, six years ago, for evangelical work with the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention with headquarters in Atlanta, he continued to broadcast to Wichita by telephone hookup from wherever he happened to be, anywhere from Maryland to California, carrying his own microphone and amplifier with him. A Dallas station also carried his Sunday evening sermons by transcription for a year, giving him a decade of radio experience.

Mrs. Eastham, an extremely attractive woman with graying hair, a quick smile and

(Continued on Page SEVENTEEN)

FARMING AT 560BY CHARLES C. KELLER
CO. AGENT AT LARGE

"Farming" at 560 is one of the quickest ways to get the latest and best information that farmers want and need. Every station that I have contacted in the country tells me that farmers want markets, weather, agricultural news and agricultural information, and 560 carries all of these things. At 11:30 every day from Monday through Friday, we keep you supplied with the latest and best information on your farm problems.

* * *

What does farming at 560 mean? First, you are always warned of when a plague of bugs and worms is making its appearance in your community. Your State College of Agriculture has a staff of people whose job it is to study these problems for you and let you know, for example, when to expect army worms, chinch bugs, grasshoppers, etc. Through 560 we always tell you about these timely problems and what to do about them. Your College of Agriculture, maintains, in your County Agent's Office up-to-date bulletins, blue prints, and various other types of information. We always call your attention to such things as the time for seeding alfalfa, the necessary steps in the cutting and curing of hay, the spraying of your orchards.

* * *

You people who live in towns have flower beds; you have soil problems in your gardens. You will always find instructions for controlling plant diseases, bugs and blights at 560 on your dial.

* * *

I know an agent in Texas who moved to a new county two counties away. A few months after leaving he saw some farmers from the county where he used to be. They told him that they hardly missed him, that they got more information from him in his new location than they did from him when he was in their county—because they heard him on the radio!

* * *

Five-sixty maintains other farm service features: Loyd Evans at 12 noon through the week and at 6:15 a. m. and 9:30 a. m. Saturday; the American Farmer program at 11:30 on Saturday. I remind you of these things because every good Ozarks citizen should know how much the educational usefulness of radio has done and is doing to help this region prosper. Because the farmer has a quick, up-to-date source of news pertinent to his work, he saves time and energy, learns new methods faster, and is able to build up the productivity of his land, his land or his flocks in record time.

The best solutions available to the problems that face him are no farther away than his radio dial, tuned to 560. It is a mistake to think of radio in terms of its entertainment value alone. The services of 560 in informing, educating and unifying the Ozarks in the past 10 or 15 years have been priceless to us all.

WHO ARE THEY?

. . . NAME THE STARS

In case you can't contain yourself longer without knowing the identity of last month's quiz characters (many of our Dial readers were able to guess both of them right): No. 1, who won an amateur contest with his yodel and a borrowed guitar, was Junior Haworth. No. 2, who might have been "a politician . . . or a millionaire," was our sizzling August cover star, C. C. Williford.

Answers to the July "Who Are They?": No. 1, the Billings-born author of *Hillosophy*, Floyd Sullivan. No. 2, the South Dakota girl, Sue Thompson.

Try your familiarity with KWTO talent on these:

1. This Kansas State College student deserted his home state, Missouri, both for higher education and for his first few years in radio. Appropriately, in view of his present work, he was born in Cowgill, Mo.

2. The first ballad she learned was "Red Wing," and she recorded it on a neighbor's old cylinder recorder back in Tennessee when she was eight years old. With such an early start, of course, she's been singing ever since. Who is she?

Answers in the October Dial.

HEARTBEATS

(Continued from page EIGHT)

way. He could fire his gun in any direction. He could dump his refuse into the stream. He could prop his legs on the table or wipe his nose on the tablecloth. He could bring his pig into the parlor and even sleep with it; if the pig didn't object. He could snore in his sleep, smoke in bed and leave the light on all night. He could knead his bread without washing his hands, put garlic in his sausage and onions in his soup. He could fish, hunt or work, or just lie on his back and spit at the ceiling. That was on Thursday. **But this was Friday!**"

And so, the old order changeth—Are we going "back'ards or for'ards," as Aunt Susan used to say? You tell Me!

Goodbye, and I am yours till the moon turns green. **MAY**

THE SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from Page FIFTEEN)

complete sympathy with her husband's hobbies as well as his work, also has a beautiful voice—"ever soft, gentle and low." But it was not in use as Shakespeare describes it when the Easthams first met. Wanda Siddall and young Fred Eastham, fellow-Texans and fellow-students at Hardin College, both tried out as yell leaders, howling at the tops of their voices. Both were chosen, shared the fun of trips with the basketball and football teams, and married on the fourth of September some 26 years ago.

Dr. Eastham was born in Beaumont, Tex., December 11, 1899. There were no ministers in the family (his father was a plumbing contractor as is his brother, who still lives there), but both parents were close to their respective churches, the one Baptist, the other Methodist. Feeling a definite call to the ministry when he was about 15, Dr. Eastham joined the Baptist church, filled his first pastorate (900 members) when only 18, working as a price clerk in a Beaumont hardware store summers, afternoons and Saturdays as well. He attended New Orleans Baptist Seminary, Baylor University, served in the first World War, returned to Hardin College, took his doctorate at Simmons University in Abilene, and serves now as a trustee of that school. He served churches in Silsbee, Dallas and Eastland, Texas, as well as Wichita Falls.

Work with the Home Missions Board took the Easthams to Alaska, Cuba, throughout the United States, and promised fulfillment of his longing to do evangelical work, but two operations for removal of a spinal disk, and a lingering and painful infection that followed, made travel a tremendous strain. "The call to Springfield, the need here for a new church, young people to work with—all these," says Mrs. Eastham, "have proved not too far from evangelism after all. And they came to us at a much-needed time."

The work of the pastorate, with 4500 members, two buildings to be managed and a third under construction, has grown to such proportions that Dr. Eastham has at last had to give up the big vegetable garden that he often cultivated by light at night.

"He grew enough for several hotels, and last year I canned from 500 to 600 quarts of fruits and vegetables," Mrs. Eastham tells you. They have not, however, given up their flowers—roses, dahlias, peonies, bulbs of various kinds, and Rev. Eastham's specialty, pansies. He orders 200 plants from Louisiana every fall, and grows them big enough to cover the top of a coffee cup. Last fall's ice and frost warnings came when Dr. East-

HILLOSOPHY

... BY FLOYD SULLIVAN

Here it is September—an' time to start outfittin' th' young'ns fer school again. Don't it take a heap uv butter an' egg money to keep a young'n up smart nowdays? I've never seen th' like!

I jest up an' axed Uncle Dave Hanks—down at th' store where we do our tradin'—why it costs so all-fired much to buy clothes fer a fryin'-sized boy goin' to country school. Uncle Dave shifted his cud uv homespun twist chawin' terbacker to his "off-jaw" an' hit th' box-full uv sawdust, over by th' drum stove, dead center th' first squirt. Maybe you don't know, but Dave is th' best free style, false teeth terbacker spitter in Christian County. He can play "Hell Among Th' Yearlin's" on a brass spittoon 'til it sounds mighty nigh like bells, with Hank Bledsoe doin' th' lead on a fiddle.

Anyway, Dave give me a sorta 'possum grin, lookin' over th' top uv his steel-rimmed specks, an' said: "You'd be willin' to pay a heap more'n it cost **you** to go to school jest to keep your young'n frum windin' up a no 'count like you—wouldn't you?" All I could say wuz "yes"—so I did. Then Dave shifted his terbacker to his "near-jaw" an' said: "Well, th' fellers back east that make kids clothes figured that out before you did."

Nowdays most kids put their shoes an' stockin's back on in September when they start to school, but back in th' early 1900's, I used to go barefooted 'till first frost—an' I reckon that habit caused my Pa to give me one uv th' worst smackin's I ever got in my life. One mornin' in early November, me and Pa went down to th' village post-office to git our mail. There wuz frost on th' board sidewalks an' my feet wuz mighty blue. We met th' Baptist preacher an' him and Pa started talkin' at one another. I wuz rubbin' my cold feet. All at once Pa said: "Son, why didn't you wear your shoes this mornin'?" An' I axed: "What shoes, Pa?" That dad-blasted preacher laughed—an' when we got away frum everybody, Pa smacked me awful hard an' said I didn't have no sense. 'Course that's been a long time ago, but now I know Pa wuz right, 'cause I always have had a way uv openin' my mouth an' puttin' my foot in it, right in front uv the wrong people.

ham was in Colorado, "and I," moans Mrs. Eastham, "had to run out every night and cover the plants. If the preacher had come

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DEAR DIAL:**QUESTION COLUMN**

Q. What church do Penny Nichols, Buster Fellows, Vern Hawkins, Lou Black and Loyd Evans go to? Is Vern married? (D. E. B., Marshfield, Mo.)

A. The church affiliations are: Penny—Christian Church; Buster—Fundamental Baptist; Vern—Baptist; Lou—Methodist; Loyd—Baptist. Vern Hawkins is still single.

Q. How old are Junior Haworth, his wife and their little girls? Do they live on a farm? How old is C. C. Williford? (Mrs. L. H., Mt. Sherman, Ark.)

A. Junior is 28, Wanna Fay 26, Shirley Jean seven and Donna Sue four. Williford admits only, in his own words, to being a "product of the Gay 90's, the Mauve Decade," but last October's Dial biography of him fixes his age at close to 60.

Q. How old are Mary Elizabeth, Jimmy and Junior Haden? How did Jim get his name of "Smokey Mountain"? (G. W., Stark City, Mo.)

A. Junior is 24, Mary Elizabeth will be 22 in October, Jimmy is 18 this month. Uncle Carl nicknamed Jim "Smokey Mountain" because from childhood, he seemed to have a special aptitude for the minor harmonies of old West Virginia and Smokey Mountain ballads, and could follow their harmonies almost instinctively.

Q. Does Jimmy Haden go to school? (F. M., West Plains, Mo.)

A. No.

Q. Where are Bob Morrison and Jack Crandall? Has Mary Haden Davidson any children? How old is Penny Nichols? How about pictures of Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell? (L. C., Sparta, Mo.)

A. Bob and Jack are both, as it happens, in Wichita, Kan., but Jack is not doing radio work. Mary Davidson has no children. Penny is 22. The pictures you ordered are coming right up.

Q. Is Jack Hunt married and how old is he? Where do George Morgan and his wife live? (A. D., Warsaw, Mo.)

A. Jack Hunt's program comes to us transcribed and we have not, to date, received any information on his private life. George and his wife have moved from Ohio to Nashville, and he is now back on Grand Ole Opry.

Q. How old is Lexie White? May I have a picture of Junior Haworth? (L. L., El Dorado Springs, Mo.)

A. Lexie is 32. We are not able to send pictures of various stars to listeners, but you'll find Junior pictured in The Dial frequently—as on this month's cover.

Q. Are Junior and Jim Haden preachers? tall are they and what do they weigh?

THE SPOTLIGHT

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home and found them frozen he'd have been mighty unhappy."

The Easthams have no children—they lost a girl at birth—but have frequently taken youngsters into their home to help with their education and rearing.

It was pleasant, at the close of our interview, to hear Dr. Eastham say:

"It's been a real privilege to work with KWTO, and I've always received the finest courtesy, cooperation and consideration from the station because its management fully appreciates the importance of religious broadcasting. It means much to be able to transmit the full service to shut-ins and those far from their home churches."

We can say the same of Dr. Eastham. His sermons, the magnificent choir of 40 voices under the direction of Russell Newport, the music or organist Wilfred Adler and pianist Mrs. John Moore of the First Baptist Church, are an outstanding contribution to KWTO's Sunday programming. And his own charm and sincerity make it a great pleasure to work with him.

How old is Charlie Haden? (Stilwell, Okla.)

A. No, they are not preachers. Junior is five feet, six inches and weighs 185 pounds; Jim is five feet, nine inches and weighs 131; Charlie is 13 years old.

Q. Is Derrell Friend married? Do George Earle and his wife have a little girl? (A. M. C., Clifty, Ark.)

A. Derrell, his wife and two children were pictured in the July Dial. George and his wife have two boys, no girls.

Q. Is Slim Wilson Buster Fellows uncle? (C. C. C., Craddock, Mo.)

A. No kin.

Q. Does Doc Martin write those "Little Theater" plays on the Farm and Home Hour? (Mrs. L. F. H., Pomona, Mo.)

A. Yes. Pretty clever boy, our Doc, isn't he?

Q. Are George Rhodes and Slim Wilson related? (Mrs. C. Y., Brixey, Mo.)

A. Again, no kin. Slim is related only to Aunt Martha (his sister) and Junior Haworth (his nephew and her son) among KWTO staff members.

Q. Why aren't the Carters on by transcription? When will Chuck Bowers be back on KWTO? (P. C., Springfield.)

A. The Carters had time, before they left for Nashville, to transcribe only 39 15-minute programs. All these have run and no more are left. We hoped Chuck Bowers would come back to us last spring, but he was unable to do so because of contracts for engagements in Kansas City and Iowa.



★ KWTO SCHEDULES OUTSTANDING ABC FEATURES FOR AUTUMN

Good listening for the "indoors" months ahead is promised via ABC-KWTO with: (1.) The return of Commentator Drew Pearson from his vacation on September 10, back at his old 5 p. m. Sunday time for Adam Hats. (2.) Continuation of the Lone Ranger's adventure at 6:30, Mon., Wed., and Fri., sponsored by General Mills. Jack Armstrong will be heard on alternate evenings, Tues.

and Thurs., at the same time, for Wheaties, beginning September 5. (3.) Robert Montgomery's outstanding commentaries on current events are back at the old time for Lee Hats—Thursday evenings at 8:45. (4.) Walter Winchell winds up his vacation and returns for Richard Hudnut sponsorship to the famous 8 p. m. Sunday time he has filled for 16 years and built to a great rating.

LYLE HOLDER
MARIONVILLE, MO.

4-51

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★ PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH—ELUSIVE OLD EATHERHAM HOBBS

For the benefit of those who came in late, and ordered the June Dial, with Eatherham and Lonnie Robertson on the cover, after we'd sold out of copies, here's another (and probably the last) picture of that curious old codger. When he came up from Gobbler's Knob to have this one made, Photographer Reuel Haymes had to promise to destroy the

negative after making only one copy. "Cain't tell," Eatherham mumbled skeptically. "The widder, she might git a-holt uv it an' whomp up one uv them love-spells. I seen enough good fellers hexed an' I ain't takin' no chances." Eatherham's tin-can tenor, asthmatic yodel and tall tales are bright spots on KWTO's Ozarks Farm and Home Hour.