

The **KW to 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 11-48 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.



BABY OF THE MONTH

Here's talent for you—a super-seamstress (doll clothes a specialty) at four-and-a-half. She's Bonnie Sharon, daughter of announcer Chuck Heslington and his wife.

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO

BY THE EDITOR OF THE DIAL

While **George Earle** and **Dickie** hurriedly readied for a dinner engagement, 21-months-old **Rickie**, already dressed, entertained himself by poking through a basket of clothes just off the line. The cab arrived, Dickie dashed out, George held the door open for the youngster, and he pranced toward the taxi. It was then, to the everlasting embarrassment of the Earles, that they discovered the reason for the cab driver's uncontrolled laughter. In each hand Dickie dangled a pair of dainty pink silk unmentionables! . . . Another **Dale Parkerism**: "High heels were invented by a girl who was kissed on the forehead" . . . Picture-pretty: **Sharon Kay Haden** in her pink and blue plaidingham Busy Bee dress, with the Gibson Girl collar and bow under her chin . . . It's start of his third year of Cub-Scouting for Charlie Haden. His mother, Mary Jane, calls Scout work "The city boys' 4-H Club."

* * *

Disk-jockey **Jim Lowe**, so freshly out of college he still has a touch of diploma dew on his brow, and Program Director **Bill Ring**, such an ardent gridiron fan he

could eat a boiled football without gravy, week-ended in Columbia Oct. 9th for M. U.-Southern Methodist U. game. Bill dressed for warmth in a bright red flannel shirt, added a silver tie-clasp in the shape of a cowboy boot, and then discovered that most of S. M. U.'s rooters from Texas were similarly attired. He and Jim sat in the Missouri students' section, and Bill, to save himself from persecution as an "enemy partisan," covered up his western garb as much as possible by tying an M. U. pennant around his neck. "I either had to spend a buck for that pennant," he said, "or move to the Texas side of the stadium."

* * *

George Rhodes and **Buzz Fellows** put on an hilarious fiddling act at the Shrine Jesters' gathering at Taneycomo Hotel a few weeks ago, with the accent on moronic monotony. It was announced that they would play all requests, and for hours they fiddled their way through the gathering, barefooted, outlandishly garbed in faded overalls, tattered shirts and frayed straw hats, their teeth blackened, (Continued on PAGE SEVENTEEN)

HAYLOFT FROLIC

... BACK AGAIN!

Dry them tears, gal! That scampering 3:15 show, emceed by Lou Black, that was a casualty of autumn program juggling, has been revived and set back in the line-up. Kolor-Bak is the sponsor, and the team includes Penny Nichols, Luke McNeley, Dale Parker and Goo-Goo.

And just as nice as having the Hayloft contingent back at the old whomping ground, George Rhodes and Buster Fellows, backed up by Luke McNeley on bass, will follow the program with their own show of duet harmony on your favorite old ballads at 3:30. Talent changes have been made on Cornfield Follies at 3:45. It now includes Chuck Bowers, Doc Martin, Buster and Goo-Goo.

This news will be especially welcome to week-day afternoon studio visitors,

COVER STORY

It would be unfair to you, and slight the skill of Dial photographer Reuel Haymes, if we let you think for one mystified moment that the picture of Tommy Haden and Tom Turkey was taken all at one time. What little boy would care to get that close to a gobbler anyway? Reuel took turkey pictures on three different occasions before he got the right one. Then his negative of Tommy was cut out, superimposed, and the whole thing printed once again. Tommy's comment, when he saw the finished product: "When did I do that?"

who will have a full 45 minutes of through-the-studio-window enjoyment once again.

Return of Hayloft moves Pillsbury's Galen Drake, the man with the purple plush larynx, to 3 p. m.



MIXING BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (WITH CREAM AND SUGAR)

Bill Ring's long-promised party for the 4th anniversary of his 8:15 a. m. show finally came off, but Taystee Bread Co., program sponsor, was the real host. The "Jam Session With Taystee Toast" lasted from 8:30 in the morning until 10, completely demoralizing all offices—business, program, continuity, news and the Dial. Everybody knocked off work for toast, coffee and grape jam. The 9 a. m. ses-

sion included (left to right, above): Bill spreading it on thick, Elizabeth Cole, Joe Slattery, Alma Jean Cain, Bob White, Carolyn Hughes, Maxine Billington and pianist Bill Hickman. Bill started his sprightly, popular 10 minutes of morning fun when he returned from the Navy in '44, and it's been Taystee-sponsored for the past year, always beginning with his "Howdy Customers, how're you-all?"

SUCCESS STORY

... THE OUTLET CO.

Dial readers, as radio fans, already know something of the economics of the business. They understand, for example, that because KWTO carries a heavy schedule of advertising, it is able to maintain one of the largest live talent staffs of any station in the midwest.

It is interesting to note, however, that although daytime KWTO covers a 93-county area in four states, many primarily local advertisers find it a useful medium for building business. A good example is the Original Outlet Furniture Co. at the corner of McDaniel and South Streets in Springfield. This three-floor establishment, specializing in high-style furniture at easy prices, is comparatively new, having opened in April of 1947. Co-managers George McCrosky and Alman Lazenby, entering a highly competitive market, wanted to get their story told quickly and frequently, so they started right out with a schedule of spot announcements on KWTO. A surprisingly quick response soon justified increasing their air time to three five-minute programs a week, and later five, with Slim Wilson. They now buy one of KWTO's top acts, The Haden Family, at 5 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri., and have only recently renewed that contract for the second time.

"When we had 1700 calls from one announcement, we knew what a job KWTO could do for us," Lazenby told The Dial. "But the kind of job is especially interesting. KWTO's reputation for friendliness and neighborliness has worked to great advantage to us in building a new business, attracting just the type of customer we like to have. We find, too, that KWTO's effectiveness as a unifying force in the entire Ozarks area, breaking down state barriers and building a kind of 'Ozarks family consciousness,' brings us customers from as far away as Cotter, Ark., Kansas and even Oklahoma, as well as counties well to the east and north in Missouri.

"Because we stress friendliness in customer contacts, we're happy to have Outlet Furniture identified with KWTO."

INQUIRING REPORTER

Violet Gamble Morton: What is your favorite Thanksgiving dessert?

Sue Thompson: I always want minced meat and pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving. I've always had them ever since I can remember . . . and tummy aches afterward.

Slim Wilson: Coconut pie! I like it better than any other dessert. I always look forward to a special occasion like Thanksgiving, because I know my wife will bake one.

Zed Tennis: My favorite dessert for Thanksgiving is pumpkin pie topped with whipped cream. It leaves a sweet taste in my mouth and makes me wish Thanksgiving came more often.

Doc Martin: Chocolate pudding! I like it every day, and don't think I ought to chaze on Thanksgiving.

Chuck Bowers: I always want turkey, bread-dressing and gravy for Thanksgiving, and who needs any dessert after a dinner like that?

WHO ARE THEY?

Here are two more sticklers in our "name the stars" puzzle. Had you noticed that our game is getting more and more difficult by the month? These will really be hard to get. Answers to last month's quiz follow them.

1. Her real name is Olive, but she shed it a long, long time ago—except for pay-check purposes.

2. You might think he's a singer instead of an instrumentalist, with a first name, "Ulyan," that sounds like the tag-end of one of Penny Nichol's more imaginative yodels.

Answers to October's teasers: "J. Henry Head" was "Shorty" to his Ash Grove schoolmates, added the "Thompson" when he went into radio. Why? "Shorty Head," he explains, "sounded like some freak in a sideshow with a hairline where his nose ought to be." "Lila Marjorie Fahrer" picked up the "Penny" because she is copper-haired, and the "Nichols" through matrimony.



1. It happened in Korn's-A-Krackin' rehearsal, when Geo-Goo took a deep breath, hit a high note in a "Flash and Whistler" number, and got so deflated he almost lost his trousers. Sue Thompson (left) stands by to catch him, Shorty tries to revive him with a fanning hat as he swoons with embarrassment.

2. There's plenty of pulchritude behind-the-scenes in radio. Foreground: "Billie" Billington of Program Department, Beulah Nunn of Continuity. Back row: Pat Baumann and Alta McElroy of Continuity, Executive Secretary Elizabeth Cole.

3. Our former transcribed stars, Blackwood Brothers, have been radio and concert hits for 12 years. They demonstrate their theme, "Gives the World a Smile": Bill Lyles, bass; R. W. Blackwood, baritone; James Blackwood, manager and spokesman; Roy Blackwood, first tenor; Doyle Blackwood, second tenor. Seated is Hilton Griswold, pianist.

4. Mrs. Homer Wright of Bolivar does the guessing for Man-at-the-Stockyards Carl Haden: How many Lipscomb pellets in the jar?

BILL RING ATTENDS STRAFFORD CELEBRATION

Ben Messick Day in Strafford, honoring the famous painter who is that community's contribution to American art, was a big day for Bill Ring as well. Bill returned to his home town to act as a judge in the parade during the afternoon, drove

back to Springfield to eat his dinner and pick up Thelma, and returned for the carnival that night. He introduced Messick, who crowned the carnival queen, 8th grader Donna Triplett, and enjoyed the exhibit of Messick's work.

OFF THE CUFF

A ROUNDUP OF NEWS
ABOUT KWTO STARS

The Saddle Rockin' Rhythm crew—**Shorty** and **Sue Thompson**, **Zed Tennis** and **Bob White**—was scheduled to entertain the rally at the Frisco station that preceded Truman's arrival in Springfield last month. They played a couple of numbers and then Shorty spoke to "what looked to me like ten acres of people." It was mighty nice of all those folks, he told them, to turn out to welcome him back to the Ozarks . . . "But they're here to see Truman," Zed prompted in a stage whisper. "Well," Shorty told the crowd apologetically, "everybody makes mistakes. Zed, here, a Nixa boy, might have been president himself if he'd taken up piano instead of fiddle."

* * *

Dale Parker, **Luke McNeley**, **Buster Fellows**, **Goo-Goo** and **George Rhodes** formed an entertainment team for the Versailles Fox Hunt Oct. 18th, stopping for a catfish dinner in Warsaw on the way there, and arriving about 7:30. "One of the finest crowds we ever played to," Dale reported. "We followed the high school band in a big fair grounds building that was quite comfortable, although it was chilly outside" . . . George was as entertained as he was entertaining. "Just think," he said, "I was brought up in Taney County, used to hear the dogs running late at night when I was seven and eight years old, yet I'd never been in on even a part of a fox hunt until this one. The judges sleep inside, the hound-owners camp out on the fair grounds, and they all get up before they can begin to get to sleep and start the trials"

* * *

Slim Wilson, **Zed** and **George** almost missed their cue at an International Harvester affair at Marshfield the afternoon of Oct. 16th, they got so busy watching the clown-magician. "He could make anything disappear," Slim observed in wonder, "even **Goo-Goo**" . . . **Bill Ring** was director and **Ralph Foster** a star comedian of the Kiwanis Minstrels, which played to an audience of over 2000 in the Mosque the last of October.

* * *

Four KWTO-ers have parts in the

Springfield Little Theater play, "Joan of Lorraine," to be given the week of Dec. 5th: **Joe Slattery**, **Fred Rains**, **Bill Bailey** and the **Dial Editor** . . . It was **Bill** and **Lou Black** to the rescue the day **George Earle** and **Goo-Goo** got ready for Meek's Man-on-the-Street broadcast, found out they'd left the keys to the silver dollar treasure chest at the office. These Midwest Mounties arrived on the scene in front of Heer's exactly two minutes after the remote control engineer notified the engineer at the studio that the keys were needed . . . The last time **Doc Martin** took an afternoon nap in the little studio before the Cornfield Follies show, the rest of the boys didn't wake him—they let the theme song, switched by the engineer to a speaker above his head, tell him it was air time. He couldn't have jumped awake faster if he'd heard an explosion.

* * *

Back for a brief visit and a jam session with **Bob White** and **Zed Tennis**: **Dickie Phillips**, hottest fiddler in nine counties, who plays his violin laid across his knees. He learned that way when he was too small to hold it under his chin . . . Add delightful small fry: **Doc Martin's** six-year-old, **Mickey** . . . **Bill Ring** reports that young **Carl's** newest pet may not be as lovable as the setter, but it's cheaper to feed. It's a 12-year-old, 12-inch alligator, lives in a tub in the Rings' basement, eats a tablespoonful of hamburger meat every two weeks. "Maybe," suggests **Thelma**, "I can train him to be a handbag."

* * *

It was a busman's holiday when **Slim**, **Zed** and **George Rhodes** played West Plains the night of the 8th. They drove down early to visit the radio station, meet the program director . . . George had "tonsil trouble" when Korn's-A-Krackin' played Waynesville (Fort Wood Theater) under Lion's Club sponsorship early in the month, the weekend the fine new airport was dedicated. "I saw a real exciting, shoot-em-up western movie before we went on," he explained, "and when it came time for me to sing 'Will You Be Lovin' Another Man,' with **Buster**, I was so worn out I was singing bass."



MARY JANE HADEN THE SPOTLIGHT TURNED ON THREE-JOBS-IN-ONE

"Why don't you get Virginia to sing with you?"

Carl Haden's elfin eyebrows arched and his full, pensive mouth broke into a pixie grin. "Think she would?" he said.

Virginia would. Virginia did! But before she did several weeks later, after rehearsing harmony on one trio number after another with her husband and Buster Fellows, Carl stepped up to the microphone. "Folks," he said, "We're gonna have with us, today, little Mary Jane, the blue-eyed gu-ur! from Ar-kin-saw!" And Mrs. Carl Haden stood before the mike silent as a stone for the first part of that now-historic song, waiting for somebody named "Mary Jane" to appear. Toward the middle of the number, listeners to WLBK, Kansas City, heard whispers, more whispers, and then a mystified feminine voice saying, "You mean **I'm** Mary Jane?" Then the same voice came in, sweet and clear, carrying high harmony on the last chorus. It was right then, 14 years ago, that radio's "Haden Family" really began. And according to Mary Jane (by which name she's been known

ever since), "I didn't get over being scared for 10 years after that. I didn't just worry about my knees knocking when I went on the air . . . I worried about their knocking against the microphone stand, and really wrecking the program!"

Virginia Day was born in Dixon, Mo., daughter of a vulcanizer who had moved his tire-repair shop to Baxter Springs, Kan., by the time her brother and sister came along a few years later. Her mother and sister, who is married and has one child, now live in California; her brother in Arizona.

"I developed the fishing habit after I was married," Mary Jane explains, "and all of us would rather catch fish than eat prime beef. But as a kid . . ."

Her reminiscing includes playing "side center" on the girls' basketball team; singing in the Methodist Church choir from the time she was 13 years old; taking piano lessons, which have a present-day usefulness in working out harmony on new Haden Family songs; loving the before-supper games of a small town

(Continued on PAGE FIFTEEN)

HILLBILLY HEARTBEATS BY MAY KENNEDY McCORD "QUEEN OF THE OZARKS"

**You may talk about Venetian moons
And nights of tropic bliss,
Where damsels pick their wild guitars
And languorous lovers kiss—
But the Ozarks is the best place
(And the story not half told!)
When autumn paints the maples
And turns the world to gold!**

Dear Friends:

I wrote that little verse when I was about seventeen and terribly in love with my native hills and hollers . . . knowing every glen where the columbine grew, rowing my canoe on the James River, watching the leaves turn gold and the nuts fall and the wild 'possum grapes ripen . . . watching the razor-back hogs carrying leaves in their snouts to make their own dens warm for the winter.

Still, I longed to see the outside world beyond the rim of the storied hills. I thought it would be the greatest thing in the world just to get to go away for a while. Now, the most wonderful thing is coming back. Life is like that, you know.

This Ozark life that we knew years ago is rapidly passing into the past. A few more years and it will be but a romantic memory. The woodman's axe is lifting the blanket of the forest. The sturdy log cabins they used to have are giving way to shacks of undressed lumber, and the railroads and highways wind like serpents through the hills, chasing out the old and bringing in the new. . .

This summer, for some reason, I have seemed to remember old days so vividly. We used to have such good times. Play parties, dancing games, singings, candy-pullings — someone singing a ballad and telling a tale to perpetuate it. We sang of old faiths and old loves. We sang of tears long-dried and of laughter that lives. We sang of the buffalo on the plains and the Indian who followed his trail. We sang of Barbara Allen and her Sweet William who "turned his face to the pale, cold wall" and died for love of her. We sang of the forty-niner and his search for yellow gold in the far-away west. We sang of the girl who pined away and died for her lover and the Wife of Usher's Well

who "sent her children away to a far cowntree, for to learn their grammaree." We sang, and wars and crime and depressions and dark facts were forgotten. These priceless things that are passing now were our own peculiar heritage which "moth and rust" cannot "corrupt nor thieves break through and steal."

Many on old Ozarker didn't like the idea of a railroad coming into his peaceful acres. It disturbed his hunting and fishing, his ideas and ways of life. Of course, the more progressive Ozarker knew that it would bring the outside world to us; more business and prosperity. But there was one old landmark who simply would not give the right-of-way through his land. He didn't mind the railroad so much, he said he "shore didn't have to ride 'em," but for some reason he hated the idea of the telegraph poles. "Those things a-straddlin' all around all over my land and a-sendin' readin' and writin' over 'em. They hain't any Bible fer it!" he would say. And by some queer process of reasoning, he got the idea that they would disrupt the morals of his family! Uncle Lige had six big, happy, corn-fed girls, all as pretty as speckled pups, and believe me, he took good care of them!

Well, scarcely a day goes by that someone doesn't write me or phone me asking to borrow books or get material about early Ozarkian superstitions.

We used to hear that if you set a hen on Sunday, the chicks would all be roosters, but if you carried them to the nest in a woman's bonnet they would all hatch pullets. If you burned sassafras wood it was a sin. They said "the devil would set straddle of the roof of the house." You always stood on the floor lengthways of the boards to get married; not crosswise, which brought trouble and divorce. Dogs howled at night if any sick one on the place was going to die. And I've heard them howl then many a time myself . . . the mournful wail of it!

Dogs know this by instinct, which is a primitive thing and very far beyond human intelligence in things of the sort.

(Continued on PAGE FIFTEEN)

THE MATTHEWS QUARTET A NEW TEAM KEEPS BUSY

Dame Radio is as fickle as fortune itself. When changes are made in a popular team or long-accepted program, there's no predicting whether she will smile or frown.

Fortunately for everybody concerned, she's chuckled right out loud at the new Matthews quartet, with Matt and Jack subtracted by their ministerial duties and training, and Bob Hubbard and Culley Holt added; with Bob Money replacing Bill Hickman, now a full-fledged Drury College instructor, at the piano. Their hard work and long rehearsals have paid off, with MFA (12:15) and Peruna (5:15) sponsorship, and with heavy bookings for personal appearances.

Their busiest day was Oct. 3rd, when they appeared in the SMS Singing Contest at 1 p. m., sang for a funeral at 1:30, drove nastily to Aurora to sing a benefit for the Christian Church organ fund, and were at Mount Vernon by 4:15 for the Sanitarium Homecoming. After their concert in the lawn, they sang, troubadour style, in a number of the wards.

Tuesday, Oct. 19th was another on-the-fly day. They sang at the Mount Vernon High School at 1:30 in the afternoon (although they went to the wrong school at first and barely got there on time), then

at the grade school at 2:30, dashed back to Springfield for their 5:15 program with the Blackwood Brothers as their guest stars, took the Blackwoods to dinner, then hurried back to Mount Vernon for an 8 p. m. concert in the High School gym.

"We really enjoyed the Blackwoods," Monty said. "It takes a quartet to appreciate a quartet—if you know what I mean. Nobody else can understand how you have to labor over every lonesome note."

Mount Vernon school youngsters especially like Bob Hubbard's song-story, in which he takes them on a fictitious lion hunt while they repeat what he says and does. They also like Monty's "My pet bear named Horace" story, a success wherever he goes. What the quartet especially enjoyed, however: The basket of apples given them by Bob Hubbard's father, Mrs. Hubbard's home-made candy, Mrs. Money's box of juicy pears.

Other personals on their schedule: Gateway, Ark., Oct. 12th, at the church where Culley Holt's father is pastor; Gray's Point Christian Church near Miller Oct. 6th, where the Rev. A. Z. Matthews, Monty's and Bill's father, was holding a revival; a Christian Church revival at Houston Oct. 15th.

LULU BELLE AND SCOTTIE INVITATION TO THEIR BLUE RIDGE BREAKFAST



KWTO is fortunate in being able to present, by transcription, the Hayloft Sweethearts of the National Barn Dance, but you'll have to get up early to hear them—5:15 to 5:30 a. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. And to prove that it's not such a far cry from Sherwood Forest to hillbilly country, they're sponsored by the makers of Robin Hood Flour. In private life Mr. and Mrs. Scott Wiseman, and both originally North Carolinians, they met after both had become stars in radio. They'll specialize in harmony, song, breakfast-time patter — and Robin Hood biscuits.

SCHEDULE FOR NOV.

WHAT'S GOING
ON AT KWTO?



WEEKDAYS AND SATURDAY

5:00 a.m.—Yawn Patrol
 5:30 a.m.—Penny Nichols Show
 5:45 a.m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 6:00 a.m.—Southland Echoes (M-W-F)
 6:00 a.m.—Slim Wilson (T-Th-S)
 6:15 a.m.—R. F. D. Roundup
 6:30 a.m.—Haden Family
 7:00 a.m.—Shorty Thompson
 7:15 a.m.—Slim Wilson
 7:30 a.m.—Newscast
 7:45 a.m.—Saddle Rockin' Rhythm
 8:00 a.m.—Chuck Bowers
 8:15 a.m.—Bill Ring Show
 8:15 a.m.—Church Page (S)
 8:25 a.m.—Weatherman Williford
 8:30 a.m.—Breakfast Club—ABC
 8:30 a.m.—Matthews Quartet (S)
 8:45 a.m.—Gospel Rocket (S)
 9:00 a.m.—Pleasure Parade
 9:00 a.m.—Chuck Bowers (S)
 9:15 a.m.—Meal of the Day (M-W-F)
 9:15 a.m.—Recorded Interlude (T-Th-S)
 9:25 a.m.—Markets—(S)
 9:25 a.m.—Betty Crocker—ABC
 9:30 a.m.—Dial Editor (S)
 9:45 a.m.—Newscast
 10:00 a.m.—Kay Kyser—ABC
 10:00 a.m.—Sat. Morning Roundup (S)
 10:30 a.m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 10:30 a.m.—Floyd Hitchcock (S)
 10:45 a.m.—Slim Wilson
 11:00 a.m.—Ozark Farm Hour
 11:00 a.m.—Meet Your Neighbor (S)
 11:15 a.m.—Markets, Slim Wilson
 11:30 a.m.—Ark. Conservation Com. (S)
 11:45 a.m.—Man at Stockyards (M-T-W)
 11:45 a.m.—Penny Nichols (Th-F)
 11:45 a.m.—Farm Forum (S)
 12:00 noon—Baukhage Talking—ABC
 12:00 noon—Farm Forum (S)
 12:15 p.m.—Matthews Quartet—MFA
 12:30 p.m.—Newscast
 12:45 p.m.—Man on the Street
 1:00 p.m.—Welcome Travelers—ABC
 1:00 p.m.—Football—ABC (S)
 1:30 p.m.—Bride and Groom—ABC
 2:00 p.m.—Judy and Jane
 2:15 p.m.—Kitchen Talks
 2:30 p.m.—Linda's First Love
 2:45 p.m.—Ladies Be Seated—ABC
 3:00 p.m.—Galen Drake—ABC
 3:15 p.m.—Hayloft Frolic
 3:30 p.m.—George and Buster
 3:45 p.m.—Cornfield Follies
 4:00 p.m.—Newscast
 4:15 p.m.—Markets
 4:25 p.m.—Do You Know?

4:30 p.m.—Weatherman Williford
 4:35 p.m.—Ozark Newsettes
 4:45 p.m.—Haden Family
 4:45 p.m.—Decision Now (S)
 5:00 p.m.—Haden Family
 5:15 p.m.—Matthews Quartet
 5:15 p.m.—Voice of the Army (S)
 5:30 p.m.—Jack Armstrong & Sky King
 5:30 p.m.—Man on the Farm (S)
 6:00 p.m.—Newscast
 6:15 p.m.—Sports Spotlight
 6:25 p.m.—Animal World Court
 6:30 p.m.—Lone Ranger—ABC (M-W-F)
 6:30 p.m.—Spotlight on Industry (Th)
 6:30 p.m.—Relaxin' Time (T)
 6:45 p.m.—Sully's Radio Spotlight (Th)

MONDAY NIGHT

7:00 p.m.—The Railroad Hour—ABC
 7:45 p.m.—Kieron's Korner—ABC
 8:00 p.m.—Music By Glenn Osser—ABC
 8:30 p.m.—Boy's Club
 8:45 p.m.—O'Reilly Veterans' Show
 9:00 p.m.—Arthur Gaeth—ABC
 9:15 p.m.—Earl Godwin—ABC
 9:30 p.m.—Starring Kay Starr—ABC
 10:00 p.m.—Newscast
 10:15 p.m.—Best By Request
 11:15 p.m.—Orchestra—ABC
 11:55 p.m.—News—ABC

TUESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p.m.—Challenge of Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p.m.—America's Town Meeting—ABC
 8:30 p.m.—Driftin' On A Cloud
 8:45 p.m.—Chamber Music—ABC
 9:30 p.m.—Let Freedom Ring—ABC
 9:45 p.m.—Serenade For Strings—ABC
 10:00 p.m.—Newscast
 10:15 p.m.—Best By Request
 11:15 p.m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p.m.—News—ABC

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

7:00 p.m.—Original Amateur Hour—ABC
 8:00 p.m.—Meredith Willson—ABC
 8:30 p.m.—Groucho Marx—ABC
 9:00 p.m.—Bing Crosby—ABC
 9:30 p.m.—Milton Berle—ABC
 10:00 p.m.—Newscast
 10:15 p.m.—Best By Request
 11:15 p.m.—Orchestra—ABC
 11:55 p.m.—News—ABC

THURSDAY NIGHT

7:00 p.m.—Challenge of Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p.m.—Conservation Forum
 8:00 p.m.—Child's World—ABC
 8:30 p.m.—Prayer Meetin' In the Ozarks
 9:00 p.m.—Dance Band—ABC
 9:45 p.m.—Harrison Wood—ABC
 10:00 p.m.—Newscast
 10:15 p.m.—Best By Request
 11:15 p.m.—Orchestras—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.—Break the Bank—ABC
 8:30 p.m.—The Sheriff—ABC
 8:55 p.m.—Champion Roll Call—ABC

9:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of Sports—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—American Sports Page—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Newscast
 10:15 p. m.—Best By Request
 11:15 p. m.—Orchestras—ABC
 11:55 p. m.—News—ABC

SATURDAY NIGHT

7:00 p. m.—Challenge of Yukon—ABC
 7:30 p. m.—Amazing Mr. Malone—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Gangbusters—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—What's My Name?—ABC
 9:00 p. m.—Homes On the Land
 9:15 p. m.—Guest Star
 9:30 p. m.—Hayloft Frolic
 9:45 p. m.—Newscast
 10:00 p. m.—Korn's-A-Krackin'
 10:30 p. m.—Best By Request

SUNDAY PROGRAMS

6:30 a. m.—Haden Family
 7:00 a. m.—Rev. Hitchcock
 7:30 a. m.—Carl Haden
 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.—The Southernaires—ABC
 10:00 a. m.—Fine Arts Quartet—ABC
 10:30 a. m.—Hour of Faith—ABC

11:00 a. m.—Guidepost for Living
 11:15 a. m.—First Baptist Church
 12:00 noon—Christian Rural Overseas
 12:15 p. m.—Smilin' Ed McConnell
 12:30 p. m.—National Vespers—ABC
 1:00 p. m.—Newscast
 1:15 p. m.—Drury Quarter Hour
 1:30 p. m.—Mr. President—ABC
 2:00 p. m.—Harrison Wood—ABC
 2:15 p. m.—The Future of America—ABC
 2:30 p. m.—Sermons in Song
 3:00 p. m.—Ted Malone—ABC
 3:15 p. m.—Johnny Thompson—ABC
 3:30 p. m.—Opera Album—ABC
 4:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo Show
 4:30 p. m.—Counterspy—ABC
 5:00 p. m.—Drew Pearson—ABC
 5:15 p. m.—Monday Headlines—ABC
 5:30 p. m.—Greatest Story—ABC
 6:00 p. m.—Go For the House—ABC
 6:30 p. m.—Lutheran Hour
 7:00 p. m.—Stop the Music—ABC
 8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell—ABC
 8:15 p. m.—Louella Parsons—ABC
 8:30 p. m.—Theater Guild—ABC
 9:30 p. m.—Newscast
 9:45 p. m.—George Sokolsky—ABC
 10:00 p. m.—Revival Hour
 11:00 p. m.—News, Orchestra—ABC

**THE "DO YOU KNOW?" CAT**

Here, in response to Dial readers' requests, is the latest portrait of Supersonic Shooting Star, the Siamese "Shoo" of the Dial Editor's weekday and Saturday broadcasts. Through fan mail he's made friends with fellow felines from Eureka Springs to Clinton and from Camdenon to Kansas, has pictures of a dozen of them. Here he gives a limp demonstration, in

MEDITATIONS

... BY MATT MATTHEWS

This month, for our Meditation, I should like to pass on to you "An Ancient Prayer" by Thomas Webb:

Give me a good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest;

Give me a healthy body, Lord, and sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight.

Which, seeing sin, is not apalled, but finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not whimper whine or sigh.

Don't let me worry overmuch about the fussy thing called I.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord; give me the grace to see a joke.

To get some happiness from life and pass it on to other folk.

the arms of the editor, of how he likes to sleep (on his back, head on a pillow, under an electric comfort). "Shoo" is sable-point Siamese, faun-colored with sable feet, tail, mask and ears, and bright blue eyes; he likes strangers, playing hide-and-seek, eating vitamin-B capsules, perching on high places.

PORTSIDE PATTTER

... GEORGE EARLE

I was rummaging through some old files the other day and came across a collection of poems, most of which had been clipped from newspapers and magazines and mailed to me during the time I was doing a "poet's corner" program on the air as "Squint" Thompson. Remember? Here are a few I especially enjoyed reading again. I thought perhaps you'd like them.

Thanks to Kathryn I. Mizer of Lebanon for these lines about sorghum-making:

**Bright blades flashing in the sun,
Stripping, cutting soon are done;
The patient mule plods 'round
and 'round
And by that mule the cane is ground.
The old mill creaks, now high, now low,
As from the spout the juice runs slow;
Now pour the juice into the pan
And the fire begins to fan.
Soon the juice begins to boil,
Boil and bubble, amber oil;
Then the syrup you must skim,
Work with vigor, work with vim.
There . . ! The syrup's growing thick,
Good to taste it with a stick.
Golden liquid dripping down,
Best with biscuits, golden brown!**

I wish I knew who wrote the following verses, captioned, "Someone Prayed." Perhaps you know?

**The day was long, the burden I had
borne
Seemed heavier than I could longer
bear.
And then it lifted; but I did not know
Some one had knelt in prayer,
Had taken me to God that very hour
And asked the easing of the load,
and He,
In infinite compassion, had stooped
down
And taken it from me.
We cannot tell how often, as we pray
For some bewildered one, hurt and
distressed,
The answer comes and many times
those hearts
Find sudden peace and rest.**

YOUR STARLORE

BY OPAL PORTER

Scorpio natives, like the eagle, can soar to greatest heights. Usually of large stature, their brains are equally colossal. These are the engineers who build huge dams to control flood-waters; who give us perfect highways over and through the mountains . . . men who fairly radiate power; whose minds are deep and penetrating, lofty and aspiring.

Scorpio has given us more presidents than any other sign. Many of our ablest lawyers were born in this fixed water sign (birthdays October 24th to November 22nd). Its symbols are significant: the eagle and the scorpion. These people can reach the eagle's loftiness or sink to the scorpion's level.

Were I to need a lawyer's services, I'd hunt up a Scorpio lawyer. He knows his Bible as well as he knows his Blackstone, quoting the one against the other, especially when arguing for the defense.

But all Scorpio natives are not under the eagle's wing. Scorpio rules the underworld, with its gruesome crimes and secret business. Deeply occult, it governs the secrets of nature. It is the sign of rebirth and regeneration. Mars and Pluto are its planetary rulers. Mars afflicted in Scorpio produces many forms of depravity.

Scorpio is also the detective's sign. Look up your planets, if you aspire to be a "softfoot," and see if you had Mercury in this "sleuthing" zone. If so, you can be a G-Man, for this is where Sherlocks are said to have the mind planet.

Scorpio seems to be due for a year of windfalls, with Jupiter and Saturn in sextile aspect; the former expansive, and the latter crystalizing in its nature.

Neptune continues to operate in secret matters, for good or evil, according to the aspects it receives from other transitory planets.

**Some one had prayed, and Faith,
a reaching hand,
Took hold of God and brought Him
down that day.
So many, many hearts have need
of prayer:
Oh, let us pray.**



COME RIGHT IN! A VISIT TO THE R. D. FOSTER HOME

One of the most inviting residences on Walnut Street in Springfield is the yellow brick Ralph Foster home on the northeast corner at National. Foster, President and General Manager of KWTO, supervises the care of his terraced lawn, broad and immaculate, and of the fine evergreens—pfitzer junipers for low growth, hemlock and blue spruce to add grace to the lines of the large house. In summer, a luxuriant mass of old-fashioned pink petunias spills over each side of the entrance walk.

The Fosters occupy the ground floor, and Harriet has dedicated its spacious, high-ceilinged rooms and hallway to gracious living, combining comfort and warm color schemes with the furniture, the bibelots and accessories of past generations. A clue to her delight in antiques is the old hitching post near the front porch, a grinning, red-coated iron "stable boy" with a ring in his hand.

Oval-backed Victorian chairs and love-seat, upholstered in blue velvet, furnish the entrance hall. Sconces and a mirror in gold leaf hang above the love seat. To the right of the hall is the study, with deep, comfortable chairs grouped about the fireplace and books and magazines within easy reach. A walnut buffet and

table and carved, oval-back chairs furnish the dining room, which has two bow windows draped as one, in glazed chintz in shades of blue, with a full length mirror panel between them. There is heirloom glass in a carved cabinet; a gold mirror above the buffet is set off by gold-leaf sconces bearing small busts of English bisque.

Beyond are the pantry and kitchen, a room out of "House and Garden" with an early American atmosphere. The cabinets and cupboards and one wall are done in pickled pine with yellow linoleum work surfaces banded in chrome. Other walls are furnished in a colonial paper of "calico" flowers. There is an old walnut rocker in one corner, a red checkered cloth brightens the round walnut table, there are cane-bottomed chairs, and a brass and painted china oil lamp, converted to electricity, hangs from the center of the ceiling. Brass containers of philodendron and old blue plates hung above the net-curtained windows add to the old-fashioned warmth and liveability of the room.

(In the next issue of The Dial: A further description of the Foster home; a picture of Mrs. Foster and several items in her antique collection.)

SPORTS SPOTLIGHT

. . . BY LEE GEORGE

Short Shots from here and there:

The Big Ten, now known as the Big Nine conference, is apt to give sports writers plenty to gossip about when and if Michigan repeats as conference champion. Michigan can't go to the Rose Bowl again this year, which means the west coast game of the roses will lack the odor of roses for sure. . . It is this department's candid opinion that Notre Dame will not get through this season undefeated. . . in fact I'm looking for them to absorb a licking by the only strong team left on their schedule. Northwestern . . . Bill Sheals, the new Bolivar High School coach, was going after his master's degree at Missouri University when he heard about the opening at Bolivar and quit school to take it.

* * *

If you are a channel catfish lover, here is a tip: You have to go a long way to beat chicken livers for bait. I might add you have to dig pretty deep in your pocket, also, if you have to buy the chicken livers. . . Fishermen who pulled eight and 10 pound bass out of Lake Norfolk last spring are lamenting the fact now as a six pound fourteen ounce bass is leading in the fishing rodeo that pays off \$1000 for the biggest bass caught between September 20th and December 20th. . . The Missouri State High School Board's ruling limiting basketball tournaments for any team to 3 is causing no end of unfavorable comment from several sectors where annual tournaments have had to be canceled. The White River League teams and the Midwest Conference teams have spoken the loudest in opposition so far.

* * *

The Boston Braves and Cleveland Indians are going to rebuild the teams that played in the World Series, with several changes in personnel to be made. That puts it right up to the other teams in both leagues to go into the market for players also, which means plenty of baseball news during the winter months. Rumor already has Hal Newhouser and Ted Williams involved in deals.

OUT OF THE FILES

Seven Years Ago This Month

The Goodwill Family is spotlighted . . . Floyd Sullivan returns to his desk after two weeks in the South . . . KWTO plans 8th Christmas Cheer Basket campaign.

Six Years Ago This Month

Don Harvey abandoned stage career to join announcing staff (now in Hollywood).

Five Years Ago This Month

Lt. and Mrs. Marion McCann (Charlotte Woods) visit the station (now at Las Vegas, Nev.) . . . Jim West rejoins talent staff (now in Cal.) . . . Red Belcher in the spotlight (now in Fairmont, W. Va.)

Four Years Ago This Month

Jack Baker in the spotlight (now in Memphis) . . . Don Sullivan rejects offer in Hollywood (now in Kansas City) . . . George Earle's booklet, "Left-Handed Limericks and Portside Poems," due off press soon . . . Slim Wilson tops "Hit Parade" four weeks in a row.

Three Years Ago This Month

Johnny Kiado, nationally known accordionist, joins staff (now in Hollywood).

Two Years Ago This Month

Passing Parade features Dick Witty (now in Cincinnati), Clifford Stumpf (now at Sappington, Mo.)

One Year Ago This Month

C. C. Williford honored as conservationist. . . Universal records "Flash and Whistler." . . . Matt Matthews solves own housing shortage.

BENTONVILLE CHOW LINE

The S. E. Still family of Bentonville (parents of Barbara, whose picture appeared in the Dial early last spring) practically ran a free boarding house for KWTO-ers during the County Fair. The Matthews Quartet was fed between afternoon and evening shows on Wednesday, Slim, Buzz Fellows, Chuck Bowers and Luke McNeley on Thursday, Goo-Goo, Dale Parker, Bob White and Lennie on Friday. Luke and Goo are still smacking their lips over Mrs. Still's pumpkin pie with whipped cream, Chuck, who's harder to fill than the Shrine Mosque in a snow storm, over the fried chicken.



EMCEE-CONDUCTOR

A subtle, Will Rogers-like comedian, as well as an expert conductor, is Meredith Willson. His Jello program, heard over ABC-KWTO Wednesday nights at 8, also features the five fantastic "Talking People," who do everything in unison—including sneeze.

HEARTBEATS

(Continued from PAGE EIGHT)

If a bird happened to get one of your hair combings in building his nest, that gave you bad headaches. They always drove dogs out of the house during a storm because their tails were supposed to draw lightning. An old remedy for sore mouth was to drink water out of a shoe.

Otto Rayburn, Ozark folklorist, says, "Superstitions die hard in the back hills, and one who tries to eradicate them has himself a lifelong job. They need no apology from me. A man may believe as he likes. That is the beauty and the individualism of our great free country."

Oh, well—the poet says, "Age is a kind friend, he will make us wise." We all come to it. And after all, it's a mighty good thing. There are not so many monkey wrenches thrown into the convolutions of things, when we grow old. Personally, I never had much of that calm attitude of sitting and knitting upon the draperies of the universe, but I'll come to it!

Goodbye and I'll see you again next month.

With all my heart and God love 'ye—

MAY

THE SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from PAGE SEVEN)

neighborhood . . . Blind Man's Bluff, Run, Sheep, Run, and all the rest.

"I was always in school entertainments and plays," she remembers, putting her head to one side. "My mother still has a picture of me as Bo-Peep, in a laced corselette and full blue skirt and bonnet, carrying a crook as if it were a magic something, and I can still remember singing the song."

Mary Jane laughs, admitting that she used to wonder why Sharon Kay, her next-to-youngest, wasn't in more school entertainments. "Then, at the kindergarten Christmas play, when she marched around the stage in her short ruffled skirt and white blouse, I saw why. Had you noticed? Sharon is knock-kneed! You know, I'd never been really aware of it!"

Virginia and her family used to come to Springfield to visit her grandmother and friends who lived next door to some people named Haden. Her first romance was with the little Haden boy, Carl, whom she met the summer she was 12 and he was 11. He took her to the Saturday afternoon movie, resplendent in his knee-pants and matching jacket, "and you know what he did?" Mary Jane crinkles up her eyes and laughs until her tiny frame shakes all over. "He bought the tickets, handed me one, and let me go in by myself while he went in with a bunch of boys! He sat by me after we got in the theater, but I guess he was afraid the fellows would kid him about having a girl."

It was five years later that the little Day girl, who used to cry every morning when her long curls were combed, and who loved tulips so much that she couldn't bear to see anyone pick them—"I used to think they hurt when the stems snapped"—was married to her first and best beau. Carl had shined shoes, worked with his mother and brother in the Haden family business of renovating hats (they still do), learned to play the harmonica, and was wondering how to support a wife and junior, when radio came swimming along. Carl tried it in Springfield, liked it very well, hitch-hiked to Dallas,

(Continued on PAGE SIXTEEN)

THE SPOTLIGHT

Continued from
PAGE FIFTEEN

and sent for Mary Jane as soon as he was making a little money.

"And then we lived so many different places, while Carl worked hard at radio, that I have a hard time remembering where—all . . . Wichita Falls, San Antonio, Memphis, Nashville, Wheeling, back to Springfield, then Kansas City, Topeka, Shenandoah—we had four children by then, Charlie was a baby, and he was on the air when he was 22 months old. How could he help it? He loved to sing and yodel, I was part of the program, there weren't any baby-sitters, and I had to take the kids to the station with me!"

Mary Jane Haden has combined three careers—as wife, as mother, as radio star—any one of which would have sent a neurotic woman, with "nerves" or temperament, shopping for a strait-jacket. A part of the miracle is that she not only has kept her sweetness, her quaint half-shy, half-saucy good humor, through all the years of gypsying, raising six youngsters and getting up as early as 4:30 for morning programs, but that she has kept her children natural and unspoiled as well. Much of it comes of understanding them thoroughly.

"Now Charlie," she says, "loves people; baseball, football, cub scouts, singing, anything that keeps him with the crowd. Junior is quieter; radio and his guitar are enough for him. Jimmy likes music, too, has his own orchestra, but then he's always busy, always industrious, making toy cars or drawing pictures with pastels—good ones, too! Mary Elizabeth (Mrs. Ellis Davidson) is full of enthusiasm and energy, does her own washing and cooking, has a job assembling spark plugs besides her radio work . . . Why, just last week she ironed six white shirts! Sharon Kay wasn't too well for a time, and it made her timid, but she seems to have overcome her shyness in the first grade, and now even tries to boss Tommy just a little. And Tommy . . ."

She pauses, looks up the winding, walnut-paneled staircase of their magnificent home, listens for a shrill whoop upstairs, and laughs delightedly. "Today, Tommy is Tarzan. Yesterday he was a G-man.

Tomorrow he'll be a cowboy, and the next day a jet plane pilot. He's so busy in his world of imagination that it makes him difficult to discipline. Carl handles him best."

The "just home folks" atmosphere of Haden Family broadcasts for Castle Cleaners, Outlet Furniture Co., Sunway Vitamins and Busy Bee is not just due to Carl's genuine, warm-hearted fondness for people, so evident in his Lipscomb "Man at the Stockyards" broadcasts. It is explained, as well, by Mary Jane's devotion to her home, her husband, her children, and whatever project they're all working on together.

Carl, like every other true Ozarkian, always has an extra iron or two in the fire. Currently, it's the Seven Gables cafe, filling station and truck stop two miles west of the Springfield city limits on Highway 66. They also plan a teenagers soft-drink "night club." All the Hadens have worked on its remodeling, Carl plans to hang his fine collection of mounted bass in the bright, new dining room, and in a few days Mary Jane will be whipping up her famous country dinners there—fried chicken, home-made biscuits, and the family's three favorite pies—French apple, coconut and banana cream.

"When you cook for eight, you know," she laughs, "you might as well cook for a lot more. Besides, I think I can get Carl to make Italian spaghetti out there, and he does that wonderfully well."

Will the family move out there? Mary Jane gazes fondly about her home and smiles. "I'd hate to give it up, and the schools so close by, and the fine PTA group I belong to, but really, it never has mattered much where I live. In this family, we're always too busy working and having a good time."

ATTENTION, CLASSICS-LOVERS

The Detroit Symphony under the direction of Karl Krueger is back on KWTO Tuesday evenings at 8:30. Metropolitan Opera Saturday matinees return the first week in December.

INSIDE AT THE STUDIO

(Continued from PAGE TWO)

their freckles painted on, their expressions completely deadpan. No matter what number was requested, they played "Red River Valley." Sometimes they changed key, sometimes they played it waltz-time or polka-time, but it was always—"Red River Valley." . . . **Buster's** fiddle accompaniment for **Slim's** and **Goo-Goo's** "Flash and Whistler" numbers is purposely as twang-twang corny as he can make it. Which is what makes **Zed Tennis's** Korn's-A-Krack-in' rehearsal nonsense particularly funny. While **Buster** fiddles, "rival" fiddler **Zed** whips out pencil and notebook, studies his rasping, ricky-tack "rube" style minutely, makes elaborate notes on every phase of his "technique."

* * *

Luke McNeley, as "Gran'pappy," was hit of the evening when he played the Tri-County Fall Fair at Eldorado Springs with **Chuck Bowers** and **Zed**. It was **Chuck's** first turn as emcee of a personal appearance. His second: at the Knights of Columbus picnic at St. Thomas. "Best time ever!" he said.



STARS IN HER EYES

The sparkle of the Romance jewelry she's wearing—pin, earrings and bracelet—is reflected in the eyes of the "Linda's First Love" heroine, heard Mon through Fri. at 2:30 on KWTO. The jewelry is available at 50-cents an item with Kroger coffee.

'LOOKIN' AT YOU

. . . BY SULLY

There's gold — plenty of it — in the Ozark's hills of south Missouri and northern Arkansas, and it is not necessary to own an old Spanish Treasure Map to find it. Any ordinary road map picked up at a wayside filling station will serve your needs. Chart your course over the improved highways leading from Springfield to Eureka Springs, and you are certain to be well rewarded. Of course, you will not be able to spend the treasure you will find along the scenic route, but the memory of the hills aglow in the cloth-of-gold splendor of autumn will be a treasure beyond the reach of any thief.

* * *

The reference to hidden treasure in the Ozarks region reminds me that over a period of twenty-eight years as a newsman in this area I've written no less than a hundred treasure-hunt stories. Some of those same stories are again cropping up in the news in slightly revised form. All the stories I wrote ended in the failure of the treasure hunters, because they were looking for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and not at the rainbow itself—nor at the sunrise, the sunset, the awe-inspiring grandeur of the gathering storm, the dazzling brilliance of the lightning, the more silvery beauty of a clear spring stream under a noon-day sun, or emerald tints of that same stream at evening when the pines stretch their lengthening shadows across its rippling surface.

* * *

Bill Chatham, KWTO reporter, was working on an automobile accident story. The injured man had been taken to one hospital immediately following the accident, and X-rays had been made. Then the patient was transferred to another hospital. The first hospital made no record of the case because the patient had been transferred and the second had no accurate record of his injuries, because it had not yet received the X-rays from the first hospital. The deadline of a newscast was at hand. What did **Bill** do? He merely called the smart young ambulance driver and got the story, including an accurate description of the man's injuries.

RUTH WARRICK CHARMS O'REILLY PATIENTS (AND JOE SLATTERY)

Air Force veteran Joe Slattery is rapidly building his 8:45 Monday night O'Reilly Veterans' Hospital program to the point where the patients themselves can take an increasingly active part in it, but that phase of the project was temporarily side-tracked a few weeks ago. The occasion was the presentation of film star Ruth Warrick on the program during her three-day stay at the hospital, under the auspices of the touring Veterans' Hospital Camp Shows. A St. Joseph, Mo., girl, Miss Warrick played in "Citizen Kane" and "The Corsican Brothers," will next be seen in "Make-Believe Ballroom."

"I never saw such a warm-hearted, tireless performer," Joe said of the visitor. "She spent 30 to 50 minutes in each of 18 wards during her stay, and then went on singing over the O'Reilly pipeline station, WOVH, until she was hoarse. She was wonderful to the boys, told me they liked everything from 'Turkey in the Straw' and 'Old Rugged Cross' to 'Tree in the Meadow.'"

Joe, who wants the program to let the

public know that "it's not just an institution; that there are fine people out there," is pretty popular with the veterans himself. According to the Oct. 22nd issue of their paper, The Life O'Reilly, "Joe Slattery, the announcer for KWTO, does a wonderful job."

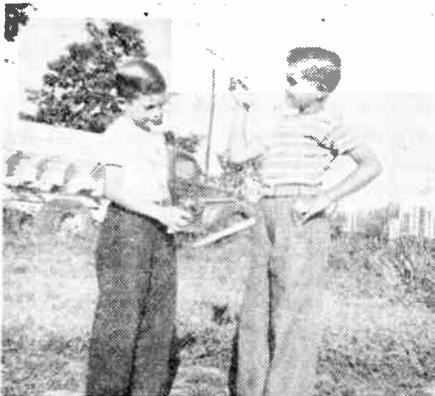
A VISIT

. . . WITH MAY McCORD

One of the pleasantest days of any month is the day for calling May Kennedy McCord and asking about her column for the coming issue of The Dial. It usually involves two calls—the first a gab fest that covers everything from birth to spiritualism, the second to ask about the column, which was forgotten the first time around. When we telephoned this month, May was still glowing from the good times she had at Bolivar on the 9th (Women's Achievement Day for Home Economics Groups, held at the Christian Church), and at the 68th annual dinner of the Pleasant Grove Methodist Church (near Cabool) on the 10th.

"Fried chicken, baked chicken, chicken and dumplin's—" May itemized the delicacies she dipped into at Pleasant Grove. "I told them about the woman who said she stopped going to church suppers 'because the churches and the chickens has got separated, and I don't like that old meat loaf.'" May also recalled the hillbilly theory that "chickens run when they see the preacher a-comin', especially yaller-legged chickens."

She told them the story of the country wife who killed her two young "yaller-legged Dominicker" roosters late one fall, despite her husband's angry protests, to serve a fine dinner to two Methodist circuit riders. After dinner, the husband took the preachers out to have a look around the farm, and they passed the chicken yard where the old rooster was crowing fit to shed his feathers. "That rooster of yours," said one preacher, "certainly does crow lustily." The farmer looked sour, remembering the dinner. "You'd crow too," he answered, "if you had two sons in the ministry."

**YOUNG CONTEST WINNERS**

Remember last summer's contest on the Saturday Hitchin' Post program? We had two Ozarks area winners of Ken Curtis cowboy guns, both from the same family. They are Leslie and Donald Eakins, 6 and 8 years old, and their picture (with artillery) was sent in by their mother, Mrs. Guy Eakins of Sparta.

THE PASSING PARADE PHOTOGRAPHS BY REUEL HAYMES



1. Another scene from Bill Ring's Taystee Toast Party: Bill, Bob White and Bill Hickman.
2. Unheard star of KWTO: Ray Keltner, City Sales Manager.
3. Our new announcer, Lou Martin, a whizz on the newscasts—or had you noticed?
4. Bob Money, pianist, and Monty Matthews spilled their music under the grand piano. You guessed it, just before their program!
5. Gary and Wayne Thompson, Sue's and Shorty's boys, have never had a pal like Mr. Brownie, their pooch. His bloodlines: questionable.

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THE PENNY NICHOLS SHOW NEWCOMER WINS M A N Y F R I E N D S

Once in awhile a **good** penny turns up—and in this instance, it was the copper-haired colleen from Illinois by way of central Missouri who speedily won her own show on KWTO. Two of them, in fact: 11:45 a. m. Thursday and Friday for Lipscomb's Grain and Feed Co., and an eye-opener from 5:30 to 5:45 a. m. Monday through Saturday. Her "squires" are (left to right, above): Zed Tennis, fiddle; Luke McNeley, bass; Chuck Bowers, guitar; Dale Parker, banjo. On her early ho-hum program the cast remains the same, except that Doc Martin, steel guitar wizard, replaces Zed, who's been a city boy too long to get up with the barnyard crowd.

Penny's disposition is as unfailingly sunny as her smile, and she didn't have to read Dale Carnegie to learn how to win friends, whether in the studio or in the unseen radio audience. Proof of her powers is that when she began to learn to yodel by listening to the radio, at the age of 12, her mother protested furiously. But it wasn't two months until Mother Fahrner's fiddle came off the shelf and Dad's bass fiddle (made out of a wash tub) came out of the attic, and they were all making music together.

Penny works well with all KWTO talent, but her favorite is Dale Parker. "He's been wonderful to help me," she says, with a twinkle of admiration for his brilliant musicianship.