

# IF YOU WANT'A RIDE HERD ON THE ARIZONA MARKET

YOU'LL HAF'TA LISSEN TO  
*Arizona Al ~*





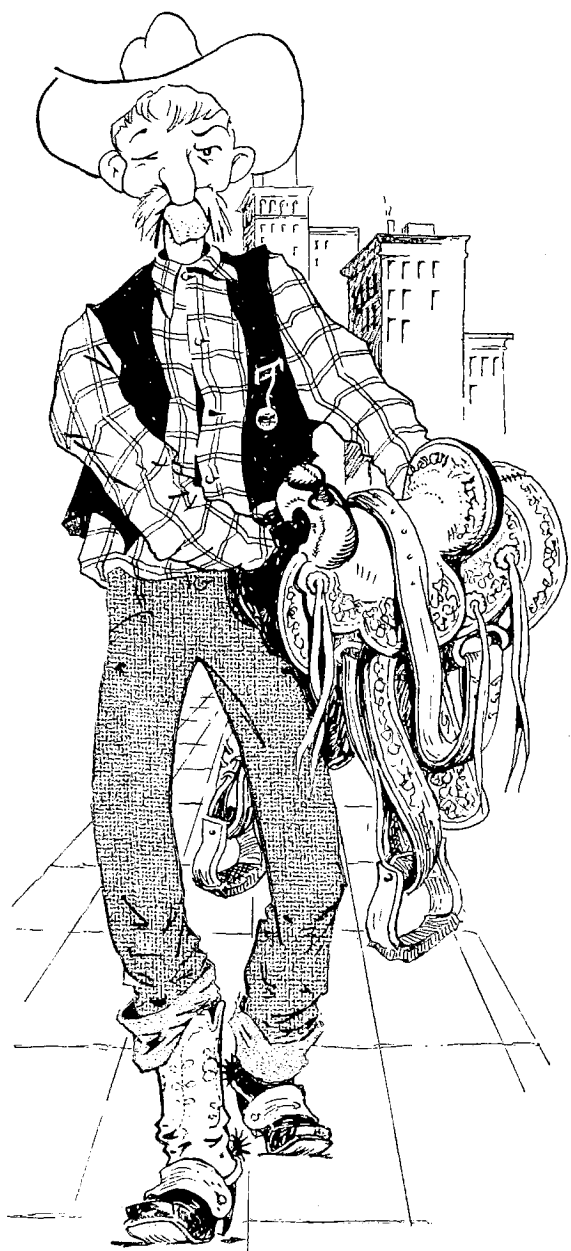
## MEET ARIZONA AL~

**T**HE OLD BOY has traveled Arizona from one border to another in the sixty years of his existence. He's ridden the range, hobnobbed with people from all walks of life and has had plenty of time in the saddle to ruminate and arrive at his own home spun conclusions. When

we heard his story we decided to put it in print, vernacular, cowboy philosophy and all. So here it is, dished up in chuck-wagon fashion. If you stumble on any of his expressions, let this glossary of cowboy words help you.

Arizona strawberries.....red beans  
announcer.....the world's life long friend  
amigo.....good guy  
assay sheet.....if certified, not so good  
bronco.....wild; except cats and women  
browse (pr. like mouse).....imaginary tender twigs on  
cat's-claw brush  
cow punch.....any saddle-bent gent  
como s' yama?.....any amigo's last name  
dogie.....a motherless calf  
doggie.....what a tenderfoot calls a dogie  
doggy.....sporty, like Pete's brother's golf pants  
deer run.....where fallow deer follow dear  
editor.....Pioneer's annual host and lifelong friend  
ear down.....get you  
go western.....to wear spurs over spats  
gold nugget.....Phoenix, Arizona

high tail.....to move forward predicatously  
hasta manana (Cockney "h").....'till we meet again  
latigo.....saddle strap, boot laces, fish worms or maccaroni  
maverick.....an unbranded animal  
marquee.....fool porch without a tie post  
pronto.....American word for "manana," Sp. for "Lets Go"  
radio.....KTAR  
round up.....a round up; the last of anything  
renegade.....any other kind of announcer  
stuff.....sometimes 'most anything  
she-stuff.....a lady, all WAYS  
skillet bread.....froze dough fried  
sheet.....standard equipment Phoenix hotels  
stampede.....quaint communal dance by entire herd  
st'istics.....wrong numbers, in any growing town  
wise hombre.....advertiser  
wide open spaces.....guff, vacant lots, western bull for nothin'



## "GETTIN' SO'S A GUY CAIN'T SEE PHOENIX FER TH' BUILDIN'S'."

**D**OGGONE! Where's that leather store?

Time was, a cowhand could lope into Phoenix an' hitch anywhar. But, now look! Where used to be irrigatin' ditches and cottonwood trees, it's all see-ment pavements an' postless awnin's.

She's plumb ruined.

♦ ♦ ♦

Cars and lights and bells and skywhoppers—sufferin' kyoties! I went up to see the Doc—15th floor before I even got my hat off . . . an' THEN I was wrong; wrong again when I snagged my spur gettin' out the hoist. But, boy, I wasn't wrong when I looked out of the Doc's window and see Phoenix seethin' down there. She's a millin', what I mean.

The Doc kep' pointin' out the sights to me. Heck, yo' c'd see my ranch from his window: look right down over Four Peaks into my old corral. Mighty near. But Doc says, "Al, you didn't come to Phoenix to look at your ranch. Look at all the big buildings."

"There's too many buildin's," I says. "Where's Phoenix?"

♦ ♦ ♦

Air coolin' and air heatin'—huh! At that tourist hotel they wanted me to sleep inside, but I packed my bed roll up to the roof and bedded down under the stars. Some pee-rade in the mornin', lookin' down at them fancy eastern riders high tailin' it off along the bridle paths; mighty likely lookin' young she-stuff, too.

And, o' course, they got them some swell show houses in Phoenix. Doggone—more girls! I had a time gettin' Cactus Pete out of the las' one. Fan dancers, and Pete sure does fancy the wide open spaces.

Oh, Phoenix is big. 'S a fact.

♦ ♦ ♦

But shucks, I remember this big place when it was a little cow town and cross trails . . . couldn't been more'n 'bout 100 people here. Injuns an' Jack rabbits included. Now there's 100,000. People from everywhere; some 't never seen a buckin' broncho outside Madison Square Garden.

And stores! I know, brother. Between goin' up one street and down another tryin' to find that gol'dang saddle shop, I've stepped into a mess of everything from saddle blankets and mining hoists to tooth paste and fur coats. I tell yo', they SELL things here.

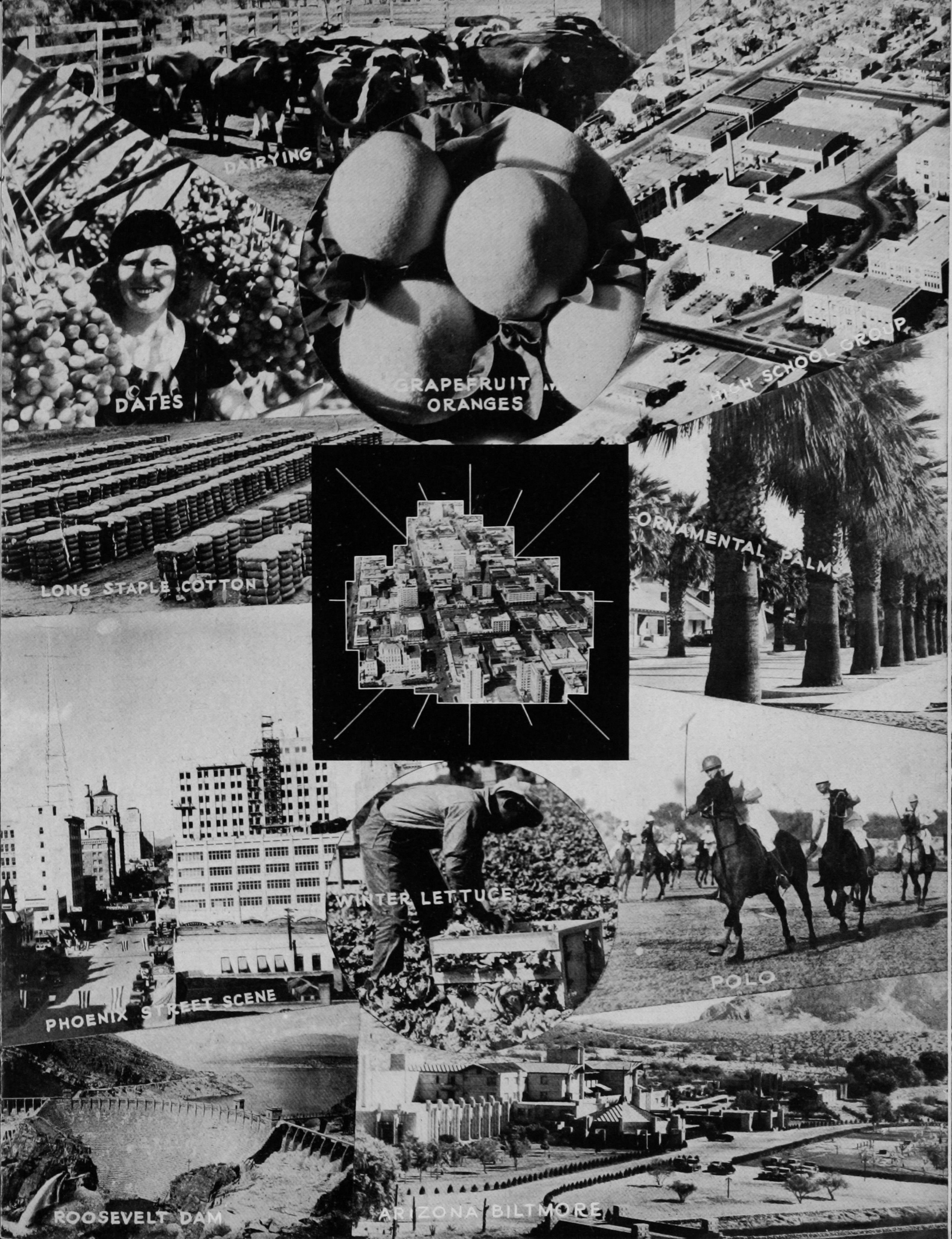
I can see now why all the boys back up in the hills send down to Phoenix for their fixin's.

They've GOT 'em here, that's why. A whole quarter section gone wholesale; won't sell yo' less 'n a gross of anything an' sells carloads of everthing. There used to be a leather store down by the railroad track, but now it's a line of blind eyed warehouses a mile long with more tracks than a deer-run to an open hay shed, an' trucks busier than bothered bumblebees.

Not so crazy, neither!

They cover the territory from Denver down to El Paso and over to Los Angeles, and that's some triangle for any drummer to play unless he's sitting' pretty, right in the center, at Phoenix.





DAIRYING

DATES

GRAPEFRUIT  
ORANGES

HIGH SCHOOL GROUP

LONG STAPLE COTTON

ORNAMENTAL PALMS

WINTER LETTUCE

POLO

PHOENIX STREET SCENE

ROOSEVELT DAM

ARIZONA BILTMORE



# "THIS PHOENIX IS ONE BIG ROUND-UP!"

**B**IGGER'N she tallies. Why, only one-third of the population that should be branded Phoenix is inside the official Phoenix corral. That ain't satisfactionary. All of 'em run with the Phoenix herd, but their noses ain't counted. No, sir; fetch your ropes, boys. Phoenix is two-thirds mavericks! The city limits run right through the thick o' the herd, all 'round the durn town. Pete's brother, in a cap and boy's pants, gone Chamber of Commerce, drove us around two days and fed us th' st'istics, an', 'f y'ask me, why Phoenix is jus' a right peert heifer sharin' some durn good browse with a lot of unbranded calves.

But they're bein' rounded up. The newspaper boys is ridin' herd on 'em an' the radio boys is croonin' 'em quiet. They got 'em eared down, and they're sellin' 'em all alike. As Pete's brother says: "It's the Gold Nugget of Western Markets."

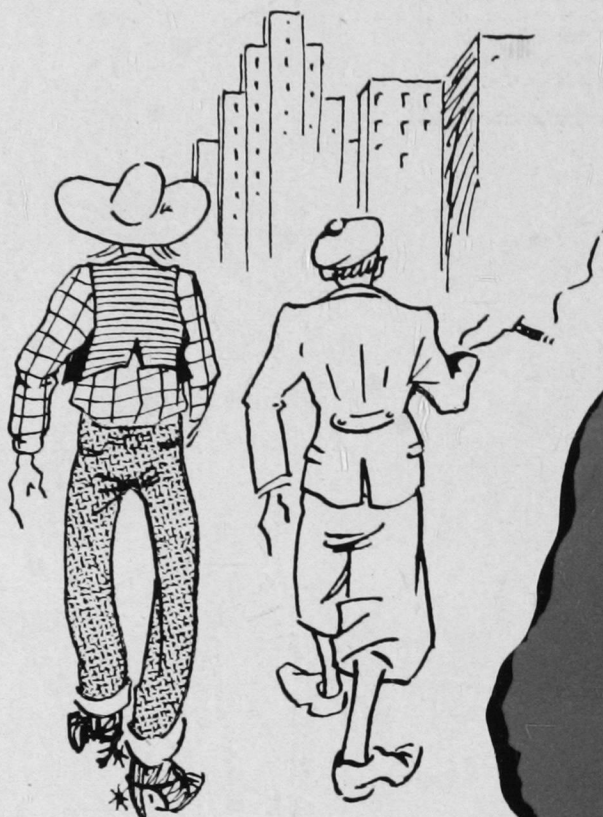
103,000—cut out and counted, standin' purty.

♦ ♦ ♦

Course, now, don't presum'rate. Y' can't tie a hoss to one of these, now, orniamental marquees; and besides, they've a-went and run a moulding over the high man's tobacco spit in Yee Sing's Steak House. Yo' can't keep a big herd from trompin' out tradition.

♦ ♦ ♦

Still an' all, they've come WEST, and they've got what it takes. These people here have plenty. They've come out here



to live, what I mean. Fer me, skillet bread an' bacon an' red beans; but they want the fat o' the landscape. No wonder they have more of everthing to the person than anywhere else in the country. They up and order it. Gosh, Pete's brother says: "Phoenix has one of the highest per capillary retail sales of the country." That is, more dollars capoot.

METRO  
6 MILE  
PHO

PHO  
2 MILE LEG

GOLD  
WESTER



Sells as much of everything as other spots two and a half times its size. And that's not all:

It sells more of most things.

Jus' bulldog that down once. Or lay your riata out wide and build you a loop over the main facts. There must be more people here than Uncle Sam figgers, or else they're buyin' more here per persona. Either way's all right and I'm a livin' ex-sample of the guy that thought he knew what Phoenix was, and got fooled. I



done burnt my feet lookin' fer old trails. They're gone. Business done it, big business.

Me? I don't know nothin' but cows; but Pete's done some minin' an' Pete says his brother's right: Phoenix is a Gold Nugget.

♦ ♦ ♦

Winter tourists know it. More of 'em in town th'n ever. Thicker'n grasshops. Shucks, they're just learnin' about this country th't I been ridin' fer the past fifty years. You can't lie about it. Sun always shinin'; warm in winter; yes, 'n goldurned hot in summer, 'ceptin' up where I manucures and massages the longhorns. And business yippin' to go.

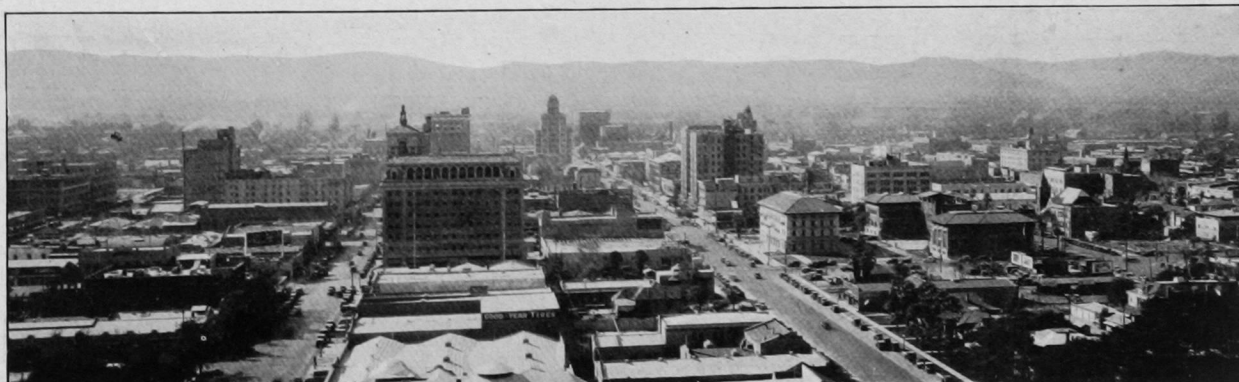
Well, Pete's brother made HIS here.

♦ ♦ ♦

No, I tell yo', I used to take pride in the fact that we had enough room out here to dump a dozen eastern states in and still have plenty of grazin' ground, but with all these high grade wholesale houses that a man can't buy at, an' all these low grade see-ment roads that a hoss can't ride on, women wearin' squaw paint an' Injun bracelets, men wearin' us punches' boots an' sombreros, polo fellers ridin' the parks and politicians ridin' the hotel lobbies, and then, top o' that, all these automobiles cuttin' herd with the traffic lights—they done got me stampeded. Phoenix is too dolbined modern. Once let me get my saddle organized, an' I'm gonna buy my fall ranch outfittin's in a hurry, an' get back out where I can breathe deep and healthy-like again.

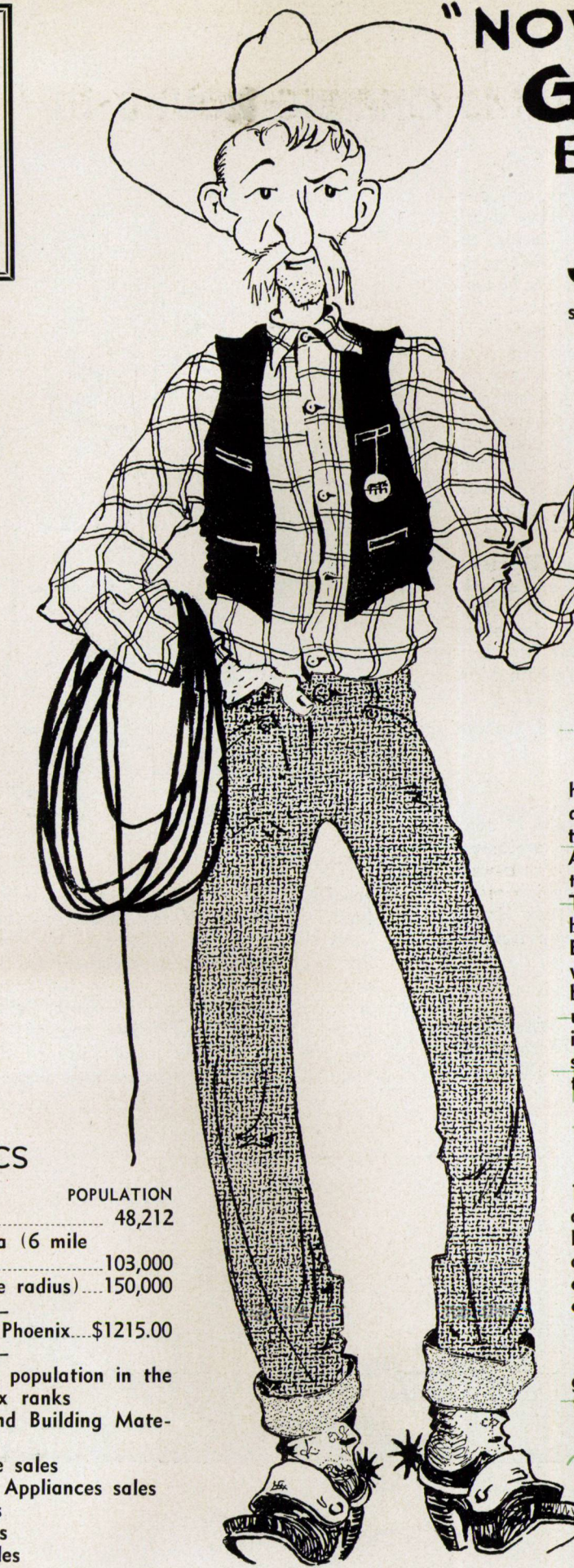
—Out where th' awnin's are made of tin an' have posts to tie to.

But thank my little dogies, they've had sense enough to pree-serve some of the old time flavor of the West, even if Phoenix has gone Fifth Avenue.





**STATISTIC HOUNDS!**  
In this growing, virile community statistics grow cold overnight, hence the absence of all but a few in this booklet. But we have plenty of them. Cold, convincing, logical. If you want the conversation of Arizona AI backed up by figures, we can satisfy your individual needs. Write us.



**ST'ISTICS**

|   |            |           |
|---|------------|-----------|
| Phoenix                                   | POPULATION | 48,212    |
| Phoenix metropolitan Area (6 mile radius) |            | 103,000   |
| Salt River Valley (35 mile radius)        |            | 150,000   |
| Per capita retail sales in Phoenix        |            | \$1215.00 |

Of the first 194 cities in population in the United States, Phoenix ranks  
45th in total Lumber and Building Material sales  
60th in total Automotive sales  
68th in total Household Appliances sales  
72nd in total Drug sales  
86th in total Retail sales  
100th in total Variety sales  
101st in total Auto Tires and Accessories  
119th in total Grocery sales

# "NOW I KETCH ON TO THIS GOLD NUGGET BUSINESS -"

**J**US' GOES to prove, you gotta stick around. I got this Gold Nugget notion now. I'd been away so long, and then had sech a big time at the Pioneer's Reunion the newspaper outfit give us, I couldn't see Phoenix fer lookin'. Best card I held, too. Play on this:

Here's your Gold Nugget proposition: Around this metropolitan area, Phoenix's got this wonderful Salt River valley. And don't let the name fool you. Salt's money in Abyssinia. Here it's lettuce—fall, winter AND spring; it's early cantaloupes; it's arapefruit, oranges, Eayptian dates; it's milk cows (t' hell with 'em!) and this long staple airplane-cloth cotton, poultry, alfalfa, wheat, winter vegetables, olives, maybe caviar—anyhow, real garden sass. Pickin' a crop in one field and, dang it, plantin' another in another field right alongside in juxtapos—what I mean belt-line production month after month, keepin' 'em rollin' and gyrotatin' like one of these cat-and-rat farms; and these crops comin' alone as they do, steady all year, jest naturally keep gold dollars floodin' into this bia new Phoenix, makin' it what it is, somethin' better than an old timer's dream—the real Gold Nugget of Western Markets.

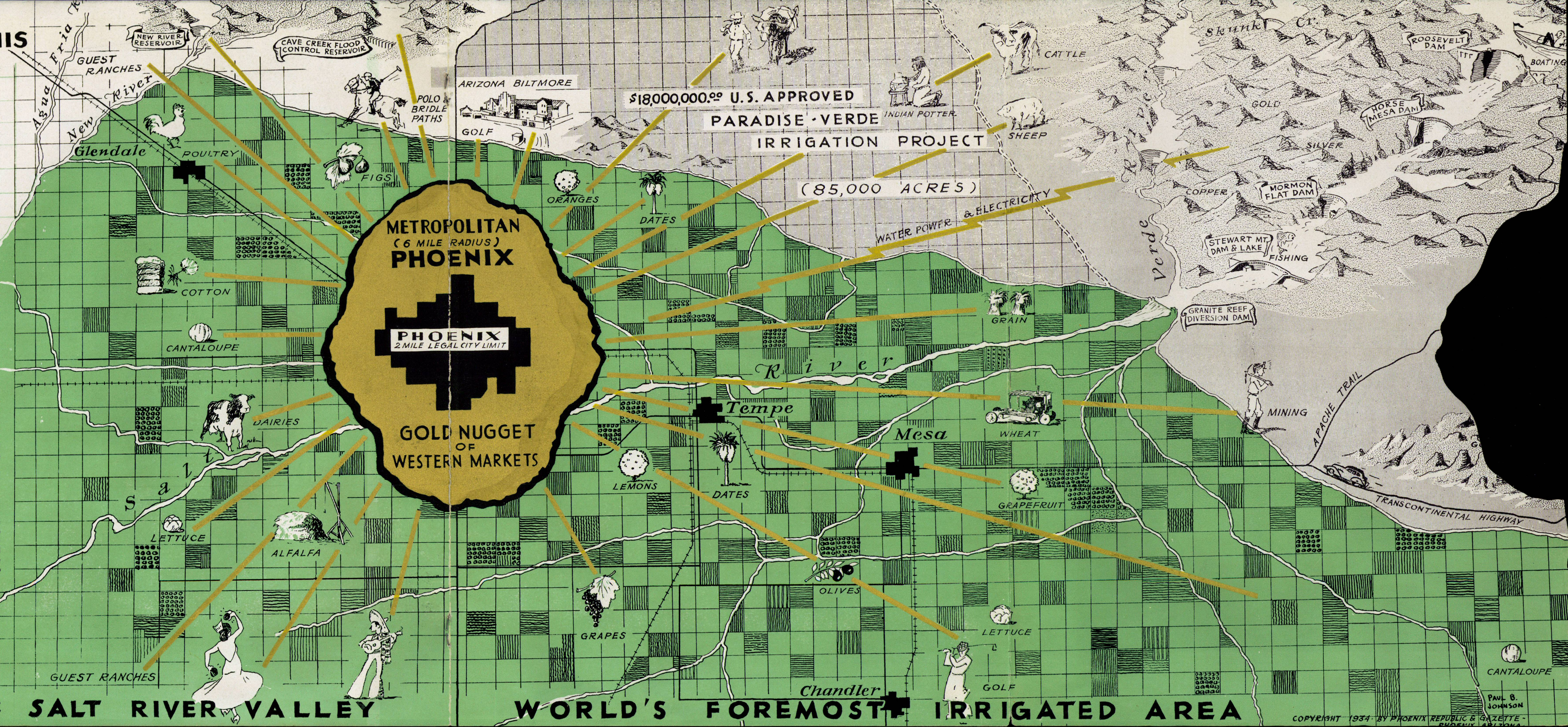
My play? Well, then they've got these tourist dudes! Holy smoke-house, they come out here for sinus trouble, and golf trouble, play trouble, and work trouble, an' it's jus' no trouble at all. Those babies sure pour the money into this old town. So that makes it a gold nugget city, too. And then the farmers' Water Users' outfit sells th' 'lectric juice that their water produces when it tumbles through the big chute up the Apache Trail where Teddy Roosevelt 'pounded the waters with the Big Stick,' way back in 1912 . . . so they get power-money from the big copper mines. Boy, that's liquid gold. Liquid gold that irrigates the evergreen fields all year, liquid gold that supplies electricity to run the farmers' iceless ice-boxes, turn his churn, spank his kids, and run his radio. And then, all us rich ranchers—ones th' fellas like me rides fer . . . all trade here in Phoenix . . . and the school ma'ams, the miners, hardrock boys, grub-stakers and promoters, the lumber jacks and sheep men—all of 'em spend their money down here in Phoenix.

So, you see, that's more of this Gold Nugget business.

Jus' look across this map an' you'll see an evergreen valley where 150,000 people live. And none of them lives far enough from Phoenix to claim any other place their home. I brands 'em all "Phoenix" and I told Pete's brother that his Chamber of Commerce should tally 'em all, old and young, instead of just 100,000 huddled up within six miles of the center of town. That's no way to count cattle, an' t ain't no way to count people, I tol' him. "Count what yo' got," I says.

An' he says: "150,000 she is."

That shore makes it too congested fer me. I gotta get out of here an' get some rest and quiet. Phoenix is too big fer me.



The SALT RIVER VALLEY

WORLD'S FOREMOST IRRIGATED AREA

COPYRIGHT 1934 BY PHOENIX REPUBLIC & GAZETTE - PHOENIX, ARIZONA



# "SO LONG, MAVERICKS! I'M HEADED FER MY HOME ON THE RANGE."

**B**ELIEVE ME, fer a young feller what's set a saddle as long as I have, I got plumb stifled here in Phoenix. I gotta get back up in the big pine country. Up in the hills where I can see old Mex an' tell him the truth about Phoenix and big business. I can go on tellin' the truth now for years, an' that ignorant bunch 'll think I'm stretchin' the hide to cover the tale.

I'm right fond to glad I found up with that leather g'rage, and I admire to ha' met yo'; but give me the wide open spaces, and let me see a million steers rangin' off, far and rambly—that's a figure I can compr'stand. Pete's brother tried to look polite when I told him half the pennies made fer slot machines come from Arizona. He could hardly believe Arizona digs half the country's copper, but I had to believe his durn lies about Phoenix, cause I was right there and seen it. An' when I sashay into the company Store at the big mines to pack me out some grub an' talk over the latest gold strike, I'll sure have some figures about Phoenix fer that ol' buzzard they got for mine foreman. I'm 'bout fed up on his weekly copper and silver assay sheets. I'll let him assay hotel bed sheets and the Phoenix Gold Nugget. There's talk.

♦ ♦ ♦

Why, I'll even tell the sheep men. We ain't fightin' like we once did. We got too many other ways o' makin' good money to bother about what land the other fellow's grazin'. There's plenty o' chances and millions o' rollin' stock. Boy, that's gold nuggets fer Phoenix.

♦ ♦ ♦

Why WOULDN'T the hotels serve two bed sheets?

♦ ♦ ♦

Arizona copper fer Blue Eagle brandin'; Arizona silver, enough fer China and India and a sound system here; camp fires of the pioneers switched to airway beacons; college trained engineers flyin' in here an' hobnobbin' with desert rats an' punchers an' drill-men and ranchers, checkin' their findin's and swappin' the makin's on lodes and ledges and sheep and cattle and water and power—you bet they have two sheets in the Gold Nugget Market.

Well, give me the whine of the buzz saw a-cuttin' through good old Arizona pine. Gimme the gurgle of old Oak Creek where the trout lie waitin' my comin'. Gimme the old wild turkey's call, a fresh bear track, or jus' plain deer shootin' in the fall. Gimme the wide spaces of scenery, jus' "lookin'-off" country, like old lady Grand Canyon, or the petrified forest, old Indian mounds

and cliff dwellings, or maybe a nest of, now, Dina Monster's eggs . . . all of 'em Arizona's own.

Let me back up in the wide open spaces where men are men and cattle are glad they ain't women. Let me look across the stretches to the purple mountains. Let me ride the range and cogitate and prognosticate. Let me sleep where sleepin's wide open. Where the cool pine breezes make the range a summer resort for Phoenix realtors to realtify. Let me grunt and talk signs with my Hopi and Navajo friends.

I know now why so many thousands of people visit all these sights and spend good money seein' what I see every day for nuthin'.

It's nature's playground.

Pete's brother's wife's sister was right. After visitin' that pushin', modern Phoenix, I'm glad too—just to get back up in here and live the old West, the last West all over again. Let 'em bury me with my boots on, but don't let 'em take away this last old West. The modern West, all that's new in the life of mankind; and the old West, all that's old in the life of Nature, are here wrapped up together. And that's the way I guess it should be.

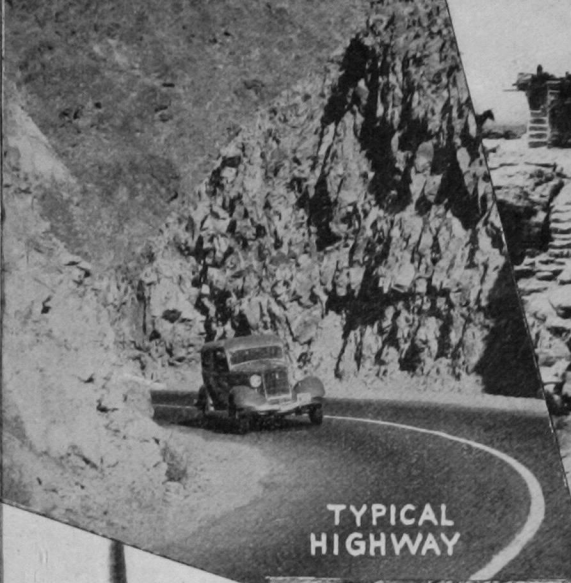
Phoenix . . .

. . . Arizona.

It's here —  
New visions,  
wealth, new  
to my hoss an'  
the rest of it.

either way you want it.  
new horizons, new  
spending. But I'll stick  
my range. You take





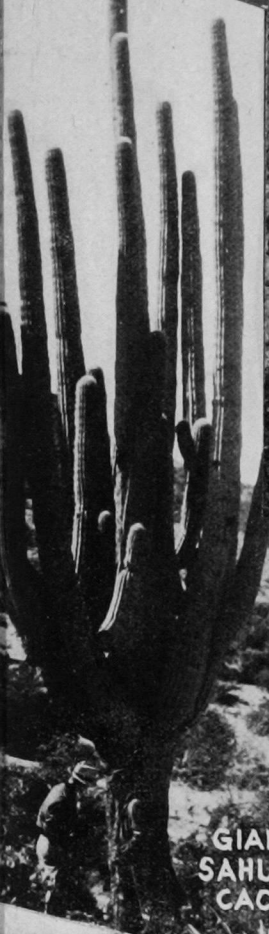
TYPICAL  
HIGHWAY



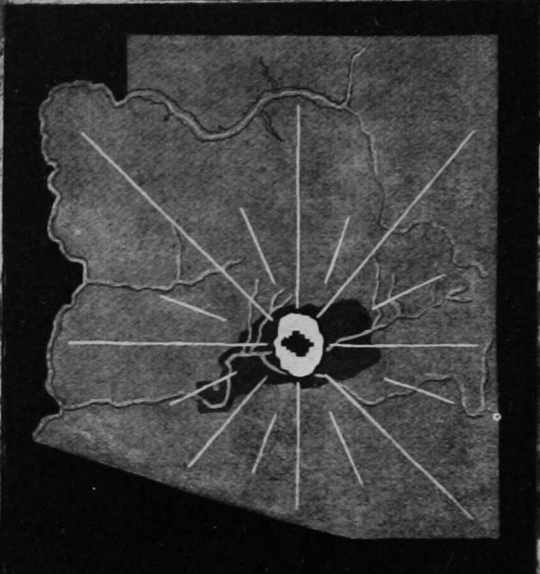
OLD  
INDIAN  
VILLAGE



BEEF



CLIFF  
DWELLING



FISHING



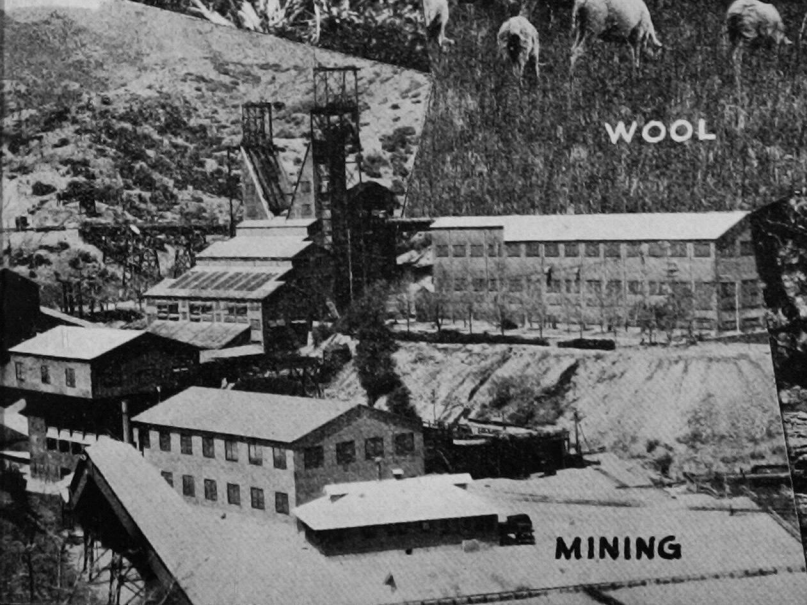
GIANT  
SAHUARO  
CACTUS



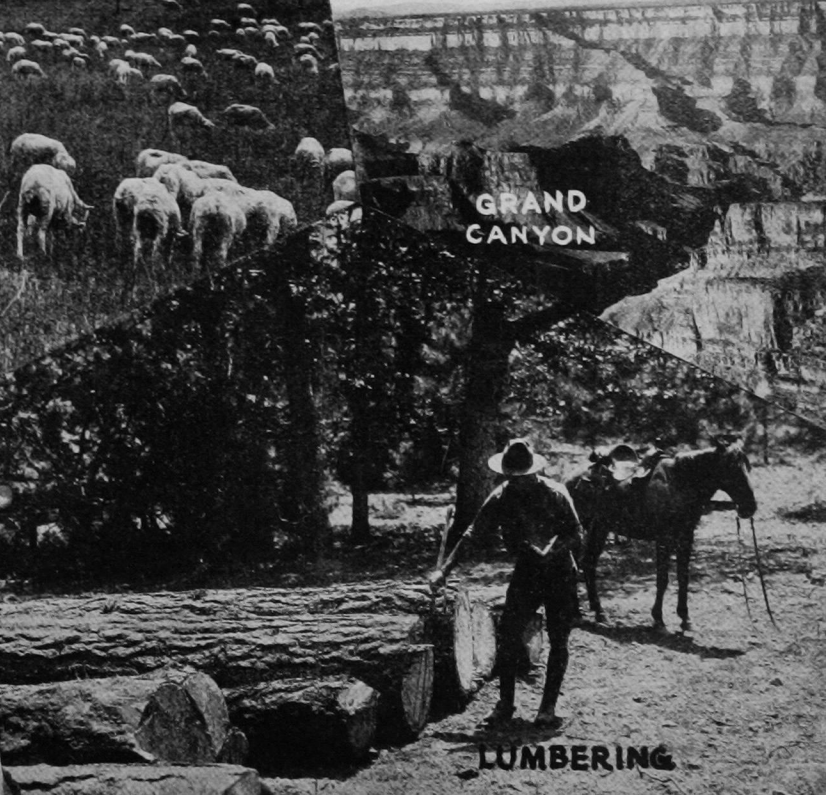
WOOL



GRAND  
CANYON



MINING



LUMBERING

# "ONE BRAND~K-T-A-R~ TAKES IN THE WHOLE RANGE ."

**M**Y LITTLE ol' hoss, Tarantula, totes me 'mos everywhar, but we never yet got out o' range of KTAR. Pile the ol' saddle in a corner of Jim Brandywine's bunkhouse outa Flagstaff, there's NBC goin' strong over KTAR. Hang the ol' Stetson on them deer horns at Steve Bailey's under the Tonto rim, or turn Tarantula to nosin' bunch grass on the Lazy JZ along the big Mesquite wash, or jus' go ramblin' round the Showlow basin anywhere, everywhere—every last horny toad in Arizona's got a radio and they all got a notch on the dial, sure as the notch on Billy the Kid's shootin' iron. That notch is right on KTAR an' that's whar she lays night an' day.

From 1922 to now, from KFAD to KTAR, from the ol' Crystile doodads with the earmuffs to these big orthopedic parlor pieces and the compacts the dudes wears in their automobiles when they come up here huntin' an' fishin'—every-one's a-goin' an' every one's goin' KTAR.

105,000 families in Arizona. 106,000,000 programs.

Give 'em time enough, they hear 107,000,000. What's a million, more or less. Jus' more per caps perhaps for the graph makers on the graphophone, them figures, but they're durn near right at that accordin' to the bookmakers an' there's no perhaps-hazard about Arizona folks wantin' to buy an' havin' the money to pay for what they buy; there's no perhaps-hazard about the rockin' chairs and reefrigerators the radio's done sold in Arizona. I've set in 'em; I've ett out of 'em. And cars and razor blades and toothpaste—well, I never set in no toothpaste, but Pete says:

Arizona listens to KTAR because KTAR has everthing.

News, politics, opery, comedians, columniators, hoss races, maybe a Broadway show—mixed as the spots on a piebald roan—from carooners to Caruso.

I've heard London, myself; I've listened in on festivals in Scandaslovakia and Hondolulu. Why, they durn near gimme television on them Lulu Kiki's. An' when the ol' boss rancher, hisself,

down in Washington, draws up to the mike an' says "My Friends," our station brings that right home to the folks in Arizona.

Why wouldn't we listen to KTAR? They're the only outfit on the whole durn Arizona range that's poundin' leather from sunup to midnight, seven days a week . . . the only outfit in the whole Inland Southwest that's in cahoots with them New York fellas that keeps sayin': "This is the NATIONAL Broadcasting Company."

♦ ♦ ♦

Arizona's buyin'. No stampede; jus' the quiet o' nature. People list'nin'. People that wants things, an' that's got the money to pay for 'em. Listenin'. Listenin'. And a bunch of live young experts handlin' KTAR and sayin' your say your way to your kind o' folks. If you've got somethin' that's good, somethin' you want to sell in Arizona, why jus' lay it down to this KTAR outfit, and say "scat!" They'll sell it for you. Jus' put that in your bag o' Bull Durham.

♦ ♦ ♦

Arizona's growin'. Look at Phoenix in two year's time. Changed so you can't even find a leather store, an' them got the biggest one in the world. I don't know nothin' but cattle. But when you're puttin' on beef, yo' shore got to have fodder. Phoenix must ha' fed on SOMETHING. That's why Phoenix retail sales, per persona, rank first of all cities regardless of size, in the whole U. S. A.

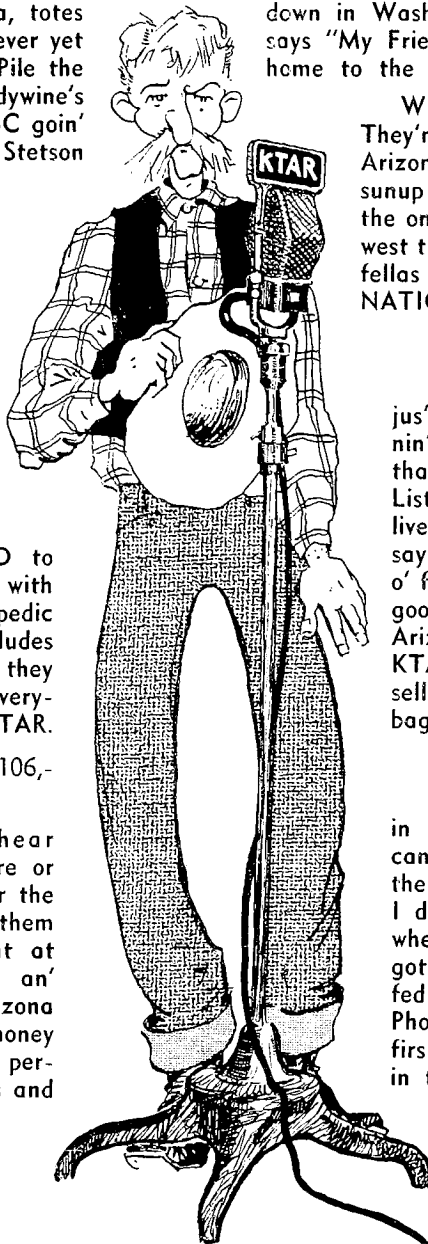
Per persona—and per purse. Take it from an old sourdough that knows.

We want your stuff. We know KTAR. Don't hire no upstage applause. Jus' send your story, plain and simple, to the boys in Phoenix. They're our friends and NEIGHBORS. If they say it's good, it's GOOD! And they know how to tell it and sell it in the Arizona way to the folks who are makin' Arizona.

Good? Yo' durn tootin! Well, I got to be hittin' the saddle now.

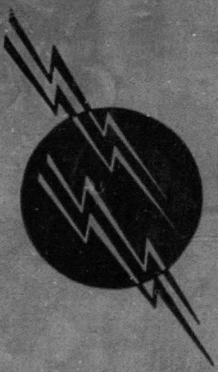
♦ ♦ ♦

Adios, amigos mios.





# SERVING ARIZONA WITH THE BEST IN RADIO



*The pioneer broadcast-  
ing station in the inland  
southwest from point of  
continuous service . . .*

*Offering broadcast ad-  
vertisers an enthusiastic  
audience of unmatched  
listener acceptance . . .*

1000 WATTS  
620 KILOCYCLES  
483.6 METERS

Associated Station of NBC

Member of NAB

Affiliated with  
PHOENIX REPUBLIC  
and GAZETTE

Morning and Evening  
Newspapers

---

"ARIZONA'S GREATEST BROADCASTING STATION"

---

# K T A R

---

HEARD BUILDING . PHOENIX, ARIZONA

---