

From  
BOB ROSEBERRY

W.H.I.S.  
Blue field - W.VA.

PLACE  
STAMP  
HERE

To Lucie Bonnie Roseberry  
Ripley  
West Virginia

**LIFE STORY**  
**of**  
**SMILING DALE ROSEBERRY**  
**AND BROTHER BOB**



**ALSO CONTAINS**  
**Nine Popular Songs**  
**and Many Poems**





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**LIFE STORY OF SMILING DALE ROSEBERRY  
AND BROTHER BOB**

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**FOREWORD:**



This book, containing the life stories of my brother, Dale Roseberry and myself, pictures, and songs, was written especially for you. Our many radio friends.

I would like to express my heartfelt appreciation for your kindness and everlasting loyalty to my loving brother and myself.

This book is dedicated to you, in memory of one so dear to all of us, "Smiling" Dale Roseberry.

Sincerely yours,

**BOB ROSEBERRY.**

**Bob Roseberry**





## DALE AND BOB ROSEBERRY

(Life Story)

Cecil Dale Roseberry was born April 9, 1913 near Ripley, W. Va. I was born June 27, 1915 near Ripley also.

Our parents, Homer Lee and Dora Hughes Roseberry are still living—for which we daily thank our God. There were eight of us children in the family. Mrs. Beatrice Fox, of Evans, W. Va.; the late Mrs. Opal Burns, who died five years ago at her home in Point Pleasant, W. Va.; William Roseberry, a farmer near Ripley; Leon Roseberry, a mechanical engineer, formerly of Pittsburgh, Pa., now somewhere overseas with our armed forces; two younger sisters, Mamie and Bernice, and Dale and I, who were entertainers. Our family has always been musically inclined—both our parents being talented singers. Our father used to give vocal lessons, especially bass.



Dale Roseberry

We grew up on a large 361 acre farm, so we boys were always very fond of fishing and hunting. When we grew up brother Bill remained on the farm, Leon took to mechanical work for his vocation since he seemed to be born with such knowledge and ability; but Dale and I didn't seem to have such a knack for mechanics or farming—we liked music much better than anything else. Our interest in music was stimulated and increased by radio programs, phonograph records and a five-string bango that Dale secured as pay for a day's work. Dale, being older, became the leader and guide—a position he kept until his death. After we'd learned to play the bango, we became interested in other instruments and soon were playing the guitar, mandolin, and fiddle. We spent many happy hours, playing for our own amusement, and at parties of friends and neighbors.

Our first stab at radio was made when we played on the old Farm Hour at W C H S, Charleston, W. Va. So at the ages of 19 years and 17 years, respectively, we began our musical career. While in Charleston, we teamed up with the Hamrick Brothers, who are excellent musicians and singers, and went to WPAR at Parkersburg, W. Va. We stayed there for quite sometime and played all the surrounding territory there. Dale was our announcer and we made many friends through our radio programs and personal appearances.



The Roseberry Boys



After awhile, we came home for a brief rest, but it wasn't very long until we were anxious to go again for the feel of the show business was already getting in our blood.

Dale returned to WCHS and then went to WBLK in Clarksburg, then later to WWVA in Wheeling, W. Va. This latter act broke up and Dale came home, so he and I could work together again. We worked on song arrangements, comedy sketches, plays, etc., and were waiting our chance to go back on the air, when a letter from the Buskirk Family, at WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va., for Dale. To my disappointment, they only needed an announcer—so Dale went, promising to send for me at the first opportunity. The act was very popular and stayed at Fairmont several months. During this time Dale married lovely Jean Securo, of Fairmont. The Buskirk Family soon moved on the WHIS at Bluefield, W. Va., where they and Dale made many loyal friends.

While I was at WCHS, one day Dale and Lee Moore came looking for me. Lee Moore wanted me to work with him and Dale was anxious for me to be working in Bluefield, too. So I came back with them and worked with Mr. Moore for quite awhile. This was in 1940. We made many friends in this territory, and later I joined an act I had known in Charleston, the Holden Brothers, Jack and Fairley, when they returned to WHIS from Raleigh, N. C.

In September 1940, a son, Robert Verlin, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dale Roseberry.

Soon Dale left the Buskirk's Act and formed his own act, the Dinner Time Frolic and went to WBTM, at Danville, Va. Before he left, though, he gave me some showdates to book for the Holden Brothers, one especially being important. It was the little country school at Max Creek, Hiwassee, Va. He had thought the teacher of that school very nice and told me to pay particular attention to her. As I always looked up to him as guide, I took the matter seriously. I wrote her, adding a few lines to the usual business letter, and when she replied, she added a few lines, also. As the old saying goes, "Let no man put asunder what God has joined together," I thought afterwards God brings certain people together—we realized this the first time we met.

Dale soon called me to come to Danville to help him out. His act was very popular there and he was working too hard. I went and lived with them in a nice apartment there.

One day I surprised them by telling them I was going to bring someone "who would stay with Jeanie nights while we played showdates," and they were even more surprised when I went to Lynchburg and came back with that same little teacher Dale had told me about. We already had our license and we, Elizabeth Windle and I, were happily married that afternoon, February 15, 1941, in Danville, Va.



In a few months we left Danville and came back to Bluefield—Dale worked with Lee Moore until he organized his own act once more,



this one being the Campfire Boys. I joined up with the Holden Boys again and stayed with them until they were called to Dallas, Texas. So then, I decided to organize my own band, The Friendly Troubadours. Dale stayed in Bluefield and I took my act to WJLS, in Beckley, W. Va.

Shortly after this came the sad ending of brother Dale's life. The fatal accident occurred on a Sunday, September 14, 1941. The following words is a song that I wrote and that will explain the details of the accident. These words came to me the night Dale's body lay in Blue-

field and I was driving my wife, Dale's widow and baby through to our home at Ripley to await the funeral. God, it seems, gave me the proper words and music that will explain the fatal accident in the way we know best—through a song. The song follows:

#### "A LOVING BROTHER"

1. I had a loving brother; we called him Smilin' Dale  
He sang and played on the radio; his friends they loved him well,  
He organized him a radio show; was called the Campfire Boys,  
He made a lot of folks happy from the Bluefield Studios.
2. He made a personal appearance at the Fountain Park at Glen Lyn.  
An then to Hurley, Virginia, the theatre he played in  
He left Hurley, Virginia, and headed back for Lamarr,  
A program was scheduled in the Beartown Church to begin at  
eight o'clock.
3. He was near Grundy, Virginia when his car he lost control  
He went over the Grundy bridge and Jesus took his soul  
He took him up to Heaven up in that Holy land,  
Jesus took him away perhaps to lead his Holy Band.
4. I hope that he's in Heaven where he will happy be.  
Perhaps God called him away to lead the band of Galilee,  
I know someday he'll call me and then I'll join his band.  
To sing and play for Jesus up in that Holy Land.



And I still feel to this day that brother Dale is guiding me as I go about my work in broadcasting; that he is still my leader same as ever and I wouldn't want it any other way. The leader of my programs is still "Smiling" Dale, as he looks down and tells me and makes me think of the way to put them on.

I have Dale's guitar as a token of memory, which no money can ever buy; I treasure pictures, songbooks, and his personal belongings that I keep nearby;

They inspire me by his guidance to abide  
Until someday when again I may be by his side  
I have something else that I cherish so high  
That I'll care for and love till the day I die,  
It's that little teacher and our little baby girl, Connie Sue,  
Who was born October 21, 1942.

Three weeks after Dale's death, I was seriously injured in an automobile accident myself near Beckley. When I was able to work again, several months later, I tried to carry on my radio work. It held so many memories that I decided to quit radio—I thought it would help me to forget a little. Without the added strength God gives us, I'm sure we'd never be able to bear the loss of one so dearly beloved and so very close to us as brother Dale was to me.



For awhile I worked in Pittsburgh, Pa., but as a result of my accident, I was unable to do very hard work. Nor was I really satisfied doing other than radio work. I can't forget—and I don't really want to—I want to carry on in radio in Dale's memory. So after playing awhile at WSAZ in Huntington, W. Va., and at WSJS, in Winston-Salem, N. C., I came back to Bluefield and met with Ralph and Ruth, two fine entertainers and really nice people, so I decided to stay here and work with them.

I'm very proud and happy to be with you loyal friends again, and I sincerely hope to meet you soon by way of personal appearances.



The following is the last song written by brother Dale shortly before his tragic death. Many of you friends will remember his singing it on one of his last programs on W H I S at Bluefield, W. Va.

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### **"ROLL THAT CARRIAGE AWAY"**

1. Some people are rich, some people are poor  
Some folks are fine, so they say  
But no matter how rich, when you're done with this world,  
In a carriage you'll roll away.

#### **CHORUS:**

They'll roll that carriage away and inside you will lay  
Your friends will all weep, your loved ones will pray  
When they roll that carriage away.

2. When the death angel comes and knocks at your door  
And tells you the time has drawn nigh  
No matter how much in wealth you have saved,  
That's something that money won't buy.

#### **CHORUS:**

3. There's coming a day on your deathbed you'll lay  
And the rich friends you've gained will stand by.  
All the money they'll spend or are willing to lend,  
Won't help you 'cause you'll have to die.

#### **CHORUS:**

4. No matter how rich, no matter how poor  
Remember there's coming a day  
So make your path straight and be ready to go.  
When they roll that carriage away.



This is perhaps the most popular love song written by brother Dale—a song which I was proud to introduce on W H I S, Bluefield in 1940.

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### **"LOVED AND FORGOTTEN"**

My heart was young, my heart was tender  
The night you kissed my fevered brow  
You said I'd ever be remembered  
But you say you're going to leave me now.

You took the ring that you once gave me  
And placed it on another girl's hand  
They say my name you never more mention  
They say our love will never stand.

For you I left my home and parents  
To all I loved I bid farewell  
I've never thought once of another  
I've loved you more than I can tell.

You told me that you'd always love me  
I thought that what you said was true  
But now you've fallen for another,  
I hate that girl but I still love you.

I pray that God and all his Angels  
That are looking down from Heaven above  
Will make you think of the heart you've broken  
And the girl you said you never could love.

My beauty's gone, I'm young no longer  
You've caused my heart to turn to stone.  
Through sin and shame I'll live and linger,  
You took my beauty, now you're gone.



**"WILL THERE BE ANY LOVERS IN HEAVEN?"**

1. When our work on earth is over  
And our troubles are all ended  
And we go to join our loved ones up in Heaven  
Will you love me as before  
When we met upon that shore  
Will there be any lovers up in Heaven.

**CHORUS:**

Will there be any lovers up in Heaven  
In that city where all is bright and fair  
Can I feel your arms around me, can I tell you of my love  
Will there be any lovers up in Heaven.

2. You have told me that you loved me  
And, sweetheart, I know 'tis true  
You have told me that your love would live forever,  
When we've grown old and faded,  
And no more on this earth to dwell  
Will you love me when we meet upon that river.

**CHORUS:**

Will there be any lovers up in Heaven  
In that city where all is bright and fair  
Can we be alone together  
Where our love can live forever.

3. Will there be any lovers up in Heaven  
Now come sit beside me, darling,  
For I know I'll soon be going  
And I want you near me when I pass away  
As I lay here slowing dying,  
Darling, won't you stop your crying  
I will meet you in that city some sweet day.

**CHORUS:**

Will there be any lovers up in Heaven  
In that city where all is bright and fair  
When we meet upon that river  
Can we sit and talk together  
Will there be any lovers up in Heaven.



This song was made popular a few years ago by the Buskirk Brothers and brother Dale and was written by Dale.

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### **"ROLLIN' ONWARD TO HEAVEN"**

1. Riding my pony along on the desert  
Singing a song to drive away care  
Counting the stars that are shining from Heaven  
Someone I love is dwelling up there.

#### **CHORUS:**

Roll on along, little pony, keep rolling,  
We're in a hurry, we're going home  
Someone in Heaven waits for our coming  
Let's keep on rolling until we get home.

1. I wonder if she in her new home in glory  
That's shining so bright with mansions so fair,  
Thinks of the two that are left here to wander  
Until we are called to join her up there.

#### **CHORUS:**

3. I know that when we roll into glory  
She'll be waiting there to call us her own;  
Seems I can hear her sweet voice calling  
Poor weary wanderers, won't you come home?



### "HAVE I STAYED AWAY TOO LONG"

Have I stayed away too long  
Have I stayed away too long  
If I came home tonight, would you still be my darling  
Or have I stayed away too long.

The love light that shone so strong  
Sweet love light that shone so strong  
If I came home tonight, would that same light be shining  
Or have I stayed away too long.

I'm just outside of town  
But I'll soon be at your door  
Maybe I'd be wrong to hurry there  
I'd best keep out of town and worry you no more,  
Or maybe someone else has made you care.

Have all of my dreams gone wrong  
Have all of my beautiful dreams gone wrong  
If I come home tonight, would you still be my darling  
Or have I stayed away too long.

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### SWEETHEART OR STRANGERS

Sweethearts or strangers where do we go from here  
Sweethearts or strangers dear.

Sweethearts or strangers you've found a new love now  
But new loves won't last so they say  
Sweethearts or strangers you've broken your vow  
You let another take you away.  
How could you be untrue dear and tell me all those lies  
I found out how you do dear and now I'd rather die  
Sweethearts or strangers where do we go from here  
Sweethearts or strangers dear.

Sweethearts or strangers you're breaking my heart  
When you say I'm only in your way  
Sweethearts or strangers why do we have to part  
Why do you treat me this way.  
I've never been untrue dear except a time or two  
And I was only trying to get back at you  
Sweethearts or strangers where do we go from here  
Sweethearts or strangers dear.

Sweethearts or strangers I'll have to let you go  
You don't seem to have time for me  
Sweethearts or strangers why do you treat me so  
My sorrow you don't seem to see  
You told me you loved me and that you would be mine  
But now you are above me my heart for you will pine  
Sweethearts or strangers where do we go from here  
Sweethearts or strangers dear.



### THAT BEAUTIFUL PICTURE

Last night by the fireside dreaming,  
Came a beautiful picture of home.  
I saw the bright angels of glory  
Up there around the white throne.

#### CHORUS:

'Twas Jesus calling me from heaven,  
To me while there alone  
That beautiful picture He gave me  
Of mother up there by the throne.

My mother, I'm sure, is in heaven  
I saw her up there by the throne;  
She smiled, it seemed that she saw me  
From her place in that beautiful home.

Some day I know I will join them  
In heaven around that bright throne,  
For Jesus spoke to me softly,  
That night by the fireside alone.



## "AUTOMOBILE OF LIFE"

1. Some people are just like an automobile  
They run fine when everything's right  
When the roads are all clear and the weather is fine,  
And there's plenty of sunshine and light.  
But often they come to the washouts  
And then get stuck and have to detour.  
Then maybe a break in the testing will prove  
They never were built to endure.

### COROUS:

Get plenty and plenty of oil  
And the best gasoline you can buy  
Have your engine tuned up and lookout for your brakes  
You'll have some hard places to climb  
Look out for the tires for the blowouts will come  
On a dangerous curve keep an eye  
But if you let Jesus take hold of the wheel  
You'll make it to Heaven on high.

2. Some autos are painted and polished so bright  
They sell for more than they're worth  
Some people think their profession will do  
And stop short of the Bible's new birth  
Just start up the engine and then you can tell,  
If the thing is hitting on six,  
For if you depend on the looks of the car  
You'll be in a terrible fix.

### COROUS:

3. Now all the professions—the powder and paint  
Though lovely upon the outside  
Don't matter to God for he looks on the heart  
It matters not how much we've tried  
But if you are stuck in the quicksands of sin  
A wandering and floundering about  
Just let God's great engine of Glory  
With a cable of love you out.

### COROUS:



Brother Dale, as well as being a singer, serving as announcer and master-of-ceremonies for various acts, during clever comedy and acting in sketches and plays, was also an accomplished reader of poetry. One his radio friends probably remember best is:

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### "THE DRUNKEN DRIVER"

Now listen you drunken drivers, while here on Earth you dwell  
You never know when the time will come, you'll have to say farewell.  
To your dear old mother and sister; tho they may be miles away,  
So don't be drinking whiskey while driving on your way.  
I saw an accident one day, that should charm the heart of man,  
And teach him not to drink a drop while the steering wheel is in hand.

This awful accident occurred on the twentieth day of May,  
Caused two lovely children to sleep beneath the clay.  
These two dear children walked side by side upon the state highway;  
Their loving mother, she had died, their father had run away.  
They were talking of their lovely parents, how sad their hearts did feel,  
When around the curve came a speeding car with a drunk man at  
the wheel.

This driver saw these two dear kids, he hooted a drunkards' sound,  
Get out of the road, you little fools; then the car it brought them down.  
The bumper caught that little girl taking her life away,  
While the little boy in a gore of blood, in the ditch line there did lay.  
This driver staggered from his car, to see what he had done,  
His heart sank within him when he saw his loving son.  
Such mourning from a drunken man, I never saw before,  
When the little boy in a gore of blood, said Daddy has come once more.

He picked up his loving ones and carried them to his car.  
And kneeling on his running board, he prayed a drunkard's prayer,  
Saying; Please, O Lord, forgive me for this awful crime I've done.  
His attention then was called away to the words of his dying son.

Take us to our mother, dad, who sleeps beneath the ground,  
It was you and her we were thinking about when the car it brought us  
down

Please, dear daddy, don't drink no more, while driving on your way,  
But meet us with mother, dad, in Heaven some sweet day.



## THE LAST OF LITTLE JIM

(Poem)

The cottage stood upon the hill, the outside old and mean  
But all that was in that little cot, was wonderous neat and clean.  
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,  
When a patient mother sat beside the deathbed of her child.

This poor little worn out creature, tho eyes once bright were dim,  
He was the only child she had, they called him little Jim.  
And O' to see the briney tears, fast falling down her cheek,  
As she prayed to God above, tho she was afraid to speak.

Lest she might wake the one she loved, far better than her life.  
Her heart was filled with mother's love, this humble patient wife,  
With hands uplifted there she kneels, beside that little bed,  
Praying God to spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She hears the answer from her child, she turns her eyes to him  
Mother I see the Angels smile; they beckon your little Jim.  
I have no pain dear mother now, my throat it's 'O so dry,  
Just a few more drops of water and, mother please don't cry.

With gentle trembling hands, she held the water to his lips,  
And he smiled to thank her as he took each tiny little sip;  
Tell father when he comes from work, I said goodbye to him  
And mother now I must go to sleep, the last of little Jim.

She felt that he was dying, the child she loved so dear,  
That he had uttered the last word, from him she'd ever hear;  
The cottage door is open, the father's step is heard,  
The mother rose to meet him, but neither spoke a word.

He knew that all was over, he knew his child was dead,  
So he took the candle in his hand, and walked toward the bed,  
His quivering lips, they speak aloud, the grief he cannot conceal,  
Soon his wife she joined him, there the stricken couple kneel.

O' God, we know Thy will be done, but they humbly beg of Him,  
In heaven once more, please let us meet,  
Our darling little Jim.



## CONVERSATION WITH DEATH

(Poem)

Oh, what is this I cannot see, with icy hands taking hold of me?  
Oh, I am death, none can excell; I open the doors of Heaven and Hell.

Oh death, oh death, how can it be, that I must come and go with thee,  
Oh death, oh death, how can it be; I'm unprepared for eternity.

Yes, I have come to get your soul, to leave your body and leave it cold;  
To drop the flesh off from the frame; the earth and worms both have  
their claim.

Now, death, oh death, if this be true, please give me time to reason  
with you  
From time to time you've heard and saw, I'll close your eyes and  
lock your jaw.

I'll lock your jaw so you can't talk, I'll fix your feet so you can't walk,  
I'll close your eyes so you can't see; this very day come and go with me.

Now, death, oh death, consider my age, and do not take me at this stage  
My wealth is all at your command, if you'll but move your icy hand.

The old, the young, the rich, the poor, alike with me will have to go.  
No age, no wealth, no silver nor gold, nothing satisfies me but your soul.

Now, death, oh death, please let me see, if Christ has turned His back  
on me  
When you were called and ask to bow, you would'nt take heed and  
it's too late now.

Too late, too late, to all farewell; my doom is sealed, I'm summoned  
to hell  
As long as God in Heaven shall dwell, my soul, my soul, shall burn  
in hell.



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To Lucie Bonnie Roseberry  
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