



GOOD MORNING

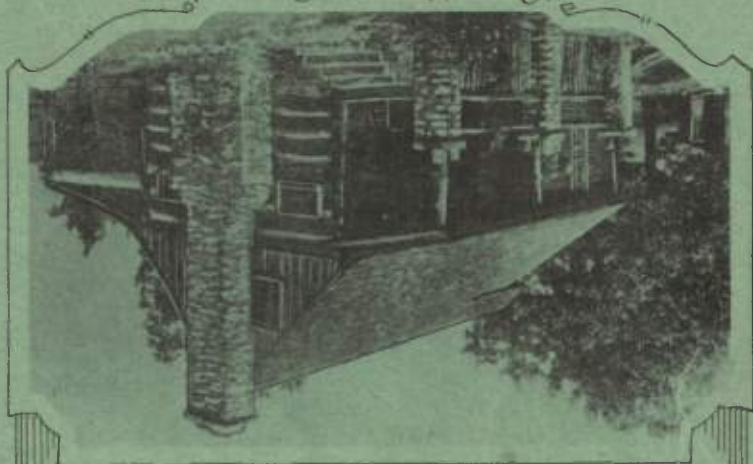
PROGRAMS

of  
KW/TO

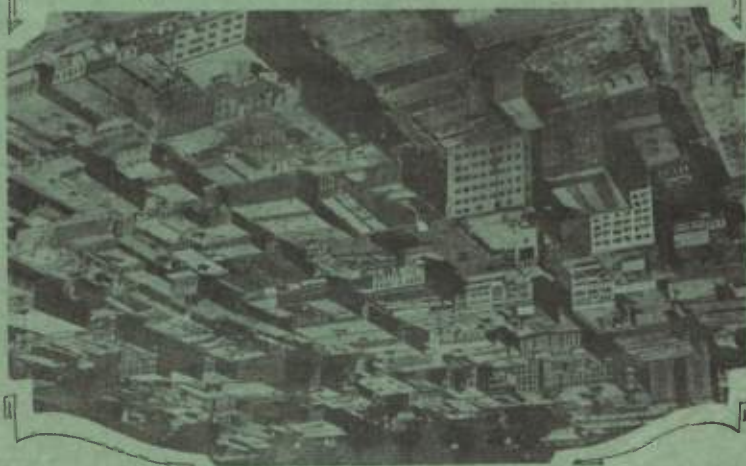
"KEEP WATCHING THE STARS"

Springfield, Mo.

*"OLD MATT'S CABIN"  
In the "Shepherd of the Hills Country"*



*AIRVIEW OF SPRINGFIELD, Mo.*



YOURS  
TRULY



John E. Pearson



Introducing

# *The GOSPEL SINGERS* *of K. W. T. O*



## *The GOSPEL SINGERS QUARTETTE*

Left to right:

Maurice Lefors, tenor; Mrs. W. E. Harthcock, soprano; Mrs. N. E. Burger, alto; W. E. Harthcock, bass. Heard on Tuesdays and Fridays.





Mrs. Mabel Rider Ellis  
Pianist and Soloist  
*With the Gospel Singers.*



FAVORITE SONGS  
of the GOSPEL SINGERS

## On the Jericho Road

As you travel along, on the Jericho Road,  
Does the world seem all wrong, and heavy your load?  
Just bring it to Christ, your sins all confess,  
On the Jericho Road, your heart He will bless.

On the Jericho Road, blind Bartimaeus sat,  
His life was a void, so empty and flat;  
But Jesus appeared, one word brought him sight,  
On the Jericho Road, Christ banished his night.

O brother to you, this message I bring,  
Tho' hope may be gone, He'll cause you to sing;  
At Jesus' Command, sin's shackles must fall,  
On the Jericho Road, will you answer His call?

### CHORUS:

On the Jericho Road, there's room for just two;  
No more and no less, just Jesus and you;  
Each burden He'll bear, each sorrow He'll share,  
There's never a care, for Jesus is there.



### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Arr. copyright, 1933, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co. in "Boundless Joy." The song is owned by Donald S. McCrossan.

# When They ring the Golden Bells

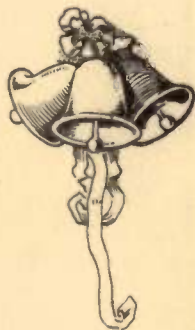
There's a land beyond the river,  
That we call the sweet forever;  
And we only reach that shore by faith's decree.  
One by one we'll gain the portals,  
There to dwell with the immortals—  
When the King commands the spirit to be free.

We shall know no sin nor sorrow,  
In that heaven of tomorrow,  
When our barque shall sail beyond the silver sea.  
We shall only know the blessing  
Of our Father's sweet caressing,  
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

When our days shall know their number,  
When in death we sweetly slumber,  
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.  
Nevermore with anguish laden,  
We shall reach that lovely aiden,  
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

## CHORUS:

Don't you hear the bells now ringing?  
Don't you hear the angels singing?  
'Tis the glory hallelujah Jubilee,  
In that far-off sweet forever,  
Just beyond the shining river—  
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.



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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Copyright, 1887, by Dion de Marbelis, used by permission of The John Church Company. This is one of the best-loved of the old-time hymns, and is featured by The Gospel Singers' soloist, Mrs. Mabel Rider Ellis.



# Is it well with your Soul

'Mid the toil and strife of this busy life,  
Is it well with your soul?  
Are you living right, should you die tonight?  
Is it well with your soul?

Have you lost your sin, are you pure within,  
Is it well with your soul?  
Are you at the side of the crucified,  
Is it well with your soul?

Do you praise the love of the One above,  
Is it well with your soul?  
Will the crown be won, and the Lord's will done,  
Is it well-with your soul?

## CHORUS:

Is it well with your soul?  
Is it well with your soul?  
Are you free, glad and whole?  
Are you living right, should you die tonight?  
Is it well . . . with your soul?



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Virgil O. Stamps is the owner of this beautiful song, which has proved so popular with the radio audience of the Southwest, and to him we are indebted for the use of the words in this booklet.



# I Like the Old Time Way

Many today think all our fathers were wrong  
When they believed Jesus, the Master, was strong;  
Heedless they go, carelessly drifting along—  
But as for me, I like the old time way.

Modern in ways, thinking that culture is all,  
Closing the door when the good Master shall call;  
Trusting in self, thinking they never shall fall—  
But as for me, I like the old time way.

Someone is lost on the bleak mountain of sin,  
Looking for help, hoping the life-crown to win;  
Many will say, "Why should I help take him in?"—  
But as for me, I like the old time way.

## CHORUS:

I like the old time preaching, praying, singing, shouting;  
I like the old time way.  
I like the old time preaching, praying, singing, shouting;  
I like the old time way.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This song is copyright, 1934, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co., of Dallas, Texas, to whom we are indebted for the use of the words.



*The GOODWILL FAMILY of*  
K W T O



Slim, Little Junior, and Uncle George

*HEARD ON MONDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS.*

*Clyde,*  
*66*  
*Slim*  
*Wilson*

The  
MILE-  
HIGH-  
YODELER



*Favorite Songs of  
the Goodwill Family*

*Would You Care?*

Lift your eyes to me my darling,  
Let me see the love light there,  
For you know I love you dearly,  
For to me there's none so fair,  
Yet at times I often wonder  
Would you care if I'd care?  
Tell you that my love had vanished,  
Tell me sweetheart would you care.

**CHORUS:**

Would you care if I should leave you,  
Would you care if we should part,  
Would you care if someone else, dear?  
Stole your one and only heart.  
Would you care if you should find me,  
Closely held in someone's arms,  
Would your heart ache just a little,  
Tell me Sweetheart, would you care?

Just suppose that I should leave you,  
Break my vows, and leave you alone,  
Just suppose I should reject you,  
Take another for my own?  
Just suppose that duty called me,  
Would you cry if I'd die?  
And my eyes were closed forever,  
Tell me sweetheart, would you care?



# Just one way to the Pearly Gate

Key of G.

There are many paths through this world of sin,  
But there's only one I shall travel in,  
'Tis the old Cross Road or the way called straight,  
There is just one way to the Pearly Gate.

Chorus—

There is just one way to the Pearly Gate,  
To the crown of life and the friends who wait,  
'Tis the old Cross Road or the way called straight,  
There is just one way to the Pearly Gate.

There are some who sneer at the old Cross Road  
At the Pearly Gate, and the soul's abode,  
Yet I mind them not but with happy song,  
Of Assurance sweet still I press along.

Others risk their soul on some new made way,  
Thinking they will come to the Gate some day,  
Oh, may they find ere their lives are done,  
That the old Cross Road is the only one.



# The BASIC LIVESTOCK MARKET



This panorama view of the Union Stockyards, located at 1100 West Locust street, in Springfield, Missouri, gives you an idea of the magnitude of this splendid, open, competitive, government-inspected livestock market. The stockyards covers 11 acres of land and is located on the main line of the Frisco railroad, providing incoming and outgoing railroad facilities second to none anywhere in the country. More than 275,000 head of livestock were sold thru this market in 1935, netting farmers and stockmen of the Ozarks approximately \$6,000,000 in cash.

Radio Stations KWTO and KGBX, on 560 and 1230 kilocycles, respectively, are used exclusively by the Union Stockyards to provide farmers and stockmen of this region the fastest and most reliable daily market service possible. That Ozarks farmers depend almost exclusively on





# MARKET of the OZARKS.



radio for their market information is shown by the fact that business of the Union Stockyards in 1935 showed a 21 percent gain over 1934, and a 41 percent gain over 1933.

Seven Market Programs are broadcast each weekday, as follows:

**KWTO**—6 to 6:30 a. m., 9:35-9:45 a. m., 11:45-12:00 noon, and 4:20-4:30 p. m.

**KGBX**—9:35-9:45 a. m., 10:45-11 a. m., and 1:00-1:15 p. m.

The Union Stockyards Company, members of the Springfield Livestock Exchange, and the Springfield Horse and Mule Commission company, all at the Union Stockyards, cooperate in sending this most outstanding market service to radio listeners in a 300-mile radius.



# Final Pay Day

You can talk about your jolly good times, and the life you love to live,

As you go in for every thing the world or the devil can give,  
You can work or rest which suits you best, and so live out your days,

But I'll give you a pointer from my own choice. I'm in for the life that pays.

*Chorus;*

On that final payday to which we all must come,  
There the Lord will pay the wages for the work that you have done,  
For the wages of sin is death you know, not any of that for me,  
You get nothing but evil for serving the devil, on pay day don't you see.

So think before you sell your soul, for the life you love so well,  
Will it pay my friend for you to spend eternity in Hell,  
You never can live life over again when once it's thrown away,  
So hasten to choose, or your soul you will lose,  
Then I ask you will it pay.

It isn't every Saturday night the Lord squares up His accounts;  
It isn't the first of every month that you draw your full amount,  
To those who live in sin and shame they have not drawn all their pay  
At last will be found with interest compound laid up a gainst that day.



I care not what Church you belong' to.

As an army we're marching to Heaven,  
Tho' we feel that together we stand,  
We may not have the same name or title  
But were soldiers so give me your hand.

CHORUS:

Oh I care not what church you belong to,  
Just so long as for God you may stand,  
But if your heart today is as my heart  
You're my brother so give me your hand.

You may not come to our great cathedral,  
But belong to some small praying band,  
But if you love my Christ, my Redeemer,  
You're my brother so give me your hand.

If today you are looking to Calvary  
Where the blood of Christ's meets every demand,  
If you trust in his blood for atonement,  
You're no stranger so give me your hand.

I am bound for that beautiful city  
Where before that white throne we shall stand,  
We shall all be as one there forever.  
Hallelujah! So give me your hand.



*The* MISSOURI MELODY MAKERS  
*of* K-W-T-O



Left to right: Eddie Grishaw, Beverly Long Moss, Jack Long.

*Heard Each Wednesday Morning!*

BEV



ED



JACK



# *Favorite Songs of The MISSOURI MELODY MAKERS*

## She'll be There

(Sung to the hymn—"What a Friend we have in Jesus")

What a friend we have in Mother,  
Who will all our secrets share,  
We should never keep things from her,  
Tell her all and she'll be there.  
Oh what tender love she gives us,  
Tell her gently, whisper softly,  
Tell her all and she'll be there.

When you're sick and cannot labor,  
And there's nothing you can do,  
Call on Mother, she will help you,  
God will bless her, that is true.  
She will clean and do the dishes,  
She will feed your babes with care,  
If she finds you cold or hungry,  
Call on her and she'll be there.

Day by day as she grows older,  
She's the nation's guiding star;  
Don't forget the prayers she taught you,  
You may need them by and by;  
Tho' her hair has turned to silver,  
Send her flowers sweet and fair,  
Drop a card or send a letter,  
She'll be waiting, she'll be there.

When her eyes have closed to slumber,  
Gently kiss her icy brow,  
Fold her hands upon her bosom,  
She will rest in heaven now.  
When your day is dark and dreary,  
And your cross is hard to bear,  
Don't forget your dear old Mother,  
Think of her, and she'll be there.



By EDDIE GRISHAW,  
The Boy from the Mountains.



# Gosh! I miss You all the time

When whippoorwills are singing,  
And church bells are ringing;  
That's when I miss you most.  
When the sun is setting,  
And I crave a little petting,  
That's when I miss you most.  
When the stars are peepin',  
And everybody's sleepin',  
I'm longing for the moon to shine,  
I miss you when it's midnight,  
I miss you when it's daylight—  
Gosh! I miss you all the time!

When night is gently falling,  
The nightingales are calling,  
That's when I miss you most.  
When I'm feeling lonely,  
And thinking of you only,  
That's when I miss you most.  
When deep in meditation,  
And searching all creation,  
For the one that's so divine,  
I miss your arms a-stealin'  
Around me so appealin',  
Gosh! I miss you all the time!

When roses are a-blooming,  
The bees are a-humming,  
That's when I miss you most.  
When breezes are a-sighing,  
And my poor heart is crying,  
That's when I miss you most.  
When friends all get together,  
In any kind of weather,  
I feel like I'm left behind.  
I miss your softly crooning,  
I miss your little spooning—  
Gosh! I miss you all the time!



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This catchy, swingy, peppy little tune is from the pen of Jimmy Long, the Westerner, to whom we are indebted for use of the words in this book. It also is contained in the new songbook of Jimmy Long and Gene Autry.

# MEMORIES OF That Silver haired Daddy of Mine

Now that vine-covered shack in the mountains,  
Seems so lonely and dreary today;  
For I dream of that silver-haired daddy  
Who has gone to a home far away.

## CHORUS:

Dear old daddy, my heart aches with sorrow,  
Since the Master has called you away.  
You tried hard to be the best pal to me;  
If only I'd try to repay.  
If the angels in heaven will guide me,  
Till I reach that bright city divine;  
Then I know I shal meet my mother pure and sweet,  
And that Silver-haired Daddy of Mine.

Oh I know that your sorrow is ended,  
And at last you have found perfect rest;  
As you sleep there in peace in the churchyard,  
By the side of the one you loved best.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This beautiful song, a sequel to Jimmy Long's famous "Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine" was written by Gene Autry, and is copy-righted by M. M. Cole Publishing company. This song is contained in a new song-book just published by Jimmy Long and Gene Autry. We acknowledge with our sincere thanks the use of the words to this new song.



# That Silver Haired Mother of mine



When the sun is slowly sinking,  
'Neath the mountains in the west;  
And twilight shadows creep around my door,  
'Tis then I'm always thinking,  
Of the one I love the best—  
A—longing in my heart to see once more—

## CHORUS:

That silver-haired mother of mine,  
The Angel of my cradle days;  
Who watched my every faltering step,  
And taught my baby lips to pray.  
Though I've wandered from the narrow way,  
Her prayers will guide this wayward soul of mine;  
And I'd give the life I own, if I could but atone—  
To that Silver-Haired Mother of Mine.

Mother Dear, I know I'll never repay  
The debt of Life I owe—  
The golden hair replaced with silver gray.  
Your reward will be in heaven,  
You'll be happy there I know  
When you reach that golden shore on judgment day.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This companion song to "Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine" also was written and set to music by Jimmy Long. It is contained in the new song book just published by Jimmy Long and Gene Autry. Copies of their 64-page song book can be obtained for only 50c, by writing Jimmy Long, KWTO, Springfield, Mo.



## *RADIO HOME of* KWTO.

This magnificent Radio Home of KWTO is one of the most complete and outstanding of its kind anywhere in the country. It is located right in the heart of Springfield, on U.S. Highway 66, just across the street from the Abou Ben Adhem Shrine Mosque, which has the largest auditorium in Southern Missouri.

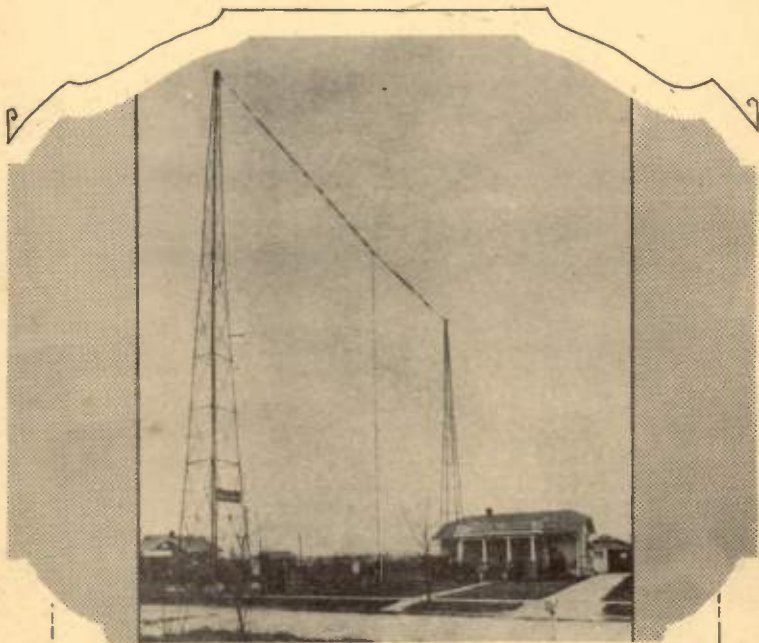
# Central Studio



## News ROOM of KWTO



## Announcer's STUDIO



Located on McGee St. in Beacon Hill addition, Southeast section of Springfield, Mo.





THIS BOOK  
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Springfield, Mo..

