

D.J. ramblin's



TEXAS TINY

Texas Tiny began his varied career in radio on WBAP in Ft. Worth, Texas, migrating to the West Coast in 1947, where he went to work for Station KGER in Long Beach, California, for two years. From here he went to KFOX, also in Long Beach, remaining for 8 years and becoming the top disc jockey in the metropolitan Los Angeles area.

Tiny is well into his 4th year on "Town Hall Party," the highest rated television show in L.A. in its field. Since January, Tiny has been heard via the powerful 50,000-watt border station, XERB, from 4:00 to 5:00 p.m., seven days a week, and the "Western Hit Parade," now on KABC, Hollywood.



HOYT SCOGGINS

"Howdy Neighbors:

"This is your good buddy Hoyt Scoggins telling you that I sure am a-spinnin' those Carl Smith records left and right. We folks believe that Carl has one of the nicest voices around, and he sure can do a lot with a Country tune.

"As for me, I'm twenty-nine years old and have two sweet children — Tyrone, who is eleven years old, and Dolan, who is eight. The kids, as well as my wonderful wife Jessie Mae, are loyal listeners to my shows over WCGA radio and TV, Channel 9, Calhoun, Ga."

All the friends and neighbors in and around Clinton, Oklahoma, are always in for an hour of good Country and Western music when Okie Charlie spins out the best and latest in Country and Western recordings on his "Western Hits Show" over KWOE, every evening from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m.

Charlie is "tickled pink" when he receives a mailbag full of pink stationery requests. And all his listeners are always on their toes to find a new kind of pink stationery to write him a request on. His mailing address: Okie Charlie, 618½ South 9th, Clinton, Oklahoma.



OKIE CHARLIE

"Hi Folks:

"I'm Harold Nichols and I was born and raised in Plumerville, Ark. After high school I attended Arkansas Tech in Russellville and then joined the U.S. Air Force for four years, serving in Korea in 1952. The last year in the Air Force I had a radio program on WGNS in Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

"After my discharge on November 10, 1954, I attended radio school in Memphis, Tennessee, then came to work here at KVOM in Morrilton, Arkansas, spinning mostly Country music six days weekly — on 'Gettin' Up Time' (5:45-7:00 a.m.) then 'Hill-billy Jamboree', (12:00-2:00 p.m.)."



HAROLD NICHOLS

THE WALTZ OF THE ANGELS

DICK REYNOLDS
JACK RHODES

The waltz of the angels
I hear each time
I hold you tightly
In these arms of mine
It's surely from Heaven
This music I hear
When your lips say I love you
In waltz-time, my dear
There must be a power
Much higher than I
A writer of love songs 'way up in the sky
The Maker of roses of love, sweet and true
The waltz of the angels
The moonlight and you.
Oh hurry my darlin'
To my waitin' arms
I'll love you forever
And keep you from harm
We know love is endless
Our hearts have been kissed
By the waltz of the angels
And far beyond this
There must be a power
Much higher than I
A writer of love songs
'Way up in the sky
The maker of roses
Of love, sweet and true
And the waltz of the angels
He wrote just for you.
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YOU NEARLY LOSE YOUR MIND

ERNEST TUBB

Now, if you love your papa
And you treat him right
But he keeps on fussin' at you
Ev'ry day and night
Then he's gonna trifle on you
They'll do it ev'ry time
And when your baby starts to steppin'
You nearly lose your mind
Now, if your papa's mean
Take a tip from me
Lock him up at home, gal
But hang on to that key
'Cause he's gonna trifle on you
They'll do it ev'ry time
And when your baby starts to steppin'
You nearly lose your mind
Now you may have a papa
Who says that he is true
But wait till you get down and out
And really need him too
Then he's gonna trifle on you
They'll do it ev'ry time
And when your baby starts to steppin'
You nearly lose your mind
But if your papa's good
I'll tell you what to do
Give him lots of lovin'
Lord, but watch him closely too
'Cause he's gonna trifle on you
They'll do it ev'ry time
And when your baby starts to steppin'
You nearly lose your mind.
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I'D RATHER STAY HOME

FELICE BRYANT
BOUDLEAUX BRYANT

I'd rather stay home and cry over you
Than to run around all over town
With somebody new
I'd rather stay home, forgotten and blue.
Than to look for fun with anyone but you
There's nothing to be glad about
Since you went away
So what's the use to gad about
Pretending I'm gay
My tears are too real for smiles to conceal
I don't want to roam,
I'd rather stay home.
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