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Frantic Rush to Name Favorite for Diamond MERITUM AWARD

Flood of Ballots and Fervent Letters Indicate Hot Battle to Pick Popular Program

FROM big stations and small—programs that are heard all over the nation via the great chains and super-power transmitters, and those who entertain in only a comparatively small area—the fans like them and don't hesitate to say so. Nominations and ballots for favorite Radio entertainers have flooded the Contest Editor's desk since the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award Contest to select America's Most Popular Program was announced in March.

Unprecedented enthusiasm is being displayed by listeners in every corner of the United States, and indications point to a battle of ballots and fervent letters of support unparalleled in their enthusiasm. It is far too early to guess even the number of nominations that will be received in this Diamond Award contest, but several dark horses are already showing a determined strength that will put the supposed national favorites to their best pace to carry off honors.

To the program, organization or artist in the United States which receives the largest number of votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome and valuable gold-mounted Diamond Meritum Award. This trophy will be in the shape of a gold medallion emblazoned with a diamond, and will be engraved with the name of the winning program, organization or artist.

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite program, organization or artist in your section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, five Gold Awards will be presented in the sectional race. These trophies will be similar in every way to the Diamond Award, except that the diamond will be omitted from the design, and will be given to the most popular program in the divisions of the country representing the East, South, Middle West, West and Far West.

FOR the individual program, organization or artist winning the Diamond Meritum Award will come recognition of inestimable value. No one thing is worth more to a broadcast program than the expressed admiration and preference of the listening public.

No individual can tell with any degree of accuracy how any given program rates with its listeners. Only through a comparison as may be indicated in a contest such as this sponsored by Radio Digest may a true rating be established. Here the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove the true status of each program heard in the country.

It is by no means the program from the most powerful station that may justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is seeking to uncover the program, organization or artist that has the staunchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested to stand up and fight for the honor and success of their favorite entertainer.

READ the rules and regulations on page 101 of this issue. Remember that if you save your coupons for the rest of the Contest and send them in together they will count for more. Act today—send in your nominations—start the ball rolling and tell your friends about the Diamond Award Contest, that you may be assured of more support.

"I nominate 'Fiddlin' John' Carson for the Diamond Award because I like old time fiddlin' and he is the best I have ever heard. He will entertain anyone. More power to 'Fiddlin' John' and WSB," writes Robert L. Harris.

"I am enclosing my nomination blank for the most popular program on the air. I am saving all my votes so this popular program will have a better chance to win the Diamond Award."—George L. Meyers, Dubuque, Iowa.

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to nominate Willy and Lilly of KMOX as candidates in your America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest, and I certainly hope they are successful. I really believe they are far superior to Amos 'n' Andy, as the impersonation of Lilly is so cleverly done, and the snappy singing keeps the program from being as dull and dry as Amos 'n' Andy. Will send a year's subscription to Radio Digest before the contest ends."—Charles H. Foley, St. Louis, Mo.

"Kindly accept my nomination for Dr. Brinkley of KFKE. He offers the best service and the best entertainment of them all. I'm saving my ballots so he will get the 75 votes."—M. B. Aldridge, Ponca City, Okla.

| Number | COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST
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Station KFKB Wins
GOLD CUP

Fans Rally to Support of
the World’s Most Popular
Station—256,827 Votes

ACCLAIMED by an overwhelming majority of the listening public, readers of Radio Digest, broadcasting station KFKB wins the Gold Cup and the title of the World’s Most Popular Station. Rallying to the support of their favorite with unprecedented enthusiasm, friends of this Milford, Kansas, station polled a total of 256,827 votes.

Contests for sectional honors in the six geographical divisions of the continent were marked by heavy balloting and close races. In the East, Station WJZ carried off first honors in a comparatively light vote, polling 4,210 ballots, winning a Silver Cup and the title of the East’s Most Popular Station.

In the District of the South, “Hello World” W. K. Henderson carried off all honors and winning title to the Silver Cup for the South’s Most Popular Station. His total vote was recorded as 19,514. In the Middle West another comparatively small station, but one which proved itself exceptionally strong in the hearts of its listeners, won first place. Station KFNP, owned and operated by the inimitable Henry Field, polled a total of 46,556 ballots to win the Silver Cup for the Middle West.

A South Dakota station, WNAX, proved itself the most popular broadcaster in the West, its friends casting 17,031 votes to carry the Silver Cup and the district title to Yankton. This is the second Radio Digest award won by WNAX. The Cup given for the most popular orchestra repose in the Gurney Seed company’s studios at Yankton.

IN THE Far West, Hal Nichol’s Long Beach, California, station, KFOX, carried away the Silver Cup and the district title. In a whirlwind finish KFOX listeners piled up a grand total of 64,557 votes to bestow the title of the Most Popular Station in the Far West upon their favorite. Votes from Canada’s widely scattered population registered an outstanding sentiment in favor of CFEQ as the Dominion’s most popular broadcaster. Three thousand eight hundred and forty-two ballots were registered for this Saskatoon station.

In the true sense of this contest to select the World’s Most Popular station, it was the station with the most loyal friends—listeners eager and willing to stand up and fight for the glory of their favorite, that won the Gold Cup. There are doubtless other broadcasters in the country who have more listeners over a period of time, but it was the station with the strongest, not the largest, following that was destined to win international recognition as the World’s Most Popular.

Friends of broadcasters all over the continent rallied to the support of their favorites in splendid style, and every station entered in the Gold Cup Contest has a right to be proud of its standing with its listeners.

Great honor and recognition are the reward of the Gold Cup winner and winners of the Sectional races. To the runnersup must also go a large measure of credit which is their just due for the strong position they hold in the hearts of their listeners.

Full details of the balloting will appear in the June Radio Digest, together with a comprehensive layout of the winning broadcasters in this contest.
Personal Bits About

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of the Air

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The Boyhood Days of Amos and Andy

Graphic first hand picture of Curly Gosden when he was a freckle-faced kid in Richmond, Virginia.
Intimate sketch of Chuck Correll when he was a sturdy leather-lunged newsboy in Peoria.

CUPID ON THE AIR
Collection of true stories about some of the Radio romances that have culminated or soon will culminate in happy marriage.

SALARIES OF THE STARS
E. E. Plummer, famous Radio writer, presents an article with names an' everything about what the Big Stars get in the old pay envelope.

SPORT WAVES
Doty Hobart is lining up the summer schedule of games and outdoor amusements that will come to you by Radio.

TED HUSING'S LIFE
Gossipy narrative of the background for that marvelous voice you hear over the CBS. And a corking camera portrait, taken especially for Radio Digest.

THE HUNTERS
A pair of gangster gunmen follow their intended victim through Florida swamps and stumble over unprecedented contingencies. This is one of Will Payne's best short stories.

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS
Indi's back and by June will have a thriving humor department for you. Send him the odd things you hear on the air and he may give you valuable tip.

RADIO DRAMA FICTIONIZED
Plays that you hear on the air done into fiction form with fresh angles of plot will interest you. Also first class fiction by famous authors.

These are just a few sidelights on the packed schedule lined up for the big special extra.

JUNE RADIO DIGEST
By Subscription or at your Newsstand
Advance Tips

June is the month of tender glances and solemn vows. Many a copy romance has budded into lasting love through the medium of a Radio boxy voice. "Cupid on the Air" will be the subject of an anthology of true stories of some of the swains and lasses who met, loved and joined hands at the altar of familial and familial. This will appear in the June Radio Digest. You will want to keep it in your album.

How much money does a top-notch Radio star make? What do the current stars pay? How many new unemployed Radio entertainers, make? What does a beginner make in this chosen profession? E. E. Plummer, former editor of Radio Digest, now examiner, of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, has gone into the matter thoroughly and has promised an article that will tell us all about it—naming names, of course, in the June Radio Digest.

* * *

Interest in Amos and Andy grows by leaps and bounds. Radio Digest was first to give you information about them. We will continue to furnish you with Amos and Andy stories. Next month you will be taken to the home town where those boys are known in youth as "Curley" Gorden and "Chuck" Correll. They were just like millions of other boys before some mysterious fate took them in hand. It might have happened to almost anybody, you'd say.

* * *

What a wof of a fiction story you are going to get from Will Payne in your June Radio Digest! Mr. Payne is marvelously gifted in picking out dangerous, hair-raising situations and keeping you on edge without being too rough. Two gangsters gun men find themselves far afield from their city rat hole haunts when they attempt to stalk an intended victim through the Florida swamps. Of course, Mr. Payne takes care that the obvious never happens and you will be guessing to the very end.

* * *

Speaking of fiction, be sure to read the E. Phillips Oppenheim story, "The Turning Wheel," in this issue. It is splendidly told and will be concluded in June—just two installments.

* * *

You will always find at least three and more often four good fiction stories in Radio Digest.

* * *

Keep your ears open for a Hit-Quip-Slip on the air. Indi is back on the job in this issue of Radio Digest. He is paying for things that make good paragraphs in his column. This is going to be one of the best features of its kind in the country. Let it and send in your contribution for next month.

* * *

Doty Hobart is planning an article on how to get the most fun out of the big open air sports that come to you via Radio. He will also give you a forecast of some of the big games that will be broadcast. This will be in that very lively and very attractive June Radio Digest. We can't begin to tell you everything that will be in it.

Across the Desk

Milford, Kansas, with its station KFKB wins the Radio Digest Grand Prize in the national popularity contest. Milford came romping in with a good lead as a big surprise to almost everybody but the people who live in the community. The winning of that cup had become a community enterprise. The station itself had no dickering in the handling of ballots or votes so far as Radio Digest was concerned. But there was every indication that the corner drug stores, the banks, the various centers of community gatherings, were all plugging for Dr. Brinkley, who now becomes a national Radio personality. KFKB is a feature of Dr. Brinkley's hospital. The doctor, his wife and young son live their lives in a very human way in plain Radio view of everybody. They are very sincere and enjoy the prodigious respect of their neighbors. With the whole community vitally interested in bringing Dr. Brinkley this tribute he didn't stand much of a chance to lose. It goes without saying that Dr. Brinkley will consider the Radio Digest Gold Cup a Milford trophy.

* * *

Very interesting statistics are furnished through a recent survey by the Metropolitan Life Insurance company as to the growth of Radio in the United States. The figures at best are a year behind but they show that $4,240,703 was spent for Radio advertising in the first quarter of 1929 as compared to $823,202 in the first quarter of 1927. There was an increase of more than $1,000,000 from the fourth quarter of 1928. This is of interest to you because it shows the growing esteem in dollars and cents that the great commercial houses have for you as Radio listeners. There is a keener competition for your attention. The more they want your attention the more they will pay for the entertainment to get it from you. So do not be too impatient if the sponsor asks to speak a word or two for his investment in your news. A letter or card of appreciation always pleases both the artist and the sponsor.

* * *

The federal Radio commission is getting restless again. There is an endless amount of bickering and badgering for more power and better channels on the part of stations. At this writing it seems to be settled that there will be a trimming down of power for a number of the 50,000 watters. This will reflect in greater power for more community stations now prepared to supply better programs than they were a few years ago.

* * *

Complaints still come from listeners who say that they wait long and in vain for station announcements. Even if it is a chain program with a nearer outlet the listener is keen to know just the station from which it is coming. The announcer could easily slip in the call letters between numbers.

* * *

June days and summer weather will not dampen the interest of any real Radio fan in the air programs. The portables and automobile receivers are becoming more popular each year. Some cities have even begun regulating private automobile receivers to avoid interference with the police Radio equipped squad cars.

* * *

We are sometimes surprised by the letters, pro and con, that come in response to the signed editorials by famous writers on the opposite page. These editorials do not necessarily always express the views of Radio Digest. They usually do express the views of a great many people. We try to see things from all sides. In this issue we have Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, first nationally known Radio pastor. He had Radio Digest readers in mind in preparing this editorial. Dr. Cadman is enjoyed by millions of Radio listeners for his Sunday morning sermons over the National Broadcasting company network.

Newstands Don't Always Have One Left

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5-30
Radio's Religious Influence

By S. Parkes Cadman, D. D., LL. D.
Radio Minister of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America

It is superfluous to expatiate on the Radio. It has done more than any other scientific marvel to convince the nations that there is a Divinity which shapes their ends, "rough how them," as men may. Its well nigh universal ministries, developed by leaps and bounds after the anaesthesies created by the World War, have breathed a common mind, a common culture, and a common purpose into the seeking disturbances of our common humanity. The people at large are intent on rationalised industry, national solidarity and international good will because this miracle of the viewless air transmits a superior intelligence and morality, making them available for all and sundry. The elevation of the public taste for entertainment which is wholesome and stimulating of the best life proceeds apace. Of course there are in the Radio grave possibilities of those evil communications which corrupt good manners. We also recognize that nothing is necessarily true because it is either widely circulated or widely accepted. Yet after every qualification has been made, the decisive factor remains that the choicest music, literature, drama, economic information and educational methods are at the daily disposal of countless hosts of Radio listeners.

The broadcasting agencies of our country have treated religion with the utmost consideration and generosity. In order to promote its oneness and prevent its differences, the officials of those agencies had to carefully ascertain how to diffuse "the things of the spirit" which underly all sectarian separations. Since religion is closely identified with economic organizations, creeds and rituals, it is clear that no one denomination can be exalted at the expense of the rest.

Hence the vital questions: What religion, as understood by those who are charged with the responsibility of "The Radio's Religious Influence?" How can their presentations be made effective for Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Gentiles? And what is perhaps more pertinent: how can the utterances which challenge attention week days and Lord's Days commend themselves to the fifty millions who attend no Church and hold no allegiance to any form of faith?

First, such presentations must be non-controversial, in the sense that they attack no sincere efforts, by whomsoever attempted, to explain the ways of God toward men.

Second, they must be confessional, in the sense that they invite response, and the benefits of mutual understanding and appreciation. The greatest Christian who regards all who are not of his peculiar tribe as outcast and doomed has no worth while message for a radio audience.

Third, these presentations must breathe and embody the spirit of sacrificial love and purifying goodness. The noble declaration of the prophet Micah is the Old Testament watchword of Israel's religion: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Every right minded child of Abraham feels the force of Micah's historic summary.

The New Testament conclusively shows that a churchman may possess every coveted gift of external religion, and nevertheless miss its internal beauty and power. He may speak with an angelic tongue, elucidate all theological mysteries, conquer the realms of knowledge, exercise compelling faith, bestow his goods on the poor, and even give his body to be burned. Yet St. Paul solemnly asserates: "If I have not love, it profeth me nothing."

This love is no nebulous sentimentality which pities the sufferer and then passes him by. It is the holy passion, dimly given, which claims unlimited self sacrifice on the part of its recipients. It demands that the interest and safety of the whole body of citizenship shall be set above all private interests, and become the controlling motive of individual service for the welfare of humanity. This is the religion which is preached through the Radio. Its various ways of communication but increase its force and meaning for those who hear it. Its message is for everyone, without distinction of race, caste or color. It is heard by numberless "shut ins" and bedfast invalids, by the inmates of asylums and prison houses, by coastguardmen and lighthouse keepers, by lumbermen in frontier forests, sailors on the sea, soldiers in the camp, lonely homesteaders and by countless hosts of dwellers on farms or in villages, towns and cities.

The harvest reaped from the faithful sowing of God's spermatic seed are known only to Him. But my somewhat extensive experience of Radio preaching convinces me that its benefits are incalculable, its drawbacks negligible; and that its local influence vastly preponderates for the uplifting of the nation in compassion, justice, loyalty and "the true knowledge of Him whom to know aright is Life Eternal."
June's glance at a happy lasting love of a Rhett and the Antebellum South will appeal to You with an album.

How notched the coonskin cap does a professor--director or examiner--thoroughly thrill the name of June Raines.

Interest has leaps and bounds about the furnish in stories, taken to these boys. 'Curley' reel. The other serious might have body, you know.

What you are Payne in Mr. Payne picking up situations without gangster far afield haunts where an intended Florida stomp Payne takes never having guessed to ' "The Turn." It is splendidly concluded stallments.

You will find more stories in "Quiq-Slip Digest."

Keep your Quip-Slip Digest on the job. This will make a column of the best stories in the country your contribution.

FRANK KNIGHT, announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting system, has caught the popular fancy, and with good reason, as you will see when you read Florence Marks' story on the next page. A success on the legitimate stage, Mr. Knight has found the other world even more to his liking, to the good fortune of the listening public.
There is a reason for the spirit and enthusiasm of Frank Knight, one of the star announcers for the Columbia Broadcasting System. It lies in the fact that when he left the stage and turned to broadcasting he found in the studio all the glamour and thrill of life backstage. The old tradition... The show must go on. Even more, he found that when the curtain rises on a dozen shows a day, each show a new one with all the anxiety, color, and romance that accompany a "first night." None of the familiar characters are missing. There are the musicians, the actors, the property men, stage manager and director. And, in the stellar role of master of ceremonies, the announcer, Mr. Frank Knight.

Frank likes his job. He likes the constant contact with a nation-wide audience. And he hasn't and never will given up his old calling. For Columbia, every Sunday night, he portrays the character of Dr. Gilbert, the masculine, familiar, and highly sympathetic figure. And every Monday evening he does the dramatic role of David Peters in "Litman's "Mountainville Sketches." Try to realize, knowing Mr. Knight's keen enjoyment of his work now, that for many months he was on the brink of the present vocation with not a single thought of falling, diving, or being pushed into the ether. Several years ago he was working with Radio. More or less as a pastime, he took a few leads in Radio dramas, and the Radio play was in its infancy, and when, on account of the severe criticism to which it was being subjected, it seemed unlikely that it would ever reach maturity. For a couple of years he drifted in this manner; his Radio work was a filler—in just so much velvet, not to be considered as a source of permanent income. But Radio, for its own reasons, was busy building up itself, and it was only a matter of time before it was fully equipped for the place he holds now by the education and experience of his earlier life.

He was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, on May 10, 1894, the son of Herbert E. Knight, who, up to the time of his death a year ago, was the best known and most honored barrister and solicitor in the country. He graduated from St. Bonaventure's college in the City of St. John's and soon after started work in the local branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. This he did at the request of his father, who, feeling that every boy should have some business training no matter what plans he may have formulated for his future career.

With the advent of war in 1914, he immediately forgot the banking business to enlist in the regiment which later became the Royal Newfoundland regiment, and went abroad. He saw action in the Gallipoli campaign during the latter part of 1915, and in the beginning of 1916 his regiment was attached to the famous 29th British division. With this division he fought on the Suvla bay and the Helles fronts and went through the devastations of both these scenes of battle.

When the Gallipoli campaign ended, Frank moved to the French front and fought there until invalided out after the Battle of the Somme. He returned home, very much broken in health, and shortly after received an honorable discharge from the army.

As in the case of so many other young men, the war interrupted, at its inception, the smooth course of his life work. He had to begin all over again. For a while he went to McGill University in Montreal to study medicine, but gave it up in his second year—after finding himself physically unfit for the strenuousness of the profession.

He emigrated to New York City, his objective—the stage. He clicked, playing in New York and on the road with such stars as Nance O'Neill, Francine Larimore, and Lessi gan. It was about this time, during engagements on legitimate stage, that Mr. Knight started his Radio work. He was the hero in all the dramatizations of stories by S. A. and E. Phillips Oppenheim. But he had not yet had the tremendous opportunity that awaited him in the closing field of broadcasting.

Persuaded by two of the most prominent figures in the world that he was on the wrong track, and that his discovery of these fields was a find of large and apparent worth, he went into the game for worth. Under the tutelage of Ted Husing, he found it rather hard to make the transition.

"But," said Frank, the bill to perfection, "I have a group of people with whom he feels it is a pleasure to work."

Frank is a naturally intimate and pleasant man. He often seems to compare himself with the boys in the audience, yet is some time ago that he was casting for the success of the broadcast. He has been an American in his life. As he said, when he was voted several years ago "most promising figure in the world of talent" by the Radio Club of America, "I have found it rather hard to find a group of people with whom he feels it is a pleasure to work."

Frank is apt to be a little shy even in conversation with the boys in the audience, yet he is intimate and pleasant man. He often seems to compare himself with the boys in the audience, yet is some time ago that he was casting for the success of the broadcast. He has been an American in his life. As he said, when he was voted several years ago "most promising figure in the world of talent" by the Radio Club of America, "I have found it rather hard to find a group of people with whom he feels it is a pleasure to work.

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President Hoover Meets the Boys in Person

Just One of Millions of American Citizens Who
Make Them Welcome in Mansion and Cottage

By Albert R. Williamson
National Broadcasting Company

HOT ziggy! Just as Mark Quest was about to sailly forth to interview the Kingfish whom should he meet but Amos 'n Andy themselves who submitted this particularly informative article by Mr. Williamson, official representative of the National Broadcasting Company. We feel a little sorry for Mr. Williamson who is beleaguered for just this sort of material from one end of the country to the other. You will read here how the two black idots of the air went into Harlem to get everything just right, how inadvertently they gave a telephone number that caused a Harlem lady a sleepless day and night answering calls for Madam Queen, how fifteen girls are kept busy every day opening letters written to Amos 'n Andy, how the boys almost missed a broadcast because of a Chicago blizzard. Andy did a marathon of a mile and a half across town in the teeth of the worst storm Chicago had ever known to rescue the precious manuscript that had been so carefully worked out to furnish the evening's entertainment. Amos went on to the studio to hope and pray and tremble lest he should have to take the program alone. He had visions of his partner stuck head first in a snowdrift, and other similar calamities. But Andy was resourceful. Coal trucks, cabs and private cars carried him across the loop and back to the studio just four minutes before going on the air. Do you remember what a time the boys were having getting their office decorated and the difficulties Andy encountered because Madam Queen sought his advice about getting her beauty parlor decorated? That's all explained here. And you will also find that the creators of Amos 'n Andy have all the points of interest in Harlem carefully identified as to location. Mark was e-lated to get this great story for you, and the Kingfish interview will have to wait. Mr. Williamson will give us another inside story about Amos 'n Andy in June Radio Digest.—Editor.

In Case you are ever in New York, and want to know the exact vicinity in which you can locate these celebrated places, the boys call the members of the Mystic Knights of the Sea together on the north side of West 137th street some 150 feet west of Lenox avenue. They indicate Queen's beauty parlor as being on the south side of West 135th street half way between Lenox and Seventh streets, while the offices of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorporated, are on the north side of West 135th street, about 300 feet east of Seventh avenue. Amos 'n Andy reside on the north side of 134th street between Park and Madison avenues.

"Of course," Amos says when you inquire, "these are only approximate locations, but you see it was necessary for us to establish our various activities with some measure of accuracy. Because a lot of people, especially those in Harlem, check up

immaculately clad young men followed the secret into the office. Standing to greet them was the ex-President of the United States. Both of the young men, as it were, that the time to keep from sawing.

They were Amos 'n so great is their evident their pop- help they keep it. An event occurred on the势力 stories. That the boys said taken to make the call in the boys by M. H. Ayles- corley, President of the Natio- are, this company, has of other be revealed, but it, to-

ing company, has of other be revealed, but it, to-


teresting might, they were

What dinner given by you, the boys, at Payne in Mr. President Hood- payne to have been pres- afternoon. Mr. Aker- 1's, the President, made to Payne in Mr. President

Speaking of his visit to the boys, the Payne took a message from a very, happy face, the boys as to what Mr. Aker- 1's, the President, made to Payne in Mr. President

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and Their Friends

on us, it has to be topographically correct as well as faithful in character. We decided on these definite locations after our many visits to Harlem and we tried not to pick out any real addresses, of course, but rather to generalize, so that no one spot could be said to be the place, although it remained in the neighborhood." So while the investigator might find that Amos 'n' Andy lived under a bridge or the taxicab company office was in a vacant lot, if they check up on the addresses, Amos says that if they were to give the actual address, it might cause a lot of annoyance to people living there. This is illustrated by an incident that happened in one of their episodes.

For some reason or other, and not at all by choice, the boys used an actual number for Madame Queen, and the Harlem woman whose telephone it was, throughout that night and the next day answered more than six hundred telephone calls, asking for Madame Queen and inquiring for Andy. Finally the poor woman grew desperate and requested relief from the telephone company and the NBC. That solved the amazement of the telephone company at the astonishing activity for that particular number, because they had been forced to detail an extra girl for that exchange to put through the calls. Now Amos 'n' Andy have two Harlem numbers reserved for their own use. These are Harlem 5912 and Harlem 6119.

The boys are very apologetic about the incident. "We won't make that mistake again," says Gosden. "We felt sorry for the poor woman who was pestered. I don't know how we ever happened to get that particular number, but now that we have numbers assigned to us we will be all right."

A CASUAL observer would never realize what these episodes mean to millions of people over the United States. Amos 'n' Andy to these hordes of followers are real flesh and blood people and in the thou of fan letters that the boys are always some that are either laughable or touching. I example, when Andy and the Kit fish were trying to persuade Am to put his money into the Gr Home bank, a little seven-year-i boy from Pittsburgh wrote to Pepsodent company and the let read: "I feel sure that Amos is ing to put his money in that Ho bank and lose it all. I am se years old and have saved up tteen pennies, which I want you give to Amos so he will have so money to get something to eat."

At this same time, letters ca in threatening Andy if he and Kingfish persuaded Amos to let his hard-earned cash. This sa trend, threatening, pleading, e gratulating, suggesting runs throu all of the mail received and tho much of it that a staff of fifteen girls are kept coming busy sorting and classifying thirty different groups.

This popularity extends Harlem to Park avenue; from cago's Gold Coast to the far Shore and spreads out like a gulping flood over the remainin' (Continued on page 94)
S HUSH, Shush, and Sho', Sho', there's a deep dark secret about that well known pair of Radioland about to be revealed. Did you know that Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy, background abettors of all that is said and done by those famous broadcasters, are almost as interesting as their husbands? Off-stage, of course. And these wives of so widely heralded a pair of funsters are actually gleeful when informed that their purposeful seclusion and hiding behind this pair of household Radio pets has made them almost thoroughly unknown. In some parts they are not even known to exist. Few women are so reticent. But, perhaps, there is some wisdom in it.

"That's just the idea," chorus the two of them to all would-be interviewers. "We are truly delighted to let our husbands absorb all of the rarified public ether. "We're equally happy to bask quietly and effectively, albeit, as kindly critics and silent partners, in the homey atmosphere of our Chicago apartment hotel homes where we can hear them just as others do. And oft times we tell them some things about their performance that others would not tell them. We don't want them spoiled entirely, you know. But we do think they're great, grand and lovable. We love them. Yes, we do! Perhaps that's why we keep in the background just as much as possible, although they do not wish us to."

That being the gist of what Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy usually chorus to all interviewers, what you are to read now, many secrets, great and small, you will understand were gathered by a bit of close eavesdropping which proved most effective. For these (Continued on page 91)
Destiny Shaped Lives of
Amos and Andy
A Biographical Review

SUCCESS is as erratic as lightning. Often it is no less devastating. Success for Freeman F. Gosden and Charles Correll, better known as Amos and Andy, finds them level headed and serenely alive to every opportunity of the moment.

Five years ago there was no such thing as Amos and Andy. Today Amos and Andy are perhaps better known to a greater number of people than any other entertainers in America. Many brilliantly talented artists strive for a lifetime for public favor and end their days comparatively unknown.

There was nothing particularly remarkable in young Curly Gosden, as he was known in Richmond when a boy, no outstanding trait to indicate Destiny had picked him for fame and glory. His father died while he still was a young boy of 13 (and you will read the story of his boyhood in the next Radio Digest). In the Gosden household was a negro mammy, who had a son about the same age as young Freeman. The boy's name was Snowball. From Snowball and the mammy Curly absorbed the characteristics and traits now so popular in the American mind in the person of Amos.

He acquired the common school education easily but did not go through to graduation. He wanted to be doing something that he considered at the time to be more worthwhile. In that, perhaps may be found the starting point of his dreams of future success.

Opportunity for doing the things he wanted to do as a vocation did not present itself. At any rate he spent all his spare moments practicing for the benefit shows gotten up by the local amateurs. His exceptional ability finally came to the attention of professional managers. He was offered a position to join a producer. His older brother reluctantly gave consent.

It was the first time a member of the family had left Richmond to go into business.

Besides, it was difficult to see where any great success could come from such a venture. Even young Freeman had nothing particularly brilliant to offer in the way of a future along this line. It was simply a case of going out and helping to stage other amateur theatricals in conjunction with local fraternal organizations.

But there, it seems, is where Old Madam Destiny did her stuff with the threads (Continued on page 98)
DREAM WORLD OF
SPoken OPERA
Gives Stories Reality

By Natalie Giddings

IVING herself in a world of dreams which she does not dream, but dreams of others' dreams and imaginations, Helen Rose is one of the rare dreamers who is privileged to weave her own fancies into a fabric of imagination to delight others.

Even if the true romanticist, what could be more appropriate than a position as the director of dramatics for a Radio station such as the 50,000-watt Crosley broadcaster, WLW, from which the pattern of dreams she creates floats out to millions of listeners in every condition of life and every state of mind.

Hence it is not strange, is it, that Helen Rose should most enjoy writing and directing the Spoken Operas? That the kings and queens and princes and gay adventurers who wander through the pages of the great operas are to her almost as real as the actors whom she trains to play the parts?

Enough of this attitude in regard to Helen Rose and her dreams. Montaigne, in an Essay, said, "I believe it to be true that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them." Let us use a little art then in cataloguing Helen and her dreams.

Five years ago, Helen had just graduated, from a school of dramatic art. She had gone back into the school as a member of the faculty. Radio broadcasting was well established, but much experimenting was being done on the programs even then. At WLW they decided to give plays, a radical step for 1925. The program director was a young man. Helen Rose was a young girl, an even younger girl than she is now, and no one considered her anything but young now. It wasn't strange, at any rate, that Helen should have got that lucky break that made her one of the first women to direct a Radio play. She was asked to direct "The Step on the Stairs," said to be the first mystery story ever broadcast.

"IT WAS so much fun," Helen reminisces. "Figuring out all the noises that had to be made took hours and hours of thinking. There were felt-slippered feet padding up creaking stairs; opening doors; squeaking boards; shots; screams; all sorts of weird effects to be created when there hadn't been any precedent of this sort of thing.

One can imagine Helen dreaming about those sounds to be done; staying awake for a little longer at night to puzzle out exactly how a padding slipper would sound; maybe jumping out of bed in the middle of the night because of an idea for a dream. This was before trying to repeat the sound for broadcasting.

That "radario" soon was finished. The mystery was solved. Besides that, there was no money to pay a dramatic director, even if there had been dramas to direct. As long as there were plays, Helen helped with them because she liked them. And with that taste of broadcasting, Helen was satisfied to dream for five years until Radio programs developed to the point where there would be a real position for her.

In the meantime, she went on with her dramatic training in several different schools, and with her teaching, all the time studying the drama, getting an understanding of actors and their reactions, of their abilities, of their types. For a time, she left Cincinnati and went to teach in a girls' school in Kentucky where she would have more time for herself, more time to think, more time to plan out things she hoped to do in the future. Even, it is not hard to believe, to dream about working for a broadcasting station.

Last Fall she came back to Cincinnati. Immediately she went to the Crosley stations, laid her plans before Ford Billings, director of broadcasting. He hired her. At once she began directing the dramatic talent, hiring the actors, planning plays. Her first productions were of new serials; "All's Quiet on the Western Front" and "Sheila." So popular were they that listeners in San Francisco tuned in regularly each noon to hear the 3:00 o'clock production in Cincinnati, and followed the story as avidly as they would in a daily newspaper.

DREAMS do not thrive well on newspaper serials, however. So all the time Helen was evolving an idea for a series of dramas that would give her the opportunity to capture a world of the unreal. The Spoken Opera was the result. She remembered the gorgeous costumes, the romantic circumstances of the grand opers she had heard. She remembered, too, that she, like many other opera lovers, often had difficulty in distinguishing the thread of the story, woven around as they are in opera with the fine tissue of music.

There then, was her opportunity to contribute a new idea to Radio programs. She would take from the operas their stories and dramatize them for Radio production, using the music only incidentally. Musicians who have played for operas for many years and who now play the backgrounds for the Spoken Opera in the WLW orchestra, have told her that for the first time they know "what the opera is all about."

For Helen it is great fun. Glamour, romance, everything centers in these dramas she makes from the operas. She sleeps, eats, rams opera. A book on opera is always at her side as inevitably as is her purse and handkerchief. She reads every version of the story she can find, studies the librettos in various translations, leaves no avenue of information closed.

She rehearse her casts untiringly, working to get her players to create the characters for Radio as carefully as though their portrayal were to be a seeing audience instead of one that merely listens. Every inflection must be as true and vital as though it were accompanied by a gesture, a lifted eyebrow, a shrug of the shoulder. When her opera story is on the air, the listener sees it all; magnificent trappings of storied royalty, pitiful rags of the beggar, Fra Diavolo, the brigand; La Gioconda, the dancing girl; Carmen, with her too-red lips, and her voluptuous swagger, rosy-cheeked Hansel and Gretel in their peasant clothes, each one becomes a living character, instead of only a golden throat.

WHAT of this Helen Rose who builds dream castles for others? Where does she live? What is she like? She is a Cincinnati girl, born in the home where she now lives with her father, mother, brother and sister. It is far downtown, at the upper end of Broadway where two blocks of gentility have been buying up property so that a giant has crept its giant fingers up to the hills, bringing in business houses to edge out homes. In upper Broadway, however, there still remain those two blocks of red brick and gray stone houses, each with its long shuttered windows, discreetly curtained against the slow traffic that bobs up the cobble-stone hill.

Though she now limits to Radio her dramatic abilities, and (Continued on page 90)
WOMEN OF WEST COAST HAVE
OWN MAGAZINE OF AIR

Editor Bennie Walker and His Staff "Publish" One Hour of Household Topics Daily Over NBC

By Madonna M. Todd

BACK in the stone-ages of chain-broadcasting, a clever commercial executive had a decidedlly happy hunch.

The NBC "Woman's Magazine of the Air"—a morning program unique in radio—was the result.

The "WMA," as its brain child has come to be called about the studios, is a daily feature of the Pacific Division of National Broadcasting company. It originates in the San Francisco studios, and is broadcast to a decided advantage by the Western network stations: KGO, Oakland; KPO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; KHQ, Spokane; KOMO, Seattle, and KGW, Portland.

Bennie Walker—known to the WMA audience as Bennie Walker—is the editor of the magazine and Helen Webster and Ann Holden are the cognomens given the home science and domestic science experts constituting Bennie's staff.

Early in the radio game—when the NBC Pacific Division was inaugurated—the Woman's Magazine of the Air wasn't on the air every day, but, to meet a growing demand, it now fills an hour every morning except Saturday and Sunday.

The unique program is divided into three-minute "editorial" features, each sponsored by the manufacturer of some product for home use. There's everything from coffee and condensed milk to bed linens, finger-nail polish and paint. Only one of each product has its "in" and the magazine staff conserves a careful investigation before any account is accepted.

It's surprising how many excursions are necessary to one cheese factory or to one candle manufacturer, before Helen or Ann begin telling the West Coast women to use that particular product.

Back to the WMA's origin.

Bennie Walker won the job of editor because he knew how to bake biscuits—he made thousands of dough-boys happy during the war by providing hot buns for their breakfast.

Says E. D. Gilman, Vice-President of NBC, explaining Ben's appointment as editor, "We had determined to call the new program the 'Magazine of the Air' and the editor of a national magazine became so enthusiastic about it that he insisted we designate our master-of-ceremonies The Editor.'"

Logically, the periods of the hour were termed "Features."

Helen and Ann are the names of the mother and aunt of the far-sighted commercial manager who inaugurated the WMA.

Before the magazine went on the air, a housewife was connected among a group of Radio-minded women to learn whether the idea "clicked."

"They stood unanimously for the magazine," Mr. Gilman explains. "And asked us to present a program in the form of brief talks with interpolating instrumental and vocal music.

"Comes a time in the morning, around ten o'clock, we learned, that the homemaker wants to relax or to pick up the lighter tasks attendant to housekeeping. She can do this and listen to the Woman's Magazine of the Air."

Such a program fills a definite need, Mr. Gilman believes.

"Through the afternoon and evening hours, the Radio program must entertain or instruct the entire family," he points out. It is fitting that the homemaker have an hour all her own when she may hear things discussed that are helpful and interesting to her. We try to give this to her at the time when she can profit most."

So keenly does the Radio audience feel this, that Bennie Walker's "fan-mail" outweighs that of all the other network programs.

HE HAS a slogan of his own—"Keep that old smile smiling"—which he chanted through the ether in the inaugural program, and he's still singing the same tune.

Letters come to him from all over the West—from blind mothers who keep their own homes and cook over the protected flame of a stove he advocates—shut-ins, whose hours are happier because of the songs his soloists offer—brides who are learning to cook from Ann Holden. Letters gay, pathetic, complimentary, critical—letters inviting Bennie to week-end in a hundred country homes. There are regular correspondents whose messages give Ben a great thrill—he knows when there's a new baby and if there's a new Ford on the ranch—and about a thousand other things.

WMA artists are the brightest stars of the NBC Pacific Division. Each day there are two different singers—always headliners—and the instrumental selections are offered by an eight-piece orchestra under the direction of Joseph Hornik, in the conductor's stand during several of the most important network programs every day.

Mike Audience Enough

WHEN Dorothy Dukes Dinn is about to play over the air she generally has some one in the KGO studio for whom to play. Madame Berthe Baret doesn't care about having any one present when she plays the violin. She finds the microphone audience enough and likens it to an emotionally sensitive ear.

Eva Garcia, third member of the Rembrandt trio of which the other two belong, is at variance with both of her Rembrandt colleagues. She always selects some member in the invisible audience when she plays the piano over KGO.

When Laura Daubman, five years old, made her aerial debut through KGO, Oakland, she was heard in Easton, Pa., by Mrs. Sara C. Heims, says a letter received at the NBC San Francisco studios. Mrs. Heims heard of the juvenile prodigy when Laura gave her first recital in San Francisco recently. The child plays 20 Bach selections from memory after only six months of study under Lev Shorr.

With a half-century of legitimate stage experience behind her, Olive West, NBC actress, probably holds the record among Radio stars for theatrical experience. Miss West came to the studios at San Francisco after a long experience on Broadway and troup ing throughout the United States. She also has played character roles in motion pictures.
Curiously the Cycle of Life Revolves for The Youth and Girl of Humble Birth

"It's simple enough. "They're rich and we're poor." They ride in motor cars . . ."
By E. Phillips Oppenheim

There comes a time in the life of every really young man when he looks around like the chick just out of his shell and takes cognizance of a mighty world. His mind suddenly perceives deep, dark perspectives. He discovers an inexorable fate driving him down. He groans in despair. Then, from the depth of the rut, the point of his vision becomes focused on a point straight up in the zenith of the sky. The spoke begins to ascend. In The Turning Wheel Mr. Oppenheim has seized this living Youth, his Romance, and changing relations with the world.

"Do what?" she asked.
"Make bondslaves of ourselves," he answered. "Ten hours a day for me, and nearly as much for you, and I don't suppose that my engineer's shop is a much livelier place than your dressmaker's room. One day's peace, of a sort, and six days with both feet upon the mill. What do we do it for, Agnes?"
"To live," she answered, with a hard little laugh. "Do you suppose I'd stand a single hour of the life if I didn't have to?"

"Did he have to go to prison?" the girl asked, anxiously.
"Yes," he declared, "I couldn't have got him off if I would."

The boy was answered, but unsatisfied. He looked away from his companion, but the frown remained deep-graven upon his face.
"To live!" he repeated. "I'm not so sure. It seems to me we do it so that other people may live. It isn't for ourselves we work—it's for the others."
"I work for fourteen dollars a week," the girl said, bluntly.
"The boy shook his head. "You don't," he declared. "You work so that the woman who employs you, and who calls herself a modiste, and has a flat in town and a little cottage up the river, can get all there is to be got out of life. You are one of the parts of the machine, and so am I. I think that we are foolish."
"What would you do?" the girl asked, curiously.
"I don't know," he answered. "I haven't thought about it."
"I shouldn't bother," the girl said.

Perhaps you are satisfied with your life," he went on, "pulling out a handful of grass and throwing it from him.
"I'm not. Three times last week I thought of things which improved the working of the room. I reckoned it out on the back of an old envelope. Someone must have made millions by my idea. I altered one of our filing machines on Monday, and it's done its work a lot better since. What do I get for it?"
"Twenty-eight dollars a week," the girl answered. "You see, we are laborers. I suppose you are one of them who call themselves Socialists?"
"I don't think I am," the boy answered. "I never talked with one, that I know of, in my life. And as for books, I never look inside them. But there's something wrong. If only one had time I would try and think out what it is."
"Better rest," the girl said, curtly. "You look as though you needed it."
"And what about yourself?" he answered. "I haven't seen
you with a speck of color in your cheeks since the first time we met up on the hill there."

"What chance should I have to get color in my cheeks, I wonder?" she asked. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter; I'm strong enough."

He turned his head and looked at her with new born criticism in his eyes. Her cheeks were pallid, her eyes hagard. Even her hair was dull and without life. Her mouth, well shaped once, had taken to itself a discontented turn. Her features, though good enough, were expressionless. Yet she was not without a certain natural prettiness, barely surviving the environment of her life. She bridled a little under his scrutiny and threw some grass into his face.

"Well, Mr. Impertinent," she said, "what do you think of me?"

He sighed.

"You are pretty enough, Agnes," he said, "but you've got the brand upon you. So have I. So has every man in my workshop. So has every girl, I expect, in your room. I don't understand it."

"Let's go down and get some tea," the girl suggested, yawning.

"I won't do you no good to be there puzzling your head about things that don't amount to anything. My, that's a fine motor car!"

The boy turned his head. The car had come to a standstill in the road, a few yards away. The man and the girl who were its sole occupants had turned to look at the view. In front, the chauffeur and footman, both immaculate in spotless livery, looked stolidly into space.

"In many respects," the man in the car was saying, "London is wonderfully fortunate. Our parks are magnificent. Fancy these thousands of acres free for all Londoners to come and sit about and enjoy themselves!"

His companion inclined her head faintly towards the boy and girl beneath the tree.

"Like that," she remarked, smiling. "Yes, I suppose they find pleasure in it."

The man at her side followed her gesture.

It seemed as though the eyes of the four met at the same moment.

"It's an idol," he remarked, good humoredly, "these people must do their love-making somewhere, I suppose."

"Why not?" the girl answered, nonchalantly. "How tired they look, though!"

She withdrew her eyes, into which, perhaps, for a moment, had passed some faint glint of pity. The man touched a button and the car glided on. The boy raised his head from the grass, and followed it with his eyes. His gaze was no ordinary one. It seemed as though within these last few minutes he had seen farther into life, as though the passing of these two, denizens of an unknown world, had kindled in him a new seriousness.

"I don't understand it," he muttered.

"Then you're a fool," the girl declared, hardly. "It's simple enough. They're rich and we're poor. They ride in motor cars and we ride on hired bicycles. The girl wears silks and laces, and I have to be thankful for cheap linen. The man smokes cigars, and you can just run to a packet of cheap cigarettes. It's easy enough to understand. They're rich and we're poor."

The boy seemed as though he scarcely heard her.

"I wonder?" he said to himself.

"Are you going to buy me some tea or aren't you?" the girl asked, a little wearisomely. "I'm almost famished, and all the places'll be full unless we hurry."

He rose to his feet—five feet ten inches of long, lanky humanity, dressed in a ready-made blue serge suit, a clean collar, and a good-looking enough in his way, but with his shoulders already bowed beneath the burden—the burden of the toiler. Even as he held his companion's bicycle for her to mount, his eyes watched the cloud of dust left by the motor car.

A YEAR later he stood, perfectly at his ease, in the prisoners' dock, waiting for the sentence which was obviously deserved and would certainly be forthcoming. Throughout the brief proceedings he had listened to the evidence against him with the intelligent interest of someone quite removed from personal association with the case. The speech for his defense he had ignored. His attitude, in fact, for a first offender, had been so puzzling that the magistrate was prompted to ask him whether he had anything to say on his own behalf. He shook his head.

"The gentleman who was kind enough to defend me," he remarked, "said a great deal more for me than I should have ventured to say for myself. It is quite true that I took the money—eight hundred and seventy dollars, I think it was. I hoped to have got away with it, but the luck was against me."

"You realized," the magistrate asked, "that you were committing a dishonest action?"

"Not in the least," was the prompt reply. "The money to which I endeavored to help myself was a very small portion of a great fortune which has been amassed by my employers by means of my brains and the brains of others like me. I have no personal grudge against the gentlemen who are prosecuting me, but morally I consider them at least as guilty as myself. They are not productive members of society in any sense of the word. They have left us, I and my fellow-laborers, to do the work, and they have spent the results in luxuries while we have been starved for necessities. I myself, in one room of that man's factory—pointing to the somewhat pompous figure of the prosecutor—have inaugurated changes and improvements which must have saved him in a single year ten times the sum I am accused of stealing. For this my wages were advanced two dollars a week. I am not saying," he continued, "that I could have got more elsewhere. None of my ideas were worth anything without the capital to buy the machinery and the established business in which to make use of it. But the fact remains that mine were the brains and his the opportunity. I was the worker and he the parasite. It didn't seem to me to be a fair bargain, and I saw no way of getting it set right, so I helped myself. I am willing to serve any sentence you may give me, but if you, sir, and society proclaim me dishonest, I venture, with the utmost heartiness, to disagree with you."
The magistrate stared at him. There was a little ripple of interest through the court. A moment or two later the sentence was pronounced: "Six months' imprisonment in the second division!"

The youth, as he was being led from the dock, met the eyes of his employer fixed a little curiously upon him. It was thus almost, that they exchanged glances in Richmond park twelve months before. There was nothing threatening about the appearance of this young man, who followed the policeman obediently from the dock, yet his late employer went back to his works with an uneasy feeling that a new force was abroad in the world—something which he did not understand, something which he did not wish to understand. He thought of it at dinner that night, and his daughter feared that things had gone ill in the city, and felt a moment's alarm lest anything might happen to prevent the purchase of a new steam yacht in which they had planned a cruise.

"Nothing wrong in the city, I hope?" she asked, after the servants had left.

Her father shook his head.

"Nothing at all," he answered. "Rather a curious thing happened today, though. Do you remember driving through Richmond park a year ago? We stopped to look at the view, and a boy and a girl who were lying on the grass under one of the trees stared at us curiously. I told you at the time that the boy's face seemed familiar to me. I discovered afterwards that he was one of my employees."

"I remember perfectly," the girl answered, with interest. "I told you that I liked his face."

"Today I had to prosecute him," her father continued. "He robbed us of eight hundred and seventy dollars, and very nearly got away."

She raised her eyebrows.

"I am sorry," she remarked, quietly. "He didn't look like a thief."

"Nor did he look like one in the dock," her father answered. "Nor did he talk like one. He even tried to justify himself. It's this infernal socialism that's doing all the mischief with the half-educated working classes. Young men like this take it up and imibe the most absurd ideas."

"The day before I took that money," the prisoner said, "a physician told me another year of my present work would make a dead man of me."

"Did he have to go to prison?" the girl asked, anxiously. Her father nodded.

"Yes," he declared. "I couldn't have got him off if I would. He's gone to prison for six months."

Being naturally of a law-abiding temperament, and conducting himself, therefore, in prison with rare discretion, John Selwyn was a free man again in five months and eight days. Twenty-four hours after that period, however, he stood once more in the dock upon another and a very different charge. This time he was certainly paler, and he was dressed in borrowed clothes, but his manner had lost nothing of its earnest composure.

"The most determined case, sir, I ever did see," a policeman explained. "Got on the steamboat pier and threw himself off in the deepest part of the river."

The magistrate nodded.

"I read the particulars," he said. "I understand that he even struggled with the lighterman who saved his life."

"Naturally," the young man in the dock interrupted. "I did not throw myself into the river with the object of being picked out again."

The magistrate looked at him earnestly.

"Do you consider," he asked, "that you have a right to dispose of your own life in this fashion?"

"Why not?" the young man answered. "It appears to me that for anyone in my position it is the most sensible and reasonable thing to do. I lived like a slave for a great many years. I made an attempt to better myself, and it failed. Now that I have been in prison my chances of getting on in the world are certainly less than they were. I really do not feel under the slightest compulsion to continue an unequal struggle."

"There is a place for every man in the world," the magistrate said, "if only he has courage and wit enough to find it."

"You are doubtless right, sir," the prisoner answered, politely. "I would suggest, in that case, that a few signposts would be an advantage. I have never considered myself lacking in intelligence, but, so far as I am concerned, I have failed to find that place."

"You became a thief," the magistrate reminded him.

"That is a point," the prisoner answered, "upon which I regret to say that we disagree. But, in any case, I was driven to it. The day before I took that money, if it interests you to know this, I went to a physician. He explained to me that ten hours' work a day in an unwholesome atmosphere, without proper food or under sanitary conditions of life, was rapidly undermining my constitution. Another year of it and I should have been a dead man. I felt that it was time for me to make a change."

(Continued on page 108)
REPORTERS OF THE AIR

All Elements of a Metropolitan of Radio Programs—Thrill of Announcer Takes the Mike

By Doty

"The next voice you hear will be that of ——!"

That short sentence, completed with the name of the announcer who is to broadcast the report of an international or national event, brings the thrill supreme to the greatest number of Radio listeners—the thrill of suspense.

For months, weeks or perhaps only days, the important occasion has been publicized. It may be a football game, the arrival in this country of a foreign notable, the funeral of a national hero, a parade, a dinner of moment, a prize fight or the inaugural ceremonies bringing a new President to these United States. Whatever it may be the zero hour arrives for the listener when a station announcer speaks the magic words, "The next voice you hear will be that of ——!"

And, believe me, the zero hour has arrived for the reporting announcer, or, as sometimes happens, for the several reporting announcers working on the one assignment. When President Hoover was inaugurated the National Broadcasting company had six reporters stationed at different points in the capital city and one man broadcasting his reactions of the event from an airplane! The man in the plane was Bill Lynch, literally a reporter of the air.

The preparation for the microphoning of a big event starts many days prior to the scheduled occasion. As a rule there is very little trouble with the political and technical problems involved but sometimes red tape gets all tangled up with the ether and a lot of "hemming and
GIVE HISTORY IN MAKING

Daily Now Going into Makeup
Thrills for Millions When the
To Tell the Waiting World

Hobart

"hawing" takes place before the operation can be definitely assured.

When the Graf Zeppelin arrived in this country the war department was reluctant to permit announcers to get close enough to give any intimate descriptions of the big bag. It took a great deal of coaxing on the part of the heads of the chain systems to convince certain government officials that neither McNamee, Husing nor any of the other air reporters covering that assignment were the type of bad boys who go about stealing balloons!

WHEN a broadcaster decides to give an etherized report of an event the first procedure is to obtain permission from the proper authorities, either national, state or city department heads, if the occasion is of a public character.

If it is of a private nature, as, for instance, a prize fight, the dickering is done with the promoter of the contest who gives his permission on receipt of a sizable check. The amount involved depends on just how much pressure the promoter feels the broadcaster will stand before blowing up.

The price quoted for the privilege of giving the world a ringside description of the late fiasco in Florida, the swoon-song of Scott when he met Sharkey, was thirty thousand dollars. You didn’t hear any blow-by-blow word picture of that fight on your Radio, did you? The answer is, “No, my listeners, thirty thousand dollars is still thirty thousand dollars.”

When authorized permission has been granted the broadcaster the telephone company is instructed to furnish communication lines from the seat of the broadcast

(Continued on page 104)

It’s action every minute when Ted Husing’s at the mike. Here you see Ted and his "spotter" covering a football game. The scholarly gentleman in the corner of the page is Frederick William Wile, LL.D.

"North covers with the queen of diamonds," says Milton C. Work, describing a hand of bridge to thousands of lovers of this indoor pastime.

Vincent O'Shea added three minutes to his half hour of market reports by eliminating the word "and".
MAINWARING PARKS had summoned a most unusual company of guests to his remote and somewhat gloomy retreat at Lake Tahoe. Practically all of them were especially interested in precious stones. Connoisseurs, adventurers, mystics, and there was one renowned jeweler by the name of Amos Laufer-Hirth. Paul Savoy, traveler and student of genus homo, had been the first to arrive at the great lodge, where he soon made the slightly unpleasant acquaintance of Captain Art Temple, world traveler, who had come with his military orderly.

Doctor Andregg, a sallow and rather saturnine guest, had permitted himself to be mistaken for the butler. Then there was Herman A. Dicks, a famous detective, who had come with Mr. Parks and his jeweler friend. Will Little had come to look after the comforts of Laufer-Hirth, an East Indian, known as Mr. Nemo, entered as the other guests were gathering around the dinner table. He had a mysterious fellow countryman for an assistant.

Savoy counseled honor, and by including the two Filipino servants, found there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.

It was known that this huge log house had a history. The greatest of which was the story of the house, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought there long ago for the consideration of the builder of the house, one Thraff Willeyzinski. The jewel merchant had been accompanied by an unknown foreigner. That same night the jewel merchant and the foreigner were stabbed to death and the supposed Nonius opal, in a little wine-red silk covered case, had disappeared.

A little later Willeyzinski disappeared, a raving maniac.

Dicks apparently considered the story, as related by Parks, a fairy story. Savoy referred to the superstition that attaches to the house, and finally they came to the question as to why they had been assembled.

"I have a confession to make," said Mr Parks as by mutual consent they deferred their discussions to the next day. "There are in this room certain valuables which we'll not specify right now. For my part there is this." He exhibited a packet filled with yellow bank notes. "A million dollars there, gentlemen. He invited the others to put their valuables with his, in a safe in the living room, after which the various members of the party retired to their respective rooms.

Thirty minutes later there was a high, strangling cry, out of which only one word, "Murder!" could be understood. A rushing from door to door by the startled guests ended with the discovery of the dead bodies of Parks and Dicks. As Dr. Andregg started to leave the body of his host he copied a small, bright object on the floor and quickly snatched it up.

Just as they were about to start a search for the murderer a resounding boom echoed through the house. It had come from the living room, where they found the door of the safe blown off. After a brief discussion they again started their search, only to find that both bodies had disappeared.

"Do you know," said Paul Savoy, finding himself alone with Laufer-Hirth, "I believe that I find myself in the exact, the ideal laboratory for testing a theory, which though widely shared in a superficial and therefore meaningless sort of way, is entirely my own in dead earnest. The mind of man is a potential machine of unlimited power. To the mind of man, properly tuned, no desideratum is denied."

Following out his laboratory line of reasoning, Savoy snatched down the heavy draperies in the living room of the log house and began visualizing. At his direction the astonished Laufer-Hirth found the long lost Nonius opal.

When the survivors gathered at breakfast the next morning Captain Temple displayed a rasping animosity toward both Savoy and Dr. Andregg. His verbal attacks on Andregg grew quite acrimonious. Laufer-Hirth distracted the attention by displaying the opal and relating its discovery. There followed a mutual more or less frank revelation of their purposes in attending the gathering.

Mr. Nemo, in discussing the events of the evening before, addressed his questions to Savoy.

"I think that I may say I have made some progress," said the latter. "Mental fingers begin to point. At present, though, of course I admit it is too early to be sure of anything, they point to one man. Rather odd, but thus far I am forced to admit that everything points to—me!—May I have the salt, Amos?"

"IF YOU'RE trying to be funny, Savoy," rapped out Captain Temple, the first to crash verbally into an astounded silence, "you're succeeding only in raising your neck by way of achieving a pretty glaring bit of bad taste."

"Thanks for the admonition and the warning," returned Paul Savoy coolly, "but I assure you I am quite in earnest when I say that everything points to me as the murderer. However, I prefaced my remarks with the sentiment that I was, alas, merely at the very beginning of my investigation; and I add, that it is altogether too early to be sure of anything. Not for anything in the world would I make an accusation at this stage." He checked himself just in time in an absent-minded sugaring his eggs and diverted the burden of the laughing spoon to his coffee cup. "I am quite frank in saying," he added meditatively, "that I hope that further investigation may lead elsewhere."

"Twice last night I called you mad," burst out Laufer-Hirth.

"That was only a way of speaking and you knew it. But now and then to make the accusation in all earnestness?"

"I should be interested in your method, Mr. Savoy," said Mr. Nemo. He spoke very politely; or was it, rather, graciously?

"My method, as you term it, sir, is really one of simplicity itself; entirely obvious and natural and matter-of-fact."

"Ah!" It was Mr. Nemo's silken utterance in mild ecstasy.

IN THE annals of crime, its commission and detection, continued Savoy, "there stand out, so far as I know, a few names only of detectives who have in one way or another elevated their profession to an art. We need not enumerate them, they could be counted, though, on the fingers of one hand. The reason being that the detective-mind is inordinately fond of clues and clues are pretty certain to carry one three steps wrong to one step right. The detective-mind is unfortunately wide open to suspicion. It says, 'I'll begin with suspecting everyone; I'll eliminate one by one as I have to, grudgingly. When I've eliminated all but one, he's my man. That's wrong; it's walking backward. He should say, 'I'll suspect no one. Suspicion is an evil drug and vivifies the true mental fiber.' Thus he'll maintain a clear, unclouded mind. And in due course, through the perfect functioning of that bit of machinery, he will be led straight to the desired end."

You will pardon me?" spoke up Captain Temple rather stiffly. "I am afraid that the life I have led has caused me to forget most of the parlor tricks. And I can't help but say, Mr. Savoy, that all this rings in my ears like so much damned nonsense."

"As to that," said Savoy with a sigh, "I don't know but that you're right."
"And," muttered the captain with a little flush, not knowing what the other meant, "I think that you've done nothing but dodge the issue: you're in earnest in suggesting yourself as a possible criminal!"

"And this time you're surely right, Captain! What led me to point out Paul Savoy? You're my explanation and don't amuse me. And it logical, I began, with a mind as clear as any crystal. I subdied such considerations as my friendship for Amos, the queer little friction which from the outset has seemed to exist between Paul Savoy and Captain Temple, my fantastic surmises having to do with Mr. Nemo, any reminiscences of anything odd concerning the actions of Dr. Andregg. Only when the brome of reason had swept all her works did I really dally with the question: Who is the murderer?"

"So far as I could admit at the beginning, we all stood equally.

Instead of suspicion I instilled inquiry. And where should inquiry begin if not with myself? So I began with Paul Savoy. What did I know of him? I asked first. What was Paul Savoy doing at the moment of the double murder? And I found that I was not at all sure that I knew!"

H E SPOKE of himself so impersonally that they fell in with his attitude; it was quite as though they discussed some man not even of their number. No doubt there were times when this Paul Savoy wandered widely and rather at random among systems of theories; perhaps there were moments when he merely played with words, allowing them to drag him rather than follow his flight of fancy. But just now he was simply earnest. Amos Laufer-Hirth began to be troubled for him.

"Pursuing my inquiries," resumed Savoy, his tone that of the lecturer in the laboratory. "I found that Savoy's thoughts and dinner ran as follows: A really unprecedented gathering to get some of priceless gems was being accomplished here tonight. What a history some of those gems had! What crimes had been committed for their glorious sake! As time rolled on, what other crimes were still to be committed, and who would be in ownership of them? The thought fitted through his brain like a bat through a shadowy cavern that he himself would like to own them all.

Savoy had another thought: If a man, secure in a high place in the eye of the world, stepped down swiftly to the commission of a crime, who would suspect him? If none saw, who would imagine? A thought burst upon him like a flash of light: If the body were done away with, who would ever glimpse the sinister cut of a whisper across a man's face. He briefly ignored Andregg to say to his tense audience:

"Look at his eyes!" cried out Sergeant Blount. "Talk about murder! There's murder in his eyes right now.

"I'd kill—yes, I'd kill you. You, Captain Temple. You stole my bag; you hid it away; then, with I don't know what evil plan in a maggot-infested mind, you replaced my instruments and medicines with those things. You'll explain this, on your feet now. 'You did it!' Before all these men I accuse you! You killed Mainwaring and the detective."

Captain Temple laughed at him. "That's your bag, Andregg," he said, as the cut of a whisper across a man's face. He briefly ignored Andregg to say to his tense audience:

"Last night there was a heavy pike in the room where Dicks lay. Just the sort of thing which might have been used to dash a man's brains out. When we all ran downstairs, someone carried it off! Who? Why, it was this dog, Andregg, here. I thought of that later. I looked for it and didn't find it!"

They looked at Andregg, inviting his answers. Though none of them took the first step in the direction of Captain Temple's violence, it was quite plain that you couldn't with the captain that Andregg should answer. But when Andregg glanced, then fell to shuffling with his feet and staring down on the floor. Paul Savoy spoke up in that faraway, sleepy way of his.

"These points which Captain Temple just mentioned, Andregg, he would call 'clues.' As for me, I do not hold with him, but it would seem only reasonable that Dr. Andregg should answer."

Andregg looked at him dully and when he spoke it was sullenly and with moody defiance.

"There is nothing. Nothing which I could explain. Nothing which has any bearing on—the murder."

The two Filipino boys were afraid—they had heard something in the basement. Laufer-Hirth could not drive them, so, in the end, he led the way, shivering.
"Good! I'm glad!" Paul Savoy was all of a sudden like a man awakening with a bound from sleep. "Perhaps you'll explain?" came Temple's tart demand.

"Willingly; even eagerly," returned Savoy. "I tell you all that we already know, every necessary sign and token and bit of information. We have but to sort, arrange, then deduce the truth which should be as clear as a trout in a shallow pool. I'll lead you straight from the floor and tools in a briefest conference, for the love of Heaven, gentlemen, if these matters be significant, have we not already enough of them? If you insist on inhumanly choking words out of Andregg, I'll not have my ears stuffed with the clattering.

And with a hint of an emotion very much like anger, he went out and slammed the door behind him. "Savoy will bear watching," spoke up Captain Temple, quietly, seeing only the half-cool browner cooler as Savoy grew hotter. "And now, Andregg, you are going to talk!"

Andregg ceased plucking at his lip just long enough to spit out: "I'll see you in hell first, Temple." "I am going to make you talk. You're going to babble like a brook before I'm through. Every thought you ever thought, is coming up to the top. Now, Andregg—" "May I make a suggestion before this goes any further?" Mr. Nemo asked quietly. "I think there may be a reasonable excuse for Dr. Andregg refusing to speak. Perhaps what he will not tell us all, he might be willing to confide to one. I think that he will tell—me!"

"I have said already that I have nothing to tell," said Andregg, stony in determination.

Mr. Nemo's smile only brightened. "And," he resumed softly, "if, when I have talked to Andregg, and thereafter can assure you on my honor that I know he is not concealing any guilty secret in this matter, will you gentlemen be satisfied with that?"

"Yes!" burst out Laufer-Hirth. "We all know who and what Mr. Nemo is; we all know that his word is sufficient. If Dr. Andregg cares to satisfy Mr. Nemo, he satisfies us all." Mr. Nemo rose and drew close to Andregg, whispering something into his ear. Andregg stiffened visibly; his eyes flew wide open. His mouth, too, opened for speech and, while balanced impulses strove in his breast, remained open wordlessly.

"Dr. Andregg and I shall require not more than a five minutes' conference in his room," said Mr. Nemo. "You will await my report here!" He stepped out of the room in high confidence. After the briefest of pauses Dr. Andregg followed him.

Five minutes later Mr. Nemo entered, still smiling.

"I have left Dr. Andregg in his room," he said, addressing Captain Temple. "He has explained to me, entirely satisfactorily, about the object which he was seen to pick up on the floor near the body of Mainwaring Parks. It was his own personal property; it has no bearing on the major question. I am entirely satisfied and trust that my satisfaction may extend to you also."

"To be sure we are all satisfied," said Laufer-Hirth with an attempt at spontaneity and heartiness.

Captain Temple sat glancing between the sergeant and the young voice, the man with the strange eyes, and the man whose face was wan with anxiety.

THERE way led through the kitchen. A very imperturbable Chinese cook sat at a table plainly eating a huge breakfast. Beyond the kitchen was a narrow, dreary hall. Then a dozen steep steps brought them down to the floor of the basement. An enormous place extending under half the house, carpeted, studded, supported by the building above. There was a wood-burning furnace; it had not been lighted this morning. And there was cord after cord of wood piled from floor to beams above.

He drove the Filipinos to their task, following them back and forth on several trips since they remained obstinate about going alone. In the end he saw the furnace lighted, the several faces set blading earnest. He sat down with a windy sigh and shoved his hands and feet out to the genial warmth.

Captain Temple and the sergeant, dressed for the outdoors, looked in on Laufer-Hirth in the living room.

"Better come along with us and buffet the storm a bit," invited Temple. "There's a breeze stirring that ought to whip the cobwebs out of a man's brain."

"No. I'll stick. Besides, I want to talk to Paul Savoy."

"Oh, Savoy! He's a cursed possum, I tell you, if nothing worse. I've got my suspicions of that freak, and I don't care who knows it."

"It strikes me," said the jeweler, "that you've got a mighty lively set of suspicions, Temple."

"I don't deny it. If you want to know, I'm ready to suspect every man of us with the exception of you and Tom Blount."

They went out, fighting with the front door to get it closed against the wind after them, and Laufer-Hirth saw nothing more of them for quite a time.

Meantime Will Little got up and dressed and joined his employer, who was more than glad to see him. Little even strove with his pallid lips, striving to shape them to a smile. "I ought to be ashamed, I suppose," he said as he sat down. "Just couldn't help myself, that's all, Mr. Laufer-Hirth."

"That's all right, my boy," said the other heartily. "It's shaken me up pretty, considerably, and I fancy myself a downright stolid individual, as folks go."

"It's a queer business about that opal," said Will Little in a whisper. "Where's it been all these years? Who put it there you found it? Why?"

"Ask me another question," exclaimed his employer in a heavy attempt at playfulness, "and I'll stuff your mouth full of rags out of Chee-foo's kitchen. Sit still and we'll have nothing hot to drink. Hot and strong.

So no more questions were asked. Now and then one man or the other went as far as the windows from which Savoy had stripped down his violet-blue curtains, to look out into the storm.

Some time after the others had lunched lugubriously the captain and Tom Blount returned. When they, too, had lunched the seven guests of a departed host congregated in the living room. Paul Savoy still remained aloof; Andregg

"Still groping among your thousand and one clues, C a p t a i n?" quered Savoy, his face as white as a sheet.
He nailed his envelope to the ceiling, then, stepping back, "There—a big step has been taken toward the solution of this mystery of ours."

That he was a very rich man who paid well; that he had a fine place in San Francisco and this place here; that he was a great traveler; that he had many friends, all sorts.

"You're a helpful pair of laddies," said the captain, and turned from them to Mr. Nemo. "Perhaps you'll tell us, Mr. Nemo? Were you visiting Parks in San Francisco about a year ago?"

"I'm greatly interested in your catechism," smiled Mr. Nemo. "Pray continue with it. I'll be here, you know, when you've done with your two helpful laddies."

Captain Temple, though frowningly, turned back to the Filipinos. Had they ever been employed before, at the lake, in the winter time? Yes; last winter. Mr. Parks had entertained a house full of guests for some weeks, treating them to winter sports.

Did the electric lights work all right? And were there any big storms? Storms, yes; a big one. And the lights had gone out, some of the wires blown down. Telephones? Telephone, too, had gone out on them! They had been unable to use the telephone for two or three days; then, in a lull in the storm, a couple of the men had fixed it. Broken limbs from trees, whipped off by the wind, had broken the wire.

Yes, Dr. Andregg was there when they came. Mr. Parks had told them they would find him here and that he would issue their orders.

"Ah," said Temple. Again he turned from them, now confronting Andregg. "So we come back to you, doctor."

Andregg had sat still while well back from the irregular circle formed by the others. He had seemed more interested in Mr. Nemo than in the three who were doing the talking, and now a faint smile, not unlike Mr. Nemo's own, touched his lips.

"Will you object to answering a question or two?" Temple asked him bluntly.

"Fire away," muttered Andregg, with a sneer. "So long as the questions are—not imperative!"

"Good enough," said Temple coolly. He was forever growing cool when the other man showed a least spark of fire.

"First off, then: What did you happen to be doing here all alone?"

"I WAS a friend of Mainwaring Parks. He knew that I had a fancy for wintering in the snow and most hospitably put his own unused home at my disposal."

"How long have you known Parks?"

"About three years."

"How long have you lived in this neighborhood?"

"Off and on, about four years."

"Practicing medicine?"

"Practicing medicine some of the time. Reading, studying, enjoying life the balance."

"You are well off, then? Financially, you can afford to live as you please without working?"

"It does not cost much to live here as I live," said Andregg.

"Did Parks pay you?"

"At times Mr. Parks consulted me professionally. At such times I rendered my bill and was paid."

"What was your school, doctor?" he blurted out.

"Being impertinent now?" countered Andregg. Temple ignored the thrust and observed instead:

"I keep thinking that time must have dragged for you. By the way, do you make something of a hobby of carpentry?"

"It's quite clear," cried Andregg passionately, "that you mean to accuse me of murder!"

"I do not accuse you—yet. I merely make my statements and give you every opportunity to explain. You refuse to tell us what you picked up by Parks' body. You say you know nothing of the carpenter's tools. Will you, by any chance, tell us now what disposal you made of the poker which you carried away from Dicks' room?"

"I don't recall what I did with it; just dropped it somewhere. By the way," and he leaned forward sharply, a sudden brightness in his eyes. "Who was it carried the golf stick?"

There was a pause. Laufer-Hirth, with a sudden start, exclaimed:

"I remember now. Why, it was you, Captain Temple!"

"It was," said Andregg, viciously. "A golf stick like that would inflict such a wound as Detective Dicks bore quite as well as a poker. And just where is that golf stick now, Captain Temple?"

"You have me there, Andregg," he admitted reluctantly. "I did catch up the first weapon I could lay my hands on: yes, it was a golf stick from the bag by the door. Driver, I think! And, by yourself, I don't recall at the moment where and when I dropped it."

Andregg could not refrain from the obvious taunt. Temple stared at him sternly.

"We grope, I admit. But we'll get somewhere yet. I have your consent to pass to other things? Then, there's this: How near is the nearest house?"

"Along the lake the less than a mile."

"Whose property is it?"

"I really don't know, Captain Temple. Nor can I see—"

"Occupied last summer?"

"Yes."

"The summer before?"

"I don't remember. I don't think so."

"Perfectly right," asserted the captain. "Tom Blount and I made our way as far as that house this morning, keeping along the water's edge. I wondered—we tried to see, of course, if anything could be done with the telephone line but I'm afraid it's hopeless; I wouldn't be surprised if it's down for miles. Of course, we ought to have outside help, someone from the district attorney's office or the sheriff's. But of one thing I feel pretty sure: The man, or men, who did this thing are as much bottled up here as we are."

A strangely mirthless laugh started them. There in the door (Continued on page 108)
Have a Ringside Seat for the

**Battle of the Blues**

Lombardo, Vallee and Osborne Tell Their Story of Slow Motion Rhythm—Draw Your Own Conclusions

By Rosemary Drachman

ORDERS is orders. Lombardo first. Prettiest frock, my new hat and coat. Dab the powder on the nose—away to the Roosevelt Grill, wondering what Guy Lombardo knows of music and if he could possibly be as good-looking as his picture.

Well, he is. And just as charming as he is handsome, too. He’s a little above the average in height, well set up with black hair and eyes, and a natural tawny skin of skin that you and I get with sun-tan powder.

He is affable, genial and a sparkling conversationalist; a perfect host with thoughts only for his guests; and he showed a willingness to aid me that was held in check only by his shell of natural-born modesty.

I found him leading his Royal Canadians. When I introduced myself he turned the baton over to his brother, Carmen, and fixed me up with a table where I could see everything.

Should it ever be my lot to again interview this master of slow tempo, I hope it will not be from the sidelines of an inviting dance floor. (I’ll bet he dances divinely.) No fun wagging my tongue when my feet want to dance.

The music would at times carry me off into the realm of dreams. I must have tried his patience sorely. Serves him right. I wanted to dance.

With the courtesy of a knight of old, he sat with me through two hours of spasmodic questioning. He endured my periods of abstraction with the fortitude of a martyr, and when the music ceased and I attempted to pick up the loose ends of the business at hand he helped me with a willingness born of inherent courtesy.

Between the *Wedding of the Painted Doll* and *Three O’clock in the Morning*, I learned that there are three Lombardo brothers in the band.

Guy, who is now twenty-seven years old, is leader by virtue of his venerable age and not because he plays the violin. No one instrument takes precedence in this orchestra. The boys feel that the tuba is just as important as the drums and that both rank with the piano.

Carmen, the middle brother, is twenty-six. He is the one that plays the sax and sings all those crooning choruses.

Lebert, the kid brother, is twenty-four, and toots the trumpet. These three brothers, and all save one of the rest of the organization, hail from London—not “Lunnon-in-the-fog, where ‘iff the blooming world comes from,” but London, Ontario, a slightly smaller place of 65,000 population.

Here the two eldest Lombardo brothers, together with Fred Kreitzer, formed an orchestra in 1915. A little mental arithmetic divulges the secret that the venerable Guy was then just a middle aged man of twelve.

London was the military headquarters for Western Ontario and the boys were much in demand for the soldier entertainments.

In 1918 Lebert joined his brothers and this four-piece band was the nucleus of the present organization which was formed when, in 1919, five more local boys were added, and later in Cleveland, another man. Every man is a finished musician and has studied under the direction of Canada’s most noted pedagogues.

These same men make up the band as it is today. There are never any changes in personnel; no personal nor professional jealousies to mar the even tenor of their ways. When they make a clam one town to another, the wives and children all move into an apartment house like one big family, and as a whole, form a happy clan.

When I marvelled at this statement, he said, with a wave of his hand toward the orchestra, “Why, Miss Drachman, I couldn’t fight with him. His grandmother knows mine.”

The band to Guy Lombardo is one unit. The use of “him,” when referring to the other nine men, seems perfectly natural.

The year 1923 found Lombardo and his Royal Canadians the rage of Cleveland where they stayed for four years. There they were fitting new tempo to old and new numbers; playing ballads as ballads, trady rags as fox trotters, etc.

What’ll I Do, was one of the first to lend itself to the innovation of slow motion music.

Carmen, the versatile arranger and soloist, was singing choruses as he had for the soldiers in Canada.

While playing a two weeks’ engagement at Detroit in 1920 he had suggested to the leader that maybe people would like to hear the chorus sung. He was immediately informed that he was in an orchestra, not a choir. He almost got the gate for suggesting such a thing. Pick out the orchestra today that hasn’t a member who can “double in voice.”

Carmen is also a composer, numbering among his popular hits such songs as: *Sweetheart’s on Parade, Last Night I Dreamed I Kissed You, Coquette, My Victory, Moonlight March and Why Don’t You?*

Broadcasting over WTAM, their public grew until they began to have a reputation far afield. Fan mail started to come in and phonograph companies came to dicker for contracts.

Here we find Guy running into the first opposition to his slow tempo. Cleveland cafe patrons and Radio audiences were much enthused over this entirely new method of presenting their favorite numbers, but phonograph companies were much harder to convince.

In the spring of 1924, the Victor and Brunswick companies both sent recording equipment to Cleveland and made tests, but refused to record their OWHE. Guy reasoned that, although this type of music was popular in Cleveland, purchasers of records in other parts of the world would increase the record speed and distort the tone. They couldn’t afford to take a chance.

Still, early in 1924, Lombardo made a deal with the Canadian office of the Star Piano Company, makers of Gennett records and recorded two numbers: *Mama’s Gone Goodbye* and *So This Is Venice.*

The beautiful grill room of the Roosevelt Hotel was beginning to fill with the after theatre crowd. Beautifully gownied women were dancing with tall, graceful men. I wanted to dance, too. The only consolation I got was from the envious glances as some of the women recognized my companion.

Where were we? Oh, yes—Lombardo signed his Royal Canadians up with The Music Corporation of America and they insisted upon the band making records for some of the better known companies.

The Columbia people came to Cleveland, but refused to be sold on anything other than the popular tempo of the day. However, Guy signed a year’s contract with them and made four or five records in the “hot time” of more universal appeal. The players were not very enthusiastic over the phonio deals, and in the fall of 1927 they took their families and their pets, including their slow tempo, all tied up in the pink ribbons of confidence, and moved bag and luggage to Chicago.

We were there they broke over WREB and the week had passed the fan mail showed that the novelty of slow motion
That ready smile and cheerful expression you see above could belong to but one person—Rudy Vallee. Is your bet on him in "The Battle of the Blues?"

That the Windy City might properly show its appreciation for Lombardo they made his orchestra the highest priced (per man) in the world.

They received $8,500 per week from the Chicago theatre while doubling a cafe for $2,000. When the boys were resting they went on the air during the Wrigley hour, filling one-half the program, for $1,000—a total of $11,500 per week for an organization of ten men. (I think I'll see if I can't trade my fountain pen for a piccolo.)

The manager of the theatre told Guy that he had broken all previous records for gross receipts and that people were now coming to his theatre who had never been there before. "Just a minute," I stopped him short. Maybe I was just getting nervous and in an argumentative mood, but there was something I wanted to ask, right now.

"Will you please tell me, Mr. Lombardo, how a man can possibly know that new faces are filling his theatre?"

"Well," he said, a tired smile flickering across his handsome features, "when people come to a theatre the second time, they don't go around the lobby like they were gargling their throats. Ceiling decorations don't interest them after the first visit."

Think of this next time you go gawking around in some new playhouse. Somebody may be counting your uplifted chins. (No pun about "that future shadow" is intended.)

**Guy Lombardo** had shown the patience of Job, and I felt now that I was imposing on good nature. I pre-

(Continued on page 96)
FRANCES SHELLEY feels all dressed up with a handful of pearls roped around her neck which, so far as it goes, is OK by us so long as she is safely concealed behind a microphone and does her stuff with a song on the Publix Night Owl Frolick.
JESSIE MATTHEWS takes one pair of big brown eyes, one pair of smiling roguish lips, a dash of hair and puts them between an enormous high hat and floppy collar so that you get an effect like this when she sings for you over the CBS.
BERNADINE HAYES, Red Head of the Air, had just finished singing "Ain't these tears in my eyes tellin' you," when the picture was snapped. If the eyes tell what she means she probably is blue. But why? You hear her during the Sonatron Hour.
Lilas Johnson's talented fingers, of which you catch a mere glimpse in this picture, are responsible for the delightful piano concerts heard over KGB, San Diego—but who cares about fingers when there is charm and beauty to behold?
GRETA GAHLER is the intriguing co-ed coquette, "Mary Elizabeth," in the Radio feature, College Daze, heard over KYA, San Francisco. Susceptible male listeners are advised to open to this page while listening to Mary's vampy voice.
BROOK LOUIS never has submitted her picture for one of these photo personality prizes, but the above would deserve serious consideration in such an event. She is a famous composer and plays on a coast to coast program.
"A GOOD story always ends happily," said Peter, who was young and full of romance.


"And might I say that it depends, too, on what ye would call a good story?" observed the grizzled mate as he thrust a match into the half emptied bowl of his briar.

You know Old Forty Fathom. You know them all. For weeks on weeks, season in and season out, you have listened to their yarns of the briny deep and their songs as they gathered around the table in the 'co'castle of the speedy little trawler, Spray, just after eight bells has sounded the time for rest from a busy day in the fishing banks off New England. There's always a microphone or two near by. And the ship's wireless carries the picture to you wherever you may be, from coast to coast, through the Columbia Broadcasting system.

"But you know what I mean," insisted Peter, "the villain is disposed of and the hero marries the girl—"

"The girl, the girl! Must there always be a girl in what you call a good story?" Old Forty Fathom struck his fist on the edge of the table.

"Well, you know what I mean—"

"Aye, Peter, I call-late I know—you are at that age—"

"Aye—listen—do you think I'm girl crazy?"

"How about that school teacher up in Seedville Center?"

"She gave me the go-bye—three weeks ago. She's off of sailors, she said."

"And what's the matter with sailors?" demanded the mate.

"She says a sailor barges around too much without anchorin' at the old front gate. And then there's probably other reasons," said Peter. "But do you know any real yarns, sir, that have girls in 'em and don't end happy?"

"The captain took off his cap and put it on the table while he ran his fingers through his hair. He sighed and puffed half a dozen billowy clouds of smoke toward the ceiling before he spoke.

"Real yarns with girls in 'em that don't end happy? Why, I'd say there's more of the real yarns with girls in 'em that don't end happy than there is that does—an' I'm not a woman hater either. For that matter, mayhap the ones you and I would consider unhappy might be considered happy enough for the fellow most concerned. Ah, hum! Newcomb, do you mind old Lloyd MacGreggor in the West Indies trade, who pardnered up with Joe Miller, that fascatin' hot headed chap from Virginia? MacGreggor was a woman hater, if ever there was one, and good reason—the tight fisted old Scotchman—with a map that would either terrify a woman into paralysis or drive her into laughing hysteries."

"That I do, captain—and what he came to on account of a woman—"

"Aye, that's the story I had in mind for young Peter, here, who lives in a cloud of pretty faces that smile and beckon with the eyes of sinful sirens."

"It was a queer partnership."

"Queer a one as ever I saw. And Joe was more to be pitied than blamed, for he had a devil's hodgepodge of a makeup. His parents, they say, were Virginia blue bloods. But Joe was the family disgrace, the black sheep. He had family pride in him that fought bitterly the overwhelming forces that led him into one scrape after another. And how ever old MacGreggor took up with the man to buy a ship and go halvers is more than my simple mind will ever comprehend."

"They haggled the ship from a Jew in Martinique, as I recall?" Newcomb nodded.

"A small schooner she was, Newcomb. They were shipmates on a French bark when they heard about it being for sale. So they visited the agent, a man by the name of Meurice, who wanted $2,500 for the craft. But MacGreggor badgered him down to $1,500, which was more than the two of them had been able to save for their whole lives. Indeed, they were not so much as able to take out insurance against the hurricanes that were infesting the region at that time."

"I did not know about that part of it but it seems to me there was another man mixed up in the deal," answered Newcomb.

"You are right, there was. You were thinking of Bob Macey, that smart young chap from New York. He had big possibilities with his ideas and things. But whenever he seemed to be getting into his stride some pretty face would come along and Bob stayed clear off his course till he lost his bearings completely. Well, sir, as you say, Newcomb, there were three of them that finally signed up for equal shares in the schooner and if it hadn't been for the curse that was on
two of them they might have been big ship owners today, for between them they had business, brains and maritime sagacity—and the Lord knows—"

"BUT—but—what about the girl?" asked Peter, shyly.
"Yes, yes, to be sure. Peter," replied the captain, but he did not smile as he whirled around from the table and silently stroked a cat that had just been taken from his shoulder by the new man who had come up from Boston to learn the fishing business from beginning to end.
"You see, Peter, sometimes there is a bit of the sly cat in—in—Oh, all of us!" He continued stroking the cat and puffing at his pipe.
"Aye, Peter, the cat—you see she came to me first with her favors. She was purring in my lap. Then, when I did not give her enough attention, she climbed up on my shoulder. Fred, standing by, saw her and took her in his arms—and now she is just as contented with him. Ah, but what a bloody scratch she can give you with the sharp claws she carries beneath those velvet paws!"

Old Forty Fathom puffed again at his corncob pipe before he resumed.
"But for all that, Peter, I would not say that Celeste was a cat—though a beautiful kittenish thing she was. You never saw her did you, Newcomb, the little French lass at Martinique, who crushed the visiting fleets with her laughing eyes and bewitching coquetitious tricks?"
"Yes, Forty, I did see her. And I wasted a month's pay trying to make her think a little better of me than some of the other goofies who were playing the same game. And how about yourself?"
"That's beside the story, mate. But I'm telling Peter how she came aboard the schooner to the intense surprise of Mr. MacGreggor. Joe was ashore. Bob and the old man were chinning up fr'rd about what they were going to do with all the money they hoped to make out of the shipping business, when all of a sudden a female voice came rippling up from aft. Along came this baby faced Celeste humming and crooning as though she had belonged aboard the ship all her life.
"'Weel, me lass, I dinna ken we buyed fairies or witches w' thea vessel—an' who are ye an' how came you here?' demanded MacGreggor.
"Ah, I have ze honor to speak to ze great Messieur MacGreggor, have I not? An' sus foi, Messieur Joe, he have not tell you who I am? No? Zen myself I will introduce. I am Celeste. You hear of Celeste? Yes?"
"Celeste—delighted! Bob exclaimed, while old MacGreggor uttered only a gruff sort of snort. The girl twirled a black and red headed fan. Her arms were bare. She wore a thin light blue silk waist on which were embroidered some absurdly large butterflies of gorgeous hue. Her skirt carried out the butterfly effect—black tracings against a tan fuzzy sort of satin or silk—I knew that costume well, Newcomb. And you may remember the bright red slippers."
"MacGreggor bit off a chunk of plug and waddled across deck, his face all wrinkled up with evil foreboding. Bob assumed the duties of host and asked the girl to enter the cabin and sit down. But MacGreggor motioned vigorously from behind for him to keep the lady in plain sight.

"CELESTE simply floated into the cabin with those soft little exclamations of surprise and delight so fatal to all good resolutions or any mere dissenting male."
"Make yourself comfortable," said Bob. 'Joe will be along any minute.'
"But ye canna stay, Miss, we sail directly—protested MacGreggor."
"Ah, let her stay, Mac—it's Joe's affair. Let him talk to her, then he'll send her away,' Bob pleaded."
"In the meantime Celeste drifted about the cabin and hummed her quaint little tune with an occasional 'Oh-o00000-ah' and 'Is, la, Mon Dieu!"
"I tell you, she finally decided, 'you are outsidy, so maldroit in ze care of your little house. I tell you. Celeste will wash out this dirty tablecloth. I fix some curtains for ze—how you call em—ze little round holes—windows, I know!'"
"She began clearing the table. Bob lounged against the door and watched her with kindling admiration. Her charms were obvious and would have warmed the heart of any red blooded (Continued on page 110)"
This Little Thing Called Love—not especially posed by Cecil and Sally of KPO, San Francisco, although they say that Johnnie Patrick (Cecil) simply tumbled head over heels when he met Helen Troy (Sally) on a tennis court with ribbon over her hair just like this. Nope—no announcements specially that we know of.

Aha! Startling revelations about to be revealed! Prof. Dope (no relation to Oopy Doop) and Dr. Standard McWebster (of Words & Words) have discovered a fly stealing out to the end of the weather vane on yon steeple. Footprints of the fly may reveal an important witness to the rat murder. Yeah, real names are Lew Kelly and Gene Byrnes.

Now that Hughie Dobbs has landed that swell $85,000 contract he’s putting more punch than ever in his socker programs. You see him here with the former world’s champion, Jim Corbett, who made fame and fortune out of his punches. Wonder how a thump on Dobbsie’s polka dot would sound on the air!

You may recall all that heavy artillery band barrage over WHEC, Rochester, N. Y., on a Saturday night? Well, here it is—all forty pieces and the announcer besides, who doesn’t count because the three Sod Busters front center lay down the whole works.
Listen! You can almost hear them singing, "Jones and Hare, the Intervoven Pair"—they are known everywhere that voices come by air—or words to that effect. They are veteran Radio comedians and might actually be considered the founders of the sect. Their drolleries are widely imitated. You hear them Fridays over the NBC.

Don't be misled by the pugilistic exploits of Arthur The Great Shires, that he's so hard his smile curdles milk. Not so! Behold him here being initiated into the Milkman's Club of KSTP, St. Paul. Nothing like a nice foaming bottle of milk for Mr. Shires!

It's getting to be a great racket taking the emotional reactions of beautiful actresses for "Radio valuations." Claudette Colbert is supposed to be getting a great thrill from something or other on the air and the doc is tabulating her heart beats—according to the number of beats the act is good or not so good.

There is no reason for the station that employs this nice looking trio to be ashamed of them, but whoever sends out the pictures neglected to put their names on the back of the photo. Perhaps they will be recognized and we can tell you who they are next month.
Sing "Ah"—and when Dapper Dan of the Shoe-Flyer’s program over the CBS opened his month to sound the syllable "ah" all the flies in the building considered it time to shoo out of there. Sometime they are going to try broadcasting Dan’s voice without a microphone just to see how far it will go.

You may never have heard of Mrs. Beau Brummel, but merely to show you that she really does exist we offer you this picture from KSTP. Mrs. B. B. is very popular with followers of the fashions who listen to her every Friday at 10:15 p.m. Like to know her real name? Who wouldn’t?

Following the success of the many darky dialect teams over the country has come a wave of Webberfeldians. Not many can out-Dutch Adolph and Rudolph, privately known as Ned Becker and Billy Doyle, at WCFL, Chicago.

When the program begins to cool off a bit at KFWI, San Francisco, the director steps to the mike and tells the listeners, "We’ll warm up with a few banjo tamales with Henry and Tom on the pan." And here they are with their coats off making it hot.
Whoopee is still going strong in the big New York key stations. For instance when WABC wants a heap big pom-pom boom adee-yeow they call in the best whoopee experts on the island and this is Chief Ben Selvin with his new spring bonnet ready to lead the De Vo e Redskins down Antenna trail.

Speaking of the rum runner from Quebec—well, never mind, say nothing. This is Jacob Ben Ami as you think he looks during one of his CBS character broadcasts. But just the same there’s something suspicious about that dark looking shadow hip-ward from the crook of his left elbow—Oui?

You can tell by the picture that something funny is right on the tip of Walt Sullivan’s tongue as soon as he gets it out. Frank Galvan already thinks it’s funny and is getting the first laugh. These two drop the pebbles in the KPO mike that start ripples of laughter across the continent.

“Laws o’ Massy wha faw all de lillies? Reckon Metro an’ Cosmo of KYA is gwine participate in a weddin’ or a funeral! Which-evah it am it sho’ do look mighty sudden faw Metro. He ain’t no mo’ prepared faw one dan he is faw t’other.”
EVER since he took $15,000 out of a slate pocket up on Grasshopper creek everybody on Humpback Mountain had been wondering what Jap Gideon would do with it. When he strolled into the store one bitter January day and announced that he was going to buy himself a clean collar and white pants, the mirth of the mountain men knew no bounds.

"A feller with $15,000 can do anything he likes," boasted old Jap, ignoring the thrusts of his friends. "I'm goin' clean round the world. First off I aim to stop at Honolulu. Mebbe I'll write you a letter from there."

Down in "Prisco Mr. James Gossop of the hard black eyes and bullet head met Jap Gideon and introduced him to another playmate, a thin, anemic young man with pale eyes, travelling under the name of Fletcher Bryson. Jap was lonesome for human companionship, and guileless in the ways of the world. He confided his plans, and his riches, to this new friends, who made immediate plans to lighten his burden.

But luck seemed to travel with Jap, and despite a thorough massage treatment while he was suffering from mal de mer, the bank roll was still intact when the steamer docked at Honolulu.

Forced to leave their new friend until they could turn lose themselves in the island city, Gossop and Bryson made a date with him for a big hula dance and native party. Full of ham and eggs and eggs, in expectation, old Jap nearly broke his neck catching a street car to keep his date with his friends.

"Lucky I hurried," he told himself as he settled in his seat. "Jim'll be waitin' for me time I get there."

He was right. Jim and Fletcher were both doomed to wait considerably longer than they had anticipated. It was near midnight when they met at the Kapiolani park entrance, where Gossop still stayed, clinging to a fast dying hope.

"Fine steerer you are!" said Bryson with flaying acrimony.

"Where's the boof?"

"How do I know?" retorted Gossop, his own temper brittle under the long strain and the ultimate disappointment. "How does anybody know? That boof ain't human! Something's happened to him."

"Well, what happened to him?" sneered the pickpocket nastily. "Go ahead—speak up! You're a fine fixer, I'll tell the cockeyed world."

"Some of these days," said Gossop ominously, "I'm goin' to take you all apart! I know you got a snake's tongue, but you keep it for boobs or something's goin' to happen to you! Get me?"

Still quarreling, they boarded a car and went downtown to begin a search for Jap Gideon, sure that they would find him, tomorrow, at least. But they did not find Jap Gideon tomorrow; nor the next day nor the day after that. Discreet telephone calls elicited from the hotel desk the information that Mr. Gideon had been absent from his room ever since the evening of his arrival. No, he had left no word. He might have gone to Hilo, yes. To see the volcano. But there was no message left at the desk, bearing upon the gentleman's movements, yes. Mr. Gideon's belongings were still in his apartment.

DAY AFTER day this went on. The two hunters trailed all over Honolulu, searching for their prospective victim, but to no avail. Jap Gideon had apparently dropped off the earth. And meanwhile the mild asperity, born of their mutual disappointment, grew into a deadly quarrel, fed by the days of cumulative suspense. Finally, at the end of the week, the tension snapped suddenly. They were in their rooms, blocks from the white section.

"That'll be all out of you!" said Gossop, his voice low and menacing. "I'm goin' to crack like that and I'll take your neck in my two hands and squeeze it like a lemon!"

Bryson crept suddenly, his thin lips writhing back from his teeth and his white fingers flashed toward his pocket. But with a swiftness astonishingly in a thickset body, Gossop found the smaller man, one big, pudgy hand grasping the furtive wrist, the other fist mauling the pale face of the pickpocket. All in silence. When it was over, the beaten man crawled to the door and arose, staggering and shaking.

"Some day," he said, "you'll get yours! I hope you'll like it!" The words came sobbingly through his smashed thin lips that still writhed back from his teeth. He stumbled out into the night.

OLD Jap jerked Bloody Mary from beneath his arm and started running down the street. Suddenly the peaceful silence was shattered by the bellowing roar of the ancient pocket cannon.

HALF an hour later, Gossop went out on the street, still raging within from the mad lust of battle, savage still with his disappointment. He had lost the fifteen thousand dollars which from the time of leaving San Francisco had seemed so easily won. His ship sailed tomorrow at ten o'clock. He dared not miss it and wait for the chance to book again, for his funds were low. Moreover, old Jap probably would not show up again. Perhaps he had been shoved off the wharf by someone else who had found that he carried the enormous sum upon his person. Gossop's thick spatulate fingers opened and closed convulsively. Yes, there was no other solution of the problem. Something had happened to the childish old prospecter.

Hardly anybody was upon the streets, for Honolulu after dark is a quiet town where people go to bed decently at the proper time. Gossop wandered aimlessly, keeping instinctively in dark places and as he reached the corner of Hotel and Alaaka he shrank into the shadow and watched, for a figure was coming down Hotel Street, moving slowly and dejectedly. The figure seemed familiar and Gossop's predatory heart gave a fierce, exultant bound. The figure came into the light cast by the Y. M. C. A. building and stopped, hesitating and looking back toward the Young Hotel.
The long, jaunty cigarette holder was missing; the cane also. The immaculate white trousers were stained and torn, the rakish white cap maul’d and muddy, as though it had been trodden under foot. The old man was shrunken and bent and seemed to have aged ten years. Gossop rushed up to him, greeting him with a joyful effusion that came from the man’s exulting heart.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Wherever you been, Jap? Say, I been lookin’ all over this town for you—every day! And tonight I says to myself—I ain’t goin’ to sleep till I find my old pal Jap Gideon! Yes, sir, I been walkin’ the streets every minute of the night—where you been anyway, Jap?"

"I BEEN in hell, Jim!" The slow, miserable tears welled in the old man’s eyes, but he smiled, glad that at last he had found a friend. "I been drunk, Jim—paralyzed drunk! I didn’t mean to get drunk, but—Say, I’m mighty sorry I missed you and the hula dance, Jim! I didn’t mean to throw you down, Jim—honest I didn’t! I started from the hotel all right and got on the car all right. But soon’s I got on the car I met a feller that said his folks was named Gideon—at least his dad was. His dad was a half Englishman and half Solomon Islander and his mother was a Tahitian with a Scotch father and a German-Hawaiian mother and he’d just married a Portuguese-Hawaiian girl with a Chinese father and—"

"Let’s go and sit down where we can talk comfortable, Jap!" Gossop took the poor old fellow by the arm and started him along Alakea Street and away from the Y. M. C. A. lights. "And when I come to myself,‘d old Jap babbled as they walked, ‘the car had stopped and they told me I was in Kaimuki! Yes, sir, I’d got on the Kaimuki car instead of the Waikiki car—them both runnin’ on the same track a ways! And—"

"Sure!" chuckled Gossop, a vast relief flooding him. He understood now. And he was going to reap the reward of his long trailing after all. He tightened upon the skinny arm with a fierce clutch. What a fine thing he had ditched Fletcher! Fifteen thousand—and all his own! He steered his companion into Emma Square, a tiny rest park just off the street, and guided him beneath the heavy darkness of a bougainvillea vine that roofed a park bench. They sat down together.

"But that ain’t the worst of it, Jim," went on Jap Gideon. "This feller give me a bottle of okolehau. Jim, that okolehau looked and tasted innocent, but it deceived me. It just naturally took my stummick by the hind laigs and tied it in a knot! I didn’t wake up till three hours ago—"

"Sure—sure!" Gossop flung one thick arm affectionately about the prodigal’s neck and tightened his grip on the sand-bag in the opposite pocket. Safe as a church! No one would ever suspect him. He’d never been seen about town with the old man—better to kill him, of course. Easy to kill—a frail little old boob—easy to kill as a young robin. Why, he could kill him with one hand on the windpipe—same as he had threatened Fletcher—"

"—but I’m all right now!" Jap Gideon was saying happily. "Say, it’s a good thing to have a friend or two, Jim. I’m all right now!"

"SURE you’re all right, Jap!" soothed Gossop and half drew the heavy bag of lead from his pocket. But an instant before starting the blow he hesitated again, for someone was coming down Alakea Street. The man waited, seething with sinister, impatience, while old Jap Gideon dozed on. The pedestrian passed and the sound of his going died away as he turned into Hotel Street. Again the thick, spartan fingers tightened about the sandbag—

—and it was gone! Jap Gideon was saying. "Every cent of that fifteen thousand dollars I been guardin’ so careful—"

"What’s that?" A cold premonition crept up Gossop’s spine, instantaneously chilling his ferocious exultation. "You lost your money?"

"Every last cent!" gulped Jap Gideon.

"I don’t believe it! Have you looked good? Where did you carry it?"

"On my stummick!" quavered Jap hopelessly. "Under that

The infuriated old man was gnawing industriously away at Gossop’s ear with his two remaining teeth—somewhere Jap had picked up most of the fine points of the art of rough and tumble.
porous plaster on my stumlick!"

A sick rage swept over Gossop, and a fierce, disappointed contempt for Fletcher Bryson, supposed to be the most accomplished pickpocket in the west. Fletcher had had his hands on that fifteen thousand dollars—and never guessed it! "But what became of it, Jap?" he asked, his own voice tremulous with the anguish of realizing what he had lost. "What became of it while you was drunk?"

"Why," wailed old Jap, "I bought Hanakopial."

"Hana-what?"

"Kopial."

"What's Hanakopial?"

"I don't know. A kind of stock I guess. I don't know who sold it to me nor where I got it. But I'm hungry, Jim."

"Stock!" Gossop spat forth the word and it sounded like the spit of snake venom. But a vestige of hope remained. "How do you know it's gone?" he demanded. "Maybe you're still drunk."

"No, I looked good, Jim!" hiccuped poor Jap through his dissonant whiskeys. "I parted with that wad, all right. And I must have done it mighty awkward, too—me bein' full of okolehame—that porous plaster had peeled enough hide off my belly to make a saddle blanket! Here's the stock, Jim.' He proffered a heavy envelope and Gossop took it mechanically.

THE TOUCH of the paper sent Gossop to the peak of his disappointed rage. He sprang to his feet and old Jap arose also. "And by the old fake stock gag," said Gossop hoarsely and laughed a harsh, inhuman laugh. "Me, Jim Gossop, beat by some guy with a pocketful of fake Hana—Hana—"

"Kopial."

"Kopial."

"You swindlin' old dried alligator skin?" boomed Gossop.

He seized the little old man by the neck and shook him savagely. "Ole gorilla-faced jackass tramp—luris' me all the way to Honolulu—only to let some broken-down porch climber nick your roll with a bunch of fake stock!" He flung the heavy package to the ground and danced upon it, suddenly ceasing this frenzied pastime to kick poor Jap Gideon violently in the region where men have been kicked since time immemorial.

The loss of Jap's fortune had broken his heart, but it had not even bent his pride. For one dazed instant following the kick he stood bewildered, and then the blinding truth struck him. This man was not his friend; never had been his friend! Old Jap had asked for sympathy and had expected sympathy. Instead, he had received a kick that had seemed to telescope his whole spinal column.

Gossop whirled contemptuously and started away from the bench beneath the bougainvillea arbor. But before he had taken the third step, something like an infuriated old wildcat flung itself between his shoulders and wound a stringy arm about his thick neck, half choking him. He whirled again, thinking to throw the incus off, but in whirling he found a bony leg between his own legs, scientifically placed. He fell heavily to the ground and reached for his aged enemy's throat. But before he found the throat he discovered better occupation for his hand, since a horny old thumb had crept rudely into his eye and was gouging skillfully. Moreover, the arm remained about his neck and his own weight served to draw it with yet deadlier tightness across his throat.

GASPING for breath, he began flailing desperately with a stump, but Jap Gideon's head was not available; it was buried between Gossop's own head and shoulder and the infuriated old man was industriously gnawing his victim's ear with those two remaining teeth.

It was then Gossop realized that somewhere old Jap Gideon had learned the art of rough and tumble. He could not know that the old prospector had been a noted fighter in those far years when men learned roughness from nature and the rough country they had come west to conquer; but as old Jap found the other eye Gossop vaguely guessed at this. He made one supreme effort, born of his agony and desperation, and rolled clear of those deadly arms, leaped to his feet and started to run. His breath was coming in stertorous whoops and he was half blind. Old Jap scrambled up also and followed, once more flinging his body upon the fleeing man like a blood-mad weasel. Gossop uttered a hoarse bellow of terror and kicked backward with a heavy foot. It was sheer luck, but the kick caught Jap Gideon in the stomach and the old man sat down in the pathway with violence that jarred him even worse than Gossop's initial kick.

When he arose he was in a killing fury. He jerked old Bloody Mary from beneath his arm; and as Gossop dashed out of the park and started running down Alakea, the peaceful Honolulu silence was shattered by the bellowing roar of the ancient revolver. Six times the preharrow weapon roared, but heavy fist and gun had a chance, for Mr. Gossop had skidded round the corner at the Y. M. C. A. building and was gone.

Old Jap stood for a time, grinding his two remaining teeth and muttering hot curses of disappointment. Then he started away, hesitated again and went back to the deep darkness beneath the bougainvillea arbor, where he fumbled about on the ground until he found his bundle of Hanakopial.

"Jap," he told himself, "Judge Hopper was right—and you're an old fool! Carryin' $15,000 around with you—and tellin' everybody about it—a pie-faced old fool and you deserve what you got! Know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to take this Early one April morning Jap Gideon was sitting despondently on the edge of a sluice box when Jack Lynch rode by.
here Hanakopai home with me and tack it up on the wall. And every minute of your life it'll be there, tellin' you what a fool you been!"

He drifted aimlessly down to Bishop street and stood for a long time, looking across the street at the lighted lobby. Only the night clerk was there, sitting behind the desk, reading a magazine. A week ago old Jap had trodden through that noble entrance with wealth and dignity, now he had nothing but an awful headache and a sheaf of papers called Hanakopai.

Dawn was appearing in the east and a new day was about to break upon Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific. Old Jap left the scene of his life's greatest moment and stumbled away to begin looking for a job. It was well named, this lovely land lying in the lap of a smiling sea. But it is tough to be hungry and broke, even in Paradise.

"Everybody thought you was gone for good, Jap!" said the cattleman. "When did you get back to Grasshopper?"

"EVERYBODY thought you was gone for good, Jap!" said the cattleman. "When did you get back to Grasshopper?"

"January," replied old Jap, nonchalantly.

"Have a good time?"

"Fine!" The old man made a pathetic attempt to look carefree and nonchalant as he said this, but the effort was a pitiful failure. However, Lynch accepted the reply tactfully, for he was a prudent man and knew Jap Gideon's hery temperament. He was a kind-hearted man, moreover; and there was pity in his face as he regarded the ragged little old figure hunched upon the sluice box, noting the haggard face and bony arms that advertised the fact that poor Jap Gideon was starving himself rather than sacrifice his pride.

"They's a fat man down to the ranger station at the mouth of Grasshopper," said the cattleman irrelevantly. "Name's Cowan. George E. Cowan, of San Francisco. I think he's dickerin' for the Hickson timber tract, up back of your place. He's been up on Humpback a week, runnin' lines, him and three-four timber cruisers. But they can't find a couple of corners that's somewhere over on Hurley Ridge. I heard him say he'd give fifty dollars if he could find them corners."

Old Jap looked up, a dawning hope in his sunken eyes. "I (Continued on page 110)"
Alarge Gorilla Presents 1930 Interpretation

Of ROME0 and JULIET

Capulet, Big Banana Peddler of Verona, Throws Grand Brawl
in Town House—Lover Crashes Gate and Sticks Teaball—
Sips Eye-Shutter with “Dumplin’” to Fadeout

By Don Becker
Alias Alarge Gorilla, Alias J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fish-
bearer, President of the Irrational Broadcasting
Co., Heard from WLW, Cincinnati, Over
the Lavender Network

S U P P O S E we let Radio Digest’s good friend, Mrs. M. M.
Johnston, 123 Northwood ave., Dayton, Ohio, introduce
the author of this amazing 1930 version of Romeo and Juliet.
She writes: “I think Don Becker in his Weak-End Satires at
WLW is a scream. He calls himself Alarge Gorilla, but he’s
funnier than a cage full of monkeys. He’s about the most
comical man I have ever heard on the air and I travel about
quite a bit, taking my Radio where I find it.”

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audi-
ence, this is Alarge Gorilla speaking over the Irrational Broadcast-
ing company’s one-piece, unbreakable and
unbearable lavender network. Time, money, labor—
nothing has been spared by the IBC to make your Radio
worth half as much as it is worth now. J. Cornelius Schwada-
maga Fishbearer, eminent president of the Irrational Broadcast-
ing company, has been prevailed upon, by the many fans of
this great national network, to present Grand Opera in a
form which everyone, including himself, would understand.
He has taken Grand Opera and given it a new twist—a new
touch—a Fishbearer Touch, which will be recognized
throughout this great work. The opera to be presented tonight
by the Irrational Grand Opera Company is “Romeo and Juliet.”

Alarge Gorilla

Orchestra

“Short Prologue” (Sauer)
Alarge Gorilla: It is the year 1867, and our scene opens
in a tremendous joint owned by one Capulet—a big retired
Banana-Peddler from Verona, Capulet’s offspring, who by the
way is named Juliet, and who, for the sake of personal touch,
will hereafter be known as Julie—but anyway, Juliet is just
about to break out with the swells, so in honor of this behemoth
event, Capulet decides to throw a brawl, requesting that every-
one come disguised as something or other. Just as the huge
asbestos fireproof curtain of the IBC Teeny-Weensy Theatre
rises, we hear Capulet telling everybody to make merry,
and as we told you before, everybody was disguised, which made
this request difficult to carry out. Juliet is discovered alone in
the Ante-Room. (The Ante-Room was vacant because the
boys couldn’t find a deck of cards.) Juliet is happy—in fact,
we may go so far as to say she is jubilant, and the opera opens
with her bursting forth, singing the gay melody “Juliet’s
Waltz Song.”

Orchestra

Chord (Sauer)
Juliet: “I’M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP.”
Herald: Enters Romeo, the sneak—left center upstage.
Romeo: Juliet—oh—Juliet—it’s—me—Romeo!
Juliet: (Laughing). Why, Romeo, how clever of you to come
disguised as a breakfast nook
Romeo: Oh wonderful joy of my heart—you are one swell
dame—come, let us pour out our souls in a love duet.
Romeo and Juliet: “YOU CAN’T PARK HERE.”
Herald: Tea-Ball, cousin of Juliet enters on the wing.
Tea-Ball: Ah—So it’s you—Romeo Montague!
Romeo: Yes this is me, but pray, who in the devil are you?
Tea-Ball: Sire, I am the GREAT Tea-Ball!
Romeo: Oh yeah!—Well run along Tea-Ball before I break
you apart and empty your leaves on the floor!
Tea-Ball: Sire, that is an insult!
Romeo: Well now aren’t you clever—you ketch on quick
doncha?
Tea-Ball: Zounds and Odds Bodkin—for two bits I’d take
out my sword and draw you!
Romeo: Say that’s the berries—I always did want my
picture drawn—so you’re an artist, eh Tea-Ball?
Herald: Enters Old Man Capulet from left center stage.
Capulet: (Very gruff!) Say you two tomatoes—is this the
way to act in Capulet’s house?—Come join the crowd, we are
making merry!

Orchestra

Chord (Sauer)
Alarge Gorilla: This ends act one of Romeo and Juliet,
which is being presented under the auspices of the Irrational Broadcast-
ing Company, and its now-famous, original, one and
only Lavender Network. Act two brings us the famous
Balcony Scene, between the two lovers, Romeo Montague,
and Juliet Capulet. As the curtain ascends, we see Romeo
creeping on all fours towards the balcony which afterwards
made him famous and enabled him to get into Squawking
Pictures.

Orchestra

Chord (Sauer)
Segue to
“CREEPING MUSIC, THE TUM-TE-TUM TYPE”
Romeo (against music): Juliet—he—Juliet—Juliet—come
on out a minute—it’s me—Romeo!
Herald: Juliet comes on balcony.
Juliet: Oh, Rome, where on earth are your brains—in your
feet? Don’t you know poppa will kick us spoolin’ and,
forsooth, then it will be just too tight!
Herald: Romeo, you are the apple of my recess, the gasos-
line of my roadster, the tubes in my Radio—oh, you
aren’t that much, but darn near it!
Juliet: Oh, Romeo, you’re a kidder!
Herald: The nurse comes forth!
Nurse: JOOO-lee—JOOO-lee—it’s twelve o’clock.
Juliet: Ye Gods, I’m sunk!
Romeo: Don’t tell me who it is, let me guess!
Romeo: Juliet—the you-hoo—oh, Julie—it's me—Romie.
Juliet: Oh, Romie, where on earth are your brains—you feet? Don't you know poppa will ketch us spoozin' and forsooth, then it will be just too tight!
Romeo: Oh, Julie, you're the apple of my re-cess, the gasoline of my roadster, the tubes in my Radio—the—uh—no, you aren't that much, but darn near it!
Juliet: Oh, Romie, you're such a kidder!
Romeo: (Singing.) Oh, Juliet, I may be wet, but I think you're wonderful.
Juliet: Sweet thing. (Throws kisses.)

Juliet: It's my nurse—All right Nursie, I'll be right in—Good-by, Romie dear, see you tomorrow, at the Greeks!
Violin: "LINGER AWHILE" (Sauer).
Romeo (against violin music): Ah, maid of my delight, stick around a minuit!
Juliet: Romie! Don't be a sith—goodnight.
Romeo: Goodnight, Babe.
Juliet: Goodnight, dumplin'.
Romeo: Goodnight, Sugar!
Juliet: Goodnight, Honeywuckle.
Romeo: Say, are you going to end this act or aintcha? I'm supposed to say that last goodnight.

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)
Announcer: Act two of Romeo and Juliet has ended. Act three finds them about to go off the deep end and get married. The scene opens in the dim-lit chamber of Friar Laurence—
their faces bear a troubled look—Romeo and Juliet, I mean—

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)
Romeo: Aw, Friar Laurence, be a good sport and hitch us. Romeo and I—dermit, I mean Juliet and I love each other, and besides her old man won't care—that is after he gets to see what a real guy I am.
Friar Laurence: But, Romeo, that is not the question—have you children any recompense?

Romeo: Well, I'll tell you, Friar, we're both fresh out of recompenses. You see, I've been under a big expense lately!
Friar Laurence: But, my dear children, that is not the point!
Romeo: Well, you can forsooth yourself to put me on the cuff till the fifteenth of the month, can't you?
Friar Laurence: Very well, and may your children be as the sands of the sea!
Romeo: Who, me?

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)
Announcer: The scene changes—we are on a street in Verona. Stephano, Romeo's hired man, is out for no good reason. As he comes before Capulet's house on the main street, he brings a flower pot through the window. This makes Capulet angry, and, as a result, there is a free-for-all. Mecure-crome, who, by the way, is Romeo's pal, sensing something has gone wrong, starts to mix it up with Capulet. In some way or other he gets socked on the kisser, which puts him out of play. In the meantime, Romeo comes dashing up on his horse. Getting off the horse, and thinking Mecurecrome is dead, he gets mad and starts in too. Incidentally, he kills Tea-Ball, who was also fighting, and this incidentally puts him in dutch with the police, and he is banished from the town. Act four finds Romeo back in town, and, with a great risk to his neck, he gets up to Juliet's room, who, by the way, is now his wife. Juliet, I mean, not the room.

(Continued on page 114)
IN AN EMERGENCY Tom Breen
Steps to Front
Boyhood Hobby, Backed By Training and
Natural Gifts, Leads Way to Big
Time on NBC Staff

By Thornton Mc Claughry

An emergency had arisen at station WAMD, in Minneapolis. An important program was about to go on the air. The plant men were hurriedly making a final check. Out came their equipment. Synchronization men were standing with split second stop-watches in their hands. The musicians and artists were in their places. In another few minutes the program must begin. But there was no announcer to take his post before the microphone!

Word had come but a few minutes before that the announcer scheduled to go on the air had been seized by a sudden illness, and no other announcer was immediately available. No one knew what the outcome might have been if a tall, blond young man had not suddenly stepped in to avert a broadcasting tragedy.

"I'd like to try it, sir," he said to the station manager. "I think I can do it all right."

The station manager looked at the volunteer, and saw a tall young man whose hair was light brown and whose patrician profile made him extremely pleasant to look at. He noticed his speaking voice, and found it clear and resonant. And, anyway, there was not much choice.

"Give it a try," he said. And the young man, who had been a student at WAMD, stepped up to the microphone and began his announcing. It was thus that Thomas Breen, Jr., one of the youngest and most widely known announcers on the air today, "broke into" the announcing end of Radio.

A Tom Breen may be considered unimportant in the general history of Radio development, but it was of the greatest significance in the life of Tom Breen. For, after three years of announcing on various stations, Tom found that he was well along his way to what is called "program making," and the success of the programs on which he has been engaged had been so outstanding that his name has become almost a household word in the business.

In the early days of broadcasting, the chief announcer was sometimes the only one who had anything to say. Now, Tom Breen is a well-knit part of the Radio organization. He has charge of the eleven hour, week day program, "The Plowmen of the Air," and of the five hour Saturday afternoon program, "The American Football Hour." Also, he has charge of a number of other programs with which the Chicago station is connected.

When Tom Breen announced for WAMD in Minneapolis, he had charge, for a time, of an important program, "The Chicago Civic Opera Season," one of the most aristocratic assignments in Radio. And, from all appearances, he has found nothing to his liking.

Tom Breen is one of the most outstanding young announcers in Radio, and his success is due to the fact that he is the outstanding young announcer.

MORE and more letters began to be received by the Minneapolis station, in which comment was made on the pleasing voice and perfect pronunciation of his young man called Breen. He made friends easily, both among the men with whom he worked and with the public, whenever he was called to appear before them in person. Gradually his fame as an announcer grew, and before long his participation in a program began to be almost as much of an event in the eyes of the public as the program itself. His fame spread outside his native state, with the result that he was offered a position with the Chicago studios of the NBC, where his voice would be carried by a national network to every part of the country.

In following his ever-growing career in Radio, Breen never let it become a monotonous routine. A good announcer should be a man of varied experiences and interests, with a wide background of cultural developments. Although Breen spent a good deal of his youth pouring over technical textbooks, he never let himself grow rusty in other fields. It is remarkable to discover how many things and how many interests he has crowded into a comparatively short life.

In the first place, the sickness mentioned before in this article prevented Tom's, schooling from becoming the stereotyped course of instruction which is meted out to most youngsters of today. There were weeks and months during his boyhood when he was unable to go out of the house, and the result was that a good deal of his preliminary education came from his insatiable taste for reading and the adventurous spirit which sent him a-courting into new and exciting fields of knowledge. Perhaps the red-bound geography prescribed at the Minneapolis schools was neglected, but Tom more than made up for it by his thirst for travel stories and biographies. In literature, he followed his own taste, but, fortunately, it was a good one. Today he is probably as well informed in literary matters as any young man you may meet outside of a university faculty, and his knowledge ranges from the classics to the latest trends in modern literature. A visit to his Chicago apartment would surprise you, when your eye discovered the rows and rows of books which filled his shelves, ranging from the discourses of Plato to the effusions of James Joyce.

An early and inherent love for music also urged him on a course of study which has proved of incalculable value (Continued on page 96)
Love of Music Weems' Heritage

Ted's Smile, Musical Training
Date from Age of Six—Theatre and Television Call Him

By Anne Steward

To be an orchestra leader requires more than good looks and the ability to swing a baton threateningly in the face of a gathering of musicians. The popular idea seems to be that our foremost orchestra leaders are young upstarts with a velvet overcoat, a smooth talker with an intellectual. We have young bond salesmen, clerks and real estate men whom we respect for hard work and study. Orchestra leaders have often had men real trial to face any of these.

Modern dance music and the rendition of modern dance music is as commendable a vocation as any. It requires much background and serious application, for it is a business transacted by business men of Ted Weems' caliber.

To the fact that his mother and father were amateur musicians at the time of his birth twenty-eight years ago in Pittsburgh, Ted Weems can undoubtedly attribute a great part of his success and fame. Though music and musical study was not forced upon him, the love of it was instilled in him from earliest childhood. At the age of six, Ted was playing the violin and without doubt practicing his smile as a sideline. Surely such a smile as he now has could not be a very recent acquisition.

The young Ted was so fond of violin he planned to make it his life work, but after studying music at the Conservatory in Pittsburgh for some time and appearing in amateur performances with his brother, Arthur, two years his junior, he looked longingly at the trombone and finally gave up the violin for that instrument. Arthur, who even now is with Ted in the orchestra, confined his ability and practice to the trumpet.

Before this time Ted had struggled through some six or seven years of grade school in the ordinary small boy fashion, eating teachers and playing hookey, he had mastered the trombone.

In the last years of grade school his talent was recognized from him under the proverbial bushel and placed in the spotlight of a school band whose duty it was to furnish marches and folk songs for the students. This he enjoyed immensely and, perhaps, Ted Weems, the orchestra leader, was born then.

This, though it was the first orchestra Ted had graced, was by no means the last, for during his high school years in West Philadelphia he spent much of his time in the band. His native ability to win the confidence and admiration of people, to guide deftly, and his already finely developed knowledge of music, threw him into prominence almost at once as band master and leader of the West Philadelphia High School orchestra. At the age of seventeen or eighteen we find Ted Weems working with music. He had become assistant concert master of the West Philadelphia Symphony orchestra and the title fell gracefully on his youthful shoulders. He learned music because he loved it and because he understood melody and harmony. It gave and still gives him great pleasure, not only as a profession, but as a means of enjoyment.

Most boys have a habit of delaying college education for a year or two after graduation from high school. Ted Weems was no different from any other boys his age. He worked two years, never completely abducting his trombone, but, nevertheless, paying more attention to work than to his hobby. But the trombone and a world of music were there just waiting for him. The year of mechanical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania, they played a part, an economical part, in Mr. Weems' life. For in the position of trombone player in a dance orchestra, he earned the money to pay for his college course.

Once started in a dance orchestra, Ted Weems could not stop. I believe him when he says he was most sincere in his study of mechanical engineering, but I believe also that his interest was bound in orchestras and music, he forgot the engineering as promptly as he had forgotten the earlier violin lessons. Mr. Weems does everything quite seriously and to the extent of his ability, and the time he is through, the end has quite definitely been reached.

In his work in the dance orchestra he fed his imagination and gave birth to a new idea. If he could see faults in the playing of some of his musicians, he would insist on doing away with them. Professors instructed men to see as they taught, he could teach musicians to play as he felt they should. He could realize an idea he is doing it, just take the part of leader.

The idea grew to plans and the plans to realization. In Sep-

(Continued on page 91)
The SPICE of LIFE

Appetite for Thrills
Begets Forgetfulness
of His Wife, Mother
and Self Even at
Last Call

HERE is the story of a
Hollywood stunt man
who lived only for the thrill
of his stunts and the reputa-
tion he made for himself.

HE WOULD do almost any-
thing for a hundred dollars.
For instance, once he engaged
himself to a motion picture
company for the round sum men-
tioned, undertaking as his side of the
contract to turn himself over in a
motor car on a macadam road, to en-
able the company's cameras to get a
hundred feet or so of film that would
present to startled fans a wild son of
the gilded rich, who are always wicked,
coming to grief because of too much
wine, women and song.

He actually did it. That is, he turned
the car over on the road, and remained
inside of it himself. He had to try
during three weeks before he managed the
trick, for a car never turns over as
easily intentionally as it does unin-
tentionally.

First, he attempted to turn a corner
sharp enough to upset the big road-
ster, and he picked a place where there
was a turn at which even the usual
speeder on the road slowed down to
twenty miles an hour, and where there
was a bank that sloped away to the
roadside woods, out upon which he could
run on the turn, so as to give the
an additional tilt. The picture peo-
ple set up their cameras and Breck
drove at and around the turn at a pace
of something between fifty and sixty
—and rounded it on two wheels, both
sliding all the way across the macadam
and halfway out the bank, throwing
dirt nearly to the tops of the trees, but
turning the curve and settling back
all fours, quite as if such things
were all in the day's work for any car.

Of course, they explained it by say-
ing that the soft earth bank eased the impulse
of the motor to overturn. Doubtless it did, 
though that had not been at all the thing that
Breck had thought it would do. He thought
the soft earth would serve to catch his off
wheels and stop them short, tripping the car
like a deep rut, and throwing it over upon a good place to
land. Or, rounding the curve, he thought he might turn over
as he struck the road again at an angle that would bring him
broadside first. But he didn't. That film was wasted.

THEN he tried an S curve. Again the picture people set up
their cameras to cover all the possible spots where he could
turn over. And again he drove the big car at as high a speed
as he thought he could turn at all, straight into the double
twist—and the car simply refused to obey her helm. That is,
she skidded at the first turn, put her nose to the bank, swung
her hind wheels in a half circle, raised dust enough to make
a smoke screen for a maneuvering fleet and straightened out
on the road again without so much as lifting a corner from
the ground—only she faced back the way she had come.
They then tried substituting asphalt for macadam and wet

They were forced to put an obstacle in
the road at last—one at which no sane
motorist would ever choose to drive.

the road, and Breck did his drive with all she had, and when
he struck the wet spot he threw on his brakes with all they
had. Anybody who has ever driven a car knows what that
treatment is likely to produce. But Breck's car simply turned
around again—twice and nearly smashed the nice front piazza
of a cute little Hollywood bungalow before he got it thor-
oughly under control.

Of course, ways could be devised to make the car turn over,
but the story called for a spill on the open road, and not on
a hill, and not by means of broken wheels or collapsed tires
and not by any means that the camera would show to be
wholly artificial. You see, the purpose of the story was to
illustrate the moral turpitude of this particular son of the
By GARDNER HUNTING

Illustrations by Charles J. McCarthy

When Breck hit the pole he was traveling about fifty-five—the car hurdles the obstacle like a horse in a steeplechase, and turned over.

The cameras so that they their field cut above the obstacle and took in only the car from its front hubs upward. Nobody looking at the picture afterwards would know there had been any obstacle there, though actually there lay across the road, at a violent angle to its general direction, a telegraph pole, bound at each end by chains to posts set into the ground so as not to come out readily. And at this Breck drove. When he hit it, going about fifty-five, he turned his steering wheel slightly, so that the side of a wheel caught the pole. And the car turned over. In fact, it jumped as if the road had heaved under it that time, and it hurdles its obstacle somewhat as a jockey does in a steeplechase when his mount fails to do it properly for him. And the car landed on its back and rolled over, not merely once, but twice, in full view of the other cameras that had been set to shoot away from the pole and get the finish of the spill.

Where was Breck? Oh, he was in the bottom of the car, hanging on to cleats he had thoughtfully placed there for the purpose, earning his hundred dollars and carefully preserving such faculties as he had for enjoying it. That was the way Breck lived. He had found out that he could get a hundred dollars for an afternoon's work. To him it seemed a very large amount of money, wholly out of proportion to the amount of work involved in getting it. He didn't count the time spent in preparation, or the wait between stunts which he was hired to pull, nor the risk to life and limb and ability to go pulling stunts. When anybody asked him if he was not afraid he laughed. When anybody suggested that he might get hurt, he shrugged. When a thoughtful acquaintance hinted that he might meet his death somewhere amidst his mad doings, he said, in his picturesque way, that such an event would permanently solve the problem of earning a living.

He was vain, of course. He practiced modesty, and made a very good showing of it. He did not brag. But he allowed anybody else to brag for him who wanted to, and he never was known to forbid. When he laughed at danger, he calculated the effect. When he shrugged at the suggestion of injury, he knew how bystanders whispered about it. When he treated death as a guest who would find half a welcome at least from him, he knew the line he used was quotable.

ED did not know that he might as easily have had several hundred or even a thousand dollars for one of his stunts as the single hundred he was accustomed to receive. The picture people refrained from telling him that; they opined that he would be apt to find it out soon enough for himself. But he had a return for his feats that they knew not of. It was the satisfaction of an appetite he had within him, which only a vital hazard would satisfy. Breck simply had to have a deadly risk on his hands, or just ahead of him much as he had to have his Worcestershire sauce on his meats and his cigarette smoke in his lungs, because the functions of eating and breathing were rather spiceless without.

He was a hard young man, built like a two-year-old steer: able to handle his own weight in swinging his body about by his hands on bars, or limbs of trees, or rafters, or doorills, or eaves, like a monkey. He had the color of graham dough, and his eyes were small and uninteresting, about the tint of willowware. His shoulders were slightly humped, his knees slightly bowed, his feet awkward because they were never properly shod, his hands wide and red and leathery. He had no friends, particularly, and confessed to no relatives. He signed waivers by which the companies which hired him...
sought to protect themselves from paying damages in case of accident, and said that nobody else but himself was interested in what happened to him. All he seemed to care for was the stunt itself, when one was imminent, and what he would get to eat when it was over. And the consciousness that people looked curiously at him and nudged each other when he passed. He did not know, or appear to know, that some of the things he did were front page stuff. His attitude toward publicity was about the same as that toward the wages he received.

Of course, on the screen and in the advertising, his name never appeared. When apparently he went to his death in his stunts, the public seemed satisfied that the ends of motion picture justice were served. When he doubled for some star who did not go in for rough stuff, but for whom some was written in as part of what the public was expected to believe he went in for, then the star got all the credit. There were even stars whose reputation depended largely on what Breck had done for them.

Once, for instance, Breck went hand over hand across a stream, some eighty feet above the surface, on a rope, doubling in skirts for a feminine exponent of heroic screen action, and allowed the assistant director of the picture to cut the rope and drop him into the stream. Eighty feet is a considerable fall, as may be ascertained by any doubter who cares to look down that distance, say from a six-floor window to the street. Breck fell into about fifteen feet of water, and struck it carefully feet first. It didn’t hurt him any—and he had a hundred dollars and a beefsteak that night—with the Worcestershire sauce.

ON ANOTHER occasion, after he had watched for some time the behavior of rock where a road gang was blasting it out of a hill pass with dynamite, he volunteered to stand on top of a certain giant stone while the dynamite should disrupt its interior, and allow himself to be photographed as the hero who dares the blast to save a child, say—with a dummy of an infant in his arms. He actually did it—and found that he had not miscalculated the engineer’s ability to judge just what dynamite will do—for it neatly cracked the rock under him and only jarred him enough to make it interesting, and the film was excellent.

The only trouble was that everybody who saw that picture declared that it was a fake and that no man on earth would take such a risk as Breck had taken—or that no blast actually took place because not enough dirt and smoke and debris appeared to make it look like explosion.

It was about this time that he met Louise Timmons. Louise was a very pretty brown eyed girl who had thought she saw a hero in Breck. She was not one of those young persons who think they are themselves cut out for screen honors because they happen to have curls or to know a director. She was just a nice girl who looked on when Breck was dropped into the stream in place of the feminine star, and admired him as much as she despised said star, for the feat he did and she didn’t.

Louise belonged to a large family of girls, from whom one or more could easily be spared. So when Breck noticed her, and found spice in her brown eyes’ adulation, it was easily arranged. Of course, it took a little time, because there is a certain decorum to be observed, even when one girl or so can easily be spared. But after a couple of weeks they were married. And Louise went to live on the edge of Hollywood where Breck did.

For a while she worshiped her hero, and thrilled and worried and gaped and wept at his doings. She even argued that he should adopt a less hazardous calling now that he was married—and having sufficiently demonstrated his heroism.
But he did not even seem to hear her arguments. Literally, he did not take them in. He was simply intent on his spice of life, and took no interest in suggestions that seemed to offer flavorless things.

AND then Louise found out that he had a mother. She discovered it through a casual remark of his about the place where he was born—it was no farther away than an outlying section of Los Angeles on the side farthest from Hollywood—and where, Breck calmly related, he thought his mother might be living yet.

Louise was rather startled at first. Then she thought she could not have understood him. When she found out unmistakably that she had, she felt a queer sort of slow terror rise inside her while she sat and looked at him. His gramin-brown face, his little blue eyes, his wide, leather hands—suddenly they seemed to separate themselves from something she had thought he was. She asked him breathlessly if he was not ashamed to have neglected his mother, and he stared at her. He did not seem interested in that either. And suddenly Louise had a vision of what would be apt to happen one day, when he ceased to be interested now, and in what that interest consisted. And he was no farther away in the way he was eating his steak—with Worcestershire sauce.

Louise went across Los Angeles to the address he remembered without much difficulty. She found Mrs. Breck there, a broken down, sickly woman, old at middle age, pewish, inclined to rail the moment she heard her son's name, and still more as soon as she learned that he was married. She looked at Louise sourly and suspiciously, until Louise showed that she had come to try to do something for her. And then Mrs. Breck burst out and told a long, sobbing story of washing, of rheumatism and indigestion and poverty as her portion. She did not seem at first to blame her son. Her complaints were just complaints at fate. Her son had done approximately what other sons she knew had done. Of course, he ought to take care of his mother, but that had apparently never been among her expectations. Now, however, she looked at her son's wife expectantly.

It all seemed strangely pathetic to Louise, who was a nice girl, with clear brown eyes. She began by trying to do something for Mrs. Breck. And that had its logical result. Mrs. Breck immediately began to lean, and Louise immediately found more to do for her. And then, from being sorry for her and doing things for her, Louise began to feel something more for her. She did not know that it is inevitable that one cares where one serves—that one's heart follows one's investments. She just invested care and kindness first in Mrs. Breck, and then found herself bound by a tie she had never anticipated.

MEANWHILE Breck got a job to drive a car over a cliff into the sea, in the depiction of a criminal's dire end in an attempt to get away with ill-gotten gold. He was to have the usual thrill and the usual hundred. So he was busy again. It was arranged that Louise should run over and stay with Mother Breck for the time that preparations were under way. He suggested it as if he had never thought of such a thing before, but had come upon it in his mind just when he wanted something of the kind, as one stumbles upon a welcome chair in the dark. So Louise ran over and stayed. She was beginning to feel a little guilty on any day when she did not run over to Mrs. Breck. And Breck went off with the picture company to the location where his new stunt was to be performed. That particular stunt was a startling one to watch. First, they took a picture of Breck in the car, as the bandit, running away with the money—a partner in crime sitting in the tonneau and holding the suitcase full of money, while Breck drove. Breck was the arch criminal in the affair.

When he was thus established as the thief, making his getaway, the car was taken to a road back from the edge of a bluff over the water. An inland lake it was, not too far from Los Angeles. They arranged the road so that it would appear to run along the edge of the bluff and turn when it reached a fence carefully constructed on the exact lip of the cliff, where a car bursting through it and jumping over would (Continued on page 98)
Women's Athletic Club Extends Activity to Air

Only Station Owned and Operated by a Woman's Club

Makes Allowances for Male Sex on Programs

By Betty McGee

Women in business, women in politics, women in professional life, women in radio. Certain. And what of it? Of course it is no longer news that women have made a place for herself in almost every field of activity, but when we witness some outstanding undertakings which is significant of woman's achievement, we find ourselves jogged out of our usual attitude of complacency and saying enthusiastically: "Here's to Woman!"

The Illinois Woman's Athletic Club, Chicago, occasioned just such a mental tribute when they installed WCHI, the only radio station owned and operated by a woman's club, on Friday, March 7, at 6:30 p.m., with a program consisting of a spirited dinner discussion and open forum on the question "Should Divorce Be Made as Easy as Marriage?" Two eminent thinkers, Dr. Arthur James Todd of Northwestern university and Dr. Horace J. Bridges, author-lecturer and leader of the Chicago Ethical Society, were brought before the mike to present the pros and cons.

This new station which is, by and for women is not, however, confining its programs to features of exclusive woman appeal. On the contrary, it has programs ranging from opera singers to athletic events, sociology professors to minstrel shows, dramatic and jazzy orchestrations—every available type of program that lives up to the requirements of distinction and quality. And isn't there a certain significance attendant upon the fact that a woman's station has raised its voice, "the voice of Chicago," over the din of the city with its cluster of radio stations, and is rapidly making a place for itself in the lives of thousands of listeners?

At this point, one can't help pausing to wonder. Isn't it possible, even probable, that this is only the first step? Won't other women's organizations all over the country be stimulated into following suit with similar organs of influence? In short, we might prophesy that women will soon find Radio as interesting a business venture as do men. And why not? It must be admitted that WCHI is not manless. But of course the ordinary station is not womanless. The directors of this woman's station are old Radio men, H. A. Patterson, director in general, Lee Paseur, commercial manager, Paul Grubel, chief engineer and a man who has a long record of technical experience, and John Stamford, chief announcer and program director. Mr. Stamford comes to WCHI from WGN where he was popular both as an announcer and for his rich, clear tenor voice. He may well be called a veteran Radio man as he made his first appearance in front of the mike during the inaugural week of KYW.

The regular staff of artists of WCHI includes a string ensemble, an organization of well-known concert musicians—Dean Remick, piano; Louis Perlman, violinist; Frank Seykora, cellist, and a mixed quartet, known as the "WCHI quartet," consisting of Marion Schroeder, soprano; Lucille Long, contralto; John Stamford, tenor, and Joel Lay, baritone.

From time to time WCHI will present to its listeners artists of international reputation. The present director of the I. W. A. C., is arranging for an appearance before the microphone of the world renowned pianist, Arthur Shatuck, and is planning to present Eleanor Parnter of light opera fame. Other celebrities, guests of the club, will make exclusive, non-professional appearances before the mike.

"In fact," said Mr. Stamford, "it will be WCHI's privilege to introduce to its Radio audience real celebrities. This is a characteristic feature of the organization. This idea has been executed in every respect, particularly, during the day between the hours of 10 and 4, there are special women's features. The comedy is in charge of the Home Economics department and is an authentic source of information along the lines of food preparation and home problems. Mrs. Robert A. Leitz, who arranges for the shows, sees to it that the women listeners of WCHI are kept posted on what to wear morning, noon and night.

Then there is the business women's forum with its 100 categories of professions among its 700 members, which brings stimulating and enlightening speakers, and the civic department with Mrs. E. W. Bemis as chairman and the legislative department with Mrs. Charles Severn, its chairman, both bringing informative speakers upon occasion to the audience of WCHI. In fact, it is rather thrilling to see a large woman audience share in the opportunities afforded by a progressive, wide awake organization such as this.

Of course there will be beauty talks and health talks and setting up exercises and talks on sports. Sports enthusiasts will have plenty of opportunity to hear exciting news of athletic events of national and international importance.

The I. W. A. C. swimming team is particularly famous and has recently added to its rapidly growing list a few more titles, this time the Dominion championships. All of which lends zest to the news of this department. And then there are the almost equally exciting contests in golf, bowling, equestrian and outdoor summer sports, and informative talks of particular interest to women on aeronastics.

Once a month, on Sunday afternoon, comes the Twilight Muscule. These muscule present such artists as Bernice Drangeles, dramatic soprano from the Hanna Butler studios, who won first place among the soprano contestants in the Biennial Musical Contest a year ago, and Miss Elain de Selm,
well known contralto. The spring course of "Literary Journeys" is now well under way under the supervision of Mrs. M. J. Seifert, Chairman of the Library and Literature committee. Mrs. Theodoria Crosse has been giving this series of lectures which includes a detailed study of some of the outstanding writers and a survey of different types of literature. These lectures have proven very popular both with the seen and unseen audience. The drama department not only produces skits and plays utilizing the local talent, but provides dramatic artists of such ability as Madame Swanstrom Young and Mae Louise Borrenson who recently rendered "Sun-Up," that dialect play of the Blue Ridge mountains.

THEN, too, there are the social events such as the Fourth Annual Derby Dinner Dance and St. Patrick's Day celebration which was a more festive occasion this year than ever before, due to its first broadcast, and the Silver Plate Dinner which was given April 28 at a cost of $25.00 a plate. The money was saved by the women through skinning on luxuries or was earned by some extra duty. The aim of this dinner was to raise money for the club and the condition of attendance is that the money must be either saved or especially earned for the occasion. And of course there was the minstrel show on March 28 and 29, and one doesn't know whether to class this as a social or dramatic event, but, at any rate, it was good fun.

The slogan of the station is "The Voice of Chicago," and in its announcements it is "WCHI, 111 E. Pearson Street, the station just west of the Water Tower." Besides being an outstanding landmark of present day Chicago the Water Tower has the traditional association of marking the city limits at the time of the Chicago fire, all of which more or less lends color to associations that are forming around WCHI.

The studio proper is a long narrow room with windows at one end and glass panels at the other, beyond which is the visitors' gallery where the club members may sit and watch the broadcast. It is luxuriously and artistically furnished, the club colors, blue and silver, dominant in the decorating. The ceiling is draped in soft folds of blue and the walls are of silver metal. The lighting is indirect and there are arrangements for flood lights in colors which obtain interesting lighting effects. The walls are adorned from time to time with exhibits of individual artists or with paintings loaned from various galleries. Adjoining the studio is the artists' reception and rehearsal room which may be used as an extension of the main studio inasmuch as it is also acoustically perfect.

WCHI is a 5,000-watt station and operates on a frequency of 1490 kc. It is on the air every day from 10 to 4, and is on at night until 2 a.m. with the following evening schedule of going on the air: Monday, 9:30; Tuesday, 9:30; Wednesday, 8:00; Thursday, 10:00; Friday, 8:00; Saturday, 9:00; and Sunday, 9:15.

It will be interesting in more ways than one to watch this new venture in the broadcasting world. Women have shown that they have the ability to succeed in almost every other phase of the business world—why not in this, which is the newest, and one in which they can grow as it grows? It seems that there are endless possibilities for this club-station.
OUT of the AIR
HITS--QUIPS--SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

WHERE, oh, where is Indi-Gest?" inquired a petition of letters from a score of old readers of Radio Digest. In the general shuffle of readjustment Indi had become lost. What to do with the neat contributions of wit, verse and a varied assortment of humorous incidents? Indi seemed to be the only one in the world adequate to cope with the situation. So the hue and cry became a clamor. At last he was discovered. He had invested all his savings in the establishment of an artificial ice plant in Latin America on the theory that the farther south you go the harder it is to get ice. In answer to an inquiry, Commander Byrd wirelessed: "Indi staring. No customers here for his brand of ice. Natives prefer domestic home grown variety. Suggest putting him back on the column. Byrd." Indi found his old chair, paste pot and theories waiting for him. He was authorized to offer small rewards for contributions until he can get on his feet again.

** **

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contributions to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than June 1, 1930.

Marjorie Grover Newton of Flint, Mich., feels this way about it.

Radio

What magic to pluck rhythmic beauty from the air!
What God-given gift to be able to choose
Which strings of the soul should be played on to tear
The emotions—or new life infuse!

** **

Battling Mike

RECENTLY, while Quinn Ryan was re-broadcasting the Dempsey-Carpenter fight over WGN, he became so excited while describing one of Dempsey's left-hokers that he had actually been illustrating it. For he apparently knocked the microphone over and disconnected the mike. "I heard the crash, and all became silence," said T. L. Wire, Parkersburg, W. Va.

** **

White House Errors

THIS over WFPAN: Otto Schmidt, concert pianist of Artie Bittong's Cheer-ups, regularly plays the compositions of the masters, all, of course, long since dead. But the other day he dashed off Erno Rapee's "Charmaine." After playing it an afternoon, he recorded it in jazz version. Artie said to him: "Otto, if that composer heard you rack his masterpiece like that, he'd turn over in his grave." One can only pray that Erno Rapee is still among the living.

During the last game of the 1939 world series, Graham McNamee announced: "President Hoover is now entering the stand, accompanied by Mrs. Coolidge." The next minute I tuned in on WABC, which was broadcasting the same game, to hear Ted Husing proclaim: "They are playing the National Anthem and President Wilson's attention with the rest of the fans."—Miss Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.

Shelch Would Fly

IT WAS the request period on a Sunday at KMOX's "The Times" on the microphone. Mrs. D. of St. Louis had appealed for "The Prisoner's Song" in celebration of her twentieth wedding anniversary. "Old Timer," not realizing that the microphone switch was open and that he was already on the air, remarked to the announcer, "That's a heck of a song for a wedding anniversary." The announcer must have told him Mike was listening. "With forthwith, "Old Tim,"" he corrected, "uttered a "Huh?" and began with: "Oh, for someone to love me..."

Another time I heard Milton J. Cross giggle. Can you imagine it?—W. M. Johnson, Grayville, III.

Same Song—Different Tubs

This may be all wet but we'll hear from Brother L. M. Youklin of Gal- vens, Texas, in the following:

"A big bathtub—the biggest, probably—has been spoken of twice through my local (one yesterday Everett Mitch- ell of WENR, another one), "We are now going to have Irma Singing in the Bath- tub."

And today a local announcer said, "We now present Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians Singing in the Bath- tub on a Columbia record."
NATIONAL COMICS

Joe Fitzgerald, the Chicago Cyclone, a character in the "Smith Family," heard twice weekly over WENR, Chicago, challenges Primo Carnera, the Italian Colossus, to a fight to the finish. "Who is dis Mountain of Muscle anyhow?" Fitzgerald demanded, when interviewed today. "What good fighters did he ever meet?" He kayoed a Swede and a French-Canadian, but wait till he meets an Irishman.

"I'm a light-heavyweight, see? But I'm willing to step out of my class to meet dis Galloping Gorilla, because I think I can flatten him, see? If course, I'll hafta give him about a ton in weight, and a couple of yards in height and reach, but what of it? I'm absolutely positive I can chop him down by boy-size, and plant him so deep in de canvas dey'll have to excavate him wit a steam shovel. I'm not boasting any, you understand; I'm jest givin' you de facks. "All I want is ten grand in cash, five per cent of de gate and a guarantee dat I won't hafta pay dis bird's funeral expenses. When I get thru wit dis Muscleman, yo can paint WELCOME on his back, and use him for a door-mat."

First Phone Operator: Gee, that's a fresh mug.
Second Phone Operator: What'sa matter, kid?
First Phone Operator: Aw, the apple knocker asked for "double 2, double 2," and, when I repeated "2-2--2--2," he said, "All right, all right—just get my number and we'll play train afterward."

(Hele Handin and Marcella Shields in The Two Troupers, weekly NBC program.)

** * *

Dumont: Mr. Shelley, can you tell me where the foggiest place in the world is?
Dumont: No it ain't; I've been in a place that was a whole lot foggier than what London is.
Shelley: Is that so? What is the name of the place, may I ask?
Dumont: I don't know. It was so foggy I couldn't tell where I was!!!
** * *

Look what Announcer Gene Byrnes of KJH went and did: "Although it is early in the morning for requests, we now take pleasure in playing 'Crying for Caroline' for a lady just recovering from a long illness on a Columbia phonograph record." The knitted mustache cup was given him with due ceremony by the studio staff.

** * *

Grandpa: Why do the leaves turn red in the fall, Percy?
Percy: I don't know, grandpa. Why do they turn red?
Grandpa: Because they're blushing, to think how green they were all summer.
(Percy Hemus, in the Jame's, weekly NBC program.)

** * *

Chester: Pa, why is Fido like an inclined plane?
Pa: I give up, son.
Chester: Because he's a slow pup.
(Percy Hemus and John Shea in the Jame's, weekly NBC program.)

** * *

Wife on telephone (disguising her voice): "Guess who this is?"
Husband: "It's—um—Edna."
Wife (furrily): "Edna!!!"
Husband (disguising voice): "Guess who this is?"

A MARRIAGE license is a SLIP of paper which costs YOU $2 down and your ENTIRE income for the REST of your life.

** * *

Girl: I know a song about gum...
Weems: Do you, dear? What is it?
Girl: "Lover GUM Back to Me."
(Virginia Gardiner and Raymond Knight in "KUKU," weekly NBC program.)

** * *

Shelley: How do you feel tonight, Al?
Al: Not so good, Mr. Shelley. I had a bad dream last night and came near freezing to death.
Shelley: You had a bad dream, and it almost caused you to freeze!
Al: Yes, sir. I dreamed I was eating funnel cakes, and when I woke up the blanket was gone!
(William Shelley and Al Bernard in the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program.)

** * *

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Dumont: No it ain't; I've been in a place that was a whole lot foggier than what London is.
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Indi-Gest Selections

HOW do you like Indi-Gest's return to the pages of Radio Digest? If you are favorable, he is going to have a steady job, and he is going to give you a few extra dollars each month.
The honor of having sent in the first selected humorous incident heard over the air this month goes to W. M. Johnson, who receives a check for $5.00. The second selected humorous incident, worth $3.00, was submitted by L. E. Helbeck.
The $1.00 paid for each humorous incident printed after the first two have been selected goes to L. M. Youngin, Miss Annie E. Littlefield, F. E. Foults, T. L. Wires, Florence Haist, Evelyn G. Drake and Ethel Sopher.

Over WKRC a woman was advertising a food product. She recited a number of delicious menus in which it was to be included. She admonished housewives to include this product in their next grocery order and, as her time was elapsing, she hastily added: "We continue with Nobody's Using It Now, a phonograph record."—Evelyn G. Drake, Cincinnati, O.

Grandpa: Why do the leaves turn red in the fall, Percy?
Percy: I don't know, grandpa. Why do they turn red?
Grandpa: Because they're blushing, to think how green they were all summer.
(Percy Hemus, in the Jame's, weekly NBC program.)

Chester: Pa, why is Fido like an inclined plane?
Pa: I give up, son.
Chester: Because he's a slow pup.
(Percy Hemus and John Shea in the Jame's, weekly NBC program.)
SCINTILLATING luminaries of Radio broadcasting; are they distant creatures enveloped in a veil of mystery, unapproachable and in a world of their own? Not at all—they are just normal human beings, and that is. They have their likes and dislikes, sometimes strong, they have their moments of sheer happiness and times of the deepest depression. Learn to know them as they really are, through Jean Campbell. Ask her to tell you of your favorite chain broadcast acquaintances.

JAMES MELTON, possessor of that sweet tenor voice which somehow does things to the heartstrings of the nation when his heart-melting sub-tones are heard in his solos with the Sieberling singers, was just a few years back, for he is now but twenty-six years old, just one of those widely educated college boys who upon graduation just did not know what it was that he really wanted to do next. That he would ever be a celebrated Radio singer very likely did not occur to him at that time, any more than it could have occurred to him then that within a few short years the two great recording phonograph companies of America would be competing with each other for his services as a leading record artist.

Fortunate in having a well-stocked and well-financed family, Jim Melton started his college career at the University of Florida, attended the University of Georgia, and finished up at Vanderbilt university. His travels about were occasioned more or less by family interests and moves, and somewhat by his own changing interests in acquiring special knowledge toward an uncharted career.

He always had a leaning toward mechanical things and kindred sciences. He knows a deal or two about real estate values, about oil wells, mines, engineering of various kinds and especially airplanes, which latter are his favorite mode of travel. He is probably one of the most valuable patrons of coast to coast passenger plane companies. We left him, saying a breath-taking farewell after his program at Christmas time, and promising to get together for us the personal notes for this Radiograph. Then he was in such demand that we never did get these notes until just recently.

The wait, however, was well worth while, for Jim is a reticent fellow, and in the interim, many less reticent folk assumed his professional baddies and admirers, have sung his personal character praises and told us also that there is a beautiful blonde. Mrs. Jim, to take into account when telling things on and about him.

JAMES began his musical education on a saxophone, which instrument he picked up himself and mastered to a degree that was the delight of his college chums and holiday friends. Sometimes later, just as a sort of avocation, he began a serious study of music, developing a keen interest in piano and, later, in singing.

Soon his voice, cultured with an awakening ambition toward the serious concert stage, which ambition has never lagged, became his paramount issue, and in line with this ambition he accepted his first professional engagement as a solo singer of ballads with the well-known impresario, Roxy. A course of study under J. S. De Luca, at the Ward Belmont conservatory, finished off his former vocal studies, and enhanced, no doubt, that naturally dramatic quality which stirs his audiences when he sings the simplest songs.

James Melton was born at Moultrie, Georgia, and somehow or other halted in the hey-day of his travels near the home town of his beautiful bride. For 'tis said that Jim waited for her to get through school, and married her last June while the ink was still new upon her diploma from an eastern college. Mrs. Melton has just past her twentieth birthday and looks even younger than that. She is a home-girl with no ambitions toward a professional career, but a great and natural interest in the thoroughly successful career of her young husband.

The home of the Meltons is a rare retreat—a roof-bungalow, which occasions the remark that, all other things taken into account, this happy young pair of newly-weds are truly "sitting today on top of the world."

Mrs. Melton, formerly Miss Marjorie Louise McClure, hails from Detroit, but both of her childhood and school day activities were spent in Cleveland and Akron, Ohio. Like Jim, she is just as addicted to airplane travel, and were it possible one might guess that a roof landing station would suit them admirably.

AMY GOLDSMITH is the type of a talented mite that just naturally would appeal to any type of audience today. Not yet out of her teens, this petite yet demure young lady, belies her nineteen years by an astonishingly thorough knowledge of music and a marvelously trained and beautiful coloratura soprano voice. She is one of those surprising and impressive examples of what young ambitious artists can accomplish in a short time in this country today.

Often referred to as "the baby of the Capitol Theatre Family," vivacious Amy began branching out from the stage into big time about two years after her graduation from high school in New York City. Interest in her voice and personality immediately became evident in fan letters addressed to National Broadcasting company studios, and this interest increased by leaps and bounds when her extreme youth became known.

Amy, it will be remembered, is the young vocalist of sleek dark hair and wistful brown-eyed countenance, who captured the Atwater Kent contest for greater New York state in 1928. As a result of this, she has received much of her quietly absorbed musical education as a prize scholarship pupil at the institute of Musical Art in New York City.
tensive study of piano, organ, voice, and also the theoretic subjects of harmony and counterpoint.

Add to this the acquisition of skill in speaking several languages before she had finished high-school, and you will notice how she is lauded again and again in the newspapers by critics, who are not usually given to singing loud praises.

Amy Goldsmith's repertoire is of an amazing size. She sings in Italian, German and French, on almost every programme and concert in the Central New York where she has been her own accompanist on the piano.

Amy is an only child, but no one, knowing what she has accomplished, would ever call her a spoiled child. She probably will never grow up to a greater height than her present diminutive five-foot two. But she has passed a diminutive's mental stature long ago.

As an avocation she is interested in thoroughbred horses, and a friend has recently informed her that one thoroughbred of the racetrack that Amy has not yet seen has been named "Amy Goldsmith" after her, and has proven in its opening season to be a most promising winner.

Her 'pet' is, however, a valuable doggie, of the Edlar Von Haag, Great-Dane and bull-dog ancestry and pedigree.

Amy shares a great apartment hotel suite with her mother and her father. Marriage? It has never yet become a question with her—too busy with the well-known career.

About that namesake horse, if it really was named after her, and a friend who told her about its existence believes that it was, Amy hopes that one day the owner will be good enough to send her a tip as to when it is to run a winning race.

Like all good Radio artists, Amy has small chance for indulgence in diversified entertainments. But when she can find time for it she spends vacation days at the beach in Staten Island, New York or in winter hires herself to the hotel pool to swim or to the frozen lake in Central park for ice-skating: swimming and skating being her favorite sports, supplemented by the dog for an hour of regular exercise.

The rest of her leisure she spends at concerts, during seasons, and for rainy days she has a sizeable library of ultra-modern fiction. She confesses that in her busy life she just has not the time to concentrate upon the serious works of the old literary masters.

Betwixt, she plays her baby-grand piano, earnestly, for it is only by virtue of the fact that her voice was suddenly precociously developed as above the average that the world was just as suddenly robbed of a meritorious concert pianist.

Amy attributes much of her success to the encouragement of her parents, and especially, in these latter days of a busy career, to her mother's understanding and keen, but not interfering in any way, as some over-anxious mothers of promising stage children are apt to do, Mrs. Goldsmith has taken complete but unassuming charge of all business arrangements, engagements, and contracts for Amy, and thus relieved her young daughter of all anxiety over the rewards of her present and her future career.

The result is that, without ever having experienced a moment's grief or misunderstanding with her mother or any of her employers, Amy is one artist whose successful career goes sailing smoothly onward to what all who know her fully expect will be a great and glowing finish.

For any artist.

COUNTESS OLGA MEDOLAGO ALBANI is a lady of royal lineage, with a husband of royal lineage. But even before you learn, also, that she is the mother of a young son, aged 3 years, who will one day bear the inherited title of Marquise, you see in the Countess wives, however talented the latter might be. Not so the Count Alban. He is of that sort of individuals who gives up two higher titles, that of Prince, and that of Marquise, taking unto himself the lesser title of Count. And that only as a concession to the feelings of some of his royal Roman family still living in their native Rome, but all younger than himself. Thus for any artist.

Olga Medolago, as she was called before her marriage, can also boast of royal blood. But she doesn't. Therein, perhaps, lies half of her charm. She and her husband are real students of life, real students of all that is artistic, and real believers in Expression.

Olga met her husband when she was on the road to Rome to study voice culture. He was visiting his old home to settle the family estates. He did not speak of that to Olga. And so, judging from his appearance, she noticed an Englishman. He is tall, blond and very distinguished looking.

They were founded on mutual interests and admiration for each other's spiritual qualities, which developed slowly in a warm friendship with mutual encouragement and help as its foundation.

They married five years ago and ever since both have been in the business of expressing themselves, according to their heart's desire.

Olga's desire is to sing. So she sings, too, to the delight of both the hearers of the concert and the audience of the studio audiences and concert audiences of New York, Washington and other eastern cities as well. Her voice is seldom seen west of Washington because she does not wish to be away from her small son over night, and often travels to concert dates via airplane to avoid such an absence.

Count Alban is an authority on antique furniture, paintings and art. His studies are the objective of all of those who hear him speak of art and the aged in such things for their Fifth avenue and suburban mansions.

Olga was born in Barcelona, Spain. She came to America with her parents at the age of five and was educated in a convent at Redwoods, Long Island. Her father was forced to travel extensively and his wife went along with him, so Olga was practically reared until out of grade school by the Sisters of this excellent. Olga brought a bit of home life, however, through the insistence of her old Spanish nurse, who remained behind and set up a small home of her own which she brought Olga for week-end visits.

The Countess, with husband and son and the cherished old nuns, live in the West Eighties, just off Central park, the playground for little Eduardo. Their apartment is a home-like house, replete with all that is real, and aged, and authentic, in the matter of antique furnishings. As she sits there, the stream of light playing on her long loosely held hair and a sanctified light in her dark luminous eyes, you think of that old painting of Saint Cecilia.

Amy Goldsmith

a strikingly beautiful personality, cultured, artistic to her fingers tips, and you are apt to say to yourself, as I did, "Oh, why hasn't some artist painted her as a Madonna?"

That is just what she looks like, in a shy girlish sort of way. Then you learn of the romantic life of this young woman, scarcely past her twenty-sixth birthday, and you realize that she came by that look in her eyes by the honest route of experience.

Her husband deserves more than a word here, too. The sons of a royal line as high and as authentic as his is, seldom become and almost never are, as democratic as is Olga's fond husband in spirit and in practical life.

Most husbands of his calibre would say "Nay," to a singing career for their
“Uniform” Styles Gone—New

VOGUE FLATTERS MEN

Fashion Director Reveals in Beautiful Possibilities
Envisioned in Present Feminine Mode Trend

By Marie Blizard
Fashion Director of the Columbia Broadcasting System

M ARIE BLIZARD, the new fashion director of the Columbia Broadcasting system, comes to Radio with a wealth of experience in fashion fields. For the past eight years she has been writing about women's clothes in newspapers and magazines and her laboratory has extended from coast to coast of the United States. When Miss Blizard was offered the position of fashion designer of Columbia she accepted immediately for, through the medium of Radio, she feels she can reach the largest possible audience and thus be of value to many more women of the country. Miss Blizard has a flair for women's fashions that is truly inspired. Her talks are both instructive and amusing, for besides splendid advance information on the newest fashions, she tells her listeners of the parties she attends during the week, the celebrities among the guests and the clothes they wear. Miss Blizard is heard over the nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting system every Monday and Friday at 3:30 (EST).

FASHIONS are really a great deal of fun this year and so dainty and beautiful that talking about them is great fun, too. For ten years we've been standardized, we've stifled femininity in the cause of a misplaced idea of chic. But 1930 has brought back to us individuality and the right to be feminine. Curves are no longer something to be ashamed of and if we haven't chorus girl legs no one need know it except ourselves.

However, despite some atrocities that have been thrust upon us in the autocratic name of fashion since the war, I do think they were ten wonderful years for women because during them we have achieved financial and intellectual recognition. Personally, I'm all for this female iron hand business—but I think we are wiser to conceal it in the velvet glove of femininity. Looking back over those ten years of chemise dresses and knee-length skirts, I recall that when a man said of a woman, "She is charming!" the woman invariably was very feminine despite the clothes she wore. Of the masculine type the compliment usually was, "She has a marvelous sense of humor," or "She is very intellectual." And you must admit with me that there's not much thrill in that, coming from a man.

Yes, fashion is with us once more and I don't think we'll ever go back to the "uniform" style of the past decade. Longer skirts make our waists look smaller; waistlines bring out feminine curves; frills soften bosoms and throats. I am sure we will learn before this season is over that the marriage of our young independence with age-old femininity is a happy one and that it is going to give us an entirely new conception of our possibilities. After all, there are two sexes and our recent effort to make them one was not only biologically unsound, but it showed a frightful inferiority complex on the part of every one of us. We thought that perfection was synonymous with masculinity! Emancipation meant discarding womanhood for a synthetic manliness. Shades of Salome who believed it was possible to do away with the male sex entirely!

I'M REALLY quite sick and tired of reading in fashion articles that women dress for each other and not for men. It's not only poor psychology, but it puts us in the awkward position of being all (Continued on page 110)
GOOD FOOD HABITS OF CHILDREN BUILD GOOD HEALTH

THERE is no problem more vitally important than that of the proper feeding of children. In this article Evelyn Gardiner takes up the question from several angles, giving sound, practical advice that can be accepted as authentic. Miss Gardiner has had many years of experience in teaching home economics and has studied many problems of this nature. Your comments on this article, and others to follow in future issues of Radio Digest, will be appreciated.

By EVELYN GARDINER
Home Forum Director, KDKA.

The slogan of the American Child Health association has always appealed to me as most significant, "The Health of the Child Is the Strength of the Nation." When I see that phrase I envision an army of healthy strong children marching by who are the production and bulwark of a strong and powerful nation. Every one of us wants to live a long, happy useful life. How can we better do this than to begin with and strive to maintain good health?

What part does food play in this life of health? Some think it plays the leading role, others an important one and some think that it plays but a minor part. If we would be star performers in this drama, with the keen competition we constantly encounter, we must be able to take our parts well or some other performers will play the leading roles and we will be forced to take the second-rate ones.

Life is largely determined for us in our early years. Habits of all kinds are learned in childhood and remain with us through life. Bad habits are not easily unmade. Good habits when learned in the formative years of life remain with us forever. They are learned gradually. The health, happiness and the success of later life are in great part due to the formation of good food and health habits.

All of us are familiar with those who are handicapped in their life’s chosen profession because of ill health. A few are able to do great things in spite of poor health. Think how much easier it would have been for them to have gained success without the handicap. How many are lost by the wayside because they are not strong enough to stand the long and hard journey? Of course all of these lost ones might not have been saved by food alone, but who knows what good food, regular meals and good health habits of all kinds might have contributed to the building up of such a tower of strength that the physical disabilities might have been overcome?

At the KDKA Home Forum we often receive letters like this one. A worried conscientious mother writes: "My little girl is five and one-half years old. She weighs but thirty-eight pounds. She always seems rather cold and she scarcely eats anything. She eats by spells. For days at a time she does not eat a solid piece of food. Then she may eat about one full meal a day and then returns to the same routine. What can be done about it?"

Another letter will also illustrate the importance of good food habits. "I have to coax my boy of six to eat. When he comes home from school he is hungry. If I don’t give him something to eat then, he won’t eat anything much at supper. So I have decided to feed him when he is hungry. What do you think of this? Do you think I am doing right? He is underweight."

One encouraging thing about this whole problem of underweight, finicky appetites, malnutrition and other phases of child feeding problems is that mothers are alert to the situation. They realize more than ever the importance of a good start in life. They are seeking help. They are trying to do the right thing by their children. Many are asking for help from recognized authorities and are not content to follow the advice of just anyone who is willing to dispense this knowledge. They make every effort to supply their children what they need.

Most of the sad cases of children who are in poor health because of poor food habits which might have been remedied if taken in time are among those families whose parents are not able to provide their children the necessities of life. Some, of course, are the direct results of ignorance. But are these parents to blame? No one is more anxious to give the children everything they need than their parents. The response of many parents to the words of advice given when there is a felt need is most encouraging and oftentimes pathetic.

You wish they might have had the information long ago, and thus prevented some of the present and future tragedies. If given in the spirit of helpfulness, parents are most grateful for assistance and advice with their child-rearing problems. What parent is there who has not legion of these problems? Plenty of money does not mean that child raising is simple and easy. But it does mean that the parents may have more leisure time which they may devote to the welfare of their children.

The KDKA Home Forum receives numbers of letters regarding various phases of this whole problem. The response of the mothers is wonderful. They are encouraged to keep on asking.

(Continued on page 199)
Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

Marcella

In the busy studios of WENR there is no more hard working or staff busier than lovely Irma Glenn, organism. Miss Glenn's versatility has brought her many positions on the programs of this station. In addition to her organ work, she is heard in the comedy sketch, "The Smith Family"; with Everett Mitchell, she presents the Air Juniors that daily half-hour program that the youngsters love; with Howard Himmel, musical director of the station, she gives the piano-organ duets that have become one of the program features, and as if this weren't enough, she gives special musical readings.

Miss Glenn was born in Chicago and received her education at Senn High school in that city, but her life has been full of change and varied experience. Her career on the vaudeville and concert stage and in moving pictures, took her to Hollywood, where she lived a year and a half. At the age of sixteen she went to South America as musical director of the Teatro Empire, and she also toured Europe as leader of a girls' orchestra.

When she was a little girl, 8 years old, Miss Glenn started her study of music. She has specialized in composition, organ, piano, and vocal music, and has received her Bachelor of Music degree at the American Conservatory of Music.

Now that the weather is getting warmer, this busy girl will be all the busier trying to slip in some of her favorite sports, golf, swimming and horse back riding. Those curly locks are blonde and her eyes are hazel. She's 5 feet 5 inches tall, and to date she is not married.

The ERCelle Sisters. They're found. Mrs. Fred Lower, Jr., writes that she has just renewed her acquaintance with these charming sisters down in Morton, Ill. Where they are appearing at The Frolics, one of the popular night clubs of the city. They are, however, in pursuit of vaudeville, where it is more than likely they will be heard again. Many thanks, Mrs. Lower, you've made at least one man much happier.

Charles Stookey, despite the fact that he's on the sunny side of 30 and looks such a youngster, is married and the father of three lucky boys. He is responsible for all the farm and agricultural programs at WLS, and came to that station from the Prairie Farmer, where he was farm news editor. He lives far away from the dust and noise of Chicago in the neighboring town of Elburn, where he has plenty of opportunity to indulge his pet hobby, gardening. It was out of this hobby that the idea of the Gardening Club developed and grew into the success that it now is. As you can see for yourself, he has a disarming smile, and he is of medium height and a decided blonde. He graduated from the University of Illinois not long ago.

For all the people who have been languishing for a picture of Everett Mitchell, here it is. Thought everybody knew that he was director of the WENR Air Junior program of children's activities, but Jean has called me to task for omitting to mention it.

The Air Juniors have a membership of 52,000 boys and girls, and this is, by the way, one of the few children's programs which devotes 75 per cent of its time to educational features. This organization has been commended by the Health Departments of various cities and by the principals of different schools on its health talks and educational features.

Mr. Mitchell is the originator of the Smile Club program, being known as "the big laugh." This program is dedicated to an institution or hospital in which the club has members, and trips are made to these institutions on the imaginary Smile Club train.

SorY, but this Marcella is NOT Marcella Shields. Judging from her pictures it would be very nice to be that talented member of the Two Tramps team. And now that that great wrong is righted I wonder if my friends Art and Captain Wynn will go away mad and never write me any more letters. Certainly hope not, for they were such nice letters, illustrated, 'n' everything. The Two Tramps can, by the way, be heard over the NBC on various programs and the latest word is that they are "out of the country." They may be busy.

Curt Peterson, whose voice is heard in connection with a number of important programs originating from the WBC New York studios, is one of the most modest men on the air. It was about two years ago that Peterson became associated with WENR, and previously he had been a concert singer and teacher of voice, and almost immediately became an announcer. He was a member of the staff of WJZ when that station had its studios in the old Aeolian Hall, New York City. Since then Peterson has been much in demand for important programs. He is known as one of the quietest men in the studios. He has very little to say of his successes before he entered broadcasting, and most of the things that are known about him he has admitted only after someone who "knew him when" supplied the information.

There's a little story and a picture on page 72 of the December issue of Radio Digest that might interest you, Robert.

* * *

Expect you've seen the picture of John and Ned that you waited in the April issue. Here's a picture like it, Shirley.

* * *

Your favorites, Marion and Jim Jordan, of WENR are man and wife, Mrs. Steele. Their romance started long ago when they were youngsters in Peoria. You are right; they were stage artists before going into broadcasting. Jim has been an entertainer all his life.

* * *

George Southerland has only recently been announcing at WTAM, C. E. B., and he has a record of Radio experience that is enough to make you dizzy. Back in 1923 he was manager of WBZ in Springfield, Mass. Then in 1925, when the Florida boom was in progress, he took a jump down to Miami Beach, where he worked at WMBF.

Leaving Florida he traveled northward, spending two years in Virginia and North Carolina. From there he went to WLW, at Cincinnati, and then landed in Cleveland. But don't be alarmed, he's doubtful at WTAM to stay for a while.

* * *

Here is Al Carney's smiling countenance, which is just the sort of face one would expect, to greet him play. Al made his debut over the ether eight years ago over KFW when he was operator at MCVicker's theatre. He has played over WHT and KMOX, where he was also an announcing, and for a year. But vaudeville and the theatre circuits called him. And in personal presentations Al was a great hit. He tired of the constant traveling necessary in personal appearances at these houses and, desiring to embark in business for himself, he opened studios of his own, and will broadcast from there as well as from the Brunswick Building studios. That Al has all he can do, and temperament, Al seems to be the exception that proves the rule.

* * *

What has happened to John Stanford, Olive, is nothing terrible, at all, at all. He is now chief announcer and program director at WCHI, the new station owned and operated by the Illinois Women's Athletic Club.
Harry Snodgrass is off the air. Whether or not he'll come back to the mike is still a question. Someone was saying the other day that he is down in a small town in Tennessee running a little music store that's all his own. Sorry there's not a bigger story, Mrs. Meyer and Mrs. Metz.

Dorothy Wei

Dorothy Wei is something of a mystery lady. This charming picture of her came from Seattle and we have made a frenzied effort to ascertain what station she is from. KJR was good enough to inform us that Miss Wei was formerly connected with KOMO, and that station itself writes us that they had heard, she was at KVI. But now she's gone—lost—seems to have completely disappeared. Of course, we just can't let her stay lost. Somebuddy must tell us all about her so that she'll be a mystery no longer. ** *

"'Fraid you're not very observing, Margaret, Grace and Ruth, for there was a nice long story about Don Becker on page 41 and a paragraph about him on page 57 of the March issue. You'll find all your questions answered there and see a wonderful picture. ** *

Write and tell us more about your Radio club, Happy of Ragan. We'd all like to hear about it. You wanted to know more about Milton Cross. Just look on page 9 of the February issue and you'll know all. ** *

Don't you love this picture of darling little Yvonne Du Valle, the lass who brings joy to the many friends she has made through KFI way out in the far, far West? She's a vivid young thing with something of the gypsy about her, specially in this costume, although her eyes of deepest blue and her short brown hair belie it. You wouldn't guess to see those languid, dreamy eyes that she can be, at times, a small whirlwind of temperament. But she is. Then it is all over in a few minutes and everything is sunshine again. Yvonne is one of those people that make us long for television.

You can hear Al and Pete, Mrs. Moore, over WBBM at 8:30 on Thursday nights and some of the Colonial's more sedate features. They're both tall fellows, Peggy, and Al's hair is curly and brown, while Pete's is straight and blonde. Pete Becker was born in the Netherlands, came to this country when he was 5 years old, and calls Kalamazoo his home today. He first broadcasted at WJZ, and was one of the five original members of the old "Red Apple Club" of that station.

Al Cameron halls originally from Anderson, Indiana, and as a lad was something of an athlete, excelling in basketball and football. He traveled round the country with a Wild West show before he drifted to Detroit, where quite by chance he was teamed with Pete in "Show Me the Way to Go Home."

It seems that "Bea and Friends" really did mean Will Osborne. At least it looks that way by the amount of mail that has come in during the past month exclaiming about the similarity of these two. Of course, they both claim to have originated the crooning style of singing announcings, but those who seem to know say that Will Osborne has been on the air longer than Rudy. But the girls all say "There is only one Rudy!"

And to answer your question, A Real Radio Fan, Will Osborne broadcasts only under one name, and that's his. See front of the book for a big story.

Ed and Mom McConnell, who used to be at WJAX, and have turned up missings, were recently heard at WHAS, Louisville. They may not be there permanently, but anyway, there's a clue.

Amos 'n Andy's salary contract for the year is said to be $100,000, Lucille. Think you could get along on it? Don't be discouraged because you haven't seen those pictures of your favorites down at KDKA. You'll be surprised one of these days. Keep up the good work, and write me more letters. You got one was such a nice newsy one. And, by the way, what has happened to your brother? ** *

For the information of Jean and Eleanor, Norman Brokenshire is still on the air, and it got by giving up broadcasting. He has heard at 7:30 C. S. T. any Monday night with the Coco Couriers. The reason you haven't been hearing him as often is due to the fact that he has been handling programs independently and has become an independent announcer.

Big doings! A studio frolic staged by fourteen acts, an orchestra, brass band and an announcer, and heard the Radio wedding held in the WLS studios at 11:30 p.m. March 13th. The microphones were used in the studio by Miss May Oliver of Topka, Kansas, with "Hiram" of the WLS comedy team, "Hiram and Henry," alias Trulan C. Wilder. The wedding was an culmination of a romance begun in the studios of WBW, Topka, where Wilder was a staff announcer and Miss Oliver a frequent visitor.

The Rev. R. L. Boulton of Maywood officiated at the misk. As the bride and bridegroom entered the main WLS studio, the giant organ in the Chicago Stadium was picked up by remote control, providing the wedding march for the couple. And the console of the organ was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was married to a former pupil, Elsie Mae Look, three years ago in the same manner as the Wilder-Oliver nuptials.

This good looking youth is Ezra McIntosh, chief announcer of WOW, Omaha. He is just a lad of 21 and after graduating from the Technical High School of Omaha he is now studying law at Creighton University. And, although he is still a school boy, he is one of the most widely-known announcers in the West. He's pure American blend as to nationality, has a weight of 150 pounds and 5 feet 10 inches, and his eyes and hair are blue and brown. But his good looks and popularity with the other sex have not kept him from being a serious minded fellow, for he is an active worker in the Christian Missionary alliance, and is much sought after by other Protestant denominations as vocal director and soloist.

A letter came to me the other day from Guy Anderson, that singer of sentimental songs, who for some time was heard with his uke or guitar from New York and Hollywood stations. Andy has had a tough break and is suffering from tuberculosis, which necessitates his living in the mountains of New Mexico for a while. He says it is drearily lonesome down there and has asked me to tell his friends that he would like very much to hear from them. Mail will reach him addressed to him at Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

Little Bobby Nickola of WJAY. Although he hasn't much of a past, he does have a great future.

Alwyn E. W. Bach, NBC announcer, is an even 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. He is dark complected with brown eyes and very black hair. It's not because I thought you wouldn't like his picture. Robert, that you don't see it in these columns, it's because in the name isn't one. Before becoming an announcer Mr. Bach was a baritone singer, that is professionally speaking, for, of course, he's a tunesmith as the athletic type, going in for sports: tennis, skiing, skating, boxing, wrestling and volley ball. And he is a little six-year-old daughter.

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.
Parade of the Stations from

Who Is Your Friend?

Who is that fellow you are always listening to? What station is he with? What kind of a chap is he, and what kind of a gang is there at that station? These questions and a host like them are always being asked. In this section of Radio Digest you will be found short, gossipy little items of what is going on at the stations, large and small, all over the country. As many stations and artists as space will permit are represented each month. If you don't find your favorite here write to the Station Parade Editor and every effort will be made to fulfill your request.

KGU Boasts New Home

EIGHT years ago, May 11, 1922, to be exact, three faint "hellos" spoken by M. A. Mulrony, builder of the station, climaxed a thrilling race to make KGU the first station to broadcast in Hawaii. Today the new KGU operates on 1,000 watts, with a 5,000 capacity, from the third floor of the new Honolulu Advertiser building.

As he built the first KGU, so Mulrony built the new one. It was he who first persuaded the Advertiser to add this new service. It was planned at first to complete the work in two months, but then came word that another station was projected and it was decided to cut this time in half. As the weeks passed it became a bitter race between the two stations. Finally came word that KGU would be on the air at noon, followed almost simultaneously by the announcement that the competitor planned to start operations at eleven o'clock. There was a hurried conference which resulted in Mulrony opening his microphone at 10:57 that morning.

The story of the trials and tribulations of KGU is an old one, familiar to all Radio men and fans. As the years passed personnel changed, the competitor gave up the ghost, as did several of his successors. When it was decided to build the new station no effort was spared. L. P. Thurston, who had been the "father" of KGU throughout its early struggles, continued at the helm, with Mulrony at the technical end.

Fans Demand Symphony

AN INTERESTING commentary on the trend of American musical appreciation is found in the recent inclusion of only complete transcriptions of symphonic works on the Roxy Sunday programs. In the early days of the Roxy Symphony orchestra programs short works and parts of longer ones were offered.

Gradually programs were enlarged to include longer compositions until the repertory included a great part of musical literature. The second stage of this "course in musical appreciation" consisted chiefly of isolated movements of the better known compositions.

At this point the response from the Radio audience indicated a demand for complete symphonies. Following the broadcast of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Handel's Messiah, Roxy's programs attained heights equaled only by the principal orchestras of the world.

The significance of the latest move to present only complete works lies in the fact that ten million Radio listeners will receive the type of music that is being played in the country's leading opera houses and concert halls.

Is Popular, Big or Little

APPARENTLY John Herrick, baritone of the Fox Fur Trappers, is possessed of the art of selling himself, be it on the air, or in the reception room.

A short time ago a lady was seen watching the door into the Columbia studios much as a hungry child might watch a waitress cooking pancakes in the window of a restaurant. Inquiry proved that the lady in question was waiting to catch a glimpse of Herrick as he passed to the outside world. She had heard the singer often, and had pictured him as the six-foot-three type.

These young women dressed in the costumes of a bygone day are not old-fashioned or opposed to short skirts. They are the members of the Brahms quartette, specialists in the folk songs of all nations. They were thus attired in a recent Libby program over the NBC.

Joseph E. Maddy, director of the National High School orchestra, directed that well-known musical organization in a program originating at the Atlantic City High School and broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.
North to South, East to West
of the Air Are Doing, and the Latest
of the Big and Little Fellows
Giving Radio Entertainment

"College Yell" In French
GOING to Europe? Then tune in on
Dr. Thatcher Clark's educational
service this Spring and Summer and
learn enough foreign language to take
you into the Continental shops and out
again safely.

Dr. Clark, one of Radio's earliest edu-
cators, has just completed his first year
on the air as a teacher of French over
the Columbia chain and plans this new
course for embryo travelers via the same
system.

The Doctor introduced a new form
in Radio instruction in his French
courses, his "college yell" greatly simpli-
ifying the art of teaching. During his
fifteen-minute broadcasts over a period
of a year Dr. Clark has accumulated
8,135 unsolicited fan letters.

Two Birds Double Time
TWO little birds—real ones—are
working twice as hard as in the "old
days." Blue Boy and Dicky, renowned
bird virtuosos of the National Broad-
casting company, have doubled their
broadcasting, now appearing twice a
day, with Cheerio and also the Parnas-
sus Trio. Miss Elizabeth Freeman is
the owner and trainer of this talented
team.
* * *

Dot Harrington, the little comedienne
formerly heard as the tough show girl
in "Mrs. Murphy's Boarding House,"
and several current Columbia produc-
tions, has lived in New York all her life
and never seen the Statue of Liberty.
She's lived within a stone's throw of
deep water since childhood and can't
swim.

McGimsey Puzzles Medics
WHEN doctors begin hunting in a
man's throat for a concealed canary,
or suspect that he is mentally abnormal,
it's time to sit up and wonder a bit, at
least. The entire clinic of New York
university did just that little thing when
they tried to find out what makes Bob
MacGimsey's whistling apparatus just
what it is. And after the medics, the
psychologists and psychoanalysts got
through they knew just what they knew
before they started, and that he could
whistle in harmony, striking two and
three notes at a time.

Bob, the harmony whistler in the
Empire Builders programs, explains
that he hears the harmony ahead of
time but that the control then becomes
automatic when he is really whistling,
although he can consciously make a
discord if he does it deliberately.

After being examined and probed
and questioned by all the medical and "psyce"
high hats Mac himself said that he had
often wondered about his gift, and had
hoped that they could shed some light
on it—but all concerned gave it up, and
Bob goes on whistling.

Even White House Falls
EVEN the White House doesn't seem
to be proof against the lure of Rudy
Vallee's Connecticut Yankees. When
the Congressional club gave its annual
breakfast to the wife of the President,
Mrs. Hoover and the ladies of the
political circle heard Rudy at his best.
The affair was held in the Hall of the
Americas of the Pan-American Building
in Washington and was attended by
several hundred prominent women. Mere
outsiders who sent the hubsies of the
grand dames to Washington were privi-
leged to see the picture as their ears
received it via an NBC hookup.

Here is a particularly charming
portrait of Countess Olga Medo-
lago Albani, a broadcast artist of
royal lineage. Read what Jean
Campbell has to say of her in
Radiographs, page 57.

Here are four of the youngsters who make the NBC's Sunday morning children's
hour as enjoyable to grownups as to younger listeners. Left to right: Julian
Altman, violinist; Sylvia Altman, pianist; Edith DeBald, reader, and Mae
Rich, trumpeter.
Opera Impresario

Ready?—Set! The Unique 'Cello Quintet of WCDA is ready to swing into action under the direction of Rosolino De Maria. Left to right you see J. Tagliavuro, De Maria, Ruth Napier, Penza and Puglia.

Youngsters Mob Ore to Make Air Program

By Louise Hartley

WHEN Leigh Ore conceived the idea of broadcasting programs made up entirely of children up to twelve years of age he fondly hoped that twenty-five or thirty youngsters would appear for the first occasion. A few announcements were made from WLBD, outlining the founding of the children’s club, and then “Uncle Leigh” sat back and waited for the morning of Saturday, October 19, to come around.

When Ore walked into the studios more than an hour before the new stunt was scheduled that Saturday morning he was nearly mobbed before he could reach the safety of his private office. Not twenty-five or thirty children awaited a chance to try their talents on the air, but by wide awake and eager embryo artists were milling about. As only thirty minutes had been allotted to the program, many children were unavoidably disappointed.

Leigh immediately set to work to reorganize the WLBD schedule for the following Saturday, only to find 100 children on hand for the second meeting of the club. Now an hour and a half is devoted to them each Saturday. Listeners are asked to vote on the children they deem best, and small prizes are offered to the winners.

Each child is helped in every possible way and encouraged to develop his talent, whatever it may be. Each member of the club is registered and given a membership card in the club. Five hundred and sixty youngsters in northwestern Pennsylvania are now wearing “Uncle Leigh’s” club button, according to latest reports.

Carney Once Key Pusher

FROM “key pusher” of a nickelodeon to vaudeville, thence to playing the sucker on a “farm” in Louisiana, then as a day laborer and finally to the high position of assistant superintendent of a ship yard in war times at $10,000,000 a year, is the background of Don Carney. When the war was over he landed as an extra for D. W. Griffith, got an audition which resulted in an announcing job at WMCA, transferred to WOR, and is now famous as Luke Higgins of Leonard E. L. Cox’s Merlin Main Street Sketches.

One wonders if Don’s hobby of trying to shoot bull frogs dates from childhood days amid the rusticity of a Michigan fruit farm. At any rate he says that early experience helped him to more readily acquire the drawl of the eastern countrymen.

Carney is featured on a variety of other programs. In one series he entertains children six nights a week, singing, imitating song and tongue twisters, as well as taking several parts, notably Uncle Otto and Simple Simon.

Ben Selvin, Columbia orchestra leader, whose recording of “Dardanela” was the first to reach over a million in sales, has “canned” more than five thousand songs.

Knows His Dictionaries

ONE for the book—a man who knows his dictionary. The other day one of the announcers at WAAM was discussing the meaning of a word, and started to look it up. Buster Rothman stepped forward and gave the complete definition, and also three synonyms. He also told what word appeared after it in the dictionary. Then Buster told his little secret. While forced to remain in the hospital for six months or two with him. Rather, he regards these incidents as an endorsement of his judgment.

Eleanor Catherine Judd is happy and gives happiness to many with her singing and playing. Miss Judd is the blind pianist-singer of WHN.
"Well, boys, you see it's this way," says Paul Capp to his Magnet Electrons of WIP, and it must have been a good story, to judge from the happy smiles.

Stamps Tell Odd Stories

STORIES told by postage stamps form the topic of a new series of Saturday morning talks on WOR by Sigmund I. Rothschild, one of the world's best known philatelists. He tells of a king who refused to permit the cancellation of stamps because it would mar his photograph; of how Columbus grew a beard in one day—on a stamp; of a stamp that almost caused a war, and of others which did cause war; how the air mail was sent in 1870; of stamps that cost $50,000.

"Beyond knowing that the ordinary two-cent stamps carry a picture of George Washington, the average person lets it go at that," says Mr. Rothschild. "Yet there are thirteen facts shown. They do not know that Hudson, the French sculptor, used the photograph for the statue that now stands in Richmond, Virginia; that it affords a means of studies hirsute styles of bygone days; that it was done by one of the nation's best designers and engravers; that it is carmine in color, and many other interesting observations."

One of the most popular of the light features on the air from WHAM is the Friday evening Arpeako Minstrel Show. This is a real old-fashioned minstrel entertainment, replete with comedy, gags, jokes and songs, in the typical black-face manner.

In the past year WHAM has been increasing its daytime schedule so that it is now on the air most of the time from eight o'clock in the morning to midnight. In a short time it will be possible to tune in on WHAM at any time during the day or evening.

Sam Magill Joins WTIC

That unfamiliar announcing voice you are hearing from WTIC belongs to Sam Magill, who "learned his mike" at WOR. Sam was quite a boy during his undergraduate days at New York University. His activities there included cheer leading and directing the college glee club.

While still at the University he took vocal lessons from Manley Price Boone of the Metropolitan Opera house, acted as assistant manager of a New York theatre, and appeared in programs at WOR.

When school days were over he went to the Newark station as announcer, soloist and continuity writer. Sam has certainly packed a lot of experience into his twenty-four years, don't you think?

Future Luminaries on the Air from WNAT

A. JOLSON, Fanny Brice, Belle Baker—will we have anybody to succeed them in the hearts of the public? The answer is most assuredly, yes. In case you doubt the above statement, tune in on WNAT in Philadelphia any Sunday evening from nine o'clock to ten o'clock. The first thing that strikes you is a sweet voice announcing. You are then listening to Baby Gloria Alosi—a sweet little baby four years of age. Gloria is not the only talented member of the Alosi family. Her sister Clara is there also, singing the newest theme songs. If you are fond of Fanny Brice then be sure to listen to Mitzi Groff give her interpretation of Fanny’s sketches and songs.

Elaine Byer—a nine-year lassie plays her own ukulele accompaniment to her songs.

Frank Capano, the announcer, earnestly believes that in his station he has the successor to Al Jolson. Little Sammy Shuman, although only thirteen, has been singing over the Radio for many years. His version of Little Pal is well worth hearing.

Bobbie Morris, Jr., although only twelve, is one of the greatest juvenile harmonica players in the country.

Dot Boyle, Johanna McKenzie and Baby Lee, all show promise of becoming future greats.

Beautiful Marie Miller, only ten years of age, is one of the biggest stars on Frank Capano’s Children’s Hour. In a recent contest she received the greatest number of requests for numbers.

Any child that has any talent, and is thirteen years of age or younger, is invited to come to the station and broadcast. Last week all records were broken, over 300 telegrams being received for request numbers from the little stars.

Legends of the Historic Rhineland Told by WBAL

THE historic Rhineland, teeming with legend, a hike through the famous Black Forest, the Passion Play at Oberammergau—a truly fascinating program, was offered last month from WBAL. Colonel Worthington Hollyway was the guide and lecturer.

Colonel Hollyway, who served with the American forces in France and Germany during the World War, is a thoroughly qualified lecture authority. He has traveled through Germany and central Europe from border to border by motor, by train, by boat and on foot. Following the signing of the armistice, he served as military attaché of the American legations at Copenhagen, Helsingfors, and in various sections of the three Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania.

No river is more celebrated in song and story than the Rhine. Both the river itself and the valley through which it flows are redolent with beauty and romance.

Along its highlands the barons of old built great castles whose towers and turrets look down on the swift flowing stream now busy with modern traffic. Some of the tales of these old castles were included in the Colonel’s talks.

Colonel Hollyway had his picture taken with King Christian of Denmark just after the Armistice. Left to right, the French attaché, King Christian and Colonel Hollyway.

Mt. Olympus Broadcasts

A Broadcasting station on Mount Olympus! Shades of the Greeks of Old! May we then hear the voices of the Gods from our loudspeakers?

Hardly, for this Mount Olympus is above Syracuse university! It seems that the establishment of a station to use 1,000 watts broadcasting both the regular programs of WSYR and those of the University, WMAC, has been proposed to the Federal Radio commission by Clive B. Meredith, owner of both stations.

The plan involves construction of a new transmitter to replace those of both the existing stations, as well as broadcasting and studio facilities on the campus. Such an arrangement would give Syracuse university an opportunity to train students in both the technical and artistic phases of broadcasting.
Tremlette Tully, woman's director of WCKY, Covington Kentucky, is a little person, yet she carries the burdens of many listeners on her shoulders. She is young, but her answers to personal problems, a feature she conducts every Thursday morning in connection with her daily My New Kentucky Home Hour, give proof of mature and intelligent thought.

When someone wants to adopt a baby, and an unfortunate, learn what to do with an extravagant wife, trace an anonymous telephone call or learn the proper diet, what does he or she do? When Tully, it seems, for each Thursday morning she gives kindly advice to her friends of the unseen audience.

Names are not announced when the information is of a delicate nature. It is just like calling a physician, attorney, librarian or old friend over the telephone for advice, and yet the questions and answers, confined only to a few persons, are heard by thousands who find help in solving many of their own problems.

But what are some of the questions she is called upon to answer?

A woman in an Ohio town wrote that her husband and baby had been killed. She did not want to live "in this house of sad memories." What should she do? She disposed of the home, just paid for out of her husband's and her earnings? Miss Tully replied: "Sorrow makes us stronger to face life. Sorrow has its reward. A complete change of scene would be the best thing for you. Occupy yourself with work. That is the best cure for mental anguish." A man of 30, married for three years, wrote that unless his wife had a new outfit every week there was a scene. She insisted on going out to restaurants and night clubs to display her finery. Their furniture isn't paid for. "What must I do?" he implored. The answer was simple. "You need background," Miss Tully told him. "Unless you do something to curb your wife's extravagance you will find yourself with your nose to the grindstone the rest of your life. Talk the matter over with your wife. Ask her to help you plan a budget that will include savings."

And lo, the poor man who had his nose already to the grindstone wrote to thank Miss Tully. He had had it "out" with his wife, and she also wrote to thank Miss Tully.

Another man wrote that a woman had called him over the telephone to inform him that she had seen his wife with another man. It was an anonymous call. The description fitted one of his best friends. He said that he had faith in his wife, but "what should he do?"

Why, said Miss Tully, "we can conceive of no lower type of human being than the person who will stoop to write an anonymous letter or place an anonymous telephone call for the sole purpose of instilling a distrust that years sometimes cannot heal. People who do this sort of thing have, in our estimation, criminal instincts. No one should ever pay any attention to anonymous communications. Never repeat them. Try to erase it from your memory. Do not tell your wife. The fact that she has always been all a wife could be should make you know that the statement was
false. Only the coward conceals his name.

It requires many hours of preparation for Miss Tully's fifteen minutes a week for Personal Problems. Her answers must be authoritative. She must not offend. She must try her best to solve these problems, where often future destinies are at stake.

Her compensation comes in the form of letters of thanks from listeners who have found her advice helpful.

Here they are—Clyde and Mac with their uke, genial grin and wise cracks. The Harmony Duo is heard regularly from WQAM at Miami.

Musicians of the Cincinnati Musician's association have put it up to the public as to whether they prefer recorded music, as presented by the sound pictures, or orchestras made up of competent musicians. The opportunity to settle the issue over the air, at least as far as the Cincinnati and Kentucky district is concerned, was provided by L. B. Wilson, operator of station WCKY. A series of concert and dance orchestras, directed by widely known leaders, is being presented from the Covington station.

Hawaii a la Svenska

You really ought to see them, with their Hawaiian wreaths and everything—they're quite a picture when all dressed up for broadcasting. There are six Gustafsons (seven when you count the instructor). It's a bit hard to imagine such a good Scandinavian name tied up to a program from Hawaii, but it's a fact. And listeners to WHBO swear by them (not at them). The family includes Mr. and Mrs. E. L. and four children, ranging from four to fourteen, or thereabouts. Professor H. G. Haili is the instructor mentioned a few lines above.

Wide experience on the organ at WLW taught Owen O. Ogborne more than a trick or two about pleasing the radio audience. Now Owen's down at Charlotte, North Carolina, sending a variety of tunes out over WBT, where he has been for more than a year.

Down South to handle a big hookup broadcast from the Vinc hotel at St. Petersburg, Fl., William S. Lynch, feature announcer and assistant program director for the NBC, runs across two old friends, veterans of broadcasting. Left to right, Lynch, Eddie Squires, announcer-manager of WSUN, St. Petersburg, and Walter Tison, manager for WFLA at Clearwater.
Great Broadcast Programs of Today Are Run

Like Football Game

ANNOUNCER Is the “Quarterback” of Air Entertainment,
Maneuvering His Men on Gridiron of Studio Floor
Under “Coach” Production Manager

By Donald D. Burchard

LARGE Radio programs today are run just like a football team. The announcer corresponds to the quarter-
back who calls signals for the team. He in turn receives his orders from the production manager who corresponds to
the coach.

In football it is the coach who has charge of the preliminary training and of getting his men into fighting trim, polishing up his team-work and perfect-
ing their co-operation for offense and defense. In Radio it is the production manager who lines up the programs after musical directors, continuity writer and program planners have provided for the component parts.

Such a job is the one now held by Jean Paul King at WLW and WSAI. For a month before assuming these duties King was a member of the an-
nouncing staff at the Crosley station. In his new capacity it will be King’s job to see that the programs go on and off the air with the proper style and flourish. And take it from anyone who knows, that is one real job, involving hours of rehearsing, cutting and fitting of musical numbers and continuity, and the unifica-
tion of all entertainment bits into a coherent whole.

Lots of Jean Paul’s friends will re-
member him from the old days out on the Pacific coast. He used to be one of the big guns at KHQ. Before that he was chief announcer for the NBC Pacific Division, serving also as dramatic
director. For a while he was with KFRC, and then took a turn with the Henry Duffy Players in Portland, an-
nounced for KGW and finally landed with KHQ as chief announcer, and now to the big job down in Cincinnati.

Meet “Old Man Moon”

WGHP is bringing to its audience a new and novel program, known as
The Moonwinkers. The program is under the personal direction of Old Man
Moon, himself, who brings before the microphone for the first time the entire
Moon family. The Moonwinkers are all prominent Radio artists and enter-
tainers who have had long and wide experience before the microphone.

The program is devoted exclusively to requests, and the popularity of the feature is established by the hundreds of requests that virtually pour into the
station.

Sopranos and harmonica players lead the two fields of Radio audition mate-
rial, vocal and instrumental, at WLS, according to Don Malin, musical director, who reviews the talents of from thirty to forty amateur broadcasters in the weekly tryout period.

One of the oldest continuous pro-
grams on the air was begun July 26, 1926, by Don R. Falkenberg, who has been presented from WAIU studios ever since. He is in charge of a regular morning pro-
gram known as the Bible Lovers’ Meditation Hour, as well as the Sunday evening vesper service.
The Smiths, a Typical Family, Welcomed by Listeners

THAT the Radio audience likes a certain thread of continuity in its air sketches is indicated by the widespread popularity achieved by the Smith Family, WENR comedy-drama broadcast every Monday night.

Smith Family presentations portray the activities, adventures and everyday life of an average middle class American family. Although this feature has been given practically no publicity and this is the first photograph published, WENR weekly receives hundreds of letters of comment and commendation on the program.

The Smith Family came into being February 20, 1929. Harry Lawrence is the "father," writing all of the continuity, while Lester Luther is director and coach. The Family includes approximately eight characters. Father and mother, Ed and Nora Smith, are played by Arthur Wellington and Marion Jordan. Betty, the flapper daughter, is Irma Glenn, and Irene, the older sister, is interpreted by Thora Martens. The role of Joe Fitzgerald, former prize fighter, who is the sweetheart of Irene, is taken by Jim Jordan, while Joe Warner is Morris Rosenberg. Betty's sweetheart. Occasionally Dick Morgan and Pansy Pinkham make their appearance, played by Mr. Luther and Sallie Menkes.

"The Smith Family has run the gauntlet of human emotions. Anyone who has ever run a gauntlet can appreciate this feat," says Harry Lawrence of his brain children. "In the initial episode Irene and Betty planned an elopement, but through a taxi cab mixup each got the other's boy friend and the plans fell through, both couples deciding to wait a while longer."

"Joe Fitzgerald loses a fight because of a quarrel with Irene over another suitor, the millionaire Dick Morgan. Pansy Pinkham, a chorus girl, enters the race for the Morgan millions and Joe quits the fight game to drive a truck, winning a hill climbing contest, thus saving Father Ed's investment in truck stock and becoming once more Irene's hero. Dick Morgan proposes a round the world trip on his yacht, during the course of which they are wrecked on a South Sea island, where they find Pansy, walking home from a yacht trip. After more adventures they finally reach home, where Pansy marries Dick, leaving the field clear for Joe."

"When Betty accidentally took an overdose of a sleeping potion she actually received flowers and candy from sympathetic listeners. Mrs. Smith has social ambitions, so they acquire a cook who once worked for Mrs. Van Gilder, society leader."

"The Family, in rapid succession, takes a vacation, joins a golf club, tries to run a cabaret and a high brow garage, finally buying a home in Glendale Park and becoming suburbanized. Joe goes back to the ring and becomes light-heavy champion, while Morris Rosenberg becomes engaged to Betty."

"This is the situation at the present time. When the Family celebrated its first birthday on the air a banquet was given them by the station. The Radio audience sent in, among other things, five birthday cakes, several boxes of candy, flowers, letters, telegrams and cards of congratulation."

Women Special Care on KSTP Programs

By E. D. Jencks

APPRECIATING that women comprise a very large and important contingent of the army of KSTP listeners, the station has made provision for many special informative and educational programs and novel entertainment features for the fair sex.

The individual behind the guns who seeks out the wants of the women Radio listeners and sees that these are put on the air, is Miss Corinne Jordan, program director, and formerly with station WBBM of Chicago. Just before the housewife begins her work at home each morning, she tunes to KSTP for the beauty exercises, in which Miss Jordan is assisted by Harry K. Nye, physical director of the St. Paul Y. M. C. A. Again at three each week-day afternoon Miss Jordan acts as empressario of the women's hour.

The Household Clinic brings information on matters concerning the home, many of which have been received from listeners. The Fourth District of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, presents one of its 48 individual committees each week in a program of local talent and short talks on current subjects. The Zonta Club, composed of prominent business women has a set hour each week, in which advice is given to young girls on the respective professions represented in this organization.

Four pink pig tails, boiled and scraped clean, were among the unique gifts to the Maple City 4 quartet at WLS. Two dozen dressed rabbits, some country sausage, popcorn balls, a bushel of unroasted peanuts, and fudge of many varieties served to add to the list of food sent in to the station by fans.
Little Boy Played Safe

THREE little boys were going home from school one afternoon. On the way they had to cross a street busy with automobile traffic. Two of the youngsters stepped off the curb directly in the path of an onrushing car and were seriously injured, one of them dying a few days later.

When the survivor was asked why he hadn't followed his companions on to the street he replied, "Why, I belong to Uncle Bob's Curb Is the Limit Club, and I've promised never to play in the street, and always to stop at the curb, count ten and look both ways before crossing the street."

Needless to say this little boy's mother wrote a heartfelt note of appreciation to Uncle Bob, who has more than 470,000 members in his club who hear his evening programs over KYW. Each one of these youngsters has also taken the club oath embodied in this poem:

In roadways I must never play—
I have no legs to give away;
I have no arms that I can spare.
To keep them both I must take care.

During his eight years as children's entertainer from KYW this jovial, rotund, patient chap has received over two millions of letters from his youthful admirers.

Barn Dance Fiddling Enthralls Big Critics

TRICK barn dance fiddling recently held a group of Chicago's musical celebrities spellbound during a banquet of the Bohemians' club. Dr. Frederick Stock of the Chicago Symphony, Karlton Hackett, critic; Jacques Gordon, Richard Czerwonsky and Herbert Witherspoon had been among the attentive listeners to a classical violin recital by Leon Sametini.

Following the applause for the distinguished violinist, Marx Oberndorfer introduced Rube Tronson, WLS barn dance fiddler, who proceeded to show the "elite" of Chicago's musical circles that old time dance tunes could be produced in a number of ways.

The novelty of his act won an encore from his audience. But none of the crowd was more astonished at Rube's appearance than Don Malin, WLS musical director, who thought the Bohemians' meeting would be a certain retreat from old time fiddling.

Claude MacArthur, one of the newer music directors of the Columbia system, is said to be the only left-handed maestro in Radio today. It is interesting to note that MacArthur directed the music for the popular musical comedy, "Sally, Irene and Mary."

Doc Pollard Has Great Plans for KFEQ

By Ada Lyon

NO, IT'S not a fire, nor a circus parade. The crowd on the mezzanine floor of Hotel Robidoux, St. Joseph, Mo., all day long is there to watch the performers of KFEQ. They are a lot of new ones since W. C. Pollard took over the station on a three-year sublease. He has enrolled two bands and an orchestra, besides twenty-six regular performers. He has kept all the performers who preceded his regime and they are still going strong and are as popular as ever. There are fifteen members in one of Mr. Pollard's bands, nine in another and eleven in the orchestra.

The room when the mezzanine floor, with its softly shaded lamps, its deep comfortable chairs and settees, was a favorite rendezvous for lovers who wanted to avoid the madding crowd. But no longer. The moment one steps out of the elevator, he is in the thick of a throng of spectators peering through the glass doors in the broadcast room.

While formerly two to three hundred letters a week were received, the number has jumped to three or four thousand. Mr. Pollard says that blues singers and old-timers are the favorites, with fiddlers paramount. As for program selections in general, he thinks that old songs and songs of an intermediate period, neither too old or too new, but well known, are most appreciated.

THOUSANDS of Radio listeners throughout the Middle West celebrated with broadcasting station WMBD, on the "World's Most Beautiful Drive," the opening of its new Hotel Pere Marquette studios located in the heart of Peoria's (Illinois) downtown district, in a gala program combining all the station's brilliant and versatile talent, very recently.

The program began at 8:00 in the evening and continued until the early morning hours. All of the available talent in the city gathered to join in the jubilee and the ether was full of fun and frolic for hours.

Here is W. C. Pollard, who started the new year as director-manager of KFEQ. "Doc" has been a favorite on farm programs of several stations for several years, and plans great things for the St. Joseph station.
When KVVO broadcast an appeal for aid for families of miners killed in the McAlester, Oklahoma, disaster Gordon Hittenmark (above) with Tom Noel worked before the mike without relief for twenty hours.

DOWN Houston way there's a new broadcasting station, and it certainly is making the folks sit up and take notice. KTRH is its name, and it operates on 1250 kilos with 1000 watts. Richard Thornhill, the director, has his working quarters right in the studio in the Rice hotel. Opening the middle of March, the station offers Columbia Broadcasting system programs. Time is shared with a small college station, KTRH having the lion's portion. Jesse H. Jones, the man who brought the last Democratic national convention to Houston, is backing this new voice of the Southwest.

By Milton G. Hall

"ESTACION Diffusora KPRC, Houston, Texas" American listeners who tune in KPRC at Houston, Texas, will hear this peculiar phrase many times during the course of the all-Mexican program presented by the Houston station each Tuesday night. In at least one respect KPRC leads all stations in the United States. Its applause mail from foreign countries nearly equals the response from American listeners which is great.

Several hundred letters a week bearing the strange postage stamps of foreign countries arrive at the studios of the station. Because of its geographic location KPRC is heard regularly with good volume in Mexico, Central America, Cuba and many countries of South America.

Realizing the number of listeners KPRC had in Latin America, the owners inaugurated last October an all-Mexican program dedicated to listeners in the southern countries. This is presented on Tuesday nights and announcements are given in both Spanish and English. On the eve of his inauguration, Ortiz Rubio, the new president of Mexico, was saluted by the Post-Dispatch station. Rubio wired congratulations to KPRC and expressed his appreciation, saying that the people of Mexico looked upon KPRC as a local station and favored it above all others.

The all-Mexican program is announced by Curtis Farrington, president of the Spanish club of Rice institute at Houston. During the first broadcast of the all-Mexican program long distance telephone calls were received from Mexico City, Tampico, Matamoros, Monterey and Nuevo-Leon. But no one in the KPRC studios could speak Spanish, so the situation rapidly became acute. Mr. Farrington was busy announcing and could not take the calls. The problem was solved by employing Ruth Chaires, a charming daughter of Old Mexico, to handle the switchboard when the all-Mexican program is on the air.

Music for the program is furnished by the Torres-Tipica String orchestra, directed by Albino Torres. Torres formerly was a student of music in Guadalajara, Mexico, and in Mexico City. He is recognized as a pianist of unusual ability.

This charming little lady is Mildred Kyffin, contralto soloist with the KOA Light Opera Company and a descendant of one of the first families of Virginia. They say Mildred is a very democratic little aristocrat.

Mexican programs are on the air.

Two hundred children of San Angelo, Texas, were made happy at a Radio party given by KGKL. These youngsters are all members of a story book club conducted by the station. Mrs. Dean Chenoweth, conductor of the club; A. W. McMillan, announcer, and Henry Ragsdale are shown.
Plan New Network Links for Mexican Listeners

The first unit of what is designed to be a Mexican radio network linking Mexico City, Monterrey, Tampico and Reynosa, has been constructed at the last named city below the Rio Grande. With its main studios at Reynosa, opposite Hidalgo, Texas, Station XIBC will also broadcast by remote control from Weslaco, Donna, Pharr, San Juan, Mission and McAllen, in the Lone Star state.

Scheduled for the opening program festivities was the personal appearance of some of the luminaries of the Radio world, as well as important dignitaries of Mexico and Texas, including the governor of Tamaulipas.

A. G. Akerooyd is vice-president and general manager of the International Broadcast chain, operating the station, with William Corthay as studio manager and announcer in charge. Akerooyd at one time was director of the Mexican trade bureau of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, and connected as a partner with an import and export agency at Laredo and at New Orleans.

The new station, which will be used to develop the export trade, was built by W. E. Branch, Radio Engineer who constructed WBAP, WBBM, WCCO and WREC, J. N. Kincaid, of San Antonio, is financing the new station project and is president of the company.

Arrangements have been made with a recording firm to operate studios in conjunction with XIBC. Regular auditions will be held for the tryouts of Mexicans in the making of phonograph records.

Stands on “ Richest Hill”

One of the highest stations in the world, the transmitter of KGIR stands almost 6,000 feet above sea level on the “richest hill on earth,” Butte, Montana. The only station between the Twin Cities and Spokane that is heard in Montana the year ’round, KGIR is truly in a class by itself.

Studios in both Butte and Anaconda, connected by 27 miles of direct wire, furnish programs daily from seven in the morning to midnight to not only the wealthy mining center of Butte, but to the great open spaces of farming and grazing territory for miles around.

Many of the most prominent business men and women in Montana are included on the advisory board of KGIR. Programs of the NBC are used regularly, and application has been made for an increase from 230 to 1,000 watts.

A new personality steps to the mike at KFH. It is the “Jingle Lady,” and she is accompanied by the Dwarfe twins. This program comes from Council Bluffs on Wednesdays and Fridays.

One of the most popular programs at KMMJ, the Gospel Singers, as their name implies, confine themselves to old hymns. Dent Holcomb, tenor, Mrs. H. H. Johnson, soprano, Mrs. Mildred Packard, contralto, and Fred N. Hodges, bass, are heard thirty minutes daily except Sundays, when they are on the air for an hour.

Introducing Dr. Brinkley

To know Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Brinkley, and “Johnny Boy” of KFKB, is to love them. Indeed, you will find a happy devoted family—and little John Richard III is a regular boy and admired by everyone. He loves to go quietly into Dr. Brinkley’s private office and give him a kiss or hug. The children chatter, thus winning the hearts of thousands with the sound of his sweet voice.

He is a little heart breaker, too, and many a little miss would like to be his “sweetie.” Letters and valentines are pouring in for him. Dr. and Mrs. Brinkley are devoting their time and money for the good of humanity, and all the patients at the hospital welcome the smile and ringing laugh of Mrs. Brinkley as she makes her daily trips to the hospital rooms.

Dr. Brinkley gives daily lectures over KFKB, which is owned and operated by him. These lectures deal with health, religion, and fraternalism. The medical question box is nation wide. Thousands love to listen to him, and the letters come to him by the scores.

At 11:00 P. M. every Saturday night, KFH presents their regular Saturday Night Revue. At this time you will hear all the entertainers as they do their bit for KFH.
Tom Murray of Stage and Screen Fame at KTM—Wildhack and Cugat Entertain in Own Respective Fashions.

They Want It Different
By Dianne Dix

"If it's different we want it—to give to you," say the "big shots" at KFWI. And just for a sample they tell about their Radio Question Box, the giving of piano lessons over the air, which is designed to help the average listener get the best from his set; Trials and Tribulations of the Oakleys, the last being an intimate married life skit. There are others, but it's seldom interesting to read a list of features.

Among the other things boasted of (although it's supposed to be something of a secret) by this 'Frisco station is the youngest program director on the coast, Henry C. Blank by name. Rolf Dean Metcalf, the chief announcer, is a native son who received his mike training around southern California's stations. Metcalf is also an accomplished pianist and writer.

"Old Timer's" other name is Charles Glenn, and his big job is serving as day announcer. He brags that he knows some 2,500 old time songs. Every now and then he runs a contest, trying to find a fan who can stump him, but no one has yet had that honor.

Joan and Ginger are two charming maidens who present a program over KYA every afternoon. Their half hour is one of diversity, despite the fact that there are only two little girls responsible. Once in a while Dud Williamson, master of ceremonies at the station, is called on to offer a solo, but otherwise Ginger and Joan are the "works." Joan plays the 'cello, Ginger the piano. They both sing, together, and singly, thus disproving any theories about its taking at least five artists to fill a half hour varied program.

A new use for Radio which proved its adaptability as entertainment was recently exemplified when the Portland, Oregon, Civic theatre, in putting on a play used a receiving set in place of an orchestra. The music was broadcast from KXL especially for the theatre production.

By Ralph L. Power

A NOther film fellow has gone Radio. Tom Murray is the fond male parent of both Mabel and Ginger, famed vaudeville duo. He has done character and straight parts in the films for years.

"Perhaps you remember his work with Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush." It was Tom's cabin that fell over the bank and got buried in the snow avalanche. When the shot was taken it was 112 degrees, but that is another story.

Tom still does bits for the talkies — dialect mostly, especially negro character speaking. In natural role his kindly demeanor, scrappy sideburns and twinkling eyes have won him many friends.

Now he's on the KTM staff regularly — appearing on the KTM ranch hour (unsponsored) week days from 7 to 8 a.m. and Friday evening at eight o'clock.

He sings plaintive cowboy melodies, chants cute little ditties of the plains, yodels a mean tenor and strums valiantly away on his favorite overgrown uke—a guitar instrument.

Years ago Tom Wildhack used to illustrate covers for Leslie's, Colliers, Judge and other eastern publications. Then health failed and he moved to Tujunga, California, to recuperate.

He gave a series of Thursday night broadcasts for KHJ until he had a relapse. Now, after a year's absence, he is back again to take part in the Merry Makers' frolic each Thursday at 8 p.m.

Bob, for the most part, carries out the theme of his old Victor records of snores and sneezes. Why, when a man can get the announcer snoring or sneezing with him, he must be good.

Wildhack hunts and traps snores and sneezes in the most out of the way places in the world. He creeps up on them in a Pullman car or in the dark recesses of mountain caverns. Some of his creations mimic the sparse, maidenly school teacher, the phlegmatic drummer, or the dignified old walrus who clips coupons.

Of course, besides the rare specimens from foreign lands, there is also the common or garden variety.

If gathered in one place, and all functioning at the same time, Wildhack's snores would make a more tremendous
roar than Niagara and his sneezes, if assembled under one roof, would make a miniature Kansas cyclone.

Look what Xavier Cugat has gone and done ... brought a bandoneone to KFWB’s prize studio. Sounds like a patent medicine, doesn’t it? But it’s only a type of piano-accordion brought back from gay Paree by a couple of musicians in his new Tango Orchestra, which he directs when not indulging in his gentle hobby of caricaturing the great and near great of the broadcasting world, for Radio Digest readers.

SUNDAY nights are big nights for fans who listen to KFWB, for those are the times when Hollywood’s headliners take the air. Famous stars of the screen are on when the First National’s Studio hour is heard from eight to nine o’clock of a Sunday evening.

Hal G. Nichols is the jovial president-manager of the firm, Nichols and Warinner, Inc., owners of KFOX in Long Beach. Mr. Nichols presides as Master of Ceremonies at many of the programs and takes the part of the Teacher in the famous Buttercreme School. In a recent questionnaire answered by the listeners-in, he was judged the most popular announcer at the station, which is due to his inimitable manner of making his audiences “see as well as hear” his programs.

Broadcasts India’s Lure

LAL CHAND MEHRA gets another break in Radio. Three years ago he gave some unique KHJ programs with a broadcast each month of the weird melodies of India, played on native instruments, with speaking parts interspersing the chants.

All the audience had to do was to turn the lights low, scatter a bit of incense around the parlor, sit cross legged on the floor and the Radio did the rest.

But the KHJ programs of that time were unsponsored and consequently unpaid.

So Lal Chand did some lecturing for the state university, talked at women’s clubs, and worked in the talkies.

Perhaps you saw him as one of the doormen in “The Thirteenth Chair,” and he did the technical directing for “The Green Goddess” production.

KFWB has been giving him another Radio break ... giving some brief chats, to the accompaniment of a musical background played purposely by Ray Martinez and his Pacific Salon Orchestra.

Maybe you think that policemen haven’t got a heart, or that they don’t fall for that sentimental stuff? You’re mistaken. Sentiment? Say, if you listen to them over KDLY at Salt Lake City on Friday afternoons at 4 o’clock, you would take back anything you would have liked to tell that cop that pinched you the other day! Twenty-five of the warblers of the Salt Lake police are making a real hit.

Would you ever, ever think that this jolly looking young fellow would have the title of uncle? But he has, he’s Uncle Ben of the Kangaroos, and George Snell when acting as announcer at KDLY.
Destiny, Fate Join to Decree Radio for Jean

By Carl T. Nunan

Destiny decreed and fate provided that Jean Campbell Crowe, KPO's program director, should become one of the best known and loved woman program arrangers of the nation.

Miss Jean Carr, was of noble English birth and an accomplished musician. Circumstances had forced her to take up her station in the Gray home on a New Orleans plantation and one of the things she had done was to secretly give the embryo program director piano lessons.

At the conclusion of the private musicale, Mrs. Gray decided that the child prodigy of the family should eventually become one of America's best pianists. Through the years that decision has borne fruit.

Nine years after that memorable audition given her grandmother, Jean Campbell was ready for her first concert tour. She was then 14 years old. For one year she toured throughout the country as accompanist and piano soloist of recitals given by the Russian violin virtuoso, Von Rola Machielinski. At the conclusion of the successful tour she returned to Chicago and became identified with the Studebaker Theatre, where she appeared as accompanist of many world famous artists.

Then came that eventful time in every girl's life, marriage. And of course with it came the inevitable question—"a career or marriage?" Both won. The now Mrs. Frederick Crowe decided that she could with success divide her time between her home life and a career—and she succeeded. While not busy as a Director of the National Board of Federation of Music Clubs or pursuing the duties expected of a State President of Federation of Music Clubs of Illinois or as President of Illinois Music Teachers' Association, positions in which she established an enviable reputation of progressive administrations—Mrs. Crowe raised her son Granville, who is now in Seattle as the advertising representative of the Shell Oil company, in charge of the Northwest territory—and a son any woman would be proud of.

Aside from music Mrs. Crowe's "hobby" is Indian study, she being a noted lecturer on the subject. For years, the silver haired director of programs for KPO has spent much of her time collecting Indian rugs and Indian relics. Many of the rare objects of Indian art she has collected are to be seen at the Affiliated Colleges in San Francisco.

Whole Nation Listens to KFWM Program

What is said to be the largest national broadcast ever to originate in the Far West had KFWM of Oakland as the key station when it was put on the air April 27. At that time Judge J. F. Rutherford, known for his broadcasting in the past on Bible subjects, was the feature of this nation-wide hookup.

More than 100 stations took part in the broadcast, which was issued during two separate periods. Fifty-five stations in the eastern part of the United States carried the first half of the broadcast from 6 until 7 o'clock, Pacific time. The remaining stations handled the rest of the broadcast from 10 to 11 o'clock the same evening.

The program was scheduled for re-broadcast by several short-wave stations, including WGY of Schenectady, N. Y., KNX of Hollywood and W9XЕ of Cleveland.

With the huge chain of stations coupled with the short-wave transmitters, it was possible to hear the entire program over the entire earth. Gustave Hoffman's Orchestra Supreme in entertaining and tantalizing melodies was also a feature of the broadcast.
Barber Shop Songs Bring

FAME to SAMMY

One-Man Combination Characters Offered by "The Nova Scotian Lauder" Popular with CHNS Listeners—Singing Barber Shields Warbles 'Most Anything Put to Music

By Verner A. Bower

For years untold fame of the barber shop quartettes as music makers has rung throughout the world. Down in Halifax, Nova Scotia, there is a new barber one-man combination in Sammy Shields, "The Nova Scotian Lauder.

Star of the Simpson Radio hour, one of the premier features of CHNS, Sammy by his versatile performance has become one of the best known figures behind the mike in Halifax. Eminent as a soloist long before the coming of broadcasting Sammy stepped before the mike in an interpretation of Sir Harry Lauder and became famous in a night. Ever versatile, he did not stop there but carried his efforts further, appearing in English comedy characters. But it is striding up and down in swishing kilts that Sammy is best loved.

Prominent as a tenor soloist with the George MacDonald Opera company, Sammy early became popular as the "Singing Barber." The coming of Radio meant but an extending of his audience. Like Sir Harry he has many droll stories. On one occasion a listener called up CHNS and asked the number of the Lauder record just played. It was Sammy Shields!

At the top of the Roy building, one of the new business blocks, on Barrington street, there is a red and white pillar announcing a barber shop. In neat black letters are the words "Sam Shields, Prop." Inside Sammy sits in a white coat just like any other ordinary barber. But—not quite like any other barber. Like any other Scotch barber. For no one could doubt Sammy was a Scotchman!

"What are you singing now, Sammy?" he was asked.

"Why, I sing anything! It doesn't matter. I sing a lot of the popular Feist Jazz songs. Feist sends them to me and the people like them. But, of course, I prefer the Scotch songs! But if I have to I can be an Englishman, too!"

Isabelle Burnada Nearly Weaned on Spirituals

Even before she could talk, Isabelle Burnada was humming Negro spirituals, learned from her colored mammy in the distant island of Mauritius. The romantic legend of Paul and Virginia and associated stories of the depredations of the great pirate Sir Bouctouche, who long terrorized the Indian ocean, have made famous this land of hidden treasure.

Miss Burnada's Canadian home has always been in British Columbia, and she started serious study in Vancouver. Her musical education was made possible through the interest of Patrick Burns of Calgary. After a year of study in Vancouver Miss Burnada continued her work for six years under European masters.

It was during her third year on the Continent that she was able to make good on an opportunity that sounds almost like a fairy tale. She was studying with Marcel Boudouresque of the Opera Comique in Paris. He was engaged to take part in a great charity concert at the Gallo-Roman theatre at Orange, France, which dates back to the days of Julius Caesar.

At the last moment Boudouresque was taken ill and Miss Burnada took his place. It was her first appearance on an important occasion, and she was naturally nervous. At the conclusion of her first solo there arose a spontaneous din of applause that hailed a new star, a previously unknown Canadian girl who had become famous over night.

Miss Burnada has toured the United States and Canada, as well as successfully appearing in England. She was presented on the CKB Radio network.

Wishart Campbell, well-known Canadian baritone and artist on CNR programs with the All-Canada Symphony hour, is of Scotch descent, only son of the Rev. Neil Campbell. Born in Oro, Ontario, Campbell took up the study of piano when but six years old. Graduating from the University of Toronto, he taught for a time and then began vocal studies. His repertoire embraces over twenty-five arias and 500 songs and ballads.

The quartet of CFAC is the delight of Radio fans throughout Alberta and the Canadian West. Jascha Galperin plays the violin, Cecil Kappey the piano, Ted Harvey the 'cello, and W. Harris the bass violin.
Here's Answer to Daily Problem

What Shall We Have to Eat Today? Mary Hale Martin Plans and Prepares Tempting Meals Daily

SOME sage once remarked that everyone eats every day, inferring therefrom that anything which pertains to this eating would be of widespread interest, and that those engaged in the program of supplying this diurnal human occupation would prosper.

In hypothesis, however, he either overlooked or entirely disregarded the fact that the very truth of it makes for monotony. True it is that everyone eats or tries to eat every day—day after day and day after day—until the process, unless enlivened with new interest and zest, becomes little more than a necessary habit. And while housewives rack their brains, husbands grumble.

"What shall we have to eat today?"

It is an international question and the bugaboo of many a woman. Usually, she runs the gamut of steak, pork chops, lamb chops, veal, and ham and soon back again in desperation, fervently and heartily wishing at almost all times that there were some new dish or some new way of serving old dishes which she could easily learn about. But generally she hesitates to try out the various recipes which she sees in cook-books, or she never gets time to look these recipes up, and while she rushes through her household tasks, the dread specter is ever before her hissing up his living..."What shall we have to eat today?"

With a sympathetic knowledge of just how universal this question is, Mary Hale Martin, charming lady to whom marvelous things with pots and pans and foods in her model kitchen at the plant of Libby, McNeill and Libby in Chicago, heard it in her homes, and on Wednesday morning broadcasts over Station KFKX and a National Broadcasting company coast-to-coast network. And in proving how correct she was in her assumption that this is a vital problem to the average American housewife, come hundreds of thousands upon thousands of letters from women in every part of the country, letters calling her attention to some new way to serve this or that. From all over the country, she has tried out in her kitchen during the week.

"For a delicious asparagus and egg salad," she will tell her listeners, "take one can of asparagus tips, lettuce, six hard-boiled eggs, three tablespoons of chopped stuffed olives, one-half tablespoon of mustard, parsley and one-half cup of French dressing. Arrange three asparagus tips on each serving of salad. Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Mash yolks and mix with chopped stuffed olives and mustard. Refill egg whites and garnish with parsley. Serve with French dressing. Recipe serves six."

DESSERTS may be featured in another talk and a recipe, such as the following, "from the kitchen of Mary Hale Martin," will be broadcast:

**Butterscotch and Peach Tapioca**

1 cup evaporated 1 cup water
1 2 tablespoons salt milk 1 egg
1/2 teaspoon vanilla 2 1/2 teaspoons sugar
1/2 cup granulated 2 cups sugar
1 tablespoon butter 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
2 tablespoons brown 1 cup milk
1 peach

Dilute and scald milk. Add tapioca and cook in double boiler until clear and slightly thickened. Add brown sugar and salt. Combine with beaten egg yolks and cook a few minutes longer. Remove from fire, add flavoring and butter and fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Fill peach halves, turned cut side up. Serve with plain or fruit sauce. Recipe serves seven.

Getting down to the more prosaic dishes, such recipes as the following for Sauerkraut Torban, are given:

**Mashed potatoes** 1 medium onion
(about 4 cups) 1/4 cup catchup
1 No. 1/2 can sauer- 2 No. 1/2 cans Vien-
krat
3 strips bacon
3社会 mold bacon. Fill buttered ring mold with hot mashed potatoes. Set in oven to keep hot. Cut strips of bacon in small pieces and cook until crisp. Remove bacon from pan and add minced onion to fat. Brown and add bacon, catchup and sauerkraut. Simmer in covered pan for 20 minutes. In the meantime, heat sausage according to directions on can. Unmold potatoes on hot platter and fill center with hot sauerkraut. Garnish outside mold with sausage and serve at once. Recipe serves six.

Officially, Mary Hale Martin's title is director of the Libby, McNeill & Libby Home Economics department, and this girl, to whom the University of Wisconsin gave her theoretical knowledge about what is this and what is that in the way of food, vitamins and all the other things that anyone with such a title is supposed to know, has very definite ideas about what modern dining room practices should include.

CREATION of new dishes or new ways of serving old dishes is not in itself sufficient, she will tell you, as she gazes intently for a moment into the oven of her ultra modern electric range or mixes up some savory smelling compounds. "We aim to create dishes that will not only taste good but that will digest easily, as well," she says.

It is one thing to desire a certain delicacy. It is another to be able to digest it, and in our work here, we, so to speak, keep one eye on the taste and the other on the digestive tract."

The suite in which Mary Hale Martin and her associates work is one which would send envy through almost any housewife. It is located in the midst of (Continued on page 126)
Voice of the Listener

A Boon to Shut-In

HAVING been a shut-in for almost five years now, I have learned to enjoy the daily
walk again, according to physicians, I wish to
say a few words of praise, and thanks to your
magazine, for it has kept my mind and spirit
especially in behalf of the many shut-ins through-
out this great land.

I am a reader of the Digest for a short time, and I certainly enjoy and appreciate the pictures and news of the various artists and station personnel. I have heard stories of people who broadcast the aired programs from parts of the United States, and that never to
time to time with the stations, and also when a
station gets a permit for an increase in power,
I’m sure this would be of much interest to your
readers. May I also suggest that you print
what suggestions you receive on the code of
Radio. Some fiction is all right, but it shouldn’t
take up too much space in a Radio magazine.

W. K. Henderson Forever

W. K. Henderson, of Memphis, Tenn., says, "The Voice of the People," is doing more good for the American
people than any other station on the air.

I sincerely hope that the program will be aired by
any station on the air today for service, educa-
tion, amusement and dependability.

Where Do We Go Now?

I was dumfounded on reading the article, "Where Do We Go?" by Elsie Robinson in the March Radio Digest. I had supposed Radio Digest confined itself to the
interests of natives over the band. I found it
informative and interesting. Dabbling in religious and irre-
ligious theories in R. D. would be an unsafe
venture.

When Have We Not Used One?

As suggestions are in order most any time, I
am writing to suggest something to you for
your very consideration. I would like to see your
book first gets its publicity and becomes known
by its name and its contents. It arouses much
interest in the literary field at first, but after
while it just falls into the routine of things.
Therefore I suggest that you list your book from
the other monthly magazines. For instance, Liberty
has one of the most popular covers on any
magazine, and has one that says, "Ill and
Her Adventures," because they seem real and
human. The Photoplay has a cover that is quick
to catch the eye. Why? Because it has a real
live person on it and one to whom people look
with interest.

Well, so much for the other magazines. Your
magazine has a name that is field for ample mater-
ial. The People of the Radio world, are very inter-
ested in the personalities they hear from time
to time over the Radio. I am a Radio fan, and
I would like to see your station promoted in
such a way that we would want to see and know them "In Person" as well as "In Spirit." Your field is so large and diver-
sified that there are a lot of important
things that are before our eyes we can’t forget.

The stations associated with the Columbia and
NBC networks announce with a certain regular-
ity. Those smaller, independent stations seem to
be in competition with the announcements we wait.

Another matter: Oftentimes we tune in on a
musical program in which we have considerable
interest, but we do not even know the name of which we cannot speak. A few years ago
the announcers gave the names of the music, played on the program, but I feel that the practice
which seems to be to announce only once—

Before I wonder how much time it would take to
announce the number twice—both before and
after the program played.—Edward G. Gaylord, Syracuse, N. Y.

Curious About Chain Programs

I am a Radio fan and interested in the pro-
grams the two networks present. Radio Digest
has been the first to name for me the first copy
my first copy one year ago, and has up till now
brought me a picture of each of my favorite
artists. I would suggest that your magazine
print an article on how a network program is put
over. I know it would be appreciated by all
interested Radio fans.—George Dor, Jr., Bronx,
New York City.

We Print Every Name Stations Send Us

Do not throw this in the waste basket until you
realize, do not forget, that it is your magazine
as well as my own. Why—yes, why—do you continue to
omit the names of anyone broadcasting at sta-
tion KWFH (Henry S. Vaughn, Coon-Sanders—
dob, Iowa) and KKWHR (W. K. Henderson’s
station, Shreveport, La.)—in your Who’s Who in
Broadcasting?—Mrs. G. McCarty, Draper, S. D.

As Necessary as Tubes

Wish to tell you how much we enjoy your magazine.
It is a real help and comfort in our work. In
our Radio and cannot suggest any way you could
improve it. Would very much like to see an
article on All-Space—also to find something
new.—F. A. Parsons, Beverly, W. Va.

Better Than That—This Issue

It wasn’t until recently that I discovered how
wonderful Radio Digest really is. I immediately
subscribed for it. In my work as a sales manager of
a member of your V. O. L correspondence club.
I am going to ask a couple of favors of you. I am
more interested in it. I am asking because I
find this articles contain these articles. I will
immediately send the moment for the same.—I agree with another
V. O. L member: Let’s halt an article on
Coon-Sanders Nightingales.—Howard Hall,
Dundee, N. Y.

How About It, DX’ers?

On Saturday, February 15, at 8:45 p.m., and
again on the following Saturday at the same hour,
I tuned in a station in Havana, Cuba, operating
on 50 meters. I was interested in finding out
letters because of their being announced in Spanish.
This station had four names advertised as
such in the Western CQ, Coon-Sanders, New
York City operates on this wavelength, so I cannot
tune in this Cuban station only at times. Also,
on the night when it was operating, QST did not
list the station on about 50 meters, just below the
station mentioned stations only because we are
rather faint, therefore I was unable to find out
what the station was. I could find no stations such as these two listed in
such a list. My plea is to find something
new.—J. A. Smuck, Ocklawaha, N. Y.
essay or what have you, entitled: "Where Do We Go," by Elsie Robinson. I fail to see how an essay of this nature can be a popular magazine of this character, therefore my best means of protest is to refrain from further patronage.

James F. K., 611 McMahon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. ...

Like a "Talking Movie"

Let me say the Radio Digest is one fine book. Among other things, it has the pictures of who is who in radio land. I've seen nothing like it yet. Radio Digest is like a talkie because in it you can both see and hear what's going on, but you can't see and hear the real thing. The other day I was looking at the Digest and one page had a picture of Casey, Casey. When I was reading the Digest, now, one gets the impression that the only real stars are shining for the NBC. Please do not think we are unappreciative, we are merely saying their better things immensely, and they certainly have a wonderful lineup, but we would also like to hear and see something about the other important stations, I should have said MORE of the CBS staff and artists.—C. M. Flynn, Detroit, Mich.

Likes Recorded Programs

The editorial page on six of current issue of Radio Digest is simply marvelous to many as meriting a word of commendation. I have long wondered at the prevalent disparagement of the broadcasting of phonograph records and the defavor with which the use of such program material is said to be regarded by the Federal Radio Commission. To my mind a good record, having regard to technical quality and regardless of subject matter, put on the air in the best manner, is to be preferred to much of the output of the so-called "radio artists."

Organists seem to present technical difficulties. Most hear we is certainly had. It is reported WBAL has recently developed a new type of organist which does away with the low-note pickup. However, the primary cause of the poor organist is the lack of competent organists. You realize the value of a program that has a different technical setup. It's a pity that our station announcement isn't always timely. At times, the station announcement right at the end of the music. KFI of Los Angeles has taken the right idea. As soon as the stunt, whatever it may be, is over you hear at once, "KFI, Los Angeles." I'm not on the air music and are getting it all at you can surely get it. That's up to you, Mr. Editor, to pound them on the back of the "modern" manner of the Digest for sometime, and have been tempted before to write about this. And, as have started the question, are you getting your organists something to think about. More power to your fist.—B. A. Dunn, Wichita, Kansas ...

Well Worth Waiting For

I'm only curious how the Digest was in existence till I heard someone say the Amos 'n Andy star in it was fine. So I decided to buy it. I had got it the new one from my paper man. I had to wait three days for it, but it was worth waiting for. I was so glad. I found that I wanted to write something and so I did. I think WENR is the best at all. I think WENR is the best. We have the largest number of broadcasting stations on a one-tube set.—J. Allen Perry, 529 Russell St., Covington, Ky.

Stations Want Letters But Won't Answer

Recently have been reading articles in the magazines that are called magazines. Glad to see KWKH, or Dobgson-Henderson, as we call him, had such good backing. Re sent not answering letters—lots of them. Will ask listeners to write, but we have not get an answer from any of them. I wish there was a contest of the best and poorest announcers. The most of them are too long between times, and snap it out as if they were ashamed of their town. We have some good announcers on the coast, but there is one I wish was nearer. We're miles across the sea. I bet we would have no bother catching his station letters. He sings out loud and slow, "Rootin' Tootin'," and the like. Brag, Colum- bia, Canada." Re foreign stations—i wish they would at least give their call letters in English, too. In the last two hours that I was up, the morning, got several stations I could not understand a word of,—A. Rany, Abbottford, B. C.

No Partiality Intended

We want to tell you that the Radio Digest is such the modern article of popular reading that comes into our home, and that is saying something to us. We have the last number of the Digest coming to us every month, to say nothing of two daily papers. However, there is one thing we cannot understand, and that is why you say so little about the artists with the Columbia System? They have some of the finest in the world, and their announcers are equal to any on the air, and passed by none.—James F. K., 611 McMahon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. ...

In Defense of "Little Fellow"

May I join the V. O. L.? I just wish to offer my defense in support of the small independent broadcasting stations. Thirty miles from my section of the good old Empire State, is an independent station, and, if anywhere you can find a better station than that, you can keep it. L. W. I don't want to waste station projects on the air, you have got to show me. My Radio set brings in a great many different stations, and this is WENR, during daytime hours, but I consistently turn to the small station as my favorite entertainer. —Fullerton C., Albion, N. D.

Thinks Lombardo Beats Coon-Sanders

I am and have, for a long period, been a staunch friend of your wonderful magazine, and am always looking forward to the next number. This morning I am in my fighting togs (pardon the slang), in my March issue is an article by Vir- ginia Peters, Cincinnati, Ohio, claiming Coon-Sanders orchestra as the most wonderful and only perfect orchestra in the world. Coon-Sanders have a hot dance orchestra, I will allow, but for the beauty and palpitating rhythm Guy Lombardo's (the sweetest music this side of the Pacific) will keep me on the floor with any. Please open your hearts and give us a little more on Lombardo and Coon Sanders—wasting your time.—I think—WENR ...

Whole Family Listens

I read in the Milwaukee Journal that Radio Digest was a story telling all about Amos 'n Andy. I would like to get the pictures of Ted Husing and Frank Knight and Don Ball, announcers for the Mutual Broadcasting Company. Also the picture of Marley R. Sherrill of the National Broadcasting Company. I have a radio, and we have many other people in it.—Mrs. R. A. Bowen, 76 First St., Eastport, Md.

You're Welcome, Miss Rawlings

I have been receiving the Radio Digest since December, 1932, and I especially like the history of Amos 'n Andy, the popular comedians: also articles by Miss Rawlings. Wish you could have pictures of John S. Young and Alwyn Hach. Was pleased to find the picture of Dixie Girls and the Hawaiian girls. —Louise Rawlings, Sloter, Min.

Reads Three Issues in Two Weeks

I have just finished reading the last three numbers of the Radio Digest, and I certainly enjoyed every page. I mean when I read, it was said, "finished reading the last three numbers." I did not think that I would go to school, and that means some tall reading. I came across an item which said that the listeners should write in and ask for their favorite station pictures, and that is the reason for this letter. Try and get the Dixie Girls and the Hawaiians from station KMA. Thank you for the suggestion, that that is my favorite station, for the owner is against chain broadcasts, while I think that he is wasting his time trying to do away with the good stations, and I am sure that many of his listeners. I listen to more chain programs than to programs featured by small stations.—Rock- ford H. Cannon, Rockford, Ill. 

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.
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### Chain Calendar Features

**Recommended**

*After listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for May:*

**Sunday**
- Colliers Radio Hour
- La Palina Rhapsodizers

**Monday**
- Coco Couriers
- **A. and P. Gypsies**

**Tuesday**
- Old Gold Paul Whiteman Hour
- Radio Keith Orpheum Hour

**Wednesday**
- Hank Simmons Show Boat
- Halsey Stuart Program

**Thursday**
- Fleischmann Hour
- Seibering Singers

**Friday**
- Cliquot Club
- Armstrong Trojans

**Saturday**
- Lauderland Lyrics
- Around the Samovar

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**Radio Symphony**
- Key Station-WJZ (399.5-740k)

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**National Youth Conference**
- Key Station-WJZ (399.5-740k)

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**Dr. O. Parker Clinton**
- Key Station-WJZ (454.3-600k)

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**Cathedral Hour**
- Key Station-WJZ (492.6-210k, WABC (438.6-600k)

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**Overseas**
- Key Station-WJZ (454.3-600k)

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**Chain and Sunbeam Radio Oratory**
- Key Station-WJZ (454.3-600k)

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**Our Government**
- Key Station-WJZ (454.3-600k)

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**Majestic Theatre of the Air**
- Key Station-WJZ (454.3-600k)

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**Atwater Street Rendezvous**
- Key Station-WJZ (454.3-600k)
So much has been said about Vaughan De Leath and Franklyn Baur, stars of the Voice of Firestone, Hugo Mariani has been almost forgotten at times. He is one of Radio's foremost conductors and conducts several other musicals over the NBC.

### Monday

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### The Voice of Firestone

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### Don't you think this is an attractive picture of Belle Forbes Cutter?

She was recently heard in the lead role of New Moon over the CBS.
When Chevrolet was looking about for a headliner to grace its big celebration on the Columbia system it hit upon Grace Hayes, star of the stars.
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Joe Rines is vocal soloist and director of an unusual orchestral unit, the Triadors, who are heard in an NBC program Friday evenings at 8 o'clock (EST).
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This distinguished looking gentleman has a right to his likes and dislikes for he is no other than the great violinist, Tosche Seidel. He was recently heard on a Friday evening Brown-Bilt Footlites program presented by Columbia.
...Who's Who in Broadcasting...

TYLULY, Marie, Popular Pianist and Singer. The woman who are coming up before WNZR's microphone, they often say, are Marie Tyllul, and sometimes it is Geraldine and sometimes it is Marie Tullul. But that sweet feminine char- acter, Marie Tullul is a delightful story. You might call her the Girl Friend in this case. She also takes part in Here and There on the Air. In fact, she is in demand for all popular programs.

Underwood, Daisy Maule, soprano, KVOO, KLD, Manager, Announcer, KNX.

University of Minnesota Band, Michael Jahn, conductor, WOCN.

Upson, W., Director of Plays, WCAU.

Upson, Monroe, "Simpy Pitta" Book Reader, Public Relations, KFHC, has been closing, which is exciting and small really over KFHC for the past six years, and he has been heard at all the events.

Utica Jubilee Singers, National Broadcasting Company.

VAAGDON Kings, Bernard and Claude Vyvyan, Announcer, KXQ.

Vazinhale Male Quartet, Harold Single- tone, John, Director, W-project, 1st tenor; Philip Reep, 2nd tenor; Ben- jamin Hulka, bass; John Hulka, baritone. They have heard about the famous quartet, and have decided to try and make it a reality.

Vailes, Clara Hinson, Soprano, WSN.

Valentine, Mary, Director, KIVD.

Vaile, Rudy, and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.

Vander, "Johnny and Freddie" of the Chicago Herald and Examiner Funnies, and comedy songwriters, KYW-TPX. They are heard Sundays at noon reading the funnies for the young and old with the ad- ventitious of jokes to fit the comics. Both boys were from a number of successful vaudevillian entertainers, forsaking the stage for the growing field of radio recently. Freddie is adept with dialect, especially Scotch, Negro and Dutch. Johnny is the star for Freddie, but the new and singing talent John, with his somber-toned horns Horne and Wood- row, are known to be their best. These and other programs are made in the KTW, KPFFX.

Van Meter, H. Vincent, Pianist, Organist, Host of WAPF.

Vacrossa, Mrs. L. L., Iowa Farm Housewife, KIR.

Vance, Margaret, Pianist, WSM.

Van Horne, Harold, Concert Pianist of note, who has made many appearances in classical work. Harold announces for the Chicago Daily News-Telegraph, and has a pianistic talent to the microphone.

Vanouren, Miss, director of the Touraine Coffee Concert Orchestra, WEEI.

Van Prag, Henry, Cellist, Columbia Broadcast- ing System Symphony Orchestra.

Van Prag, Maurice, Manager, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.

Van Steeden, Peter, and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.

Van Wagenbhor, Lucie, Violinist, WSM.

Van Vechten, Fred E., General Manager, WNZR.

Varnum, Girard, Careful Children's Club, KGO, Manager, WALK.

Vartos, Eddie, Directs the Uptown Village Cafe Orchestra, WGN, Chicago Daily News station each night.

Vatsiloff, A. V., Manager, KBOO.

Vaugan, H. Kieffer, Tenor, WOAN.

Vaugan, James D., Owner, WOAN.

Vaugan, Z. B., Tenor; Eliland Scarbrough, 2nd Tenor; Z. H. Lester, Bar- itone, WSAO.

Vaugan, Kate Brew, Economics Department, NBC.

Vaugan Radio Quartet, Hillman Barbad, Tenor; Robert Savion, 2nd tenor; W. E. Johnston, Baritone; KBOO.

Vegh, J., Manager of WNYE, New York.

Tyson, E. L., "Ty," Station Manager, Chief Announcer, WWJ.

Tyson, John Reed, Morning Announcer. His "treatment for shute-ups" and "the promise of a new day" have made him the popular announcer with thousands of fortunate listeners, WDBO.

UKLER Larry, Popular Songster with Radio WHH.

Uncle Wip, WIP.

Underwood, Alfred, Chief Announcer, KIIN.

Underwood, Mollie, soprano, WSN.

Un Denning, Manager, Six Years, WJW.

Veltte, Victor, Operator, Announcer, KJY.

Viceland, Will "Gone Fishing" or "The Daceo's Son," as he is often called, arranged and directed productions. His old show, "orphan," has been heard in the Champaign circuit for years. Especially likes "old clothes" of people, has brought a healthy, commercial audience for his microphones.

Vienna Concert Orchestra, KXQ.

Vincent, Eileen, "Doreen," Announcer, KJY.

Vincent, Margaret, Director of Women's Activities, WJY.

Vinegar, Frank, and His Orchestra, NBC, New York.

Vita and Zink, Harmony Sistars, WVP.

Voorsone, Harriet, Conductor, Colonial Broadcast- ing System, WJY.

Voorsanger, Harold, English Pianist, KTHS.

Vos, Leo, Pianist, WJY.

Voss, Garnet, Haiti, Director, VOC.

Vowles, Charles, Manager, KITW.

Vouille, Harold, Pianist, WSN.

WAAIKLS, Flora, a soprano who often sings with WMAQ, "Theodore," Control Operator, WWJ.

Wade, Frederick, Violinist, WSN.

Wade, Mrs. William, Soprano, WSN.

Waite, William, "Selma," Conductor, KJY.

Wagner, Edna, Soprano, WSN.

Wagner, Horace, Manager, WJY.

Washburn, Merle, Conductor, KJY.

Washburn, H., Pianist, WSN.

Watson, Mary, and His Orchestra, WSN.

Watson, Will, Orchestra Manager, WSN.

Wawrzynski, Bernice, Conductor, KJY.

Wawrzynski, Mrs. Louis, Program Director, KJY.

Wawrzynski, Orlando, Director, KJY.

Wawrzynski, Erich, Conductor, WSN.

Weber, Carl, Director, WSN.

Weber, Julius, Director, WSN.

Weber, Blogger, Manager, WSN.

Weber, Mrs. Louis, Program Director, KJY.

Weber, Oscar, Director, WSN.

Weber, Leon, Manager, WSN.

Weber, Mary, Violinist, WSN.

Weber, M., Press, WSN.

Weber, Jan, Owner, WSN.

Weber, Charles, Director, WSN.


Weber, Harry, Manager, WSN.

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Weber, Charles, Director, WSN.
orchestrations for WMJ, composing all in a day's work. His ingenuity in arranging unusual combinations of themes from red hot jazz to the most classical of symphonies made him a hero to the title of the chief steward who serves a menu of ham and eggs at the 24th street to meet over tastes.

Wendy Bod, KSTP, Member Exclusive, Hawaii State and National Symphony Orchestra.

Wesley, Arthur, Pianist, WVL.

West, Fred, President, Metropole Orchestra.

West, pipe-blower, the University of Minnesota's popular musical organization. He was the leader of the band that went on tour with the famous Metropolitan Opera Company, singing in Boston, New York, and Chicago.

Wessel, William, Director of Recitals, University of Minnesota.

Wessely, Charles, Director of Music, University of Minnesota.

Westwood, Edward, President, Metropolitan Opera Company.

West, Fred, Director of Music, University of Minnesota.

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Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

Leads With Church

D. S. PARKES CADMAN, the first pastor to put religion on the radio, has brought to this medium in a new way the musical concepts of the first Universal Church for the discussion of religion in its relationship to the everyday problems of human thought and action. When Dr. Cadman inaugurated, at the same time, the now popular question and answer interpretations of the Bible, Dr. Cadman was recognized as a pioneer in creating methods of popularizing the church. (See Dr. Cadman's editorial, "How to Talk," especially for Radio Digest, on page 7.)

His sermons, as pastor of the Metropolitan Temple of New York City, from 1896 to 1901, always delivered in that delightful Oxford voice and with his pleasant manner of talking as though he were taking his congregation into his confidence, as he would have talked in his study to just one individual, with true fatherly feeling, no high flown doggerel, no passion dynamic, made that church during his pastorate the most popular church in New York.

The people who drew to its every service the Broadwayites, who seldom went to church, the men and women of the stage, the man in the shirt-sleeves, the man who did not go in for religion chiefly because most religious of that day preached at them, and the people talked to them, taught them with lectures of scholarly information on many topics besides religion that religion had a place and a purpose in their lives that they should take advantage of if they really wanted to live, in the here and now. 

When, in 1901, Dr. Cadman, the most fatherly pastor who ever filled a pulpit, in looks, disposition and manner toward his flock, left the Temple to become pastor of the Central Congregational church of Brooklyn, which pulpit he holds to this day, his work congregation followed across the great Brooklyn bridge down to the sleepiest estate who did not like to get up early. So make the true but did it to hear Cadman in the pulpit and to talk to him, after services, in his study, if there was anything on that actor's mind troubling him.

You hear Dr. Cadman every Sunday now in the Cathedral hour over NBC.

Remember the Old Days?

EIGHT years ago Radio broadcasting and radio music was a comparatively primitive state. On March 25, 1922, some 50,000, loyal listeners gathered around their sets to hear a program from a new station that was to go on the air with its new transmitter. Not only was it an event from that point of view, but the featured artist was none other than Edith Mason, prima donna of the Chicago Civic Opera company. Up to that time only local talent had been heard from Portland. For Miss Mason chose the entrance song from Madame Butterfly. She stood in front of the microphone, as perfect an opera star as could be found, and from that experience, trembling at thought of her unseemly audience. Then came the signal, and her voice went out, loud and clear to crystal sets and "big-ones" alike.

Now broadcasting is an institution and opera stars, trans-Atlantic programs, in short, every variety of entertainment goes out over the air from KGW and other stations throughout the nation, with hardly a quiver of extra interest or a thought of there being anything unusual—only acquisition.

This Band Doubles Work

TWENTY-FIVE pieces, working under two directors, make up the symphony orchestra of the Don Lee station, KHX, in Los Angeles. Raymond Paige, masterful radio director, conducts the musicians a la Paul Whiteman as "The Sierra Symphonists," playing special arrangements by staff musicians. Charles Sheppard conducts this same orchestra as the "Don Lee Symphony," playing all standard concert music. Hank Hall associates himself with the best dance men for the dance programs.

The singers at KHX are also called on for a wide variety of entertainment. The eight chord quartet, made up in ensemble, mixed quartet, male quartet, ladies' quartet, etc., offering everything from Sings in the Rain, the air grand opera, and featuring fifty of the popular light operas with orchestra.

The popular staff of this Los Angeles station is made up of individual blues singers and popular song artists. In all, an organization of eighty-three artists produce every day diversions, programs lasting five and ten minutes, KHX is the key station of the Pacific coast division of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Artells Dickson, baritone, former WABC announcer, has become an exclusive vocal agent for CBS and now wears a mustache.

Story of Frank Knight

(Continued from page 9)

Archie Coates A. B., A. M., has joined the continuity staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Coates was on the editorial staff of Vanity Fair, Literary Digest, and Life. He is the author of "City Tides," he worked as a writer for the Chicago Daily News. He has traveled extensively and was personal representative for Vilhjalmar Stefansson, the explorer.

And here is something else that includes the Scandinavian. Margaret Olson, who sings in the Davy program heard regularly on WGN in Chicago, is a native of that country. At the moment she is planning a long vacation at home for next summer. The vacation will include several song recitals, arrangements for which already have been completed.

WJR String Quartet, Eric Van Myhr, Director, WJR.
WLW String Quartet, mixed quartet, WLW, Berenice Osmun, contralto; Eugene Leonardson, baritone; Osgood Whaley, tenor, and Olaf Arthur, soprano. On Sunday programs with symphonies and operettas.
Wagnerian Henry C., KSPF, Musical Director, Conductor National Battery Symphony Orchestra, Minnesota Symphony Orchestra 23 years. Played under Davenport, Dr. Hawkins, Walter, Walthier, Verbrughen and conducted with many musicians. Has appeared at WGN, KDKA and other stations.
Wolfe Nielson, Wolfe, John of John and Ned, NBC, San Francisco.
Wolfe, Rossell, Soprano, NBC, New York.
Wolter, Edward, Baritone, NBC, New York.
Wood, Harry, Bass, KYVO, Phippsburg, Maine.
Woodhall, Fred, West End Players, NYC.
Wyborn, Frederick G., Jr., KSPF, President, University of Minnesota Musicians, Member KSPF Players.
Wynns, Anthony, Popular Reader, Dramatic Reader, WLW. Formerly with WLS.
Wood, Blanche, the Original Girt Baritone. Blanche played her own accompaniment at the piano and sings all popular songs. Under the name of Miss Lou she conducts the morning classified hour called Amy Lou's shopping hours. Miss Wolfe has been with KFED two years and has made many friends.
Wood, Elsie Miller, Pianist, WLAC.
Woolf, Mrs. D., pianist and conductor, WJDI.
Wojdak, Dr., L. W., Health Talks, WGT.
Woodward, Darrell, Bassoon, NBC, New York.
Woodward, Son of H.C., chair of card game, NBC.
Worrell, Staff Artist, WTR.
Worthians, Piano Quartet, WBAI.
Wright, Ernest, Pianist, WAPF.
Wright, Floyd, Organist, KFCO.
Wright, Harriett, Pianist, WJDI.
Wrigley, Frank, Organist, WWJ.
WSUN Players, Pianist, WWJ.
Yates, Danny, Director of Orchestra has over 10,000 pieces, WJDI, WWJ.
Yates, Fred L., Tenor, XWOU.
Yetter, Ollie, Pianist, WOY.
Yoder, Floyd, Program Representative and Special Announcer, Pacific Coast Network, Musical Department of McCann Company.
Yoke, Lara Fullerton, Pianist, WSUN Quintet, WSUN.
Young and Perry, Piano Duo, NBC, San Francisco.
Young, Floyd, Soloist, KMA.
Young, John, Announcer, Dramatic Reader, NBC, New York.
Young, Floyd, WDBO.
Young, Ruth, Novelist Pianist, WHB.
Young, W. A., Manager, WBWC.
Zahn, Herbert, Staff Pianist, WHEC.
Zerbest, Paul, Principal Director of Chorale, KKK.
Zedel, Frances, KSPF, Second Violin, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
Zeller, Ernest, Director, KWK, Special Repertoire Director, Michigan Symphony Orchestra, Zeller, Otto, Associate Director, WPSQ, Director Junior Repertoire Theatre, Michigan Symphony Orchestra, Zeller, Otto, Leader, Otto's Little German Band, KSPF.
Zeller, Otto, Otto, Leader, Otto's Little German Band, KSPF.
foundland. Now he spends entire summer camping on the golf courses of Long Island and Westchester. And, by any measure of the word, he is a golfer, landing at the clubhouse with a score of eighty or less.

He is now awaiting his opportunity to return to WABC, and, according to him, loves the sinuousness and mystery of the East. He was sent there during the war, and hopes to be sent again, this time on the more glorious end of the business, but the Radio announcing will some day become akin to news reporting, and, like it, will encircle all that Ted Weems brings especially for him. When he offers you one you may be sure that you occupy a firm place.

Oddly enough, for a man who dresses as well and meticulously as Mr. Knight, he wears no rings. He explained this away as a decided reaction against suggestion, but he didn't seem able to find one different and interesting enough to wear. One day, in a shop window, he saw that he should have brought a jade carved with a cryptic inscription, but unthinkingly passed it by. Haunted by it all that day and evening, he returned to the store the next day, but found it had been sold in the interim. When he finds one somewhat like it and equally as beautiful he will affect it.

In his work also, he has definite preferences. He likes particularly to carry through a program like “Dream Boats,” in which he can create an illusion for his audience. He is always carried away himself in this work, and he has found that the success of it is largely due to the fact that if he can create the illusion in his own mind he can get it across to his listeners.

Frank feels very kindly toward the people who, as he says, take the trouble to write to him. Some of his fan mail is especially frank and charming, and some of it is veered, but he has not seen that it is generally as well written as the letters that they especially liked the way Frank pronounced the latter word. It is not natural to be able to work well with a public like that behind you. Anyway, Frank is much more likely to hear for the raised for an opening of a new show. Everything is in readiness. The master of ceremonies takes his place. This is the moment the Knight announcing...we are now...we now...

Weems Loves Music (Continued from page 47)

lar Piccolo Pete over the air through the able renditions of Ted Weems and his famous recording orchestra Chicago began to listen. There are blue notes and gray notes, hot notes and cold notes, syncopation and syncopation, a danceable orchestra and a good one.

Ted Weems himself is most interesting. His tall, blond youthfulness is almost a personal revelation. He feels in the least meaning to be. His big smile warms you and then gives place to profound, sincere laughter. He has an overwhelming desire to please everybody and, much to his disgust, he admits that it is impossible.

A San example, he was playing at the Vernon hall, Yale, not long ago. John Coolidge was present at the dance and Ted. It appears that Mr. Coolidge plays the saxophone and Ted should ask if he should like to have a try at it in the orchestra. “I should rather direct the orchestra,” was the reply. As a result, Ted danced through the evening with all of the girls, thereby pleasing John Coolidge and greatly disappointing the feminine assemblage. This is Ted’s version of the story.

Ted asked Mr. Weems if he enjoyed playing jazz. “I hardly know,” he said. “You see, jazz in the real sense is syncopation and I have no opportunities to be devoted to. I am more interested in the music.” He went on to explain that jazz is more or less a thing of the past save in a few cases, as, for instance, in shows or in certain requested and the orchestra has either discarded or never had the arrangement.

Mr. Weems likes playing in cafes and dance halls places a little better than playing from the stage. He likes the personal contact with his audience that a night place gives him. The stage and movies have no chance for jazz playing.” He is optimistic about the booking business and an ambition to follow television will undoubtedly take him away from the musical field to some extent, soon.

I asked Mr. Weems if he had considered writing songs. “No money in it,” he said shortly and then explained that he thought the field already overcrowded. Assuredly there is more money in an orchestra than there is in writing songs separately. And if Ted Weems wrote songs the orchestra would probably be left to shift for itself. He would not say that Ted Weems has a one-track mind, but rather that he is a realist and sincere that only one thing can claim his attention at one time.

Peterson Is Modest on Accomplishments

A RETIRING disposition is the last thing many persons would expect to find in a broadcasting announcer, yet that is exactly what Peterson whose voice is heard in connection with a number of important programs originating from the NBC New York studios, is one of the most modest men on the air.

It was about two years ago that Peterson became associated with Broadcasting. He is a former concert singer and teacher of voice, and almost immediately became an announcer. He was a member of the staff of WJZ when that station first went on the air.

Since then Peterson has been much in demand for important programs. His musical background, his personality and the quality of his voice have made him especially successful in announcing broadcasts of classical music, although his adaptability and his sense of humor have also been called upon for his guidance of the destinies of lighter broadcasts.

Peterson is known as one of the quickest men in that studio. He has little time to say of his successes before he entered broadcasting, and most of the things that are heard are those he has done alone or after someone who “knew him when” supplied the information.

He was born in Albert Lea, Minn., February 12, 1898, in Hillsboro, Oregon, the site of the University of Oregon, his home city. His career at the University was interrupted by the World War, in which he served as a Lieutenant in the Infantry.

Following his graduation from the University in 1920, Peterson, whose baritone voice had aroused a great deal of favorable comment, took up singing as a profession. Later he became a member of the orchestra at Miss Mason’s Castle School for Girls.

Since becoming an NBC announcer Peterson has kept up his singing. He has made many a number of programs and has appeared as soloist in a number of broadcast programs. He is married and lives in a house which, formerly was Patty French of San Diego, Ca., and his two children, Stephanie French and Janet Peterson, six and four years old respectively.

Peterson is one of the NBC’s “Sky-scrapers” announcers. He is more than tall, well built, with a face of the bright and light hair and fair complexion. His golf score is a secret. He plays regularly, however, and his friends say the score is one to be treated with respect.

Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy

(Continued from page 12)

two girls—and they are scarcely more than that—really are sort of afraid of just writers, as knowing how self-hateful and bashful about talking about themselves. So, harken to the result of one of Mrs. Lea’s untypical of the sort, stereotyped, however, by a regular and Mrs. Andy “Check and Double Check”!

In MOMENTS of temporary loneliness, when their husbands are busy writing skits or broadcasting them to you, twice nightly, while in Chicago, New York, or abroad elsewhere on frequent personal appearance tours, Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy refer to themselves, as “the Radio-widows.”

These Radio-blues are encountered very seldom, however, because it’s a fact that the whole family foursome more often goes out as entertainment. The wives are only left alone during the actual broadcasting hours. When entour, relay wires and a microphone have kept up back-stage, in whatever theatre Amos and Andy are gracing, at the moment, with their personal charm, their “radio-widows” are listening-in, at home. While entour they have receivers in their hotel suites. Most of the rest of the time, Hubby Andy and His Blondes, the ladies of their heart’s desire. No foolin’ about their romances being unique for utter sincerity.

At the very moment of this writing, that convenient proximity of apartments is undergoing an even more promising change, for Mr. and Mrs. Amos and Mr. and Mrs. Andy have been spending past weeks picking up furniture, drapes and
interior decorations for a brand new home of their own to be located in the same apartment building and they will soon move into the newly remodeled and adjacent front windows as across-the-hall neighbors.

No particular kind of period piece is not the draw to carry our within this new six-room apartment overlooking Lake Michigan. Just a melange of selected pieces, in a rather snazzy, antiques, gathered from near and far by various importers of furniture and rugs. Artistic background for the general effect is in the hands of two interior decorators, who are engaged in the task right now, while Mr. and Mrs. Andy, together with Amos, for the moment a "Radio who are entour to Pittsburgh and points East.

THIS happy quartet get along so famously together that they are not aware of their wonder of their neighbors and all who know them intimately. The two boys, Andy's partners and, served by, like, and the two girls are inseparable, although they did not meet, these wise and winning wives, until Mrs. Andy and Mrs. Amos were married.

These two young women are of an unusual sort, both beautiful, brainy, and, at times, quite as witty and wise as their famous mates. Both of which have a lot for the wives of professional partners.

Mr. Amos gave it to Mrs. Andy to give you the low down on that grouch disposition. There's nothing to it. Andy is a perfect dear all the time. He's always sunny, says they like, and the girls are at home and the girls are not inferiority complex in his young life. It was no accident that Amos and Andy have climbed to the peak of that old lady when they were married. They had the stuff, and they knew it. That's why they broke away from the restrictions of the Sam and Henry combinations.

Up and coming, cheri, nifty, happy-go-lucky, they go blindly through the doors of the secret confines of the home study, or in their office in the Palm Oliver building, and perform them in the secret confines of a hushed studio room at the broadcasting station.

Amos has never attempted a female voice impersonation. That's why he never hear Madam Queen or Ruby Taylor, but only all about them. He tried it once and Andy laughed so much at the failure it was a week, before they caught every line and intonation and know each skit off by heart. And this, despite the fact that they write the skits in the secret confines of the home study, or in their office in the Palm-Olive building, and perform them in the secret confines of a hushed studio room at the broadcasting station.

Mrs. Amos Jr., almost crawls into the Radio with Lillian, for he loves music and gurgles with glee every time Mrs. Amos Jr. who can stand and sing from the Birth of a Nation theme music that his father and Andy have made so popular once again.

Mrs. Amos Jr., a petite blue-eyed blonde, has been, the brown eyes and makes a striking even queenly appearance as she steps forward in her long skirted fashions. Her neck-length blue hair is a frame curtain al- ready and is brushed back behind her ears, in which she wears large stud ear-rings to give the deep contour of the deep ivory of her skin or bring out the lights in her dancing mirthful eyes.

Mrs. Andy is a petite blue-eyed blonde. Her nose is high, her lips are thin, and she is in rollicking humor most of the time, laughing at her husband's antics, as is Mrs. Amos. Yes, they surely enjoy her, but that one of the huge salaries or even the popularity of the two Radio acts who provide for their marriage, and they are not content with that one.

The two girls are real and earnest. Their glad attitude is, we think, of that brand which would keep love within their doors even if poverty came to the window. They remain unspoiled.

You find no extravagant display in the home of the girls. Two of the attractive wives were in business before their marriage, and to this day they truly represent that alert type of clever, cultured woman, business-fluent, in metropolitan offices.

Mrs. Amos was private secretary to S. E. Thomson, former business manager of the Chicago Theatre, when she and Amos, and their meeting was a bit unusual. Here's how it happened. Some friends invited her to a party of Tribune employees. She was surprised to find that she was supposed to have for dinner and games did not show up and Amos gallantly took her, and the man—on one who had come at a moment's notice, and who had not been exactly expected. She liked him from the first, and they are still friends.

Mrs. Amos also is a bit of a farmer, having done a bit of work, and she's a bit of a gardener. Her curly blond hair and the way he spoke and acted simply thrilled her. Anyway, she surprised that other fellow, didn't even belong in the party, and he was the boy, as she might have had done Amos not come to completely take his place to take the place they married in so very long after that meeting. It was June, and Mrs. Andy was her bridesmaid. Andy was best man. The latter couple were a bit superior and sophisticated at the quiet church wedding, just because they had been married the previous January. All that was back in 1927.

Mrs. Andy's experience was somewhat like that of Mrs. Amos Jr. She had been a host at the Chicago house, then went away for four years, almost losing track of him. Later, returning to work as secretary to an insurance company, she met Andy at a local theatre, she met Andy again.

He was playing his Sam 'n' Henry act at a theatre near her, and he recognized him as an old acquaintance, and send her card back stage. He asked her to go to a banquet with him that night. She had a slight acquaintance lengthened into friendship, love and marriage, and all of that before very long.

Mrs. Amos, and Mrs. Andy are at home they keep house, mostly. They both like a homey, home-made sort of place, and that is both good and cool.

Mrs. Amos (Leta) does most of her own cooking although she has, of course, a hired cook, but she likes to take a hand at favorite dishes herself. And we have it on good authority that Mrs. Andy always gives the extra dressing, and satisfy her husband's epicurean tastes and cater to his delicate indigestion besides.

The change of broadcasting, was certainly requiring them to be on the air at 7 p.m. and again at 11 p.m., did not interfere either with their diets or their appearances, and even of appreciation change did interfere with Mrs. Andy's home cooking. She jok ed with some friends about the change to 7 p.m., saying that she brought them all her evening dinner turning the radio dial to listen in the earlier rendition of Amos 'n Andy. Well, some wives did. . . . the joke was on them, for a few days . . . just last night, that the boys went on the air at 7 p.m., she forgot that she had a chicken in the oven. And the candied sweets besides were burnt to a crisp.

She didn't get a scolding, though, for Andy realized, or said he did, that he really didn't mind. As he had admonished her to listen prompt on the dot of the new hour, and that was just when the chicken and sweets were done to a turn.

Another thing nice to learn is that Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy have no foolish fears about feminine fans. Few men of another time are being in the majority of their admirers.

They are capable of a sense of humor, however; and even of appreciation change did interfere with Mrs. Andy's home cooking. She joked with some friends about the change to 7 p.m., saying that she brought them all her evening dinner turning the radio dial to listen in the earlier rendition of Amos 'n Andy. Well, some wives did. . . . the joke was on them, for a few days . . . just last night, that the boys went on the air at 7 p.m., she forgot that she had a chicken in the oven. And the candied sweets besides were burnt to a crisp.

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Amos and Andy Guided by Destiny

(Continued from page 13) of Fate. The Gosden thread crossed that the Chicago Tribune syndicate in the same kind of thing at Durham, N. C.

Now, Charles J. Correll had been doing his things for three years before he met Gosden. In fact, it had become a sort of a rut with him. He accepted it as a matter of course, just like the most of the things that go to make up the same year in and year out. He was nine years older than Gosden, but Gosden seemed to be getting fun out of the game.

There grew up an affinity of spirit between them. They became pals, each inquiring into the other’s make-up, wherever and doing something, even if they had to sacrifice a few pleasurable evenings in the way of preparation.

Everybody had the idea that Curly Gosden ever did amount to anything it would be as a top-notch hoofer on a vaudeville circuit. As a singer, it was to laugh.

Chuck Correll was also an accomplished tap dancer. The pair thought seriously of developing into the act. But Curly had learned a few things about the ukulele during the war. He had teamed up with a buddy in the naval trained orchestra which had become the headliners in the Boston canteen. And Correll had played the piano for the phlegmatic youngster. They soon found his voice harmonized splendidly with Gosden’s.

By this time they had come to Chicago and were rooming together. They were getting $100 a week in the amateur shows, but they feared that would be the limit along the ordinary line. They thought big and better things turned toward Radio possibilities in 1925. They doped it out that their campaign for vaudeville booking should include a period of broadcasting. This would give them an opportunity to make their names well known to the public through the Radio pictures. They did not seriously consider the monetary possibilities of broadcasting.

It was a great stroke of luck when, through mutual friends, they were afforded an opportunity to try out over WEBH, of the Edgewater Beach hotel, Chicago. It proved to be a very satisfactory. Besides their singing they exchanged snappy collegiate chaff.

This was something of a novelty that helped the act better than they realized. They were happy to work seven months straight at WEBH without pay. By that time they had discovered many of the little microphone tricks so useful to them today.

Some of our faithful readers of those days may recall pictures shown in Radio Digest at that time of Correll and Gosden leaning over him with his ukulele. The object of their Radio debut began to be realized. They were making good with the listeners even if they were not making much money at the job.

Surely, with a lot of fan mail to show booking agents, they would stand a good chance. But they were wrong. They just didn’t stand in line for them at the door. The next step would be for headliners’ position and real money. They began negotiations with Andy and really, he was struck with the possibilities. They brought to bear their skit writing ability and submitted to him a sketch called 'Red Hoof.'

The great Paul smiled gleefully and said it was a dandy. Of course the boys had a part in it. They knew about production, too. The front of McVicker’s Theatre was given to display posters and light. When the curtain went up on this event they credited it as the next stepping stone to their success. Andrews & Twitchell, the show went over with a bang in Chicago and on the road.

The young thespians followed this with 'Ash vs. the Central figure,' and were working on a third sketch when they were interrupted by a request to see the manager of the Chicago Tribune. Then they discovered that they were already headliners—in Radio; because they were offered real money to appear regularly on the Tribune’s staff.

A contract was submitted which they both promptly signed, and it began to look as though Curly Gosden from Richmond and Chuck Correll of Peoria had come to the Big City and actually were making good.

All the tap dancing now slipped by the board and a couple of hoofer don’t gone vocal! But Destiny would be served as a singing, and the team, the boys were not entirely satisfied with their efforts. Their gags and skits were some-what growing phase that held much in store for them. And, while this was a situation was still a matter of study, their prosperity was the thing that employs many trained minds to study and scientifically analyze public tastes and desires, also produced an effect.

Sidney Smith’s Andy Gump strip had become a national institution through the Chicago Tribune syndicate service. In fact, Andy was buying Rolls Royces for Smith and coming big money for the syndicate. Why not a Radio strip? Why not play Andy Gump, Min and Little Chester on the air?

The big problem would be to find an Andy Gump. They ran a pencil down the talent list on the WGN staff. The point rested on Correll and Gosden. Neither of the boys were married at the time, but they had some idea in the idea. They were appalled at the thought to try and do Andy Gump—but—but—what was the matter with the old minstrel stuff they had done in the College shows? They worked hard and desperately on a skit. They called it Sam and Henry. It was given a trial. The Radio audience was notheight well pleased. They became a regular feature. But it was very, very tedious trying to work out a new skit that would be suitable every day during those first few months. They presented Sam and Henry nightly for a year, and it was getting better all the time. Since the syndicate business had proven so well for Andy Gump the boys reasoned there should be some way to Syndicate Sam and Henry. They conceived the idea of trying to syndicate the records. But the WGN management would not listen to that. So they dropped the idea until they should come to an contract to expire. Then they resigned.

They immediately signed up with WMAQ where Walter Strong, publisher of the Chicago Daily News, wished them God speed and told them to make all the records they desired.

Records were made and distributed through the Daily News syndicate to many of the leading stations, practically all of which, excepting only WGN, which was the records, however, that built the foundation for their national popularity. According to the Daily News, Correll and Gosden were working out new names for their inimitable characters. They chose the names Amos and Andy from names most common among the colored people of the South.

While at the Tribune during the year 1925, both of WGN found their life mates. Miss Leta Marie Schreiber, a Missourian, became Mrs. Gosden, and Miss Marie James, native of Iowa, became Mrs. Correll. They all have ever since been a very happy foursome. The wives listen to every broadcast, but unlike the others, they do not realize that we are influenced this way until it is too late.

Bill Hay, who has been announcer for the team from the time they were Sam and Henry, is everywhere recognized as an integral part of the act. Without his voice, Amos and Andy would be incomplete. Every consideration was given the boys to make the most of their opportunities after they went to the Daily News.

When the National Broadcasting company came forward with a “propulsion” to pay them $25,000 for a year contract to carry the Pepsodent program Mr. Strong personally told the boys he would not let the Daily News exclusive contract for the program. He wanted them to do the thing themselves—and he did, although WMAQ of the Daily News is a Columbia Broadcast- ing Company station.

Success strikes suddenly and gloriously, For Correll and Gosden, who have been doing their Negro dialect for fifteen years, it has come into the way its present altitude during the past six months.

Here's One in a Million

Found, a Chicago taxi driver who refuses a tip. Pat Flanagan, early morning announcer at WBBM claims the find.

Early one morning Pat called a cab and asked the driver to bring him heavily on the gas as the minutes were few before Al Melgard was scheduled to go on the air at 8 o’clock. Arriving in good time, Pat paid the fare and tendered a generous tip.

“Never mind the tip, Xlistor, I know you. Just let me go in with you and contrast the conversation of the people who use the CBS program. I get a great kick out of Sam Bernstein, the Singing Taxi Driver, and I won’t get home in time to pick him up myself.”

Pat consented and now the same taxi awaits him every morning.

Elmer Crowhurst, NBC announcer, is a native of Oakland, Calif. He studied piano with the famous I. P. Plummer and was graduated afterward from the Boston Conservatory of Music.
Friends of Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 11)

the United States, taking in every stratum of its people, whatever their manner in which this enthusiasm has taken hold of the people of the nation. It was only a few months ago, on Au-
gust 17, that one of Amos and Andy'sSubscription, which had so apparently established a never-ceasing pull on the heart strings of their brethren in the great Mississippi valley, and elsewhere, was pronounced a sort of superior and cynical smile. In fact, upon their first appearances they didn't get to first base in the East. In the newspaper reviews. The professional listeners mercilessly "panned" the new feature.

Here is a sample of the eastern reaction:

"The people of Chicago and the Middle West, who have gone into gowns and shoes, just said or have been getting better stuff throughout the last two years than the Amos and Andy of this country served for a semi-national consumption?"

Another leading New York paper billed them as "Radio's greatest flop," but another similar paper is devoting a full page layout of pictures and stories on the first page of their second section to Amos 'n Andy. Their newspaper Esto Tellin' the whole story and full page ads call atten-
tion to it in the paper. This same paper sent their "wrestler" writer from Chicago to spend days inter-
viewing the boys and gathering material for the series.

FROM all evidence the general public is more interested in that these two characters look like, what they eat and drink, where they sleep and what their hobbies are than anyone else in the United States. And in the midst of it all the two most bewildered people are Correll and Gosden themselves.

"We're just two boys trying to get along," Gosden will tell you. "We are crazy about our job and honestly appreciate all of the support that we get. The boys being good men, and the entire cast of characters being good, it is only natural that the boys themselves propound upon if pressed hard enough: Do you have any idea of just how Amos or Andy looked like? Or did you imagine of the Kingfish, Madame Queen, Lightnin' or any of the other characters that circle in the background of the daily drama in Harlem appear? Of course you do. When you sit back in the evening and the voices of the well-known characters come into your home, do you conjure in your mind a very defi-

nite picture of each character—is that not so? Strange and un-
consciously, you have been working with the boys; you supply your mental image of each character and they supply the conversation, consequently, you actually become a very real part of that nightly drama and since you are a part of it, it naturally "gets under your skin" and it becomes more real to you each time you hear it. And that may aid you in deciding that you really do like this feature.

The fact that the boys now broadcast in more markets than any other program and more topics of the day than they could otherwise. "A current event" is elas-
ticizing and thus "talking" by the boys. They took this as meaning any incident that may happen in their daily lives that may give them an idea for their episodes. For example, they relate that one night they ran into an old colored fellow on their way home from the studio, who, in Gos-
den's words, had been as wise as he was witty, could have been a millionaire. "We talked to him about three hours," Correll said, "and got a lot of stuff from him. We were able to pay his room rent for more than three weeks and that every time he tried to sneak out of his room his landlady was on his trail. Doggone, he said, she kept sweatin' 'round the do' all time."

So we of the Radio audience saw Andy affected similarly a few nights later.

But once in a while we do have a real worry. It was just a short time ago when this now famous March blizz-

ard hit them. They almost failed to reach the studio in time to go on the air. Failure would have meant disappointing the nation.

And this is a half part way to our office where we had Tuesday night's episodes while I went on the streets. Gosden recalls. "Trol-
leys had stopped running, the fresh air variety, were unable to pro-
ceed."

A coal truck gave him a lift for a few blocks, then a one-long automobile somehow able to navigate, picked him up. After a few more struggles like this he was scheduled to come and join me in the studio just four minutes before we went on the air. This is the closest shave we've ever had.

READ NEXT MONTH more details of the actual experiences of Correll and Gosden in Harlem as they met real characters of the vicinity and studied their traits.

See Phil Lord in Role of Explorers' Rival

PHIL LORD, author of rural Radio sketches, seems to be trying to rival Balboa, DeSoto and Champlin in the business of putting places on the map. He was instrumental in focussing the nation's attention on Jonesport, Maine— home of Seth Parker.

When he was commissioned by "The Professionals" to write a continuity for a new program to be broadcast ex-
cursively from Jonesport, he de-
cided to invent a fictitious scene of action. He and "The Professionals" con-
ceived the name "Pleasant Valley" as the title of the place. And then while they were seeing if the boys do have did asset to the village of Pleasant Val-
ley, Connecticut. And so Phil Lord held Chicago the sketchy and the char-
acters who enact the principal roles—all of whom live in New York City—are telling the world about a town they have never seen and previously thought never existed.

Bennett Kilpack and Ed. Duniam, famous NBC staff players, were the leading roles in this feature, dash-
ing up to Hartford each Monday night to spend 30 minutes before the WTN microphones.
Blinded Since Birth She Makes Singing Career

A STRONG, sweet voice on the air—the singer is Eleanor Catharine Judd, blinded at the age of two. The piano accompaniment is also hers. Despite no piano training she plays the instrument very acceptably by ear. Miss Judd is a most remarkable personality. A graduate of George Washington university, she holds two degrees, Bachelor of Arts, and Master of Arts, is fluent in French and German. She is a member of Alpha Delta Pi sorority. When seen at the Hotel Wolcott, where she resides, she stressed the fact that she has never attended any schools for the blind. She is an expert typist and all her scholastic papers were presented in typed form. Miss Judd is the protege of Senator Thomas D. Schall, blind senator from Minnesota, and scarcely a day passes that she doesn’t write to her close friends. Senator and Mrs. Schall, both of whom are most interested in her, particularly since Miss Judd has lost both parents, and is without any close kin.

She has traveled extensively throughout the Middle West, doing a “single” in vaudeville. Miss Judd hopes to make her permanent home in New York, and engaging permitting, Friday afternoon she may be heard over Station WHN, gaily singing ballads and popular songs.

Despite her handicap, Miss Judd is a cheerful, optimistic person, effervescing with good humor and amiability.

Guitar Class Is Reward

RADIO has its reward for the Storey Brothers, members of the Beachcombers, popular Hawaiian quartet heard from KSTP each Sunday afternoon. While playing at a luncheon for employees of a large business house in St. Paul, they asked to teach the Hawaiian guitar to a group of the girls who heard the quartet.

That marked the beginning of a class of girls on the guitar which has grown many fold and which keeps them busy during most of the time that they are not on the air.

The Beachcombers include two sets of brothers, Royal and his brother Dave, and the Wendt brothers, Bud and Harley. They play any requests which their listeners send in and write their own arrangements for many of their selections.

Dad Gets Fan Letters
Written by Son’s Pals

Because his voice resembles that of his son, Harry De Lasaux of the NBC’s San Francisco staff of continuity writers and production assistants is receiving scores of “fan” letters from his son’s friends.

De Lasaux Jr. was graduated from the University of California three years ago. During his college days he participated in dramatic and musical activities on the campus, but since his graduation he has engaged in commerce.

Since De Lasaux Sr. has been appearing before the microphone in dramatic presentations his son’s college classmates have been sending him innumerable letters, mistaking his voice for that of the younger Harry.

... Dust off the antique gag about a prophet being without honor in his own country and hand it to Gene Byrnes, staff composer and announcer at KJH, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Byrnes comes from New York and its major Radio station. He wrote 300 songs in the East, sold many of them, but never had one published. Since coming to KJH he has turned out another hundred and “Lolita,” one of them, is now on the press and others are being recorded. KJH has introduced the songs of Byrnes’ songs, and arrangements of them for orchestra and chorus occupy quite a niche in the station’s library.

... An old friend of the Radio audience, John Willis, has joined the staff of WIL, St. Louis. His violin recitals are always popular with the fans.

“Shave” and “Smile” are the names of the Twinplex Twins, heard on Sunday night over the Columbia system. Recognize their pianos? If you do, don’t tell a soul, for it’s supposed to be a secret.

Listeners Like News as Dramatized at WHBY

DRAMATIZATION of news events brings very close to 100 per cent of all listeners in the locality of WHBY to the Town Crier program, writes Harold Shannos from Green Bay, Wisconsin. The studio orchestra is used for background and interpretation, together with occasional recorded sound effects.

One night, for instance, the weather forecast was for snow. That was announced to the accompaniment of the easily identified Jingle Bells. Button Up Your Overcoat brought on the prediction of colder weather another night. Then comes the Gem Thought for the Day, and Song at Twilight puts that over. Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater made a lad of three years happy on his birthday, while Vacant Chair backed announcement of the death of a prominent Green Bay citizen, and Abide With Me carried out another obituary.

Wedding marches always accompany notices of marriages, and Silver Threads Among the Gold helped celebrate a golden wedding anniversary: A costly fire was described while bells rang and sirens whistled in the background, and a prominent family left for Florida to the noises of a train pulling out.

There is comedy, the day’s biggest news breaks and the oddest story—the talking is continuous and the cued music as well. “Your newspaper is on the air” opens the Town Crier program, whose slogan is, “It’s easy to read with your ears.”

Each item presented is carefully checked for confirmation before being put on the air at 6:30 P. M. (CST).

The popularity of Rudy Vallee extends even into the canine world, according to a letter received at the NBC. “Radd,” a police dog, cannot be coaxed away from the family speaker when the crooner is broadcasting, the dog’s owner, Carl P. Lothrop, attorney, reports.

Phoebe Mackay, who plays the role of Mrs. Watts in Real Folks, weekly NBC program, studied for years to be a dancer. Part of the training included a course in music appreciation, and Miss Mackay claims to have attended more operas and dance recitals than any other woman in Radio.

Harold Van Duze, widely known Radio tenor has been the featured star with Roxy’s Gang of a Monday evening program.
Spoken Opera Stories
(Continued from p. 24)

plays only characteristic parts before the microphone (and those under an assumed name), Helen Rose has moments in which she is as theatrical as a Duse. She always "plays up to her clothes," and spends great thought on little items of dress that will make her feel glamorous. She does not need to be an expert in radio "act" to please until late in the morning. Often she spends the early morning hours shopping, arriving in a great flurry of excitement and clutching a box tightly to her with a fine gesture of enthusiasm.

Straightway she dashes into the dressing room and stays for quite some time. When she comes out, her old dress is in the box. She wears the new one she bought that morning. All day long she is full of fire, she dashes off her work, the words pouring out of her pen—"all playing up to the clothes," she says.

Nearer the dreams of Helen Rose that brought her to Radio and that keeps her there, as many, more dreams the living in the back of her mind before they eventually are produced for the enjoyment of the Radio audience—underneath these dreams is a theme that the discerning can point out as a moral for all women who inspire to "get into broadcasting."

Helen Rose dreamed about working at a broadcasting station. But she didn’t stop with dreaming. She waited her time. By the time the work she knew would eventually be needed in Radio. Then when she thought that time had come, she brought her idea, carefully outlined, to the Radio station instead of asking the station to bring an outline to her. Once hired, she has not settled back with her dreams to do only the work that is left of a routine. She

DREAMS, as Montaigne said, may be the "voices of our inclinations." Helen Rose has the "Art required to sort and understand them."

Station WJJD, "The Voice of the Child"
When listening to the large number of students who broadcast from Station WJJD, Mooseheart, Illinois, few realize the extensive amount of programs, and the use of these Radio Stars for their daily broadcasts. The Loyalty Order of Moose owns Station WJJD, and has two studios, one at Rockford, and another one at Mooseheart, Illinois. This Station is known as "Voice of the Child."

The station is located at Mooseheart, Miss Lucile Snooor, who comes from South Bend, Indiana, is busy planning interesting and varied programs.

They now have an educational program once a week, for which the recently organized Mooseheart Town Orchestra, the concert band, Philharmonic orchestra, and zcle clubs are also heard over the air each week.

Tom Breen to Front
(Continued from page 4)

The Battle of The Blues
(Continued from page 27)

pared to leave. The strains of I Love You Truly were filling the softly lighted room; I was saying goodbye to my most charming host, when almost unconsciously, as with from habit of force of habit, I blurted out the old shop-worn stock question, "To what do you owe your success?"

"To the greatest advertising medium in the world—the air," he answered.

"Somehow, I felt his personality must have had a great deal to do with it./

SPEAKING of personalities, there is nothing wrong with Will Osborne’s. I called his house the "Morning Station." He had already left—was away rehearsing. During the afternoon and evening he was filling his vaudeville engagement at the State Theatre.

I planted myself in the grill room of the Park Central Hotel and was waiting for him when he came with his orchestra at ten-thirty playing, still smiling and still jogging with his boys when I left at two in the morning. How does he do it? I doubt if I could be the sparkling companion that Osborne was after sixteen hours of work.

The following quoted from the Rockford, Ill., Argus:

CROONING STARS OF RADIO IN ARGUMENT
Will Osborne and Rudy Vallee Charge Imitations.

A Radio controversy has involved New York’s two crooning orchestra leaders, Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne.

The argument started before the microphone of WEA, a New York station, and WABC, key of CBS, deals with who holds the priority to a particular type of popular music presentation.

The orchestra of each is conducted so that the rhythm is similar. Each also has the type of voice that has led many listeners to mistake one for the other.

The debate started with these words from Rudy: "I and my orchestra intend to do for that reason, to any particular imitator or imitators who may have, in their adoption of the Radio broadcasting, taken our place during our absence, I want to express my sincere thanks, in that we will find at the ending of our broadcasts all our old friends and many new ones."

Osborne Has Comeback

The next day Osborne came back with: "I happened to be listening to Rudy Vallee’s orchestra on my Radio last night, and it gives me great pleasure to state that the first broadcast was from a cafe in New York three years ago, before the general manager of this kind of thing by me. At that time my orchestra was made up of the same personnel and instrumentation and my voice, which is a sparkling one, was much more available, also was functioning in the same manner. I am by no means trying to insinuate that anyone has appreciated an original idea of mine."

Aside from that the available data regarding Rudy’s first programs on the Radio in London in 1926. He began his presentations from a New York station about January, 1928, after completing his schooling at Yale.

Osborne fixes his first broadcast
HERE were these two fighting over the question of identifying one another. Leaving out the voice angle, it looked to me as though they were each claiming to be the originator of the slow tempo which is the forerunner of both orchestral and vocal music. When questioned on this point Osborne said that as to Lombardo he was not sure, but as far as Vallee was concerned he was sure he had been playing slow low music long before Rudy had ever been heard of.

In 1925 Osborne and his boys, seven at the time, appeared as the Horn and Sons or Six Horns at the Club Kentucky, New York. They were mixing their numbers, playing about anything from three to six weeks, and Will was crooning his choruses. The management kicked on the sluggish music and insisted on it being cut out of the program. When I pushed my ideas of rhythm cost Will Osborne many contracts during the next few years. But he was entirely convinced his ideas were right and continued as I avoided.

"The couple of ideas that I wanted to put over at that time," he said, "were to eliminate heavy arrangements, which the public was forced to listen to on every side, and to simplify the presentation of the dance music so that it could be appreciated without any great effort on the part of the listeners.

"To this end, I played only choruses of the popular numbers, and instead of playing one number to a dance, I grouped nine and ten together, and, to make our music more appealing, I did away with the brass section of our band and used a string bass in place of the tuba, finally toning down the whole as much as possible without loss of rhythm or melody.

"Every other band in the country was playing wild fox trots, in the most fantastic fashion, so, to blend in with what was going on, I did not want to seem to be involved. I slowed down my tempo wherever a number lent itself to such treatment. I will admit it sounds a draggy at first, since the boys were not trained in this type of rhythm, and furthermore the members of my orchestra were not in accord with the idea, and Will did not give me their full cooperation.

"This new tempo I employed was a great contrast to the style all other bands were playing, and, consequently many people could not dance to our music, but I stuck to my ideas and refused "to jazz it up." I had decided in my work and the way in which I was determined to present it, despite the poor reception it first got, for I felt the need of a change toward a more simple, more soothing, yet retaining all the essentials of a modern dance orchestra.

"IT was hard going for a long time, but I happened on a pianist, Mr. Frank Comiskey, with kindred ideas, who immediately fell in with me, and from then on I was not entirely alone in the battle. Later I was fortunate enough to secure the services of one Paul Denier, another pianist, who, since he came with me, has written some of the biggest song hits of the past two years, among them, "S'posin', Perhaps, The World's Greatest Southern Heart.

"He remained for someone else to succeed first with the idea I was working on which, incidentally, was purely coincident, but showed me that I was not entirely wrong.

It was quite plain that Will Osborne met Rudy Vallee. Bad blood had existed between them since Rudy had been
BUT realizing that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and realizing that I had taken all of us, I said nothing, and in fact was pleased at the vogue we had apparently created. Then as these unhappy letters from wherever I had sent one came, and while I felt consoléd in the thought that in a way those orchestras back East that had admittedly attempted to present a program of other material than the simple flat records that had brought us such a wonderful reward, these orchestras helped make of absence less keenly felt, I also made of our broadcast all our old friends and many new ones. The next day I was accused of all sorts of statements.

"The first place I was extremely sincere in what I said and made no references to singing or to any particular and that is to have to a particular style of Radio broadcast. I had never claimed to be the originator of the crooning style of singing; people have been crooning successfully, and possibly long before, was born. At least, ten years ago I used to listen with delight to the crooning records of Charles Kaley, Al Bernard, and Marion Harris, and I am very frank to say that I have patterned my style of singing after them. Nor was I the first to play certain fox trot very slowly, as Guy Lombardo and his orchestra were, playing numbers in a very slow tempo several years before we organized our group of eight. He was forced to do it by the local cafe in which he played, which made fast dancing impossible. I had never heard his band when we first played. The first time I played very slowly was the first time I sang at the Seel--Ho, namely Rainy."

SO MUCH for that. Now to find out about Will Osborne. "Will you please tell me, Rudy, about your association with the Osborne band?" Quoting from pages 134, 5, 6 and 7 and pages 140 and 141.

I had tea dances at the Lombardy Hotel from four until six-thirty daily, in the fall and the dinner session at the Villa Vallee from 7:30 until 9:30. Obviously, our vaudeville made it impossible for my boys and me to play the tea dances at the Lombardy or the dinner session at the Villa Vallee, so at the Lombardy I formed an orchestra composed of six boys, which I called the Gondoliers, and with which I had the idea of playing the same style in which the Connecticut Yankees played. Over the air they sounded practically the same, as I had very excellent men who had substituted for five years at one time or another and who knew our style.

"Although I could not be present for the entire tea dance at the Lombardy or the dinner session at the Villa Vallee, we were driving fast in automobiles from one engagement to the other, it was possible for me to put in an appearance varying from half an hour to two hours, but I was forced to engage another band for the dinner session at the Villa Vallee. Whilé we were playing Keith's Palace, a young Will Osborne came to me at the stage door and asked me if I would like to listen to a little orchestra in which he was the drummer and leader, and while we were using only violin, but had recently added a second violinist who, incidentally, had at one time played for me in a band which I presented at Lake Placid. I realized that if one of my orchestras added to his band would give it the same violin quality of tone that has made our orchestra so distinctive in the air, and so I made a point to visit him. He had suggested their engagement to the owner of the Villa Vallee, whose word was final in such matters. I was satisfied with their work and agreed to engage them to play during the dinner session.

Later on we even permitted this orchestra to play a final dinner, for the same jewelry concern for which my boys and I had previously broadcast for more than a year.

"The Villa Vallee remained open all summer, as it was aircooled just like the interior of the theatre, and was extremely comfortable to play in. Osborne had played the dinner session over a period of four months, but when I left to go to the Coast, the owner of the Villa Vallee made other arrangements and engaged Emil Coleman and his orchestra, which is very popular with New York society." It seems to be some difference of opinion there.

"You are spoken of as a very high-priced leader, Mr. Vallee."

On this statement: "I hope I have now shown that we were not an oversight, but that our popularity was the result of a steady hammering, because there were many comparable to the steady attack made by Grant at Richmond. And now our radio career has reached a peak with our weekly contract to play for the Feilchman Yeast Company one hour a week for fifty-two weeks at several thousand dollars per hour."

And on 135 this: "The National Broadcasting Company secured my Paramount contract at double the rate of other thousand dollars a week for eight men even for a few weeks was unheard of, but when we did twenty weeks and Paramount of the Villa its intention of exercising its year's option, the 'I-told-you-sos' in the theatrical world who had predicted only ten weeks for us with Pabst theatricals this they tried to pull off (Several) in speaking of thousands of dollars, sounds rather vague.)"

"Did you enjoy the making of a big movie feature film, Rudy?"

And page 155: "It was not intended to be elaborate, but rather simple, and the company was asked to me into the movies. In my second picture, I hope to show that I am capable of the things that have come to be expected of motion picture stars."

AND now for the old stock question again: "What do you attribute your success?"

Not the shrinking violet in his answer. On page 85: "Of course I am not forgetting that our success is due in a great measure to the efforts of the seven boys who began with me and who are still with me. They have contributed greatly in the beauty of their tone and rhythm to the attractiveness of our programs and presentations. And we were later on extremely fortunate in having as my manager Edm win Scheuing, a young man whose coolness and level-headed business ability has made it possible for us to engage in wonderful engagements at almost unheard of salaries. I am sure that no one could have done it better, for an undeniable fact, however, that a general is credited with the victory, and perhaps rightly so, in the case where the factors and possibilities became dominated by his mind, and later carried out on the field by the men, brought the desired victory."

I believe I can honestly and rightly feel a personal pride and satisfaction in our success since I also, like Whitman, had carried in my head for several years an automobile, or that would turn over and out of dance music with which first found expression through my little group of eight men in January, 1928, and so endeth the Battle of the Blues and I'm afraid I know no more than I did before. Do you?"

The Spice of Life

(Continued from page 51)
the long arc of a tremendous curve down to strike on all four wheels on the water. She went under, carrying her car with her.

It had been Breck's intention to jump from the car while it was in the air after leaving the bluff's edge. But when he stood up to do it he felt that the jump could not be done. His momentum being the same as the car's he found himself tied to the machine by natural forces over which he had no control. And so he stuck to his wheel, hanging on with both hands and thinking that maybe his time had come.

But he was caught in the downwash of the water, however, he suddenly found himself released. And he was at the surface, wading in his skinned knee where he had struck it against a projecting bolt. His reputation was much enhanced, and his confidence to do himself up was enlarged. And his appetite for thrills was whetted more keen than ever.

Indeed, the things he had been getting thrills out of began to pall a little. He began to look askance now at anything that had a mere motor car accident in it. Twenty and thirty-foot falls from moving automobiles to cars hurled over ridges were insignificant trifles. Climbs up the sides of buildings with no nets below him occupied his attention for a time; but he was so used to such stuff and undizzied. So that ceased to be fun.

MEANWHILE Louise took care of mother. That meant a good deal more than it sounded like when Louise told about it. It seemed mother had something upon her mind that the doctors said might cause her to die before long. Breck was not enough interested to ask the name of it. He was not interested in anything that Louise said. She would have to be with mother a good deal, and began to be as good as her word. Instead of repining, Breck went off up to Frisco and got a job jumping from a railway engine into a motorcar, while both were running somewhere near the sixty-mile mark. That made it a lot more exciting to him, and made him feel better for a week. And Louise took up her abode with mother. Whatever mother said, Louise did.

And Louise had given up any expectation that it would be anybody else than Louise. Her appeals to her husband ran thus: ‘I wanted to know, dear, did you not in the least understand him; but she began to be so afraid of that strange, lack-luster look that he would turn to when he stood up, the everyday life affairs like food and clothes and money and hospitals for mothers, that she had stopped talking of it. And Louise had sometimes given her. He would show it over the table at her after he had enjoyed a dinner in his house. And he had so far made it do. She was un finalists.

Then one day Breck just disappeared from her horizon entirely. She had been getting on nicely with her mother and his wife, and had a trip, and had been him since he came home. But one night she went to the apartment where they had been living ever since the death of the door. Inquiry of the landlord, who lived downstairs, elicited the information that Breck had paid the rent and given the notice that he would leave the place the next day. And she was away leaving an address.

Of course, Louise was angry, and outraged. That was a perfect lie.

But she thought about mother. She went back to the older woman without the faintest notion of what she was going to say. She did not know her mother's recreant husband or leave her to charity and look out for herself.

She herself needed looking out for, because she had nothing much that a husband should have given her, in the way of clothes or things to satisfy her needs. But mother was worse off. She needed all the same things Louise did, and many besides. She needed extra things of real value, such as medicines and doctors and fresh bed linen and things like that. And she was so helpless! So Louise asked around if any of her whole family could get something to do. And she took what she could get, which was just what that sort of work always is. And Louise began to like and do pretty brown-eyed girl, but she was a nice girl. And nice girls don't find it simple to give in when they don't find it simple to run away from sickly old women who haven't anybody else to take care of them.

OF COURSE, Louise knew that it wasn't her duty to take care of Mrs. Breck. And she knew that probably she wouldn't be able to keep this up. And she knew she was a fool to do it at all, but she got down on her knees over a wet floor rug and scrubbed another woman's floor. And when she finished she yielded a hot flattop in another woman's kitchen. And she waited on a counter in a cafeteria noon. And she delivered ice in a make of a man who manufactured it. And she did sewing and mending for some workmen who lived in Mrs. Breck's block. And she finally began to take what small washings she could get for these same men and do it nights when her regular work was done. And she began to be become a woman before she had ceased being. And her hands grew rough and soliden with water. And her body grew stronger. But she didn't feel like running away from mother.

Breck, she said, was dead in New York, where he had finally got into first page publicity by dropping non-chalantly from one airplane to another somewhere up in the sky above Manhattan, and hit it five feet from center. As usual. The account was in Los Angeles papers, and it said that Breck was a man of individuals who were known to modern times. Brave, it said. And Louise laid the paper away and went back to her scrubbing. She wrote a letter. She wrote many. She got many of the papers said had hired Breck in New York. But no answer came. So she went on taking in the little washings and mending that was what was necessary. Louise to married. And went on taking care of mother.

Mother didn't get any better—not at all. She seemed sad and helpless, and peevish. She found fault with Louise, and blamed Louise for everything she could blame, and also for everything she demanded more things. Sometimes it seemed to Louise that she couldn't endure it; but when she looked out she wondered who was going to endure it in her place. Perhaps Mrs. Breck didn't deserve such devotion, but she would be a pitiful figure in the eyes of Louise, who was tooplain to run away from her.

Time went by—and then more time. The thing became a habit no more comfortable for that, only a little less noticeable. Of course, Louise wrote more and more. And then she read a rumor that Breck had gone to Italy with a picture company. She stopped writing. But she kept on working for minutes. Early and late to marry. After morning, night after night, while the dry season melted into the rainy one, and the rains dried out dry again; when she had to tack mosquito netting into the windows in order to let the moist get a little sleep, and when she had to put coal she would take out the yards in order to get the invalid warm enough to sleep.

And then suddenly, one day, mother was worse. She was far worse. Louise had to stop the work she was doing and stay with her. But there was no money coming in for several days while mother seemed to be dying. And then, all at once, in the paper appeared a statement that told him, that Breck was back in Los Angeles and working for the Megatherium Film company, who were about to make a run away train down a mountainside, in which Breck was to be on board the train. But she was only on a mountain top who wanted to take a message to the town in the valley below before some crooks, who were plotting against it, could get there; so he chose to run down the slope in a string of gravel cars. They were using to use a string—not because he needed more than two chose to run down it, but it would look better in the picture, though the paper did not say so.

Louise wrote him a letter in care of the manager of the company, and continued to stay beside his mother. She was dying. Breck's mother was—Louise said so in her letter. And that was nearly all she said. But Breck did not come the next day nor the next. Nor the next. Nor the next. And money was out of the little house where Louise waited.

So one night she went out and stood on the corner of the avenue nearest the street they had lived in. She tried to put her apron over her head and covered her face as well as she could, as if she was afraid somebody might recognize her. But nobody did. She got thirty-two cents, in about an hour and a half; and then a policeman asked her sharply who and what she was and she ran away.

The money was no use, so far as mother was concerned, however, about as the woman said. After the doctor had taken charge, Louise had been out and sold everything she owned, in one way or another, except the clothes. But that was all, what was necessary for any sort of burial at all. She happened to see the paper. Breck had done something that was seen in the pagged theaters, who would say. It was all over the first page—because the string of cars on which he had come down the mountainside the day before had been blown to bits. And he had hit a curve where the track couldn't hold it and had jumped into a chassis where everything was worn out and not expected to jump uncathed. And Breck had been hiding on some cleats bolted into the bottom of a steel gondola. He had calculated that he ought to be, and had been calculating on as many factors as he could foresee. Only he hadn't foreseen the chasm.

Louise's letter said that a letter had been found in his room at the hotel, which said that his mother was very ill—dying, that more than likely and that Breck had faced the last great risk of his life with the necessity of earning money for his mother before him. And that he was in a hospital, that she was dying, with a smile on his face and a glint of high courage in his eyes—all for the entertainment of the fans of the pagged theaters, who would say and see and never know the heartbeat and sob.
Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 247.9m.
CFBO, St. John, N.B., 137.1m.
CFCA, Cape Breton, N.S., 340.9m.
CFCA-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 143.8m, 600 kc, 500w.
CFDC-CNRC, London, Ont., 325.7m, 910 kc, 50w.
CFGN, Yorkton, Sask., 639.7 kc, 50w.
CHSA, Saskatoon, Sask., 383.7 m, 500 w.
CIOT, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 50w.
CITR, Sea Island, B.C., 291.3 m, 10 kw, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500w.
CJNY, Winnipeg, Man., 25.5m, 540 kc, 10kw.
CJRC, Vancouver, B.C., 480m, 622.4 kc, 50w.
CJRW, Williamsport, Pa., 315m, 93.5 kc, 50w.
CJRW, Ontario, Ont., 441m, 680.2 kc, 20w.
CJRW, Toronto, Ont., 161m, 646kc, 20w.
CJRT, Detroit, Mich., 1010 kc, 10kw.
CJW, New Orleans, La., 611.9 kc, 250w.
CJXR, Myrtle Beach, S.C., 330.9 m, 500 w.
CJYF, Wheeling, W. Va., 44.0 m, 10kw.
CJYV, Wheeling, W. Va.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176 kc.
CMBC, Havana, 336m, 88 kc.
CMBG, Havana, 480m, 622.4 kc, 50w.
CMCA, Havana, 315m, 93.5 kc, 50w.
CMCE, Havana, 490 m, 600 kc, 20w.
CMDC, Havana, 292m, 1037 kc, 20w.
CMIC, Havana, 357m, 800w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 116kc.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 93.5 kc, 50w.
CMCF, Havana, 137m, 1000 kc.
CMFA, Havana, 273m, 1098 kc, 10kw.
CMGA, Matanzas, 466.7kc, 20w.
CMGD, Colon, 360m, 833.8 kc.
CMGI, Cienfuegos, 292m, 1153 kc.
CMGH, Trinidad, 379 m, 791 kc.
CMHD, Calabien, 325 m.
CMIB, Havana, 365m, 815.2 kc.
CMJ, Havana, 410m, 731.3 kc.
CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3 kc.
CMMW, Havana, 590m, 990 kc.
CMXY, Havana, 327m, 914.3 kc.

Radio Digest Diamond Merit Award

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ended at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must be postmarked on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Mail ballots will be requested during the last week of each month in the contest appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. Each mail ballot sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST or RADIO FUSION will be allowed 10 BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

   For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.
   For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.
   For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of payment in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, with issue of RADIO DIGEST directly received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

   1-year paid in advance, mail subscriptions direct...
   2-year: two year paid in advance, mail subscriptions direct...
   3-year: three year paid in advance, mail subscriptions direct...
   4-year: four year paid in advance, mail subscriptions direct...
   5-year: five year paid in advance, mail subscriptions direct...
   6-year: six year paid in advance, mail subscriptions direct...

   1-year: $4.00 190 votes
   2-year: $4.00 325 votes
   3-year: $6.00 500 votes
   4-year: $8.00 750 votes
   5-year: $10.00 1,000 votes
   6-year: $14.00 1,500 votes

5. For the completion of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "East," will include the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "South," will include the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "Middle-West," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "West," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared the 1930 WPRO RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST, and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Merit Award. After the grand prize winner is determined, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Merit Award. No program or organization or artist will receive more than one prize.

7. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.
For JUNE

Trail the Two Gunmen in -

WILL PAYNE'S
The Hunters

SCARFACE himself gave them their orders out at Grogan's in Cicero. Detective Bodet had been sent to Florida to wait in hiding until the trial. He was the star witness, so the Big Shears decreed his doom.

"Now youse two go on down to Florida where I tell yez, and bump this guy off. Brot him out clean before he can open his trap yunerstand?"

"Yeah. What's the kick-in?"

"Four grand for the job, kid, and that's a plenty."

And so the two of them went straight to the Bock-againa Hotel, where Bodet imagined himself secure.

Will Payne gives you a thrilling tale of a pair of hunters being hunted in the Florida swamps. It is a thrilling short story.

Read it in the June Radio Digest
The Spice of Life
(Continued from page 99)
row and final tragedy that were back of the picture. The paper said it was one of the finer of the three that had ever been done in the cause of pictures, and even a braver thing in the cause of human affection. A brave son going to his death for a cause he thought to bring success to a dying mother!

LOUISE wondered at first why nobody from the studio or the newspapers had been here to the home of Breck's mother. Then she read that there had been a local inquiry during the evening and night that no inquiry during the evening and night had served to discover the mother's wherabouts. So she went in and went back to the house where she had stayed with mother and got the newspaper. It was about the only thing she owned in the place.

As she went out on the steps, thinking she would better go now, somewhere, she paused to look again at the first page. She found the place where it spoke of her mother. Under this was a statement to this effect:

"It is not known whether Breck had a wife living. He was married some years ago, but his wife is believed to have left him. He never spoke of her. It is supposed to have been one of the griefs he carried silently with him while he was dazzling the world with his marvelous life. How little the gaping world knows of the griefs, or the struggles, or the high qualities of those who feed its insatiable appetite for sensation!"

That last phrase paused before Louise Breck's inner gaze. Appetite for sensation! Abruptly she seemed to understand something she hadn't understood before.

Suddenly she laughed. She laughed aloud and harshly. And laughed again—and choked. And a neighbor, who had been with her half an hour before by home steps—some slow steps and confronted her amazed. She didn't notice the choke.

"Well!" she said, "You don't act like you've got any sort o' thought you had more feels!"

But Louise paid no attention to her. She just walked down the steps and went away—somewhere.

Reporters of the Air
(Continued from page 31)
to the key station of the chain for a certain day. If the event is local then the local telephone company handles the work. Otherwise the long distance facilities, as with any other business, are involved.

The air reporters are given the assignment as far in advance as possible. This gives them time to research the work and make copious mental and penciled notes of data that has a direct bearing on the broadcast. This data may be historical or contemporary. If you think all those boys have to do is hop a Pullman, play bridge or indulge in some other form of innocent amusement until their destination is reached, jump in a taxi and ride to where their mike is set up, describe the event and then go home—well, let me disillusion you now.

The research work for any reportorial broadcast demands a great deal of time and thought on the part of the men getting such assignments. Delays are always cropping up and these gaps must be filled with written copy. The reporter can find enough descriptive material on location with which to hold his unseen audience for thirty, forty, fifty minutes—but delay carried over the hour mark. For this reason he fortifies himself with all sorts of information pertinent to the broadcast.

His pockets are filled with memorandums of this information dug out of old newspaper files, gleaned from associates, from bookings, from the possible sources. To speak on any subject intelligently a speaker must know his subject. The audience before a platform is selective. It chooses what it will hear and newsmen must cater to this.

This means that he must be a veritable mine of information decidedly general in its appeal. You can take it from one who has watched these men work that, when they face the microphone, their cup of knowledge on the subject at hand is filled to underflowing. They are fortified, yes, indeedly!

If the broadcast is in any way unusual, as in the case of a church rehearsal here is held the day before the actual happening. No principals are present as they are for the rehearsal of a church service. Here are the reportorial and the radio engineers. The lines are tested. Intercommunication plans are worked out. They're lining up—

"Hello, Phil," says Bill Lynch, speaking from his plane, to Phillips Carlín, stationed in the Washington Monument. "Have you gotten there yet?"

"No, not good, Bill," replies Phil. "If the wind blows like this tomorrow it'll blow my voice right out over the Potomac. It was the most fun I've ever had. Can you hear me? Say, how's the view from up there?"

"Great!" says Bill. "This bird is some pilot. Well, so long. Phil. We're headed toward the White House. I'll try getting in touch with Mac, now.

"It's Carlín's personal comment into the microphone as he watches the plane carry his flying associate in the direction of the house from which the show is to go tomorrow. It's just a part of the rehearsal, held on March 3, 1929.

After the rehearsal there's nothing to do but get together and talk things over. Which means that each reporter must know the method of attack of his staff compañeros. In order that he may make his description as varied in word coloring as possible.

And when you hear the boys delivering the line of chatter it all sounds so easy and simple, doesn't it? Yet very few announcers make good at reportorial broadcast. There are no copy-desk writers to re-edit his story. It must be edited as spoken. It's only a matter of seconds between an actual happening and the 'going to press' of air news.

Most radio sports are paid for by the broadcast. There are, however, a few advertisers who realize the value of this medium as an attention getter. They pay the boys to work on them as the background for bringing the public a word or two about their wares, so if you enjoy the blow-by-blow descriptions of local events the way the real advertiser finds the short minute between rounds which he uses for his commercial announcement.

Oh, yes, there's another little detail which doesn't help make the air reporter's life any bed of roses. It's the matter of showing partiality—taking sides. The Federal Radio commission is pretty strict about eliminating this from all descriptions of sports events. In the old days an announcer could root for his favorite to his heart's content. But now, after putting in a certain amount of time, he has no choice but to knock, the announcer must stick to his knitting and keep his personal feelings to himself! It's not so easy to refrain from showing bias to one or the other team without expressing admittance under circumstances like that.

Ted Husing, the star reporter for CBS, is on leave. His announcer's description of a football game played several years ago between Pittsburg and Penn State. It's worth telling, briefly, because the city of Pittsburgh was on the short end of a 13-6 score. The announcer at the mike was pulling for Pittsburgh to come through and win. That's where the extra point in order to tie. His one hope seemed to rest on the shoulders of a Pitt backfield player.

"They're lining up on the twenty-two yard line. It's Pitt's ball. Third down and eight to go. Here's the play. The ball is snapped to Du—be it coming around right— he's away! No, they've nailed him but he made nine yards for a first down. Good old Dud! I knew you could do it, Dud! Eight, nine yards! Come on, Dud! There's the huddle—now they're lining up again—the time is short and they're working fast. There goes the snap! Come on, Dud! Right through tackle! He's still going. Come on—come on, Dud! Twenty-one, twenty-two yards from a touchdown! Good old Dud. He'll make it this time if they'll only give him the ball to carry. Good old Dud! He's the hero! They're lining up. The play—it's a cross—back—no—a forward pass—no the ball is snapped. Oh, it's going to Dud! A thing out of the blue! Hell, the damn fool dropped the ball!"

Those days are over. Never again will we hear an announcer yelling encouragement to any more "good old Duds,"

And the speaking of Husing it might interest you to know what particular sport interests him most. Oddly enough, it is a sport which he has never broadcasted on the air, but it is sprint races! During the summer Ted is usually found hanging around the Velodrome and the ball games.

McNamee's favorite sport? That's another laugh, too. For several years Mac played hockey, yet he has never broadcasted any hockey games. And he says he really would enjoy doing it. Won't some kind hearted promoter fix it so that Mac can give us a blow-by-blow description of the puck in action—just once?

A while ago a local station in upper New York state contacted Mr. McNamee to give a local air report of a basket ball game. Now, it happened that there was one game Mac knew nothing about.

"Where I came from it was always considered a girls' game more than a real sport," Graham told the agent who brokered the deal. Now if I can't do it for less than twice the sum they say they can pay. That'll stall them forever!"
His a its sturdy put have himself. Then, or within talks ing's member, again. rated one ball make tween so the man for the audience. The audience put the microphone in front of him, and he dropped something like seven to nine hundred times in a half hour it gave him the breath of life in which to read the Produce exchange list.

During the period of February 19, a new type of air reporting is introduced to the Radio audience of this country—the foreign correspondent. With the disarmament conference in London the chain systems called on the services of two trained newspaper men, William Hard for NBC, and William Frederic Wile for CBS, brought us for several days their reports of progress. They also introduced as guest speakers the leading political and diplomatic lights of the five powers represented at the conference. The results were astounding from two angles—the exceptionally clear sound in the studio and the looking of a news consciousness in the minds of the broadcaster.

Slowly but surely Radio is going, no, not going—it is growing. The whole of the elements which go into the makeup of our daily and weekly press are cropping out as the real backbone of broadcasting. And a sturdy backbone it is.

In a brief survey of regular scheduled programs, similar in character to special newsmaking in the daily newspapers, children's, farm and home, household, fashions, bridge, national, psychological, legal, literary, music, political, family, and columnist features. Yes, and some of the smaller stations have a poet's corner.

The Sunday Morning children's hour, called "Uncle Don's Club," is a joyous occasion. Milt has surrounded himself with children who are musically inclined and who are happy to find expression of the talents which that make him a character. It is a children's hour.

There is a story about a listening farmer who lived on the banks of the Mississippi river who owned quite a tract of swain land. He wrote the department asking for advice as to whether it might be a good use for this unproductive soil, mentioning the fact that the only things which lived and grew naturally there were the muskrat and the cottonwood. The clerk who answered the inquiry suggested that the farmer send a sample of the soil which was favorably referred to as "your present muskrat farm," to his state agricultural department for analysis. The farmer never took this advice, but the letter gave him an idea, however. He started catering to the wants of the little animals and now the gentleman has a prosperous muskrat farm.

While in the throes of writing this article I have just taken time out to catch the final hour of the long-winded sales, of station WSB, give a red-hot word picture of one of the Mardi Gras parades at New Orleans. Those of you who have been fortunate enough to hear the "Radiocast," to use the WSB announcer's especially favored word, now realize what a microphone reporter is up against when he makes his set-up in a crowd.

A photographer started taking flash-light pictures of the passing floats about a few feet away. Bill was forced to interrupt his description of the parade and enlist the services of nearly onlookers to the cameraman to take the pictures elsewhere before the explosions of flash-power ruined the sensitive microphone.

It is the unusual which makes Radio a medium of Unthinking reality. We take off our hats to the mystery of its operation, but the responsive chord is struck when the horseman of the microphone is knocked off and the mic is dropped. The highspot of the last World Series broadcasts had nothing to do with the games. It happened when the two chain announcers made an error at the same time.
When President Hoover, a guest at one of the games, made his appearance, Ted Husing, over one network, reported as follows: "It's a thrill to have my 'Wil-son'!" And Graham McNamere, over the other network, informed his listeners, "President Coolidge has just entered the hallowed studio. The script slips were quickly corrected. How, you ask, did these two capable announcers happen to make such glaring mistakes? There is but one answer—because these men are not only human; which is ninety per cent of the reason for their success. When robots and automatons are substituted for human beings, there won't be any listeners.

Now that we have digressed for a moment let's return to our survey. Turning to the women's page of Radio activities we find plenty of material that smells of the oriental ink. Fashions, care of babies and children, beauty hints, cooking classes, suggestions on interior decorating, in fact every type of program similar to the special articles on the women's pages of our daily papers is etherized regularly now.

Women's organizations are represented as well. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the New York State Federation of Women's clubs are among those prominently identified with educational network broadcasts. Every Radio wife is familiar with Ida Baily Allen's Radio Homemakers' Club, with its hundred thousand members. The listener of the American housewife can always rely on Miss Allen. Miss Allen received a letter of thanks from a man in one of our western states. He stated that he was grateful for getting news of the weather as he did not have the chance to relieve his stomach of talking canned beans every day! The general reaction, though, was a forest ranger, so don't be too hasty about giving him the raspberry, men. If we were stationed in one of civilization's outposts perhaps we'd be grateful for a change of diet, too.

Twice a week over the CBS network Marie Bizzard talks on fashions of the day. She states that Miss Bizzard not only knows her percales, she is also the possessor of a charming Radio personality. Her fan mail is both amazing and amusing. The mailing list received by this little lady are enough to turn any screen beauty green with envy.

O'NE man writes to ask if she is more than thirty-one, which, he explains is just his age. If she can truthfully claim to be a part of the air, he starts: "All his programs that get together and have the usual understanding! Now, I ask you, Marie—pu—lease be careful! Miss Bizzard receives many requisites from gentlemen (!), all "war heroes," to let them tell it, who ask her to put them in touch with rich widows matrimonially inclined. She should be suspected of running a bureau of this sort is beyond understanding. But I suppose boys will be boys. Having won the war they want to win the widows! And the youth of our grand and glorious country is not immune. Witness this personal appeal, penned on the outside of a letter addressed to Miss Bizzard: "While mother was writing this to you I listened to your voice on the Radio. I like you very much, but mother says I should say to you, too. But don't let mother know!"

There's a lady by the name of Elizabeth Fellows who gives a weekly talk on "People" (check!) that is a keen slice of the subject and you might be curious to know what prompted her interest in it. Miss Fellows was the first woman to introduce and manage a cafeteria in the city of New York. Is it any wonder this lady knows the psychology of her fellows? You can't come in contact with General and Mrs. Public, especially when they are featured to their heart's content. If you will throw away minutes and calories, without feeling sorry for them. At least, Miss Fellows couldn't.

There are many programs which might come under the heading of the magazine section of Radio with its featured speakers paralleling the work of the special writers of the press.

OF PARTICULAR interest on the NBC chain is the work of Floyd Gibbons, who (check!) talks on current news of the day, the latter program sponsored by Literary Digest. Mr. Gibbons' plan is to take the mike. Mr. Gibbons, world famous war correspondent, is an exceptionally fast worker, both in preparing his data and in talking to his unseen audience.

United Press news flashes are brought to his hotel room about an hour before he is scheduled to take the air. When he arrives at the studio he has his microphone campaign mapped out. For fifteen minutes Mr. Gibbons chatters away without a pause, though racing the hands of the clock.

He always has so many interesting sidelights to add to the news that he never feels the time pressure. He can say more that is genuinely worthwhile in less time than any ten average speakers. And when he signs off he leaves the listener breathless. The listener, with a sense of having read every word in his daily paper without looking at it! Alexander Dowell, known in newspaper and magazine circles as the "ace of war correspondents," is holding forth with a weekly talk on war news. The program is so much discussion of peace in the air, it is up to him to start specializing in something other than wars.

CBS network brings us a weekly chat by Dr. Arthur Torrence, who has been connected with several expeditions for the British government in such out-of-the-way places as New Borneo and Africa. His first broadcast was responsible for renewing the acquaintance of a many a broadcast listener. He has stroked across Africa with the doctor many years ago.

But it was one of his later broadcasts which really was the big thrill. For twenty years he had been completely out of touch with his sister. She, now married, was as high as a hound. One day, a radio and recognized the voice of Dr. Torrence coming from the loud speaker. Still not quite sure she waited until the curtain fell, two or three hours. Then a visitor gave her the listener's name. Then she wired the key station, WABC. Needless to say a decidedly happy family reunion resulted.

The chains have their own book reviewers, with Mrs. W. E. Westman, Seaman and Thomas L. Mason. Bill Schutt, a member of the press relations department of CBS, is putting on a weekly highspot with his "Going to Press." He features various well known editors,--the ones which editors,--special writers, columnists and cartoonists, Harold P. Brown, the editor of Radio Digest, was a guest speaker on that program. (Check another week they are double check!) Not long ago Mr. Schutt got Milton Gross to appear on his program. Much to Bill's surprise, Gross produced an audio-visual treat strange to the ear. And there was a distinct pause. However, the pause was covered by Gross who electrified in a whisper that traveled well over miles of the air. "What the hell?"

To the credit of CBS must go the thanks of the entire world for arranging and maintaining that unique series of educational broadcasts ever attempted, "The Conclave of Nations." This feature goes on the air every Tuesday night at 10:00. It is broadcast to the microphone, as guest speaker, a different foreign ambassador each week. Learning about and making known to the public just how much more to make world peace an actuality than any number of diplomatic conferences. The most fertile soil in which to plant seeds of confidence and understanding is in the hearts of laymen. And to the listener who is finding "The Conclave of Nations" a sincere effort to promote harmonic relationships between all countries I can only quote Abou Ben Adhem and say, May his tribe increase to ten thousand!}

Bridge! Ah, now we're talking about a game so popular that it has its own space in newspaper and magazine columns. It is the "game of meetings" of any of the authorities now writing and speaking over the air on the art of playing the game but I once saw a hand played the like of which, I think, will never be duplicated. I dedicate the description to Milton C. Work.

The game was in the cardroom of a well known theatrical club. It was nearly daybreak and the players were packed as tight as a sardine can of sleep. The game had been in progress for hours and as I passed the table on my way out I noted a trump hand was in progress. The declarer was faced with the Ace, King and Queen in dummy. In his own hand were four diamonds, Jack high. Finding himself in dummy after the opening lead the declarer proceeded to play out the diamonds and stuff three losing hearts and two losing spades. He was getting into his own hand with the Ace of clubs he lead the Jack of diamonds, whereupon one of the opponents, blissfully uncon- scious of the situation, threw two long, remarked in disgust, "Here come those damned diamonds again!" The declarer surveyed the hand and made nine of the thirteen tricks with diamonds. The five reneges went unnoticed by any of the players. I occasionally catch a reader of poems on the air from some local station but with Radio going newspaper it will not be surprising to find the chains putting as many reneges in a day as any hours. The writer of the listener's name, 'Then she wired the key station, WABC. Needless to say a decidedly happy family reunion resulted.

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Germs of decay are glued to teeth

This special way removes them

FREE... a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Will you accept a free supply of a tooth paste that brings results like none other known? It will reduce dental troubles and make teeth far more lovely.

WHAT causes decay? Germs. Germs with tartar, under favorable conditions, are also the cause of pyorrhea. At least 80% of all dental troubles are directly caused by bacterial infection.

Germs on teeth and gums—and there are millions of them—are difficult to reach. A dingy, glue-like film envelops them and holds them in contact with the teeth and tissues. Ordinary antiseptics cannot penetrate this film to reach bacteria and destroy them.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings so stubbornly that even "overbrushing," which your dentist knows is harmful, cannot dislodge film effectively.

So Pepsodent was developed through scientific research to act in an entirely different manner. You will notice that difference by the way it feels.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program
of the Radio listener is that of a child of twelve."

A FEW years ago speakers themselves gave the impression that radio as a possible medium of expression. Then, too, they were mike-shy. For that reason the type of lecturer or speaker who was dragged into the broadcasting studios was nothing to write home about. He was usually thought of as just a time-killer—barely worth the trouble to fill in with between entertainment programs. It was little wonder that we dialled over to a station broadcasting musical numbers, our loud receivers started to roar, or replaced the earphones with earmuffs.

How different now! Now that we don't have musical programs. We do. But we do not want them in such quantities as we have had them. In a previous article I shouted long and loud for variety on the air. We're really beginning to get it at last. Just as books of fiction are no longer the best sellers in the literary market so is the voice "with a message" topping the entertainment program in popularity. I base this statement on a check-up of unsolicited faxes I receive at the studio. Perhaps the talking picture producers have strengthened, without knowing it, the position of the editorial lecturer at the radio station. With practical every picture plugging a theme song it is quite a relief to go home from the theatre and get on speaking terms with the human voice at the Radio!

With the desire of the public so clearly defined by the books they read it is no wonder we are interested in real brains in becoming identified with broadcasting.

Let me tell you briefly how "Columbia's Commentator" came into Radio. Dr. Fleischer is an individual who had an expanse of free thinking, his great aim has been for some years "to teach the people to think"—not necessarily as he thinks, but for reason of themselves. He wants them to get the habit of using the brains God gave them. A few years ago he started a class of free thinkers in Boston.

WHEN William Randolph Hearst heard Doctor Fleischer speak the newspaper man brought him to New York and for a year he wrote editorials for the New York American, which were illustrated by Charles M. Mckee. Following this work the doctor went on the lecture platform but soon became discouraged because of the limited number of people he could reach in this way. One day this past winter he visited the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting system and expressed his interest in giving Radio a trial. As his presence in the studio was unsolicited he didn't know who he wanted to see. He only knew he wanted to speak with someone in authority. His impressive personality finally brought him to the head of the program department. Beyond the known the nature of the visit, gave him an audition.

A week later Doctor Fleischer went on for his initial broadcast. The response—minute and non-minutes—was an instantaneous welcome by thousands of listeners who voiced their appreciation by mail. He has now one of the largest followings on CBS. But all his listeners agree with everything the doctor says. And this seems to make them particularly happy. "I knew there were plenty of thinkers about and at last I am able to bring them within the reach of my voice," is his smiling comment.

My prophecy as to the future of Radio is as good as the next man's, so here it is: I believe that the parade of intel- ligent personalities has just started and that the future writers, reporters and speakers for air programs will play as big a part in our daily life as do the gentlemen of the press.

Let me repeat from an earlier paragraph: "Slowly but surely Radio is going newspaper."

**The Turning Wheel**

(Continued from page 19)

"If I discharge you," the magistrate asked, "will you promise not to repeat the attempt?"

"The young man hesitated.

"Really," he said, "I have no wish to become a burden to the state, and I do not exactly know why."

The magistrate stopped him.

"There has come into my hands," he said, gravely, "a sum of one hundred dollars. That sum is yours if you will promise to leave the country at once and not repeat the offense with which you are at present charged."

"May I inquire the price of a third-class ticket to New York, and the sum of money I should be required to have to be allowed to land? the prisoner asked.

"The police-court missionary," the magistrate answered, "will take you from here to an emigrant office, where you can learn all particulars."

"In that case," the young man declared, "I am willing to give my promise."

**WHEELS OF DESTINY moved slowly for this young man, but accompanied by fake played straight week, and he finds success and happiness. He goes away today.**

"Yes, this is it," I said, "I want to miss the sequel to this gripping story in the June Radio Digest. All news stands May 25.

**Thirty and One**

(Continued from page 25)

stood Paul Savoy, as white as a sheet, haggard eyed, hair sticking up in all directions. He looked at me with the same enigmatic look.

Still groping among your thousand and one nice little clues, Captain?" he chuckled. "Finding that clues either mean what they say or mean just the opposite."56

"I've made a certain bet here," he told them, producing a sealed envelope. "We'll see who's right or wrong. Right, I hold it to be, and you may be sure I'd take any man's counter bet on it, and for any amount he cared to mention!" He turned the cork in one inco- dent case. He conveyed the impres- sion of a man who had worked hard all day and was looking for a well- earned rest. He lighted the cigarette which Lauffer-Hirth had handed him and directed an enormous cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"I have thought much during the day, Mr. Savoy," spoke up Mr. Nemo, "of your case now and the problem of criminal investigation. May I compli- ment you upon its old fashioned? And, would it be indecorous of me to inquire if your labor has been prolific of results?"57

Savoy beamed at him, accepting his tribute, and making his light reply.

"Thank you. I am the more grateful since I feel that there are others in the room who are sincerely convinced that, as an amateur detective, I am a bowling jackass. His twinkling eyes roved to himself the luxury of smoking. Now he relaxed utterly and pondered freely to the physical man. Gradually the pallor and pinched look were banished from his face. For a space the two house boys were kept busy ministering to his appetite. Then, when they made a first step to- ward withdrawing the flowers, they were met with a smile and a pleasant word.

"Pretty quiet for you boys here, eh? Houses not all jammed together as in the city."

One of them mentioned the other house. Savoy did not appear in any way concerned with it, yet made his light re- mark and went on as if he knew of all they knew of it. More, in fact, than had been told in the living room.

"T'S a fine thing to have a house right on the lake shore, like this. Fine especially in the summer time. The thing to do is to have a launch, or a yacht or both; and to spend the glorious days and nights out on the water."

The Filipinos, fond of the water, knew all about it. Savoy learned how the various types of small craft were housed for the winter, with these hinged shutters. The boats were drawn up and stowed away upon a platform under the roof.

"I don't think, though, that it's done this way in your town, is it?" queried Savoy. "There's another sys- tem there, eh?"

"Yes, it is," I said, "different there. For, first of all, that other house was seldom oc- cupied; it had been shut up all the time, as far as they knew. And it had no boat house at all. A small boat was kept at the main house itself, in a sort of shed at the north side. They had once peered through a knot hole and seen it. A third house—nothing like that," nodded Savoy, and for the few words remaining wandered off to the beach from the water.

It would be easy that way, even with a heavier boat; you had but to slide it to the cable and run it along on pulleys. He talked fast and fancied something like that," nodded Savoy, and for the few words remaining wandered off to the beach and ended with the Philippine League.

Lamps were lighted in the living room when he strolled back to join the others. "Fortunately," he went on, "we are not broth- ering at the envelope which he had nailed to the beam across the ceiling."

"Still there, my boy," said Lauffer- Hirth, and probably right in the case.

"Still there," returned Savoy search- ing for an inviting seat and deciding on a great, cushiony davenport where he expected to get a rest in no in- cident case. He conveyed the impres- sion of a man who had worked hard all day and was looking for a well- earned rest. He lighted the cigarette which Lauffer-Hirth had handed him and directed an enormous cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

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in America's Adventureland

Do you know the thrill of luncheon on some high mountainside, with miles and miles of pine forests spread out at your feet, and the keen breeze of six thousand feet ruffling your hair?

Come and hike with us... up a winding trail through the clouds, to a meadow gay with wild flowers, where the air is always bracing, and the sunshine always bright!

Glacier Park—on the main line of the Great Northern—or perhaps you prefer the Puget Sound country, where Mount Baker, wreathed in eternal snow, gazes at old Rainier. Then there's the Columbia River region, with Mount Hood brooding over the fat valleys; or Alaska, maybe....

New travel booklets, full of enticing pictures, from the agent in your city, or direct from Great Northern Travel Headquarters at St. Paul, Minn.

TUNE IN on the Great Northern Empire Builders program over the Blue Chain of the National Broadcasting Company every Monday evening—10:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.
a meeting with Captain Temple's scornful ones, then returned unaltered in their expression to Mr. Nemo. "Yes, I have made strides, I think. Almost am I tempted to go to a bound, hurrying the cluster of misleading sign-posts, thus avoiding many a twist and quick in a devious path, I have sped straight from question to answer."

"I S THERE any reason, then," asked Temple bluntly, "for withholding the answer to your original surmise that Mr. Paul Savoy himself may be the murderer, remains your final decision? In which case, naturally, we should not think of pressing you!"

"Oh, I think I've cleared Mr. Paul Savoy was the good-humored retort. "But I do see a reason for refraining from making any charge at this time."

"It is interesting to discover," put in Temple with a gravity so deep that it hinted at an undercurrent of ridicule, "how Savoy can cast into the future this way. No doubt, Mr. Savoy, you can really predict coming events?"

"Some events," said Savoy evenly. "All men can, you know. Thus, I'll simulate the exercise tomorrow, though that glorious birth be hidden from us by clouds and snow."

"I failed to be sufficiently definite," admitted Temple, "to round on him to cover, I should have specified human events."

"In this there one may look into the future," grinned Savoy. "I mean that we're due before long to have a caller from the outside world."

In all this storm?" demanded Temple.

"You expect someone, Paul?" asked Laufier-Hirth. "A messenger with letters and wires?"

"No one whom I know; no one who knows me," said Savoy. Mr. Savoy observed Temple, "revels in mystification."

"Why, as to that, I don't know. Unfortunately, I can't, like the fortune teller who peek's into a deck of cards, say that it tells me all I want to know. But, let's see just what I can tell you."

"Look here, Paul," remonstrated Laufier-Hirth, "I've a bit on you, you know, and this isn't any time for your confounded folly. If you know, and have known along along, that some other man, I think you might be plain about it."

"I know, but I haven't known all along. I know that he'll come because it's now inevitable that he should. And I know it from no previous knowledge, but simply as a logical result of a day in my laboratory."

"Simple, oh, no doubt," laughed Temple.

"It would be a pretty test," said Mr. Nemo. "If you do not care at this stage to see you step by step — or in your single bold, Mr. Savoy, will you still allow us to look forward with you any, as you see to the coming of this man?"

"I'm not sure of all my ground," admitted Savoy. "But, if you will bear with me, I think I may be able to add a little, a very little— Let's see; first, the exact hour of arrival? No, we can't be sure of that; a little more examining of evidence, with this in mind, and we'd hit pretty close upon the hour. Never mind; we'll be here when he comes. Why will be coming? I suppose, say, at this very time; tell me a truth and I'll stamp our good friend the captain, that he will come upon secret and important business. I will go to the side, but I prefer not to. Thence, now, does he come? Why, from San Francisco, to be sure!"

He spoke with such assurance that he perplexed them.

"No foolery now?" demanded Laufier-Hirth. "Swear it, Paul."

"NO HOAX at all, Amos. And, by the way, I'm pretty sure that my man will not come alone. There will be two. One, let us say, the urban type; a pretty keen specimen, too. The other More rugged, a muscular chap; let's call him a mountaineer. Yes, that's all right; I'm pretty sure of that. And now, what will these men say? What will they want here? What will they do?"

"I think I could tell you what they want, but that's my secret a while yet! I know, in fact, what they'll seek here, or at any rate one of them will, plaster-tight. As to what they'll tell us, that's difficult. Suppose guess work, let's fancy our chief stranger ready with a mouthful of, of, of explanations. Lost in the storm, maybe; a cheap sort of excuse, but at least that would end true. If he should name any names, it would be to ask for Mr. Parks. If he were told that Mr. Parks was dead— why, then, he pretty quick for Detective Dicks. Informed that Dicks, too, was dead, he'd look us over and say, 'How— What—"

"These two men of yours—they're the murderers!' burst out Laufier-Hirth. For, by now, he believed that Savoy was in earnest. His countenance had changed from the fact that Savoy had come to the decision that some two men, not of their own company, had committed the double crime and for some reason were impelled to return to the house.

Some four hours later they had fallen silent. First Andregg, then Will Little, bearing canes of the latter's, joined to him. Laufier-Hirth was in the midst of a tremendous yawn. And every man of them, Savoy himself included, started electrically and then grew rigid in the tensest expectation as the sound which they had fancied so many a time actually burst upon their ears. Like a bolt from the blue, they were standing at the front door, to be heard even above the storm. And, with the knocking, a loud voice, shouting: Savoy sprang to the door, and pronounced:

"Shall we let it be Captain Temple who goes to the door?" he cried out cheerily. For here already, my dear captan, come our expected guests."

WHO are the mysterious strangers at the door whose coming has confirmed Paul Savoy's forecasts? What are the results of the latter's laboratory deductions about the murderer of Mainwaring Parks and Detective Dicks? Does the envelope nailed against the ceiling beam hold the true answer to the mystery? Don't miss the next installment of Jackson Gregory's gripping story in the Saturday Evening Post and in the Radio Digest, on sale May 25.

The Man from Martinique

(Continued from page 35)

man but old MacGreggor, who grew more furious within every minute. He glowered at the truth and interrupted our good friend the captain, that he will come upon secret and important business. I will go to the side, but I prefer not to. Thence, now, does he come? Why, from San Francisco, to be sure!"

"Begone with ya! I'll not have you bewitchin' my partners with yer cumin' ways. Tis serious business we have ahead of us—an a woman—a woman—" says Jack macgreggor.

"Me? What I do to make ze great Messieu MacGreggor—"

"Go lang wi' ye, now, we're aboot to sail!"

"Oooh! Whate I do? Celeste is so sad zat ze gre—"

"Stop! Stop! I tell ye, do na' call me that again!—"

"Ah, maybe tomorrow, Capitaine MacGreggore, he feel so different. I will give you another chance!"

"What? Ye mean to sail wi' us?" MacGreggor squinted one eye almost shut while the other bulged and bored the girl that, like some startled hare, burrred and seemed quite self possessed.

"Oui! Certainly! Messieu Joe he does not tell you I come too?"

"Calm down, Mac—Joe will straighten it out when he comes—"

"Joe! Hooty! Tha' mon must ha' lost his wits! Wait 'till I find him! He heaved himself out of the cabin and the man and the girl could hear his boots clump down the length of the deck.

CELESTE rested her dainty pointed elbows on the fresh cloth she had placed thereon, then, her thin, slender fingers entwined the oval of her chin. The triangle at the throat of her blouse left, and the smooth, leaping woman hunger flamed in his face."

"This to, Celeste, was the zest of living; kindling the hearts of long sad men into flame. She had forgotten about Joe in the spirit of admiration of this new victim. Her eyes reflected the warm glow from the smouldering flame reflected in her own heart."

"Why you look at me like that? she purred. 'You think Celeste pretty?'

"You—you're beautiful, Celeste—gorgeous!"

"What you like, my eyes?—my lips?"

"Yes, your eyes and your lips—you beautiful devil— he clenched his fingers and pressed them with the force he swept toward her—and would have circled her in his arms—but she laughed and called to him that eyes, half curtained by long sweeping lashes, and her lips, pouting with the utmost provocation. She taunted him from the far end of the table, her finger and dimpling as she smiled again.

"No, no, no, no, you go kinda crazy, what? Messieu Joe, he be very angry with you. La! La! You like to hear me sing?"

"Mac was right," said Bob, with a sudden bitter smile 'I'm a fool. You'll never catch me again like that. You stay here until Joe comes. I'm going out."

"Of course she did stay aboard. Joe came and would listen to nothing else, although MacGreggor swore and protested to the last minute. When they had loaded the boat and put to sea he gladly would have returned to put her ashore. He looked upon her as an ill woman. He gave her the consideration he had for the cat Bob had brought aboard for a mascot—the cat only caught rats and mice—but the woman—he was on the verge of hope. He saw Celeste and Jacques, the French boy, sitting on a coil of rope in the morning, and said, sweetly night out. His first sensation was of intense rage, and

"How are you to do?"

"I'm not at all. You got a voice, you say. I'm not a bad—"

"Him!—"
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For June Brides

June is the month of brides—thousands of happy girls in Radio Digest Families are going to be married in that month of flowers and happiness. Evelyn Gardiner, women's director at KDKA, has promised an article giving some real, practical hints about those feverish days of preparation for the big event. Be sure to watch for "Hints for June Brides" in the June issue of Radio Digest, on sale at all newstands May 25.

What is more Joe is my friend an' I will no' he' ye impose on him wi' sic' mischiev—

"Celeste is no dog. Maybe you lak her make love to you—so— I sing to ye Great Messieur MacGreggor!" She fumed with wrath but could think of nothing to say. "I go to MacGreggor than to invite her wiles upon him. She hummed softly. Only a few notes—then came a stealthy tread, and muffling of sound."

"Couldn't take a fair warnin' could you—you mongrel gutter rat—'ll not dirty my hands with you. Take that. A seaiwim was a coon head."

"And I'm a coon head, too."

"Jock! Jock! Ye've killed me, groaned the stricken man.
"In a moment lanterns were brought out—an' helping hands carried the wounded below. But the single bullet had done its work and in a little while old Mr. MacGreggor was no more. Joe, full of hate with grief over his fatal mistake. In fact, the shock of it practically cured him of his unreasonable jealousy over the little French girl.

"Yes, yes, the words growled up from his hairy throat, 'You're sorry at my death, you are."

"No, no, no, Joe," Celeste flung herself to his arm, her arms about his neck and pressed his cheek to her hand. Then she caught up the bateau's magic hat and stuck it into his eyes until one flame had been quenched by another. He folded it tightly in his arms.

"Be still, and don't talk, for the French bussun, cowering against the hatch. He put Celeste down on her feet again.

"Do you love me only?" he asked.

"If it be so, why, we else could there be—not him? Why Jacques, he just speaks French and sometime I like—the sleep like her tongue in him. We talk of Martinique—people he know, people I know—zat ees all, you make me ashamed—"

"Celeste, you are mine forever. No more talk but with me.' He thrust his clenched fist out toward the bo'sun. 'Get out. You're lucky to be alive this minute, I meant to beat you into a pulp for the loose I think you are. Don't speak one word with her again. If you don't—"

"Then, like a broken little bird, Celeste crumpled to the deck and sobbed, her face in her hands.

"Why did you Joe, why must you be so cruel?" she wept, 'you do not love Celeste. I cannot speak to anyone. I leave my home, my friends, everyone I know for you—and you are not satisfied. All because I love you. I am so desolate.'"

"It is because I love you, Celeste, I am so jealous. I would kill anyone who tried to take you away from me."

But she could not be satisfied. You should see her face when you say it is just for Messieur Bob or Jacques! Must I sit here all the time in the dark? Must I make myself ugly? You don't trust me."

"I'm Sorrry, dear little Celeste." Joe pulled her up into his arms again. "It's because I am so wild about you. I can't help it. Now stop crying and I'll try never to lose my temper again."

"We shall see. Maybe I'll go ashore with Prince and say good-bye to you forever. This is too much unhappiness."

"No. It's too late, Celeste. No parting. We stick for life!"

"Hardly an hour had passed before Celeste was below, mousing again for Jacques. He heard her calling, and thinking her heart thumped at the sound of her voice she tried not to listen. Instinctively he felt it was the call of doom. But, she had trembled. His brain ordered him to retreat but his heart countermanded the order. So he stood, irresolute, until she crept up to his shadow and looked into his eyes.

"'Jacques,' she whispered. "Are you going to run away?"

"I would but I can't. You are too wonderful!"

"You are afraid of poor little Celeste," she mocked with a tantalizing glimmer in her shadowy eyes.

"'Aye, right you are, little devil,' answered Jacques in French. 'I am afraid—not of Celeste—but of Meissieur Joe. If he should some upon us now he would kill me.'"

"'Poof! And you expect me to love a coward! Messieur Joe has gone to sleep, he is a slow fellow.'

"'He maybe sleeps with his eyes shut but his ears open. What's that—' A giant silhouette beside them against the sky.

"'O-oh! Messieur Mac—you wear no boots—you scare me coming up so quietly in the dark—' exclaimed Celeste as MacGreggor revealed himself.

"'So! I dinna ken sic' a wench could be afeared. An' Jock, ya low lyn' sneak o' a man! Back below afore I kick tha' eternal daylight out o' ye.'

"'Oui, Messieur Mac,' came the now fleeting voice of Jacques from the darkness. Celeste arose with injured dignity exclaiming heatedly in French until she caught her breath. Then she said:

"'But Messieur, you insult; you make a lie—"

"'Shut up ya Jezebel o' sin', Mac snapped angrily. 'I'll have a wee word wi' ye now m' self. I put all my life savings in this ship. You could a incitin' to murder aboard an' I'll he' a' o' it."

"For June Brides

June is the month of brides—thousands of happy girls in Radio Digest Families are going to be married in that month of flowers and happiness. Evelyn Gardiner, women's director at KDKA, has promised an article giving some real, practical hints about those feverish days of preparation for the big event. Be sure to watch for "Hints for June Brides" in the June issue of Radio Digest, on sale at all newsstands May 25.
Let your new Eight be smart ... seasoned ... a Champion! Studebaker's smart, seasoned Champion Eights ride the high tide of public preference. The three Studebaker Eights hold the greatest world and international records, and more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. Choose one and you get not only the very newest in engineering and comfort requirements, but proved economy, speed and endurance plus the honor-mark of Studebaker manufacture, famous for 78 years.

STUDEBAKER
Builder of Champions
"A lot of things, old man. I think we should talk things over a bit."

"Never mind that now, just forget it until we've played through this First. Better go down and sleep a while so as to have your ginger up when the storm breaks. It won't be so jerky. You look all shot pieces.

"I—I don't want to sleep—rather stay right here where you are—let's keep inside of each other—"

"You need sleep, Bob. It's nerves. Better go below."

"Well, you may be right at that. I'll go down.

A filmy shadow detached itself from the folds of the flapping bit of canvas, and floated noiselessly through a back passage, and up through the hole, and breathlessly around to the foot of a narrow hatch. Then the hatch darkened above. Bob came clambering down. Near the foot he paused. The way was blocked. He knew. A delicious quiver trickled through his body. His hand strained about in the dark—for his eyes were still blinded from the clear outside light. His fingers touched a resilient shoulder. He gasped and started to draw his hand back. Then another hand seized and held it close to a beating heart.

"Don't do that, my lass," he said, rescuing his hand from this other hand seized and held it close to a beating heart.

"But he was weak all through. He didn't much care what happened. What was life for anyway? What chance had he ever had to really know about girls—and now?

"You tell Celeste to go away, Messeur Bob. But your eyes tell me to—stay. Now—Celeste!—now the eyes for the lips do not mean what they say.

"Bob!—my eyes! Why, they are shut. I must not—I must not—" "What you mean, Messeur Bob, you must not?"

"No, we are facing a great storm. We may all die. Let us be—"

"I shall not. I am not afraid. You think of Joe, well, Joe he loves Celeste no more true to me, I tell you. If we die let us die in one big kegs—yes?"

"This must not be. No. No—I must not—" "You are afraid—"

"Afraid, yes—but not afraid to die—only that it is wrong and hurt my good friend, Joe—"

"Love is ze most important. You love. You give me one sweet kiss. In the blue dress she drew close to him, put her delicately rounded arms about his neck, drew his lips down to her and for ten precious seconds they stood in silent captivated bliss. Then Bob, suddenly conscious of his resolution, thrust her away. The ship rocked violently. A mighty wind shrieked viciously over their heads. The place became suddenly dark save for a faint yellow glow of a dingy light in the ceiling. Then her lovely fingers plucking wood and rendering steel. A ghastly shudder shook the whole ship.

"A harsh cry bellowed down from them above. "Come!" Bob took her hand. "We must get up there. The water is in here now."

"Do you love me, Messeur Bob?"

"Go! Climb the stairs quickly, Celeste—"

"Kees me, dear Bob! Her arms were circling his neck again. The ship lurched with a staggering slip. Bob seized the hatch rail and thrust her forward. He was on the deck and was standing at the top, braced against the wall of the cabin, pistol in hand, as their heads came to the swirling wind and darkening half-light. They could scarcely stand against the slashing and tottering deck. Even Celeste did not loosen her arms from Bob's neck. Joe thrust his left arm through a stanchion for a better support and hefted his pistol with his right.

"As you had to come for air?" he sneered quietly.

"Let's have it, Joe. I kissed her. I have no excuses. Just for that one kiss I've been worth while, and I'm ready to call it a day. Be good to her. She needs lots and lots of loving. Now shoot, and—and accept my blessing—hah—hah—wherever I seem to be going—"

"You're going in that boat to stern. Now beat it an' leave Celeste an' me to take care of her—per—stand havin' too many men around. Can you honey? He gave her one look and she shambled from Bob's support to a strip of rope that dangled from the stanchion where Joe held himself. I didn't think you'd fail me, sweetheart, in the big show, roon. He threw the pistol overboard. Celeste gripped him around the waist, then over one arm to his neck. There she clung to him. Bob in the stern. And then the chamber starts whirring—my knees are getting weak—I am getting drunk—"

Herald: Enters the old man and Paris,

"Ye Gods, Juliet! Paris! She's passed out!"

Herald: Enter Romeo and Juliet, the Old Balcony, Juliet, Julia.

Alarge Gorilla

Act five of Romeo and Juliet, finds Juliet still sleeping. Not having heard from Paris for the last two weeks, Romeo resolves to go to the Old Balcony with Juliet, NO. Well, you've missed a lot, for he certainly has got a lot to tell you. Better than hot Did you ever see Romeo on the Old Balcony with Juliet, NO? Well, you've missed a treat, for his lovin's is sweet. The kind that can't be beat. . .

Herald: Romeo sneaks over to Juliet, who still snoozes in a gorgeous manner.

Romeo: Why, she still sleeps—Julie—toot—kooty—toot—You—hoo—Julie—uh—uh—what's this, a flack—(Whiffs, He raises his fist."

Ball's the Gods of the Three Stars, this is GOOD. Julie (starts sobbing)—Julie—hast it comest to this. It's not fair, but it fooled me all this while. Oh, cruel world—(sobs)."

Orchestra

"DRINKING SONG" (Sauer)


Herald: Correction—Romeo took three drinks. Romeo passes Out. Juliet wakes up and the Old Balcony, gets very sore and goes back to sleep.

Orchestra

Chord, seven WHITE ARMS AND STRIPES FOREVER"

Alarge Gorilla

You have heard the first in a series of New Spring Line Broadcasts presented by the International Broadcasting Company over its Lancaster Network.
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And now comes the scientific discovery that this selfsame milk is a wonderful food for babies—that it is easier to digest than milk in any other form. Some of the most eminent baby feeding specialists in America are now using Carnation Milk in preference to the finest bottled milk. They find that its heat-treated casein and finely divided or "homogenized" butter-fat are easily assimilated by the most delicate baby stomach.

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For that is just what it is—not a "patent baby food"; just fine natural milk from "Contented Cows". Nothing is added—and concentration to double richness takes nothing out but part of the natural water.

All the vitamins that any milk is depended upon to supply are in Carnation. Only the usual supplements are needed—such as orange juice and cod-liver oil. The minerals that build sturdy bones and strong, even teeth are all present just as in raw milk.

Carnation is safe milk, because it is sterilized and sealed air-tight. And wherever you get it, at whatever season, it is always the same in purity and richness, thus preventing the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality. It is the ideal milk for use, under your physician's direction, in any formula calling for whole milk.

To learn more about this super-digestible milk for babies, write for the Carnation Baby Book. To learn more about this better milk for cooking, write for the Carnation Cook Book by Mary Blake. Address your communication to Carnation Company, 459 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; or 559 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington; or Aylmer, Ontario.

Cornstarch Puddings

**Chocolate Blanc Mange**

2 tbsp. cornstarch, 1/4 cup brown sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 1/4 cup chopped nuts, 1 tbsp. vanilla.

Mix homogenized cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with 1/2 cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation which has been diluted and scalded. Scald over low heat; add hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer. Chill. Serve 5.

**Butterscotch Cream**

2 tbsp. cornstarch, 1/4 cup brown sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 1/2 cup chopped nuts, 1 tbsp. vanilla.

Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serve 5.

**Cherry Pudding**

1/4 cup cornstarch, 1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 1/2 cup chopped nuts, 1 egg white.

Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, dates, nuts, and egg white. Chill. Serve 6.

Carnation is simply perfect for all cooking. Try one of the recipes at the left. You will discover that Carnation does better cooking for the same reason that it is better for babies—because it is "homogenized." The butter-fat, instead of being in coarse fat globules as in ordinary milk, is ground up into tiniest particles and mixed evenly all through the milk. Hence the cream-smoothness and butter-richness of Carnation dishes.

Another thing—Carnation takes the place of cream in thousands of homes. Use it for coffee, fruits, and cereals—and cut your cream bill nearly two-thirds!
Eighty-two Nominated for Diamond Award

HUNDREDS of nomination and balloting by the judges who piloted the Contest Editor in the past few weeks. At the end of the first few days forty-one nominations had been received. Today, the panel swelled to eighty-two with the total number of votes growing with every mail. Have you nominated your favorite? Clip the coupons on page 3 of this issue tonight.

**EAST**

Program Station

Lab No. 1 Strike Orchestra ...................................................... KMOX

R. K. O. Hour ............................................................. WTMJ

Jerry Valee ............................................................... NBC

Cheerio ................................................................. WFAN

Seth Parker ............................................................... NBC

Enchanted Hour Ensemble ................................................ WTCN

Two Trouper Orchestra ...................................................... NBC

Nit Wits ................................................................. CBS

Around the McLeod ....................................................... WBAL

The Wanderers ............................................................ WIP

Jessica Dragoneotte .......................................................... WBS

Gypsy Nomads .............................................................. CBS

Roxy ................................................................. WGBS

Louis Kaufman ............................................................... NBC

Floyd Gibbons .............................................................. KGBZ

Gig Marks ................................................................. KGER

Guy Lombardo .............................................................. NBC

Intervenew Pair ............................................................ WABC

**SOUTH**

Program Station

Old Dominion Orchestra ...................................................... WAVY

Sacred Quartet ............................................................. WSM

W. K. Henderson .............................................................. WOR

Carrie Johnson ............................................................... WHFL

Bille Nye, Jr. ................................................................. WWNC

Ed Poplin's Band ............................................................ WBS

Fiddlin' Jack ............................................................... WSB

**MIDDLE WEST**

Program Station

Joe O'Toole ................................................................. WJAY

Emord ................................................................. WMJ

Corinne Jordan ............................................................... KSTP

Ramblers Orchestra ........................................................ KMOX

Whitney Trio ............................................................... WMAQ

Parrot McKee ............................................................... WENR

Mellotone Quartet .......................................................... KFLV

**MIDWEST**

Program Station

Pat Barnets ................................................................. WGN

Ben Bernie's Orchestra ..................................................... KYW

National Barn Dance ........................................................... WLS

Wally McFarren ............................................................ WABR

Amos 'n' Andy ............................................................... WAMO

Pied Pipers ................................................................. WTMJ

Gene and Glenn ............................................................ WTAM

Bob Brimmer ................................................................. WBBN

Pat Flanagan ................................................................. WBBN

Tillie the Toiler ............................................................ KFEO

Henry Field ................................................................. KGBZ

Edith Smith ................................................................. KFNF

Larry Larsen ................................................................. WGN

Famous Operas .............................................................. WGN

Studio Party ................................................................. KMOX

Little Jack Little .......................................................... WLW

Dixie Girls ................................................................. WMB

Fay Ray ................................................................. WAMO

Smith Family ................................................................. WENR

Edison Symphony Orchestra .................................................. WENR

Everett Mitchell ............................................................. WENR

Mike and Herman ............................................................ WENR

Sarah and Jim ............................................................... WENR

Kay Bahr's Orchestra ........................................................ WHAS

Hit Parade ................................................................. WLS

Bradley Kincaid ............................................................. WLS

Merry-Go-Round ............................................................. WLS

Steve Cisler ............................................................... WLS

**Far West**

Program Station

Tucker's Orchestra ............................................................... KJKN

Dixie Girls ................................................................. KFKB

Steve Love's Band ............................................................ KFKB

McCree Sisters ............................................................. KFKB

Bob Larkin ................................................................. KFKB

**Program Station**

Rhythm Makers ............................................................ KGER

Hugh Dobbs, "Dobbsie" ...................................................... KENX

Tom Brownman ............................................................... KFRC

"Simpy Fitts" ............................................................... KFRC

Art and Billy Spreading ..................................................... KQIN

Tom Mitchell ............................................................... KFI

Empire Builder ............................................................. KGO

Happy Jack's Orchestra ..................................................... WNAX

Dr. J. B. Brinkley ............................................................ KFKB

Maine Program .............................................................. KFKB

**Program Station**

The Sucker's Revenge (Continued from page 43)

know where they corners are," he said. They're brush groved all over 'em, but I could find 'em, easy.

"I'm going down past the station," said Lynch. "And if I see that fat feller I'll tell him. It'll be an easy way to make fifty dollars, Jap—and I reckon he's got it. They say he's a banker."

LYNCH rode down Grasshopper creek, leaving Jap Gideon greatly excited. His year of tribulation had at last taught him the value of money and now fifty dollars loomed higher upon his mind than the fifteen thousand he had flaunted with such childish recklessness before the eyes of the world, which, too late, he had found was not worthy of his trust.

About two o'clock Cowan arrived. He was a soft-looking fat man and wore eyeglasses on a string. Ordinarily this latter defect would have aroused violent prejudice in Jap Gideon's mind; but when Cowan smiled, the man's big, round face assumed friendly lines and old Jap warmed to him. The banker was eager to start upon their quest and would not dismount, so they left the cabin.

Old Jap had not overestimated his abilities. He located the missing corners successively and the two men got back to the cabin as it was growing dark. Man festly it would have been foolish to attempt the Grasshopper trail at that late hour, so Cowan accepted the old prospector's cordial invitation to stay all night at the cabin.

"I ain't got no room to offer," apologized the prospector, "but such as she is, you're welcome."

While his host started frying off-seconds of deer meat upon coals raked from the fireplace, Cowan sat and smoked, his eyes staring curiously along the walls of the cabin, noting the remarkable collection of that long there—old clothing, mud-stained and ragged beyond further use, but treasured nevertheless. Dusty coils of bailing wire, an obsolete powder flask and above the fireplace a glaring insurance poster depicting Nero fiddling gayly with Rome in the background, the graphic illustration of Rome's catastrophe—

Cowan's eyes stopped and fixed themselves upon a fat sheaf of engraved papers that were tucked in the logs.

The face of the outer page was smokeblackened, crumpled, covered with heel marks and fyspecked; but out of its dinginess appeared the word HANA-KOPIA.

The banker couldn't believe his eyes. He got the paper started, took glasses from his pocket and affixed them carefully upon his nose, peering up at the astounding illustration. "Hey! he said, "Where did you get this?"

OLD JAP looked up from his frying and his yolk-yellow light was parted in a sheepish grin. "Honolulu," he said, shamed and reluctant. "And I paid nearly fifteen thousand dollars for it! When I got there and pulled out the old stuff and tossed it on the wall to remind me what a fool I had been!"

...carefully removed the tacks and leafed the package over with deft, experienced fingers, each succeeding page adding to the amazed look in his round face.

"When did you buy it?" he demanded.

"Year ago last January," said old Jap. But I was drunk or I never would have done it," he added. "A feller gave me a bottle of okeolehan and after the first drink I wasn't responsible none at all. No, sir, okeolehan looks like a kitten, but it ain't so. Still, I reckon ain't to be blamed at all, that I heard later that the world's full of fellers that drink a good lovin', sellin', fake stock to old jackasses tramps like me."

"Fake stock?" Cowan glanced down astonished.

"Sure?" said Jap, scraping more hot coals out upon the hearth. "Did you know it's fake stock? Did you take it anywhere to have it looked over?"

The old man shook his head. "Too much ashamed of myself," he mumbled. "Besides, the swindler that sold it to me had my money—"

"How do you know a swindler sold it to you?" asked Jap. Cowan. "Could you have bought it at some reputable place—while you were drunk?"

"Well, yes," answered Jap slowly. "Yes, sir," he went on, "I happen to have bought anything anywhere after the very first drink of that okeolehan. I thought a few moments, but I twisted with the effort of remembering, the fork poised above the smoking bacon. "I do pickoff gion in a big builder," he said. "There were a lot of six counters and money behind a wire screen. ...I pickoff that I wanted to buy the place and they'd sell it to me and I cried. . . . And that's all I can remember. Next thing I knew I woke up in Gum Poon's clabbage patch and this was

**Full Details of Gold Cup Race in June**

THE RADIO audience and readers of Radio Digest have selected the World's Most Popular Station. This, an honor which will live long in the memory of man, carries with it immeasurably valuable recognition. To the winner of first place is awarded a Gold Cup, and to the Most Popular Stations in each of six districts is presented a Silver Cup. In the June issue Radio Digest will present these stations to you in a special section of the magazine—Watch for it!
Automobile Radio is Here

...and here's the RAY-O-VAC Autoradio Battery!

Radio sets for automobiles are an accomplished fact, now; and with their advent comes the problem of choosing a "B" battery that will stand up under the bouncing, pounding, and exposure to weather conditions that come to such a battery.

With this end in view, Ray-O-Vac engineers have pioneered a new type of radio "B" battery. The Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" battery is the result.

Built with a case like a storage battery, tested under every conceivable condition of atmosphere and temperature, subjected to terrific tumbling and dropping tests, the Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" will give long, continuous, satisfactory service under the most exacting conditions.

There is literature that describes this new member of the Ray-O-Vac family in detail. Write for it today.
of Hanakopias was in my pocket."

For some moments there was silence. Cowan stood looking down upon the shrivelled, ruffled lining of old Donaldman squatting upon the hearth. In the banker's round, good-natured face was a mixture of amusement, amazement and all the other small praises he could think of to please a man, or men in general. After all is said and done, every woman hopes to marry some day, and, once having married a dead drab—like the most unattractive woman in her husband's eyes. I do not mean to imply that we still retain the false idea that is disgraceful to remain, still worry about support in old age.

Nowadays, the smart bachelor girl has taken the lead. The older man and old maid jokes have been thrown into the discard. She is attractive and clever and quite able to support herself, you know. But we do want companionship and love if we're normal human beings, and for such things we naturally turn to the men, as they turn to us.

The new feminine fashion could be very flattering to the male of the species. They prove we are once more thinking of women when we buy things, for instance. There is more lure for him in a pair of slim ankles covered with sheer dark chiffon than in all the bare-legged bath-beauties on Mack Sennett's beach.

The new colors are appealing to men—violet blue, greens, and black. Mack Gideon said, "Well, if you buy into the subdued styles, and they all love black."

A sure-fire success is a trim-fitting black dress with crisp white ruffled cuffs and a white frill around the waistline, a dignified, smartest kind of evening attire that is well-tailored, and tailored. Lingerie touches, by the way, are very important. There are few dresses today without a bit of lace added somewhere, or a trim of light-colored contrasting material. Even the most strictly tailored walking dress is relieved of its severity by dainty white picot collar and cuffs. Blunt severity is like that OUT! We are now tailored subtly, with just the right touch of relieving softness to make all the proportions in the world between masculinity and smartness. Suits, for instance, are the last word in street wear for the Spring; well-tailored, picture-perfect, and made of light-weight, rich materials. But with such a suit we will wear a frilly jabot-ed blosse of bright satin, the skirt will be four inches below our knees—in other words, we have adopted a masculine fashion and shaped it to our own feminine needs.

LOW, square heels have also gone the way of all flesh. Today, even out on a shopping tour, shaped heels are a thing of the past. Cuban leather heels for sensible walking, Spanish and French for dress wear. Personally, I don't care much for color—except by trick here and there. Claret shoes are stunning, especially dark green and blue. As far as hats go you can do pretty well as you please, so long as you keep away from the wild. But no one is more con vincent of the way their way into our spring modes and off-the-face-low-down-on-the neck line and the care to which we do not take

ow. For the young girl the forehead-revealing style is most attractive but as we women grow a bit older I think a time will come when we lose that infernal shadow about the eyes, is more flattering.

But it is the new evening clothes which give us the biggest opportunity to be captivating. Let me tell you a little story apropos evening gowns. I went to a ball the other night at New York's swankiest hotel with a newspaper man who had just arrived that day from Denmark—his first visit to America. We sat for a while watching the dancers and after a few moments of silence my Daily News friend turned to me and said: "I'm going home. A lady back home to my paper advising the women to lengthen their skirts right down to the ground. The first dance I've attended in years where every woman was beautiful and appealing."

It is true that practically every woman was in a low-cut dress. In fact, the two or three who had dared to appear in last year's evening dresses stuck out like sore thumbs. The materials, the colors, were all different, but the skirts were almost unanimously in their length. Light colors predominated, blue being the favorite in evening dress. Prints were also popular—as they are very, very new; particularly tiny prints on chiffon. Crested splurg prints weren't in evidence at all.

Quite the smartest thing in the world for evening wear are just-below-the-elbow length gloves of the same shade as your dress. A long glove was folded in at the wrist, leaving the hands bare. Very young girls are also wearing gloves underneath lace and tulle. Don't buy cheap dresses of these materials because they look cheap. Unless you look as if you afforded a real "creation" to your own skirts. A crepe or silk is one of us who just can't live through a season with a robe de style, have your new one made of genuine silk instead of velvet, yet, it's much smarter. Evening slippers are fancy this year. I don't remember seeing one pair of the old gold or silver kid and cascade standbys of yesteryear. Jewelry is rather lavish and evening wraps are long behind, short in front, primarily of velvet trimmed with white.

In other words, everything is feminine. But, for goodness sake, don't confuse femininity with simpering girlishness. Femininity is a thing that can be more dignified, more stunning, more sophisticated than ever before. So many people mix up manliness with sophistication, and blunder confusingly with femininity. Both are obviously incorrect as incorrect can be. But, on the other hand, we must have that secret desire to be known as a sophisticated woman—as who of us hasn't—clever handling of the new mode will help you meet the requirement more than any of the styles of the past.

Here we are in the midst of an era when you can carefully study your good points and bad, and select the ingenuity to emphasize the one and hide the other. You can be suave and syph-like in form, daring in your decolletage, ultra-smart at any hour of the day or night. Above all, you can be individual. But 1930 fashions have their bad side and their good side. Is it the time to study herself carefully, who has no sense for color combinations, who has no feeling for the niceties of the dress? Is it going to be necessary to prove a burden, and an unbecoming one. This is a fucious fashion period, two of the advantages of us women. But if we are willing to give just a little thoughtful time to ourselves, I am sure we will be repaid as never before. If an art that will give us poise, satisfaction and even happiness.
IF YOU’RE a man who cares about looking your best from tip to toe, choose new Florsheims now for Spring! They’re distinguished shoes ... as fresh-looking, as enjoyable as the new season. And, being Florsheims, the wear’s there! A single try-on will prove conclusively that these are not ordinary shoes.

Most Styles $10

BROADCASTING every Tuesday night, the FLORSHEIM SHOE FROLIC, featuring Coon-Sanders Dance Orchestra from Chicago at 8:30 P. M. Eastern Time, 7:30 P. M. Central Time ... Anson Weeks Dance Orchestra from San Francisco at 9:30 P. M. Pacific Time, 10:30 P. M. Mountain Time. National Coast-to-Coast Network

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, CHICAGO
**Feeding Children**  
(Continued from page 23)

_We HAVE_ mentioned the importance of good food habits formed in early childhood. What are some of these food habits? The three most essential things that children should do, certainly are simple and wholesome. It should not be highly seasoned or elaborately prepared. A child who has learned to eat without habits. He will learn to like plain, simple food as easily as the other kind if his taste has not been spoiled by the use of highly seasoned food, or allowed to taste adults' food.

Children thrive under routine management. They get used to having the same meals at the same time. They come to expect it. It becomes a habit to come in from play at a certain time, to wash and have a meal as a matter of course. It is the child who has not firmly fixed regular habits who wishes to play a little longer when mother calls them to dinner. A child will be hungry for his meals if they are served him regularly and he has not been allowed to piece between meals to spoil his appetite.

A little child is very easily upset by any change in the meal time. His dinner is sometimes spoiled by the thought that if the meals are too close together. He gets cross and fussy and irritates his mother. Once a habit is broken it is very hard to restore it again. Good habits are fixed slowly. The process is scarcely perceptible at times and oftentimes mother becomes ignorant of the seeming uselessness of such a stern discipline. A child doesn't mind things once they become a habit. He acquires a trick of asking his mother to make him a habit or to train him to accept a new one that you come across the greatest difficulty.

If the parents are having trouble getting your children to eat what they should, I wonder if you have ever tried having them eat by themselves and at a certain time? Have you ever let the adult eat their meals? Is it much better for children to eat by themselves. Why? They are not forced to learn a habit. They will not be dissatisfied with their plain, simply cooked food. As their food habits are established and they become accustomed to meals of regular food, they may eat with the rest of the family and the transition is easily made. Often children need their food at different hours from each other.

Many parents say that this is the only time they have to be together as one family, to talk over the day's happenings, to really get acquainted with their children. This is a good reason, to be sure, but not so good that the parents can afford to sacrifice their children's health to their own personal enjoyment. Meals should come first. In the long run the health of the family is more concerned. It is the health of the family that will bear the brunt of the battle.

Many of these cases are such that they call for the advice, diagnosis and treatment of a physician. We recommend that a physician be called in for examination. Oftentimes parents do not realize that their nervous, overactive, underweight child is a sick child and that he should be under the care of a child specialist. Childhood is too precious for parents to run risks by working in the dark. Seek the best advice obtainable where your child is concerned.

Even when conditions are ideal, we often find that certain children do not wish to eat the food set before them. Let us find out why this is so. One of the reasons may be that the handling of the cases where the children refuse to eat. Shall we insist upon them eating what is set before them? A stern dictate that and why she is doing it for the good of the child. But before we use these tactics we should know what the child is being denied. One of the reasons may be that the food given will benefit or upset the child. He may not be feeling well and the food may disagree with him. If you ask him, he may say that he is not hungry. Are we to believe him or are we to think that perhaps he just doesn't want to eat?

The reasons may be limitless why he doesn't wish to eat. This depends upon the age of the child, his general health, the age of his food habits already established and other factors. Many children desire attention. They get it by staging a tantrum. Mother gets scared and excited, the child doesn't eat his food and he wins out. Next time he tries the same tactics and he has made the beginning of a very firmly fixed and bad habit. We should be careful before we allow bad habits to become easily to make them.

Many children refuse to eat because they have played so hard up to the time the meals were served that they are too tired and excited to eat. They much prefer playing to eating, no matter how good the food. Or the child to be coaxed or bullied into eating because the parent does not call him in early enough to have a short rest before he eats? I remember one poor, little, thin girl who was a very active child. She loved to play out of doors. She played all day long and yet she never seemed to work up enough appetite to be hungry at meal time. When she was called into her meals, she always said, "Just a minute." It required several trips on the mother's part to finally get the child to the table. Usually the food was on the table before it was set. This meant that she washed quickly and went directly to the table. She was tired from playing so much. She was too excited about the games she had just left to be interested in sitting still long enough to eat. It wasn't that she didn't like her food, but that she was too eager in the right frame of mind or rested enough physically to eat.

What should the mother have done? Instead of calling her at the last minute, Alary might have been called early enough to come in and washed, combed her hair and played quietly with her dolls, books or toys, or even rested a few minutes before eating. This can be done if the child is trained to expect it. There are many ways to bring this to pass. Ask her to come in to help mother set the table. A little child feels that she is very grown-up and has a big responsibility. This will help to quiet her before eating. It is a good time to read a story or to play quietly. Don't let the child think that she is eating alone until the very minute the meal is on the table.

This kind of a habit started in early years should not be allowed in the later ones. He should have the same habits we have. Such a habit is nearly always accompanied by underweight, lack of appetite and irritability. Have you seen a child with much difficulty in gaining weight, or who is overfat and has a good appetite, who had to be coaxed to eat at meal time? These characteristics are built upon regular habits. None of us receive the most benefit from our meals if we eat them when we are hungry, excited or excited or irritable. Children are not the only ones who react in that manner.

The atmosphere of the room should be cheerful at meal time. Children are great imitators and, if mother is fussy, they may react against their favorite foods. She may say, "I'm just too tired to eat," the child may take his cue from her. Mother must insist upon the child eating, even if it is against his will. If a child doesn't wish to eat. Is this consistent? Should we expect our children to do what we will not do ourselves? Children are too young to understand, but we do not give them credit for understanding as much as they do. This is another reason why children are better off at a table of their own during meal time. Otherwise mother may have to eat prunes to be a good example to Mary, who has her watchful eye upon her every move.

Children sense it when the atmosphere is cheerful and they react to it much more quickly than to scolding or scolding. They know that only cheerful topics of conversation are discussed at meal time. They are interested in adults as well as for children. If a child is particularly fussy about his food, he may eat right without much thinking about it if the conversation is such that it is directed away from food. Talking about how good the food is and coaxing him to eat it will make a finicky child more determined not to eat. Take it for granted that he is going to eat his food and like it.

Children are the best subjects on which to apply all the psychology we possess. They guess things intuitively. They know when they are being managed, coaxed or wheedled, and like any self-respecting person they resent it.

**Favorit**es

YOU HAVE a favorite program, one that brings you more enjoyment than any other one thing on the air. Would you like to help bring national honor and recognition to this program? You need not wax enthusiastic, you can be so much pleasure! Turn to page 3 of this issue of Radio Digest—read the details of the Diamond Merit Award Contest and send in your nomination and votes for your FAVORITE PROGRAM.
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LEONARD
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NEW LEONARD “FOODMASTER”
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Leonard revolutionizes the refrigerator industry! Brings a new sureness of food safety—a new measure of health protection!

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Of surpassing quality construction. No warping—No cold leakage—Foodworthy in fullest degree—New beauties to add richness and brightness to your modern kitchen.

The leader is the great “Foodmaster,” with these exclusive features: Automatic Self-Opening Door—A foot-pedal touch and the door opens; no rehandling of dishes. Food Safety Signal—Tells the exact temperature conditions inside food chamber. Daylight Base—Ample air and broom room. Every Leonard 1930 refrigerator has the Leonard Approved Insulation. Each is a food storage house of thorough dependability, assuring right temperature to the right food. Adapted to Ice, Electric or Gas refrigeration. See the display at Refrigerator Headquarters—the Leonard dealer’s in your city.

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A Good Leonard Refrigerator at the Price You Can Afford to Pay
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Exhaustive tests by experienced scientists prove effectiveness of Apex Moth Cake in killing clothes-eating moths

Just hang it up
Tear off cellophane and "hang it up." Instantly a heavy, fragrant vapor is released which test and experience prove will kill moths.

Magnified 20 times
Greatly magnified, this piece of wooden shows moth larvae forever dead and clothes saved. Apex Moth Cake did it.

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Kills Moth Life — Apex Moth Cake is more than a chemical discovery. It is a scientifically designed and patented vapor-generator that is sure death to all forms of moth life.

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Economical—A cake will last from three to four months, giving protection every minute of this time, and each cake costs only 25 cents.

Let us treat children more as adults and they will strive hard to live up to what we expect of them. Appeal to their pride and to their manhood. Do not belittle or baby them. Children respect our honesty and dislike our dodging issues. Deal with them straightforwardly.

If the child is very easily upset and has many food notions, he may have to be treated more as a sick child than a normal, healthy one. But that does not mean that he should have tricks played on him or be bribed into doing what he should. As soon as a child finds it out—and he always does—we have lost more ground than we have gained and the love and respect of our children besides.

Do everything in your power to make each meal placed before a child attractive, and nicely served on bright dishes which add to the cheerful atmosphere of the room. Many a carrot or serving of spinach has been willingly eaten when served on pretty dishes in an attractive room. Make the surroundings appealing to a child. A vase of flowers on the table, a colored tablecloth and other bright colors will put all of us in a good frame of mind for a meal. How many times have you sat down to a meal when you were tired and thought that you didn’t want a bite to eat, to end by eating a good meal and relishing it because it looked so good?

It’s MEAL time a pleasant one in your home or is the dinner bell the signal for the war to commence? Many mothers have such a hard time to get their children to eat. They wish to play and dawdle with their food. Mothers resort to many schemes to get young Bob or Edith to eat. If she is tired before she begins this battle, think how much benefit and enjoyment she will get from her meal after she has had a struggle to get her child to eat.

What shall we do with the child who will not eat? We have asked mothers to tell us what they did when they were confronted with this problem. This is what one mother replied to the question.

"Is it wrong to play with my baby in order to get her to eat? I think it is wrong to play with a baby while she is eating to get her to eat. It may embarrass the mother at some time in her home when there is company or when she is invited out.

I think children should be taught to feed themselves as soon as they are able to hold a spoon in their hand. There are high chairs and bibs for this very purpose. Of course they will make a mess and spill the milk at first, but they will soon learn and they should be taught to respect their meals and learn that meal time is not for playing. When there are many children in the home, and a mother has a great many things to do, children have to be taught to do things for themselves. I am the mother of six children, all under twelve years of age and they are all fine, healthy children.”

I think that this mother has touched upon the vital spot. Isn’t it true that mothers of large families generally have less trouble with the management of their children than mothers of only one child? Less attention is paid to them. They are not apt to be spoiled and catered to and as a consequence they are much healthier and happier.

Isn’t it annoying to a family and guests when a child won’t eat and he displays his temper at meal time? It tries one’s patience and takes away the appetite. Many mothers are handling this problem very capably. Each prob-
Physicians are strong in the recommendation of Saline-Sulphur Salts for rheumatism, nervousness, neuritis, lack of vitality, arthritis, and other ailments.

MICHIGAN is famous all over the world for its Mineral Baths that have been analyzed by leading authorities and found to contain many curative qualities equal in medicinal values to those of famous European Spas. The Hotel itself is located on a High Bluff overlooking the Lake. It is completely modern and offers every facility for rest and recreation. Now is a good time to come. Write or wire Z. D. Jenkins, Manager, for reservations and booklets.
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Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

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Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike. 10c. Chas. F. Phillips, 516 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

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Tallest Hotel in the World
46 Stories High
1950 Rooms $2.50 Up
500 Rooms Being Added

Every guest room is outside, with bath, running ice water, bed-head lamp and Servidor. Each floor has its own housekeeper and the hotel's garage has extensive facilities for car storage. Rates are extremely moderate—$2.50 up—because valuable subleases at this location pay all the ground rent and the saving is passed on to the guests.

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The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, with 3450 rooms
Radio now offers ambitious men the greatest Money-Making Opportunity the world has ever seen! Hundreds of trained service men are needed by radio dealers, jobbers, and manufacturers!

A "trained" Radio "Service and Repair" man can easily make $40 to $50 a week, and it's very common for a "trained" man with experience to make $75 a week, and up.

BIG MONEY for Spare-Time Radio Work is easily made in every city and village. You can now qualify for this Big-Money work quickly through R. T. I. Get the Big Money Now and go up and up in this Big Pay field. The Radio industry calls for More Men, and R. T. I. supplies what the industry wants you to know.

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R. T. I. training is prepared and supervised by prominent men in radio, television and talking picture engineering; distributing; sales; manufacturing; broadcasting, etc. These men know what you must know to make money in Radio. You learn easily in spare time at home with the R. T. I. wonderful combination of Texting Outfits, Parts, Work Sheets, Job Tickets. It is easy, quick and practical, covers everything in Radio — includes Talking Pictures and the latest in Television. Get started in Big Money Radio work now.

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Do not start R. T. I. training if you are going to be satisfied to make $15 or $20 per week more than you are now. Most R. T. I. men will make that much increase after a few weeks. There is no reason to stop short of the Big Money Jobs or the Big Profits in a spare time or full time business of your own. No capital needed. Get started with R. T. I. now. Make money while you learn at home.

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FOR JUNE—Many big things in the way of Special Features and Radio Digest—Don't miss this issue of Radio Digest.

Answer to Daily Problem

(Continued from page 78) The Libby general offices so that one steps from clicking typewriters and jangling phone bells into the compact kitchen—on a step or two in distance, but steps which make the visitor almost into another world.

If it happens that no one is working there, that is no thing with which the visitor is impressed is the silence—a silence one can almost hear—for the kitchen is carefully soundproofed to accommodate the radio broadcasts.

The next thing that forces its attention upon the mind is the cleanliness—almost a surgical cleanliness if a man's reaction is to be believed. The impression being heightened by the (to a mere male) mysterious looking scintillating white devices which line the room until one almost expects the head anesthetist and the surgeon with his scalpel to step from the adjoining room.

To the initiated into such realms, however, the scene brings only joy and admiration. Virtually every modern device for reducing the drudgery of housework has been incorporated into this kitchen.

A huge electric ice box, an electric dishwasher, a kitchen cabinet, which does everything but say "good morning," and an electric range, equipped with all manner of thermostat and electrical devices for shutting off the heat under the roast beef in case mother should be down in the laundry when this should be done.

ALTHOUGH she is enthusiastic about her workshop, Miss Martin takes occasion to point out that all the modernism which it represents is by no means necessary for the duplication of any of the recipes which she gives over the air.

"Naturally, when Libby, McNeill & Libby decided upon this type of service, they equipped the kitchen with the most modern devices attainable, just as any large firm would do if they were equipping any kind of a workshop. And it all is a decided help, especially when you realize that we spend most of our day in here cooking. But don't get the idea that it is necessary. There is no reason why the woman 100 miles from a railroad station, cooking over an old-fashioned coal range, can't prepare any food we talk about just as well as we prepare it here. It is not at all important for the housewife to have all these things in her own kitchen."

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Why You Will Prefer Chicago's Hotel KNICKERBOCKER

A smart, metropolitan hotel—perfectly situated. Located in the center of the city, and with a great variety of shopping, dining and entertainment facilities nearby. The Drake.

Larger, more cheerful, all outside rooms. A full service restaurant, including its own ice and water plants, and the most comfortable beds money can buy.

An atmosphere—"a personal touch." Known for good food, Coffee Shop and Dining Room—la carte service or table d'hote.

Wonderful Rooms with bath $3.00

Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

Stop at Hotel KNICKERBOCKER
WALTON PLACE—Just off Michigan Ave.
J. L. McDonell, Manager.
Here are a few examples of the kind of money I'll make by learning.

**Radio Business of Your Own**

You'll get practical Radio Experience with my new 8 Outfits of Parts that I'll give you for a Home Experimental Laboratory!

My course is not all theory. You use the 8 Outfits I'll give you, in working out the principles, diagrams and circuits used in modern sets and taught in my lesson books. This 50-50 method of home training makes learning easy, fascinating, interesting. You get as much practical experience in a few months as the average fellow who hasn't had this training gets in two to four years in the field. You can build over 100 circuits with these parts. You experiment with and build the fundamental circuits also used in such sets as Crosley, Atwater-Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and many others sold today. You learn how these circuits work, why they work, how they should work, how to make them work when they are out of order.

**I will show you how to make extra money while you learn.**

The world-wide use of receiving sets for home entertainment, and the lack of well trained men to sell, install and service them have opened many splendid chances for spare time and full time businesses. You have already seen how the men and young men who got into the automobile, motion picture and other industries when they were young had the first chance at the key jobs—and are now the $5,000, $10,000 and $15,000 a year men. Radio offers you the same chance that made men rich in those businesses. Its growth is opening hundreds of fine jobs every year, also opportunities almost everywhere for a profitable spare time or full time business.

_**Rich Rewards in Radio**_ gives detailed information on these openings. It's FREE.

So many opportunities may make $5 to $30 a week extra while learning.

Many of the ten million sets now in use are only 25% to 40% efficient. The day you enroll I will show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood, that you can do in your spare time for extra money. I will show you the plans and ideas that are making as high as $100 to $1,000 for others while taking my course. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made $95 in my spare time while taking your course."

Many $50, $60 and $75 a week jobs are opening up for you. Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay $1,800 to $5,000 a year. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, and buyers for jobs paying up to $15,000 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators, give them world-wide travel at practically no expense and pay $85 to $200 a month. Radio dealers and jobbers are constantly on the lookout for good service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay $30 to $100 a week. Talking Movies pay as much as $75 to $200 a week to the right men with Radio training. My book tells you of other opportunities in Radio.

**I will train you at home in your spare time**

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me only part of your spare time. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Hundreds have won bigger success. J. A. Yaughn jumped from $35 to $100 a week. E. E. Wisbom made $50 a week. The National Radio Institute is the Pioneer and World's Largest organization devoted exclusively to training men and young men, by correspondence for good jobs in the Radio industry.

**You Must Be Satisfied**

I will give you an agreement to refund every penny of your money if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you complete my course. And I'll not only give you thorough training in Radio principles, practical experience in building and servicing sets, but also train you in Talking Movies, give you home experiments in Television and tell you of the latest features in sets such as A. C. and Screen Grid.

**My 44-Page Book Gives the Facts**

Clip and mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It points out the money-making opportunities the growth of Radio has made for you. It tells of the opportunities for a spare time or full time Radio business of your own, the special training I give you, and the fact that hundreds of other men successful; and by letters from operators, you will find that the coupon trains you. Send the coupon to me today. You won't be obliged in the least.

**Get my new book**

It points out what Radio Offers You.
HICKORY

Sanitary Belts are approved and recommended by leading medical authorities

Shield Style
Shield style - button belt - wide elastic - taped pins. 35c to $1

Curved Style
"Shaped-to-fit" slip-on all elastic style - wide elastic - satin trimmed - taped pins, 50c. Other elastic styles 25c to $1

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The Belt Petite - of ½ inch narrow rayon elastic - adjustable - with taped pins or patented clasps. 25c to 50c

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Sateen cloth style - button belt. Waist measure sizes - taped pins, 50c. Others to $1

All Hickory Belts are ideal for use with any pad or protection you prefer

Leading specialists approve and recommend Hickory Belts because they do not bind or in any manner constrain. They are correctly shaped to fit and are scientifically correct — hygienically perfect. They permit absolute freedom of movement — always dependable, yet gently secure. Ask your doctor. Of further importance — Hickory Belts are not limited to just one model. Hickory provides you with just the style and size which suits you best. All Hickory Belts — in all styles and at all prices — are perfectly shaped to fit.

An interesting and inexpensive test — which will mean much in health and comfort to you later — is to try several Hickory styles. No one but yourself knows so well which is the best belt for you. You can easily find out for yourself — once having done so, just remember your Hickory number. In superfine creations at $1 — others as low as 25c.

Sanitary Belts by

HICKORY

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By the curative properties of its waters, French Lick Springs — once an obscure trading post — has been transformed into America's foremost spa. The hotel of 1840, pictured above, was built to serve those who, at that early date, came to drink the natural, sparkling, health-giving waters and take the rejuvenating baths. To her supreme gift of healing waters nature added a climate of year-round delightfulness and a countryside of surpassing charm here in the gorgeous Cumberland foothills. First the Indians and then early pioneers made pilgrimages to French Lick to drink the waters and carry away as much as they could. Now Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the springs, is available the world over.

The magnificent hotel, shown above, is a concrete tribute to the curative powers of equaling the foremost metropolitan hotels. In the hotel, under its own medical supervision, are the finest baths available on this continent.

Now is a wonderful, rejuvenating time to visit French Lick — to tone up the system — put the sparkle back in your eyes, snap in your step and vigor in your veins. Two world-famed, 18-hole golf courses offer exceptional opportunities to the devotee. Tennis courts, hiking, horseback riding, plunges in the pool and other diversions make a golden circle of waking hours, while perfect rest on downy beds makes morning a benediction. French Lick is quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Wire or write for reservations.
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AMOS and ANDY in HARLEM

Radio Digest

June
Thirty-Five Cents

ill Payne
E. Phillips Oppenheim
P. G. Wodehouse

CUPID on the AIR—True Radio Romance
By the curative properties of its waters, French Lick Springs—once an obscure trading post—has been transformed into America's foremost spa. The hotel of 1840, pictured above, was built to serve those who, at that early date, came to drink the natural, sparkling, health-giving waters and take the rejuvenating baths. To her supreme gift of healing waters nature added a climate of year-round delightfulness and a countryside of surpassing charm here in the gorgeous Cumberland foothills. First the Indians and then early pioneers made pilgrimages to French Lick to drink the waters and carry away as much as they could. Now Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the springs, is available the world over.

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Now is a wonderful, rejuvenating time to visit French Lick—to tone up the system—put the sparkle back in your eyes, snap in your step and vigor in your veins. Two world-famed, 18-hole golf courses offer exceptional opportunities to the devotee. Tennis courts, hiking, horseback riding, plunges in the pool and other diversions make a golden circle of waking hours, while perfect rest on downy beds makes morning a benediction. French Lick is quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Wire or write for reservations.  

PLUTO WATER  
FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL  
Thomas D. Taggart, President  
“Home of Pluto Water”  
FRENCH LICK, INDIANA  
H. J. Fawcett, Manager  
When Nature Wont, Pluto Will
Germs Incite Tooth Decay
Millions are imprisoned on your teeth by film

This special method that removes film and bacteria will be mailed you free to try. It may bring a great change also in your teeth's appearance.

This advertisement is published to ask you to accept and try a tooth paste entirely different from all others on the market.

By the time your free supply is gone these things will have happened to your teeth: stains and discolorations will be gone—decay combated at the source—the incidence of many other troubles controlled.

The new principle of combating germs of dental ills

The great destroyers of teeth are highly active germs. Germs cause decay. Under favorable conditions they, with tartar, are a contributory cause of other troubles. Many ways are known to kill bacteria. But on the teeth bacteria cannot be removed by ordinary methods.

A sticky, stubborn film envelops them.

It glues germs against the enamel and in the tiny cracks and crevices. There they multiply by millions. To remove these germs you must remove germ-laden film.

Pepsodent was developed after years of laboratory study and experiment. Pepsodent removes film gently, safely.

Pepsodent does not contain pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive.

Please accept a supply to try

Pepsodent is not a "cure" for decay and pyorrhcea. It is a preventive. The diseases, themselves, must be treated by your dentist. Tear out the coupon and send it to the nearest address...today.

Use Pepsodent twice a day.
See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos' n' Andy Radio Program

America's Most Popular Radio Feature
AMOS 'n' ANDY
You will find yourself avoiding eagerly these incomparable blackface artists. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. Network.
7 p. m., Eastern Daylight time — 10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time — 12:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time — 7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time

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Mail coupon to
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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., London, E.C. 2, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.
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Editorial Office: Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Phone Superior 7223.

Radio Digest will not be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts received through the mail. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

Fans Nominate 185 Favorites for Diamond MERITUM AWARD

Unprecedented Enthusiasm in Race to Pick America’s Most Popular Program

EXHIBITING unprecedented enthusiasm in the Radio Digest contest to select America’s Most Popular Program, listeners and readers have already nominated 185 favorite programs, organizations or artists. Expressing fervent admiration for and loyalty to the program of their choice, letters have poured in to the Contest Editor nominating programs originating at small stations, medium size stations, large stations and heard on the great chain systems. Although the number of nominations has been unexpectedly large in this contest, in some cases individual programs receiving several scores of coupons, the voting has been comparatively light. Listeners are saving their vote ballots so that they may send them in at the end of the contest and thus receive the bonus allowed, as outlined in the rules and conditions on page 301.

It is, of course, impossible at this early date to even hazard a guess as to the ultimate leaders in the Diamond Meritum Award race. Complete tables, showing the standing of the contestants, are printed on page 318. Remember, that anyone has a chance, it all depends on the loyal support of the listening public. If your favorite has already been nominated it is not necessary to send in the nomination coupon. Merely fill out the vote ballot at the bottom of this page.

It is by no means the program from the most powerful station that may justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is seeking to uncover the program, organization or artist that has the stanchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested to stand up and fight for the honor and success of their favorite entertainer.

TO THE program, organization or artist in the United States which receives the largest number of votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome and valuable gold mounted Diamond Meritum Award. This trophy, as illustrated on this page, will be in the shape of a gold medallion emblazoned with a diamond and will be engraved with the name of the winning program, organization or artist.

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite program, organization or artist in each section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, five Gold Awards will be presented in the sectional races. These trophies will be similar in every way to the Diamond Award, except that the diamond will be omitted from the design. They will be presented to the most popular program, organization or artist in the following divisions of the country: The East, South, Middle West, West and Far West.

To the individual program, organization or artist winning the Diamond Meritum Award will come recognition of inestimable value. No one thing is worth more to a broadcast program than the expressed admiration and preference of the listening public.

No individual can tell with any degree of accuracy how any given program rates with its listeners. Only through a comparison as may be indicated in a contest such as this sponsored by Radio Digest may a true rating be established. Here the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove the true status of each program heard on the air.

Read the rules and regulations, then clip the ballots at the bottom of this page. Act today. Help to bring recognition and reward to the program that gives you so much happiness and entertainment. Hundreds are writing in every day in eager support of their favorites.

"I am very much surprised to see that Floyd Gibbons is not on your nomination list of America’s Most Popular Program Diamond Meritum Award. We do not feel that we can go to bed at night until we have heard his wonderful fifteen-minute broadcast, and we have numerous friends who feel as we do. He is the most intelligent, most instructive and most interesting person in the Radio field, and the best speaker on the air, announcers included."—Emeline Williams, Hughes, Ark.

"I nominate Little Jack Little. I think his programs are the best on the air, and my dial is always set for him. I am saving my votes so that they will count for more. Here’s hoping he wins the Diamond Award."—Mildred Bradley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"PLEASE accept my nomination for the Smith Family of Station WENR. We sincerely hope that the Smith Family, which we believe to be the best program on the air"

(Continued on page 110)

---

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest’s AMERICA’S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest, 510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate

Station, (Call Letters)
in America’s Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed

Address

City, State

---

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest’s

AMERICA’S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest, 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

(Name of Program) (Call Letters)

Signed

(City) (State)

Address

City, State
Now...one new electric refrigerator brings you all advantages

WILLIAMS ICE-O-MATIC

NEW CAPITOL MODEL

You are rightly entitled to all the best features when investing your money. This advanced new Williams Ice-O-Matic combines—for the first time—the 15 most important features of American and Continental electric refrigerators.

Williams Ice-O-Matic is designed for the busy person who can't be bothered with mechanical details. This new Capitol model—especially compact for modern small homes and apartments—is simple and quiet. It offers you unusual cooling capacity—makes ice cubes quickly.

Mail the coupon now for further interesting facts about this new low cost Williams electric refrigerator and a new Ice-O-Matic recipe book.

ICE-O-MATIC CAPITOL FEATURES

1. Unit on top or inside cabinet, or in basement.
2. Hermetically sealed, accessible mechanism.
3. Greater refrigerating capacity.
4. Forced circulation of cooling air.
5. Mechanism operates shorter time, uses less current.
6. Temperature control for quicker freezing.
7. Ample ice cube capacity.
8. Porcelain lined cabinet—easily cleaned.
10. Roomy, convenient food compartment.
11. Constant, healthful low temperature.
12. Plugs into light socket—simply as a lamp.
13. Chromium plated hardware.
14. Quiet operation—no radio interference.
15. Built Williams way for lifetime service.

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING CORPORATION

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Meet the artists who entertain
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Every Month Radio Digest Brings You—

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of personalities appearing before the microphone everywhere

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Interesting sidelights on broadcasting and people who make programs

PROGRAMS!
What's on the air and when, from the great chain systems—and, an alphabetical log of all stations in North America with accurate official wave lengths table and state and city index

And in Addition— FICTION!
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Will Payne

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for JULY
Will Continue to Be Your Foremost Source of Information

AMOS 'n' ANDY
Two articles with new sidelights showing Romance of Their Sudden Rise to Fame.

RADIO TAKES A RIDE
Colonel O. N. Taylor presents an amusing article on the development of the new fad of music while you ride.

SEEING THINGS
Doty Hobart tells you in a non-technical way about Radio-Vision as it is today, and relates humorous incidents with photos.

LOST STARS
E. E. Plummer is hunting up some of the Stars of yesteryear and will tell you what they are doing now.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Famous author brings another incomparable romance in his story of The Experiment of Stephen Glask.

DANA GATLIN
One of America's best known fiction writers will have a story called Incompatible, that should be read by every married person or one who hopes to be married. It may help to smooth many lives.

RADIO STORIES AND HUMOR
From the studios of the larger broadcasting companies will be found in our July number.

*  *  *
And of course a great many other supremely interesting subjects will be found in the

JULY RADIO DIGEST
By Subscription or at Your Newsstand
**Advance Tips**

WHERE, oh where are the Stars of yeysteryear? The fixed stars of Radio are few and far between. Probably we can all look back a year, two years, three years or more and remember names we so eagerly hunted night after night on the old box set. Now, we fret them no more. They have vanished from the sky. Evans E. Plummer, who nightly guided you in this round about Pay Day in Radio Town, has old WU and PO on the wire trail, combing the country for this information that placed at your service in the July Radio Digest.

** practically every magazine you pick up has something in it about Amos ’n Andy these days. The newspapers are syndicating biographical material. And still Radio Digest continues to supply you with new stories as it has done, beginning with the January issue six months ago. Then their wide Radio popularity was practically unrecognized by the public. Yes, you will find another interesting Amos ’n Andy story in July Radio Digest.

Radio is becoming more and more a national factor as it originates on the Pacific Coast. Dr Ralph Power, our correspondent for that region, will have a brightly illustrated and informative article on the subject, The Talkies Take the Air.

** Taking Radio for a Ride, an article by Colonel O. N. Taylor, Radio editor of the Chicago Times, will surprise you, for the prevalence of this latest fad. Just because Mr. Taylor is a Chicagoan, draw no hasty conclusions about the "ride." He is very literal. Now that Mrs. Hoover and other Washington notables are equpping their motor cars with Radio the practice must be recognized as having some social standing. And there is opposition to the movement, too! Radio in cars is being prohibited in some states by laws! Well, well, but we’ll read all about it—a non-technical discussion, of course—in the July Radio Digest.

** Next month you are going to get a delightful bit of country romance in The Experiment of Stephen Glask, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It’s brisk in action, a little humorous, and the nearest kind of a sweet little love story all intertwined in a garden of roses. Stephen’s apologist will make you sympathize, a bachelor and a lady! You will find it in the July Radio Digest.

** WHAT a heart-stirring word is the old legal term "Incompatible!" Dana Gatlin has chosen that word for a title to a new story of American domestic life which will appear in the July Radio Digest. Dana Gatlin knows us all intimately. He knows the ingredients of blind, irresistible love; he knows the storms of the frenzy, the sweet recompense of trust, and all those passions that make us live from day to day in a world of excitement. If you are married or ever expect to be married, read this remarkable analysis of love and marriage in the July Radio Digest.

---

**Across the Desk**

THE Gads and the Goits are going again. Just as the solemn historians were about to put pen to paper that this was the era of the "back to the home movement," accrediting Radio as the factor to be thanked or cursed, according to the point of view, the unexpected, as might be expected, happened. It was only the other day, you know, that the Gads and the Goits and you and I all put our hats on immediately after dinner and went out. But a new comer crowded itself into the orderly array of parlor furniture and we suddenly remembered that the Rainbow Revue from Broadway, New York, would be on the air at 8 o’clock. So the hats went back up on the pegs. We turned to the dial and spent the evening home. Incidentally, we discovered we had a family and got acquainted with each other; the Gads, the Goits, you and I, and our respective families. In the midst of this beatific two years we began straining our necks for a glimpse of this here new television which we have been assured over and over again was right there—"just around the corner." And zoopie! While we are in this expectant posture up come the Gads and the Goits from behind in their new Sic-em Twin Twelve with a band concert going full tilt direct from Washington, D. C. Is the back to the home movement at an end now that the Gads, the Goits (and presently you and I) are going to take our Radio as we go?

Greetings to little Virginia Marie Gosden, who is 24 hours old as these lines are written. She was born at 8:15 p. m. She was very obliging to come between the 6 o’clock and 10:30 broadcasts of Amos ’n Andy, but you can imagine somewhat the real anxiety Amos felt the evening of April 28th with the knowledge of such an event so close at hand. Freeman F. Gosden, Jr., two years old, is reported very happy. Virginia is chosen for the home state of her father and Marie for the middle name of Mrs. Gosden and her maternal forbears.

Patriotic Kentuckians have sent us a state magazine with an interesting account of the scarcely recognized work of Nathan B. Stubblefield, who, it is claimed, is the real father of broadcasting. Stubblefield died a lonely hermit in a desolate hut near Murray, Ky., two years ago. A memorial was recently dedicated to him there with this inscription, "the first man in history to transmit and receive the human voice without the use of intervening wires." Professor L. J. Horton, of Kentucky State Teachers College, personally remembers a demonstration by Stubblefield before a thousand local citizens on January 1, 1902. Another demonstration before a group of scientists took place on March 20, 1902, from the steamer Bartholdi on the Potomac river, R. P. Clarkson, the New York Sun, does not take this claim seriously. He says there had been a number of occasions previous when the voice was transmitted through space and cites one as that of A. F. Collins, now living a little way up the Hudson, who successfully transmitted the voice before 1900. A Chicago newspaper recently reprinted an article it had published in the sixties wherein it was stated that the time was not far distant when people on the mountains of the Pacific coast would be able to talk through space to the people on the mountains of the Atlantic coast. All of this is of interest because it shows that Radio of today was born not by accident nor by the thought of one mind, but by independent thought of many minds in all the civilized world. Every little improvement has come as the result of distilled thought from many minds. Probably the greatest improvement of all will be the perfected Radiovision, the focus point of the greatest amount of scientific research along Radio lines today.

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**Publisher Radio Digest**

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Chicago, Illinois.

Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year’s Subscription to Radio Digest.
Triumph Over Adversity

By Frederick Palmer

RAIN and muscle grow strong in overcoming obstacles. The best triumph is over environment or adversity. A good job with poor tools is more credit than with good tools.

The youngster who buys a discarded car for a few dollars from the junk heap and makes it run knows more about cars than the youngster whose smart new roadster runs silkily. He is a better friend in need if he happens along when your car is broken down on a lonely country road.

Where does this moralizing lead? To Rochester, Minnesota, and Vienna, Austria. They are linked in a triumph that attests the moralizing.

We go back to the days when most of our great medical schools were in the East, most of our eminent surgeons and specialists in the big cities. A strange thing happened. Telegrams more beseeching than those asking favor of the White House, or of the greatest banker, were going to that little town of Rochester, Minn.

If the answer were "Yes," rich relatives speeded westward in private cars and poor relatives speeded the best way they could with desperate cases whose lives might be saved by a critical operation. In Rochester were two marvellous surgeons, the Mayo Brothers. They did not have to go to the world. It went to them. They were great in themselves, not in choice of residence. Surgeons came from all over America and Europe to study their methods.

And we go back to the days when Vienna was Europe's great medical center. Doctors travelled far to sit at the feet of its group of medical professors.

Of all cities Vienna was the hardest hit by the world war. The empire of which it was the capital was lopped off to make new nations. It was a city without a grainary, a city of misery on the breadline.

The professors returned to their antiquated buildings and equipment. In ragged coats, lean phantoms from hunger, they kept on doing what they were trained to do. Unable to pay skilled mechanics, they robbed junk heaps to make research apparatus with their own hands.

Eight years after the war a delegation of eminent American doctors went to Europe on a tour of expert observation. They came to Vienna. They listened to apologies for antiquated buildings and poverty of entertainment. Then they were absorbed in wonder.

They found that some of the makeshift apparatus might well be copied in new buildings in other lands which had rich endowments and they recommended that American students who wanted to learn what Europe had to offer should go to Vienna.

"What is important is not new buildings but men, and Vienna has the men."

When Dr. L. B. Wilson, of the Mayo Foundation, said this it was a final praise for the triumph over adversity coming from that far away town in Minnesota.
TED HUSING in this somewhat grim and dignified pose has a voice that is 99.9 per cent mike perfect. (The perfect voice has not yet been heard.) He is best known for his rapid fire and accurate sports announcing, although he fits well into soap and fish and can do the classics full justice. You know, of course, that he is the CBS star announcer.
Husing Is Big Out-doors Man

SHOOTS 400 Words a Minute in Microphone

When Describing Football Game—Knows Technique from Personal Experience

By Robert S. Taplinger

O

N THE opposite page you see Edward B. Husing. Elsewhere in this magazine you will see Ted Husing. Of course they are one and the same except for the first glance of the mass audience. "Ted" is the name and character by which the CBS football announcer is best and preferably known. There's a certain masterful brilliance in the pose across the page. Mr. Husing might be a brother of Benito Mussolini, a sharp dominant intellect shines out of the dark eyes, and there's power behind the broad mouth. This is a picture that gives a glimpse of the reserve force that will become more evident in the man as he grows in years.

Ted Husing as you see him across the page is not the Ted Husing you will meet in the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York—"the man I see almost every day and know as Ted. With his fellow workers Ted is always Ted. He is always approachable and likable. Perhaps one of the supreme reasons for his success is that he has such a likable nature. He has no room in his heart for cynicism or sourness. He is fond of people, his associates, his Radio listeners. He is really a man’s man and woman’s choice. I have never heard of him having an enemy. Ted loves the game, and he can see where his monkeyshines around the microphone ever got out on the air it certainly would create a surprising diversion from the regular program.

Getting into biography we find Edward B. Husing was born twenty-nine years ago in Deming, New Mexico. Deming is a town just nicely inside the border from old Mexico. You go down the main street and out through a rather desolate stretch of land southwest for about twenty miles, and you come to Columbus where the late Pancho Villa is accused of having made the raid and massacre that started General Pershing's expedition in Mexico. The custom is to eat tortillas, rattlesnakes and charming senoritas of moving picture fame. However, Ted and his family had trekked north and east long ere this. But the locale of his birth may have implanted some of the warmth of his nature that makes him so popular today.

THE Husings settled in Gloversville, New York. As the young son developed sturdy legs and an active body he found plenty of room to grow. There was the Erie canal built at great expense for shipping but serving excellently for swimming and skating. And it was but a step to the banks and a swimming hole. Youth was virile in Gloversville. Out door sports had the whole town agog. Ted was in the midst of everything; swimming, wrestling, boxing, football and baseball. He became the leader of a gang that won all events coming and going.

Then the Great Metropolis beckoned and the Husings moved again. Young Ted looked over New York and liked the place. He continued his education at the Stuyvesant high school. It was quite different in many respects from Gloversville, but he felt that he had nothing to lose. He had to study a little harder but not too hard. He graduated and continued with a postgraduate course in commerce. Throughout the high school course he did not neglect his athletic proclivities. In fact, he was rated as a star at football, baseball, basketball and soccer.

Then he was his father’s heir. Twice in succession he was selected as the all-scholastic center.

College plans were disrupted in 1917 by the German Kaiser. Ted lied his way into a gentleman and to the recruiting division. He ended up in the corner that he was left in when he was just barely 17. Finding the world on war on his hands he was thoughtfully advised by certain officers in the American army who suggested Ted could there have been a million and Ted would have been hired, of course. He joined the famous Four Horsemen of the Mike, Norman Brokenshire, J. Lewis Reid, Milton J. Cross and perhaps the Georgia Gridiron team.

At last he had found his calling. His success was immediate and profound. Within six months he was introducing the President of the United States, the vice-president and other notables to the people of the nation. It was Major J. Andrew White who brought him eventually to the Columbia Broadcasting System. And the major made him what he is today, according to Ted's own reverent confession, Major White was a stern drill master and instead of patting Ted on the back would pin him through the eye with a cold penetrating stare as much as to say, "bought you books and can't learn you nothing."

There are many colorful incidents that stand out in the radio career of Ted Husing. One of the classics tells of his "diplomatic conversations". But when it came to a mike test he was the son of Mike Husing. He, who was with the Columbia studios, and a tensely waiting audience of several million Americans at their receivers across the continent.

The widely heralded moment for the appearance of her majesty narrowly down to seconds and NO WORD OF HER ARRIVAL. Ted hovered over the mike. The second hand of the studio clock raced to the black dot that meant ZERO. Where could the famous Queen be? Ted pictured in his mind the myriad of men, women and children listening intently for the voice of royalty. It was Zero! The silence had been broken. He tried to explain that Queen Marie had come too early for the national hook-up. Meanwhile there would be some Roumanian airs by the band. Here was the test for nonchalance, so Ted lit a—Old Gold and carried one of the few cigarettes he was ever known to hold in his fingers.

This fact may be challenged, but I believe Ted Husing can speak faster into a microphone without losing his clarity (Continued on page 99).
IT WAS one of those enervating July days in 1929. The sun moved like a great brass gong through a copper-colored sky. Asphalt pavements were soft and sticky. New York seemed dazed in the heat.

Down on Lenox avenue and off on West 137th, 138th, 134th and in practically every other street in the neighborhood black-faced, ragged urchins seemed unmindful of the heat as they screamed and dodged in the street. On the stoops sat row upon row of dusky humanity of various ages and sects. Down in front of a corner pool room a boisterous crowd of young bucks were watching a lanky youth chalk up baseball scores. Harlem was enjoying the summer.

A taxicab stopped at the corner of Lenox and 137th street.

Two young white men got out, paid the bill, and stood for a minute gazing about them.

"Well, son, here we are," exclaimed the taller of the two, a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Um huh. You guessed it," replied the stockier one.

Amos ‘n’ Andy had arrived in Harlem!

But to the multitude of dusky inhabitants they were just two white men looking around. Even had they told anyone their names, Correll and Gosden wouldn’t have meant a thing. For that matter, neither would have Amos ‘n’ Andy at that time, unless the colored listener had happened to be from Chicago’s south side or from one of the towns in which the names were already magic.

To New York in July, 1929, Amos ‘n’ Andy were just names—common names to Harlem, but that was as far as it went.

TO CHARLES J. CORRELL and FREEMAN F. GOSDEN, however, this arrival was something more than an incident. It was an event.

Without a doubt you will remember what led up to their being in Harlem. They had just signed to work under the exclusive management of the National Broadcasting Company, and had then decided to move the locale of their story from Chicago to New York. The only catch was, neither had been to New York’s negro section. Neither had the slightest idea of the actual topography of the district, nor whether the New York negro was a creature of different habits from the dusky inhabitant of Chicago or of the old South. Then there was only one way to find out—and that was to make an intensive study of their new locale and of the characters there.

"Gosh, it’s hot," remarked Correll, he of the husky build.

“Yes, and it’s not goin’ to get cooler fast," retorted Gosden, removing his hat and revealing a thatch of blond, curly hair.

“But that’s not goin’ to stop us. Let’s get going.”

Just then an outburst of cheering came from down the street where the youth of Harlem, and some of its adult population, was gathered about the score board.

"Look thee, Charlie," Gosden exclaimed. "Let’s mosey down there and see what those boys are all doin’. Looks like a fight or somethin’?"

"Naw, that’s no fight," said Correll, peering down the street. "They’re watching baseball scores. But that’s all right. We ought to be able to pick up some color."

THE TWO new-comers edged their way into the crowd. Gosden turned to a black husky in a pair of faded overalls.

"How’s she goin’, son," he inquired.

"De Babe jest klucked ‘mother one,” the six-footer replied with a grin and chuckle. "When that boy sock that ‘ere ball it sho does sta socked."

"Ain’t dat the truf."

"He’s mighty nice fellow, too, I know," the husky youth vouched.

"Yea?" from Correll.

"Yas, Suhl! Ah used to work ova in de Yankee stadum and some days Ah’d talk to him almost ever day."

The boys winked at each other. The conversation continued. Eventually the game was over and they drifted into the pool room and found chairs ranging along the walls behind the tables. Conversation ran rapid and colorful. The visitors were all ears and eyes.

After a while they drifted outside again and down 137th street. About 150 feet west of Lenox avenue Gosden stopped.

Six-story, dirty, brown-stone buildings crowded each other making a steep man-made cliff punctuated with parallel rows of opened windows. A bus roared down the street. Leaning against an iron railing that projected up from the sidewalk, he gazed about.

"Say, Charlie, this would be just the right place for the Mystic Knights of the Sea."

"Um," Correll commented, sweeping his gaze up and down the street. "Wouldn’t be so bad, would it?"

"Of course, we couldn’t give it any exact address, but we could keep this street along here in mind. It looks like the kind of a place the Kingfish would pick out."

And so it was decided, and there the lodge remains.

BY THE time the boys had walked back to 135th street the afternoon was growing late. The sun had dropped into the Hudson somewhere in the distance—a sizzling ball of fire—but the heat of it still remained.
Harlem seemed to take a new lease on life, if anything. The basking groups on the stoops, on fire escapes and in the street offered a changing, shifting, background for the two visitors. A street car clanged down 135th street, making slow progress because small boys and girls with rubber balls would fearlessly dash out in front of the car; older boys halted their game of ‘catch’ or one-old-cat only long enough to dodge the clanging monster. The big parade was on. The flashily dressed ‘dice men’ and habitants of Harlem’s night life were just emerging from building entrances, still sleepy-eyed, on their way to breakfast.

Black laborers, overall clad, some with muddy boots, powdered with lime and cement; chauffeurs, teamsters, and all that the colored worker stands for, mingled with buxom ‘mama’ types, wheeling piccaninnies, ‘high ya’llers’ casting sheep’s eyes at the younger bucks, as the home-coming crowd jostled down the wide street.

Walking along the north side of the street, just a short distance from Lenox, Correll remarked that this would be a good place for Amos ‘n’ Andy to locate their taxicab office.

“Sure ought to be plenty of business in this section,” he pointed out.

Yea,” Gosden retorted. “And poor old Amos will get a work-out looking for it.”

IN THEIR prospecting for these business and club locations in Harlem, as in all of their daily conversations, Correll and Gosden referred to Amos ‘n’ Andy as one might to two friends. They are separate personalities to their creators, and Correll never says “as Andy I do this or that,” but “Andy does this or Andy does that.” The same is true with Gosden. In his conversation and daily life he is never Amos, but always Freeman Gosden. Amos is another person whom he knows very well, but who lives a separate life.

Now with the site of the Mystic Knights of the Sea and the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorporated, already chosen, there only remained the location for Madam Queen’s beauty parlor and where Amos ‘n’ Andy themselves would live.

Madam Queen had not yet forced her personality into the nightly episodes, but good showmen that they are, working out ideas in advance, the boys knew that she would be on the scene soon after their arrival in New York.

“Well, let’s see,” Gosden mused. “You all meet her when you go out of the office for something or other, don’t you.”

“Yes, I guess that would be about the best way.”

“Um-aw, I got it! It has to be close here then. Let’s make it across the street and down a little ways. That way, you see it would be natural for you to walk out of the office—say for a manicure—and look up and down the street for a beauty parlor, and spot this one across the street. See?”

“Atta boy, Gos, that’s a great idea. Across the street then it is. Now the only thing left is to pick out where we’re gonna live.”

THAT wasn’t decided just then, however, for it was growing near dinner time and the boys had been walking and talking for several hours. Their stomachs told them that it was time to eat. Someone had told them that “Connies” was a popular eating place in Harlem, but they didn’t know where it was, so they stopped in at the first restaurant that they came to.

“The food was good, and the ideas and local color we picked up was better,” Gosden recalls. “Chicken with hot biscuits—the small, flaky kind that you usually don’t find anywhere but in the South—soaked in gravy, with mashed potatoes and all the fixin’s on the side. Then good old Southern bread piled high and honest to goodness coffee for dessert. It was quite a feed.”

There they had an opportunity to study close-up Harlem’s prototypes of the blustering Andy and the wily Madam Queen—lovelorn Amoses and Ruby Taylors. They were all there—in prototype—although they didn’t know it, and Correll and Gosden found their conversations, their gestures and their mannerisms, after all, but little different from the colored folk on Chicago’s south side or in another colored section wherever you might find it. People are pretty much the same the world over, and it wasn’t going to be as difficult for Amos ‘n’ Andy to get along with their new friends in Harlem as they thought it would be.

After dinner they strolled down Lenox avenue. At 134th street they paused, and turned.

“Say, this looks like a good place for the boys to live,” Gosden remarked. “Looks like about their speed. What do you think.”

Correll peered about, and then put in his assent.

So Amos ‘n’ Andy came to live on 134th street, the East side, between Park and Madison avenues.

THE BOYS wandered about until about 11 o’clock. It was an ‘off’ night for their broadcasts, so they had plenty of time to peruse their studies. Loafing in pool rooms and barber shops, standing on street corners and chatting with whomever they could engage in conversation, they had new ideas already forming in their minds.

But they had not yet seen another phase of Harlem’s life—the night life. So about 11 o’clock they wandered into one of those famous ‘clubs’ for which Harlem is renowned.

Blue smoke—cigarette smoke—so thick that the newcomer had to wade through it like a heavy fog. Somewhere in the room a jazz orchestra was blaring. The moan of the saxophone, the blare of the trombone and the incessant boom-boom-boom of the drums assaulted one’s senses like strong drink. On a patch of open floor, crowded to the edges, couples were swaying. There wasn’t room to dance. A spotlight from somewhere up above made a sickly attempt to penetrate the fog and half lighted the floor.

Someone found the newcomers a seat across the floor from the orchestra. To keep in common with the throng they ordered ginger ale and White Rock. Singing waiters, their trays held high above their head, swayed between the tables. An incessant chatter, high screaming voices, rumbling voices, smooth guttural voices, added to the bedlam.

“Looks something like the old Plantation in Chicago,” Gosden remarked, looking around as best he could.

“Boy,” Charlie came back, “if this is the old Plantation they sure have moved it to town and done things to it.”

Here is one of the best pictures ever taken of Mr. and Mrs. Correll (front) and Mr. and Mrs. Gosden.
CORRELL and GOSDEN spent many days in Harlem. They knew that it was vital to keep their story accurate as to location and that everyone in New York would wonder if there's any that need to be answered right away," Gosden answers, starting to sift through the pile. But after a few minutes he gives it up as a hopeless task. Just then the phone finally rings.

"MR. SO AND SO is calling from NBC," the telephone operator tells him.

"All right, please answer. Hello. Yes, this is Gosden. What? Well, do we have to meet him? All right. How soon. Oh, well, we'll be over. Okay."

The receiver is returned to its cradle and he turns to Correll.

"Some big shots from Pittsburgh is in and we have to go over and meet him."

"How about the episode?"

The episode is the daily routine that must be written without fail.

"Let's do it before we go."

Just then the 'phone jangles again.

"Mr. So and So is calling again," the girl says.

"Hello. Yes. Why, we can make it in an hour or two. He does? You're sure it won't take any longer than a minute? All right."

He turns from the 'phone, shrugging his shoulders.

"There you are. He wants us to come over right away."

"Well, we'll make it snappy and write the episode as soon as we get back."

"Okay. I'll go."

Shouldering their way through the crowd in the lobby, they are unrecognized. People do not imagine Correll and Gosden in real life as a general rule. They have definite mind pictures of the appearance of usually important people, but are surprised when they see Amos 'n Andy as Correll and Gosden. Were the hundreds in the lobby and on the street to recognize the boys as they are they wouldn't get to the NBC before night without a police escort.

Once over to the NBC building at 714 Fifth Avenue, the boys meet the man from Pittsburgh. About that time the 'phone on the department head's desk rings and another officer of the company asks for them. They then go up to his office to meet another important man.

And so it goes through the day. They don't get a chance to get away all morning. By noon someone has made a luncheon appointment for them again, late into the afternoon. Finally they break away by sheer force, go back to the hotel and start in on the episode.

"After this we'll write it before we leave the hotel," they tell themselves.

By the time the episode is finished it is time to go back to NBC studios for their first broadcast of the evening—not even time to eat before that.

"By 7:20 they are leaving the studios and must shoulder their way through crowds again in order to get to an elevator. It seems all New York wants to be near Amos 'n Andy when they broadcast from there. There is the unbreakable rule that no one ever sees them work before the microphone.

They have dinner with another group of officials and then must meet friends, newspaper men, magazine writers and what not between the broadcasts. Usually they try to get down to Harlem sometime in the evening if possible. In all, they are on the go not less than eighteen or twenty hours a day with Amos 'n Andy work. Even the trips to Harlem must, primarily, amount to work, for all of these they get fresh ideas, and sometimes new characters.

It was during one of these trips that the pair met "Big Boy," whom you may remember as the loquacious adviser who knew more about Manhattan than a Tammany precinct worker. They were coming out of "Connie's" in Harlem when there stood "Big Boy" in the flesh.

Correll, whose knowledge of the South and of the colored people in general is inexhaustible, latches onto the conversation. His expansion on how much he knew about the city so amused both of the boys that they never forgot him, and eventually used him in some of the episodes.

That is one of the reasons that the characters which Correll and Gosden portray in the Amos 'n Andy episodes are so true to life—they are real.

Like everyone who is constantly in the public eye, the boys, as has been indicated before, are constantly beset with "propotions." Every morning the mail is laden with them. They range from invitations to appear before the annual dinner of the local Elks club to offers for long-time stage and motion picture contracts.

These propositions come from many sources. The most of these are sincere and legitimate, but many border on the rambling, while others pop up so fast that it is hard to answer them.

For example, one person writes:

"The Young Men's class of the Baptist church here is giving its annual banquet next Friday night in the church to raise
funds for new basketball uniforms. The food will attract many, but what we want is about a half-hour act from Amos 'n' Andy to assure us a good crowd. This is a worthy cause and I am sure that you will be glad to appear.

THE NEXT of the days messages is a telegram.

"LYTILVILLE FIRE DEPARTMENT GIVING ANNUAL DINNER TONIGHT. STOP. PLEASE SEND GREETINGS DURING YOUR BROADCAST."

The message reads:

"I have just written a book on Amos 'n' Andy, but need some more pictures which I want you to send me. This book is to sell in 10-cent stores, but I have a larger one to sell tomorrow at the boy's house for 'quarter.'

Another writer wants to manufacture Amos 'n' Andy ash trays, another toys, another to run a contest. Literally hundreds of letters have come in advertising.

Of course, all of these letters are turned over to the National Broadcasting Company as managers for the duo, and are read and answered as necessary. Of course, it is impossible for the boys to keep in touch with all of them.

Of course, there is a national importance and is booked far enough ahead, or otherwise works into their schedule, so as not to interfere with their work on the air each night. Many theatrical offers are turned down each week because they are not in a position to appear in a certain place, or for various other reasons.

The boys appreciate the following they have and are just as friendly as the members of the town. Men's Classes in the Baptist church that they can't attend their function, or that of any of the thousands of invitations that they receive—but there is a limit to physical possibilities.

How to deal with some of these letters is a problem about such things. For years they worked in small towns throughout the United States directing and coaching home talent shows, and they feel that all of these people are their friends and they are the friends of all of these people.

THEIR years in the towns of the nation has also given them one other thing, in fact, that they can tell when something in their episodes "clicks" and when it does not.

The most important of the business propositions they go over with the officials and attorneys for the NBC and give them full consideration. A few are accepted. For example, a prominent manufacturer is now bringing out an "Amos 'n' Andy Candy Bar;" another will build an Amos 'n' Andy toy. But most of the ideas are too far fetched or promise too little from any angle to go into.

Some of the theatrical offers are refused because the boys feel that it might do the theatre managers an injustice, because the time "ain't ripe" for their appearance.

For example, they made an appearance in one of the largest mid-west cities, breaking all house records. A few weeks later they receive a return engagement. They refused because they didn't want to "wear their welcome out" and felt that it might prove unprofitable for the theatre. And, after all, that isn't bad business.

One of the offers of business, which employs more people than one would casually believe, the boys have their own enjoyments. But a word about the number of people required to handle the business.

At the National Broadcasting Company a host of girls are kept busy sorting Amos 'n' Andy mail—and this is exclusive of the force kept busy at the Pepsi-Cola Company. It keeps two or three stenographers and mailing room boys busy handling the stories requested on the pair. They have three attorneys themselves and the NBC its counsel, which is kept well occupied.

THE NBC Artists Service, both in New York and in Chicago, where Alex Robb, the boys' old manager, is in charge, do their "propositions" each day. Then there are the engineers and musicians and announcers who work each night to aid in the success of the broadcast—and out over the United States—yes, from the wilds of upper Canada into the south, down into the barren deserts of Mexico and from the snug homes of Back Bay in Boston to the Barbary coast of San Francisco there are the uncounted millions who wait each night by their least expected machines for their waiting. These two boys seem to cut quite a swath in the U. S. A. these days.

But to get back to what the boys do in their spare time. In the summer months this is just a matter of "days off." But, when the season is over, a trip usually takes them to some swimming pool and imitating a fish at home in his element. Charlie Correll is, however, a member of that same club to which professional admirers belong—he has golfsites. The sight of a little white pellet skimming straight down the fairway toward the red flag in the distance is a sight sweet to his heart—even if it does fail to do it most of the time.

Both of the boys, too, are baseball fans and sunny afternoons in the summer time often finds them either in the stands at the Cubs' park or down in the home of the White Sox if either team is in Chicago . . . and the boys are home. Another very natural hobby with them is the theatre. Like the great majority of old troopers, they love the smell of grease paint and the thrill of the footlights, so they are inveterate first-nighters whenever their schedule permits.

ONE night this enthusiasm almost caused them to miss an appearance at the microphone. It was during one of their New York visits. Their early broadcast over at 7, they didn't have anything to do until 11, so they decided to see "Flying High!" The broadcasting time drew near before they knew it and they shot out of the theatre before the finale and hailed a cab. But they hadn't reckoned with New York traffic. Minutes passed at stop lights and in traffic jams. They finally made the studio with a minute to spare—but it was too close for comfort.

But, when all is said and done, the real hobby of Correll and Gosden is Amos 'n' Andy. This is natural. Amos 'n' Andy are more than just a job to these two young men. They are living, breathing, very much alive and active brain children that a nation has come to love.

While business worries and domestic problems must be faced each day, and with the plaudits of a nation to be answered, probably the greatest recreation the boys get is going down to Harlem or down on Chicago's south side, mingling with the hearty, sincere colored folk, to whom Amos 'n' Andy mean just as much as to anyone else in the country, and meeting the counterparts of their own characters.

Just what their popularity is going to do for them, where it is going to lead, even the boys themselves do not know and don't dare to predict. Out of the maze of propositions that are offered each day, there may be something that they accept, in addition to their broadcasting, but that remains largely up to the boys and the NBC.

In the meantime, they themselves do not quite realize how popular they are. If they did it would probably frighten them.

WELL, here you see Andy Brown just after he has been approached on the "proposition" of making a talking picture. What a time he is going to have figuring out his income tax next year! The Pepsi-Cola company pays the boys $100,000 for a thirty-minute day. The picture people are going to pay the boys $1,000,000 for part of their spare time during two or three months. After they get through with that they get back to their fresh air taxicab and pick up a few nickels from the folks who want to see the sights of Harlem while enjoying the full ozone privileges available only in the Amos 'n' Andy fresh air taxicab.

Mr. Williamson will have another first hand story in our next issue.
BOYHOOD DAYS of AMOS and ANDY

Down in Richmond the Gosden boy found life a serious proposition at an early age but he knew what he wanted and he went after it—now he's got it. There didn't seem to be much of a chance for a young fellow in Peoria but Chuck Correll laid bricks in the daytime and played the piano at night until he found his opportunity and took it. Now they're a million dollar Radio team working together.

It was in those days that his impressionable mind picked up from the son of the negro mammy, an Ethiopian of about Freeman's age, he first heard the patter of the bell after their famous team had been organized. From this ebony youth came the traits, dialectical accomplishments and even some of the "gags" that keep us near the loudspeaker every evening.

Quite naturally, now that he has become a person of national prominence, Richmond people attempt to bask in the light of that reflected glory. There is, for instance, the school teacher who said to his sister-in-law: "Do you ever hear from Freeman now?"

"Oh, yes," was the obvious reply.

"Be sure and remember me to him when you write. I feel that I had such a part in shaping his career." And this teacher had been his instructor when he was 6 years old, in the first grade at school.

Curly," as he still is known to his Richmond friends, quit school before his graduation, and went into the shipping department of a local shoe manufactory.

In those days he used to "hang around" with a bunch of boys who were interested in singing, dancing and minstrelsy. One of them, Lewis or "Slim" O'Neil, enters the picture at this time. He it was who got Freeman interested in tap and buck dancing. They made up the dancing team in this minstrel show that played one-night stands almost everywhere around Richmond that boasted a hall large enough to play the show. O'Neil and young Gosden would go to the vaudeville show in Richmond, watch the dancers closely, and then return to the basement of a store in the West End or to some fellow's home where they would emulate the steps until they had them completely mastered. Thus it was that their routine grew almost weekly.

He was still in the employ of the shoe company, but only the good offices of his friends, plus the good-natured disposition of his employer, kept "Curly" there. Up in the office where he was supposed to check bills of lading and other office detail, young Gosden would be found humming or whistling to himself, and going through a dance routine. Then would come warnings, apologies and promises, to be followed a week later by repetition of the same incident.

When the war came on, Gosden finally obtained permission of his elders and enlisted in the navy. He wore the sailor suit, but wasn't suited by nature for sea duty. Shortly after his enlistment, along with O'Neil, he was sent in a big dory across a small and calm arm of Hampton Roads to row from the naval base to a point about a mile away.

FREEMAN FISHER GOSDEN, "Amos" and super-numerary of the nationally-famous team of "Amos 'n' Andy," has spent almost all his thirty-one years entertaining others. And from a negro mammy and her son, once attached to the Gosden household here in Richmond, Va., has come the dialect that Gosden and Charlie Correll have made bywords wherever an antennae sways over the roof of an American home.

Anywhere you may go in Richmond you will find men, some in business, others in some profession, and a few just getting along who have known "Curly" Gosden all their lives. And they still know him, few realizing the important figure he now cuts in the broadcasting world, because he has changed so little from the days he and the "other boys in the gang" here used to put on amateur shows in the surrounding counties.

"Curly" was born on Marshall street, in Richmond, not so far from the Virginia capitol. He came of distinguished forebears. His father, Walter W. Gosden, Sr., is listed in the annals of the Confederacy with that hardy group of "rebels" who refused to surrender to the United States after Appomattox had ended the War Between the States because the federal government had refused amnesty to their idolized leader.

In fact, "Curly's" father, who died in Richmond in 1911, was one of the outstanding figures of "Mosby's men," as that world famous band of uncommonly brave men and boys (Gosden enlisted at the age of 16) was called, which Colonel John S. Mosby, the most daring raider this country has ever known, led to many victories over the Union forces.

This anti-climax to the war ended two months later, but it was reflected later, perhaps, in that rebellious spirit of the Gosdens that kept young Gosden in the face of many obstacles to keep pursuing that avocation for which he felt (and subsequently proved) he was best fitted.

UPON the death of his father, Freeman came into the care of his mother and an older brother, Walter W. Gosden, Jr.

Only the brother was destined to see him on the way up the steps leading to national popularity. An automobile accident caused the death of his mother and sister during the world war, and the brother died just about the time "Amos 'n' Andy" were becoming a nightly attraction in every home that boasted a Radio.

He attended the public schools in Richmond, where he was regarded by his teachers as a good student applying himself seriously to the task of learning the three "R's." He was not athletically inclined though he did go in for the usual backyard and vacant lot football and baseball when just a kid.

By W. T. Christian
Special Correspondent for Radio Digest

"Must I stab de worm wid de hook, Andy?" "Sho! Sho!"
Going over and coming back, Seaman Gosden knew all the physical unrest that accompanies mal de mer. "No sea duty," he was often heard to say. His eyes would gleam, his neckless and raised, his knees buckled, his fingers clustered around the nautical words, he would sing songs of the sea, his cephalopodFavorite Dances and Songs,” of the "Chase Invincible" - the pleasure boat. The Three Stooges, their ship, and their shipmates, were popular among the mariners of the world, then at Virginia Beach, the government at that time fearing attacks by submarines and privateers. Both came by at one time or another, under cover of the night, but that is irrelevant.

AFTER the war Freeman came back home. In the navy he had met a number of "boys" who, like him, confessed a desire to do something on the stage. Several of them did in later years, and so did Gosden, but at this time his ambition had not caused him to leave the Signal Corps. They tried for a try in theatricals. He did some dancing and "gag" work in several amateur plays, perfectly attired as a tobacco salesman. Later he went over to Petersburg for a try at selling automobiles. Finally, the break came. He got a chance to work with a Chicago production company. "No sea duty," he was the verdict of his commanding officers, and he was ordered to Boston to study Radio and other communication means at Harvard. O'Neill received similar orders, and "Curly" was sent to Southern California. There had been reports of the radio broadcasts of "The Great Trumper," and it was in that city that he won his spurs, applause and fame. Then came the days that made the Fortune show. They were a sure bet, and they made the man who had worked his way to the top in a year as an entertainer.

Hart and Correll were both employees of the same production company and, due to their ability as "directors," won posts as office managers. They came together in Durham, N. C., and the friendship of the "boys" was cemented to their teaming up into one, if not the greatest, teams in the history of Radio.

The "boys" knew him when he had seen sky, delight in telling you that he still retains the naive manners that were characteristic of his boyhood and early manhood in this city in the days when he was a gay young trooper, and a regular attendant at any dance in town. When Freeman made his first featured appearance, in a show promoted by a fraternal organization here, he urged his friend who were going not to save their applause until the end of the performance and present it to them each step, and he and his partner, the same "Slim" O'Neil, were so overcome with sheer juvenile exuberance that they came out on the stage and shook hands, instead of, in the more professional manner, taking their bows.

GIRLS who knew him in Richmond say that "Curly" was a "cutie." They say that whenever he was around he would always have a "little" gag work, never sang any, and it constituted a great surprise to them when he became famous for his funny cracks in that high-pitched broadcasting voice of his. Not only, his old girls say, was his voice beautiful and entertaining, but, as they put it, "he always looked good on the floor." "Curly" and his friends took in all the subscription dances, and he was one of the most popular boys at these parties.

When "boys" and grandmothers are the two extremes of society, combining with the up-to-date cut of his clothes an instinctive neatness of attire. His hair was curled almost to the point of kinkiness, but had a way of curling on the head only. His eyebrows were "thread the hair-in-place" glasses so popular nowadays. Young Gosden was always cleanly shaved, with his tie correctly and fashionably knotted, clothes clean and pressed, and his hat at the currently proper angle. "Curly" in those days was tall, up-standing, blond, wavy hair, a broad brow and wide-set eyes, with one eye-brow brown, the other white. That is a birthmark that people will tell you about when you've been in hospital or other characteristics and events in his more youthful days.

It was after the war that he gradually broke away from home. His parents gave him notice to join the production company after employees of that firm had seen him dance, and asked him to join with them. He went to Chicago, and from that point produced amateur shows. He had known the business for years, and when he entered the industry, and Correll and Gosden joined up for a team act. A friendly announcer gave them a chance to go on his program at WEBB and you know the result. The brother never lived to see Freeman's world-wide acclaim in Richmond.

Here in Richmond people were a bit amazed. "Curly" wasn't much of a singer or minstrel," they would say. "I thought he was a dancer." They had overlooked the fact that his pleasantly soft Southern voice was excellently adapted for carrying the melody of almost any song.

"Curly" married in 1907, as did Correll for that matter. The former Richmonder took as his bride Miss Leta Marie Shreiber of Chicago. There is one child, Freeman Jr., who already looks like the "Amos" without the make-up that one can almost see when his voice is coming in over the loudspeakers.

FREEMAN still writes to his friends here, and they write to him. And when they go to cities where he happens to be booked singing or playing in vaudeville, one of them went to New York not long ago, and her hopes of seeing him were dashed to the ground when she was advised he was too busy to see anybody. So she telephoned a personal friend who told him who it was and Freeman said: "I'll be right over in a few minutes, I want to see you and talk a little more about this work." People here pay their greatest tribute to Gosden because they like him for what he has made of himself, in the face of many obstacles, rather than just for the fact that he's a famous radio man.

So in the near future, when he comes home for a visit, as he has promised to do, he'll know how much he has gained the respect he has already won back the last time, just a few hours after he had been heard over the air from Chicago. Here in Richmond, how were we to know he was being heard from wherever he was. He has always been one of the great in radio and has often engaged with a stage presentation.

By Robert Roland Goldenstein

Special Correspondent for Radio Digest.

WHEN Charles J. Correll, known as Andy of "Amos 'n' Andy," to millions of Radio fans, lamented to the ever sympathetic Amos that Madame Queen was too old to go to a dance, he is really acting—because, according to his family and boyhood pals back in Peoria, where he was born, dancing has always been a second nature to him. Also they say, the slow, lazy nature of the President of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated, is a cross-grain to the real Correll that they know. That Andy has always been vivacious and ambitious, we shall find out in the story of his early life as told by his family and early chums. The story of Mr. Correll's life is in accordance with the formula of the lives of most of our men. He did, for instance, begin his career as a bookkeeper at 18 years of age, later realizing his ambition at an early age, worked toward that goal, and now that he has attained it, he is working harder than ever. Mr. Correll was born in Peoria, Ill., February 3, 1891, the oldest of three children. His inclination for drama was apparent at an early age. When in the second grade of the Greely grammar school he was given a minor part in a school production of "The Old Chocolate Pot." It was not until the full play was presented he did so well that throughout the remaining years of school the name Correll always appeared in the cast of characters.

His boyhood friends say he was the "life of any party." He studied the piano, under a professor of classical music, and finished up playing popular stuff that distracted his teacher, but delighted his friends. Having learned to play jazz, it was quite natural that he would learn to dance, and thus dancing and tap dancing were learned and he sought new fields to conquer.

No accident told by af uncle, Joseph Fiss, floorwalker for a Peoria department store, sums up Mr. Correll's early character.

"THERE was no peace and quiet around the house when Charles would come home from school," he said. "As soon as the front door opened, books and cap were tossed on a table in the living room. Charles had no time for a nap. He was full of pep from morning to night. You couldn't feel melancholy under the same roof with Charles. He wouldn't stand for it." (Continued on page 104)
TWO GANGSTER GUNMEN

Try Hunting

The Hunters

Bees, Snakes and Alligators Not Reckoned in Deal to Kill Their Man

By Will Payne

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

Helter and Colisemus were hunting a man. The price was to be four thousand dollars. Never before had they been offered such a sum. Once they had done it for only a hundred and fifty dollars apiece—Helter getting a sawed off shotgun from an automobile. The third time they had been paid seven hundred and fifty dollars. But four thousand was unheard of.

In this case they were obliged to hunt on strange ground and to bear considerable expense—had fare from Chicago to Florida and return, hotel bill and the hire of an automobile. But they calculated upon at least three thousand net.

No one, seeing Helter and Colisemus in Florida or elsewhere, would have paid especial attention to them. Both were around thirty years of age. Colisemus was thick set, beginning to get fat, round headed, rather sleepy looking, for his eyelids were thick. Modestly dressed, he looked as good natured and harmless as the next man.

Helter was shorter, spare and dark, with a thin, high bridged nose and nervous looking eyes—all together a nervous looking man, with quick movements and speech. His speech, slang riddled, was the American equivalent of cockney—a city slum product. But he dressed neatly, never obtruding himself upon anyone—except in a professional way.

The man they hunted was named Bodet, a detective. The trial of Graw and Loman was coming on, at Chicago, in a fortnight. Bodet was the star witness against them. A person who was perfectly dependable in such cases had offered four thousand dollars—besides, it was in the nature of a command. Helter and Colisemus did not much like hunting on this strange ground, far from familiar hiding places, friends and alibis. Yet for three thousand net one could afford to risk almost anything, and it was a sort of command, too. Having accepted the engagement they would feel deeply disgraced if they should fail. The actual moment of shooting was always disagreeable—like shuttering one’s eyes and swallowing a bitter draught. But twenty-four hours after the getaway they would meet and discuss the details much as hunters talk over how they brought down the big buck.

For four days they’d had no luck. Bodet was staying at Bocagranz Hotel on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. The landscape was disconcertingly flat and open, flooded with sunshine—all so different from the big hive on Lake Michigan where one could whistle round a corner and be lost, with always a crowd to swallow one up and as many dark runways as in a rabbit warren. This lack of luck chagrined them and put them on their mettle.

They were not staying at the big hotel. Thrift alone would have prevented that. But the big hotel veranda was free to anybody who had the nerve. There Colisemus heard Bodet say: “No; tomorrow Mr. Dorman and I are going hunting. We’ll start early and may be all day in the woods.”

Off in the woods with guns—and the more shooting the better!

Hopefully Helter and Colisemus laid their plans. And this morning, having been up and alert early, they felt that luck was with them full tide, for Bodet was in that car ahead. There were two other men in the car; but one was the chauffeur who would presumably stick to the machine while the other two—who were dressed in overalls—struck into the timber. Usually hunters separate more or less. With good visibility, Helter would have staked his neck on a shot anywhere up to a hundred yards. One good shot from behind a tree or bush would settle it—the shooter scurrying away in the brush and very likely getting back to town before the corpse was discovered. They were bound to settle it today. Another chance so favorable as this might not come up.

Meanwhile, rolling briskly over a good brick road in the small car they had hired, Colisemus driving, they admired the weather and the strange scenery. It was genial and cloudless like a fine June day in Chicago, although this was February. Now and then they saw a buzzard sailing high. Now and then they caught a glimpse of the, at the left, of the serene blue sea. The landscape was quite flat, with tall pines in open irregular order. They passed some orange groves, the shining dark green trees hung thick with golden balls. As fine a setting for their engagement as one could wish, and the little car spun off mile after mile of smooth brick road.

The car ahead was turning from the brick and bounding off through open pine woods, with an undergrowth of green palmetto. Colisemus halted two rods beyond the turning and they watched the other car as it went twisting and bouncing over a rude wagon track that wound in and out to avoid trees and palmetto clumps.

“Drive on up the road two miles and come back slow,” said Helter. “Look for me all along the road when you come back.”

That seemed good strategy—to keep the car on a good road for the getaway—although it might involve considerable walking for Helter. A car off in the woods was a rather conspicuous thing while a man on foot could slip through the undergrowth unnoticed. On foot, therefore, Helter followed the quarry—the road so rough and sinuous that he could make almost as good time on foot as their car. The dense clumps of shoulder high palmetto made very good cover.

Presently he sighted the other car; three men standing beside it. He dodged nearer and squatted, watching. The two hunters were leisurely getting out their paraphernalia. Together they walked a way to the south. The chauffeur climbed back in the car, disposed him—
BODET'S companion was instructing him gravely. "We may find 'em on any but a pitchers' foot. You know—those thistle blossoms, or those pale yellow palmetto buds; but they like wild grape blossoms pretty well. We'll look along the side of the bank of the ditch."

The companion was not quite so tall as Bodet but of a vital stock—broad shouldered, thick chested, a solid head on a short neck. The point of his fairly nose depended hook-like. The thin hair beneath his plaid cap was gray; he wore spectacles; his leather colored, rough newm face was seamed. But out here he appeared to have sloughed off the years.

"There's one! And there's another. See! See! He can't rely to a cluster of wild grape blossoms, advancing like a hunter, net in hand. He made a quick sweep of the net and clapped it against his legs, crying: 'Yep! I got him! Fetch your box."

The captured game was a honey bee. The hunter instantly released it into Bodet's box which contained honeycomb saturated with syrup. He caught two other bees and popped them into the box; then he hopped up on a comparatively clear spot in the mound of sand along the ditch and put the box on it, opening the lid so that the bees, syrup laden, could fly nonchalantly among the bushes. There was to determine the line of flight and follow it up to the bee tree.

The older man explained the meaning of each move, expounding the art of bee hunting, anxious that the novice should miss no point.

On he's on the side of the box. He'll fly in a minute. Watch now. Try to keep your finger pointed at him. That helps. There—there he goes. Watch now. Tilted. Watch now. He might follow the bee's flight as the little creature roose, darted to right and left, circled in between them and the sun so that in the end, the second bee they lost also. And Bodet soon lost the third; but the older man's waving-finger gesture was carried against the sky.

"There—there he goes—off there toward that thick timber. Now they all come back for more syrup. We'll see how long it takes the first one. If he's back in fifteen minutes the he'll be much more than a mile away."

The answer of the bee hunter's name was "Dorman." "Dorman Cope," Bodet knew that he was sixty-five years old and had heard that he was worth a dollar. Bodet thought of the honey bee hunter and nothing else.

In half an hour or so bees were coming and going in steady flight. Bodet himself could follow little bee from whom the line of thick timber on the other side of the drainage ditch, half a mile away. "Better get a new line," said Dorman. "This one runs to that bay here. But we don't know how much farther they may be going. We'll set up the box over there."

By that time the saturated honeycomb was covered with bees and they were thick on the sugary side of the box. Bodet leaned down to come up close and watch them at work.

"Don't be afraid they'll sting you," he counseled, "for they never do if you let'em alone. I've had dozens of 'em on my hands and face at once." With a muffled sort of chuckle he explained:

"But it's as about like catching a mouse with a cat unless you're afraid. Man sees a bee near him. It scares him and he makes a crack at the bee. That scares the bee and it stings the man. Pretty much that way all around, eh? Snakes, now. I can't catch a stick to keep off the yellow-jackets. But at any rate, bees don't bite unless they're scared. Man's scared of the snake, he scares the snake and the snake and bite him, eh? About that way all around.

"I've been in business, boy and man, about fifty years. Made quite a reputation at it that I don't much deserve. A lot of people always looking around for things to get scared of, sort of course they can tell people to be, if you look. You can go down cellar with all the doors locked and scare yourself still if you want to. Same way in business. Those New Jersey fellows came along with some new man who said you know, and it looked kind of ambitious for in Chicago—if you wanted to look at it that way . . . . There was the leather trust. Some men in my line got goose pimples about that. Two years ago—Lord, it looked as though in a little while you couldn't buy less than ten dollars. Then the bottom all fell out and for a spell it looked as though you couldn't give leather goods away with a premium."

His chuckle was only a kind of inward commotion that escaped, just a little, in sound. He gave it away.

There are rattlers and moccasins in these woods—not many at this season, but none the less. And the thistles and bees and the swamps. But I bet you don't know the worst thing in the woods—very worst thing here."

He waited an instant for an answer. "Worst thing in these woods is a little devil of a red bug. Runs as big as a man's hand. Gets under your wrist and bites like fury. The way you get those bugs is by sitting down. See? Same way in business. I used to say to my partners: The devil take it if I sit still we're going to get stung plenty."

Let's move on."

For more than half an hour Bodet, behind a palmetto, had been watching the strange proceedings on the mound. Nearly all the while he had had an easy, fairly light shot at Bodet. But there was Bodet's companion and the chauffeur lounging in the car not far off. Of course he couldn't get away without being seen. There would surely be a better chance later on. He left them descend into the ditch.

FROM the top of the embankment to the bottom of the ditch was twenty feet or thereabouts, and the ground was covered with a tangled growth of grass and weeds, and the gullied declivity was a tangle of rank vegetation. With a woodman's skill Dorman led a zigzag course down. In that middle season on a hot day a man could walk a yard wide, flowed through the bottom of the ditch. He found a narrow spot where they could spring across, and fought his way up through the green mat on the other side. On that south side of the ditch the land had recently been burned over.

Helter crossed the ditch some distance below—lest the chauffeur might glance up and see him on the mound. On the bank he had come down into the gutter alongside like snakes and poison ivy and wet feet and unknown perils. Grasping a bush he slid into the web of growing things. Briars tore his clothes. Malevolent vines, tougher than ropes, wrapped around his neck and when he pulled them away there were his hands. Twice his cap was jerked from his head—as though an invisible hand had plucked it. He got to the bottom and jumped the stream, but the two boats were well back—both feet in water up to his ankles. Being wet already he waded along the stream looking for an easier place to climb the farther side. There seemed to be no easier place. He stepped up on the low bank and his nerves thrilled with fear, for something hissed and glided beneath the dense leafage. He was not afraid to kill a man—but a slimy, poison snake!

He waded on a little distance. Not a breath of air stirred down the bank, for Sweat dappled on his forehead and his shoes felt like mud. He struggled up through the tangle to the farther embankment and looked out with dismay. The two hunters were in place. He could see the line of thick timber, but the burned ground, sparsely set with tall, mast-like pines, was practically as open as a billiard table.

Already he was cursing to himself—Ilogically charging up the words of comfort to Bodet, whom he would fairly have killed gratis for his own satisfaction. But the distance was too great for a pistol shot. He mopped his sweaty face on a handkerchief and considered.

The hunters were setting up that funny little box on a pole again. The dense green line of tree and brush over there ran nearly parallel to the drainage ditch. The burned area seemed to run as good width eastward, but he couldn't see the low green of palmetto underbrush. Up there, apparently, he could cross from ditch to timber line under cover, then skulk down through the timber to shooting range.

He scrambled back into the ditch and pulldied eastward—soon discovering a sort of patch that ran sometimes on one side of the tiny stream, sometimes on another. He sweated, stumbled, plodded; climbed the bank and found he had not
tangle of vines or a puddle appeared. He twisted and turned to find a way through and soon quite lost his sense of direction. Twice he found himself peering through the brush at the muddy lake when he should have been at the farther side of the timber. Always he was cursing to himself.

Eastward the timber ran out to a point, roughly like the nose of a flatiron. Two or three hundred yards off the nose the hunters set up their box. When Dorman lifted the lid the imprisoned bees, already laden with syrup, swarmed out, darting and circling.

"Not much use to try to follow 'em now," Dorman explained.

"They've been shut up, you see, and we've carried 'em half a mile or more. They'll circle to get their bearings: but, in ten minutes, unless I'm mistaken, we'll have a new trunk line established from here to the tree." He took out his watch to time the bees' return.

"From over yonder, you see, they made for this bay head." He nodded toward the nose of the timber. "What we've got to find out now is whether they go beyond it. That 'bee line' business is all buncombe. They don't always go straight by a long shot. "Seem to take the path of least resistance.

"See that fellow? He's come back." He looked at his watch. "Hardly eight minutes! We're close to the tree-

Two-thirds of the way over they saw a man standing in the brush ahead, peering at them...

He was a stoutish man with thick lips, his aspect inhospitable.

gone far enough; returned to his plodding. City blocks were his only familiar measure of distances; but when he finally came out at a spot favorable for crossing to the thick timber he thought he must have gone a mile. He could still see the hunters.

His immediate objective was a long belt of thick timber and dense brush. Up to this point, since leaving the car, the trees had all been long leaf pine, quite wide apart, with palmetto underbrush. But when he had skulked across to this timber belt he found the character of vegetation completely changed. There were no pines at all, but live oaks and various other trees whose names he did not know. They stood much closer together than the pines, and the tall underbrush was thick as the ground would bear. Although he did not then know it, this timber belt bordered a long, shallow lake. The difference in moisture made the difference in vegetation.

He struck into the timber belt and found going even worse than in the ditch. It was impossible to keep anything like a straight line. A fallen tree, an impervious mat of branches, a

Now watch and you'll soon get the new line."

In half an hour bees were swarming to the box and home again, syrup laden. For the first time since entering the woods, Dorman seemed overcast.

"Well, that's poor luck," he said, long faced as though his dividends had stopped. "That's poor luck. They're going over to the island, sure pop—too bad!"

Through a rift in the trees, above the reeds and brush which choked it, Bodet could see a mass of farther tree tops—evidently on the island in the lake to which Dorman referred.

"I know this lake right well," he went on. "Caught two alligators in the upper end of it three years ago. Guess I've hunted about everything in the United States that walks, flies or swims, at one time or another. I used to be quite active, you know. When I was a youngsters my father hadn't sold the farm yet."

He chuckled. "Sometimes wonder now, if I should drop off and go to heaven, whether it'd look half as good to me as that farm used to look when I was a boy—especially the pasture
and wood lot... Yes, sir; those bees are going to the island, sure pop. Suppose we step through this belt of timber now and have a look over there. Might be that we could spot 'em from this bank. It's only a little walk."

They went up a little way, therefore, and struck into the timber—the same timber through which Helter was toiling sinuously, with curses and distraction. Where they struck in there were the same impediments to locomotion as elsewhere. Dorman went ahead, turning to right and to left, here crushing down a mat of thick vines, there thrusting aside tough branches with his walking stick, climbing over a tree trunk or going around, always picking the easiest way without haste or pause, deviating from a straight line at every step, yet always holding to the main course. It was not much more than the "little walk" he had spoken of until they came to the thick brush that lined the water. He followed that a rod, found a place to get through, and they stepped out on a boggy hummock in the muddy lake. It was perhaps two hundred yards across to the island.

Dorman leveled his stick. "'Gator over there. See him?"

The alligator, a dozen feet long, lay sunning himself on a mud bank at the shore of the island, three or four hundred yards east of them.

"Apt to find 'em anywhere around these ponds," Dorman commented. "Once I found one in the woods quarter of a mile or so away from water. Shame the way a lot of blockheads shoot 'em with a rifle and leave 'em to rot. Only decent way to hunt 'em is the way the natives do. You find their hole in the mud, you know, and stick in an iron-shod pole. The 'gator'll bite that and hang on like a bull dog. Couple of men can draw him out. Soon's he gets his head out you jump on his back and bind his jaws with rope. Then you pull him out farther and tie his tail and you've got him. Seeing one in a tank you wouldn't imagine how fast they can move. That fellow's tail would knock in your ribs or break your leg. Of course there's no real danger hunting 'em the way I speak of; but you get in mud up to your ears and have a tussle. Something like sport, eh? Sitting snug in a boat and shooting 'em with a rifle... Huh! Might as well turn a machine gun on a cow and call that sport!"

(Continued on page 190)
D O YOU believe in a playful little fellow with dimpled cheeks and mischievous eyes, a bow in his hand and a quiver of darts slung over his shoulder? Perhaps, you're one of the scoffers, and don't believe in fairies. But have you ever had a sharp, tingling pain through your heart and discovered yourself moving about in the haze of a strange new elation? . . . Ah, and you'd dare to scoff!

This elusive little reveller in mysteries and surprises has been in his element during the last six or seven years. He has discovered the tremendous romantic possibilities of ether waves and has actually been detected at work in the broadcasting studios. Perhaps, you've caught him, on a low wave length, chortling in glee at the havoc he's wrought.

For instance, some two or three years ago Dan Cupid released an avalanche of darts in the Omaha range, impaling thousands of feminine hearts. A certain velvet-voiced announcer at WOW was the object of all this affection and the recipient of such a host of missives that he was forced to the expediency of answering with a system of mimeographed letters, each form suitable to the type. That is, reply No. 4 was used for an aggressive blonde, and No. 5 for a more modestly seductive brunette, and so on.

But often a more serious purpose in the machinations of Cupid is evidenced. Sometimes out of the legion of hearts set aflame by an unseen voice one arouses a similar fluttering in the cardiac regions of the possessor of the charmed voice. Cupid has cleverly pierced them with the same arrow. And when they meet! Take the story of Sen Kaney, veteran announcer at the NBC.

O NE SUMMER night in 1925 Miss Vera De Jong of St. Louis, one of the belles of that old metropolis and the daughter of a socially prominent family, was listening in on a KYW, Chicago, program, when she became captivated by the voice of the chief announcer of the station. The damage was done, then and there, and, although she didn't write to him, she did tune in religiously when he was on the air. Then she came to Chicago to visit friends. There was an evening party and the hostess suggested Radio music. She asked what station Miss De Jong preferred to hear. "KYW," was the prompt reply. "There's an announcer there that I am wild about."

The next evening the hostess, who knew the staff at the station, invited the St. Louis belle to a dinner, and next to her sat Sen Kaney himself.

A few days later Kaney called the studio director and said he would not be at work that day, maybe, if it was all right.

"What's wrong, Sen? Not under the weather?"

"Naw," came the rejoinder over the wire.

"Married."

That was July 14, 1925, and today the Kaneys have a beautiful apartment home almost overlooking Lake Michigan in Rogers Park, and spend their home hours playing with a golden-haired little girl who has since become a very important member of the family.

Or, again, Cupid is whimsical. He allows a "Nit-wit" to
and Wedding Bells on the AIR

Darts Zip Through Mark and Stick—and Proves It

McGee

marrv a program director, and then anything is liable to happen! Perhaps both of the principals realized this, for when they said their "I dos" about a year ago they kept the affair secret. However, such things have a way of leaking out and today Bradford Browne and the lady, who was Peggy Young, have the cutest little apartment in New York.

Miss Young, program director for station WABC before the Columbia Broadcasting System bought it for its key station, had never heard of Bradford Browne. And Mr. Browne, the well known announcer, had never heard of Peggy Young. Their knowledge of each other's existence being mutual it was only natural that when they met it would be a case of love at first sight.

There is no real foundation to the rumor that she held aloof from him or visa-versa. In fact, no one knew they were married until someone in the office noticed that Mr. Browne parked his shoes under her desk at all hours of the day. Yes, his feet were in them.

Just to show you how truly romantic this match is, we must explain that when the newspapers published the story it was illustrated with a picture of the groom in his famous "Nit-wit" characterization. The picture was captioned "Bradford Browne, who was secretly married to Miss Peggy Young three months ago." Immediately Miss Young's lifelong friends either called up on the telephone or wrote letters asking the most important question: "Good heavens, Peggy, what kind of a man have you married?" And Peggy doesn't know yet!

AND NOW it is June, 1930, the time of moonlight and honeysuckle—and weddings. We follow this little sprite of romance down to St. Joseph, Missouri. There's to be a wedding on June 14th—but, here we are getting ahead of our story. Little "Tillie the Toiler" who sings so tantalizingly over KFEQ every noon didn't live so very far from Oda E. Franhauser in the suburbs of St. Joseph, but these neighbors never knew each other till after Tillie began broadcasting.

Tillie, whose real name is Lillic Mae Frizell, has had a busy little life chock full of variety. Early in the morning before leaving for town she used to help her mother a bit on their seven-acre farm. Then off on a twenty-minute drive to town, where Tillie sold music in the five and ten. But from 11:30 to 13, noon, came the big moments of Tillie's day. Then every inch of her seemed music and rhythm. Incidentally, this half hour each day has brought her a thousand letters each month.

Came night and Tillie loved nothing more than to go to dances. So it was at a dance one night that Oda, who had been listening to her and idolizing her, met the girl of his dreams. And after that it didn't take long.

So on the night of June 14th the wedding bells will ring for Tillie at her home in the country, located not far from the St. Joseph Country Club. Clarence Koch, manager of KFEQ, thinks a Radio wedding would be most appropriate,
but, to date, the bridegroom has stage fright.

Arthur Fadell, this charming Seattle, newspaper editor, went through a time when he faced some difficult days. His aunt Edna and another aunt, poor Miss Orr, of St. Paul, and "Doc" Watson, staff announcer, were master of ceremonies during a program in which KSTP was putting on the air" all long-distance phone calls received. The long-distance operator in charge of these calls was Miss Lilian Orr, of St. Paul, and "Doc" permitted her to say a few words over the air via the telephone line before the program came to an end. Lilian's sudden interest in radio—and Mr. Watson —found this couple spending their evenings together, when the KSTP announcer is not at the microphone.

Michael J. Fadell, manager of the KSTP news bureau, was ill. He was at St. Mary's hospital in Minneapolis and, according to Radio man that he was, he had a portable Radio receiver installed in his hospital room. Many request numbers came through the loudspeaker from the KSTP studio as the staff members cheered him up, and Miss Edna Haight, of Seattle, head nurse, made frequent visits to his room to listen in. Before long other request numbers were broadcast, but these were for Miss Haight. Now the latest word is that they expect to be married in the near future.

If we were trying to make generalizations about Cupid and geography (which really we are not) we would find the East well represented. There is the wedding last December of May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, who have been sweethearts on the air for six years. The Ukulele Lady and her songwriter fiancé announced their engagement through an NBC network about two years ago, but the wedding was solemnized without benefit of microphones.

These two met for the first time in the old WEAF studios in 1923 and soon after that they went on the air together and have been partners ever since. This seems to have been one of those long drawn out affairs, as far as Cupid is concerned, but they are reported to be a very happy couple.

Throughout the strange, unaccountable ways of Cupid we thought of Denver with its pine-scented air, its clear moonlight nights and the mountains. And what did we find but the story of a charming young newswoman—Marjorie Bond, who was Miss Orr some three years ago to conduct the station's newest matinee feature, microphone snapshots of human nature.

Her radio name, and the name at the head of the newspaper column, was Cynthia Grey. Her real name was Marjorie Bond. Everybody called her Margie. It was necessary, of course, for Margie to be instructed in microphone technique—where to stand and how loudly to speak and such things.

Her instructions were by means of a serious eyed, lean faced young control room operator whose red hair always needed pushing back from his forehead. Margie liked that hair. She wondered how it would feel to run her fingers through it. And somebody ought to show her how to take care of it. Why, she could tell that the poor chap needed someone to take care of him.

The poor chap was Clarence A. Peregrine. Everybody called him Perry. He suddenly discovered that he wasn't a poor chap at all, but the luckiest fellow in the world. The most interesting girl in all creation was interested in him. And they discovered they both liked to write short stories and to take outings in the near by mountains.

And so they were married, almost two years ago. Margie's aunt turned her palatial home over to the newlyweds for the biggest party of the year. All the Radio and newspaper people in Denver were there, and you know how they can party!

There's a cabin just completed up in the mountains and it's the just the place for summer living. Margie isn't on the newspaper any more. She's busy being a good wife. Of course, between times, she writes pieces for trade journals. And Perry has made some nice contacts with action magazines. It's been a wonderful little war. They haven't spent much time chasing around to parties. They're still honeymooning.

THERE were others, too, at KOA who found they were not immune to the dangerous little darts. Robert Hancock Owen, engineer in charge of technical operations, found it a terrible bore to have to compose smoothly flowing letters. The girl who took his letters was tall and blonde and she had a nice smile and she knew how to take care of her complexion and she knew how to wear her clothes. Her name was Evelyn Stevens.

One thing led to another. There was Bob's and Evelyn thought he was too cute for words. Then there were sunsets. Bob and Evelyn would drive during these high plateaus of evenings and there would be spells of the rainbow of colors washing the sky as the sun went down behind blue mountains.

There was a new house going up, not far from the station. It was a ducky little house, but it had a nice yard for a dog to run in and a basement room where radios could be taken apart and put back together.

And along about Christmas time last year, there was a quiet ceremony and Evelyn found that the best Christmas present in any girl's world. Bob blushed in his pride. And they moved in.

Will the Wisp-like this same little fellow made his presence felt out on the West coast in San Francisco where he ensured the heart of Harrison Holloway, station manager and master of ceremonies of the Blue Monday Jamboree. About four years ago Juliette Dunn, an attraction on KFRC programs. Harrison was certainly not oblivious to her charms at that time; they were good friends but the friendship seemed a rather casual one. Indeed, they occasionally went out together, but they didn't stay out late enough to start tongues wagging or anything like that.

But evidently there must be something about absence and the heart breaking fonder, for when Julia's perambulated through the studios of KFRC to sing at another station the situation took on a decidedly different cast. Before the studio staffs of the two stations, KFRC and KPG, had time to realize the seriousness of the situation, they were to be divorced this June. There is only one unfortunate aspect of this romance, however, Mrs. Holloway has a good friend.

It was a year ago the 29th of this month that James Melton, tenor of the world-famous Revelers Quartette, took unto himself a bride. When they were known as the Seiberling Singers," Mr. F. A. Seiberling, the rubber manufacturer invited the quartette to visit him at his home in Akron, Ohio. He took them to the tire town and while there gave a private recital in their home. Miss Marjorie McClure was present as a guest.

Then and there the romance started. Soon the pair announced their engagement the following year a masked ball was given at which Mr. Melton and Mrs. McClure were guests of honor.

After their marriage the bride and groom went on a honeymoon trip to Europe—accompanied by the other Revelers! You see, the organization had contracted for several continental concert engagements which had to be fulfilled.

In speaking of this honeymoon the bride's mother, Marjorie Barkley McClure, the novelist, was heard to remark that she felt as though her daughter had married a quartette instead of just a tenor!

THEN there is another story of one of those protracted engagements. An announcer of a certain program met a singer appearing on the same period away back in 1923. The announcer was W. C. Boggs. The young woman was Miss Marvina Talley, an attractive figure. The singer was Arnold Morgan. Marjorie Horton, the lady in the case, is very well known to all Radio fans who are familiar with the WIP programs. Perhaps you will recall a program called "At the Baldwin," on which both of these artists were heard singing together.

But it took Cupid three years to convince Mr. Morgan and Miss Horton that neither could possibly get along without the other. They were married in the spring of 1928.

MICKEY GILLETT, saxophone tooter supreme, whose reputation landed him the new sax job with the San Francisco Symphony, is another KFRC staff member whose marriage was the result of his broadcasting. Bernice Baldock, after hearing him from her loud speaker at home, was so happy

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"Stand by!"
The speaker wears headphones and holds a telephone transmitter in his hand. In front of him sit two other men. All three are in a mezzanine box overlooking the playing field of a baseball park. The tallest of the party is sorting over a bunch of papers on which all sorts of baseball information has been jotted in pencil. As he hears the warning he rises and stretches. Then he sits himself as comfortably as the cramped quarters permit, and pulls on a leather helmet with a tiny microphone attached. The third member of the trio sits at the left of the helmeted one. He is busy engaged with something that might be mistaken for a breadboard, several small name cards and thumb tacks. He stops his work long enough to adjust a set of headphones to his ears.

"Cigars, cigarettes, peanuts!"
"Aw, he don't compare to Johnny Evers. Why I saw Evers go over to his left after a ball one day—"
"I'm sorry, but you're in the wrong section. This gentleman holds the ticket for the seat you are in."

Butcher-boys, patrons and ushers mill about behind the three men in the box.
Three men in a box. Reminds me of an old nursery rhyme. Let's bring it up to date. Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a box, and who do you think they can be? Announcer, observer, control engineer; bring Sport Waves to you and to me.

"Station announcement." The control engineer is speaking.
"Watch it, Herb."
The observer nods understandingly.
"Five cents more, mister, and don't call me a robber. I don't set the price of cigarettes in this ballpark."
"And when the Babe came to bat in the ninth inning—"
"Third and fourth seats—right in there."
"No, dear, the game hasn't started yet. The players are only having batting practice."

The three men in the box pay no attention to the confusion about them.
Again the voice of the control engineer as he speaks into the telephone, answering a query from the key station, "Okeh. All set."
The observer picks up a second telephone transmitter and repeats the announcement being made at the key station as it comes to him through one of his earphones. "And now we take you to —. Hear me right, Ted?" The helmeted one nods and the observer picks up the broken sentence, "where the next voice you hear will be that of Ted Husing. Take it away, Ted."

And Husing begins his colorful chatter of the afternoon's
Last month I remarked that quite a bit of preparation was necessary prior to the zero hour of a repororial broadcast. At the offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System I checked up on the backstage activities before the loud speakers were given Ted Husing's voice describing, from the Stadium, the opening baseball game of the season for the American League in New York. For your edification I'll unroll a few yards of red tape.

Early in April the Secretary of the American League Baseball Club of New York receives a letter from Herbert Glover, director of news events for CBS, requesting permission to broadcast the opening game of the Yankees. The secretary replies—by letter. He grants the request and also assigns the 'ox from which the broadcast is to be made. Simple enough. But now we strike a peculiar situation. The Western Union Telegraph Company holds the franchise on all wire lines for communicating play-by-play description of games from the ballpark. The CBS contract for line service is with the telephone company. For this reason the Western Union official in charge of wire lines is requested, by letter, to permit

Mr. Hobart obtained much of his material for Sport Waves from and he shows these most celebrated sports broadcasters under various aspects. He is shown below with his wife (see March note this issue) getting ready for flight to a ball game.

No, Mr. McNamee has not been knocked out, regardless of appearances, but he may be worried over the tight squeeze on his friend, mike, in the mighty fist of Jack Dempsey. Dempsey proved himself a top-notch fight announcer in Chicago.

Carl Menzer, star college sports announcer WSGU.

Another view of Ted Husing posed especially for Radio Digest. Experts declare Ted world's greatest football announcer.
the telephone company to place three lines, for broadcasting purposes, in the specified box at the Yankee Stadium. A favorable reply on the official letterhead of the telegraph company is received by CBS.

Armed with these two authoritative letters Herb Glover instructs the telephone company to install three lines of direct communication from the designated box at the Stadium to the key station, WABC. This the telephone company agrees to do, the agreement being in writing. “Check and double check,” as Andy would say.

SO MUCH for outside activities. Now for the inside dope. Ted Husing is officially notified of the date. Unofficially he has known about this assignment ever since the football season closed. However, he hasn’t taken it too seriously during the winter months and now it is up to him to dig up all the interesting information possible pertaining to opening games of other years, baseball in general, and the participating players in particular.

The records in the Yankee office, newspaper files and chats with sports writers, give the announcer the historical data. In order to become familiar with the looks of the players in action Husing sees two pre-season games; one in which the Yankees play and one in which the opposing team (the Athletics, this year) show their wares. Both games are exhibition affairs with opponents from other leagues.

Before and after these exhibition games Husing meets the players of the two teams who are to open the league season. He talks baseball, food, weather,

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Pat Flanagan is a particular favorite with the feminine fans who become deeply interested in baseball and other sports so long as they can hear Pat’s magnetic voice. He is located at WBBM, the CBS Midwest key station, Chicago.

Chicago sport fans give first place for clear intelligent unaffected announcing to Hal Totten, WMAQ.

Open air and fine vistas are some of the rewards for the Radio sports announcers. Another view of McNamee at the boat races.

Bill Munday with his Southern drawl and quaint expressions proved such a card for the NBC they arranged for him to commute between Atlanta and New York to cover some of the more important football games. He’s a lawyer, too.

Clem McCarthy Radio reporting Kentucky Derby.
"Y"OU may be satisfied with your life," he said, "but I am not satisfied with mine. Something is wrong with the way we live. We work for a weekly pittance and then poor dear we reap the harvest. It can't go on forever this way. Three times I have improved the machinery in my shop so that the owners have been able to save thousands while I continue to drudge along—"

"At $28 a week," she said, concluding his sentence. They sat on the grass on the little knoll just outside the crowded city streets of London. His head was resting on her lap. They had come out again, to rent bicycles for a breath of fresh air and to adjust their perspectives on the way of life. "You get $28 a week, which is something, while many, many others do not even have a chance to earn that. It may be all wrong, but what can one do about it?"

They were both very young, and the moment had come when they suddenly caught a vista of the days that were to be spent out before them. To the girl the future had very much the aspect of the past. She saw no reason to expect that it could be altered to any advantage.

A magnificent motor car came to a halt in the road below. The boy recognized his wealthy employer who had come for a drive with his comely daughter. They were near enough to recognize faces. The car rolled on, and soon the boy and girl had mounted their bicycles and continued their way.

It was nearly a year later the boy stood up in court to answer a charge of theft. He was accused of stealing $870 of his employer's money. He made no defense except that he believed he had earned it many times over, was entitled to it, and saw no other way to get it than to take it as he did. He was sentenced to six months in prison. Twenty-four hours after he was released he was hailed into the same court again, this time accused with having attempted to drown himself.

Unknown to the boy a friend had taken an interest in him. The magistrate told him if he would promise to leave the country and not attempt again to end his life a sum of $100 would be given to him with which to make a fresh start. The boy promised, and soon was aboard ship on his way to New York.

EIGHT years later Sir Henry Rathbone and his daughter were sitting in the reception room of one of London's principal restaurants. The eight years had dealt kindly enough with the girl, who had become a beautiful woman. The man had not improved. His face bore the marks of a life of pleasure. Here and there were lines which seemed to indicate anxiety. Just at present he had very little the look of a prosperous man.

"You can have the car for Randaph, of course, Violet," he said, "but I am quite sure that I shall not be able to go. My luncheon appointment here is a very important one."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I wonder you men don't do all your business in the city," she remarked.

"Her father laughed heartily.

"My dear girl," he said, "it is only with the utmost difficulty that I have managed to get this fellow Selwyn to meet me at all. He declined to come to the works, and it is only to oblige Haregood, his solicitor, that he agreed to lunch here today."

"I really cannot understand," she remarked, watching the people as they came in, "why a little machinery should be so important to you?

Her father frowned irritably—his temper had not improved during the past few years.

"You don't understand anything, my dear," he replied. "Well, Violet," he declared. "This man has invented some machines by which he can make my saws at about half the price it costs me to turn them out. Unless he'll lease me some machines, or sell me some, or amalgamate, Messrs. Rathbone and company may as well close their doors."

"What does it matter?" the girl answered, carelessly. "You have plenty of money."

Her father seemed to grow pale underneath his flushed cheeks.

"Plenty of money," he agreed, "but every penny in the business. Here they come."

"And here," the girl remarked, "is Lady Angerton. Goodbye for the present, then."

She went forward to meet her hostess at the same time that her father shook hands with his two guests. Selwyn had changed beyond recognition, yet as they took their places at the table Sir Henry was conscious of a vague sense of familiarity.

"Where did you learn the practical part of our industry, may I ask, Mr. Selwyn?" he inquired, as soon as it was possible to turn the conversation toward business.

"In your workshops, Sir Henry," the young man answered. "I was there eight years ago. By the by, perhaps I ought to have reminded you all before I accepted your invitation that I have been in prison. I stole eight hundred and seventy dollars of yours once, you know. You got the money back again, but some people have prejudices about that sort of thing."

Sir Henry shook in his chair.

"Of course," he muttered, "I remember. I remember you now."

There was an awkward pause.

"I ought to have explained before," the young man murmured, with a quiet smile.

"Not at all—not at all," his host declared, hastily. "These things are best forgotten. This is a business meeting, Mr. Selwyn. I want to talk to you about these machines of yours."

"I shall be glad," the young man said, "to hear what you have to say."

THEY talked throughout luncheon, and in the smoking room afterwards, and Mr. John Selwyn only resisted with
difficulty an attempt on the part of his host to take him round to his club. He declined politely to pledge himself to anything. His idea in coming to England, he admitted, was to set down the machines to manufacture screws for himself. Sir Henry felt the perspiration break out on his forehead at the mere idea.

"Between ourselves," he said, "we need not mince words. You know, and I know, that if you do so, and if you refuse to sell or lease your machines, my firm will have to close their doors."

"Precisely," Mr. Selwyn admitted. "The fact had occurred to me."

"You mean to make us do it, by God!" Sir Henry exclaimed, suddenly.

"If you want the truth," the young man answered, "I do."

Sir Henry went away from the interview disturbed and uneasy. Nevertheless, negotiations were not wholly broken off. There were times when Selwyn seemed on the point of accepting some of the offers which the solicitors of Messrs. Rathbone and Co., Limited, were continually making him. Sir Henry himself spared no effort to win the good will of his former employé. He invited him to his house—an invitation which, curiously enough, John Selwyn accepted. On one of these occasions he met Violet, and their mutual interest was so obvious a thing that she was feverishly incited by her father to take a hand in the game. Mr. Selwyn listened to all that she had to say, and was very polite. He even accepted further invitations, and more than once he was seen about with Violet Rathbone.

They sat together one Sunday morning in the park. Her father, at the first opportunity, had made some excuse to hurry off and leave them alone. They talked the usual banalities, watched the people, and made remarks about them. Finally, Violet rose a little suddenly.
MR. SELWYN, she said, "I am beginning to feel the present position embarrassing. You know very well why my father leaves me alone with you, why he is always asking you to the house. I do not see why we should play airhead upon him. My father tells me that it rests with you whether or no he is to lose the whole of his fortune and to watch the ruin of his business."

The young man nodded his head thoughtfully. "Your father is quite right, Miss Rathbone," he said. "It rests entirely with me."

"There are ways," she continued, "of avoiding this, are there not? Compromises, I mean, which could be made? You would lose very little, for instance, if you leased your machines to my father or went into partnership with Rathbone and Co., Limited?"

"So far as the financial side of the matter is concerned," the young man admitted, blandly, "it would be a very reasonable and satisfactory settlement."

"It does not appeal to you, though," she continued.

"It does not," he admitted. She raised her eyebrows. They were coming to it at last, then! "From your manner," she said, "one would imagine that you had some grievance against my father."

"I have," he admitted. "Not a personal one altogether, and yet, perhaps, it is a personal one. I have been in prison, you know, Miss Rathbone, for stealing from your father."

She laid her hand upon his arm. "You must not talk about it, please," she said. "We have forgotten all that."

She did not move her fingers for a moment. She was twenty-six years old, very beautiful, but as yet heart-whole. She was beginning to feel that there was something remarkably attractive about this young man, if only he would be reasonable.

"I wonder if you remember," he said, "somewhere about nine years ago, driving through Richmond park and stopping on the hill?"

"I remember perfectly," she agreed. "You sat on the grass with your head in a young woman's lap. I considered it at the time most shocking behavior."

"It was the way of the world in which I moved," he answered, "the way of the world in which Fate and your father kept me. It is not that I have a personal animus against Sir Henry. He was my employer in those days, and he only did what others did and are doing, but, none the less, the wealth he is so anxious that I should preserve for him has been built up on the bodies and the souls of hundreds such as I. Labor to him was labor, a weapon towards his end—some dead, inanimate thing, to be used as cheaply as possible and as effectively as could be. I had my brains picked week by week for your father's benefit. Those days are hard to forget, Miss Rathbone."

"I am not a political economist," the girl said, "but you must surely understand that it was not my father who fixed the conditions. What he did, he did because others were doing it. It is not possible, Mr. Selwyn, that you bear him a real and personal grudge for those days?"

The young man looked out across the park, but he said nothing. "It is the opportunity which makes the employer," the girl went on. "You yourself speak of starting great works. Will your men be better treated than my father treated you?"

"I intend to make some efforts, Miss Rathbone, in that direction," he remarked.

She looked down at her little patent-leather shoe and beat the ground impatiently for a moment or two. "You are so enigmatic," she protested, softly. "Can't we
understand one another, Mr. Selwyn? Please speak out and
tell me what is in your mind."

He looked at her thoughtfully. She represented the last
word in wealth and elegance and education. Her delightful
carriage was the outcome of her healthy, untrammeled life.
No trouble had ever dimmed her beautiful eyes or carved a
single line upon her still girlish face.

"Miss Rathbone," he said, "you and your father are both
anxious to know my plans. It is better, perhaps, that I should
tell you them. I will not admit that I have any personal
feeling against your father. On the other hand, I hate, with
a hatred which has been absolutely the mainspring of these
recent years of my life, the means by which he made his
wealth, the means by which he holds it. You have been very
kind to me. Perhaps I have not deserved it. You beg for
peace and I tell you that it must be war. I am here for that
purpose and no other. Already the plans are out for my new
factories. In two years' time—before, if your father is wise—
he will close his doors. I shall find employment for his work-
people, and I promise you that I shall find it on very different
conditions to any that Messrs. Rathbone, Limited, ever
offered."

She looked at him, suddenly pale to the lips.
"Is this final?" she whispered.
"It is final," he answered.

They were very nearly alone, and she leaned so closely
towards him that her soft breath fell upon his neck.
"You are very hard, Mr. Selwyn. Could nothing—could

nobody move you?"

She was offering herself to him—he knew that quite well.
"Nobody," he answered. "Not even the woman whom, in
a few weeks' time, I hope to make my wife."

For a moment she neither moved nor spoke. Then she
drew away and rose to her feet with a little shiver. Amongst
(Continued on page 112)
Lucille Wall appears here in answer to the prayers of many interested listeners who have often inquired for a picture of "that fascinating young woman who takes the part of the girl in dramatized stories heard during the Collier Hour on Sunday nights." Her pictures are rare. Imagine, so lovely and camera shy!
SENORITA MELVIDA BOYD, Panama, zoomed up from the tropics to take part in a beauty pageant at Miami some months ago. She was christened Miss Latin-America, and all Latin-America was listening in when she appeared at WQAM to voice her appreciation of the honors. Her welcome home was a national event.
Aileen Fealy and Phyllida Ashley appear here at the same piano, but when you hear them from KGO, Oakland, and KHQ, Spokane, they have a pair of pianos under their hands. Aileen and Phyllida understand the mike as well as their baby grands (or grandfather grands) so that gives listeners the full benefit.
ALMA PETERSON is esteemed one of the very best of Radio sopranos on the NBC Artist Bureau program. You may have heard her over the network on a Sunday afternoon. Her voice is peculiarly adaptable to the microphone, which faithfully transmits the youth, fire and spirit that sparkle from her eyes in this picture.
LOIS BENNETT is one of the bright new luminaries of the air, although she has been singing with great success in light operas on the stage and in concerts for several seasons. She was born in Texas, and gained her first Radio renown as the Quaker Girl.
IRMA DE BAUN is very well known to the Radio public as Peaches in the Evening in Paris program heard over the Columbia system every Monday night at 9:30 EST. She is gifted with an exquisite soprano voice as well as with clever dramatic ability. She makes the illusion so perfect that you feel you are really in Paris, en verite.
Fred H. Huntley is quite enthused over a new song and is telling his fellow Aerials of WMAQ, Frank H. Collins, bass; Paul Mallory, tenor; and Eugene Dressler, tenor, what he thinks about it.

Here he is, fans, this is Walter Winchell, who originated the expression “make whoopee.” He’s one of America’s best known columnists and he airs his Broadwayisms over the CBS system.

It takes a good shoemaker to put real sole in a ukelele so here is Earle Nelson, one of the Douglas Shoemakers on the Columbia chain, who can put sole and a swift kick in his half-pint guitar.

Oh, Mr. Jenkins, please hurry along the Radio, hear-see to make the evening at home perfect with these two lovely Hollywood ladies to please the eye and the ear. Miss Dorothy Lee (left) comes through RKO and Miss Cora Bird through KMTR.
Until the talkies came very, very few people were aware of the lovely voice Bebe Daniels had concealed about her person. Now she is hailed as a joy not only to picture fans but to Radio listeners who hear her in such broadcast extravaganzas as Rio Rita. And whatta HAT!

Marian Hansen, 18, is a queen of the air in a double sense. She is a licensed aviatrix, and she broadcasts from KSTP, St. Paul. The listeners awarded her this loving cup.

Big Brother Bob Emery at WEEI, Boston, always has a gang of little brothers and a sister or so to help him out on the programs for the children. Bet you didn't see the imp back there in the corner who slipped into the picture unobserved.

There's danger in their eyes, chérie. But you are safe if you sit down by the old set and tune 'em in when they are on KFWI, San Francisco — Oh, yes, they are the Nearing Sisters. Look cute, don't they?
Cross section cut shows Dr. Cross' cross-cut saw sawing not the knot across the cross cut sawed log, but illustrating Dr. Cross' cross-cut of the news in the Log of the Day at KGO, Oakland, Calif. "Don't be cross," say Lon Protteau and Herb Sanford, "this is not a knotty knot nor as naughty a knot as it seems."

When Gus Gustafson and Mike Wurm get together at the Andrews Hotel, Minneapolis, the whole world is going to know all the most sacred secrets of the Somebodies family.

Gus glories in the title of the Town Gossip.

Two new Hooters practicing up for their initiation into the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hoot Owls at KGW, Portland, Ore. Forrest Berg (left) and George Smith, sometimes known as the Village Blacksmith.

Mouthorgans, drums, jewsharps and now the BIG BASS VIOL have claimed the spotlight with the multiplied demands of broadcasting. Dainty Mary Brian whacks out a few deep zooms from this one at KNX to the evident surprise of Naylor Rogers.
Wouldn't you almost say that Ole is a heck of a name to hook onto a feller whose real name is Dick La Grand? This is the Ole and Girls Trio, Imelds Monagne (left) and Marjorie Brimley, NBC, Pacific Coast.

"Hello, Dad. Got here OK. See you next year." Perhaps that was the baby's message at KOMO when her mother, Mrs. Oliver D. Morris, came to send the news to her husband, cut off from all other communication on E-tip-ta Island in the Arctic.

These are the pickin' Cotton Sisters—and you can hear them pickin' their nifty little ukes at WWNC, Asheville, N. C.

You've read some fine stories about Radio stars in Radio Digest by Peter Dixon—one was a nice little chat about Aline Berry. And here they are getting ready for the NBC broadcast of the Cub Reporter—they are Mr. and Mrs. Dixon now.
Most unusual company of connoisseurs, adventurers and mystics had been summoned to Mainwaring Parks' gloomy retreat at Lake Tahoe. Practically all of them were interested in precious stones. Paul Savoy, traveler and student of the genus homo, had been the first to arrive, followed closely by Captain Arthur Temple, world traveler, who had come with his military orderly.

Doctor Andregg, a sallow and saturnine guest, permitted himself to be mistaken for the butler. Then there was Amos Laufer-Hirth, renowned jeweler, Herman Dicks, a famous detective who came with Mr. Parks, and Will Little who had come to look after the comfort of his employer, Laufer-Hirth. A mysterious East Indian, Mr. Nemo, was the last to make his appearance, accompanied by a servant. Savoy counted noses, and by including two Filipino servants found there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.

In the early days of the great log house where this company had gathered in the dead of winter there had been a mysterious tragedy. The great opal, known as the Nonius, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought there for the consideration of the builder of the house, Thraffi Wilczynski. That same night the jewel merchant and a foreigner who was with him were stabbed to death and the supposed Nonius opal, in a little wine-red silk covered case, disappeared. A little later Wilczynski disappeared, a raving maniac.

Dicks apparently considered the story, as related by Parks at the dinner table, a fairy story. Savoy referred to the superstition that attaches to the opal. Presently they came to the question of what had brought them together. Mr. Parks produced a purse which he said contained $1,000,000 in bills, stating that he was going to place it in the safe, at the same time inviting the guests to place their valuables in the same place. Sometime later the party retired to their rooms, by common consent deferring their discussion to the next day.

Thirty minutes later there was a high, strangled cry, out of which only one word, "Murder!" could be distinguished. A hasty search by the guests resulted in the discovery of the bodies of Parks and Dicks. As Dr. Andregg stooped to examine the body of his host he picked up a bright object, putting it quickly in his pocket.

Just as they were about to search the house a dull explosion drew them all to the living room, where they found that the safe had been blown open. Again starting their search, they found that the two bodies had disappeared.

Discussing the situation with Laufer-Hirth, Savoy outlined something of his studies of mankind, and announced that he believed he could locate the Nonius opal. At his direction the jeweler searched on a table and discovered the gem.

At breakfast the next morning Captain Temple attacked Dr. Andregg, accusing him of the murder. He was interrupted by the appearance of Savoy, who pointed out that he was perhaps the most to be suspected, since he was not at all sure of his actions the previous night.

Once more Temple attacked Andregg, only to be thrown off the scent by Mr. Nemo, who, after a brief conversation with the doctor, vouched for his innocence. Savoy, after the others had left, questioned the Filipinos concerning a neighboring house, which Temple and his orderly explored.

Savoy, after another session with himself, appeared before the others announcing that he had the solution in an envelope which he proceeded to nai to the ceiling. Asked if he could perform any other wonders, he predicted that within a short time two men would appear at the door and ask for Mr. Parks and Mr. Dicks.

Some four hours later there came a loud knocking at the door, and with the knocking a loud voice, shouting. "Shall we let it be Captain Temple who goes to the door?" cried Savoy, springing to his feet. "For here already, my dear captain, come our expected guests."
had in many a way and many a place set its undeniable seals.

In an altogether changed tone, brisk and business-like, the city man demanded: “This is the Mainwaring Parks’ place, isn’t it? You’re not Mr. Parks? Perhaps I may make my explanations to Mr. Laufer-Hirth.”

“Unfortunately you cannot,” said Temple, curt and watchful. “Not in?” and a sharp tone sharpened still more: “Is a man named Dicks, Herman Dicks, here?”

Heads were shaken, some hastily, others in the manner of men wondering.

“Dicks isn’t here, either?” sharper than ever, then ducked his head, considered briefly, and drew out a card and presented it to Savoy.

“My name’s Gateway; my friend’s is McIntosh.”

SAVOY read the inscription on the card. Business-like and plain like him who had presented it. “Charles P. Gateway.” Nothing further.

“Exactly,” he smiled. “Mr. Gateway; Mr. McIntosh. You tell us everything—yet nothing.”

“Something has happened here, hasn’t it?” he said sharply. “And neither Parks nor Dicks is here to tell about it? Suppose you put a name to it?”

Savoy considered the long ash of his cigar.

“It’s not exactly a pretty name,” he said mildly.

“It’s murder!” cried out Gateway. “Who? Parks or Dicks?”

“Both!” burst out Captain Temple.

“I’d like to know more about this and who you men are,” he said.

“May I present them?” asked Savoy imperturbably. And one after the other he named them, introducing himself last.

“And it’s murder?” he said the second time. “Double murder!”

Temple shrugged. “I think it’s time you two explained yourselves!”

“Why not throw back your coat and show them?” said Savoy light-ly.

“You seem to know a whole lot.”

And then with an abrupt gesture Gateway did what Savoy had requested, giving them a glimpse of the shining badge of his authority. “I’m Detective Charles P. Gateway. And I’m a friend of poor old Dicks—and I guess I’ll take charge of things right now!”

There was a little gasp of satisfaction from Laufer-Hirth.

“When did this happen?” asked Gateway. And when he had his answer, “You’ve notified the authorities? San Francisco and the local officers?”

“The telephone line went down in the storm—”

“Ah, that accounts for— Show me the rooms where this happened.”

GATEWAY, accompanied by Temple and Tom Blount, went out and up the stairs. Laufer-Hirth, quite ignoring McIntosh, turned astonished eyes on Savoy.

“How’d you know, Paul? And how much more do you know?”

Savoy returned to his chair, settled himself and answered indifferently.

“Just a guess, as I told you. A surmise, rather, based on a series of earlier surmises. We know well enough that Parks scented tragedy. Why did he bring Dicks along? Let’s say that Dicks knew danger lay across the path he was treading. What more natural than that he would talk things over before leaving San Francisco with some friend and co-worker? Such a man as Gateway. What more likely than that he would arrange to keep in touch with him by telephone? And, finally, what more logical than that his friend, not hearing from him, should follow him here to lend a hand?”

“And—ah—and Mr. McIntosh?” demanded Laufer-Hirth.

“Mr. McIntosh, I am sure,” returned Savoy, “could tell us how Mr. Gateway asked him to guide him on so difficult and to Mr. Gateway, so novel a journey. That, I think, explains

“They ran on, following Savoy, Temple’s candle streaming smokily.”
Mr. McIntosh quite naturally."

"Right you are," said McIntosh. "I happened to know this country, and seeing how keen-set he was, agreed to come along."

"It grows late," suggested Savoy. "How about bed?"

He went out with a general good-night, and they heard him going to his room. The last glimpse they had had of him was when in the doorway he had cocked a curious eye at his own secret paper nailed to the ceiling beam and directed a second meditative cloud of cigar smoke toward it.

The others followed presently, leaving the big living room to stillness and a dying fire. And the three who had gone upstairs to the rooms vacated by Parks and Dicks had shown no haste in coming down again. Their voices were heard now and then in little lulls of the storm.

When at last they did come down, Gateway and Captain Temple were side by side, talking earnestly, done entirely with their initial bristling truculence. Evidently the captain had told the detective much that had happened; certainly he had made mention of Paul Savoy and of Savoy's envelope. For on the threshold Gateway's quick eyes went straight to it, and he said briefly:

"That's it, eh?"

"I've a notion Savoy's mad," cried Temple under his breath, yet sharply. "And I'm going to know what he's written."

Without more ado, Temple got up on the table and began yanking at the strips of wood nailed over the paper. Tom Blount handed him the fireside poker and he used it to pry the bits of box shook away.

The detective made no comment, but watched narrowly and stepped closer as Temple read the few lines. With a grunt, in which there was a note of smothered fury, the captain made a wad of the offending sheet and hurled it toward the fire.

"A cursed mountebank—"

Gateway, as quick as a cat, sprang forward and rescued the paper. He opened it carefully, smoothing it with very gentle fingers and read:

"Temple, his enormous curiosity rampant, investigates my inspired notes! A ludicrous incident, surely! Plainly, a rather knotty situation has embittered individual, stimulating animosity. Look inward. Vastly educational."

And that was all; all, rather, set down in Savoy's notes. But from Savoy himself came a soft, delighted chuckle. He was
at the door, looking in from the dim hall, a thin, tall form in a long red dressing gown.

"And you did investigate, didn't you?" he said pleasantly while Temple, still red-faced, choked on words. "Guessed right again, didn't I?—Good night, gentlemen."

And moving as softly as a ghost in his soft slippers he vanished down the hall.

A MOMENT later, Gateway stood up.

"I've got this case pretty well in hand. Inside thirty minutes or an hour, anyway, long before the household comes trooping in for morning coffee, I'll have this dirty mess cleaned up—and will be ready to go."

"You mean—Andregg?" demanded Temple.

"Andregg, without the least shadow of a doubt. I'm going to pounce on him now while he's asleep, and I'm going to have the truth out of him so quick it'll make his head swim."

"I don't see—"

"Of course you don't! But I do. That's my business, to see. And you will in a minute, if you care to stick around."

"Lead the way," said Temple, "and we'll follow."

They made little sound, only the sergeant's heavy shoes, in which he walked on his tip-toes, creaking dismally. Temple carried a candle and led the way. He turned from the main hall into a smaller, narrower hallway, and stopped before a closed door. Gateway stooped and put a professional eye to the keyhole, then listened a long while.

He withdrew eye and ear and noiselessly inserted a key in the lock. Slowly and noiselessly the door opened. Temple lifted his candle; the three peered into Andregg's room. Gateway stole forward. Captain Temple blew out the light. Once more in the room all was silence and dark.

Then the silence itself seemed to be set shivering under a slow harsh whisper. Gateway, on the crest of his melo-dramatic moment, was at the bedside now; his hissing whisper filtered terribly into Andregg's sleep-numbed ears.

"Murder—murder—murder! Andregg! Andregg, murderer!" yelled Gateway.

Bedsprings creaked as the sleeper, abruptly disturbed, started up wildly. There was a sobbing gasp—a whisper again—a shriek of sheer terror.

THEN, of a sudden and without warning Andregg relaxed, and fell back against the pil-

(Continued on page 114)

"How does it happen that while we battered a door down you slept through it all?"
"BLESSED are the poor, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven," and at the same time not worry about what Jones is making in the way of salary nor the proper way to fill out all the blanks in an income tax return.

The peculiarity of the lead to this snooping article devoted to what the big shots are making from their Radio activities is accounted for...
Radio Town

The More They Can Get

Plummer

by the difficulty the author had in digging up the facts of the matter.

It seems that the networks, both National and Columbia, are very secretive about the dollar marks surrounding their pet microphone blasters, and the main reason given out is that the temperamental satellites would simply lay down and quit on the job if it were announced inaccurately that Soprano Soandso made ten cents more per annum.

Lovely Jessica Dragonette is worth her weight in gold as singer for NBC.

Jesse Crawford, "Royal's Poet of the Organ" draws a royal stipend, CBS.

Mary and Bob are doing well.

Will Rogers started out as a $10-a-month cow hand. His personality won him fame on the stage, then in the pictures, and now he is one of the highest paid Radio stars.
than Contralto Suchandthus. Other jealousies also abounded.

On that account, then, I will apologize in advance for my inaccuracies prevalent in this story. The figures are mostly here and there and guesses—though the figures were massed for being a very fair guesser. Just to reassure you, I'll promise that I'm not off more than one decimal point in any of the forthcoming statistics.

Out of Peoria, Ill., and Richmond, Virginia, came two minstrels who four years ago started Sam 'n Henry on a meteoric career only to require a legal re-christening party two years later. The feature under the now internationally illusory names of Amos 'n Andy.

How much do they make? Well, a little bird whispered to me—yes, indeed that Amos 'n Andy would be paid by the N.B.C. system a minimum of one hundred grand, Chicagoese for $100,000, the first year with Pepsodent.

That figure is quite accurate and represents only their microphone earnings. Their local stations must be asked an indefinite amount for their theatrical appearances, royalties from phonograph records and books, syndicate (coming soon) rights and other miscellaneous small revenues. Lumping the second money-making group together, Correll and Gersten should realize close to $500,000 from these things this year.

But the crowning blow is their debut in the talkies. They have recently signed a "prophecy" with R-K-O Radio Pictures to produce a film. "Check and Double Check," next August which is not to interfere with their nightly broadcasts and which, on the share basis agreed upon, should net the pair close to $1,000,000.

Amos 'n Andy are under the management of the N.B.C. Artists Service, and that means that N.B.C. will draw ten per cent commission on their broadcast, show, film and other earnings, and of course the boys are entitled to that same per cent when a fellow is making $65,000? And that is what each member of the team should earn annually once the film revenue starts coming in. And five years ago they were anxious to broadcast just for the experience and without pay!

In 1907 a Washington, D.C., lad took Horace Greely's advice, "Work, work, work!" and became a railroad reporter on the Minneapolis Star, and shortly thereafter was fired for incompetency. His name was Floyd Gibbons, but that didn't help him in those days.

Gibbons got into the newspaper business and made an outstanding name for himself, you all know, as war correspondent from the 1914 Battle of Naco, on the Arizona- Sonora front, on down through bullets and shrapnel shells. The stories were read at least until 1919, when he met M. H. Aylesworth, N.B.C.'s chief executive, and decided to give up newspaper work for the microphone. Now his income is said to prosperity of $5,000 a week, he is reported to employ eight secretaries—and, imagine, their trying to take his dictation—he was recently clocked on the air talking at the rate of 217 words a minute. Incidentally, he is probably the first to broadcast out of New York in World War I, the Italian war cross, and be a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Hugh Barrett Dobbs, "Dobbsie" as he is known, five years ago had no other claim to fame than a highly varied career and a cousin by the name of Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero of the Merrick's sinking in Santiago Harbor during the Spanish-American War.

Born in 1885, like his cousin, Dobbsie also went to Annapolis, but his putting glue on the instructor's chair was not overlooked to be chipping away at his John Hopkins. At the Baltimore medical school Dobbsie studied to be a physical culture instructor, and was one for several years. Hopping about the country he also designed and built outdoor playgrounds; then turned surveyor in 1905, going to Alaska to help run a boundary between Canada; took a flight at the commercial side of motion pictures, came to San Francisco in 1914 and engaged in selling musical instruments in his spare time. His spare time was the cause of his first flirtations with women, his courts of an easy, the shut-ins, the convalescents, and carrying to them cargoes of happiness and gloom chasers.

A Shell Oil executive heard and engaged him for the Pacific Coast P.K.O. network when letters from fans soon proved him the West's greatest male personality. Last January the same Shell executive, E. H. Sanders, decided it was time to sew up Dobbsie, so they materialize him on the dotted line beneath a contract which will net Mr. Dobbs over $550,000 during the next three years. Not bad!

So far, you will note, the big stars mentioned were made by radio rather than the stage. That is interesting. But to vary the order a bit, let's talk about Will Rogers and Harry Laurie. The stage gets credit for their origin; Will was the big cow paths of the 101 Ranch before he got to roping so well he was permitted to take the annual tour with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show.

It was the closing of the season one year in old Madison Square Garden, New York, when a frightened critic of a street car announced that he had watched a massed crowd of women, children, and men. In the dust-laden air a lariat snapped out, circled the beast and brought him to the ground. The rope was Rogers'.

This was New York City. Every night the crowd gave him an ovation. A vaudeville manager attended one night, heard the applause, and thinking it was for Rogers' skill, decided to sign him for a vaudeville act. Will was to receive $50 a week. The timidity of Rogers almost made the act a flop. The manager moaned.

Then one night Rogers entangled his feet in the rope. The audience recoiled. Will's KopfeGibbons system of having this rope around my laughs around my neck," he cracked. The audience roared. That was Will Rogers' first extemporaneous comment, and from then on he fought his shyness, never allowing his vocal chords to carry him into the vaudeville headliner. Magazine writing, a newspaper syndicate proposition and the movies followed.

About a year ago you could get him to officiate as toastmaster at a banquet for the "transportation (plane) system."

Up to recently he was on the air rarely. His Radio fee, according to several sources, for those "single shots" was around $1,500. He received $650 a week, and $500 a week. Squibb hour. The remuneration is in question, but consensus is that it is around $7,500 a week.

Harry Lauder was making records for the phonographs when they had big horns that hung from stands such as now support bird cages, so I really can't remember how this Scottish comedian and songster got started.

The only proof that he is alive twice he has come to the States for farewell tours and taken back with him jewels for broadcasting. His rate seems to be $1,000 a minute. He once received $150,000 for a fifteen-minute program over a year ago and this year took home $30,000 for thirty minutes.

Mary and Bob, whose Radio stories for stories have now been going on two years to the delight of millions of listeners, are also in the big money class. Their sponsors were very kind in giving me much information, except the amount each received weekly for their parts in True Story hour.

Let's guess. The informant who has no especial reason to know said he thought $75 a week each. I'm positive that is way below the mark. They must get $150 or more, but I'm guessing, too. But keep in mind, add greatly to their incomes by theatrical and club work.

For example, they charge from $400 to $500 for appearing at a Radio show. They have a vaudeville act which is essentially a True Story Radio Drama. This books for $2,000 a week.

"Mary," as you've probably already read in this magazine, is really Nora Sterling, twenty-two years old, born in Atlanta, Ga., and a sister of Alexa Sterling who was four times national phonograph recording champion for spoiled record schools here but finished off her education in Scotland.

Bob is William Brenton, twenty-three years old, a Prince.

Of the show and the audience are married.

By way of interest to those who tuned in the True Story radarios, in 1929 this program employed seven hundred Broadway actors and actresses of more or less renown. Some of them are paid $500 to $1,000 weekly in the theaters. The Radio salaries paid depend entirely upon the importance of the part assigned and the ability of the performer.

Graham McNamee is a name to conjure with in broadcasting. Eight years ago he hadn't seen his first microphone. He studied singing and cultured his voice from boyhood on but when it came time to earn a living he became a wheat salesman for a firm in St. Paul, Minn.

Of course, he was keeping up his singing, but his voice needed more training in order to reach the top in his chosen career. His brother, Sumner McNamee, a noted coach, and self an accomplished musician whom he had met on a concert engagement, was the person who urged him to get into Radio. The probably had singing a few years ago, however, in Annapolis, Md., as speaker.—as amateur because of his resonant baritone voice and, of course, his knowledge of musical selections.

His income doesn't much to start. Chain announcers even now are paid only about $75 a week to begin. But today—

McNamee charges $250 to announce a commercial program. He is reputed to earn more than $1,000 a week for a Radio show. He is sought as a soloist at churches. Radio shows pay him well for appearances. In addition he is paid for the use of his name by the newspaper syndicate which prepare a weekly "True Story" serial, "Mr. Graham McNamee Speaking." His latest revenue producer is in the capacity of announcer on a talkie news film release.

Phil Cook, Radio's Clown who is heard six mornings a week in songs —in a dialogue as the "Aunt Jemima Man" is another star who has cultivated the Midas touch.

(Continued on page 92)
HENRY and George, the two theatrically minded bellhops now on a good will tour of the country, were created by the two people who fill their roles every Monday evening at 8 o'clock (EST) over the Columbia network. They are Don Clark, chief continuity writer for CBS, and Dave Elman, of the same department.

Like most famous characters of stage and air, Henry and George came into being through a curious combination of circumstances. Dave Elman had an inspiration one hot day last September for something new and different in the way of Radio entertainment. Now, if you've never seen a continuity writer with a new idea for a program, you've never seen anyone really worked up. When the idea hit Dave, he bit off the end of his pipe and swallowed it, and knocked over a chair and three people as he dashed for Don Clark's office.

"Don," yelled Dave, "I've got a new idea for—"

"Dave," said Don, "I was on my way in to see you. I just thought of a swell—"

"Now, hold on," begged Dave. "My idea is—"

"Yes, but listen," insisted Don. "This thing that I have in mind is—"

"RADIO BLACKOUTS," they yelled simultaneously.

THEY looked at each other for a second, each wondering whether his ears had deceived him, and then burst into laughter.

"Holy hat!" said Don. "One of us must be psychic."

"Yea, verily," assented Dave, "great Radio minds doth work on the same wave length.

And without more ado, our heroes sat themselves down, and together worked out a rough draft of the first Radio blackouts in the history of our fair land.

"Done," grunted Don, a little later. "There's a sustaining program scheduled to go on in about a half hour. Let's try 'em out on that."

"Swell," agreed Dave. "All we need is five people to take the parts."

"Oh, Lord," moaned Don, "I never thought of that. Come on, let's hunt for artists."

Followed a mad dash through studios and reception rooms until they came upon Georgia Backus, Harriet Lee and Ted Husing, just minding their business in a quiet corner on the twenty-second floor.

"Surround 'em, Dave," ordered Don. "Don't let 'em go."

"What, may I ask, is this?" demanded the jolly Husing.

"A raid?"

"The heat," murmured Harriet, sympathetically.

"Stewed," said Georgia. "Don't pay any attention to them."

"Come on," said Don, "you're all going to work in a new script act."

"Yeah, but how about two more people," Dave reminded him.

"Never mind. No time," said Don. "You and I will have to take those parts."

AND that, children, is the story of how our heroes, whose business is writing continuity, became Radio entertainers. That they were successful in this new field of endeavor is evidenced by the fact that they are still doing Radio blackouts.

In the case of Dave Elman, ability as an actor was no surprise, for before going into Radio Dave was an "old stager" if ever there was one. His histrionic career includes experience in about every line of theatricals one can name—vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy, tent and traveling medicine shows, and even show boats. Don Clark confesses to two weeks' experience in a Broadway show—name unknown.

But to get on with the story: Just about the time Don and Dave were trying out their new idea, the Consolidated Cigar company was looking for a comedy team for a new program that was to feature its product, the Henry George 5c cigar. The plan, of course, was to make the tie-up by naming this team Henry and George. Fourteen comedy teams, including some of the best known in New York, had been tried—and found wanting.

"Why," says Mr. Elman to Mr. Clark, "couldn't this new and wonderful idea for Radio entertainment be adapted to meet the demands of this client?"

"I'm asking you," says Mr. Elman to Mr. Clark, "why not?" And they forthwith betook themselves to the sales department and formally presented themselves as the answer to the Consolidated Cigar company's prayer.

Skeptical, but ever willing to cooperate, Columbia sales boys invited the client's representatives to an audition. In the meantime Don and Dave got to work on the task of applying the idea of Radio blackouts to the requirements of the Consolidated Cigar company.

IT HAD already been tentatively decided by the client that the characters, Henry and George, should be bellhops. A Chicago hotel was decided upon as the locale. Now, how about the other characters that would be necessary to these one-minute dramas? The girl in charge of the cigar counter, of course. She would be called Mazie, and be played by Harriet Lee.

But another female part would be essential. Why not the
Reformation of Study Sixteen

Young America has accepted P. G. Wodehouse as one of the most popular fiction writers of the day. This is a bit from old Wrykyn and presents a vivid glimpse of public school life in England.

"What they need, of course," said Clowes, "is exercise."

"Right ho," Trevor agreed. "But they get out of all that with their beastly doctor's certificate."

That's the worst of this place, Trevor, old devil. Any slacker who wants to shirk his athletic duties to the house goes to some rotten doctor during the holidays, swears he's got a weak heart or something, and you can't get him.

"What's to be done about it?"

"I swear Bellwood and Davies would both make good enough forwards if one could get them onto the field. They're heavy enough."

"Fairly bulge with bloody ballast, both of them. And is it any wonder, considering the way they eat! But, I say, what's to be done about it?"

Study Sixteen at Donaldson House of Wrykyn was under discussion again. Bellwood and Davies, the current possessors, had not improved the evil reputation of the room. This fact was a double thorn in Trevor's side since he had become captain of football. He assumed his responsibilities seriously.

There must be some mangy microbe infesting the place to turn out such shiftless fellows as you always find in Study Sixteen," said Clowes, stretching himself and picking up a book from the table.

"A mouthful of gospel truth," Trevor answered. He leaned back in a chair and rested his heels on the desk. "It's positively rummy. It's always been like that. I believe anybody who's a slacker or bad lot naturally drifts to Study Sixteen guided by the unseen hand of fate."

"Do you remember when we first came to the house, Blencoe and Jones had it?"

"They got sacked at the end of the first term."

"Yes, and after that it was Grant and Pollock. They didn't get sacked, but they ought to have been. Now it's these two and here's hoping they get turfed out without further ado."

Clowes began thumbing the book he had picked up. His attention was arrested by the contents.

"Oh, I say, Trevor, let me take your Agamemnon."

"That's the only one I have. You can take it if you will return it to me at half past nine sharp."

"No, it's all right, thanks. I'll borrow one from Dixon. He's sure to have one. I believe he's got every Greek play ever written."

Clowes went off to Dixon's study. Dixon was a mild, spectacled youth who did an astonishing amount of work. He was nervous and anxious to oblige when he was not in a haze of his own thoughts. He lifted his face from between the covers of a book and frowned as he heard someone rattle his door.

"It's rather shaky," said Dixon as Clowes entered and continued to rattle
By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrations by Winston Haberer

the door on its hinges.
"Wobbly, I should say," said Clowes, "what have you been doing to it?"
"Some fellows have been running against it."
"Indeed! Running against it? And what did you do?"
"I—er—well, the fact is, I didn't do anything. You see, it was an accident. They told me themselves that it was."
"It only happened once then? Must have been a good strong chap to rush a door off its hinges at one shot."
"No. They stumbled against it rather often."
"Stumbled is good," said Clowes. "I suppose they didn't say how they came to stumble? Who are the unlucky trippers?"
"Well, I don't know that I ought to say, but I suppose it will be all right. They were Davies and Bellwood."
"So I should have thought," said Clowes. "How do you find that sort of thing affects your work?"
"I must confess," Dixon replied, nervously twisting a pencil between his fingers and nibbling at the end of it, "I do find it a little hard to concentrate myself when I am constantly interrupted by bangs on the door."
"So should I." Clowes tested the door on its hinge: again.

... the door opened...
"Oh, I say, sorry," gasped Bellwood. "What the blazes are you playing at?" snapped Trevor.

"You see how it is," said Dixon. "I wonder what could be done about it."
"Now, why did you ask that particular question, old man?"
"I'm sure, I don't know. Why do you ask?"
"It strikes me the question seems to be getting to a point where it requires a definite answer. By the way, I popped in just to see whether you would mind lending me your Agena-"
"No, certainly, I'll be more than glad to. Splendid play, isn't it?"
"Not bad. I prefer 'Charlie's Aunt' myself. Matter of taste, though. Thanks. I'll return it before I go to bed."

And he went back to his own study.

It was in the afternoons, after school, that Bellwood and his companion Davies found time hang so heavily on their hands. To lounge in one's study and about the passages was pleasant for a while, but it was apt to pall in time, and then it was difficult to know how to fill in the hours.

On the afternoon following Clowes' conversation with Dixon, Bellwood found things particularly slow. In ordinary circumstances he and Davies would have been at the school shop eating a heavy, crumpety tea. But today an unfortunate passage of arms with his form-master had led to that youth's detention after school; and he was not yet out. Bellwood was one of those people who do not like tea alone.

Besides, it was Davies' turn to pay; and to go and have a meal at his own expense would have been so much dead loss. So Bellwood haunted the house, feeling very much out of humor.

After wandering up and down the passage a few times and reading all the notices on the house notice board, it occurred to him that the half hour before the return of Davies might be well spent by ragging Dixon. It was for the purpose of keeping their betters from becoming dull that people like Dixon were put into the world; and Dixon would in all probability be working—which would add a spice to the amusement.

He collected half-a-dozen football boots from the senior day-room. The rule of the house being that football boots were not to be brought into that room, there was always a generous supply there. Then he lounged off to Dixon's room.

The door, as he had expected, was closed. He took a boot and flung it with accurate aim at one of the panels. There was a loud bang, and he grinned as he heard a chair pushed back inside the study and somebody jump up. Dixon was in.

(Continued on page 98)
It took ten years for that champion of all barber shop rhapsodies, Sweet Adeline, to become a national hit. The melody was written some thirty years ago by Harry Armstrong, delineated by Senor Cugat at the left. The lyrics were by Richard H. Gerard. They first intended to call it Sweet Rasalie. Armstrong was glad to get $1,000 for his interest when it appeared the song was a flop. Gerard held on until he got $2,200. When it did go it spread like the Maine Stein Song, after its long obscurity. Armstrong sang his creation over a national hookup recently and related these facts.
Today's Radio Headliners


Dale Wimbrow is mentioned elsewhere in this volume as one of the favorite thrum and hummers of the day. Doc Powers predicts he'll soon give the world a new cromsong called Radio Rube.

"What mus' I do? Awa!" "Yo' don' has to do nothin', Amos, da cir—caricularis — he's de one what has to do things." "Well I be doggone! Look heah, Andy, what he done to us!"
LOYALTY OF FANS IS

Friends of KFKB Roll Up Quarter
Cup to Their Favorite Post
Letters Received Laud ing

By Donald

THIS is the World's Most Popular Station, KFKB, at
Milford, Kansas,” is the announcement that Dr. J. E.
Brinkley's 5,000-watt broadcaster has been privileged
to make since the results of the Radio Digest Gold
Cup contest to determine the World's Most Popular Station
were announced last month. Listeners rallied to the support
of KFKB with splendid loyalty, piling up more than a quar-
ter of a million votes for their favorite, thus bringing to
Milford a truly enviable honor and recognition as the one
broadcasting station on the North American continent boasting,
perhaps, not the largest audience, but certainly by great
odds the most loyal—listeners willing and eager to get out
and fight for the honor and success of their favorite.

Many other stations besides the Gold Cup winning KFKB
and the Silver Cup winners in the six geographical divisions
of the continent may be truly proud of the loyalty of their
friends of the air. Literally thousands of letters were received
by the Contest Editor from listeners, lauding the merits of
their favorites.

The number of individuals casting ballots for WENR
exceeded by a large majority those voting for any other sta-
tion, even the Gold Cup winner. Their support, however, was
in the shape of single coupons, but little advantage being
taken of bonuses allowed for groups of consecutively num-
bered votes, and for subscriptions. Consequently when all
of these bonuses had been allowed those stations whose
friends had been out working hard for their choice were up

At the left is Jimmy Weldon, engineer and announcer, KFKB;
above is the justly famed studio orchestra of CFQC, while at the
right is a typical scene taken of a visiting crowd at Henry Fields
KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa.
A REAL INSPIRATION
of a Million Votes to Give Gold
of Listening; Thousands of
Merits of Broadcasters

Burchard

Gold Cup Winners

FINAL returns in the Radio Digest World's Most
Popular Station Gold Cup Contest show that Station
KFKB at Milford, Kansas, is the winner of the trophy
by a large majority, polling 256,827 votes. Winners of
Silver Cups in the six geographical divisions of the con-
tinent, and the title of Most Popular Station in their
respective Districts, are shown at the left in the table
below. At the right are shown first seven stations, in
the order of votes received and with no reference to
their location.

Gold Cup—KFKB...256,827 KFKB...256,827
East—WJZ........4,210 KFOX...64,557
South—KWKH....19,514 KFNF....46,556
Middle West—KFNF...46,556 WENR...24,711
West—WNAX....17,031 KWKH...19,514
Far West—KFOX...64,557 WNAX...17,031
Canada—CFQC....3,842 WLS.....14,872

in the win column while WENR, although registering a larger
listening audience, had to be satisfied with second place in
the Middle West, and fourth place in the national standings.
Another station, WLS, which polled a large vote from

Hal Nichols,
right, is the
big boss out at
KFOX. Below,
Brown of
KFKB.

Above is Chan Gurney,
known to everyone in
the West who tunes in
on WNAX.

Right, in
diamond.
Howard
Wilson, sec-
re t a ry-
treasurer of
KFKB.

Steve Love's popular band,
or rather his bandmen, from
KFKB. At the right is the always
smiling Dee D. Denver, KFKB
announcer.

Little John
Brinklev
of KFKB.

Anna Case,
WJZ pio-
neer.

Uncle Dutch
and his
Gang.

Below are a few
of Henry Field's
guests having a
big time while
visiting the sta-
tion. This is
one of Henry's
stunts to enter-
tain his friends.
Major J. Andrew White, left, first famous sports announcer.

J. Chandler Gurney, manager of WNAX, twice winner of Radio Digest popularity contests. Herbert Temple and Hazel "Tilly" Olson in panel.

In the champion KFOX Group of Long Beach, Calif., we find these cup winning entertainers: The Sunset Harmony Boys, guitar trio, and Miss Doris Dolan, staff pianist, below. McCree Sisters, KFKB.

individual listeners, was "out of the money" and registers in seventh position in the order of ballots cast. Here again the greatest response was in single votes, but few extra bonuses being recorded.

As was explained in announcing this Gold Cup Contest, it was not necessarily the station with the largest audience, but rather the one with the staunchest friends that would win the title of the World's Most Popular Station. Doctor Brinkley's KFKB, on the strength of its whole-hearted reception by its listeners, and the enthusiastic work done by its friends throughout its listening territory, is richly deserving of the designation of World's Most Popular.

A SKED to explain to what they attributed the tremendous popularity of KFKB even in competition with larger stations, station directors declared that "KFKB has a personality, a Soul, if you please." J. R. Brinkley, M. D., founded KFKB in 1923, "just as a novelty." His primary object was to entertain patients in his hospital at Milford, Kansas, and to teach these patients prevention of disease while they were convalescing.

The doctor spent considerable time listening to other broadcasters during the early days of his own station, determining just what policy would be best for him to follow. At first the plans seemed to be the thing, but individuality seemed to the doctor more desirable. During this time KFKB was on 1,250 kilocycles with twelve other stations, so he waited for the reallocation of November 11, 1928, before adopting a program policy.

By the time the new allocation came his policy was very nearly worked out and ready for adoption: "Humanize" KFKB, give it a personality, make it different. Regardless of revenue, certain policies were adopted to do and die by.

First: No price quotations whatever. The doctor said: "I own the station. I have a hospital here. I will not ask people to come to my hospital, and if I will not ask for patients, my advertisers shall not make pleas to purchase.

Second: "No records shall be played. Records are cheap, but the time talent is far more valuable than its great initial outlay.

Third: "The station shall never become an advertising or selling medium. No merchandising shall be conducted from it.

Fourth: "The station shall never be used for controversies, but all organizations shall be permitted a hearing, regardless of creed or beliefs. The station shall be open to all.

Fifth: "KFKB shall not be a chain station unless the listeners demand it. A recent poll showed that they did not.

Sixth: "The station shall be kept clean, so that none shall be offended. No suggestive language or risque music shall be permitted. The programs shall all be of such a nature as to be welcomed in every home."

AFTER a policy of "don't" was worked out, it was easy to find a program of "wills" and the first was SERVICE. Under "Service" we find the following to be a few of the outstanding features and policies of KFKB:

Religious: Regular Sunday services by various denominations, all being welcome. Also week-day services.

Fraternial: There being many fraternal organizations of outstanding merit, a certain amount of time was allotted to fraternialism.

Educational: It was determined to offer a comprehensive course in French, so a Count and Countess were induced to come to Milford. In addition the "Tell Me a Story Lady" hour was financed and immediately proved its popularity.

Agricultural: Since KFKB is located in a predominantly farming state it was natural that this subject should receive serious consideration. All market quotations are given, with the usual weather reports, conditions of roads and so forth.

Health: This was the big problem. Having an excellent staff of trained medical workers in connection with his hospital it seemed to Doctor Brinkley that he was in a position to give real service. The Medical Question Box was inaugurated. Letters poured in and thousands have been given practical advice and help in their problems of health. Soon the Coöperating Druggists' association was organized to handle the Doctor's prescriptions. The Doctor writes prescriptions and puts numbers on them. Diagnosing individual cases from letters received, he instructs his "air patients" to ask for such and such a numbered prescription at his druggist.

This plan met with such success that Doctor Brinkley now receives about 3,000 letters per day. This service is free to druggists and the public.

Service: A short time ago an effort was made to have KFKB's license canceled. Tens of thousands of letters poured into the offices of the federal Radio commission protesting any such action. Such was the appreciation of the listening public for the service rendered by Dr. J. R. Brinkley.

Entertainment: Doctor Brinkley's love for the public liked a little of nearly everything, but not too much of anything. Steve Love's orchestra of eleven pieces has been playing popular music since the fall of 1927. Arthur Pizzarea has an orchestra rendering the classics and sentimental music. Novelties are offered by the McCree Sisters, while Uncle Bob and
his fiddle and Uncle Sam and his Old Time orchestra have been hits since the early days. Other popular entertainers and announcers too numerous to mention in detail are: Dutch and Irish: Evans Brown; Albert Fenoglio; James Weldon; Dee Delaney; and Doctor Brinkley himself.

Doctor and Mrs. Brinkley are the proud parents of an only son, John Richard the third, named after his father and grandfather. The Brinkley family is one of doctors, as that of Mrs. Brinkley's family. The family group consists of the Doctor's pets, his wife, boy and faithful dog Prince, now nearing old age in dogdom.

"Good Old WJZ"—East's Favorite

Many years ago a Radio listener coined the phrase "Good Old WJZ." The phrase is fitting, for WJZ, voted by listeners the East's Most Popular Station, is one of the oldest stations in the country, and the oldest on the Atlantic seaboard. It will be entitled to nine candles on its birthday cake when its anniversary date rolls around October 7. The "good" part of the phrase is testified to by the Radio listeners who have selected WJZ as the most popular broadcaster in the East.

September 9, 1921, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company was granted a license to operate a broadcasting station in Newark. After the 500-watt transmitter was installed an old cloak room was swept out and converted into a studio. Old rugs were used as wall drapes, a piano was rented and there was an old-fashioned phonograph on a large horn. A few discarded chairs, a table and WJZ was ready to go on the air October 7, 1921. Thomas J. Cowan, none other than the Tommy Cowan of WNYC, threw the switch and put the new station on the air. There were only four people in the organization, which was headed by the late Charles B. Poponoe. Cowan was announcer, master of ceremonies, network announcer and general utility man. No funds were available for talent and Cowan had to talk them into making the trip to Newark to broadcast. But WJZ went on the air with programs of one sort or another and people began to write letters. The organization expanded. Bertha Brainard came to work as assistant to Mr. Poponoe. Today she is eastern program manager of the National Broadcasting company and one of the outstanding executives of Radio. Cowan discovered a singer named Milton J. Cross and induced him to sing for the then small Radio audience. Cross became interested in the new business and when there was an opening for a second announcer he got the job.

Broadcasting grew and WJZ's quarters became cramped. In the spring of 1923 they moved to the old Aeolian hall, succeeding the WNYC station. Until September, 1927, a year after its operation was transferred to the newly formed National Broadcasting company, where it shares with WEA F.

Before moving to Aeolian hall WJZ's staff accomplished many firsts. In the summer of 1922 a broadcast of the New York Philharmonic was successfully engineered and the same year a program from the stage of the Capitol theatre was put on the air. June 7, 1923, was another red letter day in the station's history, when WJZ became one of the four transmitters on one of the first networks. The broadcast was in connection with an annual meeting of the National Electric Light association, and Anna Case was featured as soloist.

The first broadcast from an airplane came the following summer. In 1925 WJZ in London was picked up and re-broadcast. Engineers now admit that the quality was terrible, but it was a big event in the early days of Radio.

In 1924 and 1925 Radio personalities began to develop. Previously WJZ's announcers had been identified by letters. In 1925 there were identified with the station such widely known celebrities as the late John B. Daniel, Andy Sannella, Keith McLeod, Ted Husing, Major Andrew White, Ed Smalle and Geoffrey Lundow.

In November, 1925, the WJZ transmitter was moved to New Jersey and the old 500-watt plant went by the board. With the new power plant of 30,000 watts WJZ became the first station to use a super-power transmitter. In the meantime the quality of programs had been steadily improving. The Democratic convention had been put on the air, the inauguration of President Coolidge was described to Radio listeners, and many international celebrities had appeared before WJZ microphones. Sponsored broadcasts improved steadily, and more and more money was available for talent. Network broadcasting became an accepted fact.

Then came the organization of the National Broadcasting company and as a result WJZ, which has been taken over by the Radio Corporation of America when the station was moved to Newark to New York, and WEA F, formerly operated by the A. T. and T., were put under the NBC banner and became the key stations of coast-to-coast networks.

Though identified as an NBC station from then on, WJZ kept its own personality and to millions of listeners it still is "good old WJZ." (Continued on page 105)
LUCILLE HUSTING is a little girl who pursued success into young womanhood, then felt it turn to ashes in her mouth. And yet she had the courage and nerve to carve a new career from the wreck of the old. Gene Mulholland, her close confidant, is responsible for this story, which shows the rare characteristics of Lucille Hustling, NBC's dramatic actress, as she is known to a few long time intimates.

The tallow candles sputtered on the floor. They dripped grease on the rug. Some of it flowed to the polished floor. There were candles separated a five-year-old girl from a critical audience of dolls. There were rag dolls, china dolls, dolls with real hair and dolls that cried "mamma" and "papa," and two that closed their eyes and went to sleep even while they sat there arranged in that semi-circle which was an imitation "parquet," of this little parlor theatre, the first to witness Lucille in performance of her "art."

On the other side of the candles was an over-stuffed sofa. And on this sofa Lucille was "acting." Back and forth from it she pranced, and then she used it as her stage and pranced back and forth upon it. Her hands were clasped dramatically. She was reciting all that she could remember of a play that she had seen and heard the week previous. The mud from her shoes slowly began to show itself in great smears on the cherished and otherwise spotless couch.

Lucille did not hear the front door open, she was too far lost in her dramatic playing. She did not see her mother's horrified expression as the latter took in the scene before her. She did, however, hear her mother's very dramatic gasp of dismay, and feel the grasp of the hand that caught her by the shoulders and, yanking her from the now damaged silk couch, did other things, only to be guessed. Poor Lucille!

Half an hour later, after the grease from the candle "footlights" had been cleared away and the sofa brushed, the rug sponged and chairs dusted, she listened resentfully while her father was given an account of what had happened.

"We'd best not take her to any more shows, Lucille must not grow up to be an actress," the mother told R. M. Hustling, circulation manager of a Mayville, N. D., daily.

Ten years later Mrs. Hustling sat in the auditorium of the Fargo, N. D. high school and was a committee of judges. Lucille first prize in an oratorical contest.

No mother was ever more proud than she when the daughter went on to win the inter-state finals in a declamation contest. The gold medal was taken home and proudly displayed.

For "Lucille doesn't want to be an actress any more. She has decided to teach school."

LUCILLE still retained her interest in the theatre. Her father's position as circulation manager of the Fargo Forum enabled her to see every play that came to town. And she was in constant demand to play leads in every home-talent production. Usually she directed them and was a final voice in the theatre. He smiled as he read a letter, and turned around thoughtfully.

"Please tell Miss Lucille Hustling at Emerson college and tell her to call here tomorrow at five," he asked his secretary.

Thus did Miss Husting make her first visit into that magic land, that realm of mystic charm and enchantment, "backstage."

Timid and hesitant she came. Stumbling over electric wiring, heavy curtain ropes and carelessly dropped "props," and bumping into scenery, she groped her way to the actor's dressing room.

"Romance, she thought, was in the very air she breathed. To be able to work back here was to be able to live life to its fullest extent."

Ushered into the presence of the actor she had summoned the courage to meet, she found him all that her dreams had told her he would be, kindly, sympathetic and helpful.

"ACTING, to those on this side of the footlights is little like many of those on the other side," he told her. "It is composed primarily of work, the hardest and most exacting type of labor there is."

"The reward of self-satisfaction and fulfillment of ambition is large, and in many instances the intangible remuneration. But I wouldn't advise you to become an actress unless you are prepared to give your heart and work for it. If such be the case, I am willing to help you. For, if you apply the same perseverance to your chosen calling as you did to seeing me, I know you will be a success. And the great actor was sincere."

With these words ringing in her ears, Miss Hustling returned to her studies. She studied so hard that she finished her four-year course in three years. Then she began scheming to get on the stage.

A letter by Crawford Pepper, president of the Redpath chat-auqua, resulted in an interview. The interview resulted in an engagement. "I Pays to Advertise." A sales talk to her mother, pointing out the educational angle of the production, and explaining that it really "wasn't theatrical," resulted in permission to play the engagement.

Three months of being a French maid through the New England states, and Lucille Hustling had convinced her mother that being an actress wasn't so terrible after all.

When the season ended she secured an engagement with the Bainbridge players at the Shubert theatre in Minneapolis. Two years with this stock company, playing everything from little girls to grandmothers, and the young actress was ready for Broadway.

Joe White

selection of others in the cast.

This had been true almost since the Husting family moved to Fargo and Mayville when Lucille was six. Shortly after her North Dakota debut the little girl made her first public appearance. The play was one sponsored by a Fargo organization, and the acting of little Lucille was considered by local critics as one of the bright spots of the piece."

William Hodge, the actor, sat in his dressing room backstage of a Boston radio station.
During this period she had kept in touch with Hodge, and when she came to New York he was expecting her. He had nothing in his company for her, but introduced her to Walker Whiteside, who gave her a part in "The Hindoo." Two coast-to-coast tours followed with this great actor, in that play and in "Mr. Wu." Those tours almost convinced her she had made a mistake, almost made her think she should have become a teacher.

Outstanding in her memory of that time is the kindness of Whiteside, long cold train rides, theatres where huge rats ran across the stage while the play was going on, and of theatres so cold that her breath fogged as she talked.

"The audience always laughed when they saw my breath in the warm Chinese setting in which the play was laid," she recalls.

FOLLOWING this experience in 1924, Miss Husting played Broadway with Hodge in "For All of Us," later going to Chicago and Boston with the same company. That experience, she thinks, was the most enjoyable of her entire theatrical career.

A season at the Belasco theatre in New York with Nance O'Neil in "Stronger Than Love," and Miss Husting was ready for her Radio debut in 1927.

"Once I had faced the microphone, I knew that my stage work had ended. The glamour of being an actress vanished like mist before the sun. Only Radio held any appeal for me."

Miss Husting worked around the station through which she made her initial microphone appearance for two years. She was made assistant to the manager, and did everything from booking talent to hearing auditions and singing solos. Then came an opportunity to work with the late Colonel C. T. Davis in Collier's Hour. That was before the NBC was formed. But broadcasting was already becoming the established and business-like profession it is today and the young actress found that her air engagements more than filled her time.

The longer she worked before the microphone, with its demands for a new technique and exacting voice requirements, the more convinced she became that stage work was to be her lot no more.

"And now I don't even go to the theatre any more, except as the tired business man does. Just an occasional musical show. The rest of my spare time I spend at home listening to the Radio," the girl who realized her ambition to become a stage favorite declares.

Miss Husting still "lives in Fargo." There she keeps her automobile, her favorite Radio receiver and her circle of school day friends. There she kept her two Scotch terrier puppies until they died of over-eating during one of her frequent visits.

It is in Fargo that she dances to her heart's content.

And it is from Fargo and the mother who once was horrified at her ambitions to act that she expects the real criticism of her Radio roles. "Believe me, it isn't always pleasant criticism, either. Mother always listens to the Radio Guild plays, Empire Builders and Penrod. "Mother thinks she knows more about acting now than I do, and doesn't hesitate a moment to offer advice on how a role should have been played," the girl says.

JOE WHITE, sometimes more familiarly recalled as the Silver Masked tenor of NBC, has a "jinx song." Just this one song, beloved and requested by many of his admirers, he will never sing again. And Joe says: "Ordinarily, I'm not superstitious, but dire things did happen to me every time I sang that song." Strangely, his "jinx song" is Ethelbert Nevin's My Rosary, and an old favorite with Joe, as with us all. But here's the story.

Four times in his life has the Silver Masked tenor sung My Rosary, and each time with disastrous results.

The first time was long before his Radio warblings for NBC networks began. He was without fame then, as just plain Joe White, a tow-headed little youngster playing with his pet goat in the back yard of the White's New Jersey homestead. The goat was, also, just a baby, and little Joe hugged it tightly in his arms as he sang with tearful feeling the song he had heard his mother sing, My Rosary.

His proud old Irish grandmother overheard this effort, and beckoned his parents to listen and watch. "That child is a born singer," said grandma White. "We must put him in the boy's church choir right away." They did. But little Joe was sorry for singing the Rosary that first time, for it meant choir prac-

(Continued on page 118)
Early American For
Boy's Room

By Ethel Lewis
Home Interior Authority, WOR

NOT long ago I received a letter from a woman who said that each morning when I was talking over the Radio she sat in her rocking chair near the window, and near the loud speaker. As I described different rooms or suggested improvements which might be made in any room she would look about her and see the direct application of what I was saying. Now that seems to me the very best way to get real help out of a Radio talk on interior decoration. Of course, there will be times when the subject has no direct interest for you, but nearly always there is some part of it which can be applied to your particular case.

The woman who sat in her rocking chair and listened was interested in one particular question and it seemed that I never quite answered it so she sat down and wrote to me. She described the room in detail and, therefore, I was able to give her real help. Unfortunately, I have many letters that say "send me advice on interior decoration." They give me no idea of how they live, one room or twenty, whether the rooms are large or small, light or dark, for general living or for one person. You see how difficult it is to do anything for a person who is so indefinite. So when you write in to your favorite speaker on interior decoration be sure and give her plenty of information so she can really help you.

One of my regular listeners wrote in and asked for assistance on the following room: "It is 9 feet by 13 feet large, has two windows, is painted in a very light green color. The furniture is maple (early American)—consists of a chest of drawers, four poster bed, night table, chair and a desk. It is for my son, who is eleven years of age. Now, the thing that puzzles me is the coloring. I want it to be a real boy's room and yet I want to carry out the early American period in every detail. Could you be kind enough to suggest kind of curtains, also draperies and bedsread? The room gets plenty of sunshine."

AND I suggested as follows: "As long as you want to keep the early American feeling, and as long as this room is for a small boy, you are fortunate that the two combine so well. For boys like sturdy things, colorful but not dainty, and that is exactly what one would say of the early maple furniture. For the curtains I would use a toile de Jouy, possibly one with American scenes. Make them very straight and plain, hanging either a simple painted cornice. If the young man does not like the idea of toile, get an early American chintz. Many curtains have a quaint pattern. The design must be strong and not too intricate. Be sure that some of the maple-color is included and some of the green, as well as the blue and rose and yellow which usually appear in any floral chintz. The glass curtains should be a simple marquisette, pushed back a little from the center, for all children like to look out of windows.

"The bedsprad in such a room is always a serious problem, for you don't want to repeat the chintz, and you don't want to use plain white. If you can find a woven cotton spread in a good tone of green, that will solve your problem. Do not try to use any rayon spread or any spread that is trimmed with feminine frills. If you don't find the readymade spread you want, you can make one of rough, homespun-like material, either in green or in a light maple tone. Using the rough texture keeps the whole room keyed together in spirit. Another alternative is the really old patch work quilt with a good deal of brown in the mixture and odd bits of other bright colors that are harmonious with the wall and the chintz curtains.

"For accessories use pewter lamps and simple parchment shades and possibly a piece of colorful glass for an old-fashioned nosegay of flowers. For the rest let books and toys and banners and the usual collection a boy makes provide the interest." And so the boy gets his early American room, and I hope you agree with me that it would be an altogether pleasant place, full of color and life.

Quite different was a plea from another one of my audience. The letter sounds a bit like a first home to me and I do love to help out a bride whenever I can. She is puzzled about her kitchen which is "light green tile with dark green linoleum, and I had planned on ivory furniture. There is a breakfast room adjoining with two windows and built-in closet. I had decided on a gateleg table with two ladder back arm and two side chairs in ivory, but the merchant showing me the pieces suggested I get a butterfly table instead of gate-
SIMPLICITY ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDE FOR REFRESHMENTS

By Evelyn Gardiner
Director KDKA Home Forum

PAUSE for a moment, all you June Brides, to heed what we have to tell you about refreshments for your wedding. You are busy with your teas, parties, new dresses and the hundred other things there are to look after when a wedding is to take place. But how successful would your wedding be if you did not serve suitable refreshments to your guests?

Let us be sensible this year and start off the season in simple style. Of course, a bride is a law unto herself and she may make the plans for her wedding as simple or as elaborate as she wishes. If she decides to have a simple wedding and simple refreshments, she will be less rushed before the wedding and less worn out afterwards. Brides, remember that your guests come to see you and to wish you health and happiness. They do not wish to see a weary bride but a radiant one. I wonder if people really know afterwards just what they have had to eat at a wedding? They are so much more interested in how the bride looked, how everyone was dressed and if the general effect was right. So if your refreshments are simple, yet dainty, your guests will be satisfied.

Whether your guests sit down or stand up for refreshments, depends upon the number of guests, the size of the house, the number of servants and the wishes of the bride. If you have but a few guests they may easily be seated at one table. If there are many, you may have a bride’s table and a parent’s table for immediate relatives and friends and let the refreshments be served in a simple, hospitable manner. This may not seem hospitable but it is correct at large functions where it is impossible to seat everyone at once.

The bride and groom sit at the bride’s table with a few invited guests. The colors of the decorations are generally in white and the bride’s cake occupies the center of the table, at the small home wedding. The bride sits beside the groom to his right at the head of the table. The best man sits to the right of the bride and the maid of honor to the left of the groom. Other members of the bridal party and intimate friends of the bride and groom are invited also to sit at this table.

If you wish you may have a parents’ table with the bride’s mother presiding at the head of the table. The groom’s father is to her right. Opposite the bride’s mother is the bride’s father with the groom’s mother to his right. Then the minister and his wife as well as other close relatives may be seated at this table.

SOMETIMES there is but one table and this is usually the bride’s table. It is large enough to have both the bride and groom seated while all the others are served standing. Tables may be set for all guests if you wish, or all the guests, including the bridal party, may be served standing up. The service then becomes buffet service and is a form of service quite commonly used.

Buffet service is easier for the bride and her mother. There is much less work in the preparation and serving. The bride’s table then becomes a buffet table. The bride’s cake may still be the center of this buffet table. It is the feature of the wedding and no matter what method of serving the refreshments is used, the bride’s cake should have a prominent position.

This is a white cake with a white frosting. It may be made in one layer or in several. If but one layer, the center is often left open and filled with small flowers on a standard. If there is a second layer or more, figures of various kinds may be used on the top. These are usually tiny figures of a bride and groom or of a bride alone. The stand on which the cake rests should be decorated with roses and lilies of the valley or some suitable bridal flowers. On either side of the bride’s cake are low bowls of white flowers, such as roses, sweet peas, gardenias or lilies, or candle-sticks with long candles to match the color scheme used for the wedding.

Perhaps the bride has a particular color scheme she is carrying out in her decorations and bridesmaids’ costumes. Select your flowers, candles and food to blend with this color scheme. Silver or glass candle-sticks of varying height may be attractively used with colored candles.

If candles are used on the table with the bride’s cake, flowers may be used as a background or placed on other tables in the room.

Besides the candles, flowers and cake you will, of course, make a careful selection of the cloth used. Nothing is in any better form at a wedding than a snowy white cloth of linen or linen and lace. This may be a large cloth to cover the entire table or you may use runners or a smaller luncheon cloth to show some of a highly polished table.

We do not wish the bride’s cake to repose in lonely grandeur on the buffet table, so we will add a coffee or chocolate urn, at one end, platters of cold meats and salads and plates of sandwiches, candies and nuts. (Continued on page 108)
Robert Brown, most loquacious of WVL announcers, is an extremely attractive and charming young man. Beginning at the more superficial aspects, he's six feet tall, has a Grecian nose (and doesn't mind admitting that), blue-blue eyes, a nice mouth, and dark brown hair combed slick as a waxed floor. He insists on washing his face with soap and going outdoors immediately so that his skin is always pink and shiny.

And as to clothes, he's a fashion-plate of neatness. He drives a roadster of the type generally referred to as "a small light car" and drives it 79 miles an hour. It's pearl gray and rakish as the angle at which he wears his hat. Since he drives always with the top down, after two weeks of summer sun, he'll be as brown as an Hawaiian boy. Comes the summer sun, too, and Bob will spend every free hour in a swimming pool where he can out-dive, out-swim all others. He holds various swimming records and medals that prove his prowess.

He plays golf, shoots, flies, and does anything else what anyone else can do or wants to do. Before he became a radio announcer, he was a pilot on a lake boat sailing out of Buffalo. Before that, he had done a little bit of everything, from waiting on table to being a chauffeur.

And, oh yes, Ruth, he's either this side or that side of twenty-five, but not very far away in either case. * * *

We hear of a great many radio weddings these days, but here is a Radio funeral. Mrs. Flora M. Holmes, wife of P. E. Holmes of Kincaid, Kansas, had been hopelessly ill for three years. During that period of time Radio was her constant solace and joy, hardly a waking moment passed that did not find her listening. It was her wish that her funeral should be broadcast over her favorite station, KFEO, St. Joseph, Mo. This wish was granted. Her service was broadcast at "Five O'Clock on March 25th by remote control from H. O. Sidenfaden's Chapel, St. Joseph.

* * *

The Ashley Sisters, Thelma and Irma, better known as the "Prairie Daisies" over WLS have joined the staff at KMOX where they will be heard regularly for an indefinite period. They really are sisters, you know, and it's lovely to have one in the studio you see here. Irma has big brown eyes with the nicest long lashes and a short, bobbed brown hair—a pleasing foil for the blond attractiveness of both Loraine and Thelma, for Thelma is just as golden haired and sweetly as Loraine, only a trifle more subdued and pensive. Before joining the staff at WLS they were featured over KFI, KFWB, KNX, KTMK and other Pacific coast stations.

* * *

Found another reticent Radio idol. Of course there may be plenty of them, but when the do come up against an honest-to-goodness one we girls get all nervous and try to find out everything. The one discovered is professionally known as "The Vagabond of the Air" and personally as Jerry Willford, and his remarkably deep bass voice is heard announcing at the hour of midnight at KSL, Salt Lake City. He is now generally spoken of as "The Voice of America Awake." He was born in Juneau, Alaska, some thirty odd years ago, but please don't ask if he's an Eskimo, for he's very much of an Englishman. His eyes and hair are brown and he's a little over six feet tall, weighing 185 pounds. He goes in for hunting, fishing and golf in a big way, and has only one aversion—"Radio sopranos." He came to Radio from the advertising business and boasts no previous broadcasting experience whatever. Do you remember him, Louise, in connection with "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" and "The Utah Trail?" * * *

The Prince of Wales' "uke" teacher—that's Kelvin K. Keech, staff announcer for the NBC. It was when he was an entertainer for the British Broadcasting Corporation and an ukulele instructor that he was called upon to initiate this youthful member of the staff into the intricacies of ukulele playing.

Keech has a deep rich baritone singing voice—he is of Hawaiian blood by the way he has gained for himself for the manner in which he renders old Hawaiian tunes. In fact it's his birthright, for Kelvin was born in Hawaii and it was there that he developed a love for the ukulele and learned to master it.

He was married in Constantinople in 1882 to a Russian girl.
**Remember the Paul Christensen orchestra, winners of the polular orchestra plaque for the Middle West, season 1927-28.**

Some of the people who've wondered where they're back on the air to be heard regularly over WKY, Oklahoma City.

You wouldn't think it, would you. Dee, to look at that picture, that Al Bernard has a daughter seven years old? Al is famous as end man of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC programs. He is a native of New Orleans, La., which may account for the native skill of his blackface stuff.

He made his radio debut in 1922 over WEAF and since then has been before the microphone regularly. Prior to that he was on the stage for many years. In addition to his theatrical career and Radio experiment, he's been the author or editor of the composition of a number of songs. He's recently returned from a trip to New Orleans, where he visited his mother and father. * * *

**Antony Wons, more commonly known as Tony, has closed his Scrap Book for the time being. According to the latest news from WLW, and gone to northern Michigan for a four-month vacation. So you won't have to hear his daily chat 'Em' XYZ and St. Kitts. (Strange are the nom de plumes of Marcella readers! But what's in a name?)**

**Seaman and marine engineer with more than a quarter-million miles on the sea to his credit, is the author of Patrick Kelly, staff announcer and tenor on NBC programs. Despite his name, Mr. Kelly was born far distant from the Emerald Isle. North Queensland, Australia, was his birthplace and home during the first years of his life. Later he came to this country as a baby and lived in Sidney. His appearance suggests the distinguished gentleman that he is—five feet nine inches of well proportioned flesh, and hair slightly grayed and flashing brown eyes. His personal interests which include flying, boating, boxing, language, opera and music, are greater than his range of past experience, but his one outstanding objective is to become as a leading tenor in broadcast.**

**He is married to Yolani Poszany—a Hungarian girl he met in Budapest. Quite a man, wouldn't you say, G. S.?**

**If you looked in the May issue, Lucille, you undoubtedly saw the nice big story about the Lombardos. Isn't that the break you wanted?**

Theodore Poister is the young man who plays piano and organ at W1AM. Like most successful musicians he began the study of music at an early age. His brother gave him his first lessons on the organ and later he studied with Cleveland instructors. His first job as organist was in a church in his home town, Galion, Ohio. He attended Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., where he played the chapel organ and directed a dance band.

Later he studied in Paris under Isidor Philippie and played solo organ at the new Paramount theatre and the Champs-Elysees theatre. On his return to the United States he was engaged as organist at the Palace theatre in Canton, Ohio. When the talkies ruined the theatre, Ted entered Radio and has been at W1AM since last May. He has acted as accompanist for some of the leading musical stars of the radio, including Julia Claussen, Paul Althouse, Roland Pease and others.

And he really looks the part, Rasmund, with his heavy, curly blond hair that's just a tiny bit long.

**Betsy, you'll just have to wait for something more about Pat Flanagan. You've got to get with looking up your Number 19 copy of Radio Digest and looking on page 10, or your February issue on page 49.**

**This young innocent is Claude Morris, announcer at KDKA. To get into the Radio profession was early in his ambition. So when he graduated from the Peabody high school at Pittsburgh, he was as about fitting himself for the furthering of his ambition. He enrolled as a violinist at the Pennsylvania School of Drama, working in the daytime to put himself through school. After three years in drama school Claude made his Radio debut as a member of a group of players making a presentation before the mike. This gave him the courage and experience to apply for a position as announcer with KDKA, which he did. And that's the story, Imp. Don't you think it's worth both a Lucky and a sweet?**

**Dynamite Jim, Florence, is a younger not yet 20 whose home is in Walker- ton, In. Jim is the son of famed fiddler, sang and played the guitar and harmonica at WLS. However, he lost his voice for a short time after he and his old car is all right now, he has decided that he needed some more book larnin' and has gone back to school. But no doubt you'll hear him at WLS sometime in the future.**

**Jerome DeBord, known as the Yodeling Troubadour, has been entertaining Radio listeners of the Middle West for the past 11 years. Of FEO and KGBZ at York, Nebraska. Old time songs and yodeling numbers are his specialty. 11 years ago, five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred and forty pounds, has brown eyes and black hair and is of French descent. That's about all we can tell you, Jay Hawker of Kansas. Hope it will fill the bill.**

**Here's news, Fredericka and L. W. B. Otto Gray and his Cowboys have recently been heard at KMOX and at WAM, talkies, and claim that they're still traveling. (Thank you, Mrs. J. H.) And have you heard that Polly and Anna are located at WLS? If you'll look on page 39 of the March issue of Radio Digest you'll see their pictures.**

**For your information, A. U. V., Dixie's Circus, with Bob Sherwood, comes over the NBC chain on Saturday nights at 7:15. This program was the one where Bob Sherwood, long a protege of Uncle Bob, made his first appearance. Which brings to mind the romantic fact of Uncle Bob's own life. He was a protege of Barnum; was with the Barnum show for twenty-four years; knew Tom Thumb and Dan Rice and all the old ones who made the circus a thing of wonder and witchery. For many years he was himself a clown of the first order, the first to clear the backs of six horses and two elephants and two camels.**

This little Dorothy, who appears with him on Dixie's Circus, is only twelve years old and was discovered by Uncle Bob in a very distant portion of New York City about three years ago. When she was seven she was playing in the street and a big heavy loaded truck suddenly came around the corner, and, well, they picked up Dorothy's leg in one spot and her body about fifty feet away. Uncle Bob tells us that she is a wonderful, lovable little thing, despite all her suffering. * * *

**Here you are, Mildred, with the picture you wanted of "Little Boy Blue." His real name is Ellis Foster and he's just thirteen years old. You can hear him regularly over WGN every Thursday at four o'clock, for he's signed up there for the next year. He sang for the first time way out in Englewood, Calif., three or four years ago. He was the only juvenile used on the programs down at KMBC at Kansas City. His youthful career has also included singing over KFOX, KVQO, KFEQ, WLS and KMOX. Of course he is busy all day going to high school, as all good little boys should. And would you believe it?—this child singer has never had a singing lesson in his life.**

**Since you're all so interested in Gra- ham McNamee I'm sure you'll like knowing more about Mrs. McNamee. You know she was Josephine Garrett, a popular and successful church and concert singer. She had a voice out of all proportion to her size and was determined to go on the operatic stage. And here, let's pick up the story as told by Helen Hulett Searl in the May issue of McCall's:**

(Continued on page 108)
Gossip of the Stations

GOSSIP—who doesn't like to hear the latest gossip of what is going on around him? What his friends are doing, where they are, and what their new clothes look like? Your friends of the air are very real people, they like to do what you like to do, and they're best of all to entertain you.

In this section of Radio Digest are sixteen pages crammed jam full of pictures and brief, gossipy items of what these friends of the air are like and what they are doing. If they have a birthday you can read about it here.

This section is edited for you and your friends at your favorite stations. If you have any suggestions to make the editors will be glad to receive them.—D. B.

A First Night on Time!

A BROADWAY "first night" for which it was physically impossible to be late! It's hard to feature, but such was, indeed, the case when the National Broadcasting company marked the formal opening of the new Times Square studio. Six hundred millionaires and notables from all over the nation gathered in the former New Amsterdam Roof for the occasion.

They started when the curtain went down, to reverse the usual procedure of the theatrical presentations. Without being aware of it, the "noble 600" were all fifteen minutes early. Before the broadcast began Phillips Carlin talked about the new studio and its objects. Then the six-ton glass curtain went down and the new studio on the stage went on the air for the first time, in full view of the guests.

By the glow of colored "baby spots" the gathering of celebrities had a foretaste of television. Loud speakers in the auditorium brought the audience every sound beyond the glass curtain, just as it was heard through the NBC networks, and they were able to see everything that went on before the mike. Collier's Hour was the featured presentation.

Music, Universal Tongue

Music is the great universal international language, according to Senor Alejandro Padilla, Spanish ambassador to the United States. "I wish we could have an international written language such as music," said the ambassador in a talk over the CBS system. "Seven little notes, combined in different ways, are understood and interpreted the world over in the same way." Tracing the history of Spanish music, Senor Padilla said, "the majority of composers from most of the foreign countries went to Spain for their inspiration.

Voice Soothes Storm Fear

THROUGH storm tossed atmosphere the voice of Edward Johnson traveled one night to bring peace to a tortured group on a pleasure yacht hove to during a severe Atlantic gale. The yachtsman, a personal friend of the great Metropolitan tenor, and a companion found themselves 100 miles off their course from Newport News to Miami.

The night was pitch dark and the wind was howling through the cordage of the yacht when the receiving set was tuned in. Clear and without the slightest static, despite the weather conditions, came the voice of Edward Johnson. It gave the yachtsmen renewed hope and courage, and the first thing Johnson's friend did on reaching port was to write him about it. That letter is one of the tenor's most prized possessions today.

Johnson began his operatic career as Eduardo di Giovanni (the Italian translation of his name) in Italy ten years before he was recognized in America. He was proclaimed as a "find" all over Europe before making his debut with the Chicago Civic Opera company.

Bori Is Proudly Spanish

A PRIMA DONNA with the Metropolitan Opera company, and a personality who has been featured in Radio entertainment, Lucrezia Bori, is a native of Valencia and is thoroughly and proudly Spanish. Remotely of Italian descent, she pursued her early musical studies at Milan. Her opera debut was made in Rome, as Micaela in Carmen.

Mme. Bori began her American career as one of the youngest singers ever.
As Favorite Stations Parade
and Interesting Bits About Studio
Is to Entertain You and Yours on
Great and Small Everywhere

heard in opera in this country, and her
youth and beauty, together with her
lovely voice, made her an outstanding
favorite.

During her association with the Met-
ropolitan, and with summer operas at
Ravinia Park, Chicago, she has been
heard in many interesting roles, her
most recent interpretation being that of
the heroine of Charpentier's opera,
Louise.

* * *

THE Hoovers seemed destined to fea-
ture in the limelight, in one way or
another. Herbert Hoover, Jr., eldest
son of the President, has filed applica-
tions with the Federal Radio com-
mission to operate experimentally on a series
of frequencies in the long and short wave
bands. He also seeks authority to in-
stall a new transmitter of a portable
type for operation in California. He is
technical assistant in charge of Radio
communications for the Western Air
Express.

Bagley "Talkingest" Man

CELEBRATING his sixth anniver-
sary on the air April 1, Arthur E.
"Doc" Bagley, boasts the reputation of
the "talkingest" man on the air. His
friends claim that title for "Doc" on the
estimated 675,000,000 words he utters
during the 500 days he is on the
air each year.

In addition to acting as director of
the Tower Health exercises six morn-
ings a week with Will Mahoney, pianist,
Bagley has created such characters as
the "Goofus Bird" and made his pro-
gram a household word all over the
country.

Bagley himself is an early riser. Every
morning that he is on the air he arises
at 5:45 o'clock and is in the studio at
6:15. He personally answers 25,000
pieces of mail every month. His pres-
ent ambition is to remain another five
years on the air.

Finds Truth IS Strange

EVELYN DE LA TOUR, heard each
week in "Show Folks" skits over the
Columbia Broadcasting system, has be-
come convinced that truth is stranger
than fiction. A few weeks ago she played
the part of Marie Lavelle, one of the
principal characters in a heart-interest
story. After the broadcast a telephone
call was received at Station WABC
from someone who demanded that Marie
Lavelle be summoned to the phone. The
telephone operator informed the caller
that there was no such party in the
studio. After quite an argument with the
insistent fan, Evelyn De La Tour, who
had been playing the part of Marie La-
velle, was asked to speak to the tele-
phone caller. She did so, and was ac-
cused of being not Evelyn De La Tour,
but in reality a Marie Lavelle who had
left home some fifteen years ago to go
upon the stage, and who had never been
heard from since. The caller insisted
that she recognized the voice and the
name, and could not be fooled. The odd
part of it all is that the name "Marie
Lavelle" was strictly imaginative, and
came from the mind of Dave Elman, the
writer of the "Show Folks" sketches.

Many unique features are included in the new Times Square NBC studios besides the six-ton glass curtain. Here you
see the cast of "The Family Goes Abroad" enjoying itself in the luxury of the Chinese room, where artists await
their time to go on the air.
Philadelphia Likes Hays

Philadelphia—sophisticated, high-brow Philadelphia, has awakened to the fact that a young jazz maestro has descended in its midst to win the plaudits of even the most skeptical in musical entertainment.

He is heard every night over stations WLIT, WFan and WCAU. Billy Hays came to the Cathay Tea Garden five years ago unheralded and unsung. He was popular with the set that patronized the Cathay, but outside of there he was practically unknown. Luckily for him he started broadcasting early. From then on his future was assured. Women who heard his melodious voice yearned for him—music connoisseurs realized that here was a new voice in jazz music.

A local newspaper had a contest in which the people voted for their favorite Radio entertainers. Bill Hays left his nearest rivals so far, back as to make them appear ridiculous.

Talking to you as he plays the piano in the studios of WLBT is Norman Lambert. Looks like a nice boy, doesn’t he?

By C. B. Kingston

THREE and a half years ago when broadcast stations were presenting various novelty features, a Radio critic got the idea of a novelty in the way of presenting songs of years ago. One night, after the usual broadcast of WCWS, which was then located in Bridgeport, he asked the station director if the station would remain on the air fifteen minutes longer so that he could try out the idea he had in mind.

At 11 o’clock on a Monday evening, three years and a half ago, the following words went out on the air by their own director: “Ladies and Gentlemen, ‘The Buggy Riders,’ a feature full of fun, nonsensical and quaint farmer talk, presenting old time songs.” On the air it went, and before five minutes had elapsed the station was swamped with telephone calls. Telegrams began to arrive.

Since their appearance at WCWS the Buggy Riders have stepped high, wide and fancy. They have appeared at all of the Connecticut stations, were at two of the major stations in New York. Today, we find them as a sponsored feature for the next six months at WDRC in New Haven, and they have always asked for a Monday night at every station, they are now known as the Emanuelson Buggy Riders, and appear at 9 o’clock, eastern standard time.

How the feature is presented is interesting. The two characters in the novelty are known as Cy and Zeb (their real names have never been made public). Many times they are announced as “The Mysterious Buggy Riders.” Whether in the studio or on personal appearances they always wear masks, and this added mystery as to who they are has helped their program a great deal.

They open their program with the tune, “Thanks for the Buggy Ride,” and close it with the same melody. During their time on the air, which now is a half hour, they travel around the country in their imaginary buggy, to which they have a horse known as Napoleon. In the east he is the most famous horse of all. In their travels they stop at the homes of Radio fans who have sent in requests for old time numbers, and then sing them.

You may have seen other pictures of Frances Doherr, director of WCAE, but this one is especially charming. Miss Doherr was, at last reports, in charge of the commericial and publicity departments.

Being a concert singer is one thing, but being a Radio singer is something else again, according to Frederick R. Huber, Director of WBAL, and Municipal Director of Music for the City of Baltimore. While the two types of singers have always been associated in the public mind as being identical, such is in reality very far from the actual truth of the matter for the technique of Radio singing is vastly different from the methods employed by the concert artist, says this widely known musical authority.

“The very methods the concert singer must use to get his or her best dramatic effects, the Radio singer must avoid. Concert singers, like tennis players who put the whole force of their bodies into their strokes, are wont to step into their songs, so to speak, and gain their dramatic climaxes through putting the full force of their voices into their songs. With the Radio singer it is just the opposite.
McMccormack Has Knack for Foreign Tongues  
By George A. Harder

WETHER it's singing a heroic bass in Verdi operas in Milan, pleading his cause before the prefect of police to escape a jail sentence in Venice or just pronouncing names like Saint-Saëns, Tchaikovsky and Scriabin on the Radio, Malcolm L. McCormack, W BZ-WBZA announcer, has always had the canny faculty of capitalizing his foreign tongues. Probably few erudite linguists, certainly not many Radio announcers, can boast so many colorful adventures as are attached to McCormack's fluent and timely use of an alien language.

He describes gleefully these exploits abroad, referring to them as "linguistic feats," for McCormack has an ineradicable sense of humor. He beams when relating how he and an Australian friend, returning to Paris one evening too late to dress for the opera, "crashed" the gate in their travel-stained clothes. Politely but firmly they were told that they were persona non grata at the opera except in formal attire. Undismayed, McCormack opened fire with his most forensic French. Later, when the curtain rose for the performance, the two "crashers" were seen sitting unconcernedly in a box, while all of fashionable Paris stared!

Only once does McCormack recall that his linguistic powers failed. Even then he got his demands, but not without resort to the favorite American expedient of the "strong arm." The impresario of an Italian opera company with which he was singing was never too punctual in paying off his troupe. McCormack, low in funds, demanded his salary. The impresario demurred. "Americans have much money," he argued and remained adamant. Finally, seeing his cause lost without some heroic measures, Mac seized the musician and literally "shook him down" for all of the back pay.

McCormack comes of Yankee stock with strains of Scotch and Irish seeking supremacy in his blood. However, in most of the adventures which he has had in his fascinating Don Quixote travels, it is the Celtic strain, one should suppose, which was dominant.

His musical career dates back to the days when, at the age of 12, he sang soprano in the boys' choir at St. Mark's, in Dorchester. In later life his natural artistic bent was lost sight of while he went in for insurance business. Soon he went to Italy where he studied for a time with Lucetti and because of the high regard in which this great teacher and his protegés were held, found work with numerous opera companies. Returning home after three years of study and travel to find that Radio had effected a veritable musical renaissance, Mac decided to plunge into the broadcasting game at once.

Antique furniture covered the field of Radio topics when the NBC inaugurated a new daytime program series. The new series is in the form of fifteen-minute addresses by Major Arthur de Bles.

Programs for Seal Fleet

ANOTHER group of men separated from the civilized world by icy wastes and miles of open sea is the object of special broadcasts by KDKA. Captain Bob Bartlett and his associates, on the U.S. station, are engaged in making sound and motion pictures of the activities of the seal fleet somewhere off the coast of Greenland. Bartlett, who was the skipper for Admiral Robert E. Peary on the expedition to the North Pole in 1909, requested the same service as that which Commander Byrd received.

Presents Broadway Stars

A NEW midnight program, featuring headliners from Broadway shows, has been inaugurated by WCDA. Each Saturday night from midnight to two in the morning performers featuring in New York attractions will appear before the mike at the Italian station. A. J. Palange will be master of ceremonies.

Those Wanderlusters who are accustomed to gathering at WBAL every Thursday night and taking a stroll down Memory Lane are Gustave Klemm, Henriette Kern, Philip Crist, Walter Linthicum, Maud Albert and John Wilbourn.

Here is a corner of the reception room at WHAM on audition day with a group of broadcast aspirants awaiting their turn for auditions and a chance to appear regularly before the microphone.
Luminaries Make Way for Dog Performer

STUNNING beauties, startling brilliant infant prodigies, luminaries of the legitimate and concert stage as well as grand opera stars are common in broadcasting studios so that they cause no comment, but when five-year-old Peggy made her debut at WNAC the staff outdid itself with appreciation and admiration.

Peggy is particularly winning in her ways, and has a degree of intelligence that is amazing. Peggy is a beautiful sable and white collie, with a magnificent coat and the ability to answer accurately many difficult mathematical problems, as well as perform tricks and instantly obey orders given by her master.

One of the questions which Peggy correctly answered for the Radio audience was: "How much is ten times 5, divided by two, less two, plus one, divided by two?" Not only does Peggy solve such problems when given by her master, H. Otis Swain, of Lynnfield, Mass., but is quite agreeable when responding to strangers.

The one exception is when anyone countermands an order from Mr. Swain. Peggy has received a number of vaudeville offers, but prefers to lead a contented life in Swain's sandwich shop.

SCOTLAND has made its contribution to the excellence of American Radio programs in the person of Lex Holmes, leader of the Scottish Symphony orchestra at WAAAM. He is also leader of the Scarborough orchestra. Formerly a director of many well known orchestras in Glasgow, Mr. Holmes has broadcast from most of the leading Radio stations in Scotland.

That Soothing Baritone at WCHS Is Belyea

NEXT time you tune in WCHS at Portland, Maine, and you hear a soft, soothing baritone getting real confidential with you and selling you something on the air, it is probably Harry A. Belyea, who is fast getting the reputation of being the cleverest salesman on the air.

But Harry is sincere in his selling and has refused to announce programs that seemed to have no real merit. He has that ability to get chummy with you and before you know it you are drawing a little closer to your loud speaker to talk back to him.

Harry's training for Radio work started in a newspaper office where he sold advertising and spent his spare time in conducting a humor column.

Here's another bit of information: The next time you hear the "Phantom of the Air" singing on WCHS, that, too, is Harry, for he possesses a beautiful tenor voice with a haunting quality and a range that is exceptionally deep for this quality voice.

Harry has two hobbies, his wife and four-year-old daughter and his type-writer, and even though he is a busy announcer he still finds time to conduct a humorous column and feature articles for several publications.

Localization at WNBO

A NEW policy of localization of programs to the point where they are designed to interest especially the people of southwestern Pennsylvania has been instituted by WNBO, Washington, Pa.

One step in this aim to give the listeners of that region a service especially adapted and adjusted to their needs and desires has been to organize community broadcasting clubs in each of the cities and towns within 100 miles of the station.

These clubs, made up of local talent, have a regular hour on the air each week, and thus exploit the community in a wholesome way.

The closest co-operation with all the civic agencies, newspaper clubs and semi-public institutions is being cultivated and a real service is given the Chambers of Commerce, Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A's and public schools.
Old Voice on Air, New on Chain

By Dianne Dix

WHEN the internationally famous New Orleans Mardi Gras was put on the air early in the Spring a new voice was heard on the NBC chain, but it was an old voice on the air. It was Clyde Randall, announcer of WSMB.

Randall is one of the oldest fish in the ether waves, he has been at it so long that he sometimes confuses kilocycles and bicycles. He is so set in his ways that he still signs off with his initials instead of the new-fangled way of giving the full christening details. So far back in the dim ages of antiquity does his origin date that on April 7th, this year, he celebrated his eighth year of broadcasting, most of this time having been spent at WSMB.

Before the Saenger-Maison Blanche combination opened the first of the large broadcasters in the South, April 21, 1925. Randall had his own private station in his home. It was little but 'twas wise. It was a terror for its size—which is how Kipling might say it.

Down in Randall's part of the country the good old "daddy of waters" doesn't always stay put, and hurricanes go on a bender every once in a while. One day a few years ago ol' Mississipp went on a rampage following a "cane. Clyde had the hunch to tell the world about it, broadcasting every word he could squeeze out of the weather bureau until that hurricane and flood were robbed of every bit of privacy.

All this at a time when Radio was largely a matter of music and an occasional speech. The 400,000 anxious residents of New Orleans didn't have to wait for their newspapers, the hundreds of thousands on the Gulf coast were able to plan their actions by the hourly reports of progress of the deluge. Randall continued this service in other events of importance or emergency.

When Plug Kendrick started looking around for an orchestra to make up his Rhythm Millers he called in Bob Archer, Dewey Shaw, Roger Border, Commercial Manager Kennedy and his blues singer, Katherine, and there you are.

Plug, Band Make Good

IF YOU are at all familiar with the queer and interesting things that happen in the broadcasting world you will enjoy this story about an orchestra that "made good" over night.

Some months ago, when WFIW became an associate member of the Columbia Broadcasting system, Director Plug Kendrick felt that his large orchestra was no longer necessary. But all was not well after the musicians were disbanded—vacant spo's appearing.

Plug called in Bob Archer, chief announcer, who plays a very tootsy fiddle. Announcer Dewey Shaw, who is a hot banjoist, Barn Dance Announcer Roger Border, who toots a clarinet and tenor sax, commercial manager Kennedy, and his blues singer, Katherine, who knows her ivories. The conference resulted in the formation of Plug Kendrick and His Rhythm Millers.

With Plug at the drums this band began entertaining daily with popular dance tunes.

The long and short of it at WQAM visited the photographer so you could have a look at them. Officer John H. Webber, of Miami, sings a mean bass. His size is almost enough to inflict an inferiority complex on Fred Mizer, WQAM senior announcer.

Hawaiian in everything but nationality and name, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gustafson and family are popular with all WHBQ listeners. In the right foreground you see Prof. H. G. Hail.
Hot Music by Firemen

UP IN Asheville, North Carolina— and northerners needn't sniff at that "Up" as an error, just check it up on some map that shows altitudes as well as locations—there is a string band outfit that broadcasts regularly from station WWNC, and that has 'em all stood up in a corner when it comes right down to pedal inciting activities.

This is the fire department string band, as likely a looking bunch of smoke eaters as you'll find anywhere, and a ripsnorting, peppy playing aggregation that has captivated the fancy of thousands who tune to their programs every other Monday night. They confine their output to no certain type of melody. Unlike many fiddle bands in the mountain country, they can do as sweet a job with a current favorite as they can with Birmingham Jail and tunes of like vintage.

They are always accompanied to the studios by their Chief, A. L. Duckett, a veteran fire fighter, who has attracted much attention because of his intelligent handling of fire prevention programs. The Asheville fire department won the North Carolina State prize for fire prevention work for 1929, and much credit was given to the fact that through the use of their string band, they had broadcast regular fire prevention programs.

The instrumentation of the band is peculiar, in that, contrary to the usual string band equipment, they include a bass violin.

Johnny Frenkel's Pay Check Shows Naughts

By Lysle Tomerlin

BEING director-announcer for WCOA, Pensacola's municipal broadcasting station, is just a lot of fun to John E. Frenkel, who has nothing else to do except serve as city treasurer and clerk.

Johnny, as nearly everyone calls him, will tell you that the extra work incident to operating the Radio station is the more attractive because of the additional salary, which runs to five figures annually—all naughts.

"People always look skeptical when I tell them I do all the work of directing and most of the announcing for nothing," Johnny says. "I don't blame them. But since it's for the old home town, I'm glad to breeze along as best I can."

Besides staging auditions, directing rehearsals, supervising the routine of the station and announcing, Johnny is often called upon to sing, filling in on a program. Under his guidance WCOA has been not only a "life saver" in affording diversified entertainment, but has in reality been a life saver more than once. Johnny broadcasts weather reports each day to countless ships.

Variety in entertainment is obtained not alone through encouragement of private talent, but by regular programs from the large army and navy detachments stationed near Pensacola.

Johnny Frenkel has had opportunity more than once to capitalize on his Radio popularity, and since as a youth he had some stage experience he could cash in even more readily. But he has turned down every chance. He is content to stay with the station he has fostered for so long, helping make Pensacola known to the world.

Here's quite a complete collection of band instruments, and the boys behind them know how to play them. It's Short Oser's orchestra, heard over WCOC, at Meridian, Mississippi.

One day two gangling mountaineers ventured to Charleston, West Virginia, and were initiated into the intricacies of broadcasting. Now the Kessinger brothers, Clark and Luke, are weekly features at WBOU.
Dedicated to Great Middle West

New WENR Studios

CHICAGO Civic Opera House Boasts Magnificent
$150,000 Station Quarters on Top Three Floors; Modern Trend Is Carried Out in Rich Furnishings

By Dianne Dix

DEDICATED to Chicago and the great Middle West, Sta tion WENR's new $150,000 home atop the Civic Opera House is a new jewel in Chicago's crown of achievements. Occupying three floors in this newest skyscraper in the City-by-the-Lake, the new home was formally opened to the public April 25th and 26th with a gala reception attended by luminaries of every walk in life.

The beauty, efficiency and magnitude of the new studios unmistakably indicate the future trend and importance of broadcasting as one of the paramount factors in American life. Executive offices are located on the forty-first floor, studios, reception rooms and visitors' galleries are on the forty-second, while the ventilating equipment, battery room, etc., are on the forty-third.

Chief interest centers in the main studio, which is two stories high. It is a modernized adaptation of a roof garden, and gives the effect of being in this garden at some elevation with the blue of night outside. The walls are formed by a series of twenty parabolic arches between which are conventionalized palm trees done in the modernistic manner. At the ceiling the palm branches spread out in a radiating design, which is echoed in rectangular panels thus forming the ceiling pattern.

The color scheme is white, suntanned ivory, blue and lacquer red. There are seven parabolic arches on each side and three arches at each end. In these are hung dark royal blue velour curtains extending from top to bottom. One of the features of this studio is the lighting plan which gives illumination corresponding to actual daylight. In the main studio, in addition to two grand pianos is the console of the Wurlitzer organ.

Accommodations for visitors are provided by a gallery back of both the main and number two studios, each being lined with upholstered theatre chairs and being furnished with loud speaker amplifiers so that the audience may both see and hear the programs as they are put on.

Studio number two is a rectangular room at the opposite end of the floor, slightly smaller than the main studio. The general color scheme here is buff, rust coral, olive yellow and gold.

The main reception room is in the center of the floor midway between the two main studios, the basic color being soft, pale green. The second reception room is immediately outside of studio number two. From it are doors leading to studios three, five, six and seven. In addition to the two main studios there are six other sound-proofed rooms that may be used as studios, audition or rehearsal rooms. These are all located at the south end of the forty-second floor.

The general plan for the complete new home was worked out by Morgan L. Eastman, E. H. Gager, of the WENR organization, Alfred Shaw and S. E. Naess of Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, architects.

"THERE'S gold in them there notes," is a fan's paraphrase of the famous dramatic lines of early blood and thunder days, as applied to Jules Her buveaux' KYW studio orchestra, and he spoke the truth when the cost of instruments in the orchestra is considered.

With the recent addition of four members to the organization in the string section, the value of the instruments rose $35,000. The musicians and instruments are: Ben Senescu, violin, $15,000; his brother, George, violin, $7,000; Dan Carmoni, violin, $7,500, and Theodore Ratzer, 'cello, $3,500.

Harry Budinger, drummer with Her buveaux, is an orchestra all in himself. This talented member of the KYW staff plays, besides his allotment of drums, all effects from the closing of a door to the surge of the surf.

These six natives of old Russia present a group of their own native songs, marches and dances during a new series of all-Russian programs from KSTP.
Beauty and Acoustics
Vie at WLW Studios
By Natalie Giddings

TECHNICIANS and entertainers are at daggers' points in spite of the otherwise beatific calm that surrounds WLW since the eight new Crosley studios were occupied March 23. The technical staff sees only the acoustical and mechanical perfection of the new rooms and equipment. They speak of the soundproof walls and doors in terms of decibells and telephone units. The polished control panels with their multitude of twinkling colored signal lights mean only the absolute acme of efficiency in the production of programs.

The beauty of the new studios is all the entertainers talk of, however. They "oh!" and "ah!" at the gorgeous coloring of the modernique decorations and the elaborate grill that conceals the pipes of the mammoth new organ in studio A, where 300 musicians will be able to play together. They admire the intricacy and beauty of the electric lighting fixtures while the engineers consider the lights only in relation to "foot candles of illumination."

Where the technicians point with pride to the sound treatment of the checkered floor covering, the musicians comment on its resilient feeling beneath their feet, and its subdued coloring. For technical purposes, the studios will be designated alphabetically. It is safe to wager, nevertheless, that the entertaining staff will refer only to "the great big studio," "the green room," "the blue room," "the rose room," etc.

Turner Is a Family Man

JACK TURNER, who croons captivating melodies over WMJ, is distinctly a family man. "My Kid" and "Good Night, Dear, Good Night," with which he begins and ends every one of his weekly broadcasts, are messages to his son and wife, 60 miles away in Fond du Lac, Wis. When another son was born to the Turners, Radio fans said, "Name him Jack II." So Jack II it was.

Far from disillusioning the sweet young things who flutter around the Radio when Jack's on the air, this knowledge of his marital status actually seems to augment his fan mail. This brown-haired, brown-eyed dispenser of haunting ditties knows his notes. He never uses a score for the music, but always has to have a copy of the words before him to refresh his memory. Besides singing in that "different" way, he plays his own piano accompantiment and strums a ukulele with the best of them.

Jack calls La Crosse, Wis., the old home town, and started on his road to other fame through Chicago stations four years ago.

Mrs. Melvin Beaver, who gives the bridge lessons over WOWO, is also well known as Connie Beaver at the piano. She takes part in studio programs as well as piano solos.

The Matinee Players of WLW don't mind coming to work in the afternoon now that they can play in the gay new Crosley studios. Joe Lugar is conducting and Sydney TenEyck is announcing in Studio C, more apt to be known as the Blue Room since the predominant color is cobalt blue. Panels of this color separate the mosaic designed panels in which are combined silver, blue and saffron. The same color is repeated in the ceiling. The basic color in all the studios is the natural beige of the acoustic wall board which has been applied to the floating walls of the studios in large blocks. A darker beige has been stippled onto the lower walls and is repeated in the floor.
Mark Sixth Birthday for WLS Broadcasts

Six years ago, on April 12, 1924, Station WLS went on the air with a 500-watt transmitter, sending out a program from the Tower studio at the Sears-Roebuck plant in Chicago. Later many of the nation's most popular entertainers of the air became familiar in person as they appeared in the WLS studios on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Sherman. In 1925, just a year after its inception, a 5,000-watt transmitter was installed at Crete, III., and the studios were moved to the sixth floor of the Sherman.

Following out its destiny of being the farm station, in October, 1928, WLS passed into the hands of the Prairie Farmer. Two years later, in January of this year, it became a key station for the NBC farm network.

Celebrating its sixth anniversary, WLS artists and officials were hosts at a special party and broadcast one warm April night this spring. Edgar L. Bill, director and veteran with the station, was master of ceremonies, with many of the old favorites who first made themselves known in Radio from WLS back for the occasion. The party presented in miniature each of the principal programs of the day's schedule.

Numbers were given from the Barn Dance, with Steve Cisler as master of ceremonies; Show Boat, the Little Brown Church, and other features. Among the luminaries who started at WLS are Ford and Glenn, Jack and Gene, Bradley Kincaid and Ruth Etting.

Sunday WSMK Hymns

"Good Morning, everyone. Let's all join in singing an old hymn." Anyone who tunes in WSMK any morning, except Sunday, at 9 o'clock, will probably hear something like the above. Mrs. Lois Spitler is in charge of the devotional services at WSMK, and she has proven herself quite efficient. Mrs. Spitler is one of those good-natured, "full of ideas" persons who does her bit in giving out the "old time religion" through the mike just as she used to do with Billy Sunday's party.

KMOX Players Veterans

The Radio stock company organized and presented by KMOX is made up entirely of players who have had stage, chautauqua, concert or movie experience. The scripts used are furnished by continuity writers in New York and Chicago, according to a quotation from George Junkin, managing director of the station. "With our own company we can present the best of Radio sketches, and as many as we feel like, without depending on the chains. These arrangements provide for the best of talent and insure the high standard of quality for which KMOX is famous."
New WFAA Voice

COVERS NATION

By John Rosenfield, Jr.

A BRAND new group of entertainers was heard by the nation when the new WFAA transmitter, with its 50,000-watt voice, went on the air early in May. This Dallas station, the 61st south of the Mason-Dixon line to use super-power, has been in operation for eight years, operating most of the time on 500 watts, serving the nearby territory.

Many of the NBC features will continue on WFAA programs, but will not interfere with many hours of programs of local studio origin. One of the first steps taken when laying plans for operation of the new station was the engagement of a musical director, Alexander Keese. Keese is a Southerner, boasting Chattanooga, Tenn., as his home town. He has spent ten years of his life at the head of important theatre orchestras from Boston to Dallas, achieving wide popularity wherever he appeared.

The studio director of WFAA is Robert S. Poole, who is also frequently heard as a tenor, singing under the name of Dude Cochran. Adams Calhoun is chief announcer, one of the first to sign off with happy verses and bits of philosophy.

Engaged for five appearances a week is the Bel Canto quartet, a male ensemble that has dedicated six years to the proper matching and blending of voices. Another popular entertainer is Daisy Polk, a soprano, who has captivated both New York and Chicago with recitals of negro spirituals and Southern songs.

The Dallas Symphony orchestra, one of the few all-paid professional orchestras in cities of 300,000 and less, is heard from WFAA once a month.

Dramatize a Serial Story

DRAMATIZATION of the serial story appearing in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram is being carried on by WBAP. The opening chapters of the novel by Anne Gardner were dramatized by Robert Randol and presented under his direction.

Clyde Kraft and Mrs. H. B. Stevens, prominent in the Fort Worth Little Theatre, play the leading roles. Broadcasts of the play-novel occupy thirty minutes of the station schedule.

In presenting the story in this way enough incidents are given to present the main outline of the story and arouse reader interest without going into detail enough to make the story uninteresting when read later.

Giovanni Martinelli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, when singing before the microphone, loosens his collar and tie, rumpled his hair and then grins in a good natured way at everyone.

The Accordion Kings, Jimmie Atkins and Johnny Kiddo, open these squeeze boxes as far as they will stretch when they appear as featured artists on the Red and White serenade on Tuesday and Friday evenings over KRTSA in San Antonio.

Students who keep KOB on the air at State college, New Mexico, work under the direction of this man, Prof. Evan Carroon, whose title is general manager of the station.
Warm Mexican Melodies Are Popular in U. S.

By Gertrude Thornhill

The warm, sweet melodies of Old Mexico, though sung in a foreign tongue, still speak a language Americans can understand, according to Senor Jacobo Vinton, entertainer over KSAT in Fort Worth, Texas, who sings them in a rich, lyrical tenor.

"They like my Spanish songs best," he will tell you in a voice that is musical even in speech and still, for all of his schooling in the United States, has a charming trace of Old Mexico. And Vinton has a right to know what his audiences like, for he made a number of tours and stage appearances before he started singing for the silent audience.

"I don't know what it is about them they like especially," the dark, slender young man will say, "but I'm glad they do, because I like to sing them more than anything else."

Vinton learned most of his songs back in Mexico when he was a boy, though he then had no idea that he would one day sing them for thousands of listeners. It was not, indeed, until he came to the United States to go to school that he discovered that anybody but himself liked to listen to his songs. In San Antonio he started singing with the Glee club and with a quartet, which later made several tours over the country. He was encouraged to cultivate his voice and began to plan to be a singer.

He attended Southern Methodist University at Dallas, continuing his study of music and then went on the stage for a time. "They liked me in the Mexican costume—you know, the serape and all," he said, his face lighting up, obviously pleased that Americans like his songs.

The young Mexican—he is Mexican, not Spanish—first was introduced to the mike in Dallas. Later he went to Chicago to study voice and there sang over WMAQ and WCFL.

THE Nite Owl program on Saturday nights from KGIR has proved to be one of the more popular features from that western station. One of the features of the program is the broadcasting of two-way telephone conversations from distant listeners. Old Dirty Hoot talks to 'em and both sides go on the air.
Melodies of Plains Win

Fan Affection

They May Be Only Drug Store Cowboys, but the KTM Ranch House Gang Looks and Sings Just Like a Real Bunch of Western Waddies

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

ALTHOUGH the lads in the picture at the bottom of the next page look pretty well civilized, they are the cowhands who perform on KTM’s ranch hour week days from 7 to 8 a. m. and on Friday nights at 8 o’clock.

Even though they may be a bunch of drug store cowboys, their haunting melodies of the plains have won for them a warm spot in the affections of the Radio audience.

Besides their own ranch chants, hundreds of listeners have sent in manuscripts which the boys sing in plaintive mood.

Arkansas Johnny (Johnny Luther) is the stellar performer. He announces all the acts, does a little singing and saws away on the old fiddle, which is a family heirloom. Still in his teens, Johnny takes it all very seriously. He was born in Monett, Mo., not far from the Arkansas line. A year ago he trekked to Colorado long enough to herd a few cattle and brush up on cowboy lingo before startling Los Angeles by his presence.

Frank Gage (known as Foreman Frank on the hour) used to play in student productions at Boston Tech (M. I.)

As soon as Billy Page learned he had been cast as the Tarkington boy hero, Penrod, to be broadcast over the Pacific division of the NBC, he turned to and read the novel.

T. I. He was in production work at NBC’s Pacific coast division before coming to KTM as studio director. He sings and plays the oversize uke but wears the soulful expression only when on duty.

Then there is Tom Murray ... stern visaged, dashing sideburns, dignified and portly. He is, by the way, the father of the Murray Sisters, famed vaudeville duo. Lots of times he takes parts in pictures.

Al Hull, ten gallon hat and all, is the sheik of the crowd. He saw what a ranch looked like once when working on a farm in Imperial Valley, but turned a cold, disdaining shoulder on it and hiked along to the big city.

Besides massaging his educated tonsils in song, he also plays a favorite guitar and has a harness for the harmonica and a jews harp handy in the vest pocket.

Jimmy Adams has been a character actor for many years and has been on the Radio practically since it started. He had a small part in the Grand Parade, released recently.

On the KTM ranch hour he sings and strums away on the string instrument and takes the part of Lena, the cook ... slender, with a trim blonde mustache.

So, now, whenever you hear KTM’s ranch hour percolating out with its 1,000 watts power you will know who these boys are from the wide open spaces of

Heating the ether waves at KPO, Jess Norman and Elaine Tickner are tooting, playing and singing some mean blues for Pacific Coast listeners.

This good-looking lad with the serious expression is Albert Gillette, baritone on the staff of KGW, Portland.

At last a Radio entertainer who admits that “Singing in the Bath Tub,” is not only his favorite song but also his favorite hobby. Meet Jack Parker, twenty-five year old songster for KECA, who migrated from KYW a year or so ago.
read on the KHFJ Merrymakers frolic.

Moral: You don't halta be an expert to explain about something or anything. ** * *

Just as Joe E. Brown, homeliest of the homely, told his now famous mouse story at a meeting of the music and Radio people of Southern California, a sleek black cat crossed the stage before him. There must be a moral in this somewhere, but we haven't been able to figure it out yet. ** * *

Harry McKnight, tall and stately . . . some folks might even call him thin . . . is the stellar light among the lyric tenors of KTAB. In fact, he is the only lyric tenor on the staff at this writing.

For the past four years auditors around the bay region of San Francisco have heard Mac over various wave lengths belonging to KFRC, KGO and KFO, but he seems to have roosted more or less permanently on KTAB's pet frequency.

Specifications, including chassis, wheelbase and so forth, follow: weight, 190 pounds; hair, brown; eyes, gray. Hurry up with the mash notes, girls, he's still single. ** * *

How about a nifty chicken dinner with all the fixin's? All you have to do is get acquainted with Gene Perry, of KFSD, and pull the old sympathy gag about being alone in the great, big city and lonesome for home cooking.

Gene is one original handy man about the station . . . relief announcer, continuity scribbler, tenor and pianist. How's that for a many-sided career?

When day is done . . . for the broadcaster this means midnight and then some . . . he winds up the flivver and chugs out to the suburbs of San Diego, where he raises chickens for a hobby.

Here are the boys who perform on KTMs ranch hour. Left to right: Jimmy Adams, Arkansas Johnny, Tom Murray, Al Hull and, seated, Frank Gage.
It's really a shame that the person responsible out at KGB didn't tell the names of all these pretty girls. Wouldn't you like to know them? They play in the KGB Little Symphony orchestra, one of the outstanding classical groups on the coast.

**Food Craving Starts Sax**  
_by C. Thomas Nunan_

NECESSITY made a saxophone player out of Jess Norman, KPO's handsome sheik of reed instruments. "It was during my Stanford days," says Norman Jess Nathanson, for that is his true moniker, "that a craving for food made me forsake the violin and take to the sax. Why did I give up the fiddle?—lack of time for practice—and in those days the saxophone was in great demand. I had had a few lessons on the clarinet so that the saxophone was easily learned. That was back in the days when the Stanford campus resounded to the tramp of trudging feet—when the shadow of war cast a shroud of expectancy over embryo officers—and what's more, that was my chief ambition—never realized because I was a musician." "It was like this," says the stalwart Jess, who measures six feet in his stockings, has intriguing brown eyes and weighs 200 pounds, showing the result of being a corn-fed "cornhusker" from Omaha, Neb., the place he was born—the 8th of September, 1899. "Down on the campus Major Parker sent out a call for band players—I didn't respond because I wanted to receive a commission—but Major Parker ran across me during inspection, remembered my name was not included in the list of available musicians, so he ordered me to organize a band and organize it I did and there I remained until the end of the war 'tootin' the sax' and leading the band.

"Perhaps it was just as well," says Jess, reminiscing, "I might have received worse casualties than I did." You were a casualty, he was asked? "Oh, yes. We were loading cases of pineapple for the commissary one afternoon when a case dropped on my foot, mashing my big toe and putting me on a different footing for a time."

KEJK, Beverly Hills, threw its old call letters, KEJK, into the ash can the other day and brought a spic and span, new set, KMPC. Glen Rice, formerly of KNX, is the new manager. He has created the Beverly Hills Hill Billies, a frolic stunt. The Hill Billies hibernate in the citadels of exclusive Beverly Hills by day and at dusk return to the studio with news of the day's exploration by the various clans. Ah, mates, what'll it be next?
RADIO Holds Lure for Borrett

Director of CHNS Active in Field Since Early Days;
Built First Transmitter in Dartmouth, N. S.

By Verner A. Bower

RADIO has always held a peculiar fascination for Major William Borrett, station director of CHNS, Halifax, N. S. It was early in the twenties that the bug bit him first and he became a member of that world wide fraternity, the "hams."

Over across Halifax harbor in Dartmouth, the Major's home town, he enjoys the distinction of being the second Radio owner. But he was not satisfied to stop there. In a little while he pushed his investigation further afield and constructed the first "ham" transmitter station ever operated in Dartmouth. With this transmitter he worked all over the American continent and sometimes in the "wee small" hours he talked with England and France. He attended a gathering in France of the American Relay league, of which he was a member, and came home filled with a desire for still greater Radio knowledge.

A long wave Radio broadcasting station was his dream, and finally on May 12, 1926, due in no small part to his own efforts, he saw CHNS opened with studios in the Carleton hotel. Major Borrett was station director, a position which he has held ever since.

Truly the Major was now majoring in Radio. He served, not only as director, but also as chief station announcer, and Nova Scotian fans speedily came to listen for the Major's voice each night from behind the mike.

Radio broadcasting went forward by leaps and bounds under Major Borrett's guidance and, when in 1928 the new Lord Nelson hotel was completed, CHNS moved its complete plant into the top of the hotel.

So closely interwoven has been the advance of CHNS and Major Borrett in Radio that the story of his career reads almost like the station's history.

One would think here was the pinnacle of success. But not so the Major. He was still majoring in Radio. As long as there were fields left to conquer he must go forth to conquer. He mastered in quick succession the announcing from the players bench, football and hockey. Especially successful was he in the broadcasting of this last sport of the Canadians. At all the championship playoffs the Major is in demand, not only in Nova Scotia, but in New Brunswick. And on occasion his voice has been heard from American stations, announcing the play by play. What will be his next contribution? Who knows? Television perhaps.

Hunty Is True Canadian

A TRUE Canadian of English-Scottish ancestry, and of direct United Empire Loyalist descent, Gertrude Hunty has been exceedingly popular when appearing as a guest artist on CNR chain programs.

Miss Hunty was born in St. Thomas, Ontario, and began her musical studies at an early age, winning one honor after another. Graduating from the Conservatory of Music at London, Ontario, she went to Paris, where she became a pupil of the famous Polish composer and pianist, Moszkowski.

The interval following her return to Canada was enriched by association with such world-renowned pianists as Godowsky, Rosenthal, Rachmaninoff and Medtner. She now makes her home in picturesque western Victoria.

Geza de Kresz, first violin of the Hart House string quartet, has had an interesting career. For some years he was in charge of court music at Bucharest, at one time playing before Queen Marie.

For years the fame of the barber shop quartets as music makers has rung throughout the Maritimes. Now the "Nova Scotian Harry Lauder," Sammy Shields by name, is adding new laurels to his profession as a barber one-man combination.

Fans Tune in Pollyanna

BED time in any land now that Radio has come to stay and has taken its place in almost every home can only mean one thing. The evening bed time story. So it is that down in Halifax City and out through the Maritimes and even further abroad wherever CHNS is heard, when the day begins to turn to night, little hands begin to turn the dial of daddy's Radio to CHNS to hear Pollyanna.

And wonderful are the tales of doggies and kittens and all the other little playfellows that are so dear to the little tots; and really, too, quite dear to the older folk; that Pollyanna tells of. And then too there are the two station canaries of CHNS. Very aptly named are these two songsters "CH" and "NS." They were presented to the station by the Lord Nelson hotel but they seem to feel themselves the special property of the Pollyanna hour; and they mingle their voices with the program.

Now for a peek behind the scenes. The Pollyanna hour is on the air. Come with me up to the topmost floor of the Lord Nelson hotel. There is a very attractive brunette young lady seated at the table talking softly to the mike. Can this be Pollyanna? One always associates bed time stories with a matronly sort of a person. But the young lady turns the pages of a book before her. There is the sound of musical notes. It is Pollyanna! And the book is the magical Birthday Book.

Miss Dorothy Henion, Pollyanna, the story teller of the bed time hour and the lecturer of the Talkie Topics, the review of the current photoplays showing in the various theatres in the city, is one of the youngest members of the staff.

Another of the big class of newspaper men making good in Radio is Harry G. Link, program director of CJGC, the Free Press station at London, Ontario.
Real Home Making in the Studio

Research and Experiment Important Matters at CBS
Home Club—All Advice Carefully Tested

By Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin

Eve Eberlin's Note—The Radio Home-Makers broadcast programs on every topic of interest to women between ten and twelve every weekday morning, except Saturday, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Radio home-making means much more than the talks which reach your ear from the Radio Home-Makers' studios over the Columbia Broadcasting System's network. On my weekly visits (they're becoming bi-and tri-weekly, because I have a weakness for Grace White's waffles) which are usually after the morning broadcasting is over, I always run into a great deal of practical home-making at the club. Real home-making, at that; no "let's play house" up at Ida Bailey Allen's!

When an advertiser inquires about broadcasting through the Radio Home-Makers' club, his product is first tried out in their laboratories before any contracts are made. You're just as likely as not to see a new laundry machine being used in the kitchen, some sort of vacuum cleaner doing amazing things in the living room, and one of the girls being given a massage with a special kind of face cream in the beauty boudoir, if you run up to the studios in the afternoon. And always you'll find Grace White busy around the stove, trying out new recipes sent in by fans or concocting new methods of using the food products they advertise.

Since the Home-Makers moved into their gorgeous new headquarters in March, there's been an exquisite fresh-cut rose on Mrs. Allen's desk each time I've been up. When I mentioned this to her the other day, she told me one of the 300,000 members of the club sent her a check to be used to keep a fresh flower on her desk all the time. That's just the sort of friendly feeling the Home-Makers inspire in everyone who comes in contact with them, even when it's only "fair contact."

Listeners send in all sorts of proof of their appreciation of the programs, and they use Mrs. Allen, who is the founder and president of the club, as a sort of combined mentor and mother-confessor. Among the fifteen hundred letters received each week a great many contain the life history of the writers, who know they will receive helpful, sympathetic advice in return. Last week there was a letter from a woman in Ireland who wanted to join the club.

In their new reception hall, comfortably furnished and equipped with loud speakers for the convenience of guests, Joan Barrett, the pretty young interior decorator, has installed a special cabinet which contains samples of all the materials used in the new decorations. You see, there are about fifteen windows, each one treated differently, to show visitors various ways of curtaining at moderate cost. Samples of the upholstery used are also in this cabinet, each sample marked with width and price so they can be rummaged through to heart's content.

(Continued on page 118)
"Hick Hawks" to Lucy

You say you have started something by publishing the letter of Lucy Barrett, under the heading of "Digest." Let me advise you not to do so. The letter must be too near to the spelling of "hick haws" to the "hick hams" that title belongs to the critic. It certainly is too bad that there are so few people who wouldn't have the sense to appreciate real humor. I had no idea that the Radio public was so ignorant of a "sense of humor" letter as the one written by Lucy Barrett.

It is evident that the critic of Amos 'n' Andy has never been in direct contact with the negro race. I was born in the South and the negroes have always talked as a group with the desire to use "big words." If it is a mark of ignorance to enjoy Amos 'n' Andy programs, then I wish to be known as very illiterate.

I am greatly surprised that such an intellectual kind hearted fellow as Amos gets a letter containing such a raff of "old fogies" and people "who wouldn't have the sense" and, especially, to appreciate humor, humanity in the midst of such a low-brow element—Dennis Jones, Banning, Calif.

** R. D. Has Two Out of Six

My entire family look forward to Amos 'n' Andy. We like to hear what they are going to do next, but let anything interfere with it, and there are very much upset. We believe in Americanism, and that is why we listen to the Radio so that we can get it from our own state. There are six outstanding features that I like about Amos 'n' Andy programs. I believe I am quite capable of understanding and enjoying high class entertainment and consider one of the very rich, clean amusement for young and old.

Kindness, for instance, is a wonderful example with his honest ways and love for dumb animals, and Andy, though a bit egotistical and not always the best of hosts but Amos always comes through clean. Their announcer, Bill Hay, can't be beat.—Mrs. Frank Sherwood, Fort Madison, Iowa.

Lives There a Soul So Dumb

Lives there a soul so dumb they cannot appreciate the Amos 'n' Andy program? I am sur-
prising how many of my acquaintance have written me a letter of them as Lucy Barrett, of Chicago, sent in. I think every admirer of the boys will feel as I do that those few states get to her home in print in a first-class magazine. So, Mr. Editor, please let "Dillon's Like Amos 'n' Andy" print plenty of Amos 'n' Andy and if she falls out I will buy an extra copy. It is a fine magazine, we have not all the time to study the other. Amos 'n' Andy write-ups. I missed March copy and tried every way to get one here and failed, so I will have to try to get one from the helpless beings. —Mrs. W. B. Neece, Auburn, N.Y.

** Telling Lucy a Few

This letter is for the one you in your April issue, written by Lucy Barrett of Chicago.

First, I want to tell her that it takes some intelligence to make a "Lieut. Ike's Outfitting" program. Perhaps that is why she doesn't like them. Then she says that there are many other Radio programs, and I think the reason is that "two hick haws." Of course, there might be. Why don't you write a few articles about them, Lucy Barrett, and send them in. I am sure that the Radio Digest would be glad to publish them.

Taking it all in all, I do not believe there are two "hick hams" in the entire world who have the talent of speaking for so many different charac-
ters, and doing it so well with such rapidity that the average person, thinking that the "Kingfish," "Landlord," "Lightning," "Big Boy," etc. must be played by entirely dif-
ferent people.

The letter says that Amos 'n' Andy do not talk like the real southern negro. I want to ask you, Lucy, where is this Virginia Virginia and raised with a negro boy? No! Well, Free-

For Sale of Better Critics

I have just purchased my April issue of the "Radio Digest." It was really a pleasure digesting

articles, and, besides, he doesn't need a press agent. There is very little chance of my meeting him, or being his press agent. But if ever there is another war I'm going to do the first thing to enlist so I can go along with Floyd Gibbons. Yours sincerely for a bigger and better Radio Digest. My Boston terrier is helping me write this so please excuse whatever mistakes you find. —June C. Wellington, Batavia, Ill.

Best Days Today's Today's

Hurrah! The April issue of Radio Digest was an extra good one in my opinion. It had several features that I had been longing to get. A picture of Jeeves and Wooster on Coon-Sanders, Hardy Reser, the photo of Jim and Bob, the guitarist, and, well, the whole program was above average. But I do not like to hear people mourning for what they term the "good old days." It is true that when we avoid the present, we may be terribly, quite the same as we would miss an absent, much loved friend. I certainly miss Jack Gantos, "Mr. Market," a natural "radio critic," and Eddie Peabody, who used to be at KNIO, men who will be missed.

But Gee! Whiz! what all the good stuff" that's on now. Just this week I heard another new program in the "S suggestive" line of entertaining one, I think. Why sigh for the past, when the present and future hold so much. Three cheers for our Radio programs of today and tomorrow!—(Miss) Rose Gergen, Turtle Lake, N.D.

Suggests Program Service

I was disappointed with the April Radio Digest. As a helpful suggestion I would urge you to consider giving us full of details as possible, more infor-

mation about programs, short newsy sketches as you do at all. In addition to the fact that there isn't enough RADIO in the April issue, that the sketches are "run of the mill," have many pictures and no "good" fiction, I would emphasize that the pictures are not clear. Do you use a cheaper grade of paper? It makes reading difficult to get advance information on Radio programs (even the newspapers are cutting down on this), including European broadcast. Will you not consider send-

ing out weekly sheets to your subscribers?—William Van Vliet, Hull, Iowa.

Gibbons Offers Best Program

I first started reading Digest Radio the first of April and will be glad to get it every month at the newsstand. I consider this magazine the best authority on Radio news. It is sure a Whiz. There are things in it that a Radio listener would never know about who broadcast the different programs were it not for Digest.

My opinion of an evening well spent is hearing a program and thinking about what more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences. Floyd Gibbons is the name of the current broadcast. Of course there are far more than a dozen names. What more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences. Floyd Gibbons is the name of the current broadcast. Of course there are far more than a dozen names. What more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences. Floyd Gibbons is the name of the current broadcast. Of course there are far more than a dozen names. What more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences. Floyd Gibbons is the name of the current broadcast. Of course there are far more than a dozen names. What more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences. Floyd Gibbons is the name of the current broadcast. Of course there are far more than a dozen names. What more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences. Floyd Gibbons is the name of the current broadcast. Of course there are far more than a dozen names. What more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences.
of the Radio Digest is the best radio magazine ever printed. The first one I bought was the March issue. I haven't missed a copy since. I also send for back numbers. I don't intend to miss any in the future if I can help it.

Strong for Station WENR

I am a regular reader of the Radio Digest ever since I found it out about it in February. I think it is a wonderful magazine for people who have Radio Digest. I wait until I get the next number and I especially enjoy the news about the artists and different stations. WENR is my favorite. Everett Mitchell is my favorite announcer, I wish that I could see his picture in the Digest, and some more of the artists. WENR is the only radio station I ever turned from when it is on. The figures are for happy boys and girls, conducted by Everett Mitchell and Irma Glen, is just wonderful. I never see anything about it in the Digest, and it is a wonderful program for children and Everett and Irma are so nice with the children and have such nice programs. The Smile Club conducted by Everett Mitchell for shut-ins is another wonderful program on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

In Defense of Rudy

This letter is to ask you if you won’t please, not clip this enclosed letter. It is supposed to Rudy Valle, yours truly, Radio Digest. It is in defense of him, an answer to all the crooks who say that picture magazines have been hurting him. I sent it in to the “Fans’ Department” of one of those leading magazines. I got out of, of course, as I half expected, it was ignored. I have always been an enthusiastic motion picture fan, and I think Rudy might add, the petty, childish jealousy of the whole industry, of one young man, has certainly disgusted me. And, unlike you, ma’am, I would not call Rudy a girl, not ALL girls, either. Many fellows, I know, address him in the same way. Just to tell you the whole waiting world what one famous picture fan, including numerous friends, thinks of their movement of the Radio Digest is to be congratulated upon its continued cooperation with the International Typographical Union, of which I am a member.

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The Voice of the Atlantic Seaboard) at Grace Bay, N. S. This is a Marconi station located at the Marathon, just off the bill. The broadcast government weather report at 1 p. m. and at 4 a.m. (AST) for the benefit of Canadians desiring broadcast reports at different times. The announcer is Daniel Murphy.

Their frequency is 690 kilocycles (power, 5,000 watts).

In closing, may I say that we enjoy your magazine a great deal. Globe, Little Cayman, Ind.  

Too Much “Old Country”

Can it be possible to give the National Holloween broadcast an “Old Country” type broadcast for the Stanley Cup or World’s Championship. All the right local station is Old Country football, Bridge Whist talks, Russian noise or some Sparrow gawking about “How they do it in Russia.” In fact, one must listen to the U. S. to hear English which one can “savey.” And that is general on all Can- dian stations of Eastern Canada in this twenty years, but we Canadians will soon be pushed over the line to make room for more. Love boaters, etc., accordingly. Enough said.—L. A. Ryan, Winnipeg, Can.

Won’t Miss a Copy

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Sunday

Recommended

AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for June:

Sunday
Roxy Symphony
Will Rogers

Monday
Voice of Firestone
Ipana Troubadours

Tuesday
Around the World With Libby
Florshern Frollic

Wednesday
Mobilio Concert
Coca Cola Program

Thursday
RCA Hour
Maxwell House Melodies

Friday
Cities Service Concert Orchestra
Nir Hit Hour

Saturday
B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike
Orchestra
Del Monte Program

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Easter Sunday

East Coast Central Mountain Pacific

The Ballad Square
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

- Meters kHz Call
- Meters kHz Call

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

Morning Music
Key Station—WABC (348.6-650)

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

National Life Opera
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760kc)

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

Noon

Dr. S. Parkes—A toast to the listeners' programs.

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

2 p.m.

Dr. S. Parkes—A toast to the listeners' programs.

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

Cathedral Hour
Key Station—WZXX (492.6-620kc, WABC 348.6-650)

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

Major Bowes' Family Hour
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

Easter Egg Hunt
Key Station—WJZ (1345-660kc)

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

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Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

8-12

- La Palma Ranchers
- Key Station—WABC 348.6-650

6-9

- 374.8 1200 WATX 374.8 1200 WATX
- 366.8 1200 WATX 366.8 1200 WATX

10-11

- 374.8 1200 WATX 374.8 1200 WATX
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12-1

- 374.8 1200 WATX 374.8 1200 WATX
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Our Government
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

Masque Theatre of Air
Key Station—WABC (454.3m-660kc)

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
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Atchison Hour
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

- 490.2 1400 WRSK 480.5 1400 WRJB
- 470.4 1400 WRSK 470.4 1400 WRJB

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Not since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.
Inga Hill, who came to New York from a small prairie town in Illinois to pursue a musical career, is now featured on the O'Cedar Times program broadcast every Sunday evening by the Columbia system.

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### Monday

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Here is Rudy Wiedeofficial, world saxophone virtuoso, who has appeared on Major Edward Bowe Capitol Family program of a Sunday night.
Here you see the Empire Builders, Monday night NBC feature, going on the air. Old Timer, played by Harry Hays, is chuckling at the mike, at his left is Raymond Knight, just above him is Andy Sanella, to his right is Bob MacGinley, sitting is Edward Hale Bierstadt, while the young lady at his side is Virginia Gardiner, the talented actress and singer.
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**Old Gold-Paul Whitman Hour**

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**Columbia Review**

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**National Farm and Home Hour**

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**The Pepsodent Program Amos 'n Andy**

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**Around the World With John**

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**Key Stations—KWK**

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John and Ned—that's the team. Pictured, you see John at the right. The boys are John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, but they don't use their last names except when signing checks. They're heard Tuesdays and Fridays over the NBC Pacific Division.
Miss Patricola likes to cook. She invariably cooks special dinners for entertainers with her on special occasions like Christmas, New Years and other holidays. She was lately a guest artist on the Wednesday Van Heusen program.
The table below lists radio stations and their broadcast times for different programs. The programs include the Gold Seal program, True Story Hour, and others.

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<th>Station</th>
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**True Story Hour**

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This is how John Rogers, the artist, sees winsome Jessica Dragonette, who sings on the Cities Service Hour via the NBC on Friday evenings.
This winsome lady is Bessie Wynn, the protege of Victor Herbert who was heard in a group of songs that made her famous twenty years ago. The occasion was one of the Enna Jettick Melodies of the NBC.
Billings, H. Ford, Director of Croley broadcast-ers, has returned to the university. In directing the activities of the most pow-erful station in the Pacific Northwest, WSLW, the Nation's Station, the most ac-cepted and respected station in the re-gion, he will be faced with the diffi-cult task of maintaining its high level of re-pu-tation as the station to which par-ticu-lar prestige attaches. He came home of-fered the position of Program Director of WSLW. Twelve days later, the Croley broad-casters, WSLW, announced that they would be jointing forces with the WNW and Billings was faced with the unique task of combining the activities of the two stations into one.

The station, known as "America's own," is a major force in the broadcast business, and its programs are the talk of the town.

While in high school, he was a lead pian-ist with the evangelist Billy Sunday. While pursuing his college education, he earned his living by singing, playing, and entertaining. Later he was a professional pianist and has since been a successful business man. During his time as a pianist, he has been known to perform the hour-long Radio classes broadcast by WSLW. In private, a theatre artist and also radio sta-ge entertainment expert, Billings points to a varied past that combined both show training and business experience. While still in high school, he was a lead pian-ist with the evangelist Billy Sunday. While pursuing his college education, he earned his living by singing, playing, and entertaining. Later he was a professional pianist and has since been a successful business man. During his time as a pianist, he has been known to perform the hour-long Radio classes broadcast by WSLW. In private, a theatre artist and also radio sta-ge entertainment expert, Billings points to a varied past that combined both show training and business experience.

Booth, Lawrence, Soprano, WFLA.

Booth, Merton, a former band director, KPO. Over four and a half years ago Merton Booth was the music director of a small station in the Pacific Northwest. Since then, he has been the director of the orchestra at the University of Oregon and is now a member of the faculty of the University of Washington, where he teaches music.

Borjes, Henry, Croley Orchestra, Violinist. stationed at WLW.

Boroveski, S., Baritone, WFLA.

Botts, Rudolph, Saxophone, WFLA.

Boutilier, Robert, Market and Prod-uctions at WFLA Directs his WLS showboat broadcasts from the National Guard Armory tonight. He is a former truck star of Carthage and college radio station, WLW.

Bradley, Wallace K., Pianist, NBC, Chicago.

Brambilla, G. M., KFRC, First Violin, KFRC Symphony Orchestra. He has been a member of the orchestra since its formation in 1923.

Brian, Arthur, Q. Announcer, WOR.

Brian, Terry, Announcer, NBC, Chicago.

Brennan, Jim, Melody Musicians, NBC.

Brennan, Arthur, Pianist, NBC.

Breuer, Larry, Orchestra, NBC.

Brisson, Miss Edith, Secretary to the Program Manager, WBZ, Boston. WBZ is a Virginia institution, the owners and mem-bers of many of the nation's most in-teresting and original programs. Miss Edith has been with the station for several years, and has built up a reputation as one of the best radio managers in the country. Her work has been recognized by the network in several awards.

Buckman, Bunny, Club, of Uncle Bundy, Children's Hour, WGH.

Burck, Charles, WLW bass Player.

Burkett, Robert, Manager of the program director, sports announcer, director of Ab-solutely. Watertown, a station manager, is a graduate of the University of Illinois, where he met his wife, who now works at the studios of WSAU, where she is a high school chum to Burcut.

Buxted, Prince, Manager, WFLA; former manager and chief announcing Blank.

Byron, Edward A., Head of the Continuity Department of the Croley radio stations, WFLW and WSAI.

Caldwell, Eleanor, Member of the Cro-sley stars, WFLA.

Cameron, Al, CBS, Al of Al and Pete. Born in Asheville, N.C., Al was a mat-athlete in basketball and football. Shortly after school days were over he started out on a varied career in radio. He now appears regularly in Detroit, WCCX, where he became a regular on the "Pete and Ed" show, and later on the "Pete" show on the shore of Lake Erie.

Cardell, A. Orton, Manager of Station WFLA.

Campbell, Phil, NBC, WNLN, NBC, and pipe organist, whose playing is always a delight to hear over the air. He has been with the station for two years, and has built up a reputation as one of the best organists in the country. His work has been recognized by the network in several awards.

Chaffee, Floyd, WLYW Tenor.

Chalfilf, Louis, WFLW Staff Clarinetist, member of the orchestra with Seuss's Band. Clarinetist with Her-mans, WFLW.

Chambers, Aline, Soprano, Singers.

Chandler, Arthur, Jr., WLW Organist. A 17-year-old organist, as a theatre musician, served only to convince Arthur Chandler that he preferred radio to playing any other work. While still a student of the Cincinnati College of Music, whom he graduated from, he was asked to sing on the radio for the first time. He now appears regularly on WLW, Cincinnati. His work has been recognized by the network in several awards.

Clarke, Margaret, "Singing Pianist" of KMOX.

Clavel, Eddie, Banjo Player, WLW. Brother of Grace, banjo player, and dust conductor of the Choirs of the Radio stations on the Atlantic coast, and has developed many new radio ideas for WLW and WSAI.

Cloutier, Norman, Director of Dance Band, WITC.
Garway, Will, KJH Singing Coach, Accompanist, Concert Pianist. A distinguished musician produced by Pittsburgh on Nov. 11, 1900. He was born in Philadelphia as an infirm child at KFJH in 1926 and won fame from there to KFWK. He made his two piano, coached singers, played concert and theatrical music, and traveled Europe and America. Los Angeles High School, where he studied music, helped make him what he is today, and he hopes in the future to see it to its full potential.

Gerould, Herbert C., Organist, WAPI. Also Organist and choir director at the Church of the Holy Trinity as well as director of the organ department at the Birmingham (Ala.) College of Music.

Griffin, Bobby, Announcer, WBO. Has been on the air at WHO since May, 1929, and is looking forward to his last trip to the hospital. Formerly with WBBM, and currently with WBO.

Griffin, Howard, Count Violinist of KJH, Don Lee Station in Los An-
gles, his career is marked by JKH, NKM and WGBR. Played in Ludlow's Italian orchestra. Currently associated with Gus Tandler's Little Symphony. Born in Chicago, he is the son of a violinist. He is a master of violin playing.

Grimes, Ed, Ballad Singer, WWCN. Has been with the station for five years. Has appeared in various radio shows, and is well known for his ballad singing.

Gus Tandler, Little Symphony. His career is marked by JKH, NKM and WGBR. Played in Ludlow's Italian orchestra. Currently associated with Gus Tandler's Little Symphony. Born in Chicago, he is the son of a violinist. He is a master of violin playing.

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Northway, Delight, Director of Broadcasting, Announcer, WSPD.

Owens, C. F., Announcer, WSBF.

PARKER, Jack, Tenor, Happy Wonder, Music Editor, Metro, Chicago.

Phillips, Charles F., Assistant Manager, W嵌C.

Proctor, W. C., Director-Manager, KFEQ, Priest, Ward C., Announcer, WACD.

RANCHIEL, Rev. Oscar, Assistant Pastor, New Light Church, Detroit, Mich. Broadcasts over a large area every other Sunday.

Reed, D, "Dixie Tenor," KMOX.

Redd, Crawford, Violinist, WBRW.

Rodd, Dorothy, Book Reviewer, Publicity, WADU.

Rendleman, Jr., D. L., Director Rendleman's Alabama, WHRC.

Revel, Floyd, G., Announcer, WPFH.

Richardson, Joe, The Sweetheart of WHZU, just past four years old, sings popular songs.

Rich, Z. B., Manager Riggins Quartet, WBC.

Cippon, Wilford, Junior Announcer, WHZU.

Cippon, Wilford, WLW.


Ruhes, Maurie, Musical Director, WMCA. Has composed over 700 popular numbers for musical shows. Studied medicine for two years, stopped up to a piano one night on a party, and the management signed him up. He never went back to medicine. Wrote "Where the Hill Ends," earliest of movie theme songs.

Rushing, Feland, WHRC.

Russell, Will, Baritone, WHBC.

SALEMSON, MAC, Hugh J. Moeaty, WMC, Chief Announcer, WBRW.

Shannon, Cecil, Yagabond Tenor, WBRZ, Paymaster, and Announcer.

Stanford, John, Chief Announcer, WCFL. Formerly with WGN, WMDB. One of pioneers in radio, having broadcast over KBAT during its first week on the air. Has been singing since he was a youngster, appearing on vaudeville stages all over the country. Sings in churches, and renders both classical and popular songs in a tenor voice on the air.

Sunblades, Doc, Announcer, WRCB.

TAVOL, Glenhall, Station Manager, KTM. Tenney, Florence, Soprano, NBC, New York. Debut over the old WMBS, Chicago, on the same program with KTM. Before her marriage she sang under the name of Florence Arten.

Uncle Roy, Chieh, Kangaroo of famous Kangaroo Club at KXQ.

WHAM Ensemble, WHAM Male Quartet.

Woodwards, Samuel E., Manager, WBRH. Operated the first radio station broadcast from New York.

Wooden, Hoyt D., Director, WRCB.

Wooden, S. D., Jr., Studio Manager, Chief Announcer, WRCB.

Pay Day in Radio Town
(Continued from page 46)

Just how long Phil Cook has been singing and joking into NBC microphones I have no idea. I don't even know if that is where he started. I believe it is, but that essentially he is a star made by radio. Phonograph records apically carry on that voice. The royalties from these alone represent a splendid income. To show how hard he goes at his work, the story has gone the rounds that on one recording assignment in which he was to record eight songs a day for six days, he just couldn't see the need of spending a week at the task, so he turned out 48 songs in one week.

But what you want to know is how much he makes—yes? Well, it comes from a source that his income is somewhere between $75,000 and $100,000 a year.

JESSE CRAWFORD, the "Poet of the Organ," is another air-landy who is reported to be giving President Hoover his first honors in the matter of income. Crawford was not made by Radio. The motion picture palace elevated him to the pinnacles of fame.

Not many years ago he was just a young fellow trying to play the piano and not make thirty-two dollars a week in a Spokane, Wash., cinema, admission ten cents. Then he heard about a small theater in Chicago that has installed an honest-to-goodness pipe organ, an innovation in those days to say the least.

So he shot-footed it over to the manager of the smaller theater and made a proposition. It was to play the organ. He didn't tell the man he hadn't played before in his life. So he slushed his budget down mercilessly to the $10 a week the theater could afford to pay, and from that point on he went on spending every waking minute studying the intricacies of the pipe organ and mastering new effects aided only by his knowledge of the piano.

One of his first big positions was as organist of the then (and still) palatial radio theater, the WLBZ, and his fame is greater than ever. His name being featured on a commercial program over the CBS chain came only last year, but that is only a prelude. He has been asked and for more. This, fortunately, they were able to get in the form of phonograph records, and thus swell his income. As the opportunity one of the first organists to the records.

Between the theater, records and Radio, Jesse keeps himself quite busy. So busy, in fact, that he has never bothered himself to take an organ lesson.

BILLY JONES and Ernie Hare, known as the Happiness Boys in times gone by and now as the Interwoven Boys, are prominent theater. He was and sales manager, respectively. They both turned to the stage individually and sang popular songs so well that they were asked to record.

It was in a phonograph recording studio eight years ago that they first met and got into the act. Together, they have been busy teaming together and clicking with the public, and their voices, under varied and sundry names, have been on every lie of phonograph record ever pressed.

For five years they were paid to broadcast on the happiness of each. But 1929 for almost two years now they have been the feature of the Interwoven broadcast. They claim to be the first Radio act to have been paid, and I can't remember any to predate them.

I even recall scanning them the first time I heard the pair because they were on the NBC network, tsk-tsk! And now look at the other!

Jones and Hare believed in the business of broadcasting. To aid their in their work of singing new popular and parody songs between gags, they set up an office. Here they worked hard and long. Their working day starts daily routine spreads over the clock from 9 in the morning until 2 o'clock or later the Theatre create their own gags. Every gage they have been written away in the office. Their routine calls for eighteen new ones each week.

And for hard work they paid $1,900 apiece income tax in March, 1929, for their 1928 income. This, I am told by tax experts, would indicate an increase in the order of $5,000 each. But 1929 and this year, like the others, have been on the steady increase, so I should not be surprised if they are each making $30,000 a year.

BEFORE going into the subjects of popular orchestras, prima donna sopranos and contraltos, and a few others odds and ends of things whose approximate Radio fees have become known, I'd like to consider one more Radio favorite whose fame has been accumulated through the years. That man with the microphone and whose admirers are mostly young and sweet—the children.

He is Uncle Bob (Walter) Wilson, since April 1, 1924, the Radio manager, counselor, safety guardian, welfare worker and entertainer of the youngsters of KXQ. Coming on the air he conceived the idea of a safety organization for children which he named the "Curb Is the Limit Club." Today nearly 500,000 girls and boys hold membership cards in that club.

Uncle Bob received no pay for four years of six half-hour broadcasts each week, during his first years and his work. He had saved his money and could make ends meet. In fact, he deserts his position as western manager of a mutual network in order to give more time to his safety club.

It didn't take long, however, until these children's radio listeners were attracted with the attractive offers for personal appearances. He accepted all of these he could, but refused to allow any of the show engagements to interfere with his club. Large stores appealing to the children's trade demanded him. Uncle Bob made many appearances (and still does), but only on an informal basis. He would not have the opportunity to preach safety to the kiddies present and get them all to enroll in his club.

Two years ago several advertisers demanded the privilege of sponsoring Uncle Bob Wilson's work. They were permitted to do so, but only on the condition of no change in his routine. More followed rapidly. One, the Grennan Bakeries, put him on the NBC chain and this year modified their plan to record with a writer in special broadcast transcriptions. Yes, the advertisers are fighting today for the right to sponsor him.

And he, the big cheery fellow who dropped one paying business at the age of 41 "just to entertain the kiddies, God bless 'em," has now been making $500 a week, earning about $500 a week and more every time I check on him!

RADIO has made many bands, among them Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees. I hardly need to go into the triumphal the young years of Vallee who formed an orchestra and literally himself through Yale. Suffice to say that the band's slow tempo, his crooning voice and the convenient presence of a microphone of one of the Manhattan stations were important factors in putting over Vallee and his music.

In a surprisingly short time Vallee's orchestra was the rage. Now, between an exclusive commercial broadcast, talking advertising, pictures, phonograph records and the income from the Villis, Vallee night club, he should be making enough. Some experts put it in the ballpark $100,000 a year. But I do know exactly what he PERSONALLY receives for his exclusive contract on the Fleischmann Sun- shine hair tonic. He gets $1,500 a week and is filed away in the program lasts an hour each week. There is also said to be $1,000 paid for the contracts that mention his "Speaking from the
Casa Lopez over WEA and chain. Then you didn’t hear so much about him. Of late his comeback has been terrific.

Paul Whiteman’s father and mother, brothers and sisters wanted him to be a concert violinist. The family leaned to opera, however, and Paul Whiteman’s operatic career almost became an outcast. Result, he and his band, according to rumors, top the list with $4,600 paid for each 90-minute broadcast of sixty minutes’ duration.

What Rolfe, Lombardo, Fiorito, Bernie, Wayne, and others side on the CBS, if the popular bands are going to keep up that inordinate pay is going to be spent, much to the fitting, transportation, and advertising.

The SOPRANOS new come up for audit. I’m quite sure many of the fairer sex will be indignant at my audacity in having their and my friends’ flattery platitudes disregarded, but I must apologize to my readers just have to know. So charge off any untruths to curiosity and poverty.

Olive Palmer, otherwise Virginia Rae, exclusive coloratura soprano of Palm-olive’s weekly sixty minutes, will laurels on June 1 with a concert and opera stage at WOR Radio. Many were her phonograph records, too, before she gave up the footlights for the microphone. Now Palm-olive’s grande dame, she will have a $1,000 a week. My two spies didn’t check.

Jessica Dragonette, born in Calcutta, India, was educated in the United Kingdom, and she discovered the microphone. The mutual love stuck and she gave up the stage for good.

Remember her in Philco’s “Theater Memories?” Then, early this year City Services took her under exclusive contract for $1,000 a week. It means 2 guesses of an income of over $700 weekly. As the second guesser may be including record royalties or club work revenues, both are a paying bet. At any rate, City Services won’t tell.

One of the most pleasing voices on the air is that of Vaughn de Leath, currently singing with about 300 lyrics or tunes to her credit. The biggest thing about Vaughn, outside of her earring collection, is that she was the first woman ever to broadcast and therefore within her rights in billing herself “the original Radio girl.” Vaughn was known to the radio world as a singer Bound to grow up, but even then she kept close to home. Now Firestone—it is rumored—pays her $500 a week for a weekly 25-minute broadcast. Jab with me a hatpin if I am wrong.

Lois Bennett, a Houston, Texas, girl, started singing in public at the age of five. She took the center seat at Aeolian Hall with the Schumann Club, was acclaimed, turned stageward, and was engaged by Needles, McGee and Carrie Jacobs Bond. Next she went the route alone and finally Gene Buck, then Ziegfeld’s right-hand man, spotted her and offered her a $100 a week. Of course, knowing, is also a free lance announcer or master of ceremonies who handles the Edward-Lasalle Club, has this and some of our best American announcers.

The famous Brahms Quartet is a reasonable broadcast investment costing but $29 and for its four well-balanced female voices. The International Quar-

**Song Prize Winners**

Results in the Most Popular Songs Contest as follows:

**First prize—Mrs. Roy B. Lockett**

Pittsburg, Texas.

**Second prize—Miss Bess Heaton**

Cheyenne, Wyo.

**Third prize—Mrs. Joseph Rickel**

New Castle, Pa.

The prize winning lists were those which included the greatest number of those songs appearing most frequently on the majority of lists.

The trend in favorites was decidedly towards the more recent songs hit. Among the individual songs that appeared most often on the lists were Happy Days Are Here Again, The Stein Song, A Cottage for Sale, Cryin’ for the Carolines, and Sweet Mystery of Life.

**Perry**

PEERAGE, you’d like to know what some of our "old" and telephone visiting celebrities, such as Al Jolson, are paid for doing their bits. Well, Al will manly his best for you and wired "Dear Perry...

*I don’t think you can do it... if you dig down deeply, find $15,000 for them and don’t speak too gruffly."

-Sir W. V. M. D. S. T. N. B. Q. & N. D. Stein—a Telecast, while Sophie Tucker, "last of the red-hot mamas," will coon-shout at the mike for $2,500, and much more reasonable and will master-of-ceremonies a bill with her best night club manners for a mere $500. Walter Winchelle, Jr. V. M. D. T. N. B. Q. & N. D. is asked to say before it does anything, sets his fee at $400 and so guesses he isn’t a smart broadcaster as a writer by the mere fact that he ends this list.

But these celebrities made their fame elsewhere before they got their phone in.

**T**

*HINK* the sketches herein of some of the famous Radio stars’ lives give a general idea of how entry can be made into Broadway, etc., and the networks are generally happy to give auditions to aspiring talent. Probably the best policy of those whose network bound is to gain success and experience first at a local station. Climbing the ladder by easy stages is better than trying for the top first and becoming discouraged.

After making a big go of it at a locally large station, an artist or announcer may be offered a network connection at a higher salary, but there will not be paid at first as highly as the real organization as by the individual station. This is just one of the services to be made on the way up. Devotion and hard work and study to further one’s career is another.

Pay to local stations varies greatly depending on the size of the city, the station’s magnitude and financial condition and the local musicians’ wage scale. The burgeoning female columnist who variable that an attempt to give even an approximate tabulation of salaries paid would be ridiculous.

As for the networks, however, here are a few averages. An announcer is seldom paid more than $75 a week to start. What headway he makes will depend upon his popularity and the demand of sponsors for his services. In time he will be paid large bonuses, as is the case, for instance, at his officiating on commercial programs.

A network vocalist will be paid perhaps $50 to $75 a week, or pop-

ular the remuneration will be raised to about $150. His or her greater revenue will again depend on the demand of commercial sponsors.

Quartets, male and female, are paid from $100 to $150; orchestras earn from $300 to $5,000, and a Radio actor or announcer for a room and a meal but $25 for his or her first radioradio part. There you have it and I shall sign off firm in the belief that countless thousands of the microphone-clad hopefuls are coming to the studios for auditions. But of course, you really don’t have to do a Floyd Gibbons and be fired for your job for incompetence just to blaze the trail of your Radio success.
**Sport Waves**

(Continued from page 25)

dog racing, dance orchestras and what have you (?) with the ball-throwers. It is in the nature of an interview with all these people. It is not only possible but advisable to get the minor league records of the rookies from the coaches.

Then knowing the broadcast arrives, the CBS men clear to the park ball and make the setup. Now this setup is a bit complicated but I'll try to make it as clear as possible without becoming technical.

**LET'S** get rid of the eight microphones first. That's right, eight. Count 'em. Number One is installed in the field-box from which the first ball is thrown to the field by a celebrity; Number Two at the flagpole in center field to pick up the band music during the parade across the field for the flag raising; Number Three in the grandstand home to the catcher and plays between the half innings; Number Four, by the dugout to pick up the voice of the 's line 'batteries for today's game' and other announcements; Number Five just behind the wire netting directly in back of home plate, to pick up the weight of the ball as it slaps into the catcher's mitt; Number Six on the upper deck box seats to pick up the crowd noises; Number Seven attached to the helmet which the announcer wears, and Number Eight is held in a spare for the announcer. The wires from these microphones all lead into the field control board (which is also a mixing panel), that's built up in the machinery box where it is operated by the control engineer during the broadcast.

Then there is the announcer's helmet. It looks like those worn by aviators and is Husing's own invention. The earplugs are held against the head by straps which have a chin strap. As they have already explained a small microphone is attached to the helmet. This arrangement means to the announcer an unobstructed vision and control, leaves both hands free. At the same time it permits him to move his head at will without losing his distance from the scene. The right earplug contains an earphone through which the announcer hears the broadcast just as it is sent to the key station after passing through the mixing panel. The left earplug contains an earphone connected by wire with the observer's telephone. This allows the observer to catch any orders that may be telephoned from the key station.

The control operator's earphones are wired to the same system as the announcer's, so that he can catch any orders that may be telephoned from the key station. His telephone is in direct communication with the key station.

There are three lines from the ballpark to the key station. Two are taken from the mixing panel of the control board to the control room in the key station for the broadcast, one spare in like manner and one for telephone communication with the key station.

As soon as this setup is installed the announcer sits in a folding chair, but after which Glover is told that the game can start and to make sure that the installing engineer is concerned.

Glover now turns over to the telephone company the list of stations to which he has made sure and at the headquarters of the long distance lines the work of assembling the network is completed.

If there be a World Series broadcast there is one other detail which must be cared for before any announcer is permitted to approach a microphone. It is always the Judge, names of baseball, the Judge, who has named Major White as the official announcer for CBS, demands a dress suit in which they can be sure of his ability and was permitted to take the place of the man named by the Judge. Broadcasting interests Landis to such an extent that he seldom fails to visit the broadcasters at some time during every series game.

As far as I am concerned it is to take the air Husing is at the Stadium chatting with the players, getting more last minute information for the loud speaker fans.

**DURING** the game the object which I previously referred to as looking like a bread-board is always before the announcer. Their two miniature playing fields are outlined, one on each side of the board. Below each field the box of each player is indicated, the game board is uppermost when the home team is at bat and when the opposing team is up the board is reversed. It therefore is turned over to the catcher each time he is bearing the names of the players are clipped to the miniature playing fields in their proper places.

Let me tell you how the announcer uses this board, which is operated by the observer after each play. The home team is at bat. In this instance it is the Yankees, they are playing field positions and the opponents have taken their positions. A glance at the cards on the board will give the announcer the name of every player on the field. The leadoff man for the Yankees comes to bat. A card bearing the name of Combs is clamped to the first base side of the board. When Combs gets a single, is walked or reaches first on an error the observer moves this card to the initial second sack and checks the box score. If the next batter is Koenig. A card bearing his name is clipped in position at home plate. When the card is moved and the strike-out recorded in the box score. The Babe is up, if Ruth singles, advancing Combs to third, the cards are moved to correspond with the location of the baserunners after the play. With so many things to think about the name of a player temporarily escapes the announcer's mind. With this ready reference board the chance of making mistakes is minimized.

The box score should be in the observer's mind. The observer always has one ear primed to catch these. Herb Glover does the observing for Husing and whenever he hears an announcement that the misstatement of minor importance Glover passes his hat but if the misstatement is of major importance Glover passes his hat and the observer immediately stops his talk and Glover informs him by telephone of the slip-up, which Husing corrects at once.

**EVERY** little while I am asked what sports event was the first one to be broadcast. The answer to this question is the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, July 2, 1921.

There is much interest in the story of how the first sports waves percolated through the air. The idea of trouble other than red tape had to be overcome by the man who made this broadcast possible. Major J. Andrew White, at that time acting-president of the Amateur Wireless Association and editor of The Wireless Age. He was a man busy and always let me know when he suggested the idea to them. A capital of $15,000 was necessary with which to build a station and towers. The Military Telegraph Company, under this sum being advanced by a man by the name of David Sarnoff who was, like White, a graduate of the General Electric Company. Today this man is president of the Radio Corporation of America.

Let me tell you the story in Major White's own words.

"In looking over the ground at Boyle's Thirty Acres I saw the Radio towers of the Lackawanna Railroad over in Hoboken. This company was using Radio as a means of communication in an experimental way, over the tracks of the company, to tell one station to the other. One day of the company, told them my story and obtained permission to use the towers on July 2nd.

"My next difficulty was that I had no transmitter as powerful as I desired. I wanted my broadcast to carry as far as White River, a distance of 100 miles. However, I did know of the existence of the very equipment I needed. The General Electric Laboratory in Schenectady made a radio transmitter which had been built for a battleship. The Navy Department gave permission to use it provided it was paid for its transportation to Hoboken. That was easy. I hunted up a friend who owned a tug and he brought it down the Hackensack River.

"I had been giving the broadcasting of this fight a lot of publicity without getting much response from the public. For the opening day they charged far more than was raked in those days. Suddenly the tide turned and ten days before the big event my office was swamped with telephone calls and handbills. A New York newspaper reported that they were going to set up crystal and one tube sets in halls and public places. When the news at last got around an earphone were the up-to-date loud speakers at that time. It is difficult to realize now how crude everything was only nine years ago.

**W** ORKING day and night with me was J. O. Smith, another nut on Radio, who had a good team, and pushed our plans right along as though we were already assured of success, even though we had no idea at the time where we would set up our battleship transmitter. It was less than a week before the fight when we found our temporary studio. Our studio in Hoboken turned over to us one end of the porters' hall in a railroad yard building and here we installed our improvised station. Incomparable the biggest invasion by 'crazy white men who think they's goin' to talk over the air.' The fact that we were busy on things didn't bother them half so much as did the seeming foolishness of what we proposed to do. When we tried to explain anything that was new to them they would simply reply, 'Hit ain't possible. Ain' nobody goin' to talk over this contraption an' be heard over a telephone because they's some wires hid somewheres.' Didn't the Lackawanna try it and give it up.

"Let we all the amateur operators know when we would start making tests and asked them to wire us about recep-
tion. Our first few tests were pretty discouraging. The return messages indicated that receiving sets everywhere were spinning rapidly between tuned and detuned words now and again. It looked as though the porters were right but we kept right on working. Over and over again the same wires were run through their connections and the result was always the same, correct.

And then right out of a clear sky, our transmitter perkied up and started to deliver the goods. Good reports came in by the dozens. This happened the night before the fight. Smith and I were elated.

All we had to do now was make arrangements for continuous telephone service from the ringside to our Hoboken station. I applied to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for a direct wire only to be told that the line would be furnished for communication of one person to another only if the property must not be hooked up to any Radio transmitter!

"For a few minutes I was licked. To receive a jolt like that made it look as though I had been bodily struck down for nothing. But when I thought of all the amateur operators who were counting on my going through it in a big way, I was determined to keep faith with them to the best of my ability.

I gave the telephone company my word that I would not hook their wire line to the transmitter. Then I obtained the services of a high speed telegrapher who was also a high speed typist. I arranged that I was to describe the fight from the ringside, blow-by-blow; the telegrapher, wearing headphones, was to take my descriptions down and send them to the newspapers. There was but one way to get them to him over the telephone wire; and Smith getting it hot off the paper on the typewriter, we read it into the transmitter at Hoboken.

"I bought a gong and set it up alongside the transmitter and instructed Smith to ring it every time he must not type. "gong" appears on the typewritten report. At last, I thought, this would give the listeners a thrill.

"Of course you know that Graham McNamme has gone "talkie"? Believe me, that boy is as busy as a bird dog trying to catch a rabbit. Last night he caught him the other day with a few minutes to spare from his broadcasting and recording duties. We started right in with the "talkie" without waiting for Smith. Mac gave me a lot of good copy. I'm going to pass it on to you.

"Twice a week he goes over to the Victor Studios in Camden, where his descriptive talks for the Universal news reels are synchronized with the finished picture. It takes one day to complete the work on each reel, which, when you see it run off in your favorite movie theater, lasts about thirteen and a half minutes. Many times it lasts but ten minutes.

"It was some little time before I got in touch with the telegrapher in the improved Radio station and during that period of uncertainty I had to spend long hours over a dead wire. Or perhaps our transmitter had failed us. All sorts of reasons for the broadcast having been a failure were given me. I was told that a great deal of everything on the success of this broadcast to awaken public interest in the future of Radio I was spending some very long telegraphic conversations. Finally I got in touch with my man. His report assured me that every word had been taken down by the high speed typist and that the voice of J. O. Smith had given a faithful broadcast of the event just as I had described it.

"A steady stream of telegrams and over four thousand letters came to my office the following week. The amateur operators everywhere were enthusiastic. So was every other listener. It was the first time that I used voice as a direct carrier of news. I had won the gamble. The future of Radio was never in doubt from that day on."

I have had more than one request to repeat the late Tex Rickard, who promoted the fight. "I've been wanting to see you," said Tex. "My description of the fight was the sensation of the afternoon. Some of my friends tell me even the gong was audible." We had to tell him it was not the gong being audible to the listeners. In the porters' hall in the Lackawanna railroad yards at Hoboken, some miles from the ring, the day after the fight, the gong says he has yet to hear a first take given even a pleasant word, to say nothing of an audible voice.

Over and over the picture is run and over and over Mac and the musicians strut their stuff before the microphones. The announcer declares that this is the toughest assignment he ever tackled and I can well believe him, having had my own experiences with synchronization work. It's a different kind of enthusiasm present in one's voice after having witnessed the same scenes a few dozen times. The listener must believe that Mac is describing the scenes just as though he were broadcasting events which he himself witnessed. If you have seen any of these news reels you will agree with me that Mac is doing a mighty fine job.

McNAMEE gets his greatest kick when on the air out of the drama connection with the World Series broadcast. He'd much rather talk about the way Walter Johnson won a World Series after being knocked out of the box a few previous times than discuss personal experiences. But he did tell me how he unintentionally cheated the telephone company out of a long distance call.

THE Washington-Pittsburgh World Series looked like a walkaway for Pitts- burg and when the teams went to Washington, Sir Walter's men did win the war that day and the next. The Washington Manager, Bucky Harris, and his men didn't expect to have to go back there so we have no hotel reservation. Here's hoping the manager of the hotel where I stocked the wardrums and the games will hear this and save my old room for me." Signing off he rushed to his hill. Walter Johnson was packing a lot of baggage when a telegram arrived from the hotel manager in Pittsburgh. It read, HAVE SAVED YOUR OLD ROOM FOR YOU. It seems like this story is that the manager did not hear the broadcast but later told Mac that he thought everyone in Pittsburgh who did hear the broadcast decided to have a meal with him about Mac's request. The switchboard operators were snowed under and in the confusion the hotel manager yelled that all who called might be told that the room was reserved for the returning announcer.

"Remember that day during the same series when, the rain interrupted the game for an hour?" Mac asked.
nodded and he went on, “We didn’t go in much in those days for research work and that’s why the longest hour I ever put in at a mike. I didn’t have a thing to talk about but the game. Then, you believe me, any time it looks as though rain might interrupt a game now I’ll have plenty of talkable material on hand. I’ll not spill all the dog-eared lists of old scores and games and such things before the game starts if there is so much as a tiny cloud in the sky. I sure learned my lesson that day.”

“It was during that same game that I nearly put my mike out of commission by yelling in it. Mac continued, “I’m usually a pretty nervous disposition and the long wait during that rainstorm didn’t help quiet my system any. You know, some men are always drawing designs when they telephone? When I’m at the mike I get rid of a lot of surplus energy by fancying something—any old thing I can think of. Well, I dropped the pencil under my chair and couldn’t stop talking long enough to pick it up. The occasion got soaked and I threw it away. Unconsciously my left hand sought for something to busy itself with and of all things it had to pick up the wireless under the table. My first knowledge of this fact was when I got a peep of a shock. And did I yell! My hand was wet from the driving rain and the conductor was over my head when unwittingly used it to make a short circuit across some of the open connections. There wasn’t much I could do but explain the situation to the listeners. Even that helped pass the time away. That was one bad hour for this announcer.”

O\VER the CBS network Ted Husing is conducting a weekly half-hour program which he calls “Sport Slants.”\n\nTed has many current sports and brings well known people connected with sports activities before the mike. He also digs into the history of all sports for interesting information and the other day he told me that the first book ever printed about sports was written in 1618 by King James I of England. He didn’t tell me, and I don’t think he need tell me, that the book was burned by the clergy and most of the copies destroyed. However, Ted is all enthused right now because the officials at the Public Library have promised to borrow one of the few existing copies from a private collection in order that he may have this privilege of reading it.

So you may be hearing about the literary endeavors of a sports writer any day now on the “Sport Slants” program. This half hour has been assigned a bad time on the air, Saturday, at 6:30 eastern time, and I sincerely hope the CBS officials will realize the value of this program and push it ahead to a later period of the evening.

“Ted was in Washington that same night, and a very unusual sporting event—the congressman’s spelling bee. When he called on Perry to substitute for him on the popular weekly program Husing certainly knew the man he had picked for the job.

Perry is known to all radio fans as Walter Winchell of the Daily Graphic. He has a column in that newspaper giving a daily review of news of the day, and his listeners know that he is a master of the potboiler.

Perry is a substitute on the Winchell, which is a daily broadcast on the WHN. This broadcast is heard by millions in the eastern states. Perry is a very special kind of a person, and his listeners love him. He is a very special kind of a person, and his listeners love him.

Once a person hears his merry chatter he is sold on the boy.

HERE’s a little yarn about one of Perry’s fans. This is from no secret; I read his fan mail. He reads every letter himself and the other morning he found one in feminine handwriting. It was from Mr. Charles. I have been listening to your weekly descriptions of fights with a great deal of pleasure. In fact, you are responsible for making me a fight fan. It may interest you to know that I am 62 years old, and I have never seen a boxing contest.

What would you do if you were a fight announcer and received a letter like that?

Radio Goes Bye-Bye

Colonel O. N. Taylor pictures the latest sport as you find it ashore on the boulevards and highways.

Talkies Take the Air

Dr. Ralph L. Power shows how closely akin the two great industries have become with the same artists serving Mike Radio and Mike Wax.

Stars of Yesteryear

E. E. Plummer, Radio editor for eight years, will recall some well remembered voices that you don’t hear today and tell you what has become of them.

Just three of a bookful of timely and interesting articles that you will find in the JULY RADIO DIGEST.

Well, that’s just what Perry did. And when he called on the lady he found her to be a very sweet, charming, interestingly character. Perry invited her to be his guest at one of the fights in Madison Square Garden and the invitation was accepted. He has ordered ringside seats and, as he does not broadcast these fights, Perry will explain the technique of boxing to his guests of the evening. A personally conducted blow-by-blow description as it were. I am going to try to get a picture of this Radio fight fan and have all the information I can get on her. I will attend the Garden fights and if I do you shall see it in a later issue of Radio Digest.

Perry is also a research worker. Even though his fight broadcasts are heard only by local fans he spends a great deal of his time looking up historical fight data on fights with which to interest his limited audience. As he is a graduate from the newspaper world, where he worked for several years as reporter, the newsgathering instinct is natural and not acquired. It will not surprise me if we hear Perry Charles over the networks occasionally.

WHEN he started to broadcast fights Perry used to visit the dressing rooms of the fighters before taking the air. He felt that his listeners would like to feel that he was personally ac-

quainted with the men in the ring. He soon quit this procedure. When some of the boys gave him the raspberries for trying to interview them he decided that he would not interview the fighters at all. Perry’s theory was that if he didn’t interview the fighters he would not feel the obligation to talk at a time so close to their ring appearance. It got under Perry’s hide at first to think that he had added to the public’s knowledge of his own ignorance. He concluded that he was wrong and they were right. They wanted to be let alone and took their own sweet way of letting him know, that’s all.

Perry was at the mike when Jack Delaney fought “Sully” Montgomery back in 1937. Delaney came out of his corner at the opening gong and danced around his opponent until he reached a neutral corner. Then he turned around, Jack saw the announcer at the mike. He leaned over the ropes and shouted at the top of his voice, “Hello, Helen!”

This time his voice came through in his own way. It went into his own mouth and delivered a ten-strike.

Eighteen seconds after the start of the ﬁrst round Jack was at the microphone for a second time saying, “Hello, Helen!”

This time he gave his wife, who was listening to the broadcast at home, more than a good laugh to add to the meal. “I won the fight and I’ll be home in an hour.”

“Buck” O’Neil, sports writer for the New York Evening Journal, is another good fight fan. It’s pretty difficult for “Buck” to keep from showing partiality. Not that he ever makes the mistake of expressing it in words, but it creeps into his voice now and then. As far as that goes, if you listen closely you can detect it in the voice of every good sports announcer.

A year ago “Buck” was pretty keen about the way a certain youngster was showing up in the ring. He looked good to “Buck.” In this announcer’s luck to get the assignment to broadcast an event in which this boy was getting a little lickin’ and feelin’ pretty low. “I don’t believe the kid can last much longer,” he said into the mike. “He’s been down three times already in this fight. I hope he’s wise enough to take the count of nine before getting up this time. Yes, he’s on one knee now listening to the count. At nine he’s still gettin’ groggy. And here comes his opponent all set to finish him I’m afraid. Just then the green light comes on and he wide-swing, aimed in the general direction of his opponent. The latter, coming in wide, open, intent on finishing the youngster, gets his punch into the blow and went down—and out!”

“Buck” could hardly believe his eyes and in the split second he forgot all about the microphone in his enthusiasm over the turn of the battle. His voice was high pitched with excitement as he yelled, “Blankety-blank! What a wallop!”

Instantly he remembered that he held a microphone in his hand and in the same instant his voice returned to that of a normal voice.

“Please do not use profanity near the microphone! Ladies and gentlemen, the most important rule I have to give you is that you do not make a professional talk on the air. I do not mean to blame the gentleman next to me for forgetting himself momentarily. Let me tell you. Which goes to prove that only a qualiﬁcation to which every sports announcer must have is a fast thinking bean.”

Can a radio fan make a good sport’s announcer? That’s up to the individual. A thorough knowledge and a love of the contest he is broadcasting, the ability to translate in colorful language to his listeners the exact words of the action, the honest details of every action as he sees it, and the faculty of keeping his description alive with an enthusiasm tempered with intelligence. Outside of that it’s a cinch to make sport waves vibrate the loud speakers. Ask Husing or McNamee if you don’t believe it.
Cupid On the Air
(Continued from page 22)
to meet the jazz master, Mickey couldn't resist her charms and after a fitting lapse of time they were united in the usual legal way. Their marriage took place on December 18th, 1929.

Now our scene is laid in Chicago. A blue-eyed Irish lad, Frank Haben Clark, Jr., who used to attend mass with all due regularity at St. Patrick's. And there in the shadowy recesses of the church, while the masses were said, Cupid lurked, smiling, and young Frank quite unaware, Frank at this time (the spring of 1924) was a director at KVY, and was playing Wednesday night of Ash Wednesday program. He had noticed the fine quality of the voice of the soprano soloist, Sara Ann McCabe. So when Frank made arrangements with Miss McCabe and Dr. J. Lewis Browne to furnish the music for this program. Came the night for rehearsal and Sara Ann had a little disappointment in store for Frank. The music she brought along was copyrighted by the publishers. Despite an offer Publishers and Mr. Clark had neglected to get a license from this organization. Frank was a bit provoked at this hitch in the arrangements, which means that he was McCabe, you remember) flared up in displeasure at Frank's negligence. That was all until the following October. Frank was secured for a program which proved entirely successful. After that Sara Ann sang frequently over KVY, and meanwhile Cupid's darts had struck hard.

There was a big church wedding at St. Patricks on August 12th, 1925. And, although Miss McCabe and two-year-old Frank Haben Clark, the third Mrs. Clark, who professionally is still "Sara Ann McCabe," is frequently heard on KVY, is now a frequent churchgoer.

We haven't said much about New York studios, but, of course, they are brim full of tales of romance. They would have been there are so many people who flock there to fulfill their life's ambitions.

After an adventurous career on the Continent, a violinist, twenty-nine years of age, landed in America with a Stradivarius worth $30,000 and 24 cents in his pocket. He rented a room, he wouldn't play in an orchestra, he wouldn't take pupils. He was a concert violinist.

For three days he wandered around New York hungry. He finally agreed to play concert numbers before the microphone. This was at Station WJZ in 1925. He had been sought by the National Broadcasting company ever since. The violinist's name is Godfrey Ludlow.

Miss Lola Cabra Gainsborg, the widely acclaimed concert pianist, played the accompaniment for Mr. Ludlow and a lasting friendship was immediately established.

One day the sister of Madame Gainsborg, Blanca Cabra, was present during a rehearsal. This was in 1927. The rehearsal took place in the old KSTP building and a section of the staff was present.

Miss Cabra, who had been a student of Godfrey Ludlow, was present to see whether the KSTP music would be of a high enough caliber. And it was not until a week later that the news leaked out.

A"OTHER case of Cupid doing damage with an unseen voice is that of Don Guthrie, known as the "Gene Austin of the West," who came to KSTP from KVY. His unique crooning voice and his piano syncopation that won the heart of Vera Norton of St. Paul. It was only later that he was interested in music herself and one fine day she gathered up all her courage and dared a trip to the KSTP studios, where she explained to Don the singing lessons. She is still studying and he is still singing to her, and there's to be a ceremony some time before long. Don is satisfied merely to tamper with the ether waves around this station. No one knows why he has concentrated his efforts there, but he has manipulated two within-the-studio romances. Irvin Alliker, bass soloist, discovered, at one time, known to Radio listeners as "the Peter Pan of the children's hour," was in truth that same "Peter Pan," and Miss Cabra had a great effect on his tender heart. They announced their engagement in March and are to be married this month. They plan to make Chicago their home.

Then there is an inter-department romance which developed between members of the engineering and the continues. John Klug, known to Radio listeners as "the Peter Pan of the children's hour," was in truth that same "Peter Pan," and Miss Cabra had a great effect on his tender heart. They announced their engagement in March and are to be married this month. They plan to make Chicago their home.

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Reformation of Study 16

(Continued from page 49)

He was stooping to pick up another pair of the door's hinges. It was only when the second boot got home on the shin of the person who stood in the doorway that his identity was recognized. It was Trevor. It was just here that he wished he had tried some other form of amusement that afternoon.

And, indeed, the situation was about as unpleasant as it could be. Even in moments of calm, Trevor was a cause of uneasiness. Bellwood was the only other person there. Here he was unmistakably angry! It so happened that Bellwood's boot had found its billet on the exact spot where a muscular force had been applied to it. And Trevor, having summed up Bellwood's character in an address in which the words, "skunk, worm, and herb disaster," and "truth and justice," all occurred, with what seemed to the recipient of the terms unnecessary frequency, dragged him into the study, presented him with another boot, and taught him in two minutes how to handle football boots at other people's doors than he would have learned in a month of verbal tuition.

Bellwood slunk away down the passage, and halfway to his own study. He got out a couple of letters, released from the form-room and full of his grievances.

To judge from his remarks, Davies did not think highly of Mr. Grey, his form-master. Mr. Grey, in his opinion, was a person of the manners-none-and-customs-horrid type. He had a jolly good mind, had, to go to the head of a very short list of "men of genius" among boys.

In a word, Davies was savage. Bellwood, eyeing his wrathful friend, was not far ahead of the three with the idea. Trevor's stick had hung like an adder.

"Beastly shame," he agreed, as Davies paused for breath. "It was jolly shame for me, too. I've been putting in the time having a lark with old Dixon, I can't get him to come out, though I've been filling boots. And his door won't open. I believe he's locked it."

"It's he, by Jove!" muttered Davies; "we soon see about that. Stand out of the way.

He retired a few paces and charged towards the door. Bellwood took cover in the form-room, the owner of which happened to be out, and listened.

He heard the scuffle of Davies' feet as he dashed down the passage. Then there was a crash as if the house had fallen. He peeped. Davies' rush had taken the crazy door off its hinges, and he had managed to get it into the study. He had a fleeting vision of the infuriated Trevor springing from the ruins. Then, with Davies' bowl of anguish ringing in his ears, he flung down his door of steel, stuffed it, and sat down to wait till the storm should have passed by.

The end of a couple of minutes somebody limped past the door. The remnants of Davies, he guessed. He gave him a few moments in which to settle down. Then he followed, and found him in a dishevelled state in their study.

"Hallo," he said artlessly, "what's up? What happened? Did you get the door open?"

Davies glared suspiciously, scenting sarcasm, but Bellwood's look of astonishment disarmed him.

"Where did you go to?" he inquired.

"Oh, I strolled off. What happened?"

"You're coming on again with a cry of pain. Bellwood recognized the symptoms, and felt better. "I took the beastly door clean off its hinges. I'd no idea the thing was so wobbly."

"Well, we made a bit the other night, you remember. I think it did a little rock. Was Dixon sick?"

"Dixon! Why, Dixon wasn't there at all. It was Trevor--of all people! What on earth are you doing there, I should like to know?"

Bellwood's look of amazement could not have been improved upon.

"Trevor!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"Am I sure! Oh, you--I" words failed Davies.

"But what was he doing there?"

"That's what I should like to know."

It was really quite simple. Clowes had told the head of the house of Dixon's painful case, and suggested that if he wished to catch Bellwood and his friend they had only to phrase it, an excellent idea was to change studies secretly with Dixon. This Trev or had done, with instant and satisfactory results. The ambush had trapped its victims in the first ten minutes.

Study Sixteen continued to brood over its misfortunes.


"There won't have been it in. He probably suggested it to Trevor. And now he'll be grinning over it."

This suspicion was quite unfounded. Dixon had probably never grinned in his life.

"I tell you what," said Bellwood suddenly, "if they've changed studies, Dixon must be in Trevor's den now. He's always in the house at this time. He's starting work directly after school. What the man wants, with hours and getting him out and rugging him now? He wants it taken out of him for letting us do something like that."

"We'll heave books at him," said Davies with enthusiasm.

And the punitive expedition started.

Trevor's study was in the next passage. They advanced stealthily to the door and listened. Somebody coughed inside the room. That was Dixon. They recognized the cough. "Now," whispered Davies, "when I count three."

Bellwood nodded, and shifted a Hall and Knight's algebra from his left hand to his right.

"One, two, three."

He turned the handle sharply and flung open the door. At the same moment Bellwood heaved his algebra. It was a snapshot, but Dixon, sitting at the table outlined against the window, made a fine mark.

"Oh, I say!" cried Dixon, as the corner of the projectile took him on the ear. He stood up, but was behind the door, as Bellwood passed with Victor Hugo's "Quatrevingt-treize" poised. "Sling it in!"

But Bellwood did not throw. The book dropped heavily to the floor. Just as his first shot found its mark he had caught sight of the room. He had taken his back to his own den, where he could read in peace (so he thought) without disturbing Dixon at work. This third attack was the last straw. The matter had become too serious for summary treatment. He must think out a punishment that would carry its own name.

It flashed upon him almost immediately.

"Look here," he said, "this is getting a bit too thick. You two chaps think you can do just as you like in the house. You're going to find that you can't."

He shouted home, and the other two fell silent. You shirk games. You do nothing but cat-like pigs and make bally nuisances of your rooms. They're telling you to go to school. You're going out for a run in a few minutes. You can either come, too, and get into training and play for the house second eleven."

"By Jove, that's something to look forward to."

Davies and Bellwood looked blankly at one another. Could these things be? For three years they had grown up together like two li'lies of the field; they had toiled not, neither had they spun. For three years the only form of exercise they had known had been the daily walk to the school shop. And here was Trevor offering them, as the sole alternative to a house locking, a beastly, violently run. And Trevor was celebrated for the length of his runs when he trained, and also for the quality of the same. The thing was impossible. It couldn't be done at any price. Davies bethought Lim of the excuse which had stood by him: the well for the last years. This was just one of those emergencies for which it had been especially designed. But he could not help feeling that Trevor was not in just the proper frame of mind for medical gossip.

"But," said Davies, "our doctor's certificates. We aren't allowed to play football."

"Doctor's certificates! Rot! You'd better burn them. Well, are you coming for the run?"

Bellwood clutched at a straw.

"But we've got clothes," he said. "You'd better borrow some, then. If you aren't back in this study, changed, by half past five, you'll get beans. Now go out."

At ten minutes past five a tentative knock sounded on the door. Trevor opened it and found a triumphant trio of study sixteen garbed in borrowed football shirts and shorts.

Of the details of that run no record remains. The trio started off in a south-easterly direction, along the road which led to Little Poolbury. From this time it may be deduced that the spin was not a short one. Whenever Trevor had chosen this direction for one of his training runs on previous occasions he had...
How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?
Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answer to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who was the first Radio pastor?
2. What well known singer heard on NBC is of royal lineage and married to a count?
3. Who is the originator of the crowning type of broadcasting?
4. On what instrument did Jimmy Melton begin his musical education?
5. What young Radio singer possesses a repertoire of songs in Italian, German and French?
6. When did Cooney and Joe of the famous Night Owls meet?
7. How did Tom Breen, well known NBC announcer, "break in" to the announcing end of Radio?
8. Of what college is Rudy Vallée a graduate?
9. In what profession did Frank Knight gain fame before he started broadcasting?
10. What are the call letters of the only Radio station owned and operated by a women's club?

Answers to questions in May issue:

Ted Husing, Out-Doors
(Continued from page 9)

of diction than any other man alive. One of the New York dailies conducted a contest for the best transcription of a broadcast of Ted Husing's running report of a football game. It was the Army-Notre Dame game. The fleetfingered contestants had thrown up their hands, unable to record the 400 words a minute that Husing was able to off during the hottest action. If he had shown such ability during his try-out as a salesman that would have made him a very successful announcer—and commerce gained just another salesman!

Outstanding over all the other notable achievements in broadcasting is the outstanding commercial audience audience. Husing regards his broadcast of the Floyd Bennett funeral as the high point. It appeared almost an impossible task at the beginning. The plans to permit the nation to join in tribute to the brave airman were formulated only the evening before the burial. There were still many obstacles to surmount before this could be done. Grants were necessary from Government officials, the direction of the ceremony was left to the widow. Husing arrived in Washington at 8 o'clock the next morning. Two hours later he communicated with the representatives of all the stations and many of which were disturbed from their slumber. He received permission to proceed providing he received Mrs. Bennett's consent. After she wired her permission he dashed out to Arlington cemetery to supervise the laying of 17,000 feet of wire over hill and forest to the nearest transmitter.

It was only after hours of continuous work and a car rain that this was accomplished. Then again a heavy downpour of rain had hardly offered shelter from the wind and heavy rain, he began his vivid and impressive description of the ceremonies. The canvas leaked so badly that the safety of the microphone was threatened until he covered it with his hat. Thousands of appreciative letters were received from listeners, but for two weeks Ted was confined to bed with a severe attack of the grippe.

Husing achieves his tremendous rate of speed by speaking very softly. He keeps his voice at a moderate speed throughout the event he is describing. In doing a basketball game, a fast sport, he can keep right up with the ball. When he told the Radio audience all about the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin last fall his knowledge of the German language served him in fine stead. Eckener and the other members of the crew spoke only in that tongue when introduced, but Ted gave a very fine interpretation of each talk.

Once he did an "ad lib" description of an imaginary prize fight on a program that had everybody around the studio in a feverish state of excitement. In broadcasting the world series last year he called every play correctly. In fact, he shared the official scorer on one important decision.

Ted does not remember details of the game unless a particular play happens to be of particular interest. A break in the action once remarked, "Why, you saw it, Ted: you described it beautifully." But Ted had to explain to him that he had to translate the action quickly and mentally that it makes no lasting mental impression.

Recently he invented an electrical board for use during football games that provides an efficient, silent and accurate signaling system between his observer and himself. He is having it patented.

Ted is a great traveler. One of his outstanding records for fast ground-covering was made during the last presidential campaign. He made a hurried trip to the seat of the Republican convention in California to introduce the air. But the air for his formal acceptance of the party the same day he left the coast and rushed to Hot Springs, Ark., to introduce Senator Robinson. After this in New York City he dashed to Washington where he opened the Republican Radio campaign. During the last football season he traveled 13,000 miles to broadcast thirteen games.

He is married and has a five-year-old daughter, Helen, and are both listed among his severest critics.

White reads Helen Morgan came into the studies for the first time a year ago she appeared quite ill at ease. Ted was not long in finding the trouble. After introducing himself, he ordered a piano moved over to the stage, assisted her on it, and then offered her a handkerchief. Part of his duty is to know as much as possible about his fellow announcers, and he heard the story of Miss Morgan's recent scene. Miss Morgan would feel much more at home when sitting on a piano with a handkerchief in hand, he concluded.

He calls Major J. Andrew White the "dean of all sports announcers." Of Graham MacNamee he said over the air: "No one, in my opinion, will ever approach his tremendous record of broadcast achievement." He gives due credit to Jack Filmore, Al Jennings, Arnie Smith and other leading announcers.

Trick clothes, including double-breasted vests, prominently striped suits and shirts, pleated trousers, a beaver coat and brilliantly hued ties are all to be seen in his wardrobe.

He is witty. Always knows just what to say to make a good effect. He has a sly sense of humor, often called upon for a series of his famous imitations. Incidentally, he is the only one who can mimick Mississippi John Hurt and make the "king of jazz" like it. They are good friends.

Ted Husing's Sportslasts" is the name of his program in which he presents leading figures in the sporting world. It is his favorite broadcast and is popular with all sports lovers, who have already listened to Jack Dempsey, Mickey Walker, Vincent Richards and others during the series.

But with Husing, he has the carriage of a West Point cadet, the physique of a well-trained athlete, the features of a young toreador, and exudes an air of sportsmanship with dignity.

Ted admits he is conceited. But it isn't conceit in the true sense of the word. It is a man laughing as a means of keeping his personality after he has cleared a lot of hard groundwork in a short time and become thoroughly expert in his chosen field.

If he is as conceited as he claims to be, what of it?—aren't we all?
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1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1939, and will end at midnight, September 30, 1939. All mailing ballots must be postmarked on or before midnight, September 29, 1939.

2. Ballots must be postmarked on or before midnight, September 29, 1939.

3. Ballots are counted only when received at the time of receipt or pays for an advance mail subscription to RADIO DIGEST, as directed, and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

4. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and any or all of the following schedule:

   For each two consecutively numbered coupons in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

   For each three consecutively numbered coupons a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

   For each four consecutively numbered coupons a bonus of twenty votes will be allowed.

   For each five consecutively numbered coupons a bonus of thirty votes will be allowed.

   For each six consecutively numbered coupons a bonus of forty votes will be allowed.

   For each seven consecutively numbered coupons a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

   For each eight consecutively numbered coupons a bonus of sixty votes will be allowed.

3. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of a paid advance mail subscription, old or new. Special ballots must be received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $1.00 150 votes
2-year, two-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $1.50 300 votes
3-year, three-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $2.00 450 votes
4-year, four-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $3.00 600 votes
5-year, five-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $4.00 750 votes
6-year, six-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $5.00 900 votes
7-year, seven-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $6.00 1,000 votes
8-year, eight-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $8.00 1,200 votes
9-year, nine-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $10.00 1,500 votes
10-year, ten-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct........... $15.00 2,000 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts: 1. New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, District of Columbia. 2. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of District number three, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. 3. District number four, known as the "SOUTHERN," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, District number five, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of Idaho, Nevada, California, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes in any of the six districts makes up AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Merit Award. After the grand prize winner is determined the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Merit Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one award.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered prices of identical value will be awarded.

8. Any question that may arise during the conduct of the contest may be referred to the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.
### Official Wave Lengths

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READ NOW

Trail the Two Gunmen in—

WILL PAYNE'S

The Hunters

SCARFACE himself gave them their orders out at Grogan's in Cicero. Detective Bodet had been sent to Florida to wait in hiding until the trial. He was the star witness, so the Big Shots decreed his doom.

"Now youse two go on down to Florida where I tell ye, and bump this guy off. Blot out his name, so he can't open his trap—yunnerstand?"

"Yeah. What's the kick-in?"

"Four grand for the job, kid, and that's a plenty." And so the two of them went straight to the Bockagans Hotel, where Bodet imagined himself secure.

Will Payne gives you a thrilling tale of a pair of hunters being hunted in the Florida swamps. It is a thrilling start to something new in this issue.
Amos 'n Andy's Boyhood
(Continued from page 15)

“Chuck” Correll attended Peoria High school. Here again he demonstrated his ability as an actor and took part in many of the high school amateur productions. The last two years of high school he was leader of the school orchestra. He had his first insight into professional work when he was employed at the old Main Street Theatre as an usher during his high school years. Before and after the show he would be found backstage conversing with actors and actresses. From them he learned considerably that helped him in his later years.

A friend of mine attempted to advise his son as to a career, “Charles was interested in plays and dancing and I let him work out the problem for himself.”

When young Charles graduated from high school, he learned the brickmason trade from his father. His friends tell of an amusing incident that occurred when his father was superintending a construction job near the Illinois river.

Old Jake, a lanky superstitious negro hod carrier working with the crew was afraid of snakes. One day the younger Correll found a garter snake and decided to play a trick on the negro. He climbed to the second story of the building, which was under construction, to a position directly above the darky. Jake was watching out of lime with a long hoe when Correll dropped the snake. It caught Jake on the arm and encircled itself there. Jake, terror-stricken, dropped the hoe and held his arm out straight from his body. When convinced that the snake had no intention of doing anything wrong toward him, he shook his arm vigorously and as the snake dropped to the ground he cried out, “My Gawd, it’s rainin snakes!” Jake wouldn’t return to work for the rest of the week.

While learning the brickmason trade, however, the future Andy’s interest in dramatics never waned. He took part in most of the home talent plays and had more prizes to his credit than any other citizen. The circuit judge was ever ready to take part in plays, without pay, and to lend a hand at directing them.

About that time, the piano player at the Columbia theatre married and quit her job. Correll’s application as her successor was turned down. He worked at the brickmason trade by day and played the piano in the theatre at night.

Although Correll and Gosden write their own scripts, Correll showed no particular talent for writing as a youth. He was blessed with a natural talent for being funny and was a student of reactions. He studied people carefully and knew what was needed to make them laugh. He seldom missed a show through Peoria, and it is said he never forgot the jokes that were recited.

About 17 years ago he left Peoria for Rock Island, Ill., to work as a brickmason. He worked there a few years and then went to Springfield, Ill., where he worked for a spell with the superintendent who was in charge of constructing the supreme court building.

One day, while appearing in a home talent play, a representative of the Chicago Production Company discovered him. He joined the company, which traveled the country giving home talent productions. He appeared sometimes in blackface and made a great hit in that selfconfident drawl that is so familiar to millions of persons.

His friends, back in Peoria, hear from him occasionally and whenever he visits there, he makes it a practice of visiting some of them. Graduating to one of the highest paid radio entertainers hasn’t changed Correll the least in the eyes of his old friends, and when they tune in on “Amos ‘n Andy,” each night, it’s the same old “Chuck” doing the same stuff for a handsome salary now that he used to entertain them with years ago for nothing.

Mr. Correll is so busy now, that he sometimes doesn’t have the opportunity to see his family here in Peoria, more than once or twice a year. He keeps them informed with letters and telegrams, however, and they know every day in what part of the country the boys are appearing. When he does visit Peoria, it is only for a few hours on Sunday night, the only night when the Pepsodent program over the National Broadcasting Company is silent.

Amos’n’Andy “Join the Show”
Miss Ann Steward has obtained a remarkable interview revealing early experiences of famous pair and how they “got their start.”

Read it in the JULY RADIO DIGEST

THO senior Correll has visited the Metro studios only since the death of his wife, two years ago. Charles Correll conducted his father through the studio and introduced him to his friends,∴ a warm friend of the Correll family and has-soner-several occasions come to Peoria with Mr. Correll.

All through his life Mr. Correll has shown an interest in everything he has been associated with. As a boy he was congenial and rather sensitive. He never purposely offended anyone and because of this there is a strong bond in his friendships.

At an early age he selected his own career. While in the early stages, he devoted his time and energy willingly and without remuneration. His rise to fame has been gradual and over a not too-smooth path.

And now, even after years of separation from his boyhood pals, he is the same person to them. When he comes to Peoria, it’s “Hello Charlie.”—“Hello Bill. Not “Hello Mr. Correll.” “Hello Mr. H. W., he shies at publicity and his home newspapers never hear of his visits, until he has gone.

His respect for his father of him as are his friends. His father hears the program twice each night; once at 7 o’clock Eastern Standard Time and again at 10:30 o’clock Central Standard Time.

His father now says he is glad he permitted the boy to choose his own profession. “But if he had continued with the brickmason trade,” his father said proudly, “he’d be the best bricklayer in the country now.”

Besides his father, Mr. Correll has two younger brothers and a sister living at Peoria. His youngest brother, Dave, is athletic coach at the Averyville High School. The other brother, Joseph B., is a foreman. His sister is Mrs. Alice Roszell.

Henry and George
(Continued from page 49)

switchover as a switchboard operator? She would be called Flo, the telephone girl, and be played by Georgia Backus. Now, one more male character. Not another bellhop. That would weaken the two featured characters, Dave and Dan, in the house detective! And who could play the part more effectively than the imitable Brad Brownie? Oh, and music. Why, the hotel at this time of year is always crowded. and Pete, the orchestra leader, will serve as an additional character for the minute dramas.

There would be some introductory announcements and humorous dialogue and then they would go into the blackouts. Some relief from the there would be time for five little playlet blackouts on each program, none to take more than a few minutes.

The first script was written, tried out in a private audition for the client, and was pronounced so satisfactory that it was used for the first actual program broadcast without a line being changed. Not only that, but this new idea in Radio proved so popular from the very start that the syndicate adopted it at the beginning had never been changed. Listeners-in won’t allow it to be changed.

Both Don Clark and Dave Elman modestly insist that the idea of blackouts is a simple and fundamental form of humorous entertainment, and that they merely ventured to think of adapting it to Radio broadcasting. Blackouts are nothing more or less than the dramatization of humorous incidents. The jokes, acted instead of told, and free therefore, from the dull exposition that frequently ruins a good joke in writing. The way it’s done is on the Henry-George program:

HENRY: Well, Pete, that makes three times tonight that we’ve hit the old gong. If we can do it twice more the manager will let us put on a show for the guests in the balloon room next week.

PETE: Yeah—that’s what he says. Listen, fellows, you know the manager told me the sort of dramas he likes. He likes a drama with a moral to it. Have you any like that?

HENRY: Pete, you ought to know and George have some or will write some—ain’t that right, Henry?

PETE: We don’t have to write any—we’ve already got one. And we’ll do it now.

GEORGE: Which one do you mean, Henry?

HENRY: The one that contains that recipe for marital happiness.

GEORGE: Oh, I know the one. We ought to be able to ring the gong with that one.

HENRY: Sure we will. Now listen, Mike, George and Flo, here are the principal characters. Maiyze, you’re the happy wife, and Flo, you’re the unhappy one. George, you’d better be the husband.

PETE: I got just the music to set this scene.
GEORGE: O. K., Pete, let’s hear it.
MUSIC: Few bars of “JUST A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE KISS.”
MAIZIE: Agnes, the trouble with your mind, you don’t know how to handle your husband.
FLO: Oh, I’ve tried everything, and I just can’t make him stay home nights. I’ve tried to make him divorce me, I’ve threatened to go home to-mother—there isn’t anything I haven’t tried.
MAIZIE: Ah, that’s just it. You don’t know how to handle it. I never have that sort of trouble with my husband.
FLO: How do you avoid it?
MAIZIE: I make my husband feel welcome at home. I never scold, I never argue, when he comes home from work promptly every night.
FLO: I wish I knew your recipe, my husband’s always wandering and carousing all hours of the night.
MAIZIE: And there’s a reason for it. He doesn’t feel welcome when he’s at home. Why don’t you do what I do?
FLO: What do you mean?
MAIZIE: Well, when he comes in the house and he’s about to sit down, I get him with a nice sweet kiss, then help him off with his coat and hat, hang them up.
FLO: I’d try that, but my husband’s in love with the coat.
MAIZIE: Then, bring him into the room, and make love to him just the way you did in the days of your courtship. Put some of your old love into your marriage. That’s all it needs.
FLO: Maybe you’re right, Maizie. I’ve never tried that.
MAIZIE: Ah, you’re so young. That’s why so many marriages go on the rocks.
FLO: I want to thank you for your advice. I’m going to try it.
MAIZIE: Flo, it’s not too late to try now. You can cultivate yourself to give my recipe for happy marriage a real try-out.
FLO: I will, Maizie.
MAIZIE: Well, it’s late and I must go. Goodbye again, Flo.
FLO: Goodbye, Maizie. It’s late.

DOOR CLOSES; SHORT PAUSE; THEN HUSBAND STARTS SINGING AS THOUGH DRUNK.
HUSBAND: I was in such a home town.
Flo: They were only foolin’—they were only foolin’—they were only foolin’—they were only foolin’.
Hello, dear.

FLO: Hello, Jimsy, dear.
HENRY: Jimsy, dear? Well—
FLO: Give me a good kiss, dear.
HENRY: A kiss? Sure. (SMACK.)
FLO: Now, Jimsy, dear, let me help you off with your hat and coat. That’s right.
HENRY: That’s right. And now, here—here’s your dress gown—(Augusta) let me help you on with it.
HENRY: That’s sweet of you.
FLO: Now, Jimsy, dear, come on into the parlor. We’ll sit there awhile and talk.
HENRY: All right. I might as well. I’ll get killed when I get home anyway.

BIZ: (GONG RINGS ONCE)
MUSIC: “SOMEbody STOLES MY GAL.”

NECESSARY: to say, a blackout such as the one just used as an example, doesn’t read as well as it acts. But read it aloud, and you can easily imagine it would be presented by the cast, and time your reading of it. You will find it something short and sweet—(and therein lies the secret of the success of Radio blackouts: they are sheer action. The Henry-George programs have been called one of the fastest moving on the air.)

It has also been said, and truly, that the members of the cast of the Henry-George program are the most versatile Radio entertainers on the air. There are many typical examples of this program. Figure for yourself the number of characterizations that each one in the cast has had to do. Four of the original members—Don Clark, Dave Elmore, Georgia Backus and Harriet Lee—are still doing Henry-George blackouts, which is enough to comply with their ability.

Gold Cup Winners
(Continued from page 55)

W. K. Henderson Wins
NOW that “Hello World” and “Doggone your buttons” have become almost national by-words, and station KWKH its right to be considered as one of the South’s most popular stations, Henderson graduated to a series of spots that has boosted his ratings and made him even more important to his listeners.

The principal topic of interest at KWKH is the fight against the chain stores. Mr. Henderson, the “Shreveport Ringer,” as he is known, is a strong advocate of the campaign as a deeply rooted heritage from his father, who appealed to people to buy from home institutions.

That’s not the way the poet wrote it, but it expresses Radio’s chief program problem. Station KFNF, Henry Field’s voice of the air, has met the problem of getting a more interested audience. Station KFNS, the Middle West’s Most Popular Station, is, perhaps, well to tell the world a little about itself.

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HARV Nelson is program director. Harv comes of a family of musicians; his father is an old time fiddler, Verna is one of the Coffee Kids, and Harv himself plays the violin and sax in the studio orchestra. Then there is E. L. Bud Deaton, the air personality, who speaks on philosophical subjects to everyone from the children to the old folks.

Another interesting personality is announced by Jack, a man with the million dollar smile, and it's always working. The Rev. D. E. Cleveland, Radio pastor of WNAX, conducts what he calls the friendly service every morning. At 5:30 every afternoon a Kiddie's Hour is conducted by Uncle Dutch, who is none other than Uncle Phil can do the voice with a harmonica. The popular Meridian Trio is made up of Harvey Nelson, Correne Horst, and Nancy Wyborny, who is also known as Aunt Sammy, in the latter character conducting a program for the women listeners.

Among the listeners to WNAX are many whose native tongue is German. For these people every evening Herbert Lenke sings German songs, and is assisted on the piano by Hazel Olson. Hazel of that household is also the pianist for the concert orchestra and accompanist for other organizations. Several of her week are headed the trumpet notes of Art Haring on the horn, accompanied by Correne Horst at the piano. Art is also director of the orchestra. Every Saturday afternoon a little thirteen-year-old Margaret Graman is heard.

Among the soloists singing popular numbers is Don Gurney, familiarly known as Edith. Her rich soprano voice is in constant demand. Perhaps one of the hardest workers of all is Chet Steinbach trap drummer and vibraphonist. Then there is the voice of Uncle Phil, another of the Gurney brothers. Uncle Phil has been a farmer himself and tells the farmers something of his experiences and discoveries that may help in the wheat

The men behind the guns are Harry Seiles and Ivar Nelson, the Radio engineers for WNAX.

KFOX Wins in Far West

SECOND only to KKF in final standings of winners in the Radio Digest Gold Cup Contest, Station KFOX will be at the peak of its popularity. Among an overwhelmingly large vote the Most Popular Station in the Far West. Formerly operating as KFOX, KFOX is listed as one of the five pioneer broadcasting stations on the Pacific Coast. From the time of its inception in 1921 it has grown from a studio personnel of two to the fourteen men which it now enjoys. It has added to the program department, and thus the “homey” atmosphere emanating from the studios. A genial influence, which brings listeners to the station, gives the listeners a personal interest in the program. Every one is called by his first name. Hal personally conducts many of the programs and possesses, to a large degree, that rare ability of making his audience “see” as well as hear the program.

A variety of more than forty programs are heard from KFOX each day during the week. These programs include the old time music, which was acclaimed one of the most popular forms of entertainment across the nation, and the Barn Dance broadcast out from the station. From 20,000 of those questionnaires 8,000 were returned, an unqualified success.

One of the other popular features at the Long Beach station is Percy at the Telephone. This is considered one of the outstanding programs ever presented. Percival Alysious is a shy, seemingly backward youth who calls people on the phone and recites to them some of his literary productions. This young boy is really clever and his entertainment isn’t of the usual stereotyped variety.

Canada’s Popular CFCQ

FARMERS of Saskatchewan, world’s greatest wheat growing area, residents of Southern Alberta and Central Manitoba, and those in the vast agricultural province, and thousands of other Radio listeners from more distant points are pouring their corroboration on the studio of CFCQ, the Dominion of Canada’s Most Popular Station.

The entire Dominion, stretching 3,000 miles from coast to coast, the spotlight of popularity hovered and finally turned its attention to this station. It has been goodwill in Radio Digest’s popularity contest just concluded. The pioneers of Radio-casting in this section of the continent, owners and station engineers and artists of CFCQ are receiving the handshakes of thousands of fans with justifiable pride. During the day when another Radio Digest popularity trophy will adorn the studio walls.

The voice of CFCQ, while it primarily serves the agriculturists of the prairie west, is nevertheless versatile, and thus city residents of three provinces and several of the northern United States have come to enjoy its educational programs with equal enjoyment. Incidentally, the best the Dominion has to offer in music and entertainment is carried to listeners by CFCQ’s own broadcasts. CFCQ is linked with every chain broadcast in the Dominion and, perhaps, on the coast of the continent. In the city and the city of Saskatoon have received, lies in the fact that recently the Canadian National railways chose Madame Helen Davies Sherry, Saskatoon prima donna and CFCQ artist, to feature its coast to coast network.

CFCQ has been an interesting career, and while the details of history are not always the most interesting, a word or two about the station’s progress might not be out of place.

CFCQ first took the air on July 1, 1923, Dominion Day, as a 50-watt transmitter. Radio was then, might say, in its infancy, and the station was met with instant success. The next two years saw its output increased to 250 watts and finally to 500 watts, which is the present output.

Originally plans were on foot to considerably increase the output but these were cancelled owing to the unsettled state of broadcast throughout Canada.

WHAT is the secret of CFCQ’s success? It cannot be laid on any one feature which finally proves the popularity of a broadcasting station. More likely it is a combination of efforts.
Anyway, whether it was his hearty laugh or his kind, friendly voice, Lola was all ready to like Uncle Bob very much when she came to Chicago and met him through the good graces of a mutual friend. Not many months after they met they were married to Waukegan one day and were married.

Since there has been a Mrs. Uncle Bob the Bozley club has increased about 500 in membership, for she takes a lot of all Uncle Bob's correspondence, and the youngsters love to get her letters.

**HERE, here, what is this about a CBS executive losing an efficient secretary because the system moved into their new offices at Broadway and Avenue in New York last fall? It happened this way. Among the managers of the various stations in the CBS network who attended the dedication ceremonies was one Gaston Grignon, manager of station WISN, Milwaukee. Mr. Lowman, the CBS executive referred to, in showing the visitor about the new home of the system, introduced Mr. Grignon to his secretary, Miss Haggerty. Grignon remained in the city for three days and happened that two of the evenings of those same days were spent at the theatre with Miss Haggerty. By the time Mr. Grignon returned to Milwaukee he discovered he had left something in New York. His heart. There was only one thing to do. He took a plane, no matter how long the distance call for Miss Haggerty and asked her to return it to him.

Rumor has it that he called up every night for a month or more, and until such time as Miss Haggerty (who was not the type of girl to keep stolen property) agreed to return it to him in person. She did, and the CBS executive and Miss Grignon were reunited. Now Mr. Lowman of CBS has lost an efficient secretary, Mr. Grignon has acquired a charming wife.

It is really amazing to see what uses Cupid has put to Radio. For instance, there was lovely Mary Georgia Gleason, who had known Wallace Rushing of Millhaven Ga., for some time. But they were "just friends" till Cupid and the mike took a hand.

Wallace, who had a weakness for putting around with electrical gadgets, left Georgia to seek his fortune up North. Eventually he was offered the job of engineering staff of WITC, Hartford, Conn. In the wee morning hours when the Connecticut station was broadcasting a hot football game, Wallace chanced to make an announcement of the call letters. It gave him quite a thrill, and he wrote to Mary about it. Mary listened in one early morning after breakfast and heard and heard her fellow-Georgian's voice.

For her it was more than a thrill. It brought her nearer to him, and she knew she really felt about Wallace. And very soon the halls were tinkling merrily in an Augusta church. But, according to Miss Gleason, Mr. Lowman was not what a girl would call an unqualified success, insomuch as Wallace insisted on sitting at the Radio during most of their honeymoon trip.

CUPID, of course, is not partial to southern climes or to these United States. But it has struck into Canada. The girl's name was Jessie M. A. Dickson, and she was a cute little thing, but her picture was left at the window. Her real name was Joe Allabough, and he was one of those unusually good looking chaps with dark hair and rosy checks. They met at one of those informal little gatherings to which we all are invited from time to time, Radio entertainers and listeners.

The weeks went by and he forgot that he met such a person as Jessie Dickson, so her name had been effaced from his mind. When he remembered, every evening that Joe was on the air found Jessie before the loudspeaker. More weeks passed and came the spring when three staff members of CKCL set out to survey one of Toronto's golf courses with the idea of a broadcast together with an announcement to be held there. A fourth person was wanted to make a foursome to play over the course, and Jessie Dickson was invited by the other young grace.

Then and there the spark was touched to the other half of the romance and Joe fell and fell hard.

Last Christmas Joe took Jessie home to Chicago to meet his parents. Things went so well that one Saturday night they hoped to Waukegan and were married. Jessie had to return to Toronto to pack up her things while Joe stayed in Chicago on a new job. Now they are together again, and Jessie says she loves it as well as Joe says he does, but Joe must sing to her over the air every day or she won't love him any more for she finds it all in love with him because of his voice.

We were just about ready to push back from our typewriter and call it a day. And there was Joe, singing "Rolling Home" at our elbow. Apparently there was no one, but all the same our eyes strayed to the wireless map and there on the California section was a little heart with an arrow straight through it. It seemed to be pointing to Los Angeles. And as we thought of this, Cupid has been simply bursting with romance this spring. The new studios may have something to do with it, and, at any rate, it seems as if Cupid can understand the dreamy pipe organ melodies of Wesley B. Tourtelotte, the balmy, with the atmosphere of the country round about, and the fact that summer is well on its way.

While there are many long-standing romances about to reach the budding flower stage, Cupid has been busy. Bubs Allan, some wiseguys little singer on KYW's staff, met Johnny Wagoner, the great 1920s pianist, with Art Kahn's orchestra at WGES. For a long time Nubs had wondered what made this band's tunes sound sweeter than any others that came over the air, and after a visit to the studio decided that it must be the trumpet player had such curly. Next thing you know.

Anyhow, it was love at first sight—violent enough to make Nubs send back the list of names and say: "Give me the name of the girl she was engaged (who didn't even play a harmonica) and thereby give Johnny a chance to do his stuff with the wedding band. Otherwise, Nubs has a new blond-eyed little miss named Joan, who started broadcasting (after hours mostly) just about four years ago.

He used to be his heartily laugh that made Lola Fischer of Denver, Iowa, sitting before the loud-speaker, fall in love with him. But the 1927 in which was engaged (who didn't even blame her at all, for it's the nicest, most contagious laugh you ever heard. Uncle Bob's real name is Walter Wilson, but he was so well known under the alias 49ers that many youngsters who belong to his "Curb Is the Limit Club," and listen to his program over KYW every night.

The little fellow plays favorites? It seems that he has tossed his head, turned up his little nose, and declined to cast a dart in the direction of certain stations which have been exaggerated, and perhaps he's only hiding his time, but at any rate some of the most important stations are conspicuous to say the least.
which brings the result. From its inception CFCQ has striven to provide both amusement and education. Through the music and service programs, best listeners are kept in touch with the world's news, grain and stock markets.

The town of Saskatoon, with a population of over 120,000, is situated in Saskatchewan, has willingly cooperated at all times in providing educational and interesting lectures on all matters closely related to agricultural problems. Furthermore, in the realm of entertainment, it may be said that Saskatoon is one of the leading cities in musical interest, and numbers in its population many artists of high rank. CFCQ has chosen them for its performers.

Study programs are varied in nature, one of the secrets of successful broadcasting, and range from jazz numbers, programs of the city's best bands and through recordings, wisely chosen old time selections to the works of the great masters. An efficient studio orchestra is maintained under the direction of Arthur McEwing, conductor and teacher of ability and well known throughout western Canada.

Perhaps the most important personality in any Radio broadcasting station, with regard to contact with the public, is the announcer. Especially on the prairies where Radio has conquered time and space, his voice is eagerly awaited as a welcome at any time, at any hour. Stan Clifton is chief announcer and program director of CFCQ; also a Radio technician of experience and ability, with a long record of service both in England and the Dominion. Clifton has gained for his station and himself an enviable position in the hearts of his fellow broadcast listeners.

CFCQ is owned and operated by the Electric Shop Wholesale Supplies, Ltd., Saskatoon. The management directs A. Murphy, B. Se., A.M.E.I.C., who is thoroughly conversant with Radio technicalities.

It is perhaps a foregone conclusion to say that civic pride will reward an effort which has drawn the eyes of a continent to the Hub of the Hard Wheat Belt on Saturday afternoon. Swelling, let it be known that the files of CFCQ contain letters from listeners who distance from this section of the continent is measured in the thousands of miles.

And in the words of Stan Clifton, "CFCQ is a quarter in the Radio Digest another year in the popularity race."

Marcella

(Continued from page 61)

"That what seemed to be the opening wedge to this stage career proved, instead, to be the beginning of a vicarious runway trip for one more of the queer twists that delight in giving to the threads of our lives. A church in Westchester county decided to put on a pageant for their annual musical fest. Mrs. McNamee said, 'she remarked, 'Oh, now you will meet Graham and me."

The wedding cake of the Iowan was reported by our reporter. The cake was an all-vanilla version of the usual one, but there was a great deal of money that went into it. The cake was a dark fruit cake which is made at least a month before the wedding and frosted a day or two before it is to be used. It may be used as a centerpiece on the table on the wedding day, cut and served, or it may be cut and put into small white bows and tied with a bow. A tray of these boxes may be arranged on a tray at the entrance and the guests help themselves upon leaving. One of the guests who helped himself to the wedding cake once said, "The best refreshments in the box are not always the best." They are always a hit with the guests and the bridal party.

There are many suitable types of menus which may be served for the wedding breakfast, supper or reception. A wedding breakfast is served up to 10:00 o'clock. From 12:30 to 2:00 a luncheon menu is served. Up until 6 o'clock, after-
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NEW LEONARD "FOODMASTER"
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Tells of newest ideas in food protection. Illustrates the new LEONARD All-Steel Line. Write for a complimentary copy. Address LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 724 Clyde Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan. Makers of LEONARD and Ice Way Refrigerators.

A Good Leonard Refrigerator at the Price You Can Afford to Pay
Any Leonard may be purchased on easy deferred payments
noon party or tea refreshments are served. From 6 to 8 o'clock, a dinner is served and after 8 o'clock, similar refreshments to those served in the afternoon are served.

We are glad to hear that social customs are changing and that all functions are becoming more informal. We are told that in New York City the bridal table is often eliminated and the refreshments are simple and served from a buffet table. This should be welcome news for the bride who wishes to do the correct thing and yet not have an elaborate or expensive wedding.

Here are menus for the wedding breakfast, supper or reception. Some are simple and some are more elaborate. There is no set custom which decides just what food or how many courses may be served. You may use your own discretion in this matter. Plan your menus to fit into your color scheme, the number to be served, the amount of help you have, the method of serving you choose and the amount of money you wish to spend upon the wedding refreshments.

**MENU 1**

Tomato Bouillon
Saltines
Chicken and Pineapple Salad
Olives
Lemon Sherbert
Coffee

**Brige's Cake**

Creamed Radish
tablespoons
cup
Creamed Radish
tablespoons
cup
tablespoons
tablespoons
pint
Bride's
have
stiffly
cup
no
egg
pint
hope
strips,
Celery
Radish
small

**Menu 8**

Jellied Chicken Consomme
Olives
Celery
Creamed Oysters in Timbale Cases
Avocado Salad
Rolled Sandwiches
Wedding-Bell Ice Cream
Mints
Bride's Cake
Coffee

We have included a few recipes which will aid you in the preparation of the wedding refreshments.

**Bride's Cake**

2 3/4 cup butter
2 3/4 cup sugar
4 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
3 1/4 cup flour
3 1/4 cup milk
9 eggs
1 1/2 teaspoon cream tartar
1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually, beating constantly. Mix and sift the baking powder and flour and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Beat the egg whites, add the cream of tartar and incorporate into the cake mixture. Add the flavoring and bake in a moderate oven 350°F, for forty or forty-five minutes. Frost with a white frosting and decorate. This recipe makes one good-sized cake.

**Chicken a la King**

1 1/2 tablespoons chicken fat or butter
1 1/2 tablespoons flour
1/4 cup scalded milk
1/4 cup scalded cream
1/2 cup hot chicken stock
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup cold butter
1/4 cup sliced mushroom caps
1/4 cup canned pimentos
1 minced green pepper
1 egg yolk

Melt the chicken fat or butter, add the flour and stir well blended. Pour on gradually while stirring constantly the milk and cream which have each been scalded and the hot chicken stock. Bring this mixture to the boiling point, then add the salt, butter which has been cut in small pieces, the boiled fowl, which has been sliced in strips. Scrape the mushroom caps in butter for five minutes. Add this to the mixture, also the pimentos cut in strips, and the minced green pepper to the boiling point and just add the egg yolk, which has been slightly beaten. Cook for a minute stirring constantly. Serve on squares of hot toast with almonds sprinkled over the top, in croustades or patty shells. This recipe will serve six persons and may be enlarged as you desire.

**Strawberry Mousse**

1 cup strawberries
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1 pint whipped cream
1/2 cup chopped pecans
1/4 cup macaroon crumbs

Mix the strawberries, the lemon juice and sugar. Soak the gelatin in cold water and then dissolve over boiling water and add to the first mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray to freeze. When it begins to set, beat until light and add the whipped cream, pecans and macaroon crumbs. Return to the refrigerator or molds. Freeze until firm. This recipe will serve ten persons.

**Raspberry Ice**

1 pint canned red raspberries
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup cold water
2 tablespoons orange juice
2 stiffly beaten egg whites
pinch of salt

Crush the red raspberries, add the sugar and cook for five minutes. Remove from the fire, add the cold water and run through a fine sieve to remove all the seeds. Cool and add the orange juice. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. This requires about forty minutes. Remove from the tray and whip until very light. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites and pinch of salt. Keep on beating until the mixture becomes light after the eggs are added. Return to the tray or put into molds and allow it to finish freezing without stirring. The ice requires about one and one-half hours. It may be served without freezing in a sherbert glass.

**Jellied Fruit and Ginger Ale Salad**

3 tablespoons granulated gelatine
4 tablespoons cold water
1/4 cup boiling water
1/4 cup lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar
1/6 tablespoon salt
1 1/2 cups ginger ale
1/2 cup white cherries
4 tablespoons sliced canned pineapple

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, then dissolve in the boiling water. Add the lemon juice, sugar, salt and ginger ale. Cut the cherries in halves and remove the pits. Fold the orange slices into sections, and discard the membrane. When the ginger ale mixture begins to stiffen, fold in the cherries, oranges and sliced pineapple. Turn into individual molds and chill thoroughly. Two or three rubyettes are very attractive placed in the bottom of each mold. Place them in the mold first with a little gelatine. When it hardens, pour the rest in and chill. Unmold on a lettuce leaf and serve with a fruit salad dressing. Place the dressing in a small mound to one side of the molded fruit and on the lettuce leaf. This recipe fills ten to twelve molds.

**Diamond Award Contest**

(Continued from page 3)

Today, wins the Diamond Meritum Award. I shall save all seven of my votes and send them in together so that WENR and the Smith Family will get 75 votes—Mrs. Frank Weel, Alexandria, Minn.

"I hope that I may be the first to nominate Mr. Williams of KSAT. He is the man who gives the greatest service and the best entertainment. His wonderful voice, heard on the Sunrise Trail programs, is an inspiration."—Mrs. Charles Parrow, Elizabeth, La.

"Here is my nomination blank for the National Barn Dance at WLS Saturday night. My radio is on for a year and a half and I haven't missed more than one or two Barn Dance programs in all that time, but artists appearing on this feature are outstanding and do their parts well. I always listen until Steve Cisler says "good night." If I miss a Barn Dance from the air until Sunday morning I would listen to them."—Mrs. Joseph Denton, Valparaiso, Ind.

"Dear Miss Porter, I am an Adelaide Porter of Black Mountain, N. C., writes: "I am sending in my nomination for the Fleischmann hour, the best ever, and it's no April fool. I am waiting for all the coupons to appear before I vote."

"Here's our nomination for Gene and Glenn at WTAM. They are our ideals.
HICKORY

Sanitary Belts are approved and recommended by leading medical authorities

**Shield Style**
Shield style - button belt - wide elastic - taped pins. 35c to $1

**Curved Style**
"Shaped-to-fit" slip on all elastic style - wide elastic - satin trimmed - taped pins. 50c. Other elastic styles 25c to $1

**Petite Style**
The Belt Petite - of ¾ inch narrow rayon elastic - adjustable - with taped pins or patented clasps. 25c to 50c

**Shaped Shield Style**
Sateen cloth style - button belt. Waist measure sizes - taped pins. 50c. Others to $1

**All Hickory Belts are ideal for use with any pad or protection you prefer**

Leading specialists approve and recommend Hickory Belts because they do not bind or in any manner constrain. They are correctly shaped to fit and are scientifically correct - hygienically perfect. They permit absolute freedom of movement - always dependable, yet gently secure. Ask your doctor. Of further importance - Hickory Belts are not limited to just one model. Hickory provides you with just the style and size which suits you best. All Hickory Belts - in all styles and at all prices - are perfectly shaped to fit.

An interesting and inexpensive test — which will mean much in health and comfort to you later — is to try several Hickory styles. No one but yourself knows so well which is the best belt for you. You can easily find out for yourself — once having done so, just remember your Hickory number. In super fine creations at $1 — others as low as 25c.

**Sanitary Belts by HICKORY**

*Enjoy these other Personal Necessities by Hickory:*
- Sanitary Aprons
- Step-ins
- Shadow Skirts & Bloomers
- Dress Shields & Girdles

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO
185 Programs Nominated

At the last minute before going to press, the Contest Editor had received 185 nominations for the race to select America's Most Popular Program. Scores of nominations for each of the programs have been entered, but the favorites are holding their votes to the last minute so that they may count for more in the support of their favorites. Read the rules and conditions on page 2 before turning to the front of the book and see the latest developments in the contest. Then clip the coupon on page 3. The name of your favorite has already been nominated, it is not necessary to send in the nomination blank. You may send in the votes you have, or save them for the future, thus receiving a bonus as shown in the rules and regulations.

Middle West

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The Turning Wheel

 Continued from page 39

The crowd at the corner came her father. She hurried towards him. "Please leave me," she begged her companion. "I am going home. I have taken care of your time already. Forgive me."

Late on the following afternoon, John Selwyn set out to pay a call which he had already delayed for several weeks. He drove to a certain address in Hanover street, a side street first to the first floor, and knocked at the door. A young woman dressed in black, with pins in her hair, met it, open the front of her dress, threw it open. She stared at the visitor in surprise. "The shop's downstairs," she remarked, and his eyes followed up. Madame is very strict about it.

John Selwyn's eyes traveled down the room. There were at least twenty girls sitting there at work—twenty girls with pale cheeks, and only one small window open. His conscience smote him because of the weeks delay. "I am sorry," he said. "I came to make inquiries about a Miss Agnes Car- ton."

"Agnes Cariton!" the young woman exclaimed. "Why, she left nearly four years ago. You'll find her at No. 55, Groversen street." John Selwyn raised his hat and departed.

"ought to have come before," he said to himself repentantly. "Perhaps it is too late."

He walked quickly to No. 55 Groversen street. At the appearance of the place was a distinct relief to him. It was a neat little milliner's shop, clean and smart. He opened the door and found himself in a tastefully furnished apartment, which to his inexperience seemed almost like the drawing-room of a private house. A young lady hung up her work.

"I am in search of Miss Agnes Car- ton," he announced. "I was told that I could find her here."

The girl was puzzled for a moment, then she smiled.

"Why, you madame! she exclaimed. "Madame!"

"Certainly," the girl answered. "That was her name before she was married. Here she is—Madame, madame, who asks for you."

A tall young lady, very elegant, very stylish and so apparently very prosperous, came towards him with an inquiring smile. John Selwyn recognized her with a little gasp.

"My dear Agnes," she exclaimed. "Why, it's—it's John Selwyn! she declared."

The assistant slipped discreetly away. The clock hands a little perfunctorily. "I have just come to ask you to marry me," he announced. She laughed heartily. "Well, if that isn't just like you!" she answered. "You haven't changed a bit."

"I mean it," he assured her.

But you're three years too late," she laughed. "The idea of going away like you did and never writing me a line. I was engaged in one morning and expecting me to marry you offhand!"

"I had no time for letters," he said. "I have been working hard."

"From your appearance, I should say that you've been making money," she divined.

"More than I shall ever be able to spend," he assured her. "If only you'd waited!"
President Eight Convertible Cabriolet, for four ... 125-inch wheelbase ... six wire wheels and trunk rock standard equipment.

Let your new Eight be smart ... seasoned ... a Champion! Studebaker's smart, seasoned Champion Eights ride the high tide of public preference. The three Studebaker Eights hold the greatest world and international records, and more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. Choose one and you get not only the very newest in engineering and comfort requirements, but proved economy, speed and endurance plus the honor-mark of Studebaker manufacture, famous for 78 years.

STUDEBAKER
Builder of Champions
She laughed again.

"Don't be foolish," she said, "I want you to meet my husband. He's such a dear. We should never have been able to go away together, but for—"

A sudden change came into her face.

"Why, of course," she continued, "you were there. Let me tell you of my adventures last Christmas. After you left for America I was called down into the show-room one day and found a young lady there, looking at evening gowns. I was glad she had been up late the night before—and she was very impatient and hard to please. Well, I got trying on things for half an hour or so, and she seemed to think I did not know in what I was about. She was rude, but madame was angry.

"And the girl?" he asked.

"Ah, a news to the next day, and I saw her in the street on my way home. She stopped her carriage and came up to me. I told her that I had lost my position, and she was so angry that she went straight back to madame and told her that she would not set foot in her shop again. Afterwards she sent me to H. H -things for twenty months, and when I was quite strong again she lent me the money to start in business here. I am proud to say that in less than a year I was able to pay back every penny.

But what about this husband?" he asked.

"You remember my telling you about Mr. Mallison," she said. "He used to travel in silks, and I saw him now and then. He called here the other day. He called when I started and was very attentive. In a business like this, you know, one needs a man."

John Selwyn laughed. He was astonished to find how relieved he was.

"That's all very well," he said, "but I consider you've treated me shamefully.

"I have married him," said the young lady. "But I didn't know he was a widower."

"How should I?" he asked.

"Do you remember sitting in Richmond park one Sunday afternoon when that man—" she hesitated, and then called him by name—"a man and a girl? We all stared at one another rather strangely, and you told me afterwards that the man was your employer."

John Selwyn stood perfectly still.

"I remember," he said. "Go on."

"That was the girl—Miss Rathbone—who has done all this for me," madame declared, with tears in her eyes.

John Selwyn sat down in one of the padded chairs.

"Upon my word," he said, slowly, "in those days I used to admit that I couldn't understand life. I don't understand it now."

Late that afternoon he called at Berkeley Square. Miss Rathbone was at the gate. She was a pretty girl, with a soft, honeyed voice, and a certain self-possessed habit of sliding her lips. The girl was better than the young lady she had been, and he had missed her.

"I did not expect to see you here again," Mr. Selwyn, said. "Under the circumstances, I think perhaps you might have some sympathy, and I could not," he answered simply.

She gave a little start.

"Perhaps it was my father whom you wished to see?" she murmured.

"No," he answered. "It was you."

She came a few steps farther into the room. He saw then that she was paler than he had ever seen her. It was the beginning of trouble, this—the beginning of the end of things.

"I do not know," she said, "what you can have to say to me."

"You look tired!" he exclaimed, abruptly. "Won't you sit down?"

She hesitated and then obeyed him, sinking on to a couch with a little gesture of weariness.

"Madame," he said, "I have come to thank you for your kindness to the woman whom I was expecting to marry.

She looked at him for a moment without comprehension.

"I mean the young lady," he reminded her. "The girl who lives in Grosvenor street, whom you saw with me nine years ago in Richmond park."

She suddenly understood.

"It was she, then, who you spoke of in the park yesterday?"

"Of course," he answered. "I was going to marry her. It was only right. She and I were sufferers together. We belonged to the same world. My prosperity was to have been her prosperity. You know," he continued, with a sudden smile, "even among the lower orders, you can't sit in Richmond park with your head on a girl's lap for nothing."

"Were you going to marry her, but you didn't care," she said, in a broken voice.

"I certainly did not care," he admitted. "I think, the more I thought, coming so close to her, that I cared for anybody. I did not believe that there was any room in my life for that sort of thing. I must have been mistaken."

"It's horribly like the end of a story," she murmured.

"Not the end, sweetheart," he answered, lifting her close to him, "the beginning."

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 48)

low, lying so utterly still that Temple muttered:

"Dead! The shock has killed him!"

While Temple scrambled for his stick, Andregg held the small coal oil lamp on a table against the wall. The light revealed Andregg lying on his back face upward, his fists, like as white as death, the cold sweat still standing in glistening drops on his brow. Of the three men looking down on him it was Tom Blount alone who appeared to regard him with something akin to commiseration.

"Looks weak and hand,—and helpless," he said, staring in fascination.

"Looks harmless and—and broken.

Gateway stooped very close, making the breath from his nostrils meet the thin torrent of examinations of all that he could see. "Had a gun under his pillow," he said over his shoulder. "It fell behind the bed. I have no sure of it."

Meanwhile he evidently meant to make sure of other things. He began an immediate rummaging of the room, going through the clothes thrown unceremoniously hither and thither about there and the room, taking time to mark in what feverish manner the various things were ordered about the room. He dived a hand into pockets, kicked things out of his way, jerked drawers open and ransacked them hurriedly, yet expertly. He found the contents of a suitcase and peer'd into closets. Also during his questing back and forth there was at least one article which went into his own pocket.

He fell silent after the search and watched Andregg stonily. And when the unconscious man showed no signs of stirring Gateway lost patience and went for a glass of water which he flung into the white, haggard face. Andregg at last with a preliminary sigh returned to a world of consciousness and daily a moment, looking questioningly from face to face. Then the faintest flush stained his sallow cheeks and he reared up in bed.

Gateway stepped closer and thrust his face close down to Andregg's, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Andregg," came the word from the first word of that master who meant to dominate. The breadth of his words froze all in the room.

"You killed Herman Dicks. He was a friend of mine. You killed Mainwaring Parks."

"What?" screamed Andregg. "What do you mean, my lord?"

"I know what you mean," his eyes bright with fright. "I don't have to stand any third degree from you; you've no authority—"

Gateway laughed at him.

"So you know what the third degree is. We're going to have a heart to heart talk, you and me. I'm going to ask the questions. You're going to give the answers."

He turned away a moment to catch up a writing tablet on the table. He flopped it open, exposing a clean sheet of blank paper. This he put close to Andregg's evasive eyes.

"See that?" he demanded. "See it? Nothing on it. Nothing. You and I'm done with you it's going to be scrawled full and in your handwriting. Signed, too, in the presence of witnesses. A full and complete confession."

Andregg's teeth, sadly in need of decent, ordinary care, were exposed as his lips drew back, a snarl. Still he made no answer. For half a minute the tablet in his left hand and the right remained clenched, lifted a little, at his side.

"You killed Parks and Dicks." Parks for his money and, no doubt, for other purely personal reasons; Dicks because he stood in the way.

Gateway turned very still, listening intently. He spoke now, defending himself excitedly.

"You weren't here or you'd know that's impossible. Didn't I ran upstairs with the others when Parks called out?"

"So it was Parks then who yelled?"

cut in Gateway quickly. "No one seemed sure; I thought so, and you confirm it! Thanks. As for running upstairs with the others, well, times is times. The rest will swear that the first they saw of you was when you were down on both knees beside Parks' dead body."

Again Andregg stonily. He hitched his patched lips, pondered a long moment, then spoke again.

"While I was upstairs," he sneered, "it seems I was also downstairs, blowing open a safe!"

"Ah, there I've got you, you gallows bird! Oh, you had everything nice and ready: You had me off. You even had the house here for weeks, eh? And you knew what was up; that there'd be a fortune in jewels, and Parks would have nothing to do with it. So what do you do? While you are all alone here you go to work. You have your charge of powder all set down, and then along comes some sort of a little piece of carpentering; that explains the tools you had in your padlock."

"Then tell me," panted Andregg, his body shaken under his attempt at control, "why should I kill Parks if I was after what was in the safe? Why I
For years we ate oranges because we liked them. Then came the scientific discovery that orange juice supplies vitamins and minerals which everybody needs. Now we prize the orange as a health-builder as well as a delicious fruit.

For years good housewives have used Carnation Milk because it does such good cooking, takes the place of cream so acceptably and economically, and is such a convenience to have on hand.

And now comes the scientific discovery that this same milk is a wonderful milk for babies—that it is easier to digest than milk in any other form.

Some of the most eminent baby feeding specialists in America are now using Carnation Milk in preference to the finest bottled milk. They find that its heat-treated casein and finely divided or "homogenized" butter-fat are easily assimilated by the most delicate baby stomach.

Ordinary milk forms tough, solid curd-lumps in the stomach. Its coarse fat globules resist digestion. But clinical experience with thousands of babies has shown that Carnation Milk almost magically conquers these digestive handicaps of bottle-fed babyhood.

Besides, Carnation Milk has all the nutritiousness of pure whole milk.

For that is just what it is—not a "patent baby food"; just fine natural milk from "Contented Cows". Nothing is added—and concentration to double richness takes nothing out but part of the natural water.

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Carnation is safe milk, because it is sterilized and sealed air-tight. And wherever you get it, at whatever season, it is always the same in purity and richness, thus preventing the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality. It is the ideal milk for use, under your physician's direction, in any formula calling for whole milk.

To learn more about this super-digestible milk for babies, write for the Carnation Baby Book. To learn more about this better milk for cooking, write for the Carnation Cook Book by Mary Blake. Address your communication to Carnation Company, 459 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; or 559 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington; or Aylmer, Ontario.

**Cornstarch Puddings**

**CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE**
2 tbsp. cornstarch, 3 tbsp. sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 tsp. cornstarch, 1 tbsp. butter, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 tsp. vanilla.

Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 3.

**BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM**
2 tbsp. cornstarch, 1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1/2 tsp. vanilla, 1 tbsp. butter, 1 cup chopped dates, 1/2 cup whipped cream, 1 tbsp. vanilla.

Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with 1/4 cup cold water and stir until dissolved. Add 1 cup milk, 1 cup Carnation Milk, mix thoroughly and cook. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to vanilla. Chill. Serves 3.

**CHERRY PUDDING**
1/2 cup cornstarch, 1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1/2 tsp. vanilla, 1 tbsp. cherry juice, 1/4 cup brandy maraschino cherries, 1 cup confectioners' sugar, 2 egg whites.

Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the cherry juice, cherries, maraschino, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 3.

**from Contented Cows**

Simply perfect for all cooking
Try one of the recipes at the left. You will discover that Carnation does better cooking for the same reason that it is better for babies—because it is "homogenized." The butter-fat, instead of being in coarse fat globules as in ordinary milk, is ground up into tiniest particles and mixed evenly all through the milk. Hence the cream-smoothness and butter-richness of Carnation dishes.

Another thing—Carnation takes the place of cream in thousands of homes. Use it for coffee, fruits, and cereals—and cut your cream bill nearly two-thirds!
should blow up the safe when I was upstairs with the others, with no chance of anyone getting in the room."

"Ask him," put in Temple, "what it was he picked up on the bathroom floor."

GATEWAY allowed himself a chuckle.

"Don't have to ask; I know," he said, his eyes turned mockingly on Andegg's face.

Andegg started and stiffened at that, prickled by fresh alarm.

"You devil!"

"Think so before I'm through with you! I'm beginning to get you all round, Andegg-that-you-call-yourself! Oho, make you wiggle, do I? You've got your hand up in the rogues' gallery down in L. A., haven't you? Doctor? If you've been practising medicine, you'll find I have the coal for that. I don't recall your other moniker just now, but we'll get it in due course. Druggist, that's what you were before the ground began shifting under foot for you. Oh, you've got a record, and I'll get it in no time."

Andegg collapsed, falling back and covering his face with his hands. He trembled violently.

Gateway tipped a wink at the mystified Temple and Blount. Andegg was his frequent winze companion as much as to say, "I've got him where I want him, on the run with greased skids under him."

"Give me a drink of water," gasped Andegg lifting his white drawn face.

"I'll give you nothing," Gateway snapped, "unless it's a sweat in the jaw—or or or—oh, no. That's salt in the pot. That is, until you've spilled all you know. Then you can have your water by the gallon and anything else you ask for."

Andegg fiercely closed his eyes and fought with the tremors which threatened now to shake him from head to foot.

Gateway resumed, "I'll give you a choice. You can write your confession now, or an hour from now, if you want. At the most, the last hour, if you've lasted that long you'll have gone through a longer stretch of hell than I think you've got the nerve for. But don't count on your time and ignorance. That I've got the whip hand of you! Know what I mean, don't you?"

"I know."

The sergeant coughed under his hand.

Gateway whirled on him, snapping out: "If you haven't got the stomach for this, beat it! I don't need any help!"

AT THIS moment Paul Savoy burst in upon them, wild-eyed, face white and haggard.

"Who's here?" he demanded anxiously. Then, a glance about the room having answered for him, he exclaimed hurriedly: "Mr. Nemo! Where is he? Has anyone seen him?"

"Why, he went to bed hours ago," said Temple wonderingly. "You know—"

Savoy spun about and ran out, calling over his shoulder:

"Come with me! Hurry! For God's sake hurry!"

"What is it?" shouted Temple, and leaped forward.

From the hallway down which Savoy had sped came his troubled voice:

"Pray God it isn't murder again! And hurry!"

"Coming, Gateway?" demanded Temple, already at the door with Tom Blount at his heels.

"Any time you want me you'll find me right here."

They ran on, following Savoy. Temple's candle streaming amokily. Gateway pulled up a chair and sat down close, yet not too close, to Andegg's bed.

"I guess there'll be no more murders pulled in this shack," he said confidently, "as long as I've got eye on you."

But something of that confidence was shaken as Captain Temple came hurrying back, demanding:

"Our man Lawrence. His door's locked and we can't rouse him."

When they found Mr. Nemo's door locked, and the doorknob and lock had then and there called out and had no answer, the three stood looking fearfully into one another's eyes which shone strangely in the light.

"Foot! Fool!" stormed Savoy. And, understanding his own ambiguity, he elucidated only to the extent of adding: "Foot! Fool! I might have foreseen—where's an ax?"

HE WENT in haste, seeking an ax or hatchet, striking matches to light him on his way. In the kitchen he found both a candle and a broad bladed hand-ax.

"Stand back!" he commanded on returning.

"We're sure raising merry hell with Parkes' house," snorted the captain, and was the first through as the splintered door gave way.

The light but imperfectly illuminated an exquisite Kirman rug of soft gray with its tender pink bordering and its glowing roses; a silk-clothed table bearing a wreath and glassed cushiony chair and, at the far side of the room, an old four-poster bed. The bed coverings dragged the floor; the bed itself was haggard.

The three men hastened through the room to a further door, closed now, but discovered the second. There was no one there and they hurried on to still another closed door. It opened readily and they found themselves in the bedroom of an invalid, Mohun. And here, fast asleep, they found Mohun himself.

Savoy hastened to wake him while Temple turned back into Mr. Nemo's room seeking some detail to point to an explanation of his absence. First of all he came upon a broken glass, discovering it by the sound of crunching particles underfoot; the fragments lay scattered between the table and the empty bed.

The glass had fallen from the table's edge.

He sought on, not tarrying to read any message the broken glass might hold; the without doors was Temple's motto, and decipher them when you're time for it.

"I say, Blount," he called. "Look, he's went bed. He lay there some while with his lamp burning and smoked cigarettes, half a dozen of 'em; he had a drink or two, as witness the table drawn up handily and the glass that must have stood close by. Then, all of a sudden, he made up his mind. He jumped on his clothes—and sneaked out of the window!"

"If you've got all this right, sir," said Blount, his eyes round and bright with admiration and excitement. "You could call that roughneck Gateway in and teach him his own trade."

Clear as a crystal, Tom, said Temple earnestly, "trying to do you don't find 'em. Look now on the floor, under the window."

Blount looked.

"MELTED snow. He got the window open, and the wind whipped through it, and the snow on the floor, even the rug over yonder is damp. He went out, got his window shut—and has gone about his business, whatever that may be. He went fast and made no noise about it; even Mohun in the next room—I wonder if he's only playing possum? What Mr. Nemo does, I've a notion his right-hand man knows."

"His what, Mrs. Nemo?"

"What Mr. Nemo does, I've a notion his right-hand man knows."

"That's right, it makes no difference to me," snapped Temple. "I only know that that infernal blundering Savoy has happened to stumble just close enough to scare that rare white bird clean off."

"How's that, Captain?"

"You'll find somewhere, I tell you, and for reasons of his own. If we'd got an inkling of that and had watched for him, we might have learned something. Or perhaps he'll smash down his door, and he'll see that first of all when he comes sneaking in again. He will then realize that it's up to that devil of a story. He'll see it cooked up as a nice little lie by explanation. We'll get the lie, and that's all we'll get."

"But how did Savoy—"

"Sheer, guess work, blind luck," scoffed the other.

Now for the first time they heard Mohun's voice. Savoy had been awake and was firing questions at him. Temple and Blount passed back through the bath to lend their two pairs of incredulous ears to whatever Mohun might be of a mind to say.

Mohun, never so squat and ugly as yet, sat humped over on the edge of his bed, looking up at the trio with queer intentness.

"HOW does it happen that, while we battered a door down, you slept through it all?"

Mohun blinked and considered.

"You'll hear all about it when you've break—"

"A—breaking a door," he said at last. He picked his words carefully; an old infection gave him a foreign flavor, yet one not easily labeled. He paused to ponder, then emphasized his thought by remarking: "The other men, they sleep me.

But while he was making his contention those "other men" spoke for themselves, setting his argument at nought by leaping up to roundly abuse Blount.

"Laufer-Hirth and Will Little were first among them, the jeweler in an awkwardly donned overcoat and slippers, his face as large as a tortoise. He grunted and foreswore the Laneys; got his message down and bare feet, both startled and alarmed. Beyond them one saw the savoy-legged white-haired Filipino boys. And presently came McIntosh with a very business-like forty-five Colt in his hand.

"It—It's murder again!" moaned Little, eyes staring. "Oh, you'll see. This house—"

"Why should it be murder?" snapped Temple. "And wasn't it a dead man?"

"Where are the others?" whispered Will Little, eyes staring.

The newcomer among them, McIntosh, shouldn'tered forward then and demanded:

"What tipped you off that there was anything out of the way going on here? How'd you get the hunch to break into this room?"

"I'd been thinking," Savoy returned coolly. "I'd intended going to bed and to have a quiet little chat with myself as to what has happened since we came into this ill-starred house. I realized that the game wasn't played out with Parks and Dicky. What else could the essential, chief blow be struck? Where, indeed, if not at the man who carried with him the Flowers of Heaven?"

"But you heard what Mr. Nemo said," cried Mohun eagerly. "How he does not bring the jewl with him! It isn't the way he lied," said Savoy, and others nodded.

"YOU mean, Savoy?" asked Temple slowly, "that you think Nemo has been the victim of some sort of thing which happened to the others?"
Automobile Radio is Here

...and here's the RAY-O-VAC Autoradio Battery!

Radio sets for automobiles are an accomplished fact, now; and with their advent comes the problem of choosing a "B" battery that will stand up under the bouncing, pounding, and exposure to weather conditions that come to such a battery.

With this end in view, Ray-O-Vac engineers have pioneered a new type of radio "B" battery. The Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" battery is the result. Built with a case like a storage battery, tested under every conceivable condition of atmosphere and temperature, subjected to terrific tumbling and dropping tests, the Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" will give long, continuous, satisfactory service under the most exacting conditions.

There is literature that describes this new member of the Ray-O-Vac family in detail. Write for it today.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
Factory: Madison, Wis.   Sales Office: 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago

"Why isn't he here?" asked Savoy. "I wish I knew! But you don't mean that he's been murdered, his body disposed of—"

"Where is he?" asked Savoy stonyly. "He's right! Mr. Savoy's right!" came brokenly from Will Little. "It's murder! It's murder! Monsieur de Mogul, Monsieur de Mogul! They had me, and they're going to hang me!"

"Will you come to Wilczyński? The house of the Opal!" Confound you, Will Little!" roared Laufer-Hirth, shaking him in both channels. "Stop that nonsense! Stop it!"

"Let go of me!" cried his secretary hysterically. "You—you've got the curse of the devil in you! Go threw it into the fire; better, into the lake. Let it go down with dead men's bodies."

"Better get that guy to bed," he advised off-handedly. "He's all set to fly to bits."

"But, you're an evil place," continued Will Little, his voice sounding far away and thin. "The Opal; it vanished years ago when murders were committed here. It came back with other murders."

"And suddenly his tones strengthened and grew clear as he pleaded vehemently: "Oh, go throw the infernal thing into the lake."

After that they simply ignored him. McIntosh observed that right there was the pinch for Grimsby. "The Gateway's an ass," muttered Paul Savoy. "If he were of any account he'd be here, while the trail is hot."

"I tell you, that's what I've been thinking," answered Savoy curtly. "Did you notice how Nemo stepped in when at the table I was set making Andregg confess with that thin voice? How he Nemo whirled in his car? And how, later, they had their secret conference and Nemo then declared:

"'Oho! So it's Nemo and Andregg, working together?'

"Well, and why not? I've felt all along that they're two in one job. Andregg's one, for certain. From what I know—know, mind you—of this mysterious Mr. Nemo, I wouldn't put it beyond him to be the second of the duo."

"What in the world are we to do?" asked Laufer-Hirth.

SAVOY laughed aloud and rubbed his hands. "What's so funny?" snapped Temple. "I am afraid at first that we'll find the most excellent Mr. Nemo dead in his bed, returned Savoy. "Now we know that he's true to that, that he's alive and well, without a doubt. But I very much suspect that he has lost his Flower of Heaven— By the way," eyes twinkling, "you've remembered all the while that most conveniently located house on the lake shore nearby?"

"I have that, and I don't need reminding, thanks. And McIntosh and I are on our way there just as soon as we can get there ourselves. If Nemo has gone that way—and where else could he have gone—there'll be his track from the water's edge through the snow."

"Exactly. Well, good hunting. But, lest you should miss it in the dark, I'll tell you of something. Of course you won't find any tracks in the snow at the other end. But, if you look carefully, you'll see a pier on the shore, and you'll find a steel cable reaching for it to the house itself..."

Temple gasped, then cried softly: "How do you know?"

"I asked the Filipino boys if there was anything proper dressed. If Nemo has gone that way—there'll be his track through the water's edge through the snow...

"And they told me there was."

"Why, that cable may explain everything.

"No; I'm afraid the cable's no good, Captain. And so," with a queer flicker of his eyes, "I give it to you."

Savoy looked intently at Mohun. "Shall we have a little talk now?" he invited.

Mohun stood stiff and solid.

"Me, I must think," he observed gravely.

"Good!" cried Savoy. "That's man's work. Sit down here where it's warm. I'll join you—at thinking. And, while the Captain Electrolyse what Mr. McIntosh emulates arctic explorers, maybe we, here, can get forward with this pretty puzzle."

"What will Paul Savoy and Mohun this in to the solution of this enthralling mystery? What will Captain Temple discover about the cable? Where is Nemo, dead or alive? Don't miss the remainders of the installment of Thirty and One in the July Radio Digest.

Real Home Making
(Continued from page 75)

Wherever you look in the new Home-Makers' studios, you see evidence of a design set. The long reception halls, walls are decorated with colorful and amusing French and Chinese prints, correctly framed and hung. Joan Barrett will tell you that it's quite a pride that not one of these pictures cost more than a dollar, including the frame, and, even nicer, she'll tell you where you can duplicate them. There is that.

There are fascinating details enough to satisfy the eagle eye of the most ardent home-maker. In the main, for the average house of middle-sized drapes are hung from decorative wrought-iron fixtures that look like medieval spears; in the kitchen there is the usual cabinet for pots and pans beneath and dishes above, but this one attains the proportions of a piece of fine furniture because it has open shelves, just like an old Dutch dresser.

The walls of the ultra-modern living room are hung with monk's cloth to take the place of wallpaper. But it is a very particular kind of monk's cloth, manufactured especially for the Radio Home-Makers by an enthusiastic South Coast manufacturer and Mrs. Allen speak about the new studies. The material is very soft and pliable of a blue and silver checked design, which harmonizes beautifully with the blue and silver painted furniture. The most unusual detail of this room is the silver stenciled picket fence to the floor border, an original decorative note of Mrs. Allen's invention, carried out by Joan Barrett.

Of course, the room that most intrigues my feminine heart is the combination boudoir and bedroom, from which the talk and health are broadcast. It is of an intimate size, unlike the other rooms which are, very large, really. The walls are hung in its green and yellow color scheme. The window treatment is unusual and effective—yellow celery phone is pulled out tautly of the central pair in the modern cross-cross style, while green and yellow monk's cloth fashion the tie-back drapes. The thing that "sold" the room to me, however, is the palest yellow organza spread on the green wooden bed. It fits smoothly on top over a thin silk foundation and beneath the finly corded edges it hangs around the boxes and pillows. I'm not good at describing such things, but I assure you it is just like a lovely daffodil that may be yellow, red, or white, but "ash can" square on the roof. It totally

Radiographs
(Continued from page 57)
tice and less play, and, besides, in less than a week's time the goat died. It was the fault of My Rosary. And when the goat was buried with honors and solemn ceremony and sung over all the children of the neighborhood little Joe cried and refused to sing or to let them sing what had been his favorite song, My Rosary.

The second and third time that the Silver Masked tenor sang My Rosary, he was on his way to France to spoil a pleasant evening that the children had spent in the church. His voice had settled into a rich tenor under the guidance of Charles B. and W. A., former students to Queen Victoria, who had become White's teacher, and Joe was in the army and called upon to sing in the magnificent manner of the famous 37th Division. In this outfit his buddy was Judson House also, today a famous tenor soloist.

Their transport ship was the Pocahontas. When halfway across, the doughboys insisted on a concert. Joe White could sing, and Judson House would play the piano. So on the program was My Rosary. Nobody knew whether it was the song that really got a German submarine down or it was planning to attack anyway. At any rate, the concert was informally postponed. The tradition chose to repel submarines instead.

Later the same day, they tried again to stage the concert. Once again Judson House played the opening bars of My Rosary, and Joe White sang the first few notes. Again a submarine popped up.

The fourth and last time they tried My Rosary was in Beauval, France. A German plane flew over the sector and disappeared. The Americans grabbed a Zephyr and "ash can" square on the roof. It totally
On the Air or Off the Air—
Hear Them Whenever You Wish!

LISTED below are some of the many Columbia artists whose names and fame are household words in millions of radio-loving homes. Some of them are your favorites. You’re sorry when their program ends, you anticipate their next appearance. Lots of times you’d like to hear them when they’re off the air. And you can! Columbia records enable you to hear any or all of these artists when you want to, where you want to, and for as long as you want to—each exactly “like life itself.”

**Ted Lewis and His Band**
Constantly sought for broadcasts, but as yet too busy in Keith-Albee circuit, musical comedy, and Warner Bros. films.

**Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra**
Old Gold Hour  
N. B. C.

**Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians**
Robert Burns Hour  
C. B. S.

**Ben Selvin and His Orchestra**
Wahl Pencil Hour  
Kolster Hour  
Beginning Feb. 1st—  
DeVoe & Reynolds Hour  
C. B. S.

**James Melton**
Seiberling Singers  
Palm Olive Hour  
N. B. C.

**Ipana Troubadours**
Ipana Hour  
N. B. C.

“Magic Notes”

*New Process*

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY  
1818 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
wrecked the impromptu concert hall. Nobody was hurt, but Joe White swore never to base it on My Rosary again.

Obviously, Radio had no worries for Joe White when he got back to America. His was the first voice picked up by the CBS, and he landed from the States, when one of his concerts over WEAF was heard clearly in London in 1935. Then the Goodrich company went on the air, White was picked as the outstanding radio soloist to grace their program.

The "Silver Mask" idea was Philip Carlin's, announcer of the program in its early days. One night, while on the air, Carlin was about to play every aspect of the trouser, "All the instruments are of silver," said Carlin, "Even the drum has silver drumsticks embedded in it. So does the air.

He is a man of mystery; no one knows who he is!" Next day the mails brought 10,000 letters of inquiry. The singer has been the "Silver Masked Tenor" ever since.

The original performers were heard over NBC networks every week until October, 1937. Since then, they have toured the entire country in vaudeville— with their names in electric lights in all the big cities.

And now Joe White, the Silver Masked tenor, is back on NBC programs.

ROSALINE GREENE is a school teacher. She is also an author and dramatist. By the age of eight, she had a little family of athletes. Three of her brothers are champions, and she managed the boys' track team at high school.

She got her Bachelor's degree at New York State Normal College for Teachers at Albany with the strangest honors ever conferred upon an embryo schoolma'am. Miss Greene finally took the pesky uniform and degrees and honors, but the unexpected rank of First Lady of Radishland.

Between classes she stole away to don grease paint and make-up, and played in the stock company at Proctor's in Albany, and in Troy. Classmates and pupils of the high school found the star of their drama department in the seventh grade. Miss Greene has been Miss America's personal property from the moment she first appeared in the Broadway stage or the little red school house to fall back on only in case of need.

Since her successes in the Eveready hour, Miss Greene has signed a contract with the NBC artists service to play only in dramatic broadcasts through National Broadcasting company networks. She is now featured frequently in programs ranging from pure melodrama to the straightest of plays. The RCA hour, the fantastic Sketches of the Silver Flute and the straight productions of NBC's miniature theaters.

Meanwhile Rosaline Greene keeps her snug apartment near Riverside Drive and Columbia University, where she comes to rest between writing for further Radio plays of her own. She rides in Van Cortlandt park, and does a little slapping game of tennis, under the expert direction of her brother. Another brother, who holds swimming records, supervises her ocean dips near the family home on Long Island.

For traveling between the NBC studios on Fifth avenue and her uptown apartment, she rides the subway. "Every trip means a new idea," she says.

Planning Boy's Room

"It's a good idea. But you need a scholar of the type I am, to have the knowledge to do it just right, and the patience to do it to the letter."

And thus we reach the situation in which we find ourselves at the time of this writing. The Hunters.

HAVING dismissed the alligator he turned his attention to the island, scanning the top, and leaped stick after stick as he said half to himself, "I'll bet a cookie, if I look me right, it's more bea- tiful, for you will surely find some suggestions that are applicable to your own particular problem."

The Hunters

(Continued from page 19)

leg, stating it is stronger. He also ad- vised they be finished in black and gold, as there was nowhere else in the home. The table and chairs cost $155, unfinished, which does seem ex- pensive, but is said it is too much for such beautiful pieces. The stove is black and old ivory and the refrigerator ivory, faucets and soap dish at sink are black. I am puzzled. Will you please help me?"

"It seems to me that the merchant's logic is not all it should be, for the furni- ture that is bought for use in the breakfast room is not going to be trans- ferred to any other section of the house. If it is to be in the living place, then surely it will stay there and not go wandering about. With the green walls and floor in the kitchen I believe your own incli- nations will be taken into account. Paint the table and chairs a rich, warm ivory and trim them with green, a fairly deep green, just between wall and floor color. You can use some of the black and gilt for pats of green on the chairs if you like."

"For curtains for the two windows why not get one of the very smart modern designs in a semi-glazed chiffon or percale, something combining ivory and green. I'd get them with eyelet trim. I think need not necessarily include green. If the coral color is not too dominant the curtains might be edged with that same tone. You can expect the window par- titions to have a fine line of green on the edge will do the trick. Colorful china, black glass if you like, or the very popular combination of black and crystal will add a bit of sparkle to the decor."

"As to the respective merits of gateleg or butterfly table, I think one is just as strong as the other. It is a matter of individual preference. In any case the butterfly table looks heavier and is more comfortable because there are no extra legs to get in the way. On the other hand the table is a bit more difficult to keep neat and is seldom clumsy looking. Decide which one you like best and go ahead."

In the kitchen is a little black stool, which would give a smart appearance and be a great convenience as well. Ask your lady."

"They are all interesting and very quotable. The question seem to be is more important than a comfortable, livable room? Listen in and learn all you can."

He chuckled softly and confessed: "I'm no adventurer— or devil— hate to be beaten with stones— anything less than a stumbling block.

"I'm no adventurer— or devil— hate to be beaten with stones— anything less than a stumbling block.

"I was looking for something to make the car look better than teaching school. But she completed her studies, "just in case," and meanwhile joined the stock troupe for additional experience. She was quite uniformly embarrassed every time a classmate or instructor commented on her striking resemblance to the new leading lady.

The year of her graduation she was feted at the Radio World's Fair in New York. She was presented with the silver cup as the possessor of "America's most perfect Radio voice." She left the WGY program and the microphones of metropolitan stations.

Lee Shubert personally called upon "the perfect voice," and offered her the lead in his new musical production of "Great Price at the Century theatre. She tried it for a while, but at the end of two months had made her decision. Radio should be her life's work. Will she be heard on the Broadway stage or the little red school house to fall back on only in case of need.

Since her successes in the Eveready hour, Miss Greene has signed a contract with the NBC artists service to play only in dramatic broadcasts through National Broadcasting company networks. She is now featured frequently in programs ranging from pure melodrama to the straightest of plays. The RCA hour, the fantastic Sketches of the Silver Flute and the straight productions of NBC's miniature theaters.

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Planning Boy's Room

(Continued from page 58)
Do you know the thrill of luncheon on some high mountainside, with miles and miles of pine forests spread out at your feet, and the keen breeze of six thousand feet ruffling your hair? Come and hike with us ... up a winding trail through the clouds, to a meadow gay with wild flowers, where the air is always bracing, and the sunshine always bright!

Glacier Park—on the main line of the Great Northern—or perhaps you prefer the Puget Sound country, where Mount Baker, wreathed in eternal snow, gazes at old Rainier. Then there’s the Columbia River region, with Mount Hood brooding over the fat valleys; or Alaska, maybe . . . .

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"I'm only forty-four," Bodet replied. "What's to become of me if I begin letting go at that age? You show me the way over."

IT WAS clear that the answer pleased Dorman much. He beamed satisfaction at his companion, then surveyed the water.

"Guess one way over is as good as another. The water's shallower up there"—pointing to where a ridge of somewhat higher ground ran between mainland and island, as one could see because the rushes were thick all the way across. "But if you got less water up there you'd get more mud. I'd rather go in the open. In hot weather there's likely to be quite a few mosquitoes in a place like that. Probably wouldn't see any now; but there's bog holes—nasty walking. Best way's to plug right across in the open."

With that the man who was no longer very active stepped off into the muddy water, feeling ahead with his stick. They went slowly, their feet clogged with mud, the water finally rising to their hips. Two-thirds of the way over they saw a man standing in the brush ahead peering at them. His color indicated a fraction of negro blood. He was a stoutish man with thick lips, in overalls and calico shirt; his aspect inhospitable.

"Ought to have a boat here," Dorman sang out to him; "good place for a ferry line."

Helter, beating tortuously through the woods, heard that hail. He thought he had got turned around again, for as he had it in his mind the location whence the voice came should be the water side and it did not occur to him that anybody would be speaking from the water. Silently cursing, he toiled toward the sound and gained the brush on the bank of the lake in time to see Dorman and Bodet climbing up the farther shore. They had left their coats in the car, wearing only overalls, dark shirts and caps. There was no mistaking the two figures; and sweaty Helter cursed again. If he had got there a minute and a half earlier he would have had a fair target at a range of two hundred yards, and he was now exasperated enough to take a considerable chance on getting away. But the two figures were disappearing into vegetation on the other bank.

Helter didn't know that the land over there was an island. It seemed to him that the mysterious business on which the men were bent was carrying them farther into the woods. This jungle was a wonderful place for hiding and getting away; five yards in any direction would take a man completely out of sight. He must get near enough for a shot while Bodet was still in the woods. That was in his mind as he peered across the muddy water. Then a movement on the opposite bank, some distance away, drew his attention, and his eyes bulged.

THE 'gator on the mud bank had lifted his head and looked around. Finally his primitive nerves had received an impression that something or other, which might be inimical, was troubling the water and making a noise. Helter, turning his eyes in that direction, saw a big skinny form, with fraser's, sliding smoothly into the lake. There was hardly a ripple. As Helter stared, popped-eyed, something like a big piece of bark came to view on the surface of the water—a nose, a long strip like the top of an old log, then two eyes under penthouses. In a moment the apparition sank. Helter's flesh crept. He looked up and down, and, off to the left, saw the belt of rushes between island and mainland. That would be a place to get across.
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It meant beating back some distance through the woods, for he was already below the crossing; but there was no help for it. On his own ground he had sufficient nerve, but not for anything would he have walked more into the water where that fearsome, scaly shape had disappeared. Besides, if he tried to cross here and they should happen to look out from the opposite shore he would be in plain view. Desperately he turned to toil back through the tangle of tough, impeding, prickling things, twisting this way and that to find a path.

At length, perspiring, he came to the belt of rushes. It was a repulsive place — hummocks of dank earth sticking up through the muddy water, overgrown with reeds taller than his head. He hung on the Bank of a tree whose roots were half exposed, staring at it, his face puckered with revulsion. By now a great rage possessed him as though the man whom he followed had been malignantly tormenting him by these impediments—all so utterly novel to him. He felt as though he had got into a kind of hell where everything conspired to harass and retard and wrinkle him.

He sucked in his lips, stepped over to a hummock, poised and sprang for another. It gave way like dough under his feet and he slid off, floundering into a boggy hole. The half way from his knees to his thighs, his feet sinking far into the mud. He could feel its soggy grasp on his ankles, like a formless hand dragging him down.

The mishap shook his nerves. An instant later he saw a sudden stir of the water, off to the right, as though something moved below the surface. His flesh shrank as though teeth were already fastening in his leg. He lunged forward and scrambled up on a hummock, first on his knees in the mud, then on his feet, and as he got to his feet he drew a heavy automatic pistol, dead black, the butt sticking out beyond the handle. A little later he wiped his brow with his left hand, his fingers trembling slightly, his nervous eyes glistening.

He was quite unreasonable now—panicly; but subconsciously trying to get his nerves untangled. Men he would have faced with courage—but these loathy, crawling, scaly things! With despair, he wished he had never undertaken this, even for three thousand dollars net and upon a command.

Then a narrow depth opened within him and he felt an access of hate such as he had not known before; thirsting to kill this man. Killing became a sort of necessity, like breathing. To do it any way—fire point blank at five paces and trust to luck—anything to kill him. For he charged all his perturbation up to Bodet.

It seemed that he had been in the woods for hours, toiling back and forth. To gain this reedy cover he had gone nearly a mile from the place where Bodet and Dorman had waded straight across—slow water, too, with all the twisting and doubling and climbing over obstacles. Bodet might get away from him unless he hurried. Quite unreasonable, like a drunken man, gun in hand, he lunged forward, climbing, wading, mud clogged, suffocated in the rushes, always with nervous eyes alert for an alligator or snake. He got across and reached out to a hanging limb by which to help himself up on the muddy bank.

Then something long and brown moved on the bank under his eyes, swiftly forked, if into a coil, a diamond shaped head erect at the front, with darting tongue; a tail erect, oscillating briskly. There was a sound as of dried peas shaken in a box. Helter had

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Earned $500 Extra Money in Two Months
Your radio course has enabled me to earn over $500 in two months part time work. Understand that I am in the same class work as the average person when starting in the business. I have not kept all the credit for what I have done because I know had not been for R. T. I. I would not have been in a position to get this job. Four schools, 353-42 Greenlawn, N. Y., Box 32.

Salary Raised 33.1% Since Enrolling
You may be interested to know that I am now receiving the management fee for St. Anthony Radio Co., who are distributing several American Radio lectures through the broadcast medium. This is a big increase over what I was paying 14 months ago, so I am very well pleased.

Making $25 a Day
During this Christmas season I have been able to make as much as $250 per day. I was able to get extra work from the St. Anthony radio which was all sparsely paid. I am now making $25 per hour at $250 per day, which is over $500 per month. I have decided to stay in the business because it is so profitable. I have been able to make as much as $250 a day since I started with R. T. I. My电台 was in the National and the Women's World. I have been able to pay my rent and have $25 per day to spend. This is a good business and I'm glad I joined R. T. I.

RADIO & TELEVISION INSTITUTE
Dept. 28-A, 4806 St. Anthony Court, Chicago
Send me Free and prepaid your BIG BOOK "Tune In on Big Pay" and full details of your three-in-one Home Training (without obliging me in any way).

Name
Address
City______________________________ State______________________________

Hallucinations: None
always seen one before but he knew it was a rattlesnake, under his eyes. He leveled his weapon and fired quickly at the head. The snake leaped in a horrible convulsion, writhing and bleeding, and slipped off into the muddy water. But that shot! In the solitude it had roared like a crack of doom.

Helter cursed anew. Of course they would have heard that shot. Everything within a mile must have heard the roar; and after all he might have leaped back, out of the snake’s reach, without shoot- ing. Of course he must get away from the spot where his presence had been so advertised as quickly as possible. With that idea, helped by the limb, he sprang to the bank and lunged into the tangled brush, gun in hand, ready, peering ahead with nervous, glistening eyes and dripping with perspiration. He was immediately going, vines and branches impeding him, so that he had no free movement of his arms and legs was lunched at it desper- ately, seething with unspoken curses.

The ground seemed clear to the left. He pushed that way. Then through the thickest screen of underbrush he saw a man in the little clearing; a dark, stoutish man with thick lips, in overalls and calico shirt, whose aspect at once ap- peared in Helter’s eyes as a deadly automatic pistol. Helter’s right hand moved upward. A pistol shot again rang again in the still air.

FOLLOW the gangsters hunting.

The Hunter in foreign territory.

These adventures, with many thrilling details, will be concluded in the July Radio Digest.

Youth and Pep at WACO

T. E. JENNINGS and his WACO staff orchestra have gone over with a bang in Waco. Their pep, and unfail-

ing music has made this a very popular dance orchestra, and when the placards go out “Music by Ted Jennings and his WACO Staff Orchestra—that poppy bunch in person”—the crowd is assured.

One of the featured entertainers on WACO is Sammie Knox and his ma-

rchipher. He is able to get more and better music out of his ma-

rimba than any youngster has any right to expect he can do; this marimba furnishes a musical background for all announcements on the station—Sammie taking up the melody of the number just finished and playing it softly while the announcer talks. Then as the next mu-

sical number begins he fades out. Sam-

mie’s “ear-to-ear” grin is the studio cor-

ora.

“Time to hit the air!” is the cry that goes up in the studio when Howard Simons walks in; he always gets there and begins tuning his banjo, just ten seconds before time to hit the air. He is the studio clock. Never was he to over ten seconds early, so his ar-

ival heralds the approach of the open-

ning announcement. Si is one clever banjoist, and plays a mandolin in his own time without.”

Louie Burns, he of the smart little mustache and shiekish atmosphere, is not only a mighty trumpeter but also has the gift of turning heads. His face is a study in itself, and you will see this $3.00 Unicef, and one on hand, and will send this $3.00 Unicef.

The Huntress.

Telephone

Bitterroot

2100

FOR JULY—Many big things in the way of Special Features and Fiction—Don’t miss this issue of Radio Digest.
Radio's continued amazing growth and new uses of Radio principles is opening hundreds of fine jobs every year. Broadcasting Stations, Radio Dealers, Jobbers and Manufacturers, Shipping Companies, Aviation, Talking Movies, Research Laboratories and many other sources of good jobs need men well trained in Radio continually. Besides, there are almost unlimited opportunities for a profitable spare time or full time Radio business of your own. Many of my graduates have jumped from $25, $35 and $40 a week to $50, $60, $75 and even $100 a week within a year or less. My book proves this.

I Will Train You Inexpensively And At Home In Your Spare Time

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me part of your spare time. I will give you the training that is raising hundreds of men's salaries every year. I feel so sure that I can satisfy you that I will agree in writing to refund every cent of your tuition fee if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you finish my course.

Many Make $10 to $30 a Week Repairing Sets In Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I will show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood. Nearly every one of the twelve million Radio sets in use needs $2 to $10 servicing a year. Get some of this money for yourself. I will show you how to do it. I will give you the plans and ideas that are making $200 to $1,000 for many of my students while they are taking my course.


It tells you where the good Radio jobs are, what they pay, how you can fit your self right at home in your spare time to get into Radio. It tells you about the many extra services and materials that the National Radio Institute gives its students and graduates; Lifetime Employment Service and other features. It shows you what others who have taken my course have done—and making what they think of it. There is no obligation. Send the coupon today.

J. E. Smith, Pres., Dept. OFQ National Radio Institute Washington, D. C.

Clipped and mailed this coupon today:

J. E. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. OFQ, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:—Send me your book “Rich Rewards in Radio.” I want the facts on the opportunities in Radio and your revised and improved course. I understand this does not obligate me and that no agent will call.

Name........................................

Address......................................

City........................................State.

Have you read my new book giving an outline of National Radio Institute's improved training in Radio? If you haven't, send for your copy today. No matter what kind of a job you may have in the Radio industry now, unless you are at or near the top, I believe my training can help you get ahead much more quickly and make a still better job. However, I'll let you decide that for yourself after you have read my book—just let me show you what I have to offer. Many others in Radio—amateurs, spare time and full time service men, Radio dealers, fans, custom set builders—have found the way to more profit and more money through this course. You will find letters from them in my book.

See What I Offer Those Who Are Now Or Who Want To Be Service Men

While my course trains you for all branches of Radio—I am also giving extensive, thorough and practical information on servicing different models and makes of A, C, D, C, battery operated and screen grid tube sets. Atwater Kent models, Crosley, Zenith, Majestic, Stewart-Warner, Radiola, Eveready, and many other makes are covered. This information is of special help—of real money making value—to those who are now service men or those who want to be service men. This part of my training, however, is only one of 18 features that I am offering men and young men who want to get good jobs in the Radio industry—or who are in Radio and want to advance. Even though you may have received information on my course before, unless you have gotten my new book as pictured above, write to me again—see how N.R.I. has grown and improved, too. While my training has been enlarged and revised—my course is not new or untied. Hundreds of men in Radio owe their success and larger income to it. Send the coupon today.
NO SKEEEAWW? BZZXOWW?!! XS
with good connections

Simplex Electric Soldering Iron

This chisel tip is only 5/16" in diameter. Especially adapted to radio work and general odd jobs about the home or home workshop. No. 847L9 ($2.75) is 55 watts. No. 819L9 ($3.25) is 95 watts.

DXers, radio experts and leading set builders solder connections this EASIER way. Send for free literature.

WHAT a world of difference a perfect soldering job makes! No other soldering irons have the famous CALROD heating element, practically indestructible — developed in the General Electric House of Magic. It insures direct application of heat to the removable, slender, copper chisel tip — SPEED — and correct heat to insure solid, strong, quiet contacts.

Accept the judgment of radio experts and leading set manufacturers. There are soldering irons galore available; but for years Simplex has proved its leadership in speed, perfect balance, quality and convenience. Accept no iron but a Simplex. If your regular dealer does not have Simplex, mail the coupon and by return mail we'll give you the name of a nearby dealer who does. Or send money order and the iron you select will be sent postpaid at once, satisfaction guaranteed.

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Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.,
5650 West Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me literature on Simplex radio soldering irons and name of nearest dealer.

Send Simplex soldering iron(s), Cat. No. Voltage Money order for $ enclosed.

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To equal the beauty, speed, efficiency of this Thor Agitator Washer

[New! Jumbo Wringer Rolls—No Increase in Price]

Price only $99.75*

*Slightly higher in Canada, the Rocky Mountain area and the West

LOOK at this remarkable new Thor now offered at only $99.75. A price you must consider, in justice to yourself, before you decide to buy any washer. You’ll pay $30 to $60 more to equal its beauty, speed and efficiency.

The ripple-green tub is baked porcelain enamel inside and out. It’s as easy to clean as a china dish. Note the trim, stream-like design of the entire machine. In every respect, here is a washer that has never been matched for sheer beauty.

A marvel of speed and efficiency
Yet the beauty and durability of this Thor washer are by no means the only reasons why thousands of women have chosen it in preference to all others. Its agitator principle of washing makes it a marvel for speed and thoroughness. In from 5 to 7 minutes a tubful of clothes is washed to sparkling whiteness—with shirt cuffs and collars completely clean. Yet it washes with gentle kindness to clothes. New jumbo wringer rolls prevent damage to buttons.

See it in action!
Thor dealers everywhere are now demonstrating this remarkable washer. See it in action. Compare it with any other washer at any price. See your Thor dealer at once. Or send the coupon at right for beautifully illustrated booklets. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

Attachment Rotary Ironer only $49.50*

The Thor Attachment Rotary Iron as illustrated, to fit any Thor Washer, enables you to convert your Thor Washer to a speed ironer in 30 seconds. Only $49.50.* With the Thor Agitator Washer as illustrated, $149.25.* Agitator Washer with Monel metal tub, $129.50.* Thor Cylinder Washer for larger families, $175.*

From washer to ironer in 30 seconds

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THE CURIO PRESS, INC. CHICAGO
WILL ROGERS
Takes Mike in Hand

Pinch Hitting for
FLOYD GIBBONS
By H. I. Phillips

E. Phillips Oppenheim . . . Dana Gatlin . . . Will Payne
FOR more than a century French Lick Springs in the colorful Cumberland foothills has been the rendezvous of health- and pleasure-seekers. Comparing favorably with the most famous European spas, it adds to the advantages bestowed by Nature, the comforts and conveniences of modern metropolitan hotel life.

The Indians first realized the curative properties of the now-famous French Lick spring water. As the reputation of Pluto Springs grew, the number of visitors who came to enjoy its benefits increased, and the Hotel was built to meet their needs. Today, French Lick is America’s foremost spa!

Nor is it any longer necessary to carry away the invigorating waters as was the custom years ago—Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the Springs—and available all over the world, makes it possible for you to receive its beneficial effects wherever you may be.

Now is the time to renew your vitality in the glorious air of the Cumberlands! Take the rejuvenating mineral baths—enjoy the varied sports. Play excellent golf on two uncrowded 18-hole courses. Ride horseback along shady woodland trails—play tennis—hike in the foothills or simply relax in the sun.

A few weeks here—or even a few days—will make a new person of you!

French Lick is easy to get to, but hard to leave. Quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Write or wire for reservations.

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FRENCH LICK, INDIANA

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H. J. FAWCETT, Manager

HOME OF PLUTO WATER
Now... The FLORSHEIM Shoe FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

THE charm of this new and very fashionable line of feminine footwear offers a most pleasing complement to the wardrobe of the well dressed woman—and combined with the refinement and recognized style authority of THE FLORSHEIM SHOE is the added comfort of the Feeture Arch, an exclusive principle that brings most enjoyable comfort to every foot. Regular FLORSHEIM dealers will soon be displaying this new line—for the Woman Who Cares.
CONTENTS
SPECIAL ARTICLES

WALTER DAMROSCH—Considers Radio the greatest device of the age to carry music culture to the millions. Interviewer describes his daily life and personal characteristics.

WILL ROGERS TAKES MIKE IN HAND—Chews gum, pinches his nose, scratches his head and sweats before a mike—but gets his stuff across in a natural way.

AMOS 'N ANDY JOIN THE SHOW—Joe Evers, who was first to enroll negro comics in professional entertainment, tells interviewer how it happened.

PINCH HITTIN' for FLOYD GIBBONS—H. L. Phillips, famous columnist for the New York Sun, describes his reactions when asked to relieve war correspondent at mike.

SUCH IS FAME—Cartoonist recreates those in the Radio limelight, and ticks off his pen.

SEEING THINGS BY RADIO—New York correspondent of Radio Digest visits a television theatre and tells what he sees.

OLD HOME WEEK—Veteran Radio Editor and Announcer Bill Hay meets in Dutch Room of Hotel WMAQ La Salle, and tells old story of game for a memory chat.

TALKIES TAKE THE AIR—Picture stars who were diffident about broadcasting a few years ago are now rushing for Big Time on the Air.

FAIR OF THE AIR—Album of charming feminine Radio stars who delight the eye as well as the ear.

RADIO TAKES A RIDE—Colonel Taylor relates some of the advantages of motoring—observation of the pitfalls.

SMALL STATION, BIG PURPOSE—An account of Station WHBY, Green Bay, Wisconsin, which is becoming famous as a power for entertainment and civic betterment.

FICTION

The EXPERIMENT of STEPHEN GLASK—Can a mere ironmonger meet a lady social who's fated to be squelched? Mr. Glask certainly did his best.

INCOMPATIBLE—The author gives this one word to the story of a man and wife who drifted apart only to find that the word was more of chimera than an insoluble fact.

THE CABIN'S SECRET—She had a dream that led her to her father's deserted cabin in search of a will.

HUNTING THE HUNTERS—Helter and Colseum, two Chicago gunmen strike many snags in following an intended victim into a Florida jungle.

THIRTEEN AND ONE—Can the dead return to life on this earth? Mysterious development takes place in the storm-bound house with its odd guests at Lake Tahoe.

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Illustrations by Joseph L. Salo
Illustrations by C. J. Gatlin
Illustrations by W. J. D. Keenert
Illustrations by Dudley Chinery Summers

YOU probably know Yvonne Larue of KYA as Babs of the team of Toby and Babs in the tri-weekly lively episode "College Days." She was graduated from the University of Washington and is said to retain a good deal of the co-ed spirit.

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Diamond Award Contest Brings New NOMINATIONS AND VOTES
From Enthusiastic Readers—Everywhere

THEY ARE beginning to come in now with a vengeance—the nominations and votes for favorite artists, announcers and programs in the Meritum Diamond Award Contest as announced in the April issue of Radio Digest. From 185 nominations announced last month, the number has jumped to 256 at the present, and the end is a long, long way off. The pile of letters which accompanied the ballots lies on the desk before us, and we should like to read every one of them to you here on this page; save that the exigencies of time and space prevent.

Running through those which lie on top of the pile, one is able to get an idea of the extreme diversity which has prevailed in the voting—diversity as to the type of artist or program voted for, and diversity as to the motivation for voting for them. For here is a gratifying fact: The majority of voters in casting their ballots gave the reasons for their choice! Already—and the contest is just beginning—there seems to be hardly a nook or corner of this wide land which has not a Radio favorite of some kind and wants to vote for him, her or it!

Picking up the first letter, we find that Al. Walker, Birmingham, Ala., entertains not the least doubt in his mind (and there are many who agree with him) that Coon Sanders and his Nighthawks are champion entertainers of all time.

"I wish you much success, Coon!" says Mr. Walker, "for you have worked hard to become the success you are. . . You are doing more for mankind than can be explained. You'll get every vote I can corral for you!"

"The delightful humor of Joe and Vi," writes Algira Truska of 196 New York Avenue, Newark, N. J., "is unapproached by that of any other comedian or comedienne, regardless of fame, fatuousness or frivolity. With so many artists and programs, it is hard to make a selection of a favorite dramatist, humorist or musician. BUT, in the case of Joe and Vi it is different: when such boisterous facetiousness is conveyed into our homes through the medium of Radio, and with such a predominant abundance of unusual predicaments so compatible and appealing to our avarice for unique amusement, they must 'receive such typical and applicable laudations as these.'" (Whoa!) Reduced to the least common denominator one would rather guess that

the writer of that letter likes the artists in question—Joe and Vi. And there are lots of others who do, too.

Gene and Glenn on WTAM are the ideal entertainers of the Radio world for Mrs. Frank Rehberg, Maybey, Michigan. In voting for the Willy and Lilly, the KMOX stars of St. Louis, Charles H. Foley, 5303 Landsdowne Ave., Kansas City, Mo., thinks these two entertainers are a better team than Amos and Andy, the reason being mainly that "having a woman character so cleverly impersonated together, with the clever, snappy singing, makes Lilly and Willy's act not so dry as the Amos and Andy episodes."

From way down South in old Vicksburg, Miss., Mrs. L. A. Ledbetter, 915 Belmont St., wishes it generally known that the Interwoven Pair, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, who broadcast over the N. B. C. chain should "take the cake."

"There are many good programs to be heard," says Mrs. Ledbetter, "but I could lose them all if Jones and Hare continued to give us such versatile entertainment."

And here, among these first few letters in the pile, is one from Anne Woods Hymel, 918 E. 104 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., which shows that among the favorites who broadcast, all are not merely fun makers. Mrs. Hymel thinks that the Pure Food talks of Dr. Alfred W. McCann of WOR, Newark, N. J., are earnest, full of important information and delivered in a most pleasing heart-to-heart manner. Best of all, Doctor McCann's food talks, when taken to heart and acted upon, do lead to improved health. Now that is what we call a most logical reason for voting for doctor's favorite!

"I tune in nearly all stations," writes Miss Ruth Palmer of Breckenridge, Tex., "but I always dial back to KMOX, St. Louis, to pick up 'Blue Steele.' Enter my nomination for him."

Here is a nomination for Harold Keane, the sunshine boy of WJR, Detroit. Although Harold is blind, he seems to radiate sunshine through the waves of the ether, according to Mrs. J. R. Franco, Detroit.

"Please let us have a picture and write-up of the Smith family of WENR, Chicago," writes Miss Augusta Collins of Talequah, Oklahoma, The Smith family's picture was carried

(Continued on page 61)

The Number 5 COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest, 510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send this ballot to:

(Name of Program) (City)
(Named Letters) (State)
(Signed) (Address)
(State) (City)

Number BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest, 510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate______________________

Station_____________________

in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed_____________________

Address_____________________

City_____________________

State_____________________
Advance Tips

WE ARE pleased to announce and introduce to you Mr. Garnett Laidlaw Eskew, distinguished author and journalist from West Virginia, who joins the editorial staff of Radio Digest. Mr. Eskew’s latest book, “The Pageant of the Packets,” is one of the current contributions of New York publishers, Henry Holt and company. Book reviewers throughout the country have unanimously praised his literary talent. He will conduct Indi-gest, station features and contribute special articles.

And because of Mr. Eskew’s special qualifications we have shoved over to him the mountain of manuscripts that came in for the Amos and Andy to such contest. It was and is a big job—too big and too important to be decided hastily. But Mr. Eskew says positively that he will be able to award the prizes and announce the winners in the August number of Radio Digest.

OPINIONS of representative negroes, including those of preachers, lawyers, doctors, barbers and just every day black folks concerning the effect of the August Amos n’ Andy broadcasts on the colored people of America will be printed in the August Radio Digest. Also new stories about the comedians themselves, in addition to the contest results. Keep up with Amos n’ Andy in this series.

Evans E. Plummer, who has been writing and editing Radio subjects since the beginning of broadcasting, brings you a gossipy story of some of the old timers in Old Home Week in this issue. Next month he will tell you where Graham G. Namee, Jessica Dragoneotte, Olive Palmer and many others are spending their vacations and what they are doing to spend them. It will be intimate and especially interesting.

When Will Rogers was a boy—well, that’s promised to us to begin in the very near future. We have arranged for a series of articles about Will Rogers and we hope to have the first installment in August. The writer has known the country philosopher ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper.

“The Terror,” and that is the title of a short historical story by Rupert Hughes which you will find in the Anniversary Radio Digest next month. Did you ever hear of the time when there were slaves in New York? Did you know that the city was terrorized by the suspicion that the slaves were going to rise up, overthrow the whites and take possession of the city? Read about those tumultuous times in the next Radio Digest. Remember, Rupert Hughes is the author.

Across the Desk

Radio DIGEST has always maintained a jealous integrity in the award of its prizes. There are no wishes to be considered except the will of the reader and the pronouncement of his vote. The magazine can only fulfill its promise. Sometimes, to be sure, it has been secretly hoped that certain results would eventuate whereby the achievement of the winner would reflect a certain amount of prestige and glory on the donor. In fact, it has been known to happen that such hopes have come within bounds of reasonable expectation so that plans were formulated for a ceremonial presentation before dignitaries of state and nation. But the voters decreed otherwise. Their choice indicated a winner more or less remote from the bright lights. The rules were specific. Their decision was inexorable. The prize was awarded accordingly. Whatever of criticism or obliquity might fall on the winner outside the honorable compliance of the rules of the contest had no bearing on the just award of the prize. Radio Digest has had only one certain course to pursue. It has no protest, defense or apology to offer, not even a regret that it could not carry out the gala event that had been proposed.

Dr. Powers tells us in these pages that the darlings of the talkies are fairly tumbling over themselves these days to be heard on the continental programs. Now wouldn’t you expect them to do just that! It’s perfectly all right and as it should be. We must smile, one teary weeny bit though, because it seemed to take them so long to wake up to what it was all about.

How well we recall the embarrassed or perhaps a trifle bored accents of the great screen deities piping out at us from the loud speaker. Such insanities! Such condescension! “You have been used to seeing me but not hearing me, and now you hear me but don’t see me, ha, ha, ha!” Idols with feet of clay! Profiles of the gods, clacking tongues! But mike walked right up on the stage hand in hand with the camera and gave orders. Skilled continuity writers have rushed to the rescue. The earth moves. The little discs and dials of adjustment click into place. Tranquil ecstasy resumes, the Talkie Stars are in their heaven and all is well with the world.

One of the things that the popularization of Radio has accomplished is to bring into existence a new technique of literary expression. And thereby is offered to aspiring writers a new field of endeavor. For readers it affords a new grasp of what the author has in mind—a device conceived and fostered for Radio dramatics.

In short, the new medium is the direct result of Radio and talking picture methods. As tangible evidence of this fact, a new book done in what might be termed “popularized continuity” has just been published by the Talking Pictures Publishing Co. of New York. Its author, H. J. Spivack, in a foreword, explains his endeavors as follows:

In presenting this book to the reading public the author is making an experiment in an entirely new form in the new moving picture medium of sound. It is believed that the photoplay, now that it has achieved dialogue, can well take its place beside the printed play in literature, lying somewhere between it and the novel. This book has been prepared with a double purpose in view: The prompt book idea of the separate paragraphs for each action, movement and sound. Stage direction has been employed as an aid to the director, but the numbering of scenes has been avoided lest it confuse the reader.

In this way the author “sets the stage” so that the play may go forward in just the proper way to carry the tale. The new book (it is called The Broken Melody), is handled so that readers by the simple use of printed stage direction may “get” the scene as well as the talk.

Newstands Don’t Always Have One Left

Radio Digest

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The Youth, Radio

By M. H. Aylesworth

President, National Broadcasting Company

Radio broadcasters are a little bit touchy about one phrase so often heard. That phrase heard a dozen times a day from people outside of the studios is, "Well, Radio is just in its infancy." Relatively when one considers the development of such industries as steel making, transportation, and construction work, Radio is a mere infant. Radio broadcasting as we know it is just past its tenth birthday but it is a veritable Gargantua among the industries.

While frowning upon the implication that the business is an infant the broadcasters admit and proudly admit its youth. It is one thing to be an infant—crawling aimlessly about, but it is another thing to be a youth stalking purposefully toward achievements and laughing at the idea of, "It can't be done because it has never been done before." The spirit of Radio is the spirit of youth. It is a spirit of try anything once. It is a spirit that combines imagination and vision, a love for hard work, and an unconquerable enthusiasm.

The persons who do the work in Radio are young in years and spirit. It is true that the age of the average employee of the National Broadcasting Company is many years below forty and it is likewise true that regardless of actual age each worker has the vision, ambition, and enthusiasm that is in harmony with the entire enterprise.

Youth is a creative age. It is an age when precedents are disregarded, old forms are scorned, and amazing experiments are conducted. Radio is an industry in which precedents are disregarded for there are no precedents, where old forms are scorned because they do not fit the new medium, and where amazing experiments are conducted because no man can predict the limits of the force that makes broadcasting possible.

It took vision and youth to launch the series of arduous experiments and tests that culminated in the international exchange of radio programs.

It took courage and vision to take a radio transmitting set thousands of feet above the earth in an airplane and to broadcast successfully from that point.

It took faith and foresight to invest millions of dollars in the thousands of miles of specially engineered wire lines that make possible network broadcasting.

It took every virtue of youth and some of youth's criticized recklessness to do what has been done in the past ten years to create the greatest system of giving to all the world the best in education, the best in culture, and the best in amusement and entertainment.
WALTER DAMROSCH, premier of American maestros, was the first composer of an intrinsically American opera. He is a born musician. He is fond of people. His Radio school thrills him. On the opposite page David Ewen who told you about George Gershwin brings you a close-up view of Dr. Damrosch.
Aids Your Music Appreciation

Walter Damrosch Enthused Over Radio Facilities
by Which He Teaches 5,000,000 Young Americans in One Class—Study of His Personality

By David Ewen

TWO years ago, Walter Damrosch was approached with two offers, one of which was that of the Philharmonic Society, which was considered the most enviable of all the concert orchestras. One of them came from the offices of the Philharmonic Society and was a contract of considerable salary. The other was offered by T. AMROSCH, who, in his capacity as conductor of the Philharmonic of New York, offered the position of principal conductor at a still more enviable salary. The other was sent to him by the National Broadcasting Company of New York, where he has been identified.

The one appealed strongly because it brought him with it the prestige of conducting the world's greatest and most celebrated orchestra; the other offered an infinitely larger audience than any concert orchestra could and, therefore, brought with it limitless educational possibilities—possibilities which Walter Damrosch, ever the messenger of good music, was keen enough to perceive at once.

Instinctively, however, Damrosch was far more attracted to the educational possibilities of the Radio than to prestige. For prestige, as he continued, held that glittering attraction for this silver-haired, pleasant-faced musician who, at twenty-three, conducted the most famous of all great orchestras in the world, who had been friends with Liszt and Wagner and whose family was well-known at the side of musical immortals. Figgie is no longer a native land, and since he has already very much the better of his time as a conductor in this field was returned to the National Broadcasting Company—and the Philharmonic had to satisfy itself with a guest appearance by the same maestro who was one of the first of the most distinguished artists to recognize the art of Radio.

WALDER DAMROSCH loves leisure and yet he is always busy with a day that is chronicled with active work. His habit is to arise at 7, dress precisely (with preference for a plain yellow tie) and start out for a stroll through Central park. He walks for an even hour before sitting down to a hearty breakfast. Then comes the morning paper and at 9 o'clock he is ready for business which begins with the mail. He reads every letter sent to him by Radio listeners from all sections of the country. Callers are received at 11 o'clock—embryo philanthropic conductors, composers, interviewers, young musicians trying to get along and social representatives. Afternoons are devoted to quiet study and reading. In the evening he goes to a concert, a theatre or is home with congenial friends. Mr. Ewen presents you with a most intimate introduction to this great maestro who was one of the first of the first of the most distinguished artists to recognize the art of Radio.

Walter Damrosch was born in America in 1858, in the midst of launching the first Wagner cycle at the Metropolitan Opera House. A hurried substitute was needed and young Walter, then in his twenty-third year—known to all of them to be a good musician with a sound training—was asked to take the part for a short while until a permanent conductor could be found.

But there was found in his hoard something of the power and magic of Dr. Leopold's conducting and so the bewildered official happily adopted the young man and the son was fully capable of carrying on the work of the father.

He was offered $8,500 a year—and he accepted eagerly. His unique success as the head of the Wagner forces at the Metropolitan soon inspired him to continue his father's work in other

(Continued on page 69)
WILL ROGERS TAKES

MIKE in HAND

Famous Cowboy Humorist Laughs at
Wild Bulls and Crazy Horses—Tin
Ear Mike Makes Him Sweat
and Chew Gum

By Dr. Ralph L. Power
Special Representative of Radio Digest

WILL ROGERS, the fearless wise-cracking genius of the age takes mike in hand—AT LAST! And there's murder in his eye.

He stalled, he wouldn't, he ducked and dodged, swore to high heaven he would have nothing to do with the bloody thing, money couldn't hire him, and all that—but at last he got him. Will Rogers and Squibbs tooth paste!

Poor William. At last he has met his Waterloo. The homely philosophic sage has clasped hands with royalty and has hobnobbed with the elite. He is equally at home in Palm Beach, Florida, or Palm Springs, California.

Before the footlights nothing daunts Professor Rogers. He can grasp an educated pen in his pudgy fast, or coax along an intelligent typewriter, and produce gems of human literature. When it comes to lassoing wild cayuses or taming garter snakes he is undoubtedly without a peer.

But when it comes to the microphone ... Oh, boy, he's lost, and how.

You can dash around to the corner newstand and buy a paper with Will's daily dope in it, or maybe a magazine in which he exposes sundry glances at the world's famous. Or you can bitherto trip into the town picture palace and see Will's noble physiognomy in his first picture, "They Had to See Paris," and possibly his latest, "The Connecticut Yankee." If the mood just can't be shaken off, you can go to the village library and read one of his books.

But even if you do any or all of these things you will discover nary a line about his Radio performances. So this little yarn will tell you something about the human side of this fine American who always does things in a large way—gum chewing, rope throwing Will Rogers.

No matter how much he writes and talks about airplanes, he can't use one to get in the middle of the metropolitan area, so he rides in the family motor car, one of 'em, at least.

You know Will used to live in Beverly Hills. If you read up on history you will find that he was mayor. In back of his mansion was a low rangey stucco building with red tile roof.

"Come on out in back, boys, and see the barn," Rogers used to say to visitors, and they'd go back into the fine up-to-date structure. But, instead of cow ponies or cattle, there would be a flock of motor cars.

Will would shut his eyes and chant . . . eenie, meenie, minie, mo . . . open the orbits and pick out one to use for the day.

But some time ago the noted philosopher-humorist sold the place and moved down towards the ocean where he has a ranch in Santa Monica Canyon. Of course, it wasn't much use to stay around Beverly Hills. Will swelled the population of the town until it got in all the papers and the census gave it a big boost.

Then the realtors put up large signs "Will Rogers Lives Here" to let the tourists know it was a good place to settle down in. So, being been mayor with no local honors left, and the folks settling round about too close for comfort, Will herded his kin on a cart and rode down to Santa Monica Canyon.

Maybe he'll get into politics in Santa Monica and run for mayor there. If he does, it will be in a large sized way. First he will run for official dog catcher, then for truant officer and gradually work up the scale of political plums.

JUST at the present moment the ranch is getting settled and only the help stay there regularly. "Just goin' to build a little shack there this summer," confides Will, so we can rest assured that his new home will not run over a couple of million dollars and with not more than thirty rooms and sixteen baths.

Right in the center of the rancho he plans a polo field, for polo to Will Rogers is about like golf to the rest of us. He takes his game seriously and every few Sundays he plays at the Uplifters Club field down near the beach. And of course a good many of you who read this will remember that exactly a year ago he played in an exhibition game in Los Angeles at night time in the Coliseum during the electrical pageant of the Shrine Convention.

While this story is being written his boy is playing at the Uplifters Club and the old man is cheering wildly from the little grand stand.

Perhaps I ought to stop the story long enough to explain two things. The chambers of commerce will want me to explain that the word "realtor," means real estate expert, and thus definitely setting aside any and all rumors that it is a word taken from el toro, the bull.

Then let me say, for my own satisfaction, that anything in Southern California with more than two things is a rancho. In the early days of the dons it took at least 40,000 acres to call a land grant a rancho.

But nowadays two acres make a rancho, two banana palms a banana rancho, two chickens a chicken rancho . . . but why prolong this. You must get the idea by now or you never will.

So, to go back to the story. The past few months Will and his family have had a little bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I wouldn't want to get the manager of the hostelry thinking that I believe his place isn't quite ritzy, but the fact remains that Will's bungalow isn't so very much.

It is a small five or six-roomed affair . . . one that could conceivably be rented for about forty dollars.

The Rogers heirlooms are crowded in the place just now and not the least is his pet collection of paintings and statues of cowboys and range life. He has spent a round sum of coin to gradually gather the assortment from various places. Works by Russell are chiefly featured, and I hope Will leaves provision for sending this collection over to the Huntington Library and
Art Gallery when he no longer needs it, for the materials form the nucleus of a genuinely worthwhile collection.

The children have been going to Art Gallery, of course, in the winter months, so this make-shift bungalow life has served its purpose. But they will soon go to the ranch. That is where they have been spending the week-ends all through the spring and summer."

Then he goes forth on a Sunday night for KHJ, the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System for his Sunday night talks.

But this time he nonchalantly signals Jevnes, the chauffeur, squeezes into the rear compartment of the imported machine and speeds silently along the smooth highways and byways for which the golden state is noted.

But as a matter of fact, Mistle Rogers does nothing of the sort. He jumps in a two-year-old car that has seen much mileage and better days and steps on the throttle and chugs away. Of course he has some extra line cars, but he likes to take the older models because he likes the view.

If you arch your eyebrows and mutter anything, Will says sort of sheepish-like, "Lousy old boat, isn't she? But, say, you oughta see her go."

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Amos and Andy JOIN the Show
Some of Their Early Experiences on the Stage as Told by Joe Bren Who Hired Them
By Ann Steward

WHY is it that one feels kind of a shivery intoxication when treading close to the pathway that has led others to adoration and great fame?

Still you could scarcely say that Joe Bren is really famous. I only knew that it was his executive acumen—or perhaps a God-given instinct that caused him to pick Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll out of the crowd, teamed them together, and that from this contact there came to be Amos 'n' Andy, the most popular Radio show ever produced.

Joe Bren—not Amos 'n' Andy—was the man I had come to see. Who was Joe Bren? I didn't know—just one of the big guns of the Music Corporation of America. But he had discovered Correll and Gosden—and Correll and Gosden were Amos 'n' Andy. How had he come to do it? How did it happen? What could he tell about it? Did they just naturally take to each other right from the start? What—what—how?

"Mr. Bren, will you see you in a minute. Please sit down."
"Thank you." I was in Mr. Bren's office on the nineteenth floor of the Masonic building, near Randolph and State streets, Chicago. It was a large and rather luxuriously furnished room. In the subdued light I could see the man I assumed was Mr. Bren talking on the phone at his desk. I gave a momentary glance to the moving, surging scene far below the window and then turned to a red leather chair. It was restful and suddenly I felt at ease.

The receiver clicked slightly and Mr. Bren faced me inquiringly. "You want to see me?"
"Mr. Bren, I understand that you are the man who brought Amos 'n' Andy together. If that is so, I should like to hear about it." I saw that time was precious to this busy man and that direct questions would please him most.
"Yes, I was more or less responsible. What in particular do you want to know about it?"
"Perhaps it would be best to tell me how you met the boys and then what happened." I was giving a big order, but it was amply filled. And this is Mr. Bren's story in practically his own words:

"ABOUT eleven years ago, I was in business as a manager of home talent shows. I had under my direction, young men who traveled the country and were called producers. It was their duty to enter a town where a show was to be given, arrange for the talent amongst the people of the town, line up the show itself, produce it and then go on to the next town.
and repeat the same procedure. When unusual talent was discovered amongst the amateurs, the producers usually wrote to me and I investigated the matter. If the performer proved especially good, I would add them to my troupe of regular performers or producers.

"One of these letters came from Davenport, Iowa, telling of a man by the name of Charles J. Correll who was a wizard at the piano and who had some acting ability. I followed up this information and urged Mr. Correll to join my forces.

He accepted and came to Chicago with the railroad fare I wired to him. I put him to work on his arrival and instructed him, in the meantime, to put on plays and in short to become one of my producers. He was a clever fellow and one of the finest men I have ever met. He learned the business easily and soon found himself on the road producing shows for me. From the very first, he was successful and popular. His easy good nature got him across more hard places than I have time to tell of and made him a host of friends as well.

"Just about this time another communication reached me from Richmond, Virginia, telling of the extraordinary ability of a man by the name of Freeman F. Gosden. I repeated my former procedure and soon found that Gosden was also an able producer and another man of the highest type. He was especially clever as a black face end man in minstrel shows and his negro dialect was enviable. I put him down as a chap who would make something of himself before long, but I never foresaw the lasting brilliance of fame that surrounds Amos 'n Andy."

"I put Correll with the straight theatrical productions and his work there was more than laudable. It might be interesting to know that he was so well liked wherever he went, he found himself the recipient of a host of wonderful gifts from the townsfolk. Sometimes he would come back to Chicago looking like a walking pawn shop, covered with watches, rings, pins and other gifts. Each article was an expression of good will from the people he worked with, but it never went to his head. He was always pleased, but his natural role as a hard worker was never deserted."

"Gosden was very much the same way. However, he had many funny experiences, due to his inability to play the piano. One almost got him into serious trouble, but when I recall it, I can't help laughing. It shows Gosden in his true light, earnest, eager to please and forever funny, no matter how serious the situation. He was to produce a show in Taladega, Alabama, a little town just a few miles from Birmingham. On his arrival in Taladega, he searched immediately for a piano player. That was always his first move, for he would rehearse with the pianist in the afternoon and that evening he would begin practice with the home talent. Of course, if the pianist was poor, he was practically handicapped from the start.

"In Taladega it seems there was a peculiar scarcity of people who could manage a piano and the only possible applicant was a young lady who was not so good even though she was the best available. That evening after the practice, Gosden was talking to a group of townsmen about the show. Someone asked him how he liked the pianist.

"Oh, she's terrible—simply awful," Gosden replied and immediately received a gentle kick in the shins from one of his listeners. 'I mean she's pretty bad,' he amended.

"A burly fellow glowered at him and asked: 'What did you say, young man?'

"Again the kick in the shins. 'She's not so good,' Gosden replied, smilingly.

"What do you mean?' growled the amateur strong man menacingly.

"After the faithful, friendly kick had been received, Gosden said: 'Oh, she'll do.'"

"'She's no good, huh?' The pugnacious customer began to roll up his sleeves and thrust out his square jaw.

"The answering kick from the solicitous listener was by no means gentle. Gosden swallowed a yell of pain. 'Say, she's the best piano player I ever had. She's wonderful—great!'

"Wreathed in smiles the big one departed with a chuckled, 'that's better.'"

"Gosden wiped the sheepish grin from his face and turned to the energetic administrator of shin kicks. 'What's the big idea? he demanded crossly, rubbing the sore leg.

"'Wal, that guy was the girl's brother. He's a tough one and he would have killed you if you had said anything bad about his sister.' Gosden looked speculatively at the broad back
"Taxi, mistah? Whah yo' wanna go? De fresh air don' cost no mo'.".

"Aw, she's not so bad," he was heard to murmur.

THE SHOW went on in time and Gosden escaped from Taladega with no broken bones. Thereafter, it might be well to remember, he took great pains to investigate the probability of interested relations before he publicly slandered any of the talent. Had he not, I am afraid there would have been no meek Amos to annoy Andy.

"But Correll and Gosden not only saved the day for themselves often enough, they did several good stunts for me. One time the boys and I were together playing a show in Aberdeen, South Dakota. Just after the show went on a tornado with all the accompanying stage affects burst into town with angry persistance. The lights went out, the storm raged and the audience was panic stricken, but Correll and Gosden took matters in their own hands and saved lives as well as the show. For one hour they cracked jokes, sang songs and entertained generally to a crowded gathering of terrified people in a pitch black house. When the storm had blown itself out, the show went on. Correll and Gosden slipped back into their parts and five minutes later no one would have known that anything unusual had happened. Good trouppers, they were.

Well, about this time, I put Correll in full charge of the theatrical line and took Gosden with me to Nashville, where I was planning to add a circus department to my routine. Neither one of us knew a thing about circuses, but when we got there, we put on a brave smile and promised a full fledged circus to the inhabitants of Nashville.

That night we went to our hotel room—we used to bunk together on these trips and sit up half the night discussing our plans—and Gosden smiled at me gloomily. "Well, Joe, we promised them nothing more impossible than the city hall, why not throw in the hotel and make a real splash? I don't remember what I replied but it was sarcastic and indicative of very low spirits. Undismayed, Gosden drew up a chair, leaned back and grinned. "Let's go, Joe. We can do it, we only have to find out how. Now, we can—and we were deep in plans, no matter how inadequate they proved to be later on.

"We put on the circus in time and, though it was a big loss to us, we stuck to the idea and Gosden figured out our mistakes. We worked on circuses for a long time and finally we found what we could do and what we should not try to do. The main and most important result was that Gosden was put in charge of the circus department and he made a big success of it. Never in my contact with the two boys, and I had plenty of it, did I have a disagreeable moment. They were always optimistic, good natured and resourceful. Needless to say, they were my two best men.

I SOON found that they both had a bottomless fund of human nature information. We used to write many skits, plays and acts together and what we wrote was always sure fire. Though both the boys were naturally clean minded, it was then they learned that only clean humor would be allowed in the shows, and that only the clean stuff was worth using in the long run.

Sometimes men would come to them and say: "Listen, I know a grand gag that ought to be put in!" Once there were two traveling salesmen, see? They'd listen respectfully to the joke and then they would reply: 'Sorry, we can't use that unless Mr. Bren at headquarters passes on it. We'll telegraph it if you want.

"Of course that was only a stall, because they knew as well as I what was acceptable and what was not, but that reply needed an explanation. They were straight on, and I don't think either Correll or Gosden ever, before or after their work with me, put a slightly suggestive joke before the public. That is one of the things that is outstanding in their work. It's all clean humor that no one criticizes and everyone with a normal mind can get a chuckle out of.

My own two kids don't go to bed until Amos 'n Andy are on and off the air. It makes their bed time rather late, but that can't be helped. I don't care what those two black face comedians say, in character or out, my kids can take it all in, laugh and go to bed, so much the better for what they have heard. I'm sure parents all over the country feel the same way as I do about it. Clean fun is always acceptable anywhere. It's four of mine in my own business, but I don't want any one to feel that I want credit for that or any other feature of Amos 'n Andy. My influence may have been helpful, although they had the goods before I ever saw them.

"But to get back to my story. All this time I was working with the Shriners and Elks. Practically all of the things I put on shows, circuses, and similar shows, were Elk performances. It was through the two brotherhoods that I really came in contact with the boys, you know.

Well, I made plans to put on a show in Minneapolis which was the outstanding lodge in the country, the outstanding Elk lodge, I should say. Their Glee Club was the prize winner that year, 1920 or '21, I think it was. Nevertheless, it was one of the most marvelous Glee Club, I planned to put together as a background to the minstrel show in which I was to use my very best performers. Correll and Gosden were the end men and I led the orchestra. It turned out to be a wonderful show, too.

MINNEAPOLIS took the show so well, I decided on a course which, though at the time seemed pretty much of a gamble, turned out to be the healthful business I had done up to that time. The Elks National convention was to be held in California that year and I decided to take my Minneapolis show intact to California, Glee Club and all, and give four performances there during the convention. Those shows were to be gratis. The expenses for the trip, I hoped to make by giving the here and there along the route, and one and back again.

"We charted a special train of fourteen cars for the whole thing, which was a big expense, but it was the only possible way we could attach the shows. It was a very good season. We got through finances rather well and we came back from California with real cheer in our hearts. One memorable experience with the boys, I cannot help but relate. I don't think their past financial securities will have much bearing on their present. While we were on the trip, I used to settle my expenses immediately after the show every night so that I would know just where we stood. The performers used to line up outside of my office car any wait anxiously for their money—we never knew just how much or how little it would be.

After three or four of these days, I learned to expect Correll and Gosden at the head of the line, always broke, always cheerful, always ready to spend their whole earnings each day and trust to luck for their next day's meals. I don't think that I could live a while when they weren't broke or about to be broke. Of course it is a very different story now, but never once did I hear a word of complaint. One of the things I liked best was that what was coming to them and that when was gone they waited patiently for the next stipend. They very seldom made an important touch for cash.

And then soon after the Radio and its popularization, it was the beginning of the end for our road shows. Even then, I don't think I foresaw what would happen to my two best end men, and perhaps if I had, I wouldn't have been so eager and blind about placing their first Radio appearances which so quickly changed their careers. Although I should hate to think back now and realize that I deprived America of two of its most popular and best liked comedians.

"But it's remarkable how unexpectedly and quickly things happen. It is popularly known that the boys first appeared over WEH in the Herald and Examiner newspaper. That is not exactly true. I had made an appoint-
ment for the boys to give an audition before Mr. Boneil, who was the manager of the station, the Thursday of that particular week, but they went on the air for the first time earlier in the week. We were playing in Joliet the first part of the week, and were there the Thursday there was the one that I don't even remember the call letters. At that time, when Radio was really in its infancy, the studio managers were often hard put to it to find people who could and would broadcast. The unheard-of players in shows or vaudeville to appear before the microphone to fill up the gaps in their programs. So it was through this medium that the boys first went on the air.

The manager of the Joliet station came to me and asked me if I had any talent that I would care to loan him, with the future audition, the boys. They offered the services of Correll and Gosden, for I realized it would give them a chance to familiarize themselves with playing up to an unre sponsive mike. Of course, the boys were more than pleased to grow into the chance of the air, and went, calmly serene, to the little Joliet station to put their voices on the air for the first time in their lives. They only knew one song well enough to put on the air, so sang it with characteristic smile and remarked: "Well, Joe, I guess we've struck oil." He said it simply and quietly, without the slightest boastful swagger. Little did any of us realize how deep and full that oil well was destined to be.

While at WGN the boys continued with their singing as well as the Sam 'n' Henry act. Their programs were all tremendously successful and we gave them away for free. The boys, prior to their break with WGN they held a weekly feature called the Pepper Party that was mostly dance music interspersed with bits of their humor, they did the advertising for all of the stations and also Sam and Andy. They demanded more and more of their time and they finally gave everything else up in favor of the comic strip of the air.

For a while at WMAQ the boys put on a clever minstrel show. Of course, they had all the experience they could use to draw from and they did their job particularly well, but Amos 'n' Andy will always be the best work they have ever done. Everyone thinks they don't work, they do it some time.

"No, I don't think there is any limit to the length of time Amos 'n' Andy will be popular. It will live as long as the boys care to have it and it will always be clean, human and funny. I have a lot of faith in the boys as entertainers on the air and I predict that their place as a feature will never be usurped by anyone.

"The people are beginning to look on Amos 'n' Andy as friends and intimates. You may hear someone say: 'They've been awful the past week.' But go out to their house and if ten-thirty comes in the middle of a potential grab slam at a certain time, they will call the people in. As a matter of fact, they have a feature on the Tooth Paste feature wanders deliberately into the room and presents Amos 'n' Andy for fifteen minutes. It happens in the best regulated families.

"I am going to talk about Correll and Gosden themselves. Each has always been the highest type of man. They haven't forgotten old friends and acquaintances. They still drop in on me and talk over old times. Their success has certainly not gone to their heads, and that proves more than anything else, the kind of men they are. Some are quoted as saying that they don't realize what they have done. They realize, but they don't know how. "You people in the air," the students in the public only see the glib, but they do the work, and when two men work as hard as they do, they aren't apt to be completely unconscious of or bewildered by success. It was coming to them, but it was so gradual that it all happened. If the two finest men I have ever worked with or, for that matter, come in contact with, and I have seen a good deal of the world's population.

As a last question, I asked Mr. Bren: "Do you think Correll and Gosden will ever run out of material for Amos 'n' Andy?"

"No. They will never run out of material as long as there is news in the world. They use current events of interest in their sketch, such as the census takers, for instance, or income tax. If they are asked to do them, they will do them."

I think most everybody is fairly familiar with what happened after that. The fall of their first year on the air, Correll and Gosden conceived the idea of Sam 'n' Henry and WGN accepted it with some misgivings, perhaps, but accepted it nevertheless. I had nothing to do with this skit. Correll and Gosden originated the idea, wrote their own lines and planned their own methods of delivery. I knew of the plan and the boys consulted with me, but Sam 'n' Henry and the subsequent Amos 'n' Andy belongs to them alone and entirely.

"The day after WGN accepted Sam 'n' Henry, Gosden walked into my office with his characteristic smile and remarked: 'Well, Joe, I guess we've struck oil.' He said it simply and quietly, without the slightest boastful swagger. Little did any of us realize how deep and full that oil well was destined to be.

While at WGN the boys continued with their singing as well as the Sam 'n' Henry act. Their programs were all tremendously successful and we gave them away for free. The boys, prior to their break with WGN they held a weekly feature called the Pepper Party that was mostly dance music interspersed with bits of their humor, they did the advertising for all of the stations and also Sam and Andy. They demanded more and more of their time and they finally gave everything else up in favor of the comic strip of the air.

Is Amos and Andy's Dialect—Is It Real?

Going over the hundreds of papers submitted in Radio Digest's Amos and Andy Contest has been an illuminating affair. Probably the most interesting thing about the contest has been the diversity of dialects which the contestants put into the mouths of Amos and Andy. And that automatically brings up the question of whether Amos and Andy, in their nightly "spiel" over WMAQ, speak real negro dialect or not. We have some letters on the subject.

"If Amos and Andy would only speak real negro dialect," writes Miss Margaret Johnston of Brunswick, Ga., "the illusion of sho' nough colored folks talking over Radio would be greatly enhanced. For my part, I have never heard negroes (and I was 'fotched up' among them) talk as these two comedians talk.

Similar protests have been received from dwellers in Virginia, Louisiana, Mississippi and elsewhere. Particularly do the correspondents say that "Andy" Correll's use of the letter "r" in place of "d" (regusted instead of disgusted, for example) is out of place.

Now that we're on the subject of dialect, just what is the genuine brand? There are four distinct types of negro talk spoken in the United States. One—which we can dispose of at once—is the usual stage dialect. It is as unreal and artificial as possible, the blackface comedian usually saying "ah" in place of "i." and similar fictitious words. Then there is the straight ordinary brand of negro dialect, such as is spoken by the negroes who hail from Virginia, Tennessee, Carolina and the Mississippi Valley. This is by far the most prevalent. Varying somewhat with the locality from which the negro comes, it is recognizable wherever spoken by real negroes.

(Continued on page 95)
The Experiment of STEPHEN GLASK

An Ironmonger, and a Lady—Could They Meet Socially?
An Unforeseen Circumstance Adds Complications

By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Illustrations by Joseph L. Sabo

SIR AUSTEN MALCOLM was sitting in the middle of the public seat, his legs crossed, his attention entirely engrossed by the small volume of poems which he held between his shapely and well-manicured fingers. He had the air, perhaps justifiable, of being perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings. He was dressed in all respects as a country gentleman of studious tastes should be. From the tips of his polished brown shoes to the slightly rakish angle of his Homburg hat, he was entirely satisfactory. His air of patronizing the seat upon which he had ensconced himself was also, perhaps, in order, as it was he who had presented himself to the town.

At his feet—he was sitting on the summit of a considerable hill, crowned by a plantation of sir trees—was an old-world neoclassic town, a street medley of greystone buildings, red-tiled, melodious, without a single modern discordancy. Beyond, yellow cornfields and green meadows rolled away in bilowy undulations to a line of low hills fading into a blue mist. It was a landscape, perhaps, to excite rapture, but it was typical English country, serene, well-ordered, peaceful.

Up the hill, a little breathless, climbed Stephen Glask, a young man, somewhat pleasant appearance, humbly dressed, as fitted his station, but carrying himself with a certain not unbecoming ease. After a moment's survey of the view, he sank with a brief exclamation of content upon one end of the seat occupied by Sir Austen Malcolm. There were other vacant seats not far away—and the baronet was obliged to uncross his knees. He turned and glanced at the newcomer. Sir Austen was, without doubt, as his appearance indicated, the great man of the neighborhood; but he was a reasonable person, and his glance was not one of annoyance. It was not, however, altogether free from a certain mild surprise; he was accustomed to a great deal of respect from the townspeople. He was perhaps satisfied to observe that this intruder was a stranger to him.

"Quite a climb up here, isn't it?" the newcomer began, affably.

The voice was pleasant enough, but its affability seemed to Sir Austen Malcolm a little uncalled for. He answered without removing his eyes from the pages of his book:

"It is certainly a considerable ascent."

The young man very properly remained silent. The affair might reasonably have ended there. A slight liberty had been taken, and a slight rebuke administered. Sir Austen should have gone on with his reading and the young man, after a few moments' uncomfortable reflection, should have passed on his way. As a matter of fact, however, things turned out differently. Sir Austen Malcolm, after a vain effort to return to his former train of thought, glanced a little irritably towards his interrupter. Entirely unabashed, the young man smiled blandly at him.

"Awfully good of you to give these seats," he remarked, in a conversational manner.

"You know who I am, then?" Sir Austen inquired, dryly. The young man's eyes twinkled.

"Doesn't everyone in Farningdon know Sir Austen Malcolm by sight?" he answered.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," Sir Austen declared, with some slight emphasis on the last word.

"Naturally," the young man admitted, briskly. "I have only been here a week or so, and you have been up at Oxford most of that time, haven't you? My name is Stephen Glask. I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. Bad egg. I am afraid, unless things alter."

SIR AUSTEN dropped his eyeglass and polished it for a moment. It was quite absurd, of course, but he was conscious of a feeling of positive toleration towards this young..."Why you're the new ironmonger!" he exclaimed.
man, for which he was entirely unable to account.

"Johnson, I am afraid, neglected his business sadly," he said. "He unfortunately developed bad habits towards the close of his career."

"Drank a bit, you mean?" Stephen Glask remarked. "Poor old chap! I don't wonder at it. You all of you bought your things from the Stores, sent to London for your cartridges, and got your gas from Swindon. Glad I've met you, Sir Austen. I am a local man now, and I want some of your trade, please."

Sir Austen stiffened a little. "My chauffeur buys his own gasoline," he said, "and my cartridges are specially filled for me by my gunmaker. As to domestic articles, my sister keeps house for me."

"I'll call in and see her," Stephen Glask declared promptly.

Sir Austen opened his lips—and closed them again.

"And I do hope," he begged, "that you are going to be kinder to me than you were to poor old Johnson."

"Poor stuff, that," he pronounced, nodding his head towards the volume which his companion was perusing.

The latter stared at the young man, this time in real surprise.

"A POETASTER," he remarked, with faint satire, "as well as a specialist in hardware?"

Mr. Stephen Glask was unabashed. "I've read those verses, if that's what you mean," he answered; "and you'll think the same as I do of them when you've finished. There are a few pretty thoughts—the snow-storm in the cherry orchard, for instance; but most of the things are too florid, and the fellow hasn't a single original metre. It's the music of Swinburne and Keats to an inferior and uninspired setting—vide the Athenæum."

"You find time to read the Athenæum?" Sir Austen inquired, slowly. "And the Ironmonger's Weekly Record," Stephen Glask admitted, cheerfully. "I have a catholic taste in literature. Good afternoon, Sir Austen. I wish you'd speak to your chauffeur about the gasoline. I'll call in and see your sister myself about the other things."

Mr. Stephen Glask strolled off, not by
any means an unpleasant figure to watch, although his blue serge suit was ready-made, his boots thick, and his cap shabby. He was certainly the most original young man, and an exceedingly difficult one to put in his place. As he disappeared Sir Austen suddenly smiled; his eyes positively twinkled.

"You should have been murmured to himself, 'a great deal to be at home when he calls on Eve.'"

Sir Austen returned to his very delightful home about an hour later. He passed up the beautifully kept avenue, lined with handsome shrubbery, and adorned with a wonderful border of scarlet geraniums, entered the long, whitestone house through some open French windows, looked in vain into one or two of the charmingly furnished rooms, and finally made his way out again into the gardens.

ATTRACTED by the sound of voices, he crossed the tennis lawn and turned into the paddock. Here he came to a sudden and stupified standstill. Eve, with her sleeves rolled up and a mashee in her hand, was obviously receiving a golf lesson from—Mr. Stephen Glask.

"Look out, Sir Austen!" the latter exclaimed, pleasantly. "We're approaching on to the lawn there, and you're just in the line."

Sir Austen stepped mechanically out of the way. He was too surprised to make any remark.

"Lucky thing I happened to call in just now," the young man continued, with satisfaction. "I chanced upon Miss Malcolm just as he was developing the very worst possible fault in golf. Now, a little more over the ball, please," he went on, devoting his attention to his pupil. "Wrist quite stiff, and the heel of the club well on the ground. Learn this stroke and shorten your swing a little, and you'll be a scratch player in a month. Now, then."

The young lady—she was exceedingly good-looking, and much younger than her brother, of whom as yet she had scarcely taken any notice at all—gave herself up once more to her task. Her instructor, who greeted her efforts with only a moderate amount of approval, finally took the club from her hand and himself played a few masterly shots. Sir Austen, who was beginning to recover himself, joined them.

"APARENTLY," he said dryly, "you are a young man of many accomplishments."

"Oh, I like to understand something about the things I sell," Mr. Stephen Glask answered, carelessly. "We used to get through a lot of golf clubs at my last place. I am so glad to find there's some sort of a course here. I can get the agency for Merton's clubs—best irons in the world—and I shall order a mashie down purposely for Miss Malcolm if she'll allow me."

"I should love you to!" the young lady exclaimed eagerly. "You seem to know exactly what I want. Mr.—Mr.—"

"Glask—G-l-a-s-k," her visitor interrupted. "The name's being painted up today. And you won't forget the other things you've promised to buy from me, Miss Malcolm?"

The girl smiled at him in a somewhat puzzled manner. "Certainly not, Mr. Glask," she assured him, stiffening slightly. "I will speak to the bookkeeper. I am sure—we are always most anxious to procure things locally when possible."

The butler opened the paddock gate and walked towards them. Like everything else associated with the Malcolm, he was a most correct and dignified appendage. "Tea is served, miss," he announced.

They all turned together towards the house. The young man, who had lingered for a moment to pick up the golf balls, walked between them. His ready-made clothes and many other slight evidences of his station were there, but never in this world did any young man seem so unconscious of them.

On their way out they had to pass the tea table. Stephen Glask was obviously hot with his exertions. Sir Austen glanced stealthily at his sister, and found his sister stealthily watching him. Sir Austen coughed. The slight smile which had flickered for a moment at the corners of his lips vanished. He spoke with perfect gravity.

"You must let my sister give you a cup of tea after your exertions, Mr. Glask," he said.

"Yes, please do stop," she begged. "It is so hot this afternoon."

The young man accepted the suggestion without hesitation. Further, he accepted it quite naturally and, as a matter of course. He sat in a wicker chair between the brother and sister, and consumed bread and butter with an appetite which he took no pains to conceal.

"Rather scamped my luncheon today," he remarked. "I was busy opening some cases—a new sort of lamp, Miss Malcolm. I hope you'll let me show you when you come in. Do you mind if I have some more tea?"

Then, without any warning, the vicar's wife descended upon them. Mrs. Randale was stout and middle-aged. Her complexion was florid, and she wore a mashee-nez which seemed always balanced on the extreme tip of a rubber nose. She greeted Austen Malcolm and his sister with the easy familiarity of old acquaintance. It was just about this time that a long-dormant sense of humor in the former leaped permanently into life.

"AND WHO," the newcomer asked, smiling graciously, "is our young visitor? We see so few strangers in Faringdon?"

"This is Mr. Glask—Mrs. Randale, our vicar's wife," Eve hastened to explain. "Mr. Glask cannot properly be termed a stranger. He has come to live in Faringdon."

Mrs. Randale's features exhibited the liveliest interest. She also seemed a trifle puzzled.

"To live here!" she repeated. "How delightful! But whose house have you taken, Mr. Glask? Curiously enough the name seems familiar."

"Have you been in the town this morning, Mrs. Randale?"

"I—yes, I have been in the town," Mrs. Randale admitted.

"That's it, then," Stephen Glask declared, helping himself once more to bread and butter. "I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. You very likely saw them painting the name up."

Mrs. Randale was not used to shocks; neither had she any idea how to deal with situations. Consequently she stared at this cheerful young man with her mouth open, and she looked neither agreeable nor a lady.

"A poetaster," remarked Sir Austen

... "as well as specialist in hardware?"
A T THIS precise moment Sir Austen strolled away, with a muttered excuse about fetching some matches. Eve always insisted, however, that she heard his chuckle as he went, and loved him for it. Mrs. Randale was still unable to cope with the situation.

"I leave such matters with my husband, Mr. — or Glask."

she said. "By the way," she added, as the thought struck her, "you are, of course, a member of the Church of England? I do not remember to have seen you in church.

"To tell the truth," Stephen Glask explained, agreeably, "I haven't been anywhere yet. I've scarcely been in the place three weeks, you know. Mr. Wills, the Wesleyan minister, has just ordered a cooking range from me, so I did think of looking in there next Sunday night. I've got that order, though, so I don't know that I need bother. Call me Church of England, if it makes any difference, Mrs. Randale. I am all for business."

Eve's face had temporarily disappeared behind the shelter of an illustrated paper with which she had picked from the lawn. She had met the young ironmonger's eye, and there was something there which was certainly most out of place.

"I am afraid that I can make no promises, Mr. Glask," Mrs. Randale said, stubby. "We deal with the members of our congregation so far as possible, but we prefer to believe that it is their religious impulses, and not their self-interest, which brings them to worship."

"Capital!" Stephen Glask declared. "Good sentence, that. You're quite right, Mrs. Randale. We'll leave my church-going alone for a time. It will pay you to patronize me apart from that. I want you just to notice my prices, and the way I'm going to cut oil—especially kitchen oil.

"I'll guarantee to save you a good deal a week before you know where you are. You'll excuse me now, Miss Malcolm, won't you? I must hurry along, or there will be no one to close the shop. Good afternoon, ladies!"

The young man took an easy and not ungraceful leave. Mrs. Randale stared after him blandly.

"Eve!" she exclaimed. "Why on earth—what on earth—your brother, too! Sir Austen—the most exclusive man I ever met! For goodness' sake explain! Has Austen turned socialist?"

Eve was wiping her eyes.

"I don't know, she murmured, weakly. "Austen found him on a seat on the hill. He tried to sell him gasoline and cartridges and household things. Austen told him I kept house, so he called in here and stayed to give me a golf lesson."

Mrs. Randale became very severe indeed.

"My dear Eve," she said, firmly, "Austen ought to be ashamed of himself! No wonder the lower orders forget themselves! Austen, too, of all men; the most punctilious, the most aristocratic person. He ought to be ashamed of himself!"

"He is good-looking, though, isn't he?" Eve faltered, still wiping her eyes.

"Who? Austen?"

"No, the ironmonger!"

S T E P H E N G L A S K pushed his assistant out of the way. He had seen the pony-cart stop outside, and he was behind the counter, ready to greet Eve, when she entered.

"Good morning, Miss Malcolm!" he exclaimed heartily. "I am glad to see you. I thought you'd be coming in one morning."

Eve looked at him steadfastly. She wore a fresh white linen dress, a charming straw hat wreathed with flowers, and white kid-skin gloves. Her shoes and stockings were, as usual, perfection. She looked exactly what she was—a thoroughbred young Englishwoman with an unusual knack for wearing her clothes: a trifle spoilt, a trifle supercilious. The young man behind the counter was wearing the same ready-made suit of clothes, his hair was tumbled, for he had been in the cellars, and there was a smut upon his cheek. She fully meant, when she came in, that he should be abashed, and she was a young woman of resolution. Nevertheless, although she looked at him for several sec-

(Continued on page 60)
Effect of Pinch Hitting for

FLOYD GIBBONS

By H. I. Phillips

EDITOR'S NOTE — Following is the deposition of H. I. Phillips, more or less known as a Radio announcer and substitute for Floyd Gibbons. Mr. Phillips also conducts "The Sun Dial" in The New York Sun.

THEY tell me I spoke, or nearly so, on the Radio. In the Literary Digest hour — or something. I can't say, personally. I dunno anything about it. I remember being escorted down a cold corridor, taken through a little green door into a brilliantly lighted chamber ... there was a chair ... I sat in it ... I don't recall being strapped. Then everything went black, your Honor! My name is Floyd Phillips ... beg pardon ... H. I. Gibbons. ... No, that can't be right, either.

The following is a true confession:

A fellow called me on the telephone. He said his name was Sullivan. He was an official of the National Broadcasting company, he said. He wanted to know if I would take Floyd Gibbons's place on the Literary Digest program. I looked at the calendar. It was too late for April Fool's day. I asked him to repeat what he said. He said: "Will you take Floyd Gibbons's - my mistake - Floyd Gibbons's place on the Literary Digest hour?" I said: "I can't." He asked me why not. I said I was busy every night taking the place of Amos and Andy. He said they don't amount to anything. I said I know, but if I ever give up being Amos and Andy I will be Graham McNamee.

(At this point the confession was halted while the accused took a glass of water.)

"Well," he said, "will you take Harry Gibbons's - excuse it - Floyd Gibbons's place first and then go on with your Amos and Andy? Floyd comes first, anyhow?" I had never thought of that before.

I SAID: "How about Rudy Vallee?"
He said: "What do you mean about Rudy Vallee?" I said: "I take Rudy's place, too, I thought you knew it." He said he didn't know it for a fact. He said would I manage to take Floyd Gibbons's place as a special favor? I said as a favor to who? (Or to whom? I'm not quite sure about that.) He said as a favor to the Literary Digest. I said what's the matter with Gibbons? He said he talked so fast last night he stripped his gears. I said how do I know I won't strip my gears? He said what difference would it make? He had me there.

I said: "How much do I have to pay?" He said you don't have to pay. He said we pay you. This sounded interesting, if true. I came up for air and asked: "How much do you pay me?" He said $300. I said no. Not a cent less than $300. He tried to argue with me. I stuck to my figure.

I didn't realize I had done a great wrong at first. Not until the day before the first broadcast. Then I got nervous. I couldn't sleep, eat or drink. I lost thirty-five pounds between sunrise Sunday and sunrise Monday. I thought of running away (Continued on page 65)
AND SUCH IS FAME

Senor Cugat Scans the Radio Scene and Selects These Three for His Pen This Month

Sir Walter Raleigh as Alfred Shirley sees him. You hear Shirley doing Sir Walter in one of the continental hook-ups.

Elsewhere herein you'll see a photo portrait of Grantland Rice, the great sports writer, but this is the way Cugat sees him.

The angular pen of Senor Cugat gives straight lines to Miss Ann Leaf, who for the past several seasons has delighted New York audiences with her WABC organ solos. Now she is on the Columbia chain and Cugat finds her famous.
When we begin going places and SEEING things by air our first set will look something like this one used by Dr. DeForest.

It Won't Be Long Now Until

W E' L L  B E  S E E I N G  T H I N G S

By Doty Hobart

"Babies will be born from glass bottles within the next hundred years. This (ectogentnic birth) is neither incredible nor, indeed, impossibly remote. Research shows that the connection between the mother and the child is purely chemical and there is no reason why one day biologists should not be able to initiate that chemical connection in the laboratory."

This startling prediction is made in all seriousness by the Earl of Birkenhead, British scholar and diplomat, in his new book, "The World in 2050." The Earl makes a great many other predictions of the progress we may expect along scientific lines. While the above is unquestionably the most startling of the lot he has something to say which will be of interest to all radio fans. He claims that television in natural colors will be with us long before the century mark is reached.

About the time the Earl's book came out Joseph Burch, transmission engineer of the Jenkins Television Corporation, at a hearing before the federal radio commission, made the prediction that baseball games will be heard and seen over the air by means of television within the year!

Lieutenant E. K. Jett, engineer for the commission, testified, at the same hearing, that he did not share the optimism of Mr. Burch and indicated that he considered television in the experimental laboratory stage as yet.

Between the statements of the two engineers and the Earl of Birkenhead I became all steamed up about television. Never having witnessed either end of a television performance I determined to go on a scouting expedition. I wanted to find out what all the shouting was about and give the readers of Radio Digest a first hand report on what present day television has to offer the general public.

At the laboratory I visited I was escorted to the transmission room of Station W2XCR. (For the uninitiated let me translate W2XCR. W stands for United States. 2 means Second District. X is for Experimental. CR are the call letters of the station.) The transmission equipment, to the eyes of a layman, is quite similar to that of a radio broadcasting outfit, though I suspect an electrical engineer would be able to point out a few hundred details which were quite dissimilar. One feature which caught my attention was the humming or droning sound always present in the control room during a television broadcast. This sound, absent in radio control rooms, varies in tone according to the density of the light waves created by the subject broadcast. The control operator told me that he could tell by the pitch of tone the number of persons in the close-up scenes being broadcast. This ever-present hum of course does not reach the television receiving set as that machine picks up only the electric impulses carrying light rays. The television receiving set is practically noiseless when in operation.

From the transmission room I was taken to the broadcasting studio where I met the chief announcer for Station W2XCR, John Glyn Jones, and the program director, Miss Irma Lemke. It was afternoon and a program of silent motion pictures was being put on the air. This I learned was the usual daytime broadcast. Every evening a program of living entertainers, whose vocal and instrumental efforts are microphoned as well as televisioned, is sent out. The microphoned part of the program is sent by wire to a nearby radio broadcasting station for air transmission. This means that anyone owning both a radio receiving set and a television receiving set can see as well as hear the broadcast.
A S THE motion pictures are visioned by specially constructed machines the studio proper was not in use. However, for my benefit, Miss Lemke took up a position in front of the big studio television camera while I peered with much curiosity into the business end of a receiving set. The image I saw was unquestionably a reproduction of the features of the dark-eyed Miss Lemke. For a moment or so the image smiled at me. Then, to my great astonishment, the image started making faces at me! Returning to the studio I learned that Announcer Jones had been kidding the young lady, who, in the spirit of self-defence I suppose, had resorted to face-making. I must say that it recorded perfectly. Only I wonder what those owners of television sets who happened to be tuned in on the program thought? Believe me, this test I witnessed proved one thing; that when television broadcasting was begun, concert artists who now enjoy the privilege of removing collars and ties when appearing before the mike will be out of luck.

The motion pictures which are now being broadcast from Station W2XCR are all short subjects of the silent variety with subtitles. In the laboratory there is under construction a projector for the broadcasting of any standard make of talking pictures. Who will finance the rental of these films for broadcasting? Will the picture producers permit their films to be broadcast? Those are questions which at present are unanswerable. In the early days of Radio the question of who was to finance the broadcasting of expensive sound programs was asked. This problem was solved when the commercial advertiser used the microphone as a medium of sales promotion. The answer to the two above questions in some way will be found as usual in the public that will be tuned in to the television broadcast to give it something other than experimental programs.

DURING the month of April Station W2XCR installed a broadcasting studio and a reception room in Lincoln Park, New Jersey. In the reception room several television receiving sets were in operation. The studio officials named the quaint stone building housing the studio and reception room “The World’s First Television Theatre.” I was one of the first to come and witness both broadcasting and reception of television. The public came and so did many men with scientific minds. For weeks the “Standing Room Only” sign was hung right along beside another which read, “The Line Forms On The Right.” Every night a three-hour program featuring Broadway stars, lecturers, aviators, concert singers and instrumentals was broadcast from the reception room General and Mrs. Public saw and heard the program in reproduction.

Among those who appeared before the pick-up camera were Tunice Howard and Larry Bolton of musical comedy fame, Ruth Elder, Clarence Chamberlain, Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins and Major George Vaughan. To Earl Carroll, the well known producer of the “Vanities,” goes the distinction of perpetrating the first television kiss. And the young lady who assisted in making the distribution of this feature on the air-waves possible was Doris Lord.

Anticipating your many questions regarding this new art now making its bow to a startled public, I will try to give you my honest opinion of television as it exists today. Is it practical? Yes. But it still is in its experimental stages. I would say that television is in much the same stage of development that Radio was in prior to the memorable broadcast of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in 1921. The only broadcasters in 1921 were amateurs and experimentalists. Television needs to broadcast an outstanding event of national or international importance to awaken public interest. All that is necessary to make it forge ahead is a little push from the ultimate consumer.

How many television stations are in operation today? I do not know the exact number but there is hardly a country which is not covered in an experimental manner at least. Stations W2XCR, Jersey City; W2XK, Washington, and W2XX, are on the air several hours a day.

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the polar explorer, his bride Miss Ruth Elder, avstris, on a Radio Vision program, witnessed by Radio Digest correspondent.

HOW does one tune in on a broadcast with a television receiving set? In much the same way one tuned in a Radio program in the early days. At the studio I visited the announcer gave out the following statement: “This is Station W2XCR, Jersey City, New Jersey, operating on a wave-length of 147 meters by authority of the Federal Radio commission. We will open our program this afternoon with a test picture so that you may adjust your receiving equipment. As soon as this picture has been broadcast the announcement of our regular program will be made.”

Yes, these are the days of television pioneering—but it won’t be long now before we’ll all be seeing as well as hearing via Radio.

Just the other day someone popped a question at me that made me sit up and take notice. It was a simple question. Just the sort of query I imagine has been asked by thousands of Radio fans. Here’s what it was, “How old is Radio?” Can you answer it? I couldn’t at the time it was thrown at me. And it took a lot of digging to unearth the data which finally gave me the answer, or I should say, answers, for there are three.

As you probably all know, Radio is the child of wireless telegraphy, not a step-child either, but the legitimate off-spring of a very rare and hearty parent. So, if you would know the age of the family tree, the exact date of the planting of the seed, we will have to confess our inability to make a positive statement. However, this much I can say, that in 1867 “James Clark Maxwell, of Edinburgh, read a paper before the Royal Society, in which he laid down the theory of electro-magnetism and predicted the existence of the electric waves that are now used in wireless telegraphy.” This is quoted from the Year-Book of Wireless. As the beginnings of this discovery are traceable at least forty years back of this date (1867) one answer to. “How old is Radio?” can be “At least a hundred years old!”

If your question refers strictly to broadcasting, the answer can be made quite specific. “Radio broadcasting is between twenty-three and twenty-four years old.” The answer to this is based on the date of the first experiments of Dr. Lee de Forest to broadcast phonograph music and music furnished by an electric organ.

FOR the third answer I am assuming that you mean, “When were receiving sets manufactured for the general public and placed on the market.” Here you have it—September, 1930! Less than ten years ago. Yet it was not until a few weeks before Christmas, 1921, that purchasers in any appreciable numbers were really attracted to this new-fangled playing thing. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the thrill they got out of those first crystal sets. And the headphones. The hours we spent with those things on were as a string of DX pearls!

We had no idea as to what sort of a looking place a broadcasting studio was in those happy days. All we knew was, “There’s music on the air and we’re hearing it.” And the announcements (Continued on page 87)
THE actions and reactions of marriage are beyond any
psychologist's prophecy and perhaps young people in
love know as much about it as anyone else, though that
is saying little. But when Sid Fletcher and Amelie Boyd
got married there was an auspicious agreement between the
principals and all the world, their world, as to the happiness
before them.

Everyone termed it an ideal match. Everyone liked Sid
Fletcher; he was the unassuming, companionable "good fellow"
that people find it easy to like. Had plenty of ability, too, and
everyone felt he was rich in that sound responsibility that is
the best backing ability can have. He was an up-and-coming
young engineer, already marked for success at making money,
who had practically welded his technical knowledge and
abilities on to a solid business base; it was while he was in
the Long Island suburb supervising a big construction con-

"That was a silly feeling," murmured Amelie.
tract for his company that he met Amelie, a daughter of one of the "old families" of that section, one of those highly respected families which have nevertheless a little "gone to seed" with dwindling fortunes.

Amelie was unusually pretty, beautiful even, in a softly speaking way—handsome with bright chestnut lights, large eyes also dark and bright, and a complexion which her outdoor pursuits seemed to enhance rather than mar. And she was not only lovely; she was even—oh, of course, people were moved out of their usual rut of expression to try to say things about her lovely nature and gracious charm; how she was not just like the other girls; how "fine as silk" she was; how others might be as pretty—though not as many of them—she stood out from all the rest.

And above all the obvious suitabilities of the marriage, these same pro realists were moved with everyone else to believe this couple would live happily ever after, since they were so tremendously, romantically, in love with each other. Such suitability and such a big love-affair was a combination Fate does not grant very often.

SINCE the beginning of time poets have sung of love and men have tried to define it and analyze it. But little do words ever tell of that ecstatic tumult which two can create for each other. The things that can happen at the sudden meeting of eyes, at the touch of a hand—when merely to be in the same room together is to surcharge the air with invisible and tingling currents, is to feel the air thicken with invisible and fluttering pinions. Strange enough; stranger to the lovers themselves, the heads of, enough, for them, that the shining wonder exists. And for these two, Sid and Amelie, that spring they met, the Spring was like a call to them and they had to answer. At first it was enough just to be together, to meet by day and to know, by night, that the same great canopy of stars roofed them both in the same hushed world. Then, after awhile, this wasn't enough. And then came the moment, breathless, important and never-to-be-forgotten, when he gathered her into his arms—when she knew her heart was bounded by his arms and he knew he held heaven and its stars. All the reverence in Sid's honest, dearest heart went out to his sweetheart, and in deep, genuine humility, he wondered that he had been able to win her.

When they set up their home in a delightful little house, a short distance out of the town and overlooking the waters of the Sound, it would seem that every good fairy had come to help give a spell of blessing. It wasn't a big house and it was furnished without any extravagance, but Amelie had succeeded singularly in imparting to it her own sweet charm. Every room, every object, every wall seemed suddenly to be bright with her presence and to have a wave of warming which was so unlike him, answered only with a closer pressure to him that spoke more than many words. 

This was the way they loved each other, what their mere presence meant to each other. And sitting there in the soft summer darkness, while the soft night and the walls of their little home enveloped them, there came to him a consciousness that the most perfectly matched couple is not necessarily an ideal pair. 

ND as for Sid, always inarticulate where his emotions were concerned, what coming home to this home meant to him, during that first halcyon time, was the climax of the unutterable. At night, the clanging city and the confusion and problems and buzzings of the working day behind him, just to enter the door and to stand with her within those dear familiar walls, just to sit at table with her—then strange alchemy seemed to transmute to gold the most ordinary thing.

One evening as he sat with his pipe by a window, watching the dusky Sound with its lights like spangles on satin, she came into the room and spoke some trivial thing, putting her hand on his shoulder.

He caught her hand and held it against his cheek, pressing it tightly. Then, with a half-embarrassed little laugh, he said: "Do you know, I had the funniest feeling just then; the kind of kink, for a minute."

"What was it?" asked Amelie.

"Oh, I don't know—it seems silly." He sounded somewhat sheepish, being ever slow and shy at his emotions; and his emotions, but he held tightly to her hand. "When you came in I just believed you heard your step and you were full of a sort of flush over me how it would be if you never came. If I were just sitting here, alone, and knowing that you wouldn't be coming—not coming at all! For a second the feeling gave me a sort of turn."

THAT was a silly feeling," murmured Amelie, the fingers of her free hand stroking back his hair. "I'm very much here!" Then, wonderingly: "It's not like you to let your imagination run away like that."

"For a while I did get me—for just a second." Then suddenly he caught her to him, held her close to him, Amelie!

That was all he said, but the husky vibrance of those two words, the jealous intensity of that embrace, with mute eloquence told her many things; it told her how utterly unbearable was the thought of her not always being there where he could see her and hear her; told her how amazingly barren the last days, once deemed happy enough, before he had had her; and told her how, henceforth, her love would be the one lamp to guide and cheer him down the otherwise dark path of life.

And Amelie, divining all the things he did not say, holding him even dearer for this panicky love-affair which was so unlike him, answered only with a closer pressure to him that spoke more than many words. 

This was the way they loved each other, what their mere presence meant to each other. And sitting there in the soft summer darkness, while the soft night and the walls of their little home enveloped them, there came to him a consciousness that the most perfectly matched couple is not necessarily an ideal pair. 

And as for Sid, always inarticulate where his emotions were concerned, what coming home to this home meant to him, 

Bess was the professional vamp of the club...
difference, as if it did matter. Little rifts and politely suppressed and soon forgotten chills and strains began—and as though on cue, it did not get better, and periodics were not as soon over nor quite as fondly compensated as of old. When you have heard more about them you will understand, except that it is always hard for lookers-on to comprehend other people's blind foolishness—or one's own, for the matter of that!

Our pair were far from being able to fathom what was the matter with them, though a wise man would have pretty clearly in working out the problem; seeing that they truly loved each other, he would have been a long time suspecting that such childishness could make grown-up, seemingly reasonable people so much trouble. He might have set them right if he had been such a miracle of tact that he could safely "butt in" at all. But there was no one intimate enough even to see there was a trouble. Tom had been too busy to tell each other in the early time to have other close intimates.

But that did have a "set"—the Country Club crowd. It was not an untowardly "speedy" set—in its liveliness and sophistication and extreme modernity merely typical of the kind of people who make, and who aim to make, their special suburb a "peppy" place to live in. It was a "peppy" age; but Amelie chanced not to care for "pep." She liked dancing-and golf and riding and bridge, but this endless and fevered pleasure-seeking she considered abnormal, frivolling, insane. And then, too, she enjoyed, with her family, with their unreserved, free-and-easy contacts giving opportunity for continuous and broad gossippings, these people seemed to her pretty shallow and futil. Through, as they were the people Sid's business and social positions brought them in contact with, and associated with, she was content to play with them—when such gayeties were in order. And had a fairly good time, too.

After her two or three years, Sid was showing more interest in the Country Club crowd and all its doings than he had at first. Amelie saw that he really enjoyed them—and with a pleasure of enjoyment that disturbed her increasingly. He had worked out just about that time to away he could go over by fraternizing with these rich men of the club, and he told Amelie they must go out more—it was good policy.

"A right sid," Sid, "it's not only good policy but it's good for us. We mustn't get so taken up with each other that we have no sociability. And I like the bunch myself."

"Then I'll have to like them, too," said Amelie.

"Don't you, anyhow?"

"Oh, yes, only a little of them goes a good way with me," she smiled on him.

But he knotted his brow and looked oddly discomforted for a moment. "I know how you feel," he said, "but they liked me and I like them." And then he swung out of the room, and there was a faint discord sounding somewhere. Was it?—both of them were other matters and pondered this. For surely they were not going to care, at this late date, for a variation of taste that they had always known well enough!

Indeed the bunch did like Sid; and, yes, they liked Amelie, too. That is, the men liked her, and the women liked her well enough. Men not only admired her looks and charm, but called her "square"—a word they do not use about many a woman they admire for quite other reasons. The women admitted her charm, but they divined some subtle reserve of spirit, something withheld and inaccessible under that gracious visage of them, amongst themselves, said Amelie Fletcher "felt herself superior."

One thing every one was sure of was that the Fletchers were the happiest married couple in sight. And every one had been right. But Amelie felt they had ceased to be right long before any doubts came to outsiders.

But there was no friction of any kind.

On a June evening when the Fletchers had been married nearly seven years, Amelie, sitting waiting for Sid and watching the sun sink beyond the Sound, for the thousandth time asked herself a thousand unanswered questions.

The sun was stretching a carpet of ruddy gold across the water; the lawn with its brightness and long stretching shadows told of peace and leisure and beauty; the soft liquefaction everywhere which comes on a summer evening; and the branches and leaves responding gently to the gentle evening breeze—the friendly trees which had kept them company for seven years! The breeze touched the curtains, stirring them, making them, too, softly rustling; then extra companionable, and behind her, all around her in the darkening room, she had the sense of dear and intimate and familiar things. Her home and Sid and the home they had built together.

She was in a mood that almost ached in its yearning tenderness. Sorting out some odds-and-ends she had come upon an old photograph of Sid—taken when he was scarcely more than a boy, before she had known him. It was rather funny-looking in the way old photographs, with their past clothes and hair, are funny-looking; but, gazing at those honest boyish

eyes and that honest boyish smile, she had felt a sudden wistful tug of loss because she had never known the boy of the photograph—regretted, lamented the years before she had known him. And that rush of tenderness toward the boy she never knew brought with it a wonderful feeling of tenderness toward the Sid she did know—toward the Sid who shared this home with her, Sid her husband.

With an odd sort of hunger she wanted to see him just then, wanted him to come home. Hard that he must be late tonight—he had phoned that a business conference was detaining him in the city till a later train; some rather important man from out of town. Specially disappointing that he must be last tonight, but, her softened mood lingering, she sat by the sunset window waiting for him; thinking of him.

Thinking of him she glanced round the familiar room; then pulled her chair a little nearer the window and leaned forward to the familiar views of lawn and trees and water. What memories inanimate objects can gather into themselves! Everything she looked at spoke of Sid—seven years here with Sid, seven years this very June.

Seven years. . .

Those first days and weeks and months seemed to rise again before her. Those first days of ecstasy and sweetness mutual. Before the little complications of everyday living, little difficulties and contentions and readjustments, all seemingly inevitable, had begun to mar that first blinding glory of their love. Love! A strange, baffling, inexplicable thing was love—so woven of ecstasy and torture! A thing beyound reason and without coherence. Of a sweetness more poignant than anything on earth—and of an all-devouring despair that consumes every hope and dream in your heart. Without coherence and beyond all reason. Bringing happiness, of course—endless little quivering lights of happiness—but bringing unhappiness, too; oh, such terrible unhappiness.

And then, for the thousandth time, she asked herself why all had changed—and not merely changing from spring to summer; she knew there was a change that was inevitable, and that true lovers took the changes of Love's seasons with

(Continued on page 84)

California's Own Son's Son
“Well, the worst is over, Dick!” exclaimed Julia Patterson to Dick Marston, her fiancé. “The climb certainly was steep. I’m just panting for breath.” She looked all around and finally spied a path.

“Here’s the path we must follow and if I remember correctly it’s just about half a mile from here.”

Julia and Dick followed the jaggy path over the ledge and into a virgin forest. For a moment they almost forgot their mission, so entrancing was the beauty of this mountainous sanctuary. The stately evergreens interspersed with the graceful boughs of the oak swaying in the breeze, the tiny Indian Pinks dotting the moss and the startled twitter of birds made a picture of harmonious melody. The very atmosphere seemed to call for meditation, and as Julia and Dick stopped to glance around in admiration they sensed a contentment which abides only in nature.

Arm in arm they walked on until they came to a clearing. By this time twilight was just hovering over the horizon and on the edge of the clearing a small cabin was discernible. Julia’s hand tightened on Dick’s arm.

“There it is, Dick! It seems as if it were only yesterday that daddy sat on that little stoop with me beside him and told me stories about the forest birds. We’d watch the trees when the wind played through them and sometimes it just seemed as if they really were embracing one another. This place is full of the most beautiful memories.” And as Dick watched her he knew that in this brief time she was living over again the days of her childhood. Breaking from her reverie, Julia realized it was getting late.

“Dick, we must hurry.”

He tried the door and found it unlocked. As he pushed on it the wood, rotted by many winter snows and spring rains, seemed to separate from its nailings and the hinges hardly held. Their nostrils were filled with an odor of age-old mustiness.

“Oh, Dick! Hurry! Do light a candle.”

“Just a minute, dear,” and the flame of a lone candle lit up the weather beaten shack.

Julia surveyed her surroundings.

“The atmosphere has changed. It hardly seems that this is the place in which I played and romped when a child. Why, it’s taken on an almost spooky glimmer in the candle light. Just look at the dancing shadows on the wall.”

Dick looked at her with an almost pitying smile on his face. It was sad to think that age had disillusioned her memories.

“So this is where your dad used to come when he wanted to be alone? My! It’s a regular hermit’s abode, isn’t it? It doesn’t look as though a soul had been here for years.”

“Dear old dad! My memory of him is the dearest possession I have. He built this cabin up here twenty years ago—just after mother died. I was just a baby then. Mother is buried up here, you know, and dad used to like to come up here and be near her—alone.”

“How strange that your father didn’t leave a will. You say (Continued on page 89)
"WELL, hello there, Bill Hay," I almost shouted as I spied the beaming Scotch face of WMAQ's commercial manager and the nightly introducer of Amos 'n Andy today as they came toward me. "Seems as if I hadn't seen you for months—not since we bunted out down at the National Association of Broadcasts convention at West Baden Springs Hotel last September."

"How've you been feeling since they subtracted your appendix?"

"First rate, Ev," the burly and burry voice that first made itself famous at KFXX, Hastings, replied. "And how have you and the wife been? We shouldn't let a dirty little thing like the Chicago river separate us so long. How about having lunch together? Have you an engagement?"

"Bless you, no," I answered. "That's a capital idea. Just headed out for lunch alone when I spotted you. They keep me pretty busy writing Radio yarns for The Herald and Examiner, but I always manage to take time to eat. The wife and family are great. I trust Mrs. W. G. is likewise, and that her lemon fluff pies are still up to standard."

"They she's are, check and double check," Bill replied. "Mrs. Hay has been feeling quite well lately, thank you. Let's drop down to the Dutch Room here at the Hotel LaSalle."

And so it was that a pair of radio's old timers went to lunch together and reviewed times gone by for Radio Digests "Old Home Week" issue.

"YOU know, Bill," I said, "I had an interesting letter the other day from Harold Hough, the 'Hired Hand' and 'substitute announcer' of WBAP, the Fort Worth Star Telegram. I asked Hal Brown, the editor, to wire Hough and ask him to write a piece about his activities of late. I have his reply in my pocket. Listen to this:

"Dear Mr. Editor:"

"I see where you have also caught the fever of asking someone to write for you. You sound just like one of the present-day Radio announcers who say, 'Please write and tell us what you think.'"

"Last night I got out the old crystal, dusted her off a bit and listened through the night's entertainment. Immediately following the signoff, I commenced to write letters as requested by the cream puff, silver throted batch of announcers. I'm still writing!"

"These days you don't need a loud speaker. All you need is a typewriter. Every once in a while you hear a little music, but mostly it's listening to an appeal to write for something. Even the Old Fiddlers—of which the woods are full, and who in the old Dark Ages of Radio a few years ago charged the studios in such tremendous numbers—even they have given way to the modern age of Radio correspondence."

"As I look back and note the vast improvement in the present-day broadcasting, I can't help but congratulate the pencil and pen manufacturers, to say nothing of Uncle Sam who sells 'em the stamps. We may not have advanced very far in enter-
tainment, but we have certainly made great strides in pensman-
ship. It seems to me that the days of the old 34-foot long crutches
have had to get out the old copy and spelling books before they
could enter the Battle for the Samples. If all the stations were
to shut down for thirty days, Uncle Sam would have to take
off his mouthpiece, so there's no question about the edu-
cational value of Radio.

"As for me, except on a few special occasions, I haven't
annoyed the fans over the country for a year or two. I backed
away from the microphone a while ago, but I retired back to
the boiler room, waiting for the wave of Chester-
fieldian Grammar to subside. Maybe I can get back and maybe
I can't, but some day all the Radio fans will have the writer's
crux, anyway. I'm not surprised he has little time for Radio these
days."

"That reminds me," said Bill, "of Leo Fitzpatrick, once the
Merry Old Chief of WDAF, the Kansas City Star station, who
used to make whoopee with Coch Sanders' Nightwatches on
their late pickups. He's vice-president of WJR, Inc., of Detroit
now. I saw him a few days ago, and he's one of the old station
he is doing quite well for himself. The Pat brothers,
too, who took charge of WDAF after he left, have been
working at WJR."

"Tell him, Buck Rayner and all the gang at the Radio Digest
that there is a very warm spot in my heart for all of you. Mr.
Plummer will remember that we had quite a time in the
Fall of 1924 at the finish of the first Radio Digest, and we
couldn't get away with it. Bill Grady, one of the best
memories of the presentation in New York. (George Hay won the cup in 1924.—
Editor's Note.)"

"If you are progressing so rapidly that the best we can do is
to try to keep up with it. There isn't much doubt in my mind
that it is the biggest publicity medium in the world today.
While we are all young in the business, let's pause a minute
to pay our respects to the old boys who did some excellent
pioneering—the Hired Hand, Lambdin Kay, Leo Fitzpatrick,
Bill Hay, first at KFXX, later WGN and now WMAQ and
NBC, A. W. Sen Kaney who heard with WAB and WJZ,
W. T. Bourn, who heard with the National Broadcasting Co.
in the old WEA days when they read the whole list of chain
stations tied in, Milton Cross at WJZ, and many others.
How often do these old timers and the poor old Radio announcer. We saw pages on pages of
tables on how to make up an XYZ circuit with an ABC
transformer in it, but the program was an incidental feature. Of
course, they were right. But gradually the boys and girls who
appeared before the microphones came into their own."

"Well, Bill, I might as well read this telegram from
Orson Stiles, director of WOW, ever since it first came
on the air as WOAW in 1922."

"Lester Palmer Prominent Omaha Municipal Judge Still on WOW's Announcing Staff."

"WELL, Bill, I might as well read this telegram from
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on the air as WOAW in 1922.

"Lester Palmer Prominent Omaha Municipal Judge Still on WOW's Announcing Staff."

"With that combination The Woodmen of the World station
should be able to stage a good mock trial broadcast, and I'll bet
Lester Palmer has his hands full faxing tickets for the station
owners, who somebody is going to have to deal with in that
capacity. Boniul was put in charge of the service bureau but
soon afterward resigned to become commercial manager of
WEBH and Radio was a part-time job with him. You know
Gomans, don't you? He writes:"

"Regarding Eleanor Poehler and Paul Johnson, I can tell
you about either one of them. Paul Johnson completed his
college course at the University of Minnesota about
two years ago, is married, and I believe serving as an intern
in some hospital, although I don't know where. Mrs. Poehler,
I believe, is still working and has retired from any kind of
public activity during the last two years."

"You know Bill, when Harold Brown asked me to rake my
memory and see how many of the old favorites had left
the old days, I thought I had an easy assignment, instead,
the more I investigated, the more I learned were still at the
Circuits, or perhaps more or less directly still connected
with Radio."

"I uncovered a few old timers, however, who have been absent
from the waves for some time. There are the Harmony Girls,
with Carpenter, and the Gardiner singer, who apparently
doesn't allow broadcast appearances. Incidentally, I saw
a harmony girl team at the Granada theater the other night
billed as the 'Harmony Girls' and for an instant was thrilled to
the core until I saw they were not the originals."

"Then there's the Ford and Glenn, Gene and Jack affair. The
former duo was started off on its way to fame by WLS, and
the latter moved out there from WGN. Mr. Gene says Ford
and Glenn, all of a sudden Jack Grady lost his voice. Paralyzed
vocal chords. That misfortune broke up the team. Ford and
Glenn, hearing about it, invited Gene into their act."

"Speaking of lost voices, remember Lew Farris? Who
doesn't! He was one of Radio's first traveling entertainers.
Worked for a music publishing house and, he claims,
visited every broadcasting station in the United States, Canada
and Mexico. And he was tall as he was travelling. Stood six
feet eight inches in his socks and appropriately billed himself as
'The Eldif Tower of Radio.'"

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feet eight inches in his socks and appropriately billed himself as
'The Eldif Tower of Radio.'"
I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but the war plan—well, I've got a lot of us. I am an inmate of the National Military Home, Sawtelle, Cal. fighting the old T.B. Lost my voice and haven't talked above a whisper since January, 1929, but am a long way from 'out.' Am feeling fine, beating the old T.B. I am the last of the batch. I am trying to get the old gang together in a couple of years. Would love to hear from any of the old gang. The little Pink Wife is still the best Jill I ever had and joins in sending you and Buck Rayner and all our old friends the best. Added 1-13-30: Just got the Honolulu Advertiser.

But when I tried to learn by wire a week ago how he was coming along, the institution said he wasn't there and didn't know where he might be. He is back in the hospital, but his voice will draw a line from him. Here's hoping he's locked the 'bug' and is microphone-bound once again!

"Say, what's become of Harry Snodgrass, the 'King of the Ivories' right now? I hear the Job's bunny and Juke once so beloved by WLS fans, is no more. Mae's right name, of course, was Harriet Lee and June's was Juanita Rae. Juanita married John Brown, WLS staff pianist, but that didn't cause the yowl. Mae's old pal, Eddie Cudahy, who is hosting WJJD, has heard that Harriet Lee and June is again broadcasting on WLS from the studios of the NBC network."

And Fred Jeske, another wheepee lad who tamed down to singing and announcin', Know where he is? Well right now you can tune him in on WTMJ, Milwaukee. He has been heard on the air there from time to time, WBBM, WGES and WIBO these past few years.

Say, I saw Harriet Lee's picture on the May cover of Radio Drama Digest. That means the old gal has kicked no trouble getting bookings. And Fred Jeske, another wheepee lad who tamed down to singing and announcin', Know where he is? Well right now you can tune him in on WTMJ, Milwaukee. He has been heard on the air there from time to time, WBBM, WGES and WIBO these past few years.

"Well now, music am I going to hear from Ray Snodgrass, the announcer I had in the '30's?" asked Stuart Nelson, WJJD's happiness manager, and set about to ring three of her own. Right now I am informed by Stuart Dawson, WIBO director and cousin of the lady, that she feels she has tended her own children long enough and is looking for a radio outlet to find others to tell bedtime stories to.

Speaking of announcers, I have a question about Nate reminds me of Charlie Garland and Charlie Schulze, "the (280-pound) tenor." They are radio mine skye these days. The pair have a Radio skit for the stage with old vaudeville tricks and no trouble getting bookings. And Fred Jeske, another wheepee lad who tamed down to singing and announcin', Know where he is? Well right now you can tune him in on WTMJ, Milwaukee. He has been heard on the air there from time to time, WBBM, WGES and WIBO these past few years.

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I remember when he first plugged songs years ago at the old KYH Hearst Square studios. His right last name is Lounger. When I heard his name change, I, in vain, tried to get a message to him like he did me some years back about the Paramount picture theater.

Tommy Malie used to be a partner of Little Jack Little in years growing fainter in my memory. A team split up caused Jack's voice to lose its magic, and the Pie was elected to make a good team name he adopted the name "Small" so the act could be known as "Little and Small." Mrs. Tea Little decided Jack could do better all alone, except for her. After a few months they parted ways and she suggested, she took over Jack's management, budget, etc., and put Paul Lounger-Small out at "first," so to speak, and they both got ahead, together and separated. Where Tommy Malie is no one knows. Some day he is singing down East.

The wedding bells stop some of the girl stars, and others go right off the air. Who do you think is the big one now? There's Marle Tusley, of WENR fame, and Ruth Etting, who was started on her way by WLS, to prove my point. Marle left Purdue university with a diploma, a good voice and knowledge, on the path to becoming one of the popular stars. Well, when cupped changed her last name to Fendley, Marle deserted the mike and is now home-making down in Demetropolis, Ill.

Ruth Etting, few people know, was already married when she came to Chicago from David City, Neb., a little city about ninety miles from Omaha and seventy from Lincoln. I think her first radio bow was at WLS. Meanwhile her main purpose in life was to complete a course in stage costume design at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Her blues songs were still clicking at WLS when she finished her course and took her diploma. We all call her "Little Jack Little" in the WENR "Gardens" and other night club shows here and began creating costumes for them.

One night they needed another chorus in a show, so Ruth obligingly stepped up as a chorus girl at $35 a week. She stuck. Already she was quite popular on the Radio. Paul Ash, then here at the Oriental, spotted her and put her on his stage. She decided stage costume design was not her line. The "star" was just getting going, and she went back to "guitar" and "Use your voice, and let it sound like a woman's voice." Then she blossomed out in "Whooppee" with Eddie Cantor and now she's right hand lady to Ed Wynn in his latest show. The networks nowadays have a habit of getting her to "guest star" on some one of their big commercial hours, so last she has returned to her first love, the microphone.

"Say, Ev," Bill Nash asked, "what ever become of the 'Silver Masked Tenor,' one of the first big favorites of the classics?"

Joe White is his right name, he's married and has three children. Just added the third last month—a boy named George John. WLS after Mervyn N. Wolsky, who has been a sustaining or non-commercial star on the NBC payroll. He is featured in at least one program a week out of Chicago. He串s is a WLS victim and WAMX with a tenor voice, the right kind of voice. I'd like to see him on some big program again, wouldn't you?"

Godfrey Ludlow is another old favorite who is just coming back into the spotlight, although he's not been off the NBC circuits, you'll see. He is a string instrument-wielding violinst, "wizard of the bow and baton" as the continuity said. The sponsor went off the network and onto wax recordings, taking Ludlow's skills with another American character along. But now a very similar continuity brings Ludlow to the fore again. He's cast as a struggling young violinist in the

(Continued on page 90)
WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?
Gangland's Gunmen Trail

The Hunters
Man-Eating Alligators, Rattlesnakes and Bullets Add to Mystery

By Will Payne
Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

G
O GET Bodet!" demanded the gang chief in Chicago. He talked to his gun team of Helter and Colisemus—a ratty pair of killers familiar enough with Chicago alleys and cellar holes to shoot, run and get away.

"An' what do we get?" demanded Helter.

"Four grand," said the chief in the language which they understood to mean four thousand dollars.

"What's phoney about it?" asked Colisemus.

"Nothing phoney, kid. You gotta travel. This Bodet, is the key witness in our case and they have him staked in the jungles down in Florida, see? You got to go down there an' knock him off. No bumping, a clean job an' you'll get your jack on the barrel. Bodet is a big hell an' we gotta get rid of him.

They found Bodet at the Bocaganza hotel, but it took four days to get him into any kind of a position for a target. And then Bodet went out with the old millionaire Dorman, also a guest at the hotel, for a bee hunt. Helter and Colisemus trailed the two men into the swamp as they set up their traps to catch wild honeybees, let them go and trail them to their hidden hives.

Helter and Colisemus followed them in a rented car. Helter, lean and sallow, took up the trail on foot. Colisemus patrolled the side road waiting for the sound of guns, a quick dash from the underbrush and a fast run into town and away. But it was a strange game to Helter. He had no bees or rattlesnakes. He discovered Bodet and Dorman carried no firearms so there could be no alibi of an accidental shooting. Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up a distant bank, too far away for a bee shot. He plodded through mud and slime to get at them from another direction. Suddenly he found himself face to face with a stout dark man in a calico shirt who eyed him suspiciously. He had no time for argument. A gun cracked.

BODET and Dorman stood beneath a giant live oaks—one of those lofty trees Dorman had marked from the open. He had come to it a few minutes after they climbed up on the bank of the island. For twenty feet or so around the huge trunk the ground was quite clear as though all the smaller growing things respected the monarch and stood back from him. The shaggy trunk upbore a world—huge limbs as large as trees of a half century growth spreading far over the jungle, and still other limbs, the size of young shade trees, springing from them. Looking up, it seemed a forest world, spreading far and towering into the blue. Long curtains of gray moss hung from the lower limbs; birds flitted. Where the lowest great limb branched from the trunk there was a blemish—a long, gnarled crack, to and from and around which winged dots were darting. Toward that spot Dorman was looking with an expression of deep satisfaction.

"'G'day, sir," he repeated presently, with a little sigh of content, "there's the hive; that's our tree." After looking his fill he went forward and laid his hand on the trunk as though feeling of it gave him some mysterious pleasure—verifying the testimony of his eyes by the sense.

They had been afoot more than three hours under a genial sun or in close places where there was little breeze. Perspiration dripped from Dorman's big hollow face and glistened on his tanned cheeks. They were in mud and water up to their hips; their shoes squelched at every step. They had been pricked with thorns, scratched with brush, hanged in vines. They had come through poison ivy, past snakes and alligators. At the end they had found a hole in a tree, in an island jungle, with some bees buzzing about it.

Looking up at that delectable reward of their labors, Dorman got out a crushed paper package of cheap cigarettes, offered one to Bodet, lithe one himself and smoked, in satisfaction, like a man whose race, for that day, had been won. "Splendid tree," he commented. "We'll suppose we're back to the swamp now and get some food—and a drink of water. I am dry."

"Apparently it occurred to him that his companion might not find the reward of their labors as rich and complete as he himself found it. He chuckled and laid a hand on the companion's shoulder.

"I'm an obstinate old cuss, you see. It would have stuck in my craw to beat the band if I'd given up just because those little devils flew over a couple hundred yards of muddy water... More you know of bees the better you'll like 'em; but it spoils the joke if you let 'em fool you. Gotta find 'em every day you set out or it wouldn't be fit to associate with 'em—see? We're good friends as is the bees now; they couldn't fool us. Professional bee hunter chops into the tree and gets the honey; but I can buy plenty of honey—tame bee honey's better anyway. I want to find 'em. Keeps a man out of doors—in the woods where he ought to be."

Well, we set out to find a bee tree and we've found one. It's been a fine day for me.

The last statement seemed to imply a question and Bodet answered in utter sincerity, "One of the finest!"

"Good!" said Dorman. "Everybody satisfied, including the bees. We'll go back and have some grub—and a drink. I am dry." He looked at his watch. It was half-past one now, but that's plenty of time for a hunter to eat.

They waded the lake, struck through the belt of timber, recovered their poles and open and started across the half mile of open, burned over land between the timber and the drainage ditch. Then they heard a shot back of them and to the east.

"Durn to what anybody'd be shooting over there now," Dorman commented. "Swamp hawk, probably."

They walked on a few moments and heard another shot. They ran full from that direction and a little later Dorman remarked, "Hello! Company coming."

Six men in a body were advancing rapidly toward them from the drainage ditch. It occurred to Bodet that they looked military. As the men came near one stepped forward as though to challenge them. He had a long jaw, a red mustache and there was something sultry in his eyes which suggested that he meant business.

Bodet and Dorman wore only heavy shoes, overalls, dark shirts, caps. Anyone could see at a glance that they were unarmed, carrying only a pole and a little box. The man who had stepped forward glanced at those objects and asked brusquely, "That your car back there?"

"Yes," said Dorman.

"Bee hunting, eh?" said the man.

"We found the tree, too," Dorman assured him; adding, not without vanity, "over on the island."

BODET caught a surprised glance among those who formed the background. The man ahead rubbed his chin and replied: "Island, eh? See anybody over there?"

"Why, we saw one chap," Dorman explained. "Quidroon or something like that. I take it. Surly sort of customer, looked as though he might bite. I thought maybe we were poaching on his preserves so I asked him if he had any claim to a bee tree there. He said he hadn't and I told him we were going on and one and he could come along if he wanted to and claim the honey. He did follow us to the tree. Then he went off somewhere. That's the only man we saw. Heard a couple of shots back there a minute ago."
The sutley-eyed man rubbed his chin a moment and remarked: "We heard the shots, too. We’re hunting some ourselves. Not boos—moonshine. There’s a still over there. Wonder you didn’t get plugged or cracked over the head and tossed into the water for alligator meat. We’re down here to clean up this country. It’s getting pretty hot, too. We cleaned up a still north of here last night and had to shoot two of ’em. One of my men shot, too. It’s getting pretty hot and ugly all around. We’re going to clean it up if it takes a regiment. They know it now, and they’re ugly. Wonder you didn’t get plugged. Better keep on the other side of the ditch and don’t mind if you hear some shooting."

The men moved on. A moment before Bodet had seen the chauffeur on the embankment by the drainage ditch, as though looking for them. But he now disappeared. Dorman moved toward the ditch very thoughtfully and after a moment he made a sort of confession:

"Guess there is moonshining around here. I’ve heard so anyway. Moonshiners, now... I knew an old fellow in Tennessee—crusty oldchap... Oh! I suppose he’d shoot if you attacked him, or if he was afraid you were going to—same’s a bee or a snake, you see. Anything’ll strike when it’s afraid. But otherwise he was an agreeable old chap... Then some of ’em, I guess, are ugly customers—don’t mind knocking a man over."

HE LOOKED around at Bodet rather uneasily as though there might be some misgivings in his own mind and he needed to justify himself. In that spirit he explained: "But we go openly, you see. Any idiot can see at a glance we’re not armed. If we did run into a moonshiner he’d be a fool if he didn’t see we weren’t after him. There was that chap on the island. I thought pretty likely he had something to hide—looked surly and suspicious. But we just went right up to him in the open and spoke friendly and there was no trouble at all... The devil! Why, if a man is going to sit down and think up all the things that may hurt him he might just as well crawl in a cave and pull the cave in after him! Seems to me the only sensible way is to go openly about your business wherever you want to go—and probably nothing at all will happen. Eh?"

Bodet saw that he was trying to apologize for having led his guest into danger. So the detective laughed from the bottom of his heart and clapped his companion on the shoulder, repeating, "It’s been a fine day!"

When they reached the car the chauffeur had the seat cushions on the ground for them and the luncheon hamper was open. But he was much annoyed when he found they had been to the sand, and let his employer know it in broad hints as he sat to one side for his own luncheon.

"Wouldn’t catch me on that island!" he declared, shaking his head. "It’d be the very place for a still. Too easy for even a moonshiner to shoot me or knock him on the head and dump him into the water for the alligators. If I was to do it, I’d call it reckless!"

With care Dorman selected the largest dill pickle, spearred it, laid it on a sandwich and extended it to the chauffeur, saying: "There’s a fine pickle for you, Jim." The chauffeur was especially fond of dill pickles; but he would not let Dorman know whether or not the bribe softened his heart.

They ate leisurely and lighted pipes, gossiping woodlore. Then they hushed in a sudden awe—

"By George!" Dorman exclaimed. "Shooting for fair!"

They had heard three shots, in quick succession, from the direction of the island.

Colisemus also heard those three shots. Nearly five hours had then elapsed since Helter left him to follow their quarry into the woods afoot. In the dingy little car which they had rented at Bocaganza for the adventure, Colisemus had cruised slowly up and down the brick road, always listening for a shot, always looking off to the east, expecting to see Helter’s slim figure gliding out from behind a clump of palm trees. Hours passed, the high sun shedding down strong rays. Colisemus was hungry, having eaten nothing since a hearty early breakfast. What he was tormented by thirst. Moreover, for miles this narrow brick road ran through woods or swampy wastes, a ditch on either side of it, with a poor farm house at long intervals and now and then a rough, sandy branch road suiting to a team and wagon but dubious for an automobile. Only at a rare farm house, or such a branch road, was there any place to turn a car around without danger of going into the ditch or getting stuck in the sand.

Presently Colisemus was plagued by the notion that he was becoming a conspicuous object steadily cruising back and forth along that highway where cars did not now and then. Perhaps people at the occasional farm houses were noticing him also. That was bad. And what had become of Helter? What was happening? Why this monstrous delay? To avoid being too long in the way, he was going farther both to the north and to the south before turning, finally covering six or seven miles.

Not far south of the house over tracts stood one of the several poor farm houses—a warped and unpainted frame dwelling with ramshackle outbuildings. A man and a well grown boy were at work there, building a primitive lean-to shed at the end of the barn. There was a well in the yard, with a little rusty iron pump and a tin cup. At the hitching post in front of the gate stood a bony and melancholy horse, drooping in the heat, attached to the top of it, the well that fascinated Colisemus, for he was parched with thirst. Pulling up at the side of the road he went into the yard and called out to the man: "Can I have a drink?"

"Help yourself," the man called back.

Stooping to the little pump Colisemus filled the tin cup twice and wiped his wet lips with deep satisfaction. Acknowledging the hospitality with a "Much obliged," he returned to the car and drove away.
THE man—lank, round-shouldered, sun-baked and with a mat of short grizzled beard—had scarcely looked at him, being busy with his rude carpenter work. But the boy had been more curious and observed to his father, as Colisemus drove away: "He's got one of them automatic guns. I seen it in his hip pocket when he was pumpin' a big one."

His father, who was evidently of a grim habit, replied casually: "Them as wants newfangled shootin' irons can have 'em. If I gotta shoot I'll take a double-barrel shotgun and two fingers of buck shot. Where's that saw?

Colisemus drove on to the northern limit of his beat and so missed the two first pistol shots which Bodet and Dorman had heard from the island. Coming south again he was much irritated and perplexed. Why this endless delay? And he had been cruising up and down this road for hours. People must be noticing him—although there were only a few to notice anything. Coming south again he passed another of the poor farm houses. A sun-bonneted woman in the dooryard looked up at him curiously—he thought, certainly—by this time they were beginning to remark him. Fifty rods south of this house one of those dubious wagon tracks branched off into the woods. It led due north—east—that is, in the general direction of the man hunt. Colisemus decided to follow it for such a short distance at least. That would get him away from this main road. He turned off the track and in a moment his wheels sank in the dry, loose sand. Before he could shift gears the engine gurgled and died.

He started it again, opening the throttle, trying to go forward in low or to back. With every attempt the convulsed little car merely sank deeper into the sand. The radiator was boiling when he gave up and climbed out. On his knees, with his hands for a scoop, he dug the sand away from each of the four wheels—hot and maddening work, for the sand ran back into the tiny crevices. Suddenly something had given way under his violent attempt to pull out of the sand. He looked under the car seat and found a starting crank; but his attempt to get the engine going with that was futile also. The machine had broken down.

COLISEMUS, running with sweat and tormented with thirst again, stared at it in a kind of furious incredulity. Had it been alive he would have beaten and strangled it with joy. There it stood under his eyes, a dingy black contrivance with every appearance of a mechanism that will go. Only twenty minutes before it had been going. Its rear wheels were not five feet away from the good brick road. Yet it simply wouldn't go—although even at this moment Helter might be leveling his pistol to fire; then scurrying to the road, his neck depending on finding a car there... But it simply wouldn't go! The colossal stupidity of that congested Colisemus's brain. The thing had simply got to go! Yet it wouldn't! A slight trembling affected his big frame; he yearned to fall upon the car with this iron crank and beat it... Why had he and Helter been so canny? Why hadn't they spent more money to hire a better car?

A small brand new green car came along the brick road and stopped. It contained only the driver, a lean and coatless man whose leathern face was deeply wrinkled. He surveyed Colise-
Proud Hollywood, Becoming Mike-Wise, Has Made a Rush for the Broadcasting Studios for Big Time on the Listeners' Circuit

TALKIES
Eighteen Months Has Wrought of Picture Stars Toward Radio—Radio Syndicates Indicate

By Special

Talkies are taking to the air with a new rush. Film celebrities vie with one another to make the best speech, sing the sweetest song, play the hottest instrumental tunes. But it was not always thus.

In the early days of public broadcast, the stars of filmland took a long time to find out what Radio was all about. They showed station favoritism for a newspaper tie-up. Nowadays you can hear them, however, from practically any of the stations at one time or another.

Among the people who got their first broadcast experience in front of the old button or carbon microphone in our studio was Frederick Warde, distinguished interpreter of Shakespearean roles; Eugene Biscailuz, then county undersheriff but now chief of the state motor patrol; One-Eyed Connelly, professional gate crasher; Harlan Fengler, racing driver; Jack Dempsey, pupilist of parts; Georgia Bullock, then police judge; G. Gordon Whittall, director of the City Planning Commission, and others.

But the movie talent predominated. For two or three years we had the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars to introduce and let

Alexander Grey and Bernice Claire singing from Movieland over the continental system stimulate the desire to see and hear them on the screen.

Luscious Clara Bow is a natural when it comes to Radio. When she snuggles up to mike audiences are thrilled. Her voice has a magnetic lure.

Vivienne Segal (above) was first glorified by Ziegfeld and one of the very good reasons why visiting buyers paid $8 for eye treatment at the Follies. Her excellent voice is now broadcast from Hollywood.

Mary Brian has been making pictures for years—sweet, dependable and always attractive but not so prominent until she became acquainted with mike.
TAKE THE AIR

a Miracle of Change in the Attitude
Merging Interests of Sound Pictures and Huge Entertainment Trust

Correspondent

them lip a few feeble words through the air.
What a change has come about in the last few years... almost the last few months. Poor, old, much-maligned Radio gets a tender hug and caress from its old-time rival and is eagerly welcomed into the fold to help make more dough for the gouty gentlemen who do business in the crevasse known as Wall Street, in Gotham town, in the far, far East.

Radio experience has been a tremendous boost to screen celebrities and would-be stars. In earlier days they were plumb foolish... blowing kisses to their friends over the air... chanting platitudes about "wish you were here, dear public," "oh, my, I'm thrilled," and other meaningless phrases.

By THIS time, however, they take the Radio much more seriously. Perhaps the box office angle has something to do with it. At any rate, their boss says "get them on a Radio program," and it's done.
Stars are reaping a much richer harvest through their talkie performances than in the silent films. Good speaking and singing voices enhance their value considerably. And in the

Remember Bart Wheeler (left) and Bob Woolsey in Cucos?
Their air venture entitles them to membership in any local branch of the great American Radio Cuckoo club.

Remember John Boles' skyrocket to fame in the Desert Song?

Lovely Marilyn Miller, star of stars of Ziegfeldom, has made her bow to the Radio audience and been accepted as one of the air divinities.

Nancy Carroll has just been going through her Most Wonderful Year with one success after another. The fans cannot see her enough, so she broadcasts regularly.

Being married has not put any serious crimp in the career of Joan Crawford (above), who is the beloved wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She comes to you on the screen and then purrs to you from invisible clouds of Movieland.

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tears and distraction. They ceased to dial in for the junk. Radio editors began to pan the broadcast of premieres and Radio appearance of stars.

Thus, although Will Hays refused to be drawn into the controversy, in order to mollify the radio public and not lose its loyalty, they began to write some pseudo-continuities and to scribble out notes for the talks.

New things began to stand-up. The public learned to tune in again. Talkie magnates learned the box office value of Radio propaganda. The subtle method of having the stars as guest artists grew in proportions to real, honest-to-goodness talkies. It was a progressive era. And on the radio, the radio, and on the radio, and on the radio.

Few, if any, Radio artists, have had much of a break in the talkies. A good deal of this is traceable to the fact that they lacked voice, and the general histrionic ability of the professional.

But certain it is that the film people have learned a wealth of experience from the Radio activity. Their talkie duties have helped them become more adept at public and radio presentation, and inversely their Radio work has made them considerably more valuable on the film lot and at location.

So that has been the gradual evolution of how and why the talkies have taken to the air.

The talkie stars now, instead of being tuned off, are eagerly awaited by a large sized country-wide audience, which has already become familiar with their faces and voices through the screen.

There is KFWB's First National-Warner Brothers hour on Sunday nights with a galaxy of stars and starlets at 8 p.m., PST. The station, owned by Warner Brothers, also has frequent appearances of stars during the week.

There is then there is this hour, originating at KXN in Hollywood, and switching from time to time to the stage in New York. This hour has shown conscientious effort at arrangement and presentation. The Station program over NBC each Saturday night with stars from some current production. I am told that by the time this reaches print KJH will have a program each Saturday night and KFVD send eastward for a year. 11:15 p.m., Eastern daylight time... to include all the talkie song hits and theme numbers a month or six weeks before public release. The program plans also to have talkie stars and popular choice stars.

The "Voices from Filmland" series from the M-G-M lot during the winter months on Mondays was a good one while it lasted. So too, was the Gable and his nightly frolic at KJH which has been off the air for some time.

Hal Roach has an informal tie-up with KFVD and Our Gang, Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chase, Harry Langdon and others of his crew take a petite microphone how every once in awhile.

The KKO hour over NBC is another national broadcast of films as well as a program. It is tied with its new Burnsick amalgamation may go on the air in a big way as it did with its Monday night cross-country Vitaphone hour a year or more ago.

There has been a flow of an informal hook-up for KXN, 5,000 watt-er which does a continuous ballyhoo act about going up to 50,000 watts, but never seems to get around to it. The station, though, doesn't make a specialty of using the microphone for its programs, though, the "talkie-entertainment-Public Sunday night hour along with KJH, both in the Los Angeles area.

Warner Brothers KFWB has the run on the coast's film talent. Its old standby, Bill Ray, has gone to KGER, Long Beach, 1,000 watt broadcaster, and something seems to be missing from KFWB for he has announced all the film talent and the premiere at the station for the past four years. Gerald King's good judgment in bringing talent to the studio deserves credit for much of the KFWB prestige.

Hollywood has the night light (Pacific standard time) KFWB has the First National hour and it brings plenty of celebrities to the microphone. Oscar Strauss, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier," conducted the symphonic group on one of the programs. Singer, Rosina Storch, also has appeared in the program. Then as well as another librettist, Oscar Hammerstein II, the "sweetheart team," Alexander Grey and Bernice Claire, Alice Gentle, operatic song and miniature performers.

Most of the stars who get a break in the talkies, and doupe for the radio, are new ones. But some, of the older stars are still in the picture and a majority of them got their start on the legitimate stage.

In between is the group which has been in pictures from the very start... people who, without previous stage experience, have made the change from stage to screen... people who have always been in show business.

When Los Angeles had only two high schools (there is now a score of senior high schools) some of us used to ride horseback as extras on Saturdays... Universal and Biograph having started. Louise Fazenda, with long braided hair, was still in school and she went right into pictures on getting out. Then there was Myron Zobel, who later went back to Cambridge, and now publishes a film magazine. And Zion Myers who does a...
Olive Palmer certainly is getting slimmer, you must admit by observing this, her most recent portrait. She's more youthful and at the same time a trifle more sedate. Palmolive has cleaned up since it started broadcasting and Olive Virginia Rae Palmer certainly deserves some of the credit by use of her immaculate voice.
BERNICE CLAIRE is another exquisite bit of screen femininity won for Radio from the talking pictures. We selected this from half a dozen poses, each as alluring as the other. Bernice is heard singing for the First National Pictures from KFWB, Hollywood, over a continental network of stations. Color here—ruby lips, pearly teeth, eyes!
ARMIDA—and that's all we know concerning the name of this dark-eyed maiden. She is the newest star of the singing screen and is a protege of Gus Edwards, famous "star maker." She is also one of the NBC featured artists of the RKO Hour. Any correspondence school detective would deduct from appearances that she's a real senorita.
BARBARA NEWBERRY is gifted with many extraordinary charms. But you see her here without her legs, which Florenz Ziegfeld has pronounced the “most beautiful legs in the world.” Aside from that Barbara can charm you with her voice and wit during the CBS Homemaker Club Fashion Show and she can pose just like this.
SUE FULTON is a radio singer whose sweet soprano voice is known just about as well in Florida as it is in her home town of Wichita, Kansas, where she is both staff artist and program director for the enterprising station, KFH. Miss Fulton sings in opera and she sings just because she is usually happy and naturally that way.
BARBARA MAUREL knew that she had music in her soul when she started out for a career and thought it must be the piano. Then she discovered that she really could sing. She began cultivating her voice and made rapid strides to fame as a concert artist. You hear her now as the contralto soloist with the Philco Symphony on CBS.
MARIE GERARD started out on her growing Radio fame as Marie Opfinger. Opfinger was a stickler for a majority of the fans. The first ten letters she received had it all the way from Off-finger to Fingeroff. So she decided she would become Marie Gerard, which was a lucky combination. You hear her on the Kodak Hour, CBS.
At the left we have Andy Sanella, the flying conductor, who leads the famous Empire Builders orchestra, NBC, New York. He operates a steel guitar, saxophone, baton and his own airplane. He began with a sax. His first boss offered him $50 in gold to discard it. He refused and later helped to make Paul Whiteman famous. You never can tell about those things.

When the little freshmen at the Ohio State University become fretful and peevish at sundown the university broadcasting station WEAO brings them the Glad Lady, pictured above. Instantly cares of the day vanish. The Children's Hour at WEAO has spread far beyond the campus. When the Glad Lady is just herself they call her Dorothy Stevens Humphreys.

Angels descend with heavenly music at the Truth Trinity Church, Oakland, Calif., every Sunday morning. And here they are. (Above—not to the right.) They sing at NBC studios in San Francisco, then fly across the bay in time for choir at Truth Trinity. They are the Arion Trio. At right is Harry Horlick and his A & P Gypsies who come to you from the New York NBC studios. Angels too? Ask Doggonit Henderson.
He drinks to you not only with his eyes but with Coca Cola, for he is none other than Granland Rice, the Big Sports Writer and Speaker of the Coca Cola hour. Keen, analytical, alert—you can look into his face here and feel that when he speaks he speaks with authority.

Alas that such charm and beauty should be swathed in black mystery! 'Tis Rheba Crawford, the Angel of Broadway, who strayed into Hollywood. She started out to win sinners by Radio and found Ray Splivalo, who won and married her. Now she lives in a castle in the hills with her own private studio connected with KFWB.

Introducing Mr. and Mrs. and Mr. and Mrs., or as the CBS correspondent says, "Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, the only living stage stars who have retained the use of prefixes throughout their career meet the 'Mr. and Mrs.' who are favorites on the Graybar hour and are known by no other name." At left: Billy Carlino, Charles Magnate and Dave Boyd the Cotton Picker minstrels on the Dutch Masters hour.
Ann Leaf (left) stands (when she does stand) just under five feet. She plays the mighty CBS organ. Every day she acquires some new nickname. Little Organ Annie, Mitsey, Sweet and Low are among the best.

Guess everybody has heard these four. They're the Roxy Gang quartet. From left: George Reardon, baritone; Carl Mathieu, first tenor; Frederick Thomas, basso, and John Young, second tenor. You recognize the names.

Eventually the greatest come to you through the air. And now Toscha Seidel, who stood a little aloof, in a series of concerts over the Columbia System. Adele Vasa shared the program with him. And of what avail summer skies and fair weather to allure from such a combination!

Sometimes we yearn for something from the heart that is true. Then what pleasure it is to listen to these young high school students, Lucy and Pin, over WJJD. Real characters in a sketch, Kids Again.

“Please, Uncle Bob, make a noise like a goldfish.” That's one of many curious requests that come to Uncle Bob at KTSA, San Antonio. He's a star at imitating. Some of his associates in the picture from left: Cousin Jules, Don McGinnis, Aunt Betty, Uncle Mark and Uncle Bob.
America is proud of its Bills and Berthas who are typified in this Bill and Bertha (left) in the Perkins-ville program over WLW. They not only proved that two could live as cheaply as one but saved $500 the first year of wedded life.

Above is the real Mrs. Stephens, seamstress in the Thompkins Corners Real Folks program, NBC, New York. Her real clothes, real face, but not her real name, which is Elsie Mae Gordon. She also plays the part of the school teacher.

Folks, reckon you-h-all likes them caow boy ballads an' sich, thet yuh gits over the big air ranges. Well, sir, these here fellers is the Hill Billy Boys that cants-ers-like over the NBC trail from Frisco. The feller in the center is Charlie Marshall, foreman o' these here hands.

What does a man think about after his 104th birthday? You could have found out by listen-ing to Henry Homewood from Shenandoah, la., who was 104 last March. One thing he thinks about is his pipe which he has been smoking since Lincoln first ran for office.

Dale Wimbrow, black voice comedian at CBS and Virginia Gates, continuity writer, listen in for color effects for future broadcasts.
**THIRTEEN and ONE**

*Will Little Thinks He Sees a Ghost as an Unexpected Guest Comes to Life In-Nemo's Bed—a Haunted House*

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

PRECIOUS stones, including the Nonius Opal, and the famous gem from the Orient known as the Flower of Heaven, and a million dollars in cold cash had brought together an unusual assortment of connoisseurs and adventurers. They were assembled in the storm-bound mountain retreat of Mainwaring Parks at Lake Tahoe. Including the servants there appeared to be just thirteen persons beneath this roof on that momentous night. As the guests dispersed to their various rooms there was a cry of murder. The host and his bodyguard were found dead or dying. An explosion in another part of the house sent the guests scurrying from the room. They found the safe robbed. Returning to the scene of the tragedy it was discovered the bodies of the two murder victims had been spirited away. No trace could be found of either of them. Two detectives mysteriously appeared from out of the night. Gateway immediately set upon Dr. Andregg and promised to get a confession from him. Then it was found that Nemo, another of the guests had disappeared from his room, leaving no trail. Several of the guests, headed by Captain Temple, prepared to hunt for him at a vacant cabin some distance away. But Paul Savoy, who strangely had predicted the arrival of the detectives, laughed and said they would not find their man.

"All we need think on now," he said, "is: Where are the bodies? . . . Good night, gentlemen." The door slammed, and the searchers departed into the night.

IT WAS all very well for Paul Savoy to sing out his cheery: "Good night." But no consummation was to materialize from the wish. It was a thoroughly bad night for several of the household; especially Andregg, who lived through a night of horrors. Gateway exerted pressure cunningly, crushing, cruelly, and he was past master of administering that incredibly hideous treatment known so widely as the Third Degree.

Lauffer-Hirth spent hours again with his hands full, ministering to Will Little. The secretary had made his fight against weakness and had his finger nails in the edge of victory, poised above the abyss of terror, when the new shock of Mr. Nemo's disappearance had come to play havoc with his young victory. He sincerely believed this grim and sinister old place was haunted by dead men and by the spirits of unlucky stones.

He begged, he came close to futile threats in his desire to have Lauffer-Hirth rid himself of the opal.

"It's bad luck, I tell you!" he shrieked. "We know there are strange, unexplained influences hanging about many precious stones . . . How did the thing come on the table downstairs? Who put it there, and why? . . . Go get rid of it; else you'll be next to go. You or I . . . For God's sake!"

Lauffer-Hirth took the thing out of his pocket and stared at it with a most peculiar look in his eyes. Superstitions! Will Little shrank back and fell to shivering as though with a chill that bit to the bone. Lauffer-Hirth shambled away, going into his own room. He was gone not over three or four minutes but when he came back he announced, "I've hid the thing."

And from his look and tone it might have been gathered that he, almost as fervently as Will Little, was relieved.

NOTHING, it appeared, would drag Gateway away from his present post at Andregg's bedside.

Temple, McIntosh and the sergeant bent their heads against the night's wild buffetings. They carried two flashlights, a bunch of keys, an ax, a handful of candles and a fresh supply of matches. Somewhere, far above, beyond the thick massed clouds, day was breaking when they came to the beach in front of the empty house.

An hour and a half after they had left the home of Mainwaring Parks they were stamping the loose snow from their arctics on another veranda, dark and bleak and piled high with drifts. They sent their two circles of light dancing here and there until the outlines of dog's mouth window were revealed. The window was heavily shuttered: bloc of snow caught by an intrush of the wind, had been swept up over the threshold of the door. The three men began seeking signs of Mr. Nemo's passing here on the rooted veranda; but even here, had he come this way during the night, the spraying sleet must have obliterated all traces.

McIntosh held a torch focused upon the keyhole while Captain Temple's numb fingers fumbled with the key he had inserted.

The door, heavy and inclined to drag at an outer corner, creaked dismally. The three stepped in, shoved it shut against the wind, and began a hasty striking of matches. The dark in here, having the effect of being aided and abetted by a thick, musty atmosphere, was like a weight on their spirits. Ghostly little sprits of flame rose from the match-ends; a more genial yellow glow spread out from the three candles which they lighted.

"Smacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding his candle high and staring about him interestingly. "I say, here, we're going to find something; something dead and cold and unlovely."

"WHAT'S that?" whispered the sergeant, suddenly rigid, leaning toward the gloom, chin thrust out.

One clutched another and altogether pointed. It was the thinnest, palest line of light under a door at the end of the hall.

On tiptoe and as noiseless as phantom they crept to the closed door, being of equal mind to burst without warning upon their quarry. Captain Temple set his hand to the door, turning it ever so softly. He found the door fastened from within. The three put their ears close; never a sound. They drew back at Temple's urge, listening to his whispered word.

"That door's a flimsy affair . . . . The three of us rushing

"It's Detective Dicks' body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"
it, it'll go down like a paper screen.

Ready? They blew out their candles, stuffing them into their pockets to be un-hampered. "If the door holds, then give it the ax... . Nemo'd be off and away with a full minute warning.

They drew close again, then hurried themselves in a compact attack, like one man, against the door. It creaked and splintered, yet held. They drew back and struck again and went through.

But they came into no such light as they had expected. There was the tiniest of wood fires burning in a fireplace; its glow had yellowed the line under the door, but did not banish the dark, or make you murky gloom of it. At first they feared that their man had fled, or had already gone when they charged toward him. But a moment later they saw him.

In that first instant he was standing against the farther wall; his back was toward them and his hands appeared to be at his face. They had but the most fleeting of visions of him... . and then he was gone. Close to where he stood was a window, it was closed but not shuttered. Here, perhaps, he had entered; here he vanished. There was a leap and a hunge, a slanting of glass and their quarry was no longer. And what they had seen of him was merely a crouching form.

"It's Nemo!" the captain contended sharply.

"After him!

They threw up the window and went through, dropping several feet into loose snow.

A moment later McIntosh, straightening up, pointed to their own former track, the one they had made coming here from the Parks house.

"He's taken the only open trail," he announced. "Headed toward the house we just came from."

They found no other lurrow than that of their own making. Head-bent against the wind, protecting their lights all that they could, but forced repeatedly to wipe the glass clear of blurring damp.

They went forward hurriedly, yet watching to make sure that Nemo had not striven to trick them by making a leap far out to the side. But the track led straight on, and brought them to the front steps and on up to the door.

"And now," grunted Temple disgustedly, "we've had a pretty chase just about for nothing. We'll find a very placid, serene and noncommittal Mr. Nemo smoking a cigarette by the fire, and lifting a pair of crooked brows as much as to ask if we've been playing ourselves.

The fragrance of coffee greeted them. "Guess it's pretty near that time o' day," said McIntosh, and they went to the dining room. At the table were Paul Savoy, Lauter-Hirth and Mr. Nemo's man, Mohn.

"Nemo came in just now, not over fifteen minutes or so before us," Temple spoke abruptly. "Where is he?"

Mohn looked at him stony, leaning across the table.

"You see him?" he asked, his voice grown quick and sharp.

"Didn't you?" snapped the captain, growing mystified.

"Haven't any of you seen him?"

They shook their heads.

"Then who did come in?" he fairly shouted at them. "We followed some man here; we saw his tracks; he came in at the front door. Who was it?"

It appeared that no one knew. If any man had entered, he had done so unseen.

"That's pretty near. Temple. "He has slipped in quietly and gone to his room. If he pulls the blanket face when I find him, I'll... ."

The three hurried through the house toward Nemo's room. From a remote room they heard a voice, high-pitched and shaken: Andregg's voice in supplication or menace. Gateway, evidently, still stood by his torture rack. And presently they reached Mr. Nemo.

"And there he is," Temple gasped, for all along he could not greatly believe in his own prediction. "Pretending to be asleep and to know nothing of any night's escapade."

He whipped back the blankets... . then fell back with a sharp ejaculation of amazement. Tom Blount and McIntosh thrust forward. Then from Blount burst a shout which went echoing crazily through the old house and brought men running.

"It's Detective Dicks' dead body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"
Paul Savoy lifted his brows sharply, muttering under his breath:

"So Andregg's no doctor! If I'd known that in the beginning! Well, it all fits in." And then abruptly he took charge in the room. In a quiet, lowered voice he called to the others to come out; Dicks was barely conscious, it appeared, and would certainly require absolute rest. They must discuss this thing; give what first aid they might; then manage somehow to get a physician.

"THAT man Gateway," observed Savoy disgustedly, "misses his century as well as his calling. He should have served

Will Little, queerly fascinated, drawn by the very horror which repelled him, evinced a more morbid curiosity than any of the rest of them. He had stopped at the broken door at first, drawn two ways. His face was white; beads of sweat gathered and trickled down his face. Step by step he drew closer until at last he stood over the bed looking straight down upon the still form of the detective.

Then, all of a sudden, a wild yell burst from him and he turned and fled from the room. They heard him dashing upstairs, heard his incoherent and meaningless jibbering, then the slamming of his door.

"Your little friend is on the raw edge of insanity," said Temple, looking gravely at Laufel-Hirth. "You'd better figure on some way of getting him out of . . ."

"My God!" It was Tom Blount, staring and pointing. "Look! He's alive!"

And now they saw what had precipitated Will Little's panic flight. The eyes of Detective Dicks were wide open; they turned slowly; they rested, full of dull question, on face after face.

Temple shouted excitedly.

"He needs a doctor; send Andregg."

"Doctor?" cried Gateway. "Andregg's no more doctor than I am. Dicks would be better off with the cook treating him."

"You're all right, you know, Dicks," said Temple, rather more tactful and sympathetic than any had looked for him to be. Dicks, without the strength to nod, closed his eyes briefly to indicate agreement.

"Do you know who struck you?" asked Temple.

"Or who. . . attacked Parks?" Dicks, with an obvious effort, shook his head.

"Again the effort to say, "No."

"You know nothing at all about it, then?"

"No."

"That's quite all right, Dicks," said Temple cheerily, his disappointment well hidden. "Get a little nap now if you can. One of us will be with you all the time, and a doctor's on the way."

"Whatever he says," called Gateway, "let me know, and I'll know how to use it on Andregg."

Temple was headed off by a gloating exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway waving a manuscript at them as he drank deep of one of his melodramatic moments.
as handy-man for the Inquisition. Andregg is no more guilty than... than Gateway himself.

Lauffer-Hirth hurried away in quest of his secretary, to quiet him with the good news that Dicks was alive and that there was nothing spooky about the matter.

Temple, as having had considerable experience with accidents and their first aid treatment during his expeditions into the out of way parts of the earth, with Blount an able assistant, was left in charge of Dicks. They found him fully dressed, even to shoes and tie; just as when they had come upon him unconscious in his room upstairs. Temple, with clever, gentle fingers, examined his wound and looked up curiously at Blount.

"I'd say he isn't even badly hurt," he said, puzzled. "Looks to me like a heavy blow that surely was enough to stun him; and to make an ugly looking cut, laying back a flap of the scalp; but the bone isn't fractured."

"But Andregg said..."

"Andregg isn't a physician at all, according to Gateway. And he was excited; rattled, I'd say... Scare up some good whiskey, Tom. That'll help as much as anything."

Blount leaned closer, his nose close to Dicks' lips.

"He's got whiskey on his breath, already, sir. I'd say he's just had a drink."

Temple stared at him. Yet what Blount had said was true enough. Most certainly, and not many minutes before, liquor had passed the detective's lips.

BLOUNT caught the captain by the arm, dragging him away from the bed, whispering:

"The man we followed here... was it Dicks? Is he up to some game of his own? How'd he get here? And where's the man we did chase from the other house?"

"If you ask me another question, Tom Blount, there'll be another murder done, and you'll be the victim. Let's get him undressed and comfortable. As soon as he can talk, he'll talk, and don't you forget it. He's got to tell us something, one way or another."

"He won't, though," said Savoy, a hint irritably. "Simply because he doesn't know anything to tell."

Lauffer-Hirth entered the room, looking hastily troubled.

"I'm having the perfect devil's own time with Little," he announced from the door. "His nerves have flown all to pieces. He's carrying on like a crazy man. I... I'm actually afraid for his reason. If anything else happened— even if it was only a stray black cat, or if a picture fell from the wall, he'd just go up in the air and explode."

"Better get him to promise to stick close to his own room," Savoy told him crisply. "For something else is going to happen."

He spoke with such assurance that he caught and held their questioning eyes.

"Planning into the future again, Savoy? Never more ironical had Temple succeeded in being."

"YES!" responded Savoy, certainly never more wapish. "Something else is going to happen."

"You know what this coming event is?" From Lauffer-Hirth over his shoulder.

"Look here, Amos," he said soberly, possibly not hearing Lauffer-Hirth's question. "Don't you think you can prevail on Little to stick close to his own room? One of us can bear him company; do he play chess? Cards, anyhow. And..."

"I don't know; oh, Lord, I don't know," Lauffer-Hirth mopped his troubled brow. "I'll go and sit with him."

All day someone remained with Dicks. At an early hour it had been thought best to move him to another room, since the door of Nemo's room had been ruined, and quieter quarters were obviously required. He appeared very weak, but grew visibly stronger; at Temple's orders broth was prepared for him. But he was troubled with no further questions as yet, his answers to the earlier ones satisfying all that there was little or nothing to be learned from him. He began to look as though it was who wanted explanations.

Temple and Blount and McIntosh, having the strongest personal interest, searched and searched again for some little sign to point to the answer of the question that perplexed them: Who was it that they had chased from one house to the other?

"You realize, of course," Savoy quietly, "you've heard of the original owner and builder of his place? A certain Thrif Willeyzinski?"

"If you run your eyes over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading."

MAN alive!" A soft whistle followed McIntosh's exclamation. "Why, that old coot, mad as a hatter, belongs to a past generation. He ought to have been dead twenty or thirty or forty years ago."

Savoy smiled crookedly at him.

"That's why I spoke as I did. Just whom or just what this apparition of yours is..."

"Oh, I say, laughed McIntosh. "For a deus ex machina you are not going to give us a ghost, are you?"

"Just to think of Thrif Willeyzinski," pursued Savoy, one of his dreamy moments upon him, his eyes fixed in the way they knew so well upon the star sapphire ring, "is refreshing, Mad; a murderer long years ago; vanished. Hasn't it dawned on you that any man with so crooked a mind as to construct so vast and crooked a house, must inevitably have indulged in secret rooms?"

"Nothing new there," said Temple, "Blount and I have been looking for just that sort of thing."

"Of course. Couldn't help thinking of that. A mind like..." (Continued on page 65)
Drive up to the curb in Darktown with your motoradio set to a blue program and you won’t be lonesome long.

RADIO TAKES A RIDE

“Stay Home and Listen to the Radio” Has Been Changed to “Take Your Radio as You Go”

By Colonel O. N. Taylor

“How about this spelling—you make it all one word, ‘Motoradio’?” I asked the Inquiring Reporter of Colonel Taylor.

“Quite right, sir. ‘Motoradio’ is what I have in my car, sir, an’ I assure you it is correct.”

MIGHT as well start this tour with the inevitable story about motor Radio and get it over.

Here goes!

Pat: “I see they are equipping all the new Fords with Radio sets now.”

Mike: “Sure, begorra, and why?”

Pat: “So they can get out-of-town!”

* * *

And now that that is over we might say that the craze for Radio equipped automobiles hit the higher priced vehicles first, and the flivver class is apt to be the last to take up Radio on wheels on a large scale. On account of the gas tank being right behind the cowl, most of the ready built sets cannot be installed there as there is not enough room for the receiver proper and the speaker.

* * *

But flivver or not, Radio is being taken for a ride! It is going bye-bye! The day is near when the guy who goes to trade in his old bus will tell the salesman that he has new tires all around, only 20,000 miles on the speedometer, 600 hours on the Radio, and new tubes in every socket.

* * *

Of course there are a few hindrances to motor Radio. Some legislators, perhaps the grandsons of the boys who introduced the 10 mile an hour speed laws and the one about motorists being required to stop their engines and dismount upon meeting a horse-drawn vehicle, have tried to get bills through prohibiting Radio equipped autos from using the highways. They say such contraptions detract the driver’s attention. The same solons should introduce similar motivated bills forbidding the use of cowl ventilators when flappers in silk dresses are riding in the front seats.

* * *

Then there is a bit of wifely objection. When I announced to the other three-quarters that our (and I don’t mean an editorial “our”) car was to be equipped with a Radio set, she howled.

“How can I never get away from Radio? You have five sets now and one is always going when you are at home, in your office or at the summer cottage. Now I suppose I will have to listen to squaky sopranos between those three points.”

* * *

Well, she does and likes it! After the set was installed she had but one cutting remark to make. Our car is a bit loud in appearance, I admit. A Mexican turquoise blue with orange wire wheels and pipings. Riding home through a park the first night with the Radio banging out a band playing “The Billboard,” that march that reeks of the circus sawdust, she had this to say:

“I hope you are satisfied. First you get an auto that looks like a band wagon and then you have to go and install a calliope in the thing so it will sound like one.”

* * *

But, my, how Radio adds to the pickup of a car. Just try driving up to a stop light near a telephone exchange about the time one shift of “excuse-it-please” girls have given their seats at the wrong-number-board to another shift. Tune in
your set to a lively dance tune. Boy you have to light them off! Of course there is a drawback there, too. They usually want to follow the music through the air and streets to its source and the best music seems to come from places where the company is engaged in the price of a new set of B batteries. (That's also an argument for getting a powerful motoradio so you can draw in music from another state.)

A little cruising around will acquaint you with the best spots around town for good reception. Usually these places are on the outskirts of the city, down shady, unfrequented roads formerly used by horse and buggy riders and dubbed “Lover’s Lanes.”

Get a girl real interested in Radio and suggest a trip to one of these places in the interest of Radio science. The first time you arrive there tune in one of those dreamy crooners, and let little Rudy Vallee advance your cause. Reception is usually best on clear moonlight nights.

But don't get into the jam a Chicago boy did while on one of these scientific expeditions.

He had a great big date with a little bitty girl whose motto was “home by 11 every time.” Accordingly he set his auto clock two hours slow and called for the miss. They motored to the “best reception” spot and started their “scientific studies.”

Time passed.
More time passed.
Then out popped the dash light and noted that it was only half after nine. The light went off and the boy friend turned the dial in search of the recommended crooning music. He got it. And as usual, when he tuned in to obey the commercial announcer saying Victor Herbert’s “Kiss Me Again,” the melody stopped and an announcer bent on giving public service disturbed the quietude of the sylvan parking space with: “The time now is 11:30. If you are not in bed by the time the clock signals, you are free to call me; ‘You big bum,’ cried the little bitty girl. ‘You have fixed that clock again. Take me home.’ "You are wrong, dearie, that announcer is in Atlantic City.”

“Out of schedule there was two hours difference between Chicago and Atlantic City? WPG has been pounding in to our house long long for me to swallow that stuff. Tune that set to the correct time. The Earth is spherical, and how good your reception is at 60 miles per hour headed in the direction of home.”

AND another tip!
Do not leave your Radio set running tuned in to a baseball broadcast when you draw up to a curb on a business street and get out to investigate some of the local stores. You may both, will happen to you. You either will be pinched for blocking traffic on the sidewalk or you will return to find an intact mob hanging all over your new chrome plate and ready to commit mayhem if you drive away with the score tied, the bases full and two outs in the ninth inning.

Colored districts are also good places to stay away from when parking with running Radio. Pickanninies need only a wisp of music to start them dancing and once started a race riot is apt to start if you attempt to drive the music away.

Ralph Langley, Radio engineer, points out a curious phenomena brought about by Radio in automobiles. Through the use of such you can hear the same band concert twice. Try this on your auto Radio.

Drive up to a position on the windward side of a band stand from whence a broadcast line is running. Tune your receiver to the station broadcasting the band. Listen! You hear the band almost the instant the music is created because the Radio wave bringing you the music travels at the rate of 180,000 miles a minute when it has traveled through the air on slow sound waves.

RECEPTION is often effected when driving between two large steel framed buildings. At one point on Washington boulevard in Chicago is a sign—Zone of Quiet—Hospital.” My Radio always obeys this sign and the volume diminishes the minute the car reaches the sign and does not come up loud until the car has passed out of the zone. Although we tell the uninformed that the Radio is a sign reader and believer, the real cause is the reduced structure of both the hospital and surrounding across the narrow street.

Pat Flanagan, sports announcer for WBBM and CBS, who broadcasts in Chicago and LaGuardia and questions whether at home or abroad, tells me that he is receiving more letters every day from radio-bomb fans who have caught him on the fly.

Talk to them by Bob Evans, former automobile and Radio editor, and now President of K-B Motoradio, one of the pioneers in this radio-as-you-go business. In fact, I think Bob deserves credit for starting the craze.

"I T WAS during the big spring blizzard that hit Chicago and a business man driving a Radio equipped auto got stalled in a snow drift on the out-door," tells Mr. Kaufman. "Several blocks away he could see one of the public transmission snow plows slowly working its way to him through the snow. So he decided to sit and listen to a Radio program produced especially for him. He tuned his receiver just in time to hear a news announcer reading the opening quotations on the New York stock exchange.

"In the many hours of programming, we've listened to what had been a dull market up to that day. What he heard was far from dull. Unusual activity in certain stocks had placed his own holdings in jeopardy. He shut off the Radio, locked his car, laid off across the park for a drug store. Reaching there he phoned his broker a selling order. When he finally got back to his car and free of the snow drift, he again tuned in market reports and found that the stocks he had just sold were on the tobbogan. But his selling order had been received in time and his motoradio had saved him thousands."

A travelling salesman who keeps his car in the same garage where mine is stored tells me his experience with Radio wheels.

"You'd be surprised how it helps me in business," he said. "I am a cigar salesman and have a route of rural stores. During the summer these shops are all equipped with radio sets pulling in baseball broadcasts, and baseball is the topic of the counter crowd.

"I tune in the game when it comes on the air and keep it on as I travel. When I hit a store I can enter talking about the previous part of the game or light up the store and play and can enter right into the conversation. This pleases the proprietor and it is much easier to sell a man who is thinking along the lines you are talking to it is to come in and interrupt him with 'what's the score?'"
BERNARD BURKE, the snappy-eyed youth you see here, and the twentieth century have been almost simultaneously. Perhaps that's why this fair-haired announcer-singer at WTMJ has managed to keep up with the ever-changing entertainment trends of the times, so remarkably.

Back in the days when one of Edison's cylinder talking machines was the marvel of the neighborhood, Bernard was imitating the rhythmic steps of the dance-loving negroes in his native town of Natchez, Mississippi, and piping, in a childish voice, the spirituals they sing.

As his limbs became longer and his voice waxed stronger, he was sought out for a place in the church choir, then the accepted place of "nice people" who were blessed with good voices.

But Bernard wasn't satisfied. He wanted to get to New Orleans, center of the southern show business. Here he won a place with the St. Charles Stock Company, which landed him definitely behind the footlights. He played in "The Gingham Girl" in New York and on the road, and with Violet Heming in Chicago in "This Thing Called Love."

The little boy who copied the shuffle-dances of the Mississippi darkies became Roy Lane, the hoofer, in the road show of "Broadway." Next he went on a vaudeville circuit with May Irwin, comedienne. Then the lure of the microphone got him, and we certainly can't say he's sorry. How about it, little Miss M. R. A. K.?

Al Carney is heard regularly over WCFL, Mrs. Ewing, and you will find a little story about him on page 60 of the May issue; also a story about Harry Snodgrass. Harry is no longer on the air. Ted Poister is still at WLS, as are the little girls. Elderly people find comfort in his voice and little girls find romance. They name their dolls for him.

Classic programs are his favorites, perhaps because he was educated to be a grand opera singer. He might well have been, too, had not his eyes failed him, necessitating the wearing of heavy glasses that he could not lay aside even for the hours he would be on the stage.

As it is, he uses his beautiful baritone voice on some WLW programs, and sings in the quartet of one of the largest Catholic churches.

Listeners invariably picture him as tall and blond. Sad to say, however, he has a bay window. It's not a very large one, and somehow it seems to fit well with his dignity and that megalomania which is an intrinsic part of him. He is very satisfactory, however, and has brown eyes, brown hair, and a mustache.

From Pavey, nothing in the world matters but his wife and his two-year-old baby, a beautiful little boy who has shown no tendencies toward becoming a Radio announcer.

You asked about Myrtle Spangenberg. Alyce. This blond, winsome WMJ announcer-pet, my dear, helped to rock the Radio cradle in Milwaukee. Seven years ago a local deacon had the audacity to open a first broadcasting station in Milwaukee. It was a one-horse affair and they needed artists to help put it across with the public. At that time Myrtle, who had studied voice in Milwaukee and Chicago, was singing in theatres throughout the state. She consented to warble over Milwauk ee's first Radio broadcasting station. The venture was a success. Myrtle liked Radio. Soon after, when The Milwaukee Journal affiliated with Marquette University to operate WHAD, Myrtle joined the staff of that station. She has since followed through with Radio and is heard, as you know, on many WTMJ programs.

Myrtle is single, has blue eyes and golden hair, is five feet five in height, and is more apt to be laughing than not. She has three important hobbies-music of all kinds, fan mail and dancing. And the pet peeve of this singer—can you blame her?—is a cold in the head!

Here's a bit about Jack Shannon, hilarious Master of Ceremonies at WOR. His hobby is Boston terriers and he is the owner of a prize winner, who is often seen taking his daily constitutional accompanied by four or five of the little animals.

Sorry, Agnes, but you will have to wait for the story about Freddy Stone. But it's coming.

Richard Pavey, announcer and singer at WLW, is popular. And, to be more specific, he is popular with two types in particular, the older members of the Radio audience, and the very little girls. Elderly people find comfort in his voice and little girls find romance. They name their dolls for him.

Classic programs are his favorites, perhaps because he was educated to be a grand opera singer. He might well have been, too, had not his eyes failed him, necessitating the wearing of heavy glasses that he could not lay aside even for the hours he would be on the stage.

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From Pavey, nothing in the world matters but his wife and his two-year-old baby, a beautiful little boy who has shown no tendencies toward becoming a Radio announcer.
Norman Nielsen of KFRC is a good looking, agreeable young chap of about twenty-six years. He is originally haled from the East, and says that after high school he was slated for Pennsylvanian State College, but, as Norman puts it, the slate must have gotten cracked, for he found himself in a railroad office instead. It was hardly the thing he wanted, however, so he soon traveled across the country to San Francisco, where he took up the study of voice.

His first job on the stage was in comic opera, with Hartmann and Stein-dorf. He was with them for three seasons then went into musical comedy and played all through the West for four years. The last two years of this period he was managing and producing for Wilbur Cushman. After that was a year's engagement on the Orpheum circuit, then KFRC.

Norman says he likes Radio work better than the stage. But there's a reason—it allows him a permanent home, and that's very important, in view of the fact that Norman has only been married a little over a year.

Help! Help! Where is Irving Berg-man? Mrs. L. D. says he was at WEBR up until recently, but where is he now?

Yes, Marie, the Strolling Guitarists are none other than Jim and Bob of WENR and they are heard regularly from that station now. * * *

Thank you, Mrs. J. A. C., for the information about John and Ned.

A tall, slender young man of some thirty odd years walks briskly into the studios of KFRC. There is an intent expression in his eyes; his hair is very blond—he is, in fact, an ideal Scandinavian type. You've guessed it, Torme. It is Robert Olsen.

Bob is so idealistic and serious that he is always busily occupied with his affairs and is so busy indeed that he always walks fast to keep up. But don't think that he isn't a nice person to have around, for he is a good natured, decidedly likable fellow with a sense of humor.

His popularity is no doubt due to that sort of tender quality in his voice that people just can't resist. And he is making Victor records, you know.

Bob and his wife were married before either of them were twenty, and they must make a very nice contrast together, for she is as dark as he is fair. There are two youngsters, Bob Jr., 11, and Beth, 8. And those who are really in the know, say that Beth's is an ideal marriage.

In his college days at Georgetown University he was engaged in drama and gave him also publicity work. These were really fore-runners of his later life for before entering the field of Radio Bill was an advertising and publicity man; and up to the present he continues his dramatic work, from time to time giving recitals in Pittsburgh.

Then there is his war record to his credit, too. During the World War Bill served his country for thirteen months in the United States Navy, receiving his training at Newport, R. I. Forgot to say that Bill was born in Albany, New York, and received his early training and high school education in Schenec-tady, a regular eastern lad.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marcella is very sorry to state that it is quite impossible for her to furnish her readers with the home addresses of their favorites. She admits to being a gossip but refuses to become a telephone book.

Can't tell you, Mrs. Brinon, what has happened to the Happy Go Lucky Office Boys. Does anybody know?

How would you like to have (that is, if you happen to be a man), a dressing room with racks for 100 shirts, 100 neckties; a fancy barroom reached by an aluminized elevator that is to be drawn in, equipped with book-shelves, light switches, Radio panel? If you would, just think of William S. Paley, 27-year-old president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He has 'em.

Beg Your Pardon

The Ashley Sisters have NOT gone to KMOX as stated on this page in the June issue. We had it on good authority that they were, but when all was said and done, they couldn't hear to leave Chicago, so are still at WLS.

Many thanks to all the kind people who have written in about Ed and Mom. It seems to be a firmly established fact that Ed is none other than Smilen' Ed McConnell of WTAM. And "Mom" wasn't his wife, ever. This partnership business evidently broke, some way or other, and that is what got us all worried.

For your information, F. T. C., Marcella Roth is no longer at WSMB and, as far as we know, is not on the air at present.

No, no, no, Helen, Mat Tompkins, Seth Parker and Luke Higgins are not the same person. Not any of them, or all of them—no dual personalitv here.

After five years as musical director of WLS and Don Martin as the Radio field, and has become associated with the R. J. Wies life insurance agency of Chicago.

Coming to WLS in 1935, after editorial work on farm papers, Don adapted his hobby of music to the job of designing Radio programs. In Chicago Radio circles he had gained a reputation for his choral music presentations. Steve Cisler, chief announcer, has succeeded Don, and has been assigned to the post of program director.

Did you know that Anson Weeks has been New York taking Guy Lombardo's place at the Roosevelt Hotel while Guy was in Chicago? And that Ted Fiorito has, in the last three weeks, been taking Andy's role at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco? Weeks will return to San Francisco for the Summer and Fall season and Fiorito will be back at the Congress by Fall.

And more romance! This time cupid ensnared an attractive young dramatic artist and a sports announcer. The girl was Peggy Dale who works for the Homemakers Hour over WBRC down in Birmingham, and the man, Jack Skeavington, formerly sports writer for a Louisville daily and announcer over WHAS.

Now they're married and both at WBRC, of course. It looks as if Jack was a pretty smart boy taking a real "Homenaker" for a wife, and although Peggy is now Mrs. Jack Skeavington she is still simply "Peggy Dale" to her Radio friends.

Cheerio—so many people have been writing about him that I did my best, and almost to no avail, for this immensely popular and able who broadcasts an early morning inspirational program six days a week through the NBC has been successful in throwing a complete veil of mystery about himself. He absolutely refuses to tell anyone his true name, not even the high-ups at the NBC.

He's a zealous old fellow, somewhat fanatic, who takes his mission to do good in the world quite seriously. He is "Cheerio" just for that reason (to do good in the world), receiving no personal compensation for this role. He started the Cheerio program about four years ago with the idea of reaching the bed-ridden and shut-ins with a form of mental setting-up exercises. And that his idea has been a big success is evidenced by a recent total of 53,000 letters in less than thirty days.

Jack and Jimmie, sometimes known more formally as "Corkies and Gillsies" are entertaining at the Tea Garden Cafe in Detroit, so if you want to see them and hear them in person, there they are. On the air they're heard through WGHF.

Can't you just tell that Bill Farren is a bridge shark? I couldn't figure out why he had such a preoccupied expression, then when some- body told me about bridge, I knew. He is a Junior member of the Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA who is professionally known as William A. Farren is interested in many, many other things besides bridge, however swimming, for instance, or tennis, or recitation work, or announcing.

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.
Express Your Own Personality
Individuality and Simplicity Major Factors in Creation of Beautiful Home Interior

"HOME MAKING is a creative art. It turns a barren house into the family center of beauty and culture. It pervades the home with a spirit in keeping with the times and gives to it an atmosphere of beauty, peace and culture, behind which the mechanics of housekeeping are hidden." Such is the definition of home making given by Ida Bailey Allen, head of the Radio Home Makers Club of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

With this conception of home making in mind Miss Conradt-Eberlin is preparing a series of articles for Radio Digest in which she presents some of the most important factors in artistic home making. This month she interviews Miss Joan Barrett, youthful interior decorator, and brings us a fascinating story of how to create a truly artistic home interior. — B. M.

By Eve Conradt-Eberlin

"LET'S begin our study of the new era of inspired home-making with the interior of the house, under Joan Barrett's direction. Joan is still in her twenties, but that doesn't hinder her in her work as the interior decorating expert of the Radio Home-Makers Club. She received the basic training for her career right in her own home, a beautiful colonial mansion, mellowed with tradition and memories, and furnished with lovely early American furniture that her great-grandmother had chosen together with her husband, long before he marched away to join the Union Army.

"We were fortunate," says Miss Barrett, "because the atmosphere in our home came there naturally. But, though everyone can't have an ancestral hall, we all can give to our homes the appearance of a place that has really been lived in. That's the first quality to strive for when furnishing a house."

After studying the technical details of color, arrangement, period styles, and the like, Miss Barrett went to Europe to learn about the very old and the very new in furniture and decoration.

"It is too bad," this young expert said to me, "that we have acquired such a snobbish attitude toward antiques in America. Considering that the population has at least quadrupled itself since the early days of our country, there can't possibly be enough genuine old pieces to go around.

"Of course," she hastened to add, 'reproductions can be exquisite—so perfect that only the connoisseur can detect them. But it is the avalanche of
cheap and unauthentic early American, Queen Anne, Georgian, and so forth. That I want to warn everyone against. They are in bad taste and are making our homes look as though they are undecorated. The clever homemaker will avoid these, selecting instead the things that suit her personality and the personality of her home.

The first thing to do, according to Miss Barrett's advice, is to look about your room—or house—and study the setting carefully. Do you feel the atmosphere agreeable to you? Do you like the lighting and the arrangement of the furniture? Is the room livable? Does it spell you, so that at the first glance one would know you lived there? If not, let's change it.

You have a certain decorative color, for instance, that always creeps into your clothes. That color suits you, it adds to your charm, and makes you stand out in your home? Put it there; make it the background color. Now, what about the other colors? Do they harmonize? If you are not quite sure, Miss Barrett advises you to invest a few cents in a color card, which are sold in paint shops and art departments.

Now, next the placing of the furniture. Does it make sense? Does it have meaning? The most comfortable chair you have in the room, into which you want to read, should be placed so that the daylight pours all around it. Take it out of the back corner at the window, or in the corner at the window. Look around the room and see if it won't look just as well near one of the windows. The couch or divan, on the other hand, should face the opposite side, where it will be out of the sun's glare when you want to rest.

Keep small tables near chairs, so that you can keep something handy every time he wants a cigarette, a magazine, or some place to set a glass. Give the most conspicuous place in your room the possible: put your desk in a quiet corner where you can work undisturbed. The chairs should be grouped in a friendly manner—not so far away from each other that guests have to lean uncomfortably forward to hear what you are saying at the other side of the room.

Now, let us take into consideration the nicknacks scattered about on tables and shelves. There are many small objects that attract the attention. There are two reasons for the inclusion of small, dust-gathering articles: one is for decorative purposes, the other for sheer beauty or usefulness. A beautiful ornament, something so exquisite that it quite takes the breath. The piece serves a place all to itself, enhanced by a carefully chosen background," says Miss Barrett. If you have nothing that deserves this place, let your home have harmony and reason in the objects you have on display. Again, express your own personality.

ASH TRAYS, cigarette boxes, and other useful things should be placed near the windows that they will be used for, and they must always harmonize with the general feeling and color scheme. Keep the overflow of empty vases and cut flowers, especially if you are out for no special purposes, and they must always harmonize with the general feeling and color scheme.

Empty vases are said things that should be hidden away, but flowers, fresh and fragrant, are the most charming decoration for the living room. Arrange them all over the room, in any old vase, but carefully chosen blossoms, daintily arranged in the proper holder. Artificial flowers must be fresh and true to nature if they are to be used, and just a few in an appropriate bowl, used to brighten up some dark corner, are enough for any home.

The question of lighting is, of course, of paramount importance. Fixtures, chandeliers particularly, are usually superfluous, except possibly in the diningroom and large reception rooms.

Colored glass, wall brackets are the only stationary fixtures necessary—and in the smartest homes they are often used away with, too, in favor of lamps, and candles for the dining table. Avoid all garish, over-adorned fixtures and lamps. The plainer the better, and by the byword of every home-maker in everything she does. Attractive lamps, in every conceivable color, shape, material and style can be purchased inexpensively, everywhere, today. Both bases and shades can be made at home by the clever home-maker.

Walls come next in Miss Barrett's inventory-taking. Look about and study your walls carefully. Is the color restful? bright enough to do your work? Are the walls paneled, is the furniture placed carefully to avoid ugly lines? If they're paneered, is there a similar sort of background for your furnishings? If not, or not entirely satisfied, visualize what the walls should be to make the picture you are trying to create, simpler and more colorful. If you do not care to go to the expense of professional labor, you can remodel the old papered walls or redecorate the wall quite easily, yourself.

AND NOW comes one of the things Miss Barrett feels strongest about. I wish you could have been with us to see how sincere she is when she says: "I mean nothing to you, take them off the walls at once. Better a bare wall than one hung with an heterogeneous mixture of prints, lithographs and paintings that awaken no response in you. Expensive art is no excuse. Throw it out, too, if you don't feel a little happier for seeing it there."

Here's the way to get your pictures. Go out into the street, and study the pictures you see on display in shop windows and galleries. When at last you find one that you want to own, make it one of your paintings. You'll find an amazing collection of inexpensive French and Japanese prints, etchings, dry points and prints. Give your colorful illustrations, in all sorts, among which there will be some you will want to live with. Buy them, have them correctly framed, and then hang them carefully in the places you feel they belong. Don't worry about the 'rightness' of your choice. If your pictures please you, they are 'right' for you.

Now, let's sit down quietly and contemplate the windows with Miss Barrett. Look out and down from each room, because upon it depends the sort of draperies you want. First, the outer hangings; whether they are of silk, wool, tapestry, or chiffon, or any other material, do they have a direct relation to the rest of the room? Keep these rules in mind: the floor and rug, and then more and more light as you ascend to the ceiling; the walls lighter than the floor but the window hangings darker than the walls, with not too much contract."

If the window is short, a valance placed about a foot above it and just hiding the top will make it look larger. If it is so huge that it dwarfs the room, a deep valance from the top of the window will shorten it. If the proportions are good, the most decorative hangings are two straight pieces of material, sewed onto rings, hanging from an ornamental rod, using no valance or edging. If the draperies are arranged on some other manner, do away with window shades, which are ugly and collect a great deal of dust. If you decide to use "half window," Miss Barrett continued, "don't use glass curtains, but let the hangings suffice. Then, be sure to keep the panes spotted. If there is no worthwhile view, you'll need window curtains, of some sort, monotone material, many shades lighter than the hangings, though dark white is sometimes used.

The very prettiest glass curtains I have ever seen are those Miss Barrett used in the main public rooms of the Radio Home-Makers Club. They are made of fine celocene voile, as soft and shimmery as the finest silk. One large, straight piece, about two and a half times the length of the window, is folded over a narrow rod at the top of the window, and then shirred right below the rod. Take one side and draw it down tautly, gathering it on a rod attached to the window sill. The other side, gathered to the opposite side of the rod, giving a lovely criss-cross effect.

Now, about the very important element with all my heart, for it really adds beauty to the room.

LAST of all, I want to talk to you about something that means a great deal to both Miss Barrett and me—and you! I hope you will have a room—a room that atmosphere of lived-in-ness, which Miss Barrett is so emphatic about, nothing is so helpful as books. Reading color them in your home, on open shelves; in a trough under an end table at the side of a comfortable chair; between two pairs of windows on a divan table. Don't buy your books "by the yard," according to the colors of their backs. Consider the contents—only then set them in place haphazardly, mixing up the various colors so that no one color will dominate. Books you love, books you want other people to love are the sort you want around you.

"Probably the most thumb-worn volumes in my home are told me, are two copies of When We Were Very Young, those charming poems you can wrap your finger round with, Christopher Robin. There's a copy—where do you think?—stuck down between the cushion and arm of my favorite chair, in the livingroom, and one copy on the night table next my bed. That's 'my' book and it has crossed the ocean several times with me.

I told you this little story just as Joan told it to me because I want to convey to you the atmosphere of a real, lived-in home, and you may adapt this story. A book down in the side of a chair—just that seems to reveal her home to me."

If you have books around, your friends will brouse among them; they reveal you like nothing else will, they help in making the room seem rich with touch of reality and beauty to a room which nothing else can impart."

Who Killed Dubronsky?
Swamped with a flood of "laziest chapter" theories the judges were unable to give a decision as to winners of this contest. In this month's digest the prizes will be awarded and winners announced in the AUGUST RADIO DIGEST.
Six O'Clock Finds Nearly All Boston Tuned In

A FRACTION over 96 percent of the approximate 250,000 radio-owning families in Greater Boston are tuned-in to the broadcast programs of the Boston radio stations after six o'clock each evening, according to the interesting statistical information says John Shepard, 3rd, executive in charge of The Shepard Stores Stations WNAC and WEAN, following his receipt of result of the first unbiased radio survey ever completed in the United States. Mr. Shepard continues:

"In the eight years that our stations have been serving the public, there have been many radical changes in programs, music, talent and even in the equipment. All through these years we have been guided, in presenting our programs, only by the letters and requests of a minority group, as to the likes and dislikes of the radio public.

We have long appreciated the need of some sort of a research to collect valuable facts which would greatly assist our staff in arranging programs to please all the radio audience.

"Recently the opportunity presented itself and the survey was started with a crew of trained, bonded investigators, who came to Boston from an outside city, not knowing for whom they were gathering the data. After two months of strenuous effort, during which they interviewed one out of every 20 radio-owning families in the area comprising 13 miles in and around Boston, their report is now made available.

"As far as we can learn there has never before been a survey of this type conducted anywhere in the country. We were particularly anxious to learn the approximate number of radio-owning families in this district. The hours when the radio is most popular with the average listener—the programs most enjoyed—the types of programs generally preferred, and comparative figures to determine the high and low peaks of radio reception, were among the outstanding phases of broadcasting which we have endeavored to gather through the radio analysis.

"Compiled at an enormous expense the information which has been made available through the survey throws a new light on many angles of broadcasting, in which we have been previously guided largely by good common sense and judgment.

"In carrying out their task the research staff grouped the Greater Boston audience into occupational classes—7.90 percent engaged as merchants, professionals, executives, manufacturers, etc.; 73 percent skilled workers, salesmen, city-living farmers, small business merchants and those retired; 18.90 percent the families of laborers, domestics, clerks and non-employed.

"One especially interesting fact revealed in the study is this: During the evening when there is a wide choice of stations from which to draw, the type of program apparently plays a greater part in the selection of stations than does the station itself.

"Thirty-three percent of those families interviewed expressed a first choice of stations in answer to the following question: What broadcasting station do you prefer—that is, if all stations were to be closed except one, which would you choose?"

"It is most gratifying to the personnel of Station WNAC to learn that more than 62 percent of the above group expressed a preference for the WNAC programs while 17 percent spoke in favor of WBZ and WBZ-A, and 16 percent were supporters of WEEI. Miscellaneous stations scored a four percent vote in the poll.

"Ninety-seven percent of the entire radio audience is tuned-in to favorite programs of the air between eight o'clock and midnight, the analysis shows. On Saturday evening the audience is found to be 81 percent, which would be about the average for any specific night.

"The early evening audience (that is, from 6 to 8 o'clock), is very nearly as large as when the radio is carrying its peak load. This percentage is 96.29."

Harold Clyde Wright, at present with Roxy's gang, is the most recent of the Radio stars to get a fat contract to make talking pictures.
"One surprising revelation (particularly to broadcasting officials), is that the afternoon audience is larger than that of the morning. While the difference is slight, it has always been our opinion that the morning audience was the largest of the daytime hours. The analysis shows that the after-luncheon audience is 50.63 percent as compared with 45.63 in the morning.

"The research report also revealed that seven percent of the total listeners are tuned-in for the after-midnight programs once each week, and four percent follow this practice twice weekly.

"The report discloses that popular music—that is, dance and jazz selections—are exceedingly popular with one-quarter of the entire audience. However, fourteen percent of the listeners favor good music of all kinds. While thirteen percent chose variety there is a twelve percent group who express a choice for the classics.

"Stories, drama and semi-classical program follow in their order. Sketches, dialogues and monologues are popular with 2.81 percent of the fans, while vocal music and comedy sketches are also in the two percent class. Old-time music shares the one percent class with lectures and talks."

**Two extremes for you. Last Winter**

Harry Jordan sat in his cabin in the frozen wastes of northern Quebec and wrote to WTIC requesting the dance tune, "Turn on the Heat." About the same time Julia Doyle was vainly swinging a palm leaf fan in the tropical heat of the Canal Zone, and wrote asking for Canadian Copers. Both heard one of the Mary Oliver concert broadcasts from the New England transmitter.

**WHAT is said to be the largest pipe organ ever built exclusively for Radio use has been installed in the studios of WCCO, the Minneapolis station of the Columbia Broadcasting system. It is a three manual instrument which is the result of four years of experiment.**

**Amateurs in Demand for Radio Entertainers**

By Robert Reinhart, Jr.

*Master of Ceremonies for the "Checker Cabbies"

**A MONTH ago a single column, one-inch ad appeared in the Radio section of one of New York City's evening newspapers. It stated, in simple language, that Radio talent was wanted, and those possessing it should apply to room so and so at a Fifth Avenue address. The following day, the little office looked like the "bread line" in San Francisco after the fire, back in 1906.**

Why do we seek Radio talent when there are hundreds of artists available at any Radio station? Why do we delve into the realms of the amateur, rather than the professionals? The answer is—professionals are sometimes too professional. It is a known fact that vaudeville entertainers and the theatrical business, in general, is in a bad slump. That the talkies have hurt vaudeville and that there are literally thousands of acts that are idle and awaiting booking is a known fact on Broadway. Wouldn't it be easy to grab one-half dozen of these acts, that have been so successful on the stage, and bring them into Radio? What is it that makes a Radio personality so different from any other type of entertainer?

To begin with, as a general rule, everybody prefers the male to the female on the Radio. This is due to the difference in their personalities. A woman's personality is sometimes in her eyes, in her smile, in the movement of her hands, in the changes of expression. A man seldom resorts to these motions or gestures. His personality is usually his voice and so when Radio came into its own, man was at home.

All the pretty smiles and the eye-pleasing ways of the woman were lost on the Radio. Actors and actresses, who have made great successes on the stage, have sometimes proved "flops" or "busts" on the air program, and until television comes in, they are absolutely "out."

Even Rudy Vallee's voice is absolutely lost on the stage. If you heard him at the Paramount, New York, and happened to be sitting further back than the tenth row, you had to strain your ears to hear him, and at that he was using his megaphone. On the Radio he can whisper and his crooning style makes many a feminine heart leap. David Ross, the small boy with the big, deep voice, sounds resonant and powerful through the receiver and his diction is perfect. Yet, in speaking to a hall full of people, his voice does not carry.

If you go to a show once or even twice a week, you hear a few songs and a few gags and the chances are most of them will be different. Sometimes you hear the same song repeated and you are somewhat annoyed.

On the Radio, you are actually going to two or three shows every night and so before the week is over you probably hear every new song and many of the old ones. But then, you are listening in on the Radio. The second or third week you are just bound to hear the same songs and perhaps some of the same wisecracks. The songs you will forgive but the wisecracks never.

That brings us back to the vaudevillians—they prepare one act, and that same twenty minutes is repeated three times a day for as many years as they can get booking. All they have to do is to learn a few little gags and a few songs and they make their livelihood on it for years.

How different is Radio! If you are on a new program which is sponsored between 8 and 8:30 every Tuesday, that means that every single week you must prepare a complete new program. Find new gags. Learn and sing new songs. That is one of the reasons why we seek new talent from the ranks of the everyday mastery.

Certain requirements make it impractical for Johnny Doray and Mary Sola to be heard as vocalists on two or three
Fourteen Years Old and a Seasoned Radio Broadcaster

STILL under fourteen and a seasoned radio broadcaster. That is the record of little Evelyn Rubin, (200 Hoe Avenue, the Bronx, New York. Recitations and dramatic readings are Evelyn's specialities; and it is said that her character studies and poems are so well told and in a voice so remarkably musical and resonant for a child of her age that she has become a favorite.

Starting as a talented child often does, by surprising and entertaining her parents and relatives by her recitations and mimicry at home, Evelyn Rubin, when barely nine years old, made herself conspicuous in school for her dramatic ability, taking parts in plays and entertainments. However, it was not long before her talent was recognized as not being ordinary, and a relative, realizing this, brought her to the attention of the National Voice Forum.

A teacher in this school arranged for young Miss Rubin to recite before a large audience at the Labor Temple. This proved to be the first step towards the actual recognition of her talent, for as a result of this debut, Evelyn received a scholarship to study for two years at the National Voice Forum. While attending this school, Mme. Bell-Anse, one of her instructors, wrote a series of plays for children. These were performed at the Heckscher and Klaw theatres, New York, with Evelyn taking the leading roles. At the end of this two-year course, the faculty decided to allow Evelyn to remain at the school for further instruction for as long a period as she desired without cost to her.

It was while she was studying at the Forum that Evelyn became interested in Radio work, and applied for an audition at WPCH. Her audition proved satisfactory and she was given a half-hour period on the air for poetry recitals. While on WPCH, she was invited to broadcast from WABC, and her excellent programs from these two broadcasts, this is not to broadcast from WMCA, WJZ, WEAF, WGBS, WKBQ, WCDA, WPCH, WABC, WMCA.

She is besides a junior member of Eva La Gallienne’s Civic Repertory Theatre Group.

Few youngsters can boast a record comparable to this little girl’s. She is Evelyn Rubin and at fourteen has broadcast over eight stations—WEAF, WJZ, WGBS, WKBQ, WCDA, WPCH, WABC, WMCA.

Evelyn’s chief worry now is her middle name which is “Stella” (a name not to her liking) and her red hair. When interviewed, Evelyn revealed that her ambition was to be a dramatist, and with the good start she has already made, it is most likely that her dream may some day be realized.

Evelyn Rubin is now thirteen years old. She is actively engaged in Radio work, and besides is the youngest member of Eva La Gallienne’s Civic Repertory Theatre Apprentice Group.

Osborne Has Wide Musical Experience

WILL OSBORNE, lyric tenor, a featured guest artist on Major Edward Bowes’ Capitol “Family” broadcast, is a native of Township, is a well-known organist and teacher. Mr. Osborne received his education both general and musical, in that city and is a graduate of St. Andrews College there.

He began his musical activities by directing the college band which is noted for its excellence. Mr. Osborne has had an eight-piece band for a number of seasons and has attained considerable success throughout Texas, the Middle West, Canada and also in the Orient. He has only been singing for the past four years and his work is very similar to Rudy Vallee’s—in fact, eighteen months before Vallee first came to Broadway Will Osborne was touring the West and Canada with a similar organization and interpreting modern melodic themes in the Rudy Vallee manner. For the past six months he has been making an enviable name for himself on Broadway.

Mr. Osborne not only has a voice of great clearness and range but is also a professional pianist and director. He is an exclusive Columbia recording artist and is the composer of many successful songs of which the two most popular and perhaps “Remember the Place” and “I Know We Two Were One.” He is a great favorite over the air.

Radio On the Outposts

Residents of the Magdalens, a group of islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence more or less cut off from regular channels of communication, particularly during the winter months, are now getting a daily news service through the Radio department of the C.E. Each afternoon these people, who total about 8,000 and whose principal occupation is fishing, receive a summary of the Canadian press bulletins broadcast through CKNR, Moncton, N. B.

He Is Real Minute Man

GUY FRASER HARRISON, although he serves in an emergency military organization, conductor of the Rochester Civic Orchestra, has earned the title of “Real minute Man” for a reason. Not long ago he went to Buffalo on personal business and left on the return trip to Rochester several hours before he was scheduled to conduct an important commercial program in the Sagamore Hotel Studios of WHAM. A few miles out of Buffalo he noticed that his oil pump was beginning to quit and, being an artist rather than a mechanic, returned to the Bison City.

The engine grew duller and, once more the shores of Lake Erie were left in the distance. Rain fell, froze on the windshield, covered the roads with ice, and the driver of the car pulled off the side of the road to the other was forced to drive cautiously. The miles slid by, practically speaking, but with them, the time for the important program drawing nearer. As the clock said seven-fifteen, William Fay signalled for silence in the studio and put on his "mike," and launched into his opening announcement. As the closing words of his discourse reached the air, Guy Fraser Harrison suddenly dropped his driving gloves, raised his baton, and with the opening chords of the overture, a sigh of relief went up from all concerned.
New Schedule of WJSV

THE broadcasting schedule of Station WJSV, Washington, D. C., these last few weeks has undergone a radical change. This station's entire broadcast now emanates from their new studio suite located in the Donphil Building, King and Florida Ave. N.W., Washington, D. C., that quaint and historical old city just a few miles out from the national capital. For all these many years the WJSV studio has been a mecca for tourists. Much of the younger life of George Washington was spent in the old city's quaint streets and neighboring Potomac River, in which he fished and went swimming. Washington was wont to come to these streets and the river for recreation.

"Our new schedule," says Mr. McGrath, manager of Station WJSV, "the bulk of the visitors these latter days seem to be coming to see the new studio quarters of his station."

Visitors Entertained at NBC Studios

NEARLY everyone who visits the New York studios of the National Broadcasting company for the first time, is amazed at the number of people actually present within the studios to witness important broadcasts. Those familiar with Radio at all have come to regard a studio that is "on the air" as a secret, an arcane and sacred chamber where even angels fear to tread.

"Now is it then," they ask, "that witnesses are permitted inside while some of the biggest programs are being staged for networks from coast to coast?"

The answer is simple—usual, scientific preparation.

Individual stations, as a rule, do not permit visitors to penetrate within the actual broadcasting studio even during purely local programs. In most cases they provide dressing rooms, reception rooms for the friends of the broadcasters, and sometimes even install soundproof windows so that visitors may look in without disturbing the broadcast.

But their studios do not compare either in size or equipment with the soundproof chambers in NBC's New York building. For years, provisions had to be made for commercial sponsors of big programs to witness the entertainment they were paying for. And while the studio directors and even a few friends must also be accommodated.

So there was nothing for it but to work out a method of accomplishing this without sacrifice of quality on the air.

First, a lavish reception floor was fitted out just for visitors, and double plate windows with air space between looked down into the studio without permitting anyone to be seen inside. But this only provided for casual visitors and friends, and did nothing to solve the more important problems arranging for witnesses inside without danger to the program.

In designing the studios, plenty of space had been allowed beyond actual requirements, thus making physical allowance for "supercargo". Still, the engineers had remained.

So acoustical engineers went to work. Theirs was the task of plotting sound characteristics of the rooms, and testing to determine which parts of each studio might be used to seat an audience without danger of quiet rustlings or scratching the sensitive "ears" of the microphone.

The sound experts succeeded. They felt the acoustic "pulse" of every inch of floor, wall, and studio, and marked those portions which had best be reserved for performers and orchestras, and chose parts of the room which were relatively "dead" to seat an audience, if audience there must be.

Then special drapes were hung around the audience space to make these sections still more sound-absorbing, and the experiment was made. Group of sponsors was admitted, and by the exercise of ordinary care, did not cause an extraneous sound to reach the microphone.

Gradually the practice was extended, to admit the chosen few who had access to those who could secure them the prized cards of admission. Now an audience is present at nearly every big broadcast, and special steps have been taken to regulate the impossible number of weekly applications for room in station.

It is not uncommon to seat as many as 400 people in the studio during the broadcast of the Palm Olive Hour and programs of that nature.

But all temporal dimensions of space have their physical limits, and the size of the studios after all automatically regulates the number of those to be admitted.

Comes to WTAM Direct from University

WHEN it comes to playing music for Radio broadcasting Emlen Gill, who is now heard regularly on the air from the Hotel Hollenden Show Boat through WTAT. It is easier than Gill's

Beginning way back in 1924 when Radio was looked upon by most people as a mystery of mysteries, and when chain broadcasting was yet unheard of, Gill has been playing regularly, season after season through Cleveland stations.

He came to Cleveland direct from Ohio State University with one of those collegiate bands. Gill is an outstanding example of the modern successful dance band leader. A few years ago it wasn't necessary for dance musicians to know much about music. Jazz was a sort of haphazard affair that sounded largely on its novelty to go over.

Gill himself when seventeen was a member of the Cleveland Symphony orchestra. Virtually all of the orchestra had today step into symphony organizations without any difficulty.

He does all of his best first rate fashion. The backbone of the Show Boat orchestra has been together for nearly five years. One man, Pinkie Hunter, baritone and guitar player, and Gill recently celebrated their fifth anniversary together. Five other members of the orchestra have been with Gill more than three years, and the rest of them for two years.

The Winners of the Amos and Andy Radio Digest Contest which has attracted much attention these last two or three months will be announced in the August issue. Be sure to get your copy and read the results of this most interesting matching of ideas on what the two colored buddies would say to another under various circumstances. Amos and Andy—read about 'em in the August Radio Digest.

Famous Conductor of Atwater Kent Hour

WILLEM MENDELBURG, director of the orchestra of New York, the oldest symphony in America and one of the oldest musical organizations in the world with a condition of fame and oratory, is another of the internationally famous conductors to be heard on the Atwater Kent hour.

Atwater Kent Hour. The Atwater Kent Hour, conducted by Willem Mengelberg displayed such musical genius at the age of six that he was entered as a music student in the Cathedral school of his native town. He wanted to be a pianist but this ambition was submerged when he became, at the age of twenty, the assistant conductor of the City of Lucerne, Switzerland.

In Lucerne he conducted orchestras and choruses, taught music, composed and did all sorts of the usual musical chores. He returned to Holland to become conductor of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw orchestra which he soon developed into one of the outstanding symphonic organizations of the world.

After service in Hamburg, London, Paris and other modern music centers, and as a guest conductor of the Philharmonic of New York, he came to America as director of the National Symphony Orchestra. The organizing merged with the Philharmonic he became one of the conductors and later its principal director.

A Glimpse into the Radio of Tomorrow

OBSERVERS of broadcasting say that the day is not far distant when countries will be exchanging microphones in much the same way that institutions of learning are opening the doors for students of other nationalities. They point out that the modern microsegment of short wave is but an indication of the efforts of a desire to further international good will.

To New Yorkers, they declare, are fortunate, because the metropolis is the mecca of every ambitious artist; that real talent always finds its way to that city, and that it never lets go of them till its usefulness is gone.

Listening to metropolitan artists adds fuel to the fires of ambition, for it is such a stimulation as well as that of the more mature broadcaster. Fabulous tales are being told in the hinterland of the compensation paid to Radio stars. This is partly responsible for the rush.

Fame is another agent and so is the desire to study under internationally known teachers with advantages to the student.

WOR gets its share of the incursion. Among the latest arrivals is Hilda Boyd, who was admitted to the staff mezzo-soprano of WFAA, Dallas, Texas.
In Behalf of Butter

By C. B. Kingston

Every day from 12:45 to 1:00 o'clock the listeners to station WNAX, Yankton, South Dakota, hear the voice of D. B. Gurney, familiarly known as "D. B." in the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and parts of Wyoming and Montana.

Says John de Pagler of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Co., Yankton, South Dakota: "The territory covered by WNAX is largely dependent upon the dairy industry. In our efforts to increase the sale and consumption of butter we are broadcasting unique programs over WNAX.

"About seven weeks ago D. B., viewed with some alarm the decrease in the price of butter-fat and butter. Realizing that if this decrease continued, it would hit the prosperity of the Middle West quite severely, he started a series of talks along the same line. Nothing loth, D. B. hit the nail on the head and the dairy industry, represented by the farmers and creameries of the Middle West, urged him to continue his talks on the same line. Nothing loth, D. B. hammered away, urging people to use more butter, urging the farmers to deliver cream in better condition to the creamery, urging the creameries to make better grades of butter.

"The results of this campaign were quickly felt. In a short time no less than five hundred towns reported that butter sales had soared."

'WNAX organized the 'Butter Is Better' club and are urging listeners to become members and pledge themselves to banish butter substitutes from their tables and their stores. Dairymen pledged themselves to improve conditions on their farms; to improve sanitary conditions around their dairy cows and separators, and in delivering cream to the creameries, and are undertaking to deliver cream of low acidity and high quality. The creameries are competing with each other to manufacture butter with a score of ninety-two or better, and with all, the effect of this campaign has been most valuable.

"We are putting on two fifteen-minute programs from WNAX between 12:00 and 1:00 every day except Sundays, featuring two of the progressive creameries who are helping WNAX to fight for better butter and less butter substitute. These programs consist of old time music, put on by an organization which we know as 'The Hired Hands.' It consists of Happy Jack O'Malley, old time fiddler; Hazel Olson, at the Baldwin piano; Oscar Kosta, of the Rosebud Kids, on the banjo; Harry Brown, with a mandolin or guitar; and, quite frequently, John Jensen comes in with the fiddle.

"Harold Clark, manager of the WNAX hatchery, sings specially written songs and usually your correspondent joins in with him and everybody has a good time. On one occasion, we had the Gurney quartet. It consisted of D. B. Gurney, president of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Company; Chandler Gurney, secretary and treasurer; Charles Gurney, advertising manager and purchasing agent, and E. R. Gurney, the WNAX Philosopher—with yours truly leading the quartet."

Goldsmith Has Prepared for a Radio Career

A son of the Middle West, Lee Goldsmith, general manager of station WKY, Covington, Ky., bids fair some day to win a coveted honor, the medal awarded yearly by the American Academy of Arts and Letters to the best radio announcer. Goldsmith already has been nominated for the competition won last year by Milton J. Cross, and Goldsmith's friends believe that another year or two will see him at the top of the ladder to his chosen profession—radio executive work.

Unlike the majority of radio executives, Goldsmith prepared carefully for his career before he entered the field. He received his A. B. degree at the college of Emporia, Kansas, and took a special course in public speaking at the University of Cincinnati.

Then located in a small town in Kansas, he listened to virtually every station in the country over a period of several years, before going to Denver, where he walked into KEFX, hung up his coat and told the proprietor he was going to work there.

Denver listeners liked Goldsmith, but Goldsmith preferred Cincinnati, where he had passed many enjoyable months as a student, and one day he received an offer from station WSAI. He came on, and was employed; but the station was sold a few days later, and Goldsmith lost the opportunity to settle there.

A year later a new broadcasting station was constructed in Covington, Ky., and opening night, last September, found Goldsmith in charge, although identified on the air only as the "Kentucky Colonel."

Charles Onan, Station WDAY, Fargo, past master on the guitar.
Here we have Miss Estelle Ruth, organist at Leow's Theatre who broadcasts a daily organ recital over WFJC between 12:30 and 1:00 p.m.

Skillful Organist at WFJC

We are indebted to the Kentucky Blue Grass Region for many things—the fine horses, the good liquor and the charming and accomplished women. Among the last named include Miss Estelle Ruth, organ soloist and accompanist, who broadcasts daily over WFJC, Akron, Ohio. True to her Kentucky birth and rearing, she loves her husband, home and children first. But to these she adds her professional love of music and is enthusiastic in her broadcasting of church, theatre and radio music.

Withal, Miss Ruth finds time between her two jobs of homemaking and broadcasting to play around with her young- sters, of whom she is justly proud.

College Boys Run KOB

By Louise Rutz

The most powerful college or university broadcasting station in America is operated and announced entirely by college students. Under the guidance of a faculty director, Prof. Evan Car- ron, who is also head of the department of electrical engineering in the college, students of State college, New Mexico, compose the entire broadcasting staff of KOB.

The station has four licensed operators on the student staff, one first commercial, one second commercial and two broadcast limited license holders, with an operator and assistant operator on duty whenever the station is on the air. The chief announcer, as well as the four operators, is a student in the electrical engineering department. Of the five additional announcers, two are women who put on special features of interest to women. One of these young ladies is a senior in the college home economics department. Announcers are selected by competitive trial in which a board, composed of members of the faculty, act as judges.

Students are, of course, paid for their services and thus enabled to earn a portion of their expenses or to add to their spending money while in school, as well as to their knowledge and experience.

Marshall Beck, chief announcer, and Harry D. Pickett, chief operator, both seniors in the school of engineering of the college, have paid expenses through school by their service with KOB.

The Radio staff members are also active in student affairs. Marshall Beck has been for two years business manager of the student newspaper and student leader in the band; Harry Pickett is a football letter man; Albert E. Coldwell, another operator, is president of the honorary engineering fraternity of the institution; Paul Tolbert, assistant announcer, is student athletic manager; and other operators and announcers hold other student positions.

Diamond Award Contest

(Continued from page 9)

in our May issue together with an elaborate write-up. But we'll probably have something else to say about them later.

Selecting another letter from down in the pile, we find that Miss Mildred Drah- bek, 294 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, Ill., heartily endorses the cheerful and merry manner in which Everett Mitchell of Station WEWR does his announcing.

From out at Kenosha, Wis., comes a letter from Christine Hvas, giving her highest approval to Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, which she considers superior to any artists on the radio.

And so on, ad infinitum. The pile of ballots increases daily, and with it increases the pile of letters accompanying them. Picking a favorite from the hundreds of Radio artists is not always an easy matter. There are so many artists at each station, and so many stations. One must exercise a considerable amount of judgment and selection to decide upon a favorite artist or program. But the Radio public is willing to take the time to do it, apparently; to decide upon its favorites and send it its votes that those favorites may win the Meritum Diamond Contest Award. Let the nominations and the votes come right along!

Miss Usselman a Favorite Over WDAY

Talking pictures disclosed new fields of activity and endeavor for thousands of players. For thousands of attatches of many picture houses it meant the losing of one's job. Particularly was this true as regards the pianists and organists in the movie houses. Pictures—the silent ones, that is—had depended so much on the skill and talent of the organists! But in one fell sweep, with the coming of talking pictures, even the most skillful lost their positions in most cases.

There was one young organist, however, out in the Northwest who did not lose her place at the Public Theatres at Moorhead and Fargo, North Dakota. And that was Miss Eldegard Ussel- man. She is one of the few who were retained. It is said that the reason for her remaining at Publix was simply that her audience, who had come to look for her excellent thrice-weekly broadcast over WDAY, would not hear of her leaving. Formerly Miss Usselman was a pupil of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.

Ever since the inception of WDAY, however, she has been broadcasting. That was eight years ago, and her "pub- lic," which is invisible but none the less real and discriminating, enjoy her more every day. Too bad they cannot see her! We think you will agree that it would add to the pleasure of listening to her.

Of course, one can't judge absolutely from a photograph, but we'd say off-hand Miss Usselman is a symphony in blue and gold!

You are now looking at an accomplished little performer on the organover Sta- tion WDAY, Fargo, North Dakota. She has won an enthusiastic audien- cence by her noonday and Sunday night concerts. Part of Miss Ussel- man's training was received at the hands of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.
Ralph Elvin Disclaims All Special Talent

It is too bad Diogenes is dead. That wise old Greek philosopher, who used to travel up and down waging his red lantern and broadcasting his quest for an honest man, should be alive today. Because if "old Diog" were among those present, he could end his search. He would need only to knock on the door of Radio station WKBF, in Indianapolis, and ask for Ralph Elvin. Radio announcers are supposed to be a temperamental lot, especially those who are addicted to sport broadcasting. "Tis said they love to tell, in interviews, about how hard they worked to develop their "technique," of the fierce struggles they endured while climbing to recognition, and how they "love their art." But when the interviewer leaves an opening of that kind for Ralph Elvin, of WKBF, all the reporter hears is a jolly "horse-laugh."

"O, ye-e-ah," says Elvin. "Well, as for me, that stuff is the bunk. I got into Radio announcing by accident. I haven't any special "technique"—wouldn't even recognize a good one if I met it on the street. And while I 'love my art,' it is the nice fat little checks that keep the love-fires burning.

"Luck, that's all. My first appearance was by accident. It took place about three years ago when a banker friend met me on the street and asked me if I would go to a fight that night and read an announcement for him over the Radio concerning the R. O. T. C. I said I would. The sport announcer for the station broadcasting the fights let me do it, then remarked that I had a good Radio voice, one of those harsh ones, I guess, that the microphone picks up easily. He asked if I knew anything about boxing, I confessed that I did, and enjoyed fights. He said he hated them, and would like to come down the next week and assist him. I 'loved' I would. During a preliminary scrap, as I was sitting there listening to him, he got called away and left me with the ring. He said: 'Here, take this and go on.' Just like that, with no warning. There was nothing for me to do but start talking. Fortunately, I didn't get scared until later, when it was over. But some people listening, liked my line and wrote to that effect. Since that night I have sat at a ringside, somewhere, at least once a week. "So it was all luck, as you see. First, reading that announcement; next, having a voice that carried, and, third, being lucky enough to have people like my stuff. The last part still is the big mystery to me.

"My football announcing started the same way.

"So there you are. Luck, first, last and all the time." * * *

Mart Hays of Portage, Wisconsin is a proud man—proud because one of the country's greatest men has recognized him, Mart's, pride and joy and the means of his livelihood, his fiddling. You see, Mart and his wife are a famous fiddling team, with those pets of his, Mirandy. Mart has played in 44 fiddlers contests and has defeated over 600 artists with the bow and resins.

WTMJ's Shopping Guide: Aid to Purchasers

When Miss Milwaukee and her mother plan a shopping tour they tune in first on the WTMJ Radio Shopper, on the air from 9 to 9:30 each morning, for advance tips on where to go. Housewives' most nagging problem cannot be expected to spend an entire day hunting the marts of trade for bargains. Instead the wise ones tune in on the Radio Shopper and learn just where things may be obtained at moderate prices.

With pencil and pad the fair sex hugs the Radio, prepared to jot down the desirable bargains and places where they are to be had. Perhaps daughter needs a new permanent. The Radio Shopper mentions several shops where she is sure the work is excellent and the rates reasonable. Maybe mother is in search of a new frock or a winter coat for which she has just a certain amount to pay. After listening to the WTMJ Radio Shopper she sallies forth to get what she wants.

The Radio Shopper even offers invaluable aid in men's clothes. Mother points out bargains in fresh vegetables, fruits and rare fowls. She steps to the telephone, takes the Shopper's suggestions and the articles are delivered.

Hundreds of letters are received by WTMJ's Radio Shopper every week from women who tell her how much she has helped them with their shopping problems. Listeners over the Milwaukee Journal station who do not live in Milwaukee are privileged to call or write the Shopper and she will do all their purchasing for them.

In her daily report of Milwaukee's smartest shops, the shopping reporter has an opportunity to observe and forecast newest fashions. She predicts that with the new feminine styles and sweeping skirts, short hair is really doomed. A few smart young things may cling to their shorn locks but they will soon be won over to lengthy tresses, she says for the bobbed head is slightly incongruous with the shorted, formal frocks which spell 1930 chic.

The keynote of all her findings is that it's smart to be feminine. Women are once more reverting to lace and lingerie touches, ruffles, flares and flourishes. The styles have more individuality today than ever before, for each woman expresses her own personality in her apparel.

For evening WTMJ's Radio Shopper predicts a gorgeous formal winter of rich, costly apparel and jeweled accessories. Evening gowns will be deely dressed and hemmed with swaths of floor and joined. Gloves, an indispensable accessory of the new mode, are smartest when they match the evening gown. Richly trimmed wraps, or wraps of costly fur will be seen at all smart gatherings.

Be ornate, be feminine, be individual and you will be charmed in 1930" is the advice of the Radio Shopper.

* * *

The Radio Joy Boy who announced for WIL some time ago is again scheduled on programs at that station. Ray Lang is well liked and charming in 1930's is the advice of the Radio Shopper.

* * *

Episodes of Winnie and Bert, heard from WHK Saturday evenings, tell a story of two young people which measures up admirably to the drama of everyday life. These numbers are written and directed by Gordon Higham.
R. W. Emerson Plays

**Hugest Pipe Organ**

WLS Instrument, Larger Even Than Mormons’ Mighty Organ, a Fearfully and Wonderfully Made Instrument

THE world’s largest pipe organ, played by Ralph Waldo Emerson, is being heard in daily programs over WLS each afternoon, except Sunday, at 2:30 o’clock. On Sundays the organ is heard in a classical concert at 3 p.m.

Located in the Chicago stadium, the mammoth organ, exceeding in size even the noted instrument of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, possesses several striking characteristics. Its six manuals and 864 stops are built into a console weighing ten tons. Five separate organs with a central mixing room are suspended among the steel beams of the Stadium’s roof, 91 feet above the floor. Between the organ lofts and the console a distance of nearly half a city block intervenes.

A volume equivalent to twenty-five brass bands of 100 pieces each is the possible output of the Stadium organ. Every known musical instrument, from an ancient Egyptian oboe down to the modern saxophone, has its tone represented on the keyboard combinations. A unique system of communication, perfected by T. L. Rowe, WLS engineer, enables Emerson to hear the microphone’s output of music and to talk with the monitor operator at the same time, while he can imagine a score or more of brass bands crashing out the same tune at the same time, blended into a perfect harmony so that you think it is the music of one band only, then you can grasp somewhat the terrific volume of melody that pours from this gigantic instrument at WLS, Chicago, with R. W. Emerson at the keys.

Among the features Emerson introduces into his programs is a trip through “Pipeville” in which novelty effects of the organ’s combinations are used.

**New Program Over WJDX, Jackson, Miss.**

MUCH local talent has been developed in the Radio world since WJDX, at Jackson, Miss., went on the air December 9th. Two new local programs of interest were recently added, the newcasting twice daily of the Jackson Daily News, and the weekly health talk on Saturdays by Dr. Felix Underwood, director of the state board of health. Local music and dramatic organizations are given every opportunity to appear before the microphone, developing many embryo artists. One night a week is devoted to talent from the four colleges within an eight-mile radius.

Ray Martinez, diminutive director of KFWB’s concert orchestra and a master of the strings, has had Cecil Crandall, his first violinist, with him during the past twelve years. When the two team up in a violin duet there’s a harmony that echoes more than a decade of unbroken comradeship.

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The Versatile Roy Cowan has many things to occupy his time. By profession he is an advertising man.

WFAA, Dallas, Has Staff of Accomplished Artists

SOME men are camera shy who have no cause to be. Others are all too anxious to have their faces shown when there is really no particular reason for it. Adams Colhoum, popular announcer at WFAA, belongs to the former class. He has had only two photographs taken in the last eight years. One is reproduced herewith. The other was taken in 1929 on the occasion of the birth of WFAA at Dallas. He may be camera shy, but the mike does not seem to worry him, does it?

Composing the Bel Canto Quartet, masters of harmony, at WFAA, are an undertaker, a surgical instrument worker, an optometrist and a full-time musician. In the order named they are Fred Shelton, first tenor; T. K. Johnson, second tenor; Marcel Jones, baritone; Martin Thomas, basso. Their diversity of activities does not prevent their being in perfect harmony when it comes to broadcasting. Ask anyone who listens to the programs over WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

With WFAA also is Roy Cowan, who is said to have one of the most pleasing Radio voices in the Southwest and to have a recognized dramatic ability. Mr. Cowan, special announcer over WFAA, has charge of the commercial programs. By “trade” he is an advertising man. His decided leaning towards dramatics has been shown in the performances of the Dallas Little Theatre for several seasons. Between times he finds opportunities to direct WFAA’s Southwestern historical dramas every Tuesday night. Then, of course, there is some routine announcing thrown in for good measure.

A philosopher said,

*The discontented man can find no easy chair.*

Be seated, won’t you?
A featured item on WSM's Golden Art Hour at Nashville, Tenn., is this fifteen-piece orchestra known as the Golden Artists who, every Wednesday evening at nine present a series of the latest dance numbers. It is said that this orchestra is so up-to-date that the dance pieces heard over it frequently are heard for the first time by the listening world.

Didn't Know He Could Sing
By Marigold Cassin

Once again the old story about "hiding your light under a bushel" has been revived. Radio is a great little field for that sort of thing, you know. Consider the things checked against us in the way of saxophone players, mouth-harp blowers, and sopranos; not to mention the spinsters who are telling mothers everywhere how to raise their children. All of which has nothing to do with Paul Feddersen.

WOC found him in Belle Plaine, Iowa. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feddersen of that city, and probably did the usual things when he was a youngster. He went to Iowa University and to Northwestern, and all that sort of thing, and had the idea that he was going to be a jeweler, once upon a time. But all of that is changed now.

When the Central Broadcasting Company assumed the ownership and operation of WHO at Des Moines, it became necessary to add various members to the staff. That's where this chap Feddersen came into the picture. And the best part is that he was really hired to announce, and nobody knew he could do anything else. We realized that he had a most pleasing baritone speaking voice, and promptly let it go at that.

He'd been with us for about three weeks, perhaps, when a letter commenting on some program or other, found its way to the head office, by virtue of a paragraph which read, "If that is the Paul Feddersen from Belle Plaine, why doesn't he SING?"

That seemed worth investigating, and what a lot that investigation disclosed! Here, in our midst we were harboring a future celebrity, if we were to judge from things he had already done. For that baritone voice not only speaks, but sings! The interview brought to light the fact that this most modest young man had been seriously studying voice for about eight years, first with one of Iowa's veteran teachers, Ernest A. Leo, and now with one of the most sought after instructors at the American Conservatory in Chicago, Elaine DeSellem.

In the National Federation of Music Clubs Sesqui-Centennial National Contest in Philadelphia, in 1926, he walked off with third place in the baritone class ... quite a victory for a youngster only twenty years old, competing with singers from all over the country. In 1927 and '28 he won first place in the Iowa State Atwater Kent Audition. In 1929 he sailed out and came back with first place for Iowa in the National Federation of Music Clubs' "Young Artists Contest." Land knows what he'll do in 1930!

He did that in a way that's probably enough about what he's done. It's what he is DOING that probably concerns him more, right now. That sympathetic quality he has in his voice has made him popular with our elderly fans, who dote on having a boy whom they can "adopt" into their homes. And, as you can guess from the photo, there are reasons why he should be equally popular with the younger set!

"The Memory Book," broadcast at 3:45 CST on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, features Mr. Feddersen's pleasing baritone, and you are most cordially invited to tune in, and meet him!

Instructs Announcers

Voice quality may prove the key to success, in the opinion of Virginia Sanderson, head of the speech arts department of the California state teachers college in San Jose and part-time instructor in speech at NBC, San Francisco.

"We all know that personality plays a large part in the winning of success," Miss Sanderson points out. "After all, voice is no mean part of personality and to it we can lay many failures as well as successes."

Virginia Sanderson has undertaken the instruction of Radio announcers of the National Broadcasting company staff in San Francisco. Each week Miss Sanderson devotes 45 minutes to the NBC announcers, giving them instruction in speech with stress laid especially upon diction, pronunciation and tone.

"Radio is shaping the speech of America," Miss Sanderson insists. "It is the medium which will give us a universal American tongue replacing colloquial English. That is my chief reason for becoming interested in Radio."

One of the most popular year 'round featured programs from KNX is the Sunday afternoon concert sponsored by the Los Angeles Park board.
Radio Takes a Ride

(Continued from page 51)

Oh, yes, I mentioned above that Mrs. Taylor is now sold on the idea of having a motor. Here is how that happened!

The other morning while trying to drive from Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to Chicago without a space occupied by KWB by Hallowe'en Martin and her musical clock (7 to 9 CSTD) the buggy blew 3 condensers and the distributor two miles north of McHenry, Illinois.

I left the car standing and the Radio going and Mrs. Taylor listening, while I hiked into town to wake up an ignition man. When I finally returned and told the lady that we would have the car towed into town and take the train to the city, she smiled.

"Don't miss the train," she said. "I must get into Field's today to get one of those beautiful cross-box scarfs, Hallo-owe'en Martin just told about over the Radio. They are on sale today only, she said.

And thus Radio going bye-bye took my pocket book for a ride because it to sea or something. Monday morning a terrible thing happened. I picked up a pocket book with some old coins in it and tried to sell them. I didn't pronounce thirty-four thousand. . . . It came forty-four thousand, or hirty-four thousand, and asked for a pronouced stammer. I got panicky and called up army recruiting headquarters. I thought I would enlist for service. Chin or some place. The army didn't answer. . . .

Well, at 5:30 Monday afternoon I started for the broadcasting building. I developed just outside the building an old nasal trouble came back. I went into a drug store and asked for the best cough drop. The clerk kept saying, "What sir?" I said: "I want some cough drops." He said: "What sir?" I said: "Cough drops." He said: "I can't understand what you say." . . .

I SAID to myself, as I reeled into the street, "Here, I can't say cough drops so a clearely as I said: I AM GOING TO THE TOUGHEST SPOT ON THE AIR AND TRY TO TALK TO MILLIONS."

But I went into another drug store. This time I had no trouble. I just pointed. I got six boxes of cough drops. All colors. I ate them all. I then went to the broadcasting room. I was introduced to a lot of Radio attendants. They all spoke in very deep voices. It was a very big place. Rainey and McGregor asked me who I was. I told them I was the Palkomile hour. Maybe I was. My mind is not very clear.

The Court: "What happened next, Mr. Phillips?"

Mr. Phillips: "A man said 'he can't be the Palkomile hour. The Palkomile hour

is in Room 786 playing poker.' Then it all flashed over me; I made a mistake. I am not the Palkomile hour. I am the Vostland Amendment. I have been hired to give the returns in the bil- ion election. I had no idea whether the Literary Digest should be modified, enforced or merged with Bishop Gore's idea. 'Why didn't you say so in the first place?' I said this is the first I knew of it.

The Court: "Go on in your own way, Mr. Phillips."

Mr. Phillips: "Well, four men came for me and led me down a narrow corridor to a dark chamber. One of them said: The key. They gave me a lot of instructions and signals. A fellow named Torgerson threw a switch. He talked like a man at the bottom of a well. He said: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, you are about to hear from one of America's great department res, Mr. Hi Gibb.'

The Court: "And then what?"

Mr. Phillips: "That's all I remember."

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 49)

Thraff Willyczynski's would be all pit- potted and potted with hidden cubby- holes; he'd create himself a dwelling like a spun silk cocoon. And how's he going to keep our eye on the road while he views the scene with the other. Will someone page that great specialist of the age, Chic Sale?

Floyd Gibbons

(Continued from page 18)

to sea or something. Monday morning a terrible thing happened. I picked up a pocket book with some old coins in it and tried to sell them to them aloud. I didn't pronounce thirty-four thousand. . . . It came forty-four thousand, or hirty-four thousand, and asked for a pronounced stammer. I got panicky and called up army recruiting headquarters. I thought I would enlist for service. Chin or some place. The army didn't answer. . . .

Well, at 5:30 Monday afternoon I started for the broadcasting building. I developed just outside the building an old nasal trouble came back. I went into a drug store and asked for the best cough drop. The clerk kept saying, "What sir?" I said: "I want some cough drops." He said: "What sir?" I said: "Cough drops." He said: "I can't understand what you say." . . .

I SAID to myself, as I reeled into the street, "Here, I can't say cough drops so a clearely as I said: I AM GOING TO THE TOUGHEST SPOT ON THE AIR AND TRY TO TALK TO MILLIONS."

But I went into another drug store. This time I had no trouble. I just pointed. I got six boxes of cough drops. All colors. I ate them all. I then went to the broadcasting room. I was introduced to a lot of Radio attendants. They all spoke in very deep voices. It was a very big place. Rainey and McGregor asked me who I was. I told them I was the Palkomile hour. Maybe I was. My mind is not very clear.

The Court: "What happened next, Mr. Phillips?"

Mr. Phillips: "A man said 'he can't be the Palkomile hour. The Palkomile hour

is in Room 786 playing poker.' Then it all flashed over me; I made a mistake. I am not the Palkomile hour. I am the Vostland Amendment. I have been hired to give the returns in the bil- ion election. I had no idea whether the Literary Digest should be modified, enforced or merged with Bishop Gore's idea. 'Why didn't you say so in the first place?' I said this is the first I knew of it.

The Court: "Go on in your own way, Mr. Phillips."

Mr. Phillips: "Well, four men came for me and led me down a narrow corridor to a dark chamber. One of them said: The key. They gave me a lot of instructions and signals. A fellow named Torgerson threw a switch. He talked like a man at the bottom of a well. He said: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, you are about to hear from one of America's great department res, Mr. Hi Gibb.'

The Court: "And then what?"

Mr. Phillips: "That's all I remember."

A COUPLE of you come along with me and witness a signature," he invited them. "I've got Andregg's full and detailed confession."

Paul Andregg showed his hands hopelessly. Blount and Temple were speed- ily following Gateway to the other bed- room.

The two looked wonderfully, in si- lence and not without a twinge of pity, at the wreck lying in Andregg's bed. Gateway had put him through hell seven ways from Sunday; a broken arm, hippocratura, an abject, quivering, whimpering thing, not a man, for the very essence of manhood was gone from him.

"One little stroke of the pen now, my gallow's-bird," said Gateway, flamboyant again on the scene of his dominance, "and you're up in the cowl; the poor men will sign, and you'll be floating on nice white clouds again with all the little birds singing."

Through Andregg's eyes they could see his spirit groveling. "Just a scratch of the pen, and you get what you want," laughed Gateway, whose bright, hard eyes dropped keenly on Andregg; the man was stone blind to anything pitious and pitiable here.

Andregg could not sign swiftly enough. Gateway unpocketed and tossed to the bed a small packet . . . the needle shot home. Andregg sank back with a hoarse laugh. He knew though that he had signed his life away. He had his drug.

"I'm happy now," said Gateway and took up his precious sheet of paper. "I don't mind," he added to Temple, "it's all over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading. I've got a little job to do mean- time. I'm off for a look at my pal Hicks." He took the sheet and rolled it nicely and put into his pocketbook, lighted a cigarette and was off to look in on
"Looks like it. Dead drunk!"

Savoy came close and for a moment looked down on the white face intently. Mr. Nemo seemed scarcely to breathe. Savoy had even caught up one of the lax hands, seeking the pulse. There was but a faint flutter.

"DRUGGED! Get him out of bed; jerk him out! To his feet, man; walk him up and down. It's poison, all right; an overdose of opium or some secondary thing of the kind. Mohun, get some strong black coffee. Of course he'd be drugged; like Mohun was when we were nearly walking him, only Nemo's had a bigger, more dangerous dose. On his feet with him; keep him moving. Work his legs; his arms, too. Try to get something out of him!" Savoy instructed them. "The danger, the only danger there is, is that his coma will deepen a step or two, slowly, into the deepest of all comas."

Mr. Nemo's secretary returned with a cup of steaming liquid.

"Here, help me get a bit of coffee down him; then we'll walk him again. He's pretty far gone, but we can pull him through yet."

"I'd like to know how you know it's opium or morphine or that sort of thing?" said Temple between rails.

"Would it be?" queried Savoy. "What with Andregg's drug on hand, what also with Nemo's own stuff."

"You mean he's a hop-head, too?"

"The use of the drug is common in the East as you, a great traveller, know better than I. You know also that there they remain masters, not slaves, of the dream-stuff. No, I don't say that this man is a hop-head; that would be just such a category as poor Andregg. But he uses it, of course. How. In the wine he had at his bedside; just as Mohun was, only more thoroughly. He was then picked up and any canary cheap.

Also, he was gathered up into a pair of good strong arms and brought back. Really, it's quite simple, you know. ""Fire,"" as the old boys say, ""when I could strangle you with all the joy in life,"" said Temple. ""Simple? H'm! Who in the world..."

"You'll remember, my dear sir, that I've warned you or twice already that this is the house of a mad man. Despite your searching, there remains somewhere the hidden room, and does not Mr. Nemo's room suggest itself by this time as being connected with the Connecticut Dicks and Mr. Nemo were so simply removed and so simply returned to this bed."

Mr. Nemo lifted his ashes face from his trembling hands and listened avidly. Weak as he was, he began asking questions. He drank copiously of the hot black coffee which Chee-foo himself brought fresh from the kitchen; a flicker of light came back into his eyes.

"I may be said cooly, ""I have some experience with cunningly contrived hiding places. Mohun will look as I direct him. If there is anything, we shall find it quickly."

"There's a door of some sort, said Savoy confidently. ""That you will find it so readily, I doubt. Why, man, it would take a full convention of architects to gauge the possibilities in that direction of this crazy old building! You'd want a week to measure, to gauge thickesses of walls and widths of halls and rooms."

"PATIENCE, if needed, shall not be lacking," Nemo promised.

"An insane man," resumed Savoy, meditatively, "with the cunning to construct such a mechanism, would want something complicated. No, I doubt if you'll come at his secret at all... unless you use an ax on walls, floor and ceiling, and bring in Internal Revenue men. And with a little patience all this havoc becomes unnecessary. We're not far from the answer to all these questions; why not sit down and work it out?"

"And let things go on happening?" challenged Temple. ""With, as you more than hint, a world of running wild? How do we know what will happen next?"

"We cannot even guess... unless, of course, we use our wits."

"Do you mind telling us what that means?"

"Of course," Savoy laughed at him. ""Captain Temple's treasure, the Seal of Napoleon?"

Temple ripped out a thoroughly hearty oath.

Stephen Glask (Continued from page 17)

Couds with uplifted eyebrows, she failed. He returned her gaze with bland and pleasant interest. She turned away, biting her lips.

"If you want some kitchen lamps," she said; "a saucepan, if you have the sort we use; and a few other oddments, should like, too, to compare your prices for oil."

For a quarter of an hour Eve was overwhelmed with a sheer flood of eloquence. At last the young man paused for lack of breath. His assistant, a son of his predecessor, was listening, rapt in admiration.

"I seem to have bought a lot of things," Eve remarked.

"YOU have bought just what you wanted, and you have given no more for anything than you would have done at the Stores," the young man replied, with conviction. "Don't you bother any further. I'll see that you get the things right. And you shall have the full cash discount if I get the money within a month."

"I pay all the household bills on Monday mornings," answered Temple.

"Quite satisfactory," Stephen Glask declared. "Going to the golf tournament to-morrow, Miss Malcolm?"

She looked at him in precisely the manner in which she was accustomed to look at Simpkins the grocer—only it didn't seem to produce in the least the same effect.

"I always go to the golf tournaments," she answered coldly. The young man nodded.

"They've asked me to play," he remarked.

"Are you any good?" she inquired a little eagerly.

He smiled at her confidently.

"Fairly so," he replied. "I very nearly went in for it! I've always played, I've very nearly won it!"

She abandoned for a moment the attitude which she had thought well to assume.

"Then do play!" she begged. "We want to beat Fairford. They are horribly stuck-up about their golf, and the Simpkins always play for them."

"What, Charlie Sinclair?"

Eve stiffened again.

"It is Lord Riverstone's second son," she answered, "who is the title holder."

"We'll see about that," Stephen Glask declared.
“Yes!”

She glanced at the seat. It was in a shady spot and had an air of seclusion about it. Really, the whole thing was too conciliatory for the stone was watching, and Austen, and—

“Oh, I suppose so,” she answered, “if you want to. I don’t know that anything much matters.”

AUSTEN MALCOLM and his sister were one of the notable families of the city. Dinner was a meal served at Faringdon House with some formality. The round table, small though it was, glittered with fruit and wine and bread. Eve wore always a low necked dress, and her brother seldom descended to the informality of a dinner jacket. The butler was assisted by a man who seemed to have been trained to be the best of burlesque. Nothing was scarped or done hurriedly. The Malcolms, a county family of long standing, spent their holidays. Faringdon House and the things which it represented. No Malcolm had ever committed a real indiscretion.

Through the open windows brother and sister looked out over a grey terraced front, across flower bordered lawns, to a lake and wood beyond. The night was warm and still, the trees behind the tress. Austen lit a cigarette and broke the silence, which had been a little unduly prolonged.

“Will you sit down, dear Eve?” he began, looking fixedly at the end of his cigarette, “to this young ironmonger. You will be quite safe with him for a moment or two?”

Sir Austen carefully avoided looking at his sister, but for all that he seemed—well—flushed, which had stolen into her cheeks. She bent over her finger bowl. Her eyes were very bright. She was perhaps angry.

“THERE, fault, of course,” he continued, “I have been, sometimes accused by my critics of being deficient in a sense of humor. The coming of this young man has justified me in myself. He really was irresistible. He criticized the volume of poems which I was reading, and tried to secure my custom for gasoline in the same breath. In a position that I was compelled to offer him hospitality here, and a few moments later, he was having crockery to Mrs. Randale—Mrs. Randale, of all persons! In all my life, Eve, I have never known anything so completely and absolutely impossible.

She suddenly looked up at him.

“But is it funny, after all?” she demanded. “Why is it funny? Why should you suppose, because he is a tradesman, that—that there is humor in being forced into recognizing him—for a time—as an equal? He has had no education at all to us.”

“And he has a price list of saucepans in his pocket,” Sir Austen interrupted. “I was more interested—or I pretended to be more interested, to discuss with anyone likely to become a customer, at any moment.”

Eve sighed. Her own lips were beginning to quiver.

“He certainly does seem interested in his business,” she admitted.

“He is quite interested in the developed products of our modern system of education,” Sir Austen remarked, didactically. “He represents just a foretaste of the difficulties we will have to overcome to the end to be a grapple. I really think, for his own sake, it would be better—understand, I mean, Eve—if we were to disabuse, both of us, that—shall I say?—spirit of latitudinarianism with which we have regarded this young man. To put it in a matter of plain bulk, I think it would be better if he were kept in his place.”

Eve was looking out of the window. Her face was expressionless.

“I have no doubt that you are right,” she said, calmly.

“Yes?” Sir Austen continued, “Henshaw is coming down tomorrow for the week end. You will be glad to see him?”

“Oh, of course,” she answered.

She flitted away into the gardens, a few minutes later, and Sir Austen went to his study. She passed through the rose garden, and paused to look at the new bedder which she had ordered in Faringdon House and the things which it represented. No Malcolm had ever committed a real indiscretion.

“Mr. Glask,” she protested, “you mustn’t come into her room, you mustn’t really. If my brother were to see you he would be terribly angry.”

STEPHEN GLASK looked puzzled.

“But why?” he asked. “I have been to your house before as a guest. Why should I be afraid to talk to you. I have something to say—which, I have something to say.”

Once more she looked nervously behind her. He figured her man stood out so boldly in the soft, clear twilight. He seemed to have no idea of courtesies. He did not even take her entire voice. There were no two alteratives before her. One was to pick up her skirts, turn towards the house and run; the other was to get to the door; as he seemed to go and left, and walk with this rash intruder along the laurel bordered path. She hesitated; so once did her great name sake.

“Please come!” she begged, suddenly lowering his voice. “Won’t you?

She forgot altogether that she was a Malcolm. She felt curiously weak—and she went. They passed down the sheltered walk, between the rose bushes and the tall laurel-thickets. She was ashamed and frightened and happy. His attitude was not in the least correct. He was quite one of such so that his lips almost touched her hair.

“I think,” she said softly, “that you are the sweetest thing that ever breathed.”

His fingers bent here.

“You mustn’t!” she murmured. “Oh, please don’t! I—trust you.”

He released her at once.

“Of course!” he whispered. “Don’t you know that?”

For a moment she was angry—angry with herself. Then

“You must not talk like that,” she declared. “You ought to know that you must not. It is wrong of you.”

She drew back and snatched a laurel bush, for however

“Steve Austen nodded approvingly.

“Enderby’s the man my people are going for just now, as the little party of three lingered over their fruit and wine. "Of course, theirs is the open shop, but I only must say that for once I am with them. I find his novels, the most interesting fiction of the day.”

Sir Austen nodded approvally.

“Enderby writes excellent English,” he pronounced. "His stories, too, are wonderfully lifelike."
Isn't it?

There was a brief but very intense silence. The brother and sister sat looking at one another.

"Does Mr. Enderby—play golf?" Eve asked calmly.

"Rather!" Henshaw replied. "He was champion of Middlesex. I really wonder in what part of the world he's hidden himself. We shan't hear a line from him till he turns up with his new novel."

Eve rose slowly from the table and made her way through the French windows and across the shadowed lawn to the laurel walk. At the end of it Stephen Glast was waiting. He stepped forward to meet her eagerly.

"So you've come after all!" he exclaimed. "I am to be forgiven, then?"

She gave him her fingers and smiled sweetly into his face.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, "that it is snobbish to keep you out of sight because you are an ironmonger. You can come and sit down with my brother and his guest and drink port with them. Then if you have anything to say, later on—well, he can listen."

Stephen Glast moved forward readily enough, but he was puzzled.

"Athen won't be rude to me," he ventured, with obviously affected uneasiness.

Eve drew a little closer to him.

"It depends," she said, demurely, "upon the effect which his sense of humor may have upon his inherited and instinctive snobbery."

**Will Rogers and Mike**

(Continued from page 9)

"You know, this Radio is a mighty fine thing, I guess. But it isn't exactly like the show. At the show the folks pay to get in and then you get to be entertained. But on the Radio, besides them as really wants to hear you, there are some that just about dare me to entertain 'em. So you get all sorts of people on this microphone idee."

SEVERAL months ago Rogers said that there wasn't enough money to make him give a series on the air, although, of course, he had made a good many single broadcasts . . . one of which a remote line was even strung to his former home and a mike placed in the library.

So I thought we ought to find out why he suddenly changed his mind. "I'll tell you," he readily said. "You know those isolated talks of mine were all right, but not for a regular diet. You know, if I talked about subjects of the day, same as I do in my little newspaper pieces, I'd have to talk about prohibition, the separate, disarmament conference and tariff every week. People would soon get tired of it.

"That's why I never wanted to give a long series. But one day I got the idea of giving a series on personalities. You know some folks would like all of the talks and others would like some of 'em. I liked the idea and sold the scheme to a sponsor for the series. That's all there is to it."

But we left him rehearsing his act . . . a trifl nervous and fidgety. Six-twelve, Pacific standard time, New York signs over, the loud speaker in the studio over which he has been hearing the initial part of broadcast is silenced, the red light flashes . . . instantly Will is all attention.

He keeps the lid on all the time during the talk. At the very beginning it is pulled down to the eyeglasses. Gradually, as enthusiasm increases, the brim gets pulled up front . . . in back, too . . . finally it assumes a rakish angle and totters on one side. Some day I'm afraid he will toss it up into the air when he gets excited.

On goes the talk . . . he looks at the clock . . . he glances at his watch . . . head nods or shakes as he wants to give special emphasis to some point . . . gestures by way of variety. Pretty soon the talking is over and he calls it a day . . . rushes down to the car and back home to take his shoes off and lounge around the parlor until bedtime.

I think Rogers' Radio technique is a little different from most others. He only makes his notes and talks from those. A carefully prepared message would be startled and would sound unnatural. His first instinctive thoughts are the best. If you hear him pause, and say "er-er" a couple of times it isn't because he is trying to make you think it is ad lib stuff; it really is.

WILL apologetically explains why he does this radio stuff for a living.

"Just a racket, young man," he says, "a nice, genteel racket. You know I'm just trying to get along—whereupon he goes home, clips a few more coupons, and chews more gum.

While he still persists in saying he is never nervous on the air, the plain truth of the matter is that he is. We may as well forgive him his microphonitis—even the mightiest suffer from it. I think if the truth were told neither does he like the people to peek in through the window. "Makes you feel like some sort wild animal on exhibition," mutters Will.

What does he look like? Well, it would be hard to describe Will Rogers without a bow tie. Then there is the soft felt hat. Old, I'd call it, but I suppose he has another at home. . . dark grey suit . . . clean shirt with attached collar . . . no vest . . . swallows hard and tries to look dignified as a plush horse, but totally without success . . . tugs at hat brim to pull it down over eyeglasses.

Is Will Rogers a bit temperamental? Yes and no. What happened to phonograph recordings or electrical transmission when he walked out of the recorders, well, that's just another story, and it doesn't have anything to do with this brief narrative. There must be sides to the situation. Perhaps he was justified and was not temperamental, as some believe.

But I like to think what people believe is his temperamentality is merely a certain nervousness which is inherent in his makeup. What makes him continue to chew gum? He doesn't get any more for it. The gum people have already paid him for the testimonials. He doesn't have to endorse the gum and then chew it up all to earn the cash. I think it is because it relieves a certain amount of tension, occupies his time and acts as a sort of sedative, just as stale tobacco smoke soothes the nerves of some others.

This bit of nervousness, to my mind, is an integral part of his makeup. Without it, perhaps, he wouldn't be Will Rogers. So it doesn't seem to me to be temperamentality but just plain, ordinary nervousness. Will wants people to like him, and the fear that they may not keep him on edge at times.

I don't think he is at all antagonistic toward Radio as having been largely responsible for the lessen- ing of the power of the legitimate stage. He is somewhat past middle age and has tolerance.

O F COURSE, his stage days go back to his first vaudeville engangement on the old Hammerstein Roof garden in '05, and his many years with Ziegfeld's Follies, as well as writing, lecturing and picture work.

Many of the old-timers of stageland never quite get over the feeling that Radio is a young upstart. Although the Rogers family doesn't do so very much listening to broadcast programs, still I don't think the head of the clan is antagonistic towards it.

As a matter of act, now that he has a receiving set in his hotel room and in the bungalow at the hotel, Will is getting to be something of a fan. He didn't listen in often until he "discovered" Amos 'n Andy a few weeks back.

"Do you know," he says, "I listen to those two boys 'most every time they are on the air now. They have a human touch and the gags they tell are not forced ones . . . just a couple of ordinary individuals."

How much does he get for these weekly broadcasts? Well, I didn't have the nerve to ask him. My guess would be about $5,000 for each 15-minute talk, and how it isn't hurt him to make out the income tax.

He tells me the brief notes he makes on Saturday nights are the only thing he ever writes for his broadcasts. They are not written out at length. This apparently means that when the sponsors announce that they will have the entire series available in booklet form that stenog-raphers have been taking down his remarks at the other end of the line and the publishing will be done in the east.
THAT his audience in and around the Southwest wants to see him at the microphone, and that the switchboard of KHJ is swamped with calls when he is on the air is pretty sure proof of his continued popularity. His fan mail is prodigious. It comes from all sections.

I venture to assume the role of prophet just long enough to foresee that Rogers’ present series, which will just be coming to an end as this gets off the press, will be followed by others, to the far more intimate circles, to the chain network and even to Will himself.

His Radio talks seem to have struck a chord in every man, even more than his daily writings in the newsprint. I don’t mean by this that anybody could take his newspaper pieces and speak them over on the Radio and get away with it. Not a bit of it.

The thing that gets Will Rogers over on the broadcast racket is not entirely what he says more than how he says it...the very evident sincerity, the spontaneous way he has through it. It seems as if the mannerisms that all geniuses are supposed to, and do have...and the fact that, no matter how witty he may get, there is that rare innate sympathy and human understanding.

It’s all right with us, Will. Lock ‘em out of the studio, jot down notes on the cuff of your best shirt, chew up all the gum on the market, get temporary or not, as you wish...and scratch the ear all you want to.

Thus it only be one. Will Rogers. Just as history will record only one Al Jolson, one Lydia Pinkham and two Smith Brothers.

Music Appreciation

(Continued from page 7)

directions. too. And that same year he assumed the conductorship of the New York Symphony Society—a post he held with unique success for forty years. The best history.

The leadership of Wagner’s operas was relinquished a few years afterward and from that time on, until 1920, he devoted all his efforts to the New York Symphony Society. His achievements as conductor of this orchestra were many.

He gave the first American performance of the symphony of Tschaikovsky’s Pathetique Symphony, of Wagner’s “Parsifal,” in concert-form (the last act of which was sent to him in manuscript as a gift from Wagner), Mahler and Bruckner, symphonies of Vaughan Williams and most of the “music of the moment.”

He was the first American conductor to receive an invitation from a foreign country to bring his orchestra abroad—and be successful. He was in Paris and London in 1919 clearly showed that he was now a world-figure in music.

He was the first composer to create an intrinsically American opera, The Scarlet Letter, based upon Hawthorne’s celebrated novel. He was the first conductor to penetrate into the West with his symphony orchestra, in an attempt to spread good music among those aborigines—anybody who encountered disagreeable incidents such as the one in Nebraska, where an interested music-loving group had admitted upon spitting upon the bald heads of the bass players, his trips were successful and it was nothing unusual for a clumsy farmer to access to a program, as one did in Fargo, North Dakota, and express his enthusiasm in these robust terms: “You just know why I like this music—but I don’t!”

But whenever Damrosch is asked what his greatest distinction is, he will smile sweetly and reply: “At home, my wife, Margaret, of course—the daughter of James G. Blaine, the great American statesman, my friend and advisor for more than thirty-five years!”

Despite the fact that Damrosch treasures his 3½ acres of music in the world, he is really a thoroughly busy individual. He arises at 7 o’clock each morning (it is a lifelong habit) and makes his way back from his home at East 61st Street, New York, to and through Central Park for a full hour, interrupted only by heart-sent breakfast and a thorough perusal of the “New York World,” and then, at nine o’clock precisely each morning, he is ready for the day’s work.

First of all there is the mail to attend to and despite the fact that he receives something like 100 letters a week, he reads them all assiduously and personally answers those that require reply. Then there are the musical manuscripts to read, and the demands of those who wish each week from aspiring young composers who seek criticism, advice— and recognition. At 11 o’clock precisely Damrosch receives his morning callers.

Sometimes they are interviewers, journal-ists, newspaper reporters who question him on every existing human problem; sometimes it is a representative from the Society for the Promotion of Peace, seeking his co-operation; sometimes young composers come to him personally with their many problems; sometimes publishers, booksellers, solicitors, authors seek endorsements or other favors. The most frequent visit-ors, however, are young musicians who want to know how they can become orchestral conductors.

Once there came to Damrosch a very young man who was eager to learn the secrets of the orchestra. Damrosch took his baton from out the bottom drawer of his desk and handed it to the young man, and Damrosch told him. The young man waved the baton in mid-air to imaginary strains of a waltz. Now beat 4/4 slow time. Once again it is followed by, “That,” announced Damrosch, “is all there is to it. Only, a mischievous light glowed in his eyes...don’t give away the secret to anyone!”

At another time, a potential Stokowski confided to Damrosch that he sincerely felt that he had all the qualities that go to make up the great conductor.

“Have you ever conducted, my young man?” Damrosch asked.

The young man shook his head mournfully.

“Then how do you know that you possess those enviable qualities?”

The young man shrugged his shoulders lightly. He had seen— and heard— Stokowski, Toscanini, Koussevitsky. Damrosch, Mengelberg time and time again and he felt after watching them that he too was blessed with some of their talent.

Damrosch looked at the young man for a few silent moments. At last he spoke:

“Can you play at least a half-a-dozen orchestral instruments?”

“No,” answered the young man promptly.

“Then you play at least a half-a-dozen with thorough mastery?”

The answer was just as prompt: “No.”

“Have you mastered harmony, counterpoint, instrumentation, orchestration?”

“Not yet.”

“Do you know the classics so well that you have committed them to memory?”

“Of course, with a note for not upon paper from memory?”

“Oh, no!”

“Then,” Damrosch announced, looking all the while at him, “you have made a most momentous announcement, I guess you have all the requirements necessary for a great con-ductor!”

Music Appreciation

(Continued from page 7)

to Wagner and Richard Strauss gives him any happiness—although he was the first to introduce music of our “modern music” to American audiences. However, he does believe implicitly in the talents of such young men as George Gershwin and Dennis Taylor. His greatest admiration among virtuosos is Arturo Toscanini—and he is purposely making a trip to Bay- reuth this summer to hear Toscanini conduct “Tristan.”

Oh, yes—he has one other profound admiration: the very late and noble Theodore Roosevelt, who was his best friend for twenty years. And he will often say that if Beethoven had lived in our time and had dedicated his “Eroica” Symphony to Roosevelt instead of to Napoleon, he would never have had to tear that dedicatory page.
Medical Question Box over the Radio Dr. Brinkley is giving the greatest possible service to mankind — that which relieves pain and suffering, often-times both physical and mental, for this splendid doctor not only ministers to the ailments of the body, but to those of the mind as well when troubled at heart and over worry.

—Mrs. Louis Wielchelman, Hastings, Neb.

Rates First Three Stations
Received the March number of Radio Digest. So many interesting pieces in it, lots of space, too. Of course, there are no ads, for this is not an advertising periodical, but there are articles, I think, that will be of interest to the public.

—Mrs Ada M. Hunter, Moline, Ill.

VOTES FOR PICTURES, NOT FICTION
I enjoy your magazine very much. I hope you will have pictures and write-ups of the entire studio staff of WENR. I am certainly going to try not to miss a copy of Radio Digest, and please have plenty of pictures as we can get plenty of fun from your magazine.

—Mrs. L. L. Stoneking, Hamblon, Mo.

Have you ever wondered who the artist is that does the cartooning and caricaturing for Radio Digest? You see him here in Mrs. Cugat.

The lady is Mrs. Cugat.

WENR Broadcasts Personality
When one of the thousands of subscribers to Radio Digest begins to realize that the enjoyments he accepts from the magazine are in nowise through the gift of his money, but yours, the artist, he begins to appreciate what a man he is. And so, I wish to call your attention to this fact:

—Miss Margaret Harrison, Gleanleush, Sask, Can.

Your Favorites Are Promised
I am a constant reader of the Radio Digest, and enjoy it heaps. I understood that we were to devote this space to advertisers and radio programs.

I enjoy more pictures and less stories. I have been making a scrap book, and find Radio Digest affords me heaps of pictures for my book, as well as reading about the different artists. I have made it rather a hobby for my likes and dislikes. Hoping you won't be offended in my being too personal. Of course, everyone cannot be losers. But I really find it much more interesting to have more pictures of Radio artists.

I read in the Digest where you wanted us to write in what we enjoyed in the Digest, and to express what opinions you have had ideas perhaps similar to mine. Wishing you the best of luck and success in the future. —Miss Madelyn Weaver, Bath, III.

Finds Log Indispensable
I have been a subscriber to Radio Digest for five years, and find it as indispensable as ever. It has kept pace with the improvements in broadcasting. Some of the articles help us to distinguish the call letters of a station, but, by referring to the Official Call Book and Log and noting the frequency the station broadcasts on, it can be identified. The pictures of radio artists and short accounts of their accomplishments helps to make reception more interesting and gives it a more personal "touch." When television comes into general use it may change this feature to some extent. In order to get the most out of Radio I would advise the art critics to get either the Radio Digest, "The National Broadcasting Authority." —Harry Nisly, Edgar, Neb.

Well We'll Talk to WTAM Chief
In January I purchased our first Radio Digest, and in a way was rather a shallow statement. Through it I have found many interesting articles and announcements that I did not know of before. It also gives us many pictures of our friends of the air.

So WTAM is in the picture is we the greatest station on the dial; not only is it the most powerful, but always has the finest programs from its home studio. I have heard some broadcasts from the NBC network: I certainly would enjoy some photo of some of WTAM's stars in the Radio Digest. They surely have carved a place in our hearts and home that time shall not erase. In closing, may I remind your Digest and its staff—Mrs. J. Davis, 1130 E. Pershing St., Salen, Ohio.

Another Call for WTAM Pix
How about a glimpse into the studies of WTAM with a few pictures, for instance, of those Genre

Listen to What the Public Wants
It is true that the public wants what it is willing to pay for, but a large part of the public is not willing to pay for anything. No doubt everyone knows that a business man or enterprise can advertise to create first of all good will, and then his establishment begins to flourish. After the Radio features must be realized, and is realized, if not by the advertiser and Radio company who do the advertising, then it is the potential customers of the advertised program. I see no reason to believe that the public will accept anything and be thankful for it. The truth is, however, that the public in getting tired of certain aspects now dominating sponsored programs.

Let us look the situation over. For instance, take the venture sponsored program. It is to the advertiser and sponsor to use up the valuable time by babbling a theme song of some talkie, in which perhaps the Radio financier are interested. Do the Radio think people the people are so dumb that they can not see what is going on, and that the Radio company is playing the sponsor for a sucker?

The situation is just beginning one better. The orchestra leader, who is a favorite with the public, is not content to boost his orchestra, but he has also made a large number of songs and claims he has written, he has to advertise the phonograph records made, and he has to put in a good word for the talkie he participated in. It is an amazing fact that the public getting tired of hearing that stuff week after week, and of the program sponsor's expense. That is one of the reasons why the sponsor does not get the expected results. It is better to have a good advertising talk of the sponsor, although a reasonable amount will be accepted, but it surely is bad policy to fill up those announcements which do not refer to sponsors with sub rosa advertisements in disregard to the sponsors.

That the wishes of the public are considered of no importance is fully proved by the fact that no attempt is made to hear the sponsor requests.

Certain Radio officials say that the selection of program material is under the jurisdiction of the directors of the station. I believe that the selection of their business policies must be under the jurisdiction of their stenographers, clerks and office boys.

Mr. Radio Program Sponsor, you pay good cold cash every Thursday and have the absolute right to demand what you want, and Mr. Radio Station Operator, you pay good hard cash to your workers and also have the absolute right to demand what you want; and when you boys awaken to these facts then you will be sure to do a better service to the public which wants, and thus make a genuine success of your program.

WENR Broadcasts Personality
When one of the hundreds of subscribers to Radio Digest begins to realize that the enjoyments he accepts from the magazine are in nowise through the gift of his money, but ours, the artist, he begins to appreciate what a man he is. And so, I wish to call your attention to this fact:

—Miss Margaret Harrison, Gleanleush, Sask, Can.

Always Depends on KOA
KOAs, Denver, is the one station we can depend upon for us at any time. I say "all times," this means any time as we can not get any of the American stations till about that time. Occasionally we can get them in the morning till 9 a.m., but very seldom. KOA is one of the few stations that does not do too much advertising. Advertising before and after a program is slight, but this everlasting change between numbers is more than the average person can stand. When a program tuned in on a station of that nature they generally tune out, so I think the thing is all about. —Margaret Harrison, Gleanleush, Sask, Can.

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and Glenn. Note there have been plenty of same showings on both WENR and WLB of late, but not a one of WTAM.—W. G. Woodruff, Youngs-
town, Ohio.

We'll Have to Ask Marcella

Have been working on this column most a year now, and have enjoyed reading it very much. It was very interesting. Would be very glad to see and hear from you again. Probably find space for you. Also their popular an-
nouncers, Pat Kelly, Geo. John, and Jack V. of WENR. You folks are put together and I'm sure any more. Would like, too, to see a picture of "Cherio" and all associated with his morning broadcast. I hope it goes on longer. The Digest certainly has been very interesting, and would be more so if we could see and hear much more of Mrs. R. F. Jennings, Middletown, Conn.

Marcella Says, "Thank You, Thank You"

Just read the March issue of Radio Digest, and certainly found it interesting. Miss Marcella’s column containing so much interesting information regarding the entertainers, was certainly appreci-
ated by me, and I am sure by all others who have learned to know the different personalities, and, although this is the first time I have ever read Radio Digest, and from this it is safe to say you will be a constant reader from now on. I think that Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn have a personality that every person I have ever heard over the Radio, and will watch for any information regarding them with much interest. Everett’s column contains interesting information, and hope they will appear in an early issue. Can photo-
tographs please be sent to the individual, and, if so, how may they be obtained? (Ed.: Afraid not.) Want to again assure you of my appreciation of your interesting publications, and of your department in particular.—Mrs. C. D. Rector, 425 Sunset Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

I like the Radio Digest better than any maga-

Zine we take. Couldn’t enjoy my Radio properly without it. I have never heard anything like it. Miss Marcella, and, of your department in particular.—Mrs. C. D. Rector, 425 Sunset Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Friend of the Farmer, WLS

I could take all day telling you how much I enjoy the Radio Digest. It is the best Radio book on the news-

ight. I can hardly wait each month for it to come.

WLS is our favorite station. We live in town, but were once farmers. But that is not the rea-

son why we like WLS. I have a grudge against WENR for taking WLS’s time. I surely hope that they will get their time back. WLS, the WLS announcers on the programs—nothing different besides the same old jazz music. There is plenty of music on WENR. WENR didn’t attack WGN instead of WLS. Their programs aren’t in the farmer’s family. WENR seems to have a great sta-

tion. The problem is what to do about the attacks we hear about the station from people who are against the farm. It is a great station, and we would like to be part of the air. They are not interested in the farmer. Just trying to put WLS off the air. WLS is the best of all. If you had the luck, any one can wish them. All our friends think just the

ame as we do.—Pete Lund, 221 32nd St., Clinton, Iowa.

For Five O’clock Hawaiians

I am writing to tell you how I enjoy your maga-

zine. I like the stories and enjoy seeing pictures of the people. Please try to picture the five O’clock Hawaiians of WLB. I have often wondered what they were.—Nelley May, Carriage, Indiana.

Help to Working People

I find most people are very good and a great help to us poor hard working people. We are generally told that the real problem is an even a day, and we have to work and make a little money to spend on pleas-

ures. Yet we can sit at home in an easy chair and be entertained. We have most enjoyable programs dramatized, and in the daytime, when we workers are all at work in our Community we can tune in and be entertained. If it is not popular or we work or mending, or whatever our duty may be, and there are lots of helps and hindrances. I’d like to know if there is a Mrs. W. Van Oas-
ten, Des Moines, Iowa.—

Favorite Traced in the Digest

If I am a regular reader and almost a “student” of radio, I am sure you would like to come to me upon a marked improvement, with every issue lately, before I offer an adverse criticism. I have never given an

article, and a good large picture of Jack Brickley. According to both the New York World and the New York Sun, he is Radio’s youngest announcer. The metropolitan

papers have given him the place as young-
est veteran announcer.

I kept up your work on WOR about two years ago, and later his more recent work, on WJZ, and every member of our family has always been pleased, and we have been able to tune in, on almost any clear winter evening, any one of those three hundred

stations, with little trouble. The stations are never very far apart between stations on adjacent wave-lengths. Not many of them are repeated, as this station operation is but slightly greater than in—say, 1925. I can bring in scarcely a single one of them with- out the use of a receiver, and that with a poor signal. Worst of all, I have often heard during an evening as many as four stations, successively, each for a moment or two, or even longer. The exclusion of the others, without touching the dials; the thunder noise, more or less, reaching the

system, or whatever it is that bridges the gap between transmitter and receiver, seeming to work in a scheme and not in the best interests of the public. I have an interesting—Miss Marcella, we see that now one, now the other frequency gains temporary ascendancy.

It is to be hoped that this condition is due to the enormously increased power of the wealthiest sta-
tions during the past few years. Why should a few stations allowed to stand with public support, and, like drunken booms at a community social—and cause so much dissatisfaction?—I am not sure if this is due to the rights and privileges of more con-
servative stations and without respect for the public interest. It is a case when you get

it a super-power station whose sole purpose of existence is to sell peanuts, cigarettes or tooth-
paste. It is a case when you get an educational lecture, or perhaps a religious service, to bruit the excellence of its waves in station’s annual report. I wonder if the operation of such a station would do much good or harm. All the people are at the moment asleep and by whose desire?—I have a feeling that such an operation is not in the best interests of the public. —Don Quixote, New Briton, Conn.

F. L. Thanks to the Hibernian captain of the ferry-

boat, who had just finished berating a hated rival; “I have more than I’d tell ya, only that I bow girls around.”

KFKB Gives Satisfaction

I think KFKB is the best station on the air because of the tremendous good it does for hu-

manity at all times. Dr. Brickley’s daily lectures, the Medical Question Box, that God-like spirit of “Giving and Loving.” The Sunday talks that Dr. Brickley gives are some of the most interesting and valuable stations, I have heard. I have 27 verified receptions, including at least one from every state. The KFKB 65 Pacific Coast stations, including (four of 100), and various other low powered DX stations, etc. From what I have heard, this is a fairly location (for a GOOD location, move to Cali.), a good receiver, an accurate, dependable log and we never learned the name of the station, and why we did not wish to change any part of R.D. magazine’s section and spoil another answer, and a piece of an article whose title was terrible, is such the somewhat varied consensus of opinion.—Henry T. Tyndall, Jr., Burlington, Vt.

All in Good Time

We purchased a new set of the Radio Digest for the first time from a local dealer, and were very much pleased with it. We were par-
ticularly taken with the technical articles and the pictures of Radio experts, especially those of Gene Arnold and Pat McHure and his wife. We wonder if the Illinois Valley Broadcasting Association will publish a picture of Marion and Jim Jordan of WENR, Little Joe Warner, L.R. Brown, and Dr. Pickard Farmer, the Bloom-Sanders Orchestra. In the March issue, I read about Mrs. Beech of St. Louis, who became the Smith Family, and I would like to second her request.—Miss Vineta Bloom, Freeport, Ill.

Are There 50,000 Watt Bows?

May I have a wee corner of your客厅’s page or space to discuss the incitation and vitrual and which has been distilling in my system ever since the Federal Telecommunications assumed jurisdiction over Uncle Sam’s broadcasting sta-
tions? Sixty years old, a Radio enthusiast of many years’ standing as years are reckoned in Radio chronology, I had, up to the dealable of that despicable Radio catalyzates, more pleasure from that experience than from another single toy I ever possessed. Now, so far as I am concerned, my reproducers are for the most part in the Radio Digest. I have owned many receiving sets of different types during the past ten years . . . .

In my good old operatic sets, I was not able to tune in, on almost any clear winter evening, any one of those three hundred stations, with little trouble. The stations are never very far apart between stations on adjacent wave-lengths. Not many of them are repeated, as this station operation is but slightly greater than in—say, 1925. I can bring in scarcely a single one of them with-

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A Little Advice, Gratis

I realize that Amos ‘n Andy do not need any-
ruling from me, but when one remembers how much of their work has been done because of their having been “heaten up and thrown in the gutter” that I am coming along with a few little “how to” “way to” “save” so “hereeeey thyyyyy arreeee”

eter of the order of the day. Amos ‘n Andy better stick her tongue out about eighteen inches and show it to some good physician who may be able to give them advice. The idea of re-

ITIS” in its worse form. The only remedy for that is a self administered gun-power of bi-

alcohol. I can easily show you this in the popular KSTP, as Art White, the Beachcombers, Phil Bronson, premier sports announcer of that station, Corrine Jordan, Gayle Wood, stalwart, Randall and his orchestra, and the others.

here art Link, alias Mrs. Schlagnabenauer, now hangs his hat.—Marcus Scherr, St. Paul, Minn.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

A Small Station With a Big Purpose

WHBY, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Is Both a Civic and Entertainment Force for Good

By Garnett L. Eksew

Those who may believe that the little 100-watt station is not everywher important, in its way, in the 10,000-watt station is in its way should learn of the recent activities of Station WHBY. "WHBY" (as we will call it for short), at Green Bay, Wis., whose director of features, Harold T. Shannon, not only burns continually with a catching enthusiasm, but who expresses that enthusiasm by sending out over the air the most varied program of useful and entertaining features that could well be imagined.

WHBY is located at St. Norbert's College, Green Bay. And the commercial studios are in the Coleman Community Club, in the same city. The station celebrated its fifth anniversary in March. The first and public season caused Mr. Brannon to add several features appropriate to the occasion. As Director Harold Shannon wrote the editor of Radio Digest, after the event was over:

"The Mother's Day program was the greatest thing we've ever turned out." My own dear little Mother went Home in March and it was very much in the nature of a tribute to her that I worked desperately to perfect this two-hour feature, which is going to remain deep in the memories of those who heard it for many years. We used a symphony orchestra under a whiz, Harry K. Daumler, late concertmeister of the Nuremburg Conservatory Concert Orchestra in Germany, was our concertmeister. They emphasized the mother theme in the choice of their selections.

"The program was dedicated to Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, and the first number was a Mary hymn done by the Friars sextet from the Franciscan Monastery here. They also sang Ketley's 'In a Monastery Garden' with the orchestra, an organ and chimes.

"LeBaron Austin, baritone; Florence Roate, soprano of Lawrence College Conservatory of Music at Appleton, Wis., and Rev. Richard Gordon Londo, tenor, were the soloists.

"Only Mother songs were used. Dr. Leonard Farr, a Congregational divine, and highly reputed as an orator, was the speaker of the evening and "Hail to the Chief," by the orchestra, emphasized something unusual for WHBY — the message of a former president.

"Mr. Coolidge was invited (because of those plain, homely virtues which Charles M. Schwab, the private and public life and appealed so strongly to the mothers of boys') to be our guest-speecher, via the remotest of controls — by letter.

"He sent us those paragraphs about his own mother from his Autobiography and they were read by the undersigned, which was his only participation in the program. It would have been a very hard job to work and keep the lump in one's throat down.

The Sunday program, however, was only the start. On Monday a five-hour birthday party got under way at seven o'clock in the evening in the open-air studios atop the roof of the new Community Club. At eight o'clock two old-fashioned brass bands, of the sort then used in delivering the musical hearts of Germans in America, took up the theme and presented a series of old-fashioned dance tunes: lancers, polkas and schottischs — lovely dances that have passed away but for the saving grace of the Radio which, in the hands of discerning directors, such as Mr. Shannon, serves to bring them to the ears of the world which otherwise would never have them. The bands are Fanny Goetz Bohemians and the Pilsen Brass Band.

After that, at nine, was broadcast a sort of a revival of the review of the very first broadcast hour over the station, five years ago, in the days when Hank Schmitt, the first announcer held sway at WHBY. Schmitt, who is now an ordained priest, was on hand as the "guest" announcer. Numerous telegrams of congratulation from senators, congressmen and mayors of cities of

ANNOUNCEMENT of the winners of the Amos and Andy contest, which has been attracting considerable attention in Radio Digest the last two or three months, will be made in the August issue. Therefore, you who are interested — and we believe that includes nearly everybody — don't fail to get your copy. The results will be interesting. Maybe you'll win one of the prizes.

the Land of Lakes showed that the surrounding country is awake to the manifold activities of WHBY and joined in the occasion.

But the usefulness of this little 100-watt station in the Land of Lakes is not confined to the broadcasting of musical numbers of mere entertainment of any kind. Carrying out a suggestion made not long ago by the federal Radio commission that the rural and small-town stations develop a sort of "speaking-newspaper" aspect, WHBY has been doing its part to aid the unemployment situation.

Mr. Shannon continues:

"We have a tie-up with the Free Employment Bureau here and in two weeks trebled their number of placements. They tell us what kind of men and women they can place and, brother, we can get 'em. They tell us of men and women (needy ones we insist) who are finding it difficult to get work.

"We try to get work for them. Re- sults have been instantaneous, particularly in temporary work. We asked all of our listeners to forego the exercise of taking off their storm windows, varnish them, clean the basement, and engage some poor workless father to do it for them just to get a few more dollars into circulation. A few more men self-respecting as earners.

"The calls for such help for a few days broke the employment bureau record, with the result that we have a letter from the Department of Labor and a very much treasured "memorandum" signed by hundreds of jobless men. Some one of them started it and every fellow who got a job signed it. We prize it highly in our 'public service exhibits' which is our 'trophy case,' so to speak."

Then, in the same "news category," there is a feature on WHBY known as the "Town Crier, the newspaper of the air," in which the announcer gives the local happenings of interest to everyone in that vicinity. Nor is that all. Shannon has also a spoken shoppers' guide which enables the frugal and thrifty housewife to visualize what is on sale at the various stores before going out to purchase.

This live station and its director of features know how much it wants and goes after it. Recently when it was found that the editor of Radio Digest could, at the last moment, go up to Green Bay, for the anniversary celebration, Mr. Shannon was ready with an airplane to take him up!

Westphal Has Grown "Gray" in Radio Game

He has been broadcasting so long that he does not remember the exact year he started. Consequently when he was asked about his first Radio experience, Frank Westphal, noted orchestra leader and conductor of the WENR studio orchestra, replied that it was somewhere around 1922 or 1923.

At the time, he had an orchestra at the Rainbo Gardens in Chicago, a popular night club and cabaret. The owner, Fred Mann, refused to take broadcasting seriously and declared, despite Frank's arguments, that it would never amount to much. Nevertheless Westphal became interested and was heard for the first time over KYW, the programs of which were then presented by the same organization that now operates WENR. Later Westphal left the Rainbo Gardens, but he finally saw the day that Mann was convinced that broadcasting was here to stay and would amount to something. This was when the Rainbo Gardens owner saw Station WQJ, which transmitted from the Garden, sold for approximately $60,000.

When E. N. Rowland, head of the All-American Radio Corporation, went out west to see the Santa Fe, they insisted on coming in and taking charge of the station. Thus it appears he has been known continuously by Radio listeners since "around 1922 or 1923." He was heard over Charles Erbstein's station, WTAS, KYW; WLS and WENR.
### Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.

**Eastern Central Mountain Pacific**

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**Recommended**

The following recommended features are scheduled for July:

- **Sunday**
  - Atwater Kent Hour
  - Enna jetick Melodies

- **Monday**
  - General Motors Family Party
  - An Evening in Paris

- **Tuesday**
  - Radio Keith Orphem Hour
  - Eveready Program

- **Wednesday**
  - Halsey Stuart Program
  - Palmolive Hour

- **Thursday**
  - Fleischmann Hour
  - Arabic Hour

- **Friday**
  - Raleigh Revue
  - Armstrong Quakers

- **Saturday**
  - General Electric Hour
  - Paramount-Publix Radio Hour

### Eight Years Old

**Radio Digest** has just passed its Eighth Birthday. It's career has been that of Radio. A new idea, a new industry, a new service. Keeping up with the trend of the times it has had to change its policies and format to meet the changing demands. To mark the occasion a very special and replete issue is being planned for next month. Unless our subscribers can afford, therefore, to miss the

### AUGUST

**Eighth Anniversary Number**

**Radio Digest**
### Monday

**8:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m.**

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### 11:15 a.m. to 12:15 p.m.

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### 12:15 p.m. to 1:15 p.m.

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### 1:15 p.m. to 2:15 p.m.

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### 6:15 p.m. to 7:15 p.m.

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### 7:15 p.m. to 8:15 p.m.

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### 8:15 p.m. to 9:15 p.m.

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### 9:15 p.m. to 10:15 p.m.

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### 10:15 p.m. to 11:15 p.m.

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Tuesday

Don't you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady's looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is "Peaches" in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBaun.

Elizabeth Lennox looks as if she were about to say something very nice, indeed, when the camera caught her. Miss Lennox is the winsome young contralto star of the Palm-oive Hour.

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### Thursday

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### Radio-Keth-Orphabet Program

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### The Peepsoent Program, Amos 'n Andy

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### Fieldhouse Hour

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### Maxwell House Melodies

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This romantic looking young lady is none other than Muriel Wilson, whose loving voice you hear when the Maxwell House Melodies go on the air on Thursday nights at 9:30 EDT.
Here we have the Intervened Pair in character, more or less. At night is Billy Jones, and right is Ernie Hare. They are favorites of the thousands of radio listeners and arc heard every Friday night at 9 o'clock EDT.

Armstrong Quakers, Key Station—W7J (394.5m-660kc)

10:00 1200

Mary Hopple who frequently sings with the National Light Opera Company and various NBC presentations, is heard regularly with the Armstrong Quakers on Friday nights at 10 o'clock.
This is pretty Edith Thayer. But perhaps you are more familiar with her as Jane McGrew in Hank Simon's Show Boat presented on Saturday nights.
GREETING!

Once more I greet my many friends!

Each joksmith and each poet who sends,
The slips and quips and pleasant rhymes
In which the spirits of our times
(The daily times that come and go)
Along the waves of Radio
Are sifted, frequently in vain,
To see what humor they contain,
So that our readers of all ages
Who monthly scan the Digest pages
May separate the grain from chaff
And find, within, the prize—a laugh!

It's good to know you all again,
(I'm from the South; that's mighty plain.)

And one and all I greet you now
And hope you'll write me soon—
And how!

Send in your stuff with joy and zest,
Affectionately, . . . Indi-Gest

I came from a section of the country
Where there are plenty of negroes. I was raised up on a diet of hot biscuit, chicken gravy, chine, jowl and turnip greens, not to mention ham gravy and hominy grits, with occasional dishes of speratable. The name Indi-Gest is very appropriate. Which reminds me that I must repeat a good story I heard once. I have always liked it, from which you may gather that it is not entirely new.

Two colored women were discussing recent additions to their families.

"I don't believe that new baby er mine 'Opium,"' remarked Martha Brown to Matilda Jackson.

"Why you disqualify dat chile wid a name like dat, Martha?"

"Well, I done look' up de wud opium in de dictionary and hit say hit mean de seed er de poppy and de good Lawd knows dat chile's poppy is sho' wile!"

Another colored sister came up and snorted.

"Dat ain' nuthin! I done name mah baby Omux.'"

"Why dat, Sis Liza?"

"Kaze he came so onxypected! Use yo' haid, gal, use yo' haid!"

You're Darn Right!

Do you believe in clubs for women? Yes, if kindness fails.—Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.

Here's the funniest thing I've heard over the air, especially since I am sure it was quite unintentional. It was several months ago during the Crosley Saturday Knights program over WLW. The announcer, who I think, was Robert Brown, stated that the next number by the orchestra would be "Why Was I Born?" by special permission of the copyright owners. But the way he said it sounded as though it was to be "Why was I born by special permission of the copyright owners?"—Evelyn Faus, 925 Edgewaret Ave., Fort Wayne Ind.

Here's a chuckle I'd like to pass on to the others. Art Kassel's orchestra ("Kassel's in the Air") have a feature on their "Whoopee Hour" called the "Canadian Medley" which includes:

I'm a Drinker Montreal
(I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All)

Canada Jungle
(Chant of the Jungle)

Lover Quebec to Me
(Lover, Come Back to Me)

—Rose Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. Dak.

It is easy to make slips. Every broadcaster of whatever kind knows that it is much easier to make a mistake—la lapsus lingua, so to speak—than to stop, go back and say "beg your pardon."

And in this connection, should one stop and apologize, or go straight ahead?

Says Mrs. J. B. Gross, 125 Bayly Ave, Louisville, Ky.: On April 17th there was a horrible accident here in one of our local quick service clothes pressing shops, which resulted in two deaths from fire.

In announcing the catastrophe over WHAS that night, the announcer, Steve Lewis, said:

"The explosion was caused when a young man who was carrying a 5 cannon gal of Naphtha, tripped and fell down the stairs." The announcer then chuckled and said: I should have said, five gallon can.

Station WJZ, Chicago, was broadcasting a church service the other night when suddenly the following words were heard:

"Your throat! Your eyes! Don't struggle! I'm stronger than you are, my pretty last."

Telephone calls poured in by the hundreds.

"The wires got crossed on a chain melo-
drama from New York," station operators explained to horrified listeners.—A. F. Day, Sergeant, Ky.

Wooden Pigs

According to Miss Frances Cherry of Wayne, Nebraska, a teacher asked little Willy to make a sentence with the word mahogany. And Willy said:

"Pa sent me out to feed the pigs but I didn't give the ma hog any."

Which goes over all right, Miss Cherry, but that story of yours about the tame fish that fell in the river and was drowned—Well, why resurrect that one? Don Marquis wrote a whole story about that same fish years ago.

Red Meat!

Apparently there are still some exponents of cannibalism in Minneapolis as, during a program of phonograph records, last evening, April 29, the announcer said, "Our next offering is, 'Cooking the One I Love for Breakfast.'"

Truly, I think that deserves honorable mention.—R. E. Lithgow, 328 Plymouth Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn.

Would you call this an acrobatic orchestra? A local dance orchestra had played one number, when Everett Mitchell of WENR announced, "The boys now continue with 'Bottoms Up.'"—R. Johnson, 11432 Forest Ave., Chicago.

Here is a bit of fun I just heard on my Radio while tuned to KMA of Shenandoah, Iowa. Listening to the broadcast of the "Country School," I heard one of the "pupils" remark:

"Say, teacher, my aunt died last week and left a thousand dollars hid in her bussel.'"

Teacher: "Well, that's too bad."

Pupil: "Yes, but wasn't that a lot to leave behind?"—Mrs. W. D. Cooper, 3001 Mitchell Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

The Last Stitch

Young Girl: Daddy I won't need any clothes this summer.

Daddy: Oh! Oh! I never thought it would come to that.

Cash for Humor!

It will pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $3.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $1.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted for printed. It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program. Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contributions to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than June 1, 1930.
Force of Habit
A Radio announcer lost his job and got what he believed to be the next best position—that of station train announcer. Had you happened to be in Grand Central Station, New York, you might recently have heard him calling out his first train announcement:

"Friends of Radioland! You are now going on a little journey to all points east. Stations are being broadcast through the courtesy of the New York Central Railway. "Here she comes, see the glaring lights in the carriages, hear the snorting of the engine. Train for Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany and New York. "Phone in folks and tell Mr. Pullman how you slept—he will be interested. Goodnight everybody."—Robert G. Shimmin, 364 Fourteenth Street, Portland, Ore.

Some Scotsmen not long ago hit upon a plan of saving a little cash. They were listening to an old time fiddling contest coming to them over WLS. In voting for their favorites all thirty-five of these Caledonians wrote their votes on the same sheet of paper and sent it in under one stamp!—The Colonel.

Etiquette
When we wuz eatin' dinner at Miss Lucy's house las' night, Sam, I seen you scratch yo' haid wid yo' spoon. Ain't you got no etiquette? Use yo' fawk, big boy!—The Colonel.
Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 834.4m, 600kc, 500w.
CNRC-CNRC, St. John's, Nfld., 337.4m, 889.9 kc, 50w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 146.4m, 168kw, 50w.
CFI, Iqaluit, N.W.T., 300w.
CFCC-CNRC, Montréal, P. Q., 141m, 729kw, 50w.
CFB, Québec, P. Q., 305m, 880.9 kc, 50w.
CFCK, Ottawa, Ont., 517.2m, 580w, 50w.
CFK, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 113kw, 50w.
CFLO, Prescott, Ont., 290m, 101kw, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 800m, 120kw, 50w.
CFOD-CNRC, Vancouver, B. C., 875m, 50w.
CFRB-JFB, Kingston, Ont., 270m, 50w.
CFRG, Regina, Ont., 267m, 50w.
CFKB, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 13.2m, 950w, 50w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 287.9m, 50w.
CFKC, Winnipeg, Man., 1027kw, 50w.
CFKL, Chatham, Ont., 540m, 50w.
CFKL, Chatham, Ont., 540m, 50w.
CFKM, Vancouver, B. C., 719.1m, 50w.
CFCJ-CNRC, Montréal, P. Q., 141m, 729kw, 50w.
CFCS-CNRC, Montréal, P. Q., 141m, 729kw, 50w.
CFDC-CNRC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580kw, 50w.
CFDC, Hamilton, Ont., 390m, 580kc, 50w.
CFCH, Hamilton, Ont., 434.8m, 580kc, 50w.
CFCH, Hamilton, Ont., 434.8m, 580kc, 50w.
CFCA-CNRC, Edmonton, Alta., 911.4m, 500w, 50w.
CGB, Sydney, N. S., 340m, 880.9 kc, 50w.
CJCH-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 454.8m, 690kc, 50w.
CJRC-CNRC, Edmonton, Alta., 529m, 10kw, 50w.
CNBC-NBC, Red Deer, Alta., 357.2m, 480kc, 50w.
CHES, Saskatoon, Sask., 320.7m, 10kw, 50w.
CJO, London, Ont., 235m, 10kw, 50w.
CJFR, Toronto, Ont., 357.2m, 10kw, 50w.
CJPD-CNRC, Toronto, Ont., 357.2m, 10kw, 50w.
CJTS, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 899.9kc, 50w.
CJVA-CNRC, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580kw, 50w.
CJWK, Chilliwack, B. C., 200m, 50w.
CJKA, Toronto, Ont., 357.2m, 10kw, 50w.
CJUL, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 899.9 kc, 50w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 235m, 117kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 383m, 887kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 240m, 887kc, 50w.
CMCA, Havana, 246m, 434.8m, 50w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
CMCC, Havana, 273m, 117kc, 50w.
CMDD, Havana, 466m, 674kc, 50w.
CMCC, Havana, 240m, 630m, 832kw, 300w.
CMDD, Havana, 466m, 674kw, 300w.
CMDD, Havana, 466m, 674kw, 300w.
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CMDD, Havana, 466m, 674kw, 300w.
Incompatible

(Continued from page 24)

out counting them as loss—all were beauty they received Love's seasons. But there was something not beautiful the matter with her and Sid.

O COURSE there were no children! And a pang shot through her—a familiar little pang. Probably that was the bottom trouble. Sid was disappro
dited—she guessed that, though he hid his discontent. As for that no one dreamed, Sid no more than anyone else, however she had tacitly, she herself, felt her childlessness.

Yet, withal, didn't they have enough in each other?

Not evidently not. But why not?

If, for instance, she acted with men as Bess Wandell acted with men, or if Sid were blessed, Miss Hamblin was flagrantly unfaithful to his Mabel; or if she were disloyal to him merely in spirit like Louise Smith was disloyal to John—forever talking about how it was she who had "made" her husband and implying that her superior talents were from the purest mediocrity; or if Sid got drunk and abused her—or even if he were insignificant but insufferably pompous and smug like her husband—then there were some such concrete "if," then there would be some understanding of yet another mortification in marriage: the woman was everyone disappointed at the best—everyone but the dreadful people who expected nothing! Was married happiness as much as the best—her affection of violently expressed unhappiness—merely not getting abusively done, but abusively unfaithful or things like that?

But no—a million times no! Not with people who had loved each other as she and Sid had loved each other!

A ND then, catching that mental past tense, tried to imagine how she felt if Sid did love her yet—she knew she loved him. But then she said to herself that if a woman seven years married has to answer her husband's love to her own heart, she's not so sure of it as she has a right to be.

But she had chased away that thought, and suddenly she capture the surging softness and warmth called up by the sight of her Sid when he was a boy. And it did come back—of ineffably tender softness. And, swimming in that tenderness, she told herself that, after all, she had been exaggerating their failure to feel their true loyalties for so long. Had been building hobgoblins out of shadows. Making trifles too momentous. The little rifts on the surface after all had matters—there were bound to be little rifts, occasion
ally, between any human beings who had to live in close day-by-day contact. The only peril was that it would be a rifts but whether the persons still loved each other. And she and Sid still loved each other!

She leaned closer to the window, so close that her forehead brushed the screen. Outside the crickets were at their best, and back of her the clock was loudly, lazily ticking the sec
tonds. The sounds seemed to intensify the darkness; Outside, the deep, buzzy hung heavy. No sound of human voices to enliven, to make less tedious, her waiting—not even children's voices. Her must accept a standing that was wounded with a memory sudden and with no ap
parent direct connection: of how Sid had set aside one big bright room for a nursery—when they first took the house. But that bright room had long since been given over to other purposes. She and Sid never spoke of those old hopes, and Amelie never discovered her dis
appointment, never admitted it, to any
one.

B UT there was the deepest reason why she hated certain other childless women of their set who deliberately avoided domestic encumbrances to liveli
ness—they accepted a standing that put her with them; she could not cry her distaste for their ideas. Here lay a negative and specific reason for disliking kinship with that blithe and careless "bunch" so prized by Sid. But Sid had no more idea of all this than that every woman didn't want Sid to suspect how much she cared. It seemed to her she could not hear anything but might lift the curtain on how much he cared.

While, as a fact, Sid suffered no such disappointment as hers. Possessing Amelie he thought he had more than was his due, anyway. That the subject was closed between them was part of their misfortune.

Amelie was still waiting for him, cherishing that softened and tender mood, when Sid got home. Her first disapp
ointment was because she didn't come alone. He had brought the out-of-town business acquaintance with him; Sid liked to feel free to bring a friend home to dine and without notice Amelie liked him to show his freedom—not every prosperous husband has it. Yet, somehow, tonight—though he lifted the curtain on how much he cared.

But she tried to be gracious to this Mr. Jenkins of Sid's, and, when she tried, she could be gracious, indeed; only her feelings beneath remained the same. It came out that Mr. Jenkins was a golf enthusiast and that this was Sid's reason for bringing him to Fair Haven—so he might play over the Club's excellent course the next day, though Sid himself couldn't, hadn't the time. But he would take the visitor over to the Club dance tonight and introduce him to some of the fellows and arrange a game.

T O AMELIE, feeling as she was feeling then, as she had been feeling all afternoon—vaguely wistful and remembranced—she had gone on living only to be with Sid—the suggestion of a frolicsome evening at the clubhouse, especially with Sid suggesting it in that enthusiastic Copyright 2023, ReadSpeaker, Inc.

company. And because her tenderness was so sud
denly dampened, so terribly dampened, she forgot to expect the mood the day and that boyish picture had called up. Why were her feelings—she was obviously eager for this frolic, the time was past and just being with her constituted his most enjoyable "good time."

Yet, when alone with him in their room, she demurred about the evening's plan:

"I'm sorry we've got to go to that dance tonight."

"Sorry you're sorry, dear—but I don't see any way out of it. Jenkins brought his evening clothes I told him to. Think, as I said, I got assurance to get him fixed up for tomorrow."

She hesitated a second; then:

"I suppose it's all right, anyway—after all, it's Sid's— but you want to go to the dance yourself?"

She forced banters into a little laugh, but there was a quaver of something else under the friendly banters. The sentiment of a tender mood taking itself out in a mask of pettiness. But what could Sid see of her? Amelie was not given to the petty or the pettish. He answered matter-of-factly:

"Of course I want to go—I like to dance and I'm in just the mood tonight."

Underneath the matter-of-factness was something a little hard, a little cold, and almost hidden beneath geniality, but not hidden from Amelie—she noticed a critical comment on her attitude, and she—she was only acting to be loved! To be accepted as he answered with a weary indifference of tone—the eternally foolish feminine—she answered:

"We're generally in that mood, it seems."

"See here, Amelie," and, to add to its deceptive unimportance, "I'm very fond of a good game of cards—how about it?"

"I'm apt to dance," she admitted.

"But I like other things, too, and I confess that, at times, I get sort of fed up with people who think life's nothing—but dancing and having a good time."

"She was faintly, gently supercilious about it—oh, such a slight, lady-like show of superiority and that was thanks to that strangled-down warmth inside her. But Sid was chilled, re

bufurred. And hurt—that tone of hers had surprised him to expect. She had stirred more than once, a well of bitterness deep and secret within him: Amelie scorned the bunch," but that wasn't it; the thing that had that edge on her scorn, which used to be so ami
bly slight and humorous, was that she had grown less and less and less!!! Why not, indeed? They were the ones that were his kind, he supposed, even if he had put one over on Amelie when he got he to marry him.

H E was hurt as if he had been stabbed. It was not the sense of Amelie's superiority—because Sid, in his genuine humility, had always deemed Amelie high above him; but the suspi
cion that she was cognizant of his inferiority.

That had been something, this suspicion; he had got away from through all the little rifts and jars which had marred the last two years. She had got taxed and bored with him. There was life more wretched than that of feeling oneself belittled by the adored one. And this feeling, layering on layer, of depreci
ation, had been recurrently making Sid Fletcher unhappy. So unhappy that all he could do was put on a deceptive unimportance and was himself. Withdrawals to conceal the hurt inside him; and which, according to his idea of his own looks and last till she made some sign, gave him a cue to show himself the lover again. And, of course, to tide himself over, he must hurt him
self the more hilariously into those dis-

The Dictated Letter

A LL might have ended differ
ently if Sidney had not had his stenographer write his letters to Amelie. He had injured his hand, which had prevented him from using a pen. But Amelie didn't notice. She thought he was indifferent, so the breach was widened another notch. Follow this intensely human story, Incompatible, to its conclusion in the

August

RADIO DIGEST
Yes, he threw it there of malice prepense, because he wanted to show that there were pretty women who liked him, ordinary and commonplace as he was. His were like a hurt little boy’s feelings on one side, but on the other, the side that showed, he was grown-up mas- culation enough.

And everyone felt that Sid was such a simple hold creature that no one, not even Amelie, suspected he had this much of the actor. It is well to remember that the simplest human can be a well of duplicity and of historic talent—where love, wounded love especially, is the stage-manager.

M ANY men in Fair Haven did like to dance with Bess Wandell, even though they refused to be “vamped,” by her. Bess was the professional vamp of the Country Club crowd. Slim and dark, provocative and conscienceless, she achieved a great deal of masculine at- tention.

Amelie privately considered that these conquests were bought at too dear a price. She had her own ideas as to the valuation every woman, because she was a woman, should place on herself; and, to Amelie’s way of thinking, women who behaved as Bess Wandell behaved, held themselves cheap—cheapened them- selves. But in that easy-going set Mrs. Wandell had kept her dainty and modish skirt. And it was not Amelie’s way to voice censure of other women; especially when their dubious activities did not cross her own intimate horizon; Sid had never shown any responsiveness to Mrs. Wandell’s allurements. But tonight—

It was a particularly gay and successful party. The Tootsies elegant even if often bizarre; the automobile high-priced but not vulgar in its gusto; the white and gold ballroom, the shining floor, the revolving couples, the strains of waltz or of fox-trot and overtones of talk and laughter. You could sense, even with- out hearing it, that all that talk was sophisticated and artificial.

The people were sophisticated and artificial, and the setting, and the gayety; but something very pleasant in all the gaiety and sparkle. And Amelie had to acknowledge it; once let yourself give in to it, this pleasantness, and you forgot to criticize.

More than once Amelie had found her- self longing to the extent that she’d had a surprisingly good time. Probably she would always have had a good time had she not been feeling that Sid, with- out any “giving in,” was having a better one than she could give him since times had changed with them, since he was no longer the lover he had been.

Sid early spoiled for her any chance of pleasure this evening. The out-of- town Mr. Jenkins was sitting beside her as Sid finished his second dance with Mrs. Wandell—Amelie, though not tired, had evaded the encore.

“Who’s that dancing with Sid?” the visitor inquired.

Amelie told him.

“She’s certainly a beautiful woman.”

“Yes,” Amelie agreed, “she’s consid- ered the most beautiful woman in Fair Haven.”

“A ND a wonder of a dancer! They dance well together, don’t they?” Amelie agreed to this, also. To be fair she had to. Mrs. Wandell danced without any effect of abandon but you caught a peculiar sense of rhythm flow- ing throughout her thin, supple body—caught it in her flexible shoulders and arms, in the way she stepped as on a fragile surface, in even her knees which you could not see, but in which you some- how divined vibrant, rhythmic, behind that shrouding skirt. Her every move- ment was attuned to the music’s har- mony—became a part of the harmony.

And Sid, dancing with her in his arms, seemed to become a part of that har- mony, too. He looked rapt, absorbed, yet somehow joyous in his sheer enthu- siasm of enjoyment. There was nothing stiff or constrained about him now—not as he danced with Bess Wandell.

Amelie, eying the pair covertly, saw Mrs. Wandell let her hand linger longer than necessary on Sid’s arm after the dance was finished. And Sid didn’t seem to mind. He laughed and talked with her as if in fine fettle.

When he kept on dancing with her several times more Amelie was sure others were noticing and making stealthy comments.

He danced with his wife also, of course, and not markedly less than usual, but it was less. Amelie was a good dancer even if she were not in the class with Bess Wandell, but, tonight, she found her muscles stiffening every time her husband’s arm went round her.

But, thinking hard throughout the evening and throughout the ride home, she decided to “pass it over.” She had no real fear of Bess Wandell; the flir- tations episode had been mostly the “vamp’s” doing, merely in keeping with her customary behavior. No, she mustn’t let a Bess Wandell raise an issue between herself and Sid—it was not Bess
Wandell, anyway; she felt a little throb of pride in her indifference to Bess Wandell, but she was not indifferent to Sid's easier devotion to herself, even though she was still sure of him as against Bess Wandells. But, anyhow, she must stop the continuous raising of these issues. She must try to win back the old peace and security of love.

There was propitiation in her tone and wistfulness in her heart when, alone with Sid again, she said:

"It was a nice party, wasn't it? I'm sorry I made a fuss about going."

But Sid was still stung with a sense of her criticism of himself—this retracted light concession did not touch the only hurt he had felt; so his voice held a tinge of reserve as he answered:

"Had a bully time, myself. I like the bunch—me and you, and Jolly, and pick you up. I like 'em even though you don't."

If Amelie had spoken from her heart, then, the voice from her heart would have carried out: "My picking flaws is born of jealousy! Because I don't want any bunch to mean as much to you, I can't bear them as competitors. That's what's eating into me, Sid—my jealousy and fear!"

But she said:

"I noticed you seemed to be enjoying yourself particularly. And then: "Is Bess Wandell as marvelous a dancer as she looks?"

"She's a peach," affirmed Sid succinctly. Perhaps to his other hurts his conscience was hurting him a bit—and contributing only to that brazenness! He added: "She's good fun, too, if you take her in the right way. She's going to ask us for bridge tomorrow night—said she'd ring you up in the morning."

"Oh," said Amelie. She hadn't meant her tone to be so blank. Then suddenly she was saying something that was just the kind of thing she had determined not to say.

"Sid, and her voice was hard because she was holding it against tears, "I don't want to go. And I want you to promise me something, will you promise me?"

"What is it?"

Against the guarded stiffness of this it was difficult to go on, but, a little flurried, she forced herself to bring it out.

"I want you to promise not to let Bess Wandell get a hold over you."

"Get a hold over me,—what on earth do you mean, Amelie?"

"Well, you know how she is—how she loves to make fools of men. And she can do it, too—but—"

"Are you implying she can make a fool of management but more distant and stiff than ever.

"Oh, no, not that exactly—you know I don't mean that, she's the kind that covets any new conquest and will play the game to any extent to make a conquest. And men are sometimes more flattered by not doing something than they realize. It's just that I can't bear the thought of Bess Wandell pickin' on you—flattering you—trying to flirt with you—and perhaps winning her way with you just a little."

It was sincere, that rush of words, for once treasured things were not the kind of sincerity for a woman to betray to a man, who, more than anything else in the world, longed to appear fine and admirable and a woman's eyes.

And Amelie had not meant to say any of these things; but her urge, at that moment, drew her into a sincerity which held no tack. She rushed on:

"So I want you not to be very—very responsive to her. If she should ever try to make up to you. Of course I don't mean ignoring her, or anything like that; only don't be—responsive. Don't dance with her so often as to be conspicuous; don't let her make you conspicuous—not in any way."

"I think you're talking in a very silly way, and you are really astonished at you. Bess Wandell means nothing to me, and you know it."

"Of course I know it—that's not the point."

"Well, I don't seem to get the point then," said Sid; and he moved toward the closet to get his dressing-gown.

How could he see the point?—he couldn't read Amelie's insides. But because he failed to read what was hidden and fermenting there—that turmoil of wounded love and jealous doubt, that burning desire merely to be taken in his arms and assured that nothing counted or ever would count but herself—because he didn't somehow grasp all this, Amelie felt rejected, offended. If she thought no, she felt as if she had shown him her heart; and she was too overwrought to be able to distinguish between what she thought and what she felt. No, to her, it was that she had shown him her heart only to have him glance at it in-difference, impatiently. She felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to burst into tears. But she would not cry! She resisted her tears, her attempt at sincerity, her impulsiveness. She would not cry—not now! She fought for control and poise. Regained them—overdid it somewhat.

Sid veered, too; he returned from the closet a little ashamed of himself, miserable, anxious to "make up," and started toward her; out but not because he was ashamed of himself, stumbling into the wrong words:

"It's not Bess Wandell, Amelie, that's cut you out," he began.

Now, what woman would like that, unless she were in one of love's radiant moods?—as Amelie couldn't count anyway? And Amelie's was far from that. She only saw Sid's open arms as she turned, and as she turned his arms dropped, for her expression was amused, well-bred and "superior"; and she was saying:

"You are wonderfully reassuring, Sid; if it's not Bess Wandell, why should mind?"

Sid flung from her room into his without a word. He had found Amelie's delicate character a pretty gift when she had now and again—she never used it much—brought it to his help in some conversational impasse where he was getting "balled up." She knew he was not clever with words the way she was. And knew it now, and now. The sting went out of all proportion deep.

As he tried to get to sleep that night, he was thinking: "She doesn't love me. Oh, she loves me, I suppose—principally because it's her duty—but she knows all about where I fall short. I can't measure up to her standards. I do fall short—but it's the dickens to have her know it, so well... I wish... oh, well..."

There was an ache in his heart, and heager, and warmer; but there was something that stung, too—that bade him not show his hurt.

And Amelie, so near him yet so impenetrable, was not the sun rising into the dark: "He doesn't care for me as he used to care. If he did he wouldn't want to go to Bess Wandell—that creature so beneath bothering about him!

But he shan't know how I care, how I suffer because he's changed—he shan't, he shan't!"

What foolishness for two people, married, and truly married—so far as loving each other went. And why so foolish? Perhaps, besides their need of children, to bring them down to realities and take these quirks of nonsensical pride and sensitiveness out of them, perhaps a dose of common life—of the life they so longed to have, could have, helped them. They had had no struggles together, no sharp pulls of dependence on each other as partners in any way. Now, if Sid had fallen desperately ill, it might have sobered Amelie into a real wife instead of this self-torment. Certainly, it does appear, it's where life is easy and smooth and prosperous that married people are bewitched like this to hunt trouble.
Talkies Take the Air
(Continued from page 34)

little directing while, a year or so later, Carmel, his sister, finished school and went into the movies.

In fact, this entire movement is spreading so fast that it is pretty hard to keep track of it all. Ultimately, however, it looks as though the talkie magnates would hog-tie everything to it... theaters, production units, radio, song houses, talking machines, electrical transcriptions and recordings. There is almost no limit to their ambitions.

Perhaps you will wonder why the lengthy list of the film stars who pioneered in Radio some time ago, but did not ride their present day. Well, a list of those who get a break on the air now, as the talkies take to the air, would read like a who's who of film royalty.

It would be lots easier to say who hasn't been on the Radio instead of reciting those who have. I guess, after all, that practically every one of them has had a break at some time or other. Charlie Chaplin holds out rather well, no doubt because of his pantomime. Neither will he essay to talk via Radio. But on at least two occasions the author has caught his "goodbyes" to the screen, when the intrepid writer dared to put a mike on his way into Grauman's Chinese on his way to a premiere.

Talkie stars of the present day do not have the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of the stars of the silent films when it comes to Radio. They ad lib sometimes, it is true, but mostly they are very busi-

ness-like in their actions before the microphone. They take it plenty seri-
ously, and their business-office is beginning to realize what a husky henchman and ally Radio can be to the theater.

One of the smartest things in connection with the Radio and talkies latey has been the series of KFI travel talks by Tom Terriss, who prefers to be known as the 'Yag' to a Radiodirector. He has made twenty-six travel shorts for Pathe with the lecture synchronized. The studio folks and forty, with saunter over to the, show houses to see his travel talkie.

Will Rogers' "Connecticut Yankee" for Fox will not be affected that his com-

mercial broadcast series has not injured the showing of the film. Far from it.

PAUL WHITEMAN's broadcasts have created a good-sized audience for his "King of Jazz" for Universal. Amos 'n Andy will find that their contract with Radio Pictures will be a big thing.

That Radio has helped Rogers, Whiteman, Gossen and Correll cannot be doubted. But, it must be remembered, Radio did not start them on originial ideas and a professional background which was further enhanced through Radio experience.

Besides all the West coast broadcasts by talkie people, there is the Ram-

ount-Publix hour weekly over C. B. S. At this writing a sponsored affair is on the air. Mondays at 4:30, every Friday via NBC, once for the East and again for the West on account of the four-hour difference in time.

The new Wednesday hour at KJIH which lagged when difference of opinion cropped out between the station and studio, has found people claim they ought to get the time free, while the station thought they ought to put up the cash.

A movement has been started which has spread with cooperation between theaters and the Radio. Some of the theaters employ Radio contact men who run around to the broadcasters and give them sheet music for orchestra and singers and phonograph records. Of course the same lot in the house, the songs of pictures currently running in the film palaces.

If the stations are tender-hearted, which some of them are, they not only plug the stuff, but also mention the theaters and pictures. But even if they don't, by the law of supply and demand, the propaganda more than pays for itself.

THIS theme song gap is getting a bit wearisome to the public. Yet the fact remains that Tin Pan Alley has been lifted bodily and carted from New York to Hollywood. All the songs of song plugdom are storming at the doors of the talkies. The gates have been let down for scores of them at fabulous salaries. They might as well make the most of it and get the coin, because their active brains will not give out snappy stuff forever.

It is even rumored that some of the producers are going to use the trailer or teaser idea from the theaters and adapt it to their films. They are going to make a song palace of the Talkies and see that it is a showplace, with the audience, seated, with the talking machine, and the fans, gathered to listen to the song plugdom.

You will hear it over some Radio sta-

tion, and then they will announce that if you want to hear the whole story you will have to go to the theater to finish the tale.

So, to make the long story short, they've buried the hatchet about the quarrel between Radio, films and phonograph. In fact, Radio has given them all a pretty big handle to work on and it is hard to see how they in turn have done so very much for Radio.

There is the Paramount combination with the Columbia chain, RKO's ar-

rangement with National Broadcasting company and Warner's proposition with Brunswick. A news dispatch from the east the other day tells something about the making of the Brunswick records in Muskegon. Many rumorists in Los Angeles say that the Brunswick records are going to be made in Holly-

wood. At the same time, Flo Ziegfield is in town, and is said to have a con-

nection between the two items remain to be seen.

TERROR

By Rupert Hughes

A story of white slavery and negro slavery in old, very new York, when it was feared the black slaves would rebel and overthrow the city.

Will Rogers

By Ann Locar

Close-up story—first of series—on the career of famous cowboy philosopher.

Vacation Follies

By Evans E. Plummer

Tells where the bright luminaries of the Radio spend their vacations. About the rest of the time, when they aren't having Radio celebrities these summer months. And these are just a few of the many interesting topics to be found in the AUGUST Eighth Anniversary RADIO DIGEST

THESE combinations, mergers, amalgama-

tions and what not, are in the press every day.

Some of the smaller talks have been merged, but the ultimate result will be combinations on millions of dollars. Perhaps you will wonder how the whole gigantic merger would combine the motion pictures, theaters, music publishers, talkies, Radio and telegraph interests.

The obvious combination of movies and radio would seem to be essentially a monopoly on film, stage, Radio and music entertainment and, unless the federal government objected substantially, it would make billions for its promoters.

They perhaps have in mind, too, that they might be able to have some result on home movies and also on Radio Broadcast programs. Although the scheme of things looks as though it may lack humps. The Act bet are up that nothing will be done about it.

It doubtless is true that this great interest in the music business directors, patents and other things, has caused tremendous criticism on the part of radio fanatics, theater patrons and others who see in the movement a trend to completely choke art and substitute a lot of mech-

anized short cuts.

Incidentally, instead of rivaling the phonograph, Radio has brought to the talkie motion pictures, the radio phonograph set on the air.

Radio in combination with music recording and reproduction with better quality and volume.

Radio in combination with music recording and reproduction with better quality and volume.

Be it said that the theater and nowadays the theater talent finds its best publicity is through the medium of broadcast, either direct campaign or the more subtle ways and means devised by hawk-eyed press agent. And, too, Radio principles have made the talkie pastime more popular.

What will happen when television gets here? Probably nothing. Tele-

vision will be for the theater rather than for the home, partly because it is not so practicable for the fan to have expensive outfits and keep them in repair, but more because the home television equipment leaves a lot to be desired by which to collect for the programs.

The talkies take the air. Yes, and how.

It Won't Be Long Now
(Continued from page 21)

"This is WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ. We will now play a phonograph record to give the listeners a chance to get their set properly tuned, after which we will repeat the call let-

ters that the history of the American Radio and Research corporation. This organization began broadcasting from its laboratories in Medford Hili-

wood, Mass, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception.

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do you ask? It didn't. And you should follow those faint yarns about to tell, you will understand how this non-commercial organization was able to function. I am also of the opinion that the history of the American Radio and Research corporation will hand you a genuine surprise when you learn the name of the gentleman respon-
The Hunters
(Continued from page 31)

mus's plight with neighborly interest and then put him out of his misery by the use of a loudspeaker through the window. He wanted his attention to be called to his larcenous inquiry, "Stuck?"

"I got stuck in the sand here," Colisemus muttered back stupidly, for his brain was almost blackened by the scent of brandy.

"Bad road for a car 'less you keep plumb in the wagon tracks,'" the friendly man promised, as he rolled out of the car. Blustering and loquacious he examined Colisemus's stalled machine, opening the hood, looking to the spark plugs knowing vaguely what was what—"the whole blasted engine."

"Looks to me like your battery'd give out," he announced at length. "I can give you a jar to get you started again.

Colisemus then heard three pistol shots, faint but unmistakable, off to the southeast, in the direction where he supposed the man hunt to be going forward. It was not philanthropy that made his nerves so sensitive to Helter's situation. There was no Damon and Pythias bond between them. He felt Helter's situation so acutely because he knew exactly how it was himself—the getaway in a blizzard, the fleeing for his neck and everything depends upon carrying out the program without a hint of a hitch. And there was that which was himself—and the sudden agony of finding that a confederate had failed, leaving one in a trap. He and Helter stuck together not out of altruistic loyalty but because each could feel himself in the other's shoes in a crisis. Helter would be fleeing to the road now. There must be a car for him.

So SWARTHYY and burly Colisemus, with his round head and comfort-able padding of flesh, stepped back to the brick road between the friendly man and his new green car. The friendly man was as likely to get a bullet through his head as Helter was to be armed. Something black appeared in Colisemus's right hand.

"Stay where you are," he commanded. "Don't move. Keep still."

He backed to the new green car, climbed into it and drove away, leaving the old buffalo, as he had called it, and the dilapidated car behind him. Heedless of the warnings of the several men who had passed fifty rods before coming to the deserted woods road.

Colisemus knew he had taken a risk. In the first place, he'd leaked a hole to the stolen car. But meanwhile he would have picked up Helter and they would best it by the first good cross road, avoiding Bocaganza. The shooting having been done, a car to get away in was an absolute necessity. He had the car and noticed that it performed very satisfactorily.

Approaching the general scene of the man hunt, which had split off into the pine timber at the east for Helter. He slowed more, only creeping along. Presently he came to the rough road into which he had spied that moon, following and along which Helter had followed on foot. There he stopped, nervously looking out of the car, standing in the middle of the road which ran straight for quite half a mile to the north. Coming out to the road, Helter's appearance would be recognized his figure, although he wouldn't be looking for a green car.

With taut nerves Colisemus waited there ten minutes or more. Surely by that time Helter should have taken the road. Foreboding, Colisemus got back into the car and went slowly south; but he went only a mile before he changed his mind. He could see a clearing which overlooked the burned area between drainage ditch and thick timber along the lake. That was all open country. Helter would not choose to flee across. Puzzled, Colisemus stopped again.

There was a dilemma. Colisemus was acutely aware of Helter's situation, in case Helter should then be making his getaway. But he was also acutely aware of his own situation.

"All Sold," from the news stand man missing one of the important numbers of Radio Digest. Subscribe now!
"Probably it's just a coincidence." he turned to Colisemus, explaining: "Mister, there was two shots fired on the island, two. That means there had two guns on him. One of 'em is a plain seven shooter revolver. The other, that new, fancy automatic. He says it's his gun, and he's had it for quite a spell. But it's a dead mate for the gun that was took off—you two brought into this town.

He paused for any comment the prisoner might choose to make. Heltzer had called him a two-timing brother to Colisemus's gun. Colisemus's heavy-lidded eyes turned to the quadroon. For a moment the two strangers looked at each other and there was a look in the other man's eyes for far apart as their lines had been cast they were in a not dissimilar way of living; to both of them being in poor position of the white man's world, just as was the same as being in possession of his skull. The quadroon's thick lips were parted as he said, "I know it, for the contrast. But Colisemus merely muttered, "I don't know anything about it."

Then for an instant his eyes and the eyes of his companion held together. This other companion was Ben Bodet, who was to be the one who called that day without fail. The deputy sheriff spoke to Bodet:

"Probably them guns is just a coinci-
dence. I'm going to send out a descrip-
tion of these guns, if he's wanted anywhere. But anyhow, stealin' that car will let him in for three, four years— highway rob! Maybe even more. But the three visitors were already at the cell door and Colisemus heard no mor-
ning."

Heltzer nothing further was heard. But an imaginative person, those genial, sub-tropic days, might have fancied the big alligator, sunning himself on the mud bank, wore an expression of benevo-
 lent satisfaction with the world as he found it.

The Cabin's Secret (Continued from page 25)

he was supposed to be wealthy and yet, no one knows what he had, or where he left.

"Dad did leave a will somewhere, Dick. He was too generous and thoughtful to have done so. If you had only known his mother's way." "Well, darling, I'm not marrying you for money, you know. I'm the luckiest man in the world to get you just as you are, not needing anything."

"Better let me take a look. You were so frightened by the mice that you couldn't have seen a will if it were there."

Dick searched every shelf and shook his head. "I'm afraid there never was one," he fin-

ished. Julia rose from the box on which she was sitting.

"Oh, Dick, it was probably all fool-

ishness but—we, I'm going to tell you the story."

"Yes, I see," she stammered. "But Dick, let's go and come back tomorrow when it's light. I'm just imagining all sorts of things."

"Don't be nervous, sweetheart. There's not a thing in the world to be afraid of," he assured her. "See, we're just getting used to the change in light now."

"Yes, she finally composed, walked over to a large box and sat down.

"My, what a quaint old place! How many rooms are there, dear?"

"This room and the one you just came out of; and attic above. I used to climb up there on a ladder when I was five years old." Dick scanned the place. "Is that the ladder over there in the corner?"

"Yes, why, I believe it is. But it looks rather wobbly now, doesn't it?"

"Darling, to stay up this place and keep it looking better for your dad's sake. If he loved this little cabin he would feel so badly to see it going to ruin this way."

"The dust must be an inch thick. I al-

most wish I hadn't suggested coming. Now that we are up in the attic, it doesn't seem to be any place to look for a will and it is so damp and chilly. Let's go, Dick, and come back tomorrow," she pleaded. "Then we can sort it all out and get it. As you said, daddy would be very unhappy if he knew it was so neglected."

"You and your dad must have been great pals, Julia."

"He was the dearest father a girl ever had—so proud, Dick; and so proud of me. His little baby, when mother died. Dad had to be mother and father to me. He used to call me his little precious. From my king. I think I won't ever quite get over losing him—my memory of him is so precious. I suppose I should be grateful for that."

"I understand, sweetheart." She rested her head on his shoulder. Dick realized it was getting late.

"Suppose you look through that old cupboard over there and I'll rummage around in a bit of some of those boxes over there," he suggested. "All right, dear. But let's hurry."

Julia opened the cupboard and another scream rent the little cabin.

"Oh, Dick! Quick, quick! There's a mouse in this cupboard!"

"Good Lord! Not one but a whole nest of them. Haunt me that stick, dear!"

And soon the family of mice were ex-

tinct.

"There now, how's that?" asked Dick when he had closed the last one.

"There's not a thing in those boxes, dear. Just a lot of old newspapers, some nails and a few screws. Did you find any-

thing in the cupboard?"

Julia replied laughing, "Yes, a lot of mice."

"Better let me take a look. You were so frightened by the mice that you couldn't have seen a will if it were there."

Dick searched every shelf and shook his head. "I'm afraid there never was one," he fin-

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"Yes, she finally composed, walked over to a large box and sat down.

"My, what a quaint old place! How

though he were glad I hadn't, too. It was so strange. I didn't tell you about that because I thought you would think me silly and I guess I am. I suppose it was just a dream after all, so let's go now.

"No, Julia. I don't think you're silly. There's one place we haven't looked and that's the attic. I'll get the ladder and look around up there—then we'll go."

Dick managed to lift the door in the ceiling and braced the ladder against the opening. "Don't you be afraid, Julia. I'll be down in a few minutes."

She sat down again and tried to be patient. She couldn't help Dick walking around with her head.

"Are you all right, dear?" he called down.

"All right," she answered.

Dick continued to poke his way through the debris in the attic. Finally Julia heard a strange noise and ran to the opening calling up, "What was that noise, Dick?"

"Nothing, honey, just missed a bat that's lying around here. Just a minute. I see an old trunk."

"Do hurry, Dick," Julia called. "It's lonesome down here and I'm afraid."

"Don't you be afraid, Julia. I'll have the trunk open in a second."

Much to his surprise Dick found the trunk partly filled with old newspapers and letters. Down in a side pocket of the trunk he found an oil-skinned packet. With nervous fingers he untied it and found that he was searching for. It was the will of Julia's father. It was on the tip of his tongue to call to her when he noticed how it began. Instead he con-

-tinued to read:

"My Precious child. Some day you will come back here again and it won't be soon—and I want it that way, for I want a few years to pass before you come back. I was not yet forty when you must be brave, dear child, for you and I were very close. You were left on my doorstep years ago, Julia, and I took you into my home and into my heart."

Dick sat motionless for a moment and then read on. "You were the sunshine through all the years of my life, Julia, and it was my mission to be kind to you. You were daughter and mother to me. Con-

trary to what most people thought, I never knew a richer relation. You will find all I have, ten thousand dollars, de-

posited in the State Bank at Fairfield which I bequeath to you. I am putting this in the attic and this old trunk, and will with that he could hear her coming up the ladder step by step. He crammed the letter in his pocket and pretended to be looking over some others.

10 First Prizes of $600.00 Each

SURELY YOU CAN WIN ONE OF THEM

If you've never won before, here's your chance! For years we have given away thousands of dollars worth of cash and prizes. Now, this New Year we again offer cash and auto prizes! All you have to do is fill in the coupon on the next two pages and mail it. You may win any one of 10 first prizes of $600.00 each. Your chances are 1 in 50; the cash prizes are paid out to you in cash and the auto prizes are paid for by check. Hurry! enter today.

FIND THE TWINS! (GUESS WHICH ONE IS THE RIGHT ONE; BOTH ARE CALLED "TWINS")

Be careful. Don't lose your chance. Study the pictures shown above. There are two different people, but two are exactly alike—TWINS! Look at the head crowns, hats, underwear. The under side of each woman is also different. Each girl has a name. If you find the twins, you win the prize! One name is: "JANET," the other is: "JULIA." You may win the prize if you find the correct one, if you find the wrong one, you will not win the prize. You must carefully study the pictures and make your guess. You must return your guess at once. The first 10 correct guesses will win the first prize of $600. No more prizes. No obligations. Send no money, but HURRY!

J. F. LARSON, Dept. 14, 84 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
new weekly Elgin program over the NBC system. The trials and tribulations of the young violinist bear a rather close parallel to the adventures of Don Amazia.

"I see where Don Malin, WLS musical director and announce, has quit the WLS studios to reminisce.

Yes, Don has entered commercial pursuits. He's had quite a time deciding what to do. You know he became a newspaper man first after graduating from college, and then WLS brought him here to Chicago to fill the vacancy created by the departing Hay. His departure for WLS was Don's kow in the insurance business. Joined a college pal here in representing the State Mutual Assurance Company of Worcester, Mass. Steve Ciser, long announcing at WLS and previously at a number of other midwestern stations, has taken his place. You know, sometimes station financial difficulties affect the staff artists and scatter them about. The now defunct WIT did just that—Gail Bandell and Frank Chiddix had a popular piano song team there. I understand Frank is now playing the piano in an orchestra in Toledo, and that's still in Chicago, doing a solo act at various stations now and then.

Al Carney, Pat Barnes and Jean Sargent are also WHT favorites. Now Al Carney, the popular organist, has built his own very wonderful organ in a studio on her own street and is broadcasting through WCFL at present, although it may be WLS by the time this is in print. Pat Barnes went to WGN as announcer and is still quite popular. He's married now. For some time, you know—a WHT studio personality and a pretty little daughter, Barbara. The Barneses live at 3000 Sheridan road. Speaking of WGN reminds me of Jean Napier, but I'll come back to that.

The third member of the Al, Pat and Jean gang, Jean Sargent, is theoretically off the air really on. That is, after she left WHT she became a sort of promotional director for Hartman's Furniture company. You know she's quite a success. Her interior décor and such, so the next thing I knew I jumped into her in the elevator of a loop office building.

"How is the world treating you?" I asked.

"Splendidly," she replied. "You know I'm 'Janice Perry' on the Chicago Evening American now and write daily articles on furnishing the home."

I didn't, and told her I was surprised to learn of the change. The way she is on the air is under nom de plume of Janice Perry. She gives talks afternoon over WIBO with which the Evening American co-operates.

I said I'd come back to Jean Napier. You recall, the former WHT, Blinken and Rod Roddy harmonic team at WGN? You should—I think you introduced them to the air when you were managing that station. That was several years ago. Jean and the two Matthews sisters, Lou and Gay, whatever became of Jean?

"He was trying to set Announced Bill replied, as he loaded his rusty Scotch briar with a fresh charge of tobacco. "A little organization."

The group is quite popular and often sings, I believe, with the Vincent Lombardo orchestra, on the WGN edition of Winken, Blinken and Nod on KYW, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's an all-girl trio now. The third member of the team is Ruth Benk. Speaking of trios, do you remember way back when KYW had the World Criers—duty twenty-four hours a day? Three announcers took turns for those hours and read news flashes every half hour and a five-minute period."

"Let's see," Bill continued. "For instance, the original three were Ed Harper, Eddie Borroff and Steve Trumbull. Steve was put in charge of the publicity for the Chicago Columbia system offices, and Borroff is commercial manager of WENR, but what's become of Harper?"

Oh, Harper isn't far away, but like the Hired Hand, he too has backed away from the stage. He's been selling advertising for the Evening American for several years.

You could write a book on the adventures of the Evening American. Since he has quit Radio and up to the time he re-entered the field again, I suppose you heard he went in with Paul Neal on a commercial that went over the Pacific coast, didn't you? I thought you might have. Well, one of the biggest episodes in that period of his life was when their boat caught fire. Both were badly burned and Steve was in the hospital for months. Then he and Neal both decided it was time to try some other business for a change.

Not much left of the original KYW structure, I think. One of the first directors, has a responsible executive position with the National Broadcasting company Chicago offices. Sadie Kline still has a place, but that's been there ever since. Harold Isbell, who migrated twice between the Pacific coast and the East, is now announcing at WENR. Herbie Mintz went there for a time, too, and Morgan Eastman, who conducted the Edison programs over KYW, is now the Director of WENR. Where's Herbie Mintz these days?"

"I understand he has an orchestra of his own. Bill filled in. "Other new orchestras are directed by Frank Sylvano and Bob Nolan. Bob, you recall, was the sweet lyric tenor who warbled all over the place for Ray Miller's orchestra a year ago when that band was broadcasting over WBBM. Sylvano did the same sort of thing with the later version of the orchestra which have been on the air in the past."

"What has become of Pete MacAr- thur?" I asked. "Arthur Duey, who resigned long at the B. J. Palmer's WCO microphone, and 'Gloomy Gus' Gayle Grubh, of KFAB, Lincoln?"

They're both now on radio strong. Pete is, in charge of affairs at KFLV, Rockford, Ill. I hear, while Gloomy Gus is boss of WKY, Oklahoma City. Richard V. Haller, who you'll remember from the old days as director of KGW, Portland, Ore, is still on the job there. "Happy" Harvey Heise, ex-WOJ-RST, was last heard from KMBT, Hollywood, Calif. Fred Smith, pioneer Radio playwright and director for years of WLY, Cincinnati, is in New York in charge of pre- paring the spring continuity for the Magazine of the World.

"Yes, in speaking of Radio stars going into the movies. Bill, you forgot one, Bill. Remember Vi Bradley? Well, she's directing a nine-piece girls' orchestra at WCHI here. She calls it Vi Bradley and her Debutantes."

"Ev, I'll bet you another cup of coffee you don't know who Donlvy is."

"Donlvy," I answered, "that's the sartorial treat of Radio, who used to keep the WOAW phones busy taking requests, is hanging his hat," Bill challenged."

"Well, I'll buy the coffee. Where is he?"

"He's at WHO, Des Moines, now. Most of these calendars are for the year now, however, because the chain fills the night pretty well. Maybe that's why you haven't heard him. And Tony Wans, of Tony's Scrapbook fame. You know he was at WLT for eight months last season. I saw him several months ago, as he was on his way to Eagle River. Wls, Wis., to give a vacation fishing and philosophizing. He tells me that perhaps one of the networks will give him a chance. I hear."

"That's interesting. Know where John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, the Mona Mora twins are now?"

"Oh, they're on the NBC system but on a division of it that doesn't reach this far East on many occasions. They're working out of the San Francisco studios."

"Great Scott," Bill appropriately exclaimed. "I've been chinning here with you for two months now and you've never been able to get a bit more off my chest for the benefit of Radio Digest's 'Old Home Week' readers, and then we go. Here's the first minute, you're going to have to be back at the studios to look over a final rehearsal. I must be going."

I sat a minute, simply trying to get a bit more out of my chest for the benefit of Radio Digest's "Old Home Week" readers, and then we go. Here's the first minute, you're going to have to be back at the studios to look over a final rehearsal. I must be going."
Never Expected He'd Be Rejected

He'd be in the market for a solitaire today if his socks had been as smooth as his wooing. But she said: "NO"—quietly, but firmly. She detested slovenly habits—and sloppy socks were her pet peeve. (Don't think that women "are funny that way." It's the little things in life that count for most after all.) A modern Romeo needn't be a Sheik, but he dare not be—-a Freak!

PARIS Garters . 25c to $2
PARIS Suspenders 50c to $5

No "SOX" Appeal—without PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Keep UP your good appearance
Always pause long enough to ask distinctly, for PARIS; it will mean many months of satisfaction for you
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Kilometer Cycle Waves (night)</th>
<th>Call Letters</th>
<th>City, State/Country</th>
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<td>192.9 1,500</td>
<td>KOB Santa Barbara, Calif.</td>
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<td>206.1 1,500</td>
<td>WBZ Boston, Mass.</td>
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<td>210.6 1,500</td>
<td>WKBW Nashville, Tenn.</td>
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<td>KFRC Portland, Ore.</td>
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<td>236.1 1,520</td>
<td>WOR New York, N.Y.</td>
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<td>238.1 1,520</td>
<td>WHCM Chicago, Ill.</td>
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<th>Call Letters</th>
<th>City, State/Country</th>
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<td>210.6 1,500</td>
<td>WRKY Kansas City, Mo.</td>
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HOTEL NORWOOD

Away from the Loop In

CHICAGO

RATES

$2.00 TO $4.00 DAILY

$1.00 TO $1.80 WEEKLY

CAFE in CONNECTION CLUB BREAKFASTS 25c to 50c

ALL EASTERN and SOUTHERN TRAINS STOP at 63d ST. STATION JUST 5 MINUTES from HOTEL

4300 Clarendon Avenue

TRANSPORT HOTEL ROOMS AND FURNISHED APARTMENTS

A Refined and Exclusive Residence for those who Come to Chicago

Near Lake Michigan and Lincoln Park Away from the noise and turmoil of the business district, yet within fifteen minutes from the Loop ~ Most convenient transportation WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

KNOWN FOR GOOD FOOD Famous Dollar Dinner Served Daily

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The Monterey

Apartment Hotel 4300 Clarendon Ave.

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Ideal for Women with Children Traveling Alone

OPERATED UNDER THE WELL KNOWN STILES MANAGEMENT
The Delightful
Belmont
Hotel

In Chicago stop at
The Hotel Belmont

Delightful and Convenient
The Choice of
Wise Travelers

On Sheridan Road, directly overlooking
Belmont Yacht Harbor, only 15 minutes by bus or taxi through Lincoln Park to the Loop!

18 hole golf course, bridle paths, bathing beach, boating—at your front door.

The ideal place to spend your vacation in Chicago or to stay while on business. Complimentary rooms for apartments (with kitchenette) for permanent occupancy.

650 large, outside rooms, with showers and baths. Transit rates, $4 and up; double rooms, $5 and up; suites, $10 and up. Special monthly rates. Write collect for room reservations.

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500 Watts

Call Location

288.5 1,160 5,000 WHAM Rochester, N. Y.

260.7 1,150 5,000 WBEZ Chicago, Ill.

263.1 1,130 5,000 KVY-FKFX, Chicago, III.

1,110 5,000 WAPI hammer, Ala.

1,100 5,000 KXLY Seattle, Wash.

1,090 5,000 WRLA Los Angeles, Cal.

1,080 5,000 WBRO San Francisco, Calif.

1,070 5,000 WCFL Phoenix, Ariz.

1,060 5,000 WOR New York, N. Y.

1,050 5,000 WSBK Milwaukee, Wis.

1,040 5,000 WMAQ Chicago, Ill.

1,030 5,000 WTOP Washington, D. C.

1,020 5,000 WMAQ Chicago, Ill.

1,010 5,000 KXLY Seattle, Wash.

1,000 5,000 WGN Chicago, III.

990 5,000 KFYR Des Moines, Iowa

980 5,000 KFRC San Francisco, Calif.

970 5,000 WB Party New York, N. Y.

960 5,000 WJZ Baltimore, Md.

950 5,000 WRW Columbus, Ohio

940 5,000 WOR New York, N. Y.

930 5,000 WGN Chicago, Ill.

920 5,000 WGMG Asheville, N. C.

910 5,000 WBGU Mansfield, Ohio

900 5,000 WHRU Hartford, Conn.

890 5,000 WAYS Baton Rouge, La.

880 5,000 WSBK Milwaukee, Wis.

870 5,000 WQAM Miami, Fla.

860 5,000 WJZ Baltimore, Md.

850 5,000 WBT Buffalo, N. Y.

840 5,000 WECA Yakima, Wash.

830 5,000 WMCN Memphis, Tenn.

820 5,000 WJZ Baltimore, Md.

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800 5,000 WJZ Baltimore, Md.

790 5,000 WWBH Buffalo, N. Y.

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Amos 'n' Andy Dialect Real

(Filed from page 13)
	negro as simply "negro dialect." But there remain two other types spoken in America. One is known as Gullah and is a strange combination of native African and English, with the African evidently predominating. It is spoken only along the Georgia and South Carolina coast and marshlands. And a very queer jiberish it is, most difficult for outsiders to understand.

And then finally there is the Congo (or Godsen) spoken by the negroes of southern Louisiana in which the impinging of native African upon the French spoken by the cajun crooks has resulted in a humorous lingual conglomeration.

Undoubtedly the three have spread somewhat in the United States and each must have had some influence upon the idiom of the others. Whether the talk of the Fresh Air Taxicab gentmen is any one of these or a mixture of them, we do not undertake to say.

If you have any ideas on the subject which you wish to communicate to the reader, a number of our readers are of the opinion that "Amos" Godsen's "negro" talk is just about right. Well, it ought to be. Godsen came from Richmond and the Jeems, a city once the seat of a nation (long since dethroned) in which the negro population was nearly as large as a table while in other words Richmond was the center of the Confederacy—its soul. Hence, the dialect of the Richmond negro should, like the reputed beauty of Richmond girls, leave nothing to be desired. Whether the dialect of the Richmond blackface comedian possesses a quality of correctness which would require a more astute linguist than the present writer. It sounds pretty good

WOMT Big Little One

MANITOWOC, Wisconsin, boasts a "big little station," WOMT, which operates on 100 watts. Owned and operated by Francis Kadow, the station has been very successful since it first went on the air in 1923. With this low power, and operating on 428 meters, WOMT has been heard in every state in the Union.

Mr. Kadow has big ideas, as is evidenced by the six remote controls which are operated during the Winter months. Five orchestras are heard regularly, and three different brass bands appear before the microphones. Organ and piano music, as well as soloists of note, are on the station staff, while basketball games and other features are picked up occasion.

Chat and His Gang is a regular feature over WOMT. This crew, three in number, has come from a mouth organ to a bass drum, and have a large following in the Middle West. Other headliners include Claude Geiger and his Chicago Rhythm Kings, and Lee Rose, who calls himself the Voice of the Radio.

Julia Mahoney, another exclusive Columbia artist, holds a Julliard Fellowship in voice. Her hobbies: Looking at elephants in the Central Park zoo, and books and art galleries.

Majorie Horton, long famous in the eyes of the Radio public as a great soprano, has joined the Columbia system as an exclusive artist.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two words minimum. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

Agents Wanted

Strange Battery Compound charges instantly. Eliminates old methods.

Get details and price from Greenlight Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Art Photos

Amos 'n Andy Art Photographic Photo 15x11, showing these two famous artists as they are today in a picture suitable for framing. Send 25 cents stamps to pay for cost of picture and mailing. Radio Digest, Dept. A, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, IL.

Patents

INVENTOR'S UNIVERSAL EDUCATOR: Contains 900 mechanical movements; 50 Physical Movements; Instruction on procuring and selling patents and selecting an attorney. $1.00 postpaid in U. S. A. Address Dietrich Co., Publishers, 6032 Ouray Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Songs, Poems, Writers

COMPOSERS—VERSE OR MUSIC. Brilliant opportunity. Write VanDuren, 1931 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.


MODERN WRITERS, real lyric proposition. German Bogott, Crab Orchard, Neb.

Station Stamps

Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c, Free Post Card Dept. B-412, 510 East 130th St., New York, N.Y.

QUIT TOBACCO

Don't try to banish smoking the old fashion way. Try the cigaret 'n' you'll find you can smoke a good cigaret 'n' keep a smile on your face. Nothing easy to quit with. Keen-Kleener is the cigarette you smoke by itself. It has the secret. You do not have to try to quit it. You will want it.

KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT

Right cigarette to cure the nicotin disease, by Keeley method. Send 25 cents today. No money to be sent. For complete information send for our free booklet. Keeley Cigarette Inst. 441 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE


Wonderful Rooms

with bath $3.00

Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

Stop at Hotel KNOCKEROCKER

WALTON PLACE—Just off Michigan Ave.

J. L. McDonell, Manager
Take Your Radio Entertainment Along—Wherever You Go!

Radio for EVERY motor car! America's two greatest pastimes combined! For popular appeal there never has been anything like it.

The U. S. Automobile Radio is the universal radio for all cars, from Ford to Rolls Royce. Fits all makes and models—reasonable in cost—and quality far beyond its price! Built into it is the same electrical and mechanical excellence to be found in all products of the United States Radio and Television Corporation.

The U. S. Automobile Radio is a neat, compact 5-tube screen grid receiving set, easily installed under the cowl or hood out of sight and out of the way. A single dial control is on the instrument panel, conveniently reached and operated. The speaker, scientifically constructed to give tone quality and volume in an automobile, is located to give best reception. The aerial is so arranged that reception is not affected by direction. "A" battery current comes from the regular automobile battery while "B" batteries are housed, dirt-and moisture-proof, beneath the floor boards.

The U. S. Automobile Radio adds new zest to motoring. No matter where you are, you can enjoy your choice of good music and good entertainment—ball games, stock market reports, news events. No longer need you miss the daily episodes of Amos 'n Andy, or other popular serials.

Miles speed by twice as fast—even traffic jams lose their irksomeness when there is radio entertainment to hold the interest.

The touring season is here. Go to your radio, motor car or automobile accessory dealer today. Ask to see the new U. S. Automobile Radio.

UNITED STATES RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.
MARION, INDIANA
Presenting the new
LEONARD ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR LINE

NEW LEONARD "FOODMASTER"
NEW FROST-STEEL-STEEL DE LUXE
ALL-PORCELAIN ON STEEL

Door opens at touch of foot-pedal. Daylight Base.

LEONARD revolutionizes the refrigerator industry! Brings a new sureness of food safety—a new measure of health protection!

First complete All-Steel All-Performance line of ice refrigerators on the market!

Of surpassing quality construction. No warping—No cold leakage—Foodworthy in fullest degree—New beauties to add richness and brightness to your modern kitchen.

The leader is the great "FOODMASTER," with these exclusive features: Automatic Self-Opening Door—A foot-pedal touch and the door opens; no rehandling of dishes. Food Safety Signal—Tells the exact temperature conditions inside food chamber. Daylight Base—Ample air and broom room. Every LEONARD 1930 refrigerator has the LEONARD Approved Insulation. Each is a food storage house of thorough dependability, assuring right temperature to the right food. Adapted to Ice, Electric or Gas refrigeration. See the display at Refrigerator Headquarters—the LEONARD dealer’s in your city.

Get the All-Steel Refrigerator Booklet
Tells of newest ideas in food protection. Illustrates the new LEONARD All-Steel Line. Write for a complimentary copy. Address LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 424 Clyde Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan. Makers of LEONARD and Ice Way Refrigerators.

A Good Leonard Refrigerator at the Price You Can Afford to Pay
Any Leonard may be purchased on easy deferred payments
The only Balance® pen and pencil is Sheaffer's

Sheaffer alone has government right to use the words: Balance® and Lifetime®. 'Balance®' ends pen top-heaviness, brings speedy, relaxed writing. 'Lifetime®' means that your pen will serve for your life span. There's a Lifetime® pen point for every handwriting style; try writing with the correct point, and see what Balance® did for writing!

At better stores everywhere

SHEAFFER'S
PENS·PENCILS·DESK SETS·SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.

New York Chicago San Francisco

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd., 169-173 Fleet Street—Toronto, Ont.


Skrip

SAFETY SKRIP. Successor to ink, Skrip-filled, 50c
CHIC SALE and His TRUSTY SAW

Radio Digest

August

Thirty-Five Cents

Amos and Andy
As Darktown Sees Them

Will Rogers
Begins a Career

EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

TERROR—the Cruelest Girl in Gotham—by Rupert Hughes
FOR more than a century French Lick Springs in the colorful Cumberland foothills has been the rendezvous of health- and pleasure-seekers. Comparing favorably with the most famous European spas, it adds to the advantages bestowed by Nature, the comforts and conveniences of modern metropolitan hotel life.

The Indians first realized the curative properties of the now-famous French Lick spring water. As the reputation of Pluto Springs grew, the number of visitors who came to enjoy its benefits increased, and the Hotel was built to meet their needs. Today, French Lick is America's foremost spa!

Nor is it any longer necessary to carry away the invigorating waters as was the custom years ago—Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the Springs—and available all over the world, makes it possible for you to receive its beneficial effects wherever you may be.

Now is the time to renew your vitality in the glorious air of the Cumberlands! Take the rejuvenating mineral baths—enjoy the varied sports. Play excellent golf on two uncrowded 18-hole courses. Ride horseback along shady woodland trails—play tennis—hike in the foothills or simply relax in the sun. A few weeks here—or even a few days—will make a new person of you!

French Lick is easy to get to, but hard to leave. Quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Write or wire for reservations.
Announcing the Perfecting of the Sixteen-Inch Disc

BUREAU of BROADCASTING

The Pioneer in the Development of the Large Slow Moving Record

The Bureau of Broadcasting, Radio Digest, after a year and one-half of intensive and expensive research, announces the perfecting of the sixteen-inch recorded disc for broadcasting. It is now possible for a national manufacturer to use recorded programs with the same sureness that he uses wire chain or studio facilities.

One sixteen-inch disc for a fifteen minute program, two for one-half hour, four for the hour—no stock records—every program especially recorded in the world-famous Columbia Phonograph Company's studios by experts with forty years of experience.

One sixteen-inch disc plays fifteen minutes and costs $150, two discs for one-half hour program cost $300. House variety records cost $75 and require seven for one-half hour, total cost $525. The advertiser saves nearly one-half by using sixteen-inch discs.

The Bureau of Broadcasting was the first to buy equipment for reproducing the large discs. Over one-hundred key broadcasting stations were equipped.

Our service to advertisers and advertising agencies includes our co-operation in the selection of talent, arranging programs, supervising and guaranteeing recordings by our production department in New York under the personal direction of Henry V. Walker. The service also includes shipping the discs to selected stations—in fact, taking complete charge of the entire campaign, rendering one invoice monthly.

We handle everything in broadcasting. Eight years of personal contact with national broadcasting has earned us the title of the "National Broadcast Authority." We have the most complete information about Radio Stations, equipment, available time, programs, personnel, etc., of any organization on earth. Experienced continuity writers, Radio merchandisers, and advertisers.

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

BUREAU of BROADCASTING, RADIO DIGEST

E. C. RAYNER, President
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**Mrs. Jesse Crawford** is the inspiration and console-ation of her famous husband, Jesse Crawford. Together they play the twin consoles in organ recitals presented from the Paramount Theatre, New York, over the Columbia System.

**Benay Venuta** is gifted with a kittenish purr in her voice that has the softness of a whisper and the penetration of a sun-ray. It's the climate, no doubt, for you hear her over KPO in San Francisco, and sometimes over the networks.

**Ruth Pickard** is growing up. Ruth is the pride and joy of Dad Pickard and the whole Pickard family, for that matter, who sing and play the songs of the old Southland over the NBC net. Remember them on the last Empire-Builders program?

**Bernice Taylor** is the star soloist of the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. That softly thrilling soprano voice you have heard with the Armeur and the O' Cedar programs belongs to this young lady with the big ring.
Continuing Interest in the Meritum

Diamond Award Contest
Raises Totals of Nominations and Votes

See Rules and Conditions on page 53

A

ND STILL they come! Strange—how these contests take
hold of the reading public! Or, perhaps, it is not so strange
after all, when you come to think about it—the American
people being what they are: a nation always ready and
anxious to match wits, one against another, to see who can win a
prize! The nominations cast in the Meritum Diamond Award con-
test to decide upon the favorite announcer, program or artist,
have this month increased from 256 to 501, and daily the mails
coming into the office of Radio Digest are building up this total
to monumental proportions.

If you could see them you would be astounded; if you
could read the letters accompanying the ballots, you would
be struck forcibly with the very evident decided likes and dislikes
behind the sending in of these votes. Talk about partisanship in
presidential elections! Friends, that is nothing at all to compare
with the intense rivalry, the heated favoritism, shown by the
letters accompanying the ballots and nominations in this contest.
When you read them through you begin to understand that
there are solid reasons, sometimes, for these likes and dislikes;
sometimes you suspect a blind and unreasoning loyalty.
But in any case, it’s loyalty to one program, one announcer, one
artist.

"About the Dutch Masters Minstrels," writes Mrs. E. H.
Fuller Route 2, Box 133, Williamsburg, Va., "I want you to
know that they are as good as any minstrels could possibly be,
and I am astounded that they have not yet been nominated. I listen
to them regularly over WJZ. All the men have good voices and
their numbers leave nothing to be desired. Please enter my nomina-
tion for the Dutch Masters Minstrels without further parley!"

And for our old friends, Amos and Andy, a thoroughly anon-
ymous friend writes from down in Texas to say that she has her
Radio dial trained so that at 10:30 every night it swings round of
their own will and volition and pauses just at the proper point to
bring in the two ducky partners at the taxicab office . . . "the only
objection is that 10:30 is a mighty late hour to have to stay up to
wait for the boys. However, you just make another vote for those
two boys for this family, 'way down south."

Nor is the medical profession losing out any. Mrs. Harriett
Springer, Box 33, Auburn, Ind., visited Chicago recently and went
around to Station WMAQ to meet Miss Judith Walter and some of the
rest of the station force, among them Dr. Russell Pratt, one of the
doctors who broadcasts from that station . . . "and since then I
enjoy listening so much more." Knowing a broadcaster adds to your
enjoyment of his program.

(Too bad we can’t all of us know all the artists we like! E.D.)
Graham McNamee, veteran announcer in the NBC service, has a
loyal supporter in Elmer W. Hess, 4455 Meldrum Ave., Detroit,
Mich., who says in explanation of his vote, "I could never pick
a particular artist or program because there is always some
part of every program which I like and some part which I do
not like. There are times when I am pleased with my favorite
artist and times when I am far from pleased. Perhaps it is the
song or rendition which does not strike me. Although I must ad-
mit that McNamee, by his clever, original and almost artistic an-
nouncing can put any artist over the footlights. And there, I
think, is the acid test: McNamee is an artist as an an-
nouncer! So I wish you would register my vote for him. I
hope it decides the contest."

The clean fun of Gene and Glenn of WTAM, Cleveland,
provokes commendatory comment from many; not a few send notes along with their ball-
Lots saying how much they like Captain Jimmy Norton in "Har-
bor Lights." And were there space and time one could con-
tinue on indefinitely through piles of letters and gain a cross
section view of what the public thinks of their favorites
(whether artist announcer or program) and why.

Many people who like to listen to Radio probably have never
stopped to think whether they have a favorite or not. They are
so intrigued with Radio in the abstract—with whatever comes
over the air to them—that they can content to listen without
caring to discover what program it is, or who the artist is, or
from what station the program comes, not even giving heed to
the announcer when he broadcasts that information.

To such we suggest that you begin to discriminate between
artist and artist, and station and station, so that you can con-
verse with a certain amount of information on the subject of
Radio personnel. From where we sit it looks as though Radio
is more and more going to be the topic of conversation.

But after all, the votes and nominations tell the story. Which
reminds us to ask: HAVE YOU VOTED YET? See the rules
and conditions on page 53, and if you have not complied, do so
and send in your nominations.

Design for Diamond Meritum Award

Number 6

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM
DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

(Please credit this ballot to:
Name of Program )

(State Letters)

NAME OF PROGRAM—Radio Digest's
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM
DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

(Popular Program Editor, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.)

I Nominate:__________

Station:__________

Call Letters:__________

Address:__________

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State:__________
**Advance Tips**

These are the days traditionally dedicated to the dog. So far as Radio was concerned in the old days, they could consistently be so dedicated. Things are different today, however. Radio is with you, keeping up your contact with the world whether you are lolling in the rolling surf, fishing in pine-scented forests or scaling the frosted mountainsides. In short, Radio is, there should your Radio Digest be also. So here's a greeting wherever you are—regardless for humans as well as man's best friend.

Take this tip straight—read the Rupert the Bear story about the little bonded slave girl who leaped from obscurity into a flaming page of history by the vivid character analysis and thrilling narrative. When you have finished the story, you will have been vastly entertained and your knowledge will be enriched by a historic episode almost lost in the mist of years.

That famous Boston survey has proved again that Amos and Andy are still hearts of their contrymen. We reach around and pat ourselves on the back that Radio Digest was the first magazine to recognize their importance to the reading public. Now they are going into the talkies—start production this month. Al Williamson of the National Broadcasting company who is with the boys almost every day, has promised us a story for September called Amos and Andy in Hollywood. Remember when he gave you Amos and Andy in Harlem?

Guess who holds the record for talking to the greatest number of people as a sum total over a period of six months. You are probably right. There are no accurate statistics to prove one individual as the champion, but somewhere close to the top belongs the name of Al Smith who used the Radio so advantageously during the late campaign. You will find Al Smith and His Friend Mike an article abhor with human interest in the September Radio Digest.

Victor F. Barnett who writes so entertainingly about Will Rogers in this issue of Radio Digest, knows his man. He is managing editor of the Tulsa Tribune, and Tulsa is right next door to Claremore, where Will first saw the light of day, and where he so often drops down from a sky tour to see the folks back home. You won't find many people with such contrasts and colorful careers as Will Rogers. That's why we are going to have another intimate story about him in our next Radio Digest.

"Oh, but you will adore Felice!" She is described as "like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals," by E. Phillips Oppenheim in his new story, The Road to Liberty, complete in the next issue of Radio Digest. You will grasp for her as she seeks her freedom from the revolting brothel. It's in a beautiful setting in a little valley vineyard below the "white church on the hill" somewhere in France.

**Across the Desk**

Last month Mr. Aylesworth told you of the Youths of Radio. In this issue you will be refreshed and amused to read of the primitive endeavors of these early pioneers—of only TEN YEARS AGO—who were grudgingly awarded less than $100 to fit up a broadcasting studio in a factory rest room. At that time it was the finest Radio broadcasting studio in the world. It could only be used at night, as it must still be maintained for its original purpose when the employees were at work. Today, workmen are tearing down three square blocks in the heart of New York to erect a Radio broadcasting center to cost $250,000,000. It is to be no close-fisted hard-boiled commercial project either. Cultural art is the keynote and the spirit of the entire enterprise. This Radio Capitol will house twenty-seven studios, three stories in height, with accommodations for visitors to comfortably observe the staging of the programs. There will be theaters and operas in systematic groupings, so that the artists of all the entertaining world may step from the footlights to the acoustically perfected studios for broadcasts.

Beautiful and glamorous in design will be this mammoth Radio center. It is being financed by the Rockefeller interests—an architectural monument to the name of the great oil genius. The official statement which comes across the Radio Digest desk to you reads:

"Fronting Fifth avenue and forming the central structure on that side of the development will be an oval building of moderate height and great beauty of design... with an outdoor promenade running around the entire building. This oval structure will extend to a magnificent garden plaza that will be cut through the area from Forty-eighth to Fifty-first streets. No effort will be spared to make this plaza the most impressive boulevard of its kind in the world, with fountains, statuary and beautiful gardens.

"Over the entire development will tower a great sixty-story office building, extending through from the west side of the plaza to Sixth avenue. From this central office building a grand corridor, about three stories in height, will run from the other office buildings from Fifth to Sixth avenue."

Special stress has been placed on the approach of perfected television. And, although the statement does not even hint as much, it is rumored that practical television has already been developed and is being held in check by those who own it until the strategic moment arrives for its release. Large facilities are also provided for recording programs. Mr. Aylesworth says in part: "With the great theatrical and musical enterprises to be created in this development, the broadcasting center of the country will be joined in a vast artery of communication with the dramatic stage, with opera, with variety, with talking motion pictures, with the symphony hall. The artist will be at the door of the broadcasting studio... Radio broadcasting has become the recognized means for the syndication of entertainment, education and information upon a nation-wide scale... It will have vastly greater opportunities when television emerges from the laboratory to give Radio the new dimension of sight."

The entire project is expected to be completed in 1933. What a stride of vision in a decade!

* * *

It is interesting to note from Mr. Hobarts' article of Dawn of Broadcasting that most of those first irreproachable explorers of the ether are still going strong. Jones and Hare came almost being twins, only they didn't happen to have the same parents. They were born on the ides of March. Now, as the "Interwoven Pair," they are more popular than ever.
Eight Years Old

COME, help us blow out the candles, and have a taste of our birthday cake. Ah! One, two . . . three—out they go! Four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . EIGHT! Eight years old—and a little more, for the first Radio Digest came out in April, 1922.

And what a table! Readers in every civilized country! From Alaska to Cape Town—come, let us all celebrate!

May your humble servant step out of this nebulous editorial “we”? Thank you. I want to feel that we are a little better acquainted—each with the other and you with me through the pages of Radio Digest. There are today approximately 145,000 of us around this table.

Frankly, I think it should have been Mr. Raymer’s honor to face you on this page—but he is rather a shy person. He would rather sit back under the shadowed doorway and look on with, I imagine, something of the feeling of fatherly pride in this child of his.

What a story he could tell you of the days of struggle, heartbreak, threatened disaster; always holding his precious offspring high above the engulfing waves, until tonight he is satisfied to see it as an assured, permanent institution. Many other Radio magazines have come and gone during the past eight years. Here the will of a man who would not give up has achieved its goal.

Radio Digest was created for the Radio listener. It has adhered strictly to that purpose. When the listener was most interested in the mechanics of Radio it provided the very best of subject matter along mechanical lines. Later, when commercial manufacturers took over the tools of the amateur and the listener became more interested in what he heard and where it came from, Radio Digest became a new kind of a magazine—a complete book of stories and pictures pertaining to the entertainment end of Radio.

Then it took one more step to round out this latest growth.

“We need good fiction,” said the man who sits back there, out of the dazzling glare. “We want authors of best sellers to supply three or four stories in Radio Digest for members of the family who prefer fiction to articles—Rupert Hughes, Oppenheim, Octave Roy Cohen, Floyd Gibbons—”

“But imagine the cost!” I gasped.

“It costs no more to look at a Rolls Royce than it does a flivver. See what you can get in New York. Only the best of everything for our readers!”

We have had all of these authors and many more in our pages.

“Give us a boost boys, we’re trying to help you,” was the word passed out to the broadcasting stations. Practically every station of importance, and both of the leading national chains have voluntarily recommended Radio Digest to you and their many other listeners.

Eight years old! Come, let’s have the cake, everybody.

HAROLD P. BROWN
PAUL OLIVER started out with the ambition to become the world's biggest automobile mechanic. The war came along and left him with a crippled hand. Dudley Buck heard him singing in a Y. M. C. A. cantonment and encouraged him to cultivate his voice. The details are presented on the opposite page.
MISFORTUNE BRINGS GOOD LUCK

PAUL OLIVER, Disabled in War for Career as Auto Mechanic, Discovers in Hospital His Voice Can Earn Him Fame and Fortune

By Julius Haber

Paul Oliver started out to be an automobile mechanic. Only the nearest chance, an accident in fact, lost him to mechanics and gained him to broadcasting. It was during wartime, when Oliver was assigned to one of the country's great ship building plants, that he met with a serious injury to his hand which ended his career as an expert mechanic. But the charm of the tenor voice which millions now know so well on the air, had already become known.

Oliver's rich, but untrained voice, had been heard above the rest at the patriotic exercises which were held at the Y. M. C. A. every noon. He had often been asked to sing for the men.

And as he lay on a hospital cot wondering what he might do when he got out, Dudley Buck, discoverer of many of today's radio stars, called on him. Buck had listened to Oliver's voice; he now offered to train the future Palmolive star for the concert stage, provided he would agree to go in seriously for a musical future. Up to then he had no thought of a profession other than that one above which was the only one, his own pleasure. Oliver accepted, and with characteristic ardor, applied himself to study and practice.

After an intensive training he gained magnificent control of his lyric voice and launched on a concert tour which was followed by a trip to Europe. Later, he met Gustave Haenschen, now director of the Palmolive Orchestra, who was at that time engaged in phonograph recording work. Haenschen immediately recognized in Oliver's voice ideal timbre for that branch of the musical art, and paved the way for him. So successful were his recordings that Oliver soon had a countrywide following, and when Radio broadcasting came into its own, his entry in that field was a logical step.

It is a curious coincidence that the first time he broadcast was on a commercial hour over the old WJZ station, then located in Times Square with Oliver Palmer, the broadcasting artiste. It was destined to scale the heights to his present eminence. It was not long before his work on the air attracted widespread interest. It was then that the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company retained him as an exclusive tenor star for the Palmolive Hour. From that time on his popularity increased by leaps and bounds to the point where millions of people now look forward to hearing his earnest voice every Wednesday night.

The first thing that impresses you about Paul Oliver is his complete and unassuming naturalness. Temperament of the brand popularity instilled is entirely foreign to him. His manner is almost bashful for awhile until he warms up to his subject. The thousands of letters which he has received, the esteem in which he is held by everyone, his manner of voice, none of these has changed him from the modest young man his close friends have always known.

Paul was born and educated in New York. He is 32 years old and unmarried. Field of the accident which changed his plans, he never took his voice too seriously, which makes his accomplishment the more remarkable.

As far back as he can remember, Paul loved to sing, either to himself for his own pleasure or for the pleasure he was able to give his hearers. Curiously enough, although he comes from a "singing family" (both of his older brothers have fine voices and his mother is a singing voice), Paul is the first professional singer in the family. He was very young when his mother passed away, but the reputation of her singing still lives. Paul remembers vividly, however, the pleasure he got from listening to his brothers sing.

It is inevitable that Radio reviewers and his friends of the air should compare his voice with that of John McCormack.

In fact, he is known to many as the John McCormack of the air. Any reference to this seems to make him a little impatient. "Oh, no! I am no McCormack. I'm the greatest tenor of the ballad," he once said. "I often listen to him with the keenest pleasure. I think there is much about his singing that is interesting and valuable to study, but I don't think he should be imitated. Every singer is endowed with his own personal and physical equipment which differs in each case from that of other singers. I think it is a mistake to imitate another singer. Every singer can only interpret his songs to the extent that he is fitted spiritually and mentally to do so."

It has often been remarked that Paul Oliver sings what he means, with what he feels, with what he knows. Anyone who knows him or has watched him sing knows what a good deal of careful preparation into my singing," he said. "After reading the score carefully I try to get as much of it into the song as possible, and then to impart my own understanding and emotion to it."
Wheel Wilkins Operates With

**His Trusty Saw**

ONLY Intends to Fix Fly Screen When He Is Called
to Rescue Old Man Dancey to Perform an Amputation

—Alas, the Ingratitude of Man!

By Charles "Chick" Sale

(Speaking as Wheel Wilkins and including editorial interpolations.
From Pennzoil program heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System.)

WELL, sir, folks, I'll bet some of you are goin' to be surprised to hear I've opened up The Liberty Bell Service and Filling Station. I've been follerin' my own line of work for more than thirty-two years. Made a name for myself specializin' in my line but here I am takin' up a new business and dangin' if I ain't learnin' the trick mighty fast.

... Now you take location. That's mighty important... I've built her on the old Corbin place at the corner of Main street and Highway No. 4. Handy to town folks and right in the path of tourists.

She's a mighty fine lookin' structure of solid construction and painted a good practical color with nice trimmings. When business is a little slack I can always find time to do a little visitin' and gabbin' about what's goin' on.

Lon Biggs, who runs the Weekly Broadcast, didn't need no invitation. He hangs around here so much pickin' up items for his two-by-four paper that I told him it seemed like he didn't have anything else to broadcast unless he tuned in on my station first. Made him mad as a hornet. Lon's a nice fellow. Thinks he knows it all jest cause he runs a newspaper.

Maw, that's my wife, her name is Emma, spends a lot of time around the place and she's been talkin' some of spreadin' out a kind of lunch and soft drink stand alongside of my place jest so she an' Rosie could be near me. Rosie is our adopted daughter. You see Maw an' me got lonesome after our children grewed up and got married so we took Rosie to raise. She's grown up fine and a mighty, mighty fine girl. Ever once in a while I catch her makin' sheep's eyes at that helper of mine, Rodney Gordon. But Oh I shaw, young folks will be young folks. Anyway, Rod is a good hard workin' boy and he ain't so hard to look at even in his work clothes.

He ain't sich a sporty dresser as Filbert Twitch but he's got a heap mote sense.

Once a week we sort of get together and set around and visit. Filbert Twitch is always droppin' in to pull off some of his smart wise cracks and nearly always some of the townsfolks, and even the tourists, an' have their say.

NOTE: While Mr. Sale stands back stage to put on his overalls and Wheel Wilkins' mustache, we'll have a look at the Liberty Bell filling station. Approaching from the rear Wheel seems to be the only one in sight for the moment. He is worried over something that seems to make the screen door stick. He keeps openin' and shutting it. Now he is taking that funny stance he gets into when he is surprised or worried. He has an idea. He's puffin' off down the drive. Two hours have passed; he has not returned, so let's look inside.

Rod is leaning over a glass show case containin' some bottles of polish, sparkplugs, and an assortment of small accessories. He is holding out a five-dollar bill to Mrs. Wilkins who is scrapin' up the change from the till in a cash register.

"TAKE eighty cents out of this five dollar bill, Mrs. Wilkins. Gee, they're keeping me hustlin' out front."

"Rodney, we're out of change. There's one, there's two... they'll just have to take the rest in silver," and she dumped a broad palm full of coins on top of the show case as she continued countin', "there it is, four dollars and twenty cents."

No sooner did Rodney get the money in his hand than he was summoned by the impatient honk of another horn outside the door. Mrs. Wilkins peered out the window and glanced to a peg where Rosie usually hung her apron. There was no apron so Rosie would not be far away.

"Rosie! Rosie—come on!"

"Yes ma'am, Rosie, with pink cheeks and flying hair, bounded into the room through the door which Rodney had just passed.

"You'll have to go get me some change, and listen! Then go home and see if you can find pa—"

"Forty cents out of this dollar, Mrs. Wilkins." Rodney mopped a beady brow with one hand and held out a bill with the other. "I just saw Mr. Wilkins come out of the Weekly Broadcast office. He's comin' now."

"Well, it's about time... two hours to go home for a saw!"

"Right at our busy time too... been over there giving some of his news items to that Lon Biggs. Just wait till he—"

And at that very moment Wheel sidled into the door twistin' his neck for a sideways glance at Mrs. Wilkins. He dropped his tool kit on the floor and vocally seized the bull, so to speak, by the horns.

"Hi, Emmy! Did you miss me?"

"Wheel Wilkins!"

"You ain't mad are you, Emmy?"

"Wheel Wilkins... two hours... where have you been?"

"Well Emmy, now that you've asked me, I'll tell you. I was passin' Lon Biggs' place—"

"Just what I thought—Lon Biggs' place—"

WHEEL: Hold your horses, now Emmy... I was passin' Lon's office... and all at once I heared somebody callin' fer help.

MAW: Callin' for help?

WHEEL: Yes sir, why I could hear women screamin', men yellin', and dogs barkin'. It was the danged commotion you
"Fifty dollars! That’s robbery!"

MAW: Pa, what on earth.
WHEEL: Well sir, I pushed through the mob, and when I gets inside, looks around. I could see exactly what was happening. Folks, I sez, get back, give him air. Do you want to suffocate this poor feller? At that they got back, then I could see exactly what had happened. So I gets me a box, and I sits down to think the situation over.

MAW: Pa! What had happened?
WHEEL: I'm gettin' to that, don't rush me. Well sir, he was groanin' and takin' on something terrible. Why Emmy, I could see that even his face was swellin'.
MAW: Wheel Wilkins, will you tell me what you're driving at? Who was hurt? Was it Lon Biggs?

WHEEL: No, it was old man Dancey.
MAW: Old man Dancey?
WHEEL: It seems that here about a week ago Lon Biggs got Mrs. Dancey to write out the instructions on how she makes sponge cake. And I'll tell you, Emmy, there's nobody in the town can make better sponge cake than she can. Now you take sponge cake.

MAW: Wheel Wilkins, will you tell me what happened?
WHEEL: Well, when Lon gets that recipe he prints it in the Weekly Broadcast and danged if right next to it he didn't go and print an advertisement in the same type for pills to cure stomachache.
MAW: But Pa...
WHEEL: Well, it made old man Dancey so mad that he (Continued on page 92)
Amos 'n' Andy or the Hour of Smiles

WHERE the whirring wheels of commerce sing a song of strife and stress,
Or the drowsy drone of insects tell of tropic listlessness.
From the stretches of the pampas to old England's sunny isle,
Comes an hour in each two dozen when the whole world stops to smile.

Maybe 'twixt the dawn and sunset, maybe 'twixt sunset and dawn,
Maybe under mellow moonlight when the dew is on the lawn,
Maybe in the noisy city or in peaceful country place . . .
The whole world stops and listens with a smile upon its face.

Hotel lobbies, homes and dance halls, even ships far out at sea
Recognize this intermission in the world's activity,
Just as in those days of mourning when the nations paused for prayer
So the whole world pauses daily this brief "Hour of Smiles" to share.

'Tis the time when honest Amos with his kindly, prudent care,
And old shiftless, boastful Andy come to you upon the air;
'Tis the hour for world-wide kinship, human hearts from near and far
Pause, and then draw close together when Bill Hay says
"Here they are."

—R. H. Richardson, 5908 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

If Amos and Andy Were Negroes

What Numerous Negroes in Various Walks of Life Think of the Boys

By A. Wellington Clarke

The first undertaker (M. A. Johnson, 19 Pavilion St., Hartford, Conn.) replied to the questions in their order: "I do not think I would be hostile toward them. They would simply be more or less living in the gutter. I do not think I should hold them as being representative of our race. No real negro wants to burlesque his people the way they are doing in this enlightened age. It is not the way real negroes would act. People are falling for Amos and Andy because they know it is not natural for them to be funny; this very thing gives them prestige. Let two negroes do those same things (that is, speak and act like Amos and Andy), and they would not get anything at it, for not only their own race would not listen to them but would wage constant war against them.

"Another point is this. No race likes to have its women exposed, and this is what Amos and Andy have done. Here is what I mean: Madam Queen has a traveling salesman as her sweetheart. When he is in town Andy must stay out of the way of things; when he is gone he gets away and gives him his date. Of course, this is true to life among all races, but knowing some white people's attitude toward the unfortunate side of negro life, I should rather deplore this. Perhaps I am too serious-minded on the race question. Your question number two needs no great stretch of imagination. I would be inclined to think that the men were doing the most natural thing of their race.

L. B. Barnes, 2148 Main St., Hartford, was the second undertaker. He replied: "I would think more of them if they were negroes, for they would be reflecting credit upon the race. This is sad thing, however, if they were negroes they would not be given the advantage to make the big money these white men are making. Furthermore, white people will pay a black-face comedian more to mimic the negro than they would pay the negro for giving them the same material. We have been willing to work hard and long, in many instances for nothing, in order to achieve success. This the ordinary negro whom they are mimicking is not willing to do. I find one quality of my race which is common to some people of other races; it is this: they are not willing to work hard and make the sacrifice necessary for the fame and achievement they want.

"If Amos and Andy are negroes I certainly should think they were great comedians."

One negro attorney said: "If Amos and Andy were negroes I should have nothing the matter to say against their performances, for such types of negroes as they represent exist among us. Yet I do not know that I should sympathize with the funny side of the race as it is being burlesqued, for we are being put to shame. Oh, no, I must not say that. I am willing to speak the way Amos and Andy do, and they are fast leaving us. If I were white and they were negroes they might not have impressed me, for I should think that their talks and actions were only natural. The thrill comes from Amos and Andy because they have the ability to imitate the negro, and what they portray is true to life.

A third lawyer, John P. Dew, 138 Bedford St., Hartford, Conn., said: "I might think they were great entertainers capitalizing their powers. If Gosden and Correll being white can make such tremendous impressions upon the public and are consistent at that, I believe the negro, if given a chance and having applied himself, would excel them. But it is a question in my mind whether any two negroes of equal merit would be given the popular reception into the hearts of the public these men are receiving. If I were white I should not be opposed to their cutting the fool. I should think it was just natural with the two."

When I first heard Amos and Andy," said Rev. R. A. Moody, Baptist, 556 Martin St., Hartford, the first of three ministers to give his opinion, "I thought they were negroes, and while their composition did not appeal to the esthetic, its humor being true, was great. Then I thought, here are two colored men
given a showing equally with other artists to demonstrate their genius. They are not elevating nor degrading the race, but since what they do has a national appeal and has captured the public, they have drawn from it the last. I have always felt even when they were white. My attitude toward them has not changed. It seems to me they are as good artists at their work as you will find anywhere. 

"I should not care to listen to them. If I were white I would not give two cents to hear them, for that would be making them too popular. "There is something charming about Amos and Andy that hinders a person's attention. A kindly voice, "if they were attacking the colored people, their entertainments would have died long ago, but what they are saying is so honest and free from the taint of prejudice. I do not see how any person, white or colored, can take it in a personal way. I personally like to listen to Amos and Andy. The reason why I believe no modern colored comedian could surpass them is this: They are modern negroes and too self-conscious. He is extremely sensitive about himself. To give you an example of what I mean. I have a friend who owns a radio. He never misses Amos and Andy when at home among his friends. He likes to be in the presence of white people he just cannot stand to listen to them. I will listen to Amos and Andy in any place among any crowd. If they were colored or I were white I think I should have this very attitude."

"Amos and Andy have this race down pat, I am telling you. What they have to say would mean nothing if they had no humor. Amos represents the plain matter-of-fact negro. He works hard, saves a little, and is plumb full of common sense. What he earns is his. He wants no one else's property. No one shall get what he has by scheming. This was seen in the episode where Kingfish to get Amos to put his $155 in the 'Home Bank,' which was:

"There is the other side of the race. Andy is playing up the bluffy type. He is shouting his way through life, always pushing and trying to know more than other people. One can't help it. He is taught to be learning. He has a wonderful ambition, but his bluff has the best of him and therefore he is destined to failure."

Opinion of New York Negroes Regarding the Taxicab "Boys"

STEPHEN FERTICHT, foremost colored screen actor, speaking "in character" of one of the parts made famous by him: "If I'm in 'ner ter imitate you, its Andy. He's got deez good ez dey is, er a hole lot better. And right dar is de reason so many er deez blackface comedians falls down on de job. An' dat's de reason Amos 'n' Andy is so successful. I takes off my hat to dem boys! De main reason I likes dem boys is dat dey keeps dey acts so clean. Smut ain' nevah gwine ter pay on de stage in long run; an' I reckon Amos 'n' Andy feels dat way too. Give dey boys me."

Daniel L. Haynes, who plays Adam in "The Green Pastures," Negro fable of Roark Bradford and Marc Connelly, and manager of Radio Theatre, is of "Amos 'n' Andy but, strangely enough, has never heard them broadcast."

"When these two are on the air I'm on my way down-town to the theatre. My duties as an actor prevent my being one of radio's ardent followers—particularly an Amos 'n' Andy fan. "However, from what I hear, these two are very funny. My friends are always quoting bits of their utterances, and I can see that their humor is honest, manly, and not comic. It is for the two Irish comedians or Dutch comedians and their patter had the same quality their humor now has, they would still be tremendous talking cards.

"I'm sorry I haven't heard Amos 'n' Andy. But then again, I bet they haven't heard me."

Ernest Whiting, who plays the part of Sunny Jackson, one of the condemned men in the hit play, "The Last Mile":

"I haven't had much chance to catch Amos 'n' Andy since The Last Mile opened but I used to be a regular fan during the run. I feel that their humor is difficult enough to play one part and make it convincing, but how those boys play so many parts, as I understand they do, is a mystery to me. I got so I used to try to catch them making mistakes in their parts. It is not easy, but if they are to another—but I never did. However, I did catch Amos the time he laughed, both in his own character and that of the Kingfish, at the rehearsal for the 'Natchez' at the Grand. I don't know what broke him up, but I guess they'll be popular for a long time—just as long as they can dig up material that is interesting. That's the trouble with radio. Our audience is so large the minute your stuff gets stale you're done.'"
If there is any one in the audience who does not know who these two colored boys are, will that person please raise the right hand? We'd like to know!

Andy. I like the programs myself, and when I am on duty from four in the afternoon until midnight I will say positively that every radio on my heat is tuned in on those two boys at seven o'clock. That pair certainly know their stuff and it is marvelous to me to think that they play all those different parts, but I think the best acting was done by Amos when Ruby Taylor went to Chicago. I sure felt sorry for him. I couldn't help believing that his heart was breaking.

Landlady of rooming house on 134th Street (she requested that her name and address not be used): "Like everyone else in Harlem I listen to Amos 'n' Andy every night. Those white boys know how to play negro parts better than any other black-face comedians I have ever heard. For one thing, they do not belittle the negro and I think their programs have done more to help the white people understand us than all the books that have ever been written. I know lots of Amoses and Andy's right here in Harlem, but I don't let the Andy's stay long in my rooming house. The Amoses are alright because they pay their rent. I wish Amos would marry Ruby Taylor, but I suppose if he did Amos would be just big-hearted enough to take Andy in as a boarder, which would be too bad."

Young woman (name refused) in charge of beauty shop at 2331 Seventh Avenue: "The Amos 'n' Andy program does not interest me, because there is no music with it except the theme song or whatever it is they play at the start and the finish. And that is too slow. Besides it is very monotonous. As far as the character go they are alright but everywhere I go all I hear is "Sho—sho" and "Check and double check." Madam Queen must be an awful dumbbell to have anything to do with a fourflusher like Andy. He wouldn't last long with the girls I know in Harlem. Of course he may have "IT", I don't."
Sidelights on Amos and Andy Contest

SOME INTERESTING FACTS Gathered

By the Judges of the Hundreds of Manuscripts
Submitted in the Contest

I

N announcing the winners of the Amos and Andy dialogue contest, we believe it may be interesting to the readers of Radio Digest to know something about the extent of the response which we have received in this contest, and to under-
stand what can be gathered of the reaction of people in all parts of the United States and Canada to Amos and Andy’s nightly amusements.

The judge’s huge pile of manuscripts was no holiday job. There was once a colored boy down South named Henry Simp-
son who enlisted in the army and was put to work moving cross ties on a little railroad siding in Virginia. He moved a dozen or two, sweating profusely in the process. Then the captain pointed to a stack of railroad rails and said:

“Now, then, Sam (for all negroes were Sam to this particular white man), move these nails to the other side of the track.”

For an hour Henry labored, but made little or no headway. Walking up to the captain, he saluted:

“Capn, has you got yo’ roster dar wid you?”

“Well, yes, I have,” replied the captain.

“Is you got de name er Henry Simpson down dar?”

The captain scanned his roster book.

“Yes, here is the name of Henry Simpson.”

“Well, dat’s all right, Capn. Dat’s mine, I s’pose. I want her make sartin. Thought maybe you had it down Simpson stead of Simpson.”

The writer confesed he felt rather like Henry Simpson when the editor of Radio Digest turned over to him a mountain of manus-
cripts from north, south, east and west, showing an astounding in-
terest in the progress not only of the diversions of the famous “negro” pair themselves, but in the contest particularly. For it did seem, in looking through the manus-
cripts, that everybody held some sort of very definite opinion as to what should be done about the matter. The vast preponderance of opinion seemed to lean towards the belief that Amos and Andy gittin’ a sugar’ deal from Andy. One and all set about to remedy matters. No less than twenty contestants, in the “plot” of their dialogue, set forth the fact that Amos had changed places with Andy, had asserted himself and refused to accept the slings and arrows of his outrageous partner any more.

“Andy,” says Amos in one submitted dialogue, “de worm done turned. I ain’t goin’ no mo’ fum you! Git out dar an’ drive dat taxicab yo’self!” This situation, it seems, the boys have already seized upon and Amos and Andy have swapped places in fact.

That same idea—the sense of fair play inherent in all Anglo Saxons which, even in so small a matter as a short dramatic Radio piece, would demand that “justice be done”—showed itself again and again as we read through the papers. In one case a girl wrote to Andy saying that though she did not know him she admired him greatly as the president of the Taxicab Company and wanted to meet him. She said she liked his looks, as she had seen him driving around in the taxicab.

Now that is all very well; Andy has just been preening him-
self, as he read this letter aloud to Amos, on the fact that strangers should be driving in to a big business man like him saying they wanted to meet him. But when he came to that part about “seeing you frequently driving the taxicab,” and Amos realized it was himself the fair stranger was writing about, and not Andy, he sets up his derivate “Awa, awa, awa!”

In other papers, Amos lies late abed on Sunday morning while Andy is made to get up and cook breakfast. Again, it is Amos who wins over the white gentleman who has come in to ent-
ter suit against President Andrew Brown. Amos gets the best of everything—in the contestants’ papers. The public, one would say, judging by the cross section of opinion contained in the mass of manuscripts which we have just been through, would really like to see a reversal of the parts of the two black face buddies—with Andy playing the under-dog for a while!

The dialect aspect of the matter has furnished a good deal of entertainment. We feel certain that a more varied selection of “negro” dialects never flooded in upon an editor before. Some of these descendents live (who are really German and not Dutch) came manuscripts in which Amos and Andy said nief for with and der for the. Others from Gotham bore an unmistakable sim-
ilarity to the talk of the Bowery folk. From Canada (and there were many Canadian contestants) came manuscripts which spoke with an English if not a French Canuck accent. While the quality of the dialect was not the deciding factor, of course, in choosing the winning manuscripts it was one of the factors neverthe-
less. The idea back of this is that if Amos and Andy are to attain the very ultimate of their best work, they must do it in a dialect which most approa-
ches that of the real negro.

And because so much evident serious work expended in the preparation of many of these manuscripts we can’t help ex-
pressing our regret that it was impossible to offer a dozen or a score of prizes instead of the five announced. Many fine efforts must, of necessity, have been re-
jected. But the judges have, we believe, chosen the best of the lot when all the factors are taken into consideration.

And because the editors and judges can see with half an eye what careful and painstaking ef-
fort lies back of many of the manuscripts submitted, they cannot close the contest without a word of praise and encouragement to those who are not among the win-
ers. Very real talent is undoubtedly possessed by many unsuccessful contestants.

Out of the years’ experience which each of the judges has had in the writing profession, comes one word of suggestion:

“Don’t, whatever you do, take this failure to win a prize too seriously!”

Remember that for every prize won there were dozens of manus-
scripts found unsuitable. We say this because Radio Digest will be having other contests in the future—all sorts and conditions of contests. And we want you all to be among those present when the time comes to submit manuscripts.

Therefore, if you have entered a manuscript in the Amos and Andy contest and do not find yourself represented in the winners’ list, just remember that you have many companions in misfortune. The counts on which the prize winners were chosen may be summed up roughly as follows:

(A) Humor: the originality and “snappiness” of the situation.

(B) Readability: the ease with which the dialogue is understood, this angle has been considered.

(C) Dialect: Since in a blackface play dialect is an important factor this angle has been considered.

A great number of manuscripts contained some good material, but “fell down” in other respects. Possibly if the material had been handled a little more deftly certain of these may have come out winners. Some contestants apparently thought there was no need to whip their material into a concise readable form. On the other hand a great number of them did.

The Winners

First Prize, $100
E. D. Dorranse, Mitchell, South Dakota

Second Prize, $50
J. B. Sizer, Schuyler, Va.

Third Prize, $25
Miss Beatrice Biggs, 805 Walnut St., Clinton, Ind.

Fourth Prize, $15

Fifth Prize, $10
Miss Susie Kuhn, 1302 Marshall St., Shreveport, La.
BILL SUNDAY is an Indian. This Bill Sunday, however, is BILL Sunday—not the Billy Sunday you probably are thinking of. Bill Sunday is one of the old timers of Claremore, Oklahoma; lived there all his life, knew Will Rogers, his pa and his ma and his two sisters when the Rogers' young ones were all just kids.

Go to Claremore and talk to Bill and he'll tell you a lot of things about that boy who grew up to become the "unofficial ambassador" of the White House, the pet of the Follies, and America's greatest living humorist—anyway of his type.

Bill and other Claremorians get a big laugh out of the stories about the poor Loy from the country who went to the big city and made good when it applies to Will Rogers, who never was a poor boy in his whole life. They snicker sideways at you when you hint about the deficiency of Will's early scholastic training.

"Say, Will Rogers attended more schools and colleges than Lincoln, Mark Twain and Edison put together," Bill or any of the other old timers will tell you. "Why, he attended all the schools in the district, an' some that wasn't in the district. He was just too smart for any of 'em. You know how he joshes Henry Ford, the President and foreign dictators—well, he was just like that when he was a little chap—only the teacher didn't seem to get the humor of it. He had his mind on catchin' them up on something or other and getting the laugh on 'em from the rest of the school. And guess you'll have to reckon that kind of learnin' did him as much good for what he turned out to be as anything would have done. Anyway it gave him a chance to see what a lot of different schools had to offer. One good crack meant the rest of the day off to follow his own devices."

WILL ROGERS came from good parentage. His father, Clem Rogers, was a power in the community. He was easy with Will as a little shaver but he got more stern as the boy grew up into long pants. Their ranch gave the county its name. Clem and Mrs. Rogers, Will's ma, both had good bringing up. Mrs. Rogers used to be Mary Schrimcher before she married Clem. The old timers will tell you she was a right sweet looking girl with black eyes that twinkled when she talked. And she had a ready tongue with an answer for anybody—just like Will does today. She died when Will was only 12 years old.

Her sayings are still quoted in Claremore by folks who knew her way back when. They tell a good one about the time when Will was just a tiny baby. Poor little fellow never could have been considered cute by anybody. A neighborly but somewhat bashful cowboy dropped in at the Rogers ranch to see the new
WITH WILL ROGERS

of Wealthy Rancher Never
Schools in District but
Circus Life Best

F. Barnett

arrived. He stood awkwardly, hat in hand, looking down on
the squirming bit of humanity. He just stood there speechless,
too honest to say anything but what he thought and too
respectful of the mother's feelings to open his mouth. Finally
Mrs. Rogers looked up with a bright smile and said:
"Well, Tom, I guess you are thinking this is the homeliest
baby you ever see?"
Tom was covered with confusion. He had tried so hard to
keep his mind to himself and here she knew just what he was
thinking. He couldn't deny it. He blushed and apologized in
his best cowboy style as he backed out of the room, mortified
to death.

Will had two sisters. One of them died a year or so ago.
The other is Mrs. Tom McSpadden who has her home there
in Rogers county today. Before the boy became famous Mrs.
McSpadden was considered the literary light of the family.
She took to writing early and probably had a lot more to her
credit than Will did up to ten years ago. When the oil boom
hit Oklahoma she just seemed to be waiting for it. Everybody
was crazy about oil. Her husband got into the oil business
and she picked up everything she could learn about it and wrote
for the papers about oil. For several years she was assistant
oil editor of one of the Tulsa newspapers.

WHEN it became necessary Will went to the common
schools during the winter months. But with the first
warm days of spring the Indian blood of his father's people
fumed in his veins and he yearned for the throbb of a pony
between his knees and the smell of growing things on the
vagrant breeze. Shortly thereafter the school would be enter-
tained by one of those chronic "arguments" - the term that
Will would use in his ruckus with a teacher.

Eventually Will's father began to share some of the impa-
tience expressed by the teachers. Will became a typical boy
problem. He was sent to the Herold Institute at Muskogee,
Okla., and from there he went to Willie Halsey college at
Viinita, in the same state. But Will never lost his love for
Claremore and it was not long on either occasion before he
was back home in general circulation.

Teachers simply couldn't keep him in line. Clem tried
talking to the boy and Will, with that disarming good natured
smile, "argued" his way out of one difficulty after another.
Then dad decided to send him to Kemper Military school at
Boonville, Mo.

"Discipline is what he needs and I think he'll get it there," he
confided to some of his friends. "There will be no arguing
with the teachers at Kemper. It will be the making of him."
You really couldn't call Will bad. He never showed the

This photo of
Will Rogers and
his family was
taken some years
ago.

Above you see young Will Rogers
when everybody in Claremore
called him Willie. Will is at the
left in the buggy before the corner
store in Claremore.
least bit of carelessness. Some people call it "originality." He just never could stay in traces—had his own way of doing things and balked at rules and regulations. So off he went to the military school. Whatever made Clem imagine they could hold that boy down to military restrictions is a mystery to his old friends in Claremore yet. Of course Will said in with all good intentions. He very quickly discovered that the commanding officers of a military school were quite too determined to have their own way about things without compromise. Now Will never would concede to anybody—military or not—that there couldn't be room for an argument when there was a difference in opinion. Thereupon he decided that he would have no military training and forthwith parted company with the Kemper school.

The next Clem heard of him Will sent a wire that he had gone to Texas to assist in drilling for an oil well. The telegram was an event in Claremore. Almost everybody in town saw it and was interested because it was a matter of no little local concern as to whatever would become of "that boy." He was only a kid after all. He even signed the message, "Willie."

"Ran away from school, I knew it, I knew it," said Bill Sunday when he saw the telegram.

"Goin' to drill an oil well is he?" sighed another old timer as they met and pondered over the matter on a bench in front of the corner store with the imitation brick front.

"Clem says he's goin' to let the boy work out his own grief, an' I hope he does. That boy needs to take a little responsibility on his own shoulders. He's always had every- thing give to him."

In some respects drilling an oil well and drilling on a parade ground are not so very different, and Will's letters home worked on his dad's feelings so that about the third one brought him money to come back to Claremore. Responsibility was what the boy needed, was it? Clem gave the idea a lot of hard thought. Maybe it would be a good thing to let him take hold of the ranch and run it for a while. And in order to put the boy strictly on his own in the matter he pulled out and took a vacation for himself. So there was Will with about the most important ranch in Rogers county on his hands to do with as he pleased.

Will immediately discovered more agreeable uses for a big Oklahoma ranch than just raising stock and a lot of growing truck. Besides, social life on a ranch can get to be an awful bore without a little snappy entertainment now and then. Will conceived the idea of putting some of the boys to work building a stage for a dance floor. And while the carpenter work was under way he planned a series of festivals, dances, and roping contests. Looking at the results from a cold business point of view the enterprise was a complete flop and Clem had to hurry home to bring a stop to a fast dwindling bank account.

You couldn't blame Clem for feeling mighty put out after he had tried to do the right thing by Will. But this really was the last straw. The camel just rared up on hind legs and Will would probably not forget to his dying day. The result was Will went out to the barn very much sobered and probably a whole lot chastened, threw a saddle over his beloved pony, Comanche, and with his ninety foot legs led that horse to the nearest river. Clem had found his element. His letters to his father became geography to Claremore. G. F. Godbey, secretary of the Claremore chamber of commerce, will tell you of the stumps and postmarks on the letters that signified Will's whereabouts when he wrote to his father thirty years ago.

"I was cashier of the town's First National Bank at the time," he says, "and everybody took a heap of interest in those letters. There were some from South Africa, South America, London, and then there were some from Australia. We felt that Will Rogers was making good—just as the most of us had expected he would. In spite of the carefree existence he had led before he left home. Big hearted, fine character and bright as a dollar. These qualities would make something of him eventually."

One day Clem strolled into the bank all smiles and pride beaming in his eyes. He had another letter.

"Well, I've just heard from Willie," he told the banker, "and he sent me $100." Money talks to Clem that was positive and unmistakable evidence that his boy, Will, was a success. It meant more than just the intrinsic worth of $100. To the father it meant his son had begun to appreciate the value of money and the importance of saving. Will never asked his father for money again from that time on, according to the recollection of Mrs. Godbey.

Speaking of an appreciation of the value of money it was just about this time—a little later, possibly—that Will came home for a visit and was asked to join a tramload of boosters from Tulsa on a tour of the middle-tier of large cities. It was before he had been discovered as a writer or speaker. He was merely to do his stuff with Comanche and the rope.

After they had reached New York and thousands had been entertained by his nimble dexterity with the rope a stranger walked up and offered him $800 spot cash for his pony. Will grinned as he shook his head slowly but decisively.

"You give me $800 for Comanche? No. I wouldn't want the bother of spending that much money."

(Continued on page 89)
DAINTY DORR BOTHWELL—in person and a moving picture at the same time. Recently she told Radio listeners over KPO, San Francisco, that she had been initiated into a Samoan tribe by having her body converted into a moving picture through the tattoo process. She is a distinguished artist of Samoan life.
Peggy Price comes from—one guess? Yep, California, of course. She's a blues singer at KFVD, Culver City. And take Prof. Powers word for it she knows how to sing. She is blessed with a sunny disposition on all occasions except when she broadcasts those melancholy things they call the blues.
ALICE WHITE, lovely blonde of Screenland, is one of the many new recruits to the Radio studios who came through talking picture experience with the microphone. You will remember her as the Show Girl in Hollywood over the NBC Continental hook-up. She is gifted with Radio personality as well as physical beauty.
BABY ROSE MARIE is starting young, but you must admit she has the gesture—the main idea. That she has the real ultramarine voice you doubtless will also concede if you happened to hear her from WEAF through the NBC network. And Rudy Vallee himself was the artist who featured her in his program—what luck!
ALEXANDRIA STEPANOFF is an artist who can demonstrate most convincingly that every little movement has a meaning of its own. In fact, she is one of the, if not the world's greatest therminists. One tiny jerk of her little finger can summon notes of majesty from the NBC Thermin ether wave music box before her.
Vacation Follies

Notables of Radioland Make the Best of Summer Holidays as King Mike Gives Leave

By Evans E. Plummer

"AH, HAHI!" was the greeting I received when I asked Freeman ("Amos") Gosden how he was going to spend his vacation this summer. He could afford, financially, to give me several more hahas, but the same question, when put in other quarters, provoked severe scowls and other varieties of dirty looks.

It seems that Radio stars are in a class by themselves on the vacation deal. Opera stars get to loaf or study as they choose, but Motion picture luminaries finish a production, rest until the next, and often have thrown in a free journey halfway round the world to the locale of their coming film. Actors and actresses generally may count upon two or three months of leisure in the summer.

But the favorites of the tin ear known as Mike? Most of 'em have to keep right on working. A few manage to escape contracts and go abroad, but they are in the minority. Sponsored programs have a habit these days of continuing right on through the warm months since Radio engineers and the networks put the skids under the once well-known "poor season."

So it is with Amos 'n Andy. No rest is in sight for this NBC pair. In August they are booked to spend long hours before the cameras and recording microphones in Hollywood, Calif., and at the same time do their Radio skit twice each day six days a week.

In between broadcasts and personal appearances, however, Charles "Andy" Correll is finding time to play around in Lake Michigan with his Chris-Craft speed boat which he bought this past spring from Joe Schenk, Van's partner in the popular singing duo.

Graham McNamee, smart oldtimer that he is, has a stipulation in all of his contracts for a two week's vacation. This he is spending in a motor tour through the Adirondacks. Canada may also be on the itinerary. Motoring is a novelty to the McNamees. Both he and his wife generally take fast trains or planes to and from his broadcasting engagements.

"Rudy" (Hubert) Vallee, who keeps the Fleishmann NBC program moving, will probably be on a New England and Midwest barnstorming tour by the time this is being read. The tour is to reach West as far as Cleveland and Cincinnati. Between leaving Broadway and catching the train, nevertheless, the plans called for a week's respite which Rudy was to spend renewing old home town friendships in Westbrook, Maine, swimming, golfing and playing tennis. The beloved crooner, as perhaps you may know, is quite a swimmer and once held several minor records for underwater swimming.

WHAT will the ladies be doing? Well, by this time Jessica Dragonette has probably spent her short two weeks picking wildflowers in Maine. Vaughan de Leath went to Europe on a concert tour and should return soon to remove weeds from her Connecticut farm, "The Hitching Post." Rosalind Greene, NBC's Eveready thespian, likewise is in Europe where she expects to do some broadcasting in London studios. Irma de Baun, CBS soprano, is also Europe bound where she will appear in concert and opera.

Leslie Frick, NBC contralto, has already made her annual pilgrimage to Europe and sent back gaudy postcards wishing her friends were there. While there private recitals in Paris and the microphone of the Radio-Paris station occupied her spare time. Margaret Olsen, Scandinavian soprano of Davy hour fame, planned to tour Norway and Sweden this summer.
in search of more oldtime songs, but engagements here will probably force her to modify this plan to a simple two week's rest in the quiet Vermont hills. In addition she plans indulging in plenty of golf, swimming and motoring during the time she must stay in New York.

Countess Olga Medalaghi Alhani, the charming, dark-skinned Spanish princess of Kodak week-end hour, hopes to arrange her affairs so that she can visit Cuba where her parents and friends are living. The Countess is also a rabid tennis fan, and is spending many hours on the courts in Central Park, New York.

Paula Hemminghaus, NBC contralto, has taken up golf seriously, and has at least three sessions a week on the fairways. Between her good programs she is also busy perfecting her Australian crawl. Helen Oelheim, contralto soloist of network fame, is another tennis fiend and has devoted all of her spare time, with the exception of two weeks at a quiet resort, to mastering new and difficult services. Della Baker, Kodak soprano, has planned a long automobile tour through the White Mountains with her husband. Welcome Lewis simply spent two weeks sleeping at her Westchester home.

Gitla Erstinn, Chase and Sanborn soprano, will spend her time in the New York beaches between games of tennis and golf, while Elizabeth Davenport, contralto heard on the same program, now a confirmed Westchester commuter, will do the same except for the substitution of home gardening for the tennis.

Marcella Shields, one of the NBC “Troupers,” will warm the bleachers for both the Yankees and the Giants while she suppresses her desire to announce a ball game over the Radio. Another off-shore radio enthusiast, Virginia Gardner, who appears in Empire Builders, Mystery House and Cuckoo, will keep on writing and trying to sell short stories. Other days she will accept invitations to fish in the daily routine life of Aleck Gibbons owns a yacht and enjoys to churn waves on the East River.

Floyd, the science and probation poll fast talker, incidentally, has kept pretty busy with his nightly broadcasts and cannot stray far from Mike. His speed boat, airplane flights and other convenient but thrilling pastimes will afford him momentary relief from his daily routine life.

Speed boats are popular this year in Radiodom. Having already marked up Charlie Correll and Gibbons as addicts, you may now add Harry Reser, Clouquet Eskimos leader, and James Melton good-looking but married top tenor of the Revelers, to the total. Jack Parker, much featured NBC tenor, another motor boat enthusiast, sneaks away for a day or two aboard his 40-foot craft which is a duplicate of that owned by Gene Austin, and sometime during the summer plans to stage a race with Gene. Gustav Haenschen, well-known NBC conductor, a member of the same fraternity of gasoline sailors and “gets away from it all” by hopping aboard his motorboat clipping. Frequently Gus works out a tough bit of broadcasting from his afloat station aboard his craft and far from the sweltering, maddening crowd. B. A. Rolle, the Lucky stick was his, he purchased a mo-

tor cruiser this summer, thereby doing his bit to make the Radio fleet considerable of an unlimited navy.

Speaking of boats and such reminds me of Martha Atwood, the Cape Cod gal who made good in Metropolitan Grand “opery” and then signed up with NBC. Martha, still retaining her opera habits, has cancelled all broadcasting engagements and is spending the summer on the Cape. Here she is getting acquainted again with “Dad” Atwood, an old salt who thought Martha was bound for perdition when his little girl first showed signs of singing for money on the stage.

Boats, fishing—so runs the train of thought. Fishing is Phillips Carlin’s dish. Mulberry Point on the Connecticut coast is his idea of the proper place to spend two weeks in an intensive hook and sinker campaign this summer. Alois Havrilla, announcer of the Kodak hours, is another Izaak Walton leaguer. Havrilla aims to commute from a resort near New York and spend his leisure moments with rod and reel, midiron and mashie, and swimming suit. The same recreations will claim Alwyn Bach, 1930 American Academy medalist announcer, whose rush of additional engagements makes it impossible for him to get farther away from the city than Long Island, his home.

ANGLING for bass also claims the spare time this summer of Ned Tellinger and John Wolf, the singing duo once known countrywide as the Mona Twins, and who now are attached to the West Coast division of NBC.

Wolf has been taking his vacation in what he terms “jumps.” One of the best jumps came when he and Tex Maxwell, NBC West Coast production manager, spent a week-end fishing in San Francisco Bay of the Marin County coast. They brought home the limit—approximately 60 pounds of bass.

The biggest of the finny prizes tipped the scales (no pun intended) at well over 50 pounds. And while we’re telling fish stories:

H. J. Maxwell, auditor of the Pacific Division, isn’t numbered among the artists, but as a fisherman he’s a real one, just the same.

“H. J.” came home, after a short vacation, with 16 elegant mountain trout. He made his catch in Huntington Lake in the High Sierras. At an elevation of 7,000 feet, H. J. was caught in a neat little summer snow-storm that held up the fishing program one day.

(Continued on page 88)
Godfrey Ludlow has appeared in many roles with his magic violin in NBC programs under various auspices. More recently you have heard him as the star of the Elgin programs late on Friday nights.

Phil Cook is not only two faced, but he can make you see a dozen faces while he assumes that many characters before the mike.

When Adele Vasa, along with others in the CBS party, called at the White House to see President Hoover she was cordially received by the gentleman who seems to have won her heart and hand in the picture.

My dear, whom do you suppose? None other than the great Rudy Vallee himself signing his name and perhaps saying a few sailorish things in the autograph album of the gob who stands beside. For Rudy too was once a gob, if you remember.

Helen Hughes and Her Boys, whom you have often heard from the St. Louis axis, are now thrilling the big Northwest from KSTP, St. Paul.
Remember that meteoric person who came to fame in The Desert Song? Here he is all dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse. It's John Boles whom you also hear NBC (N. Y.) over the national system.

It's hard to hold a pose like this while a photographer gets his camera ready, but we must see this young man as he looks while leading the orchestra—he's one of the youngest of the new generation of conductors, Mr. Len Joy of NBC.

May Singh Breen is known as the original ukulele lady, an especially popular entertainer in the East. She has a great collection of Chinaware pets.

Allen Burt and Faith Gibbon are seen here as you thought you saw them when they were broadcasting Trial by Jury, the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. It came from the NBC New York studios.

Some folks think children don't go so good on the air, but here are four that never fail. They are in The Toddy Party over the National net.
Tony Cabooc, the "One-Man-Radio-Show" (C. J. Gruber).

He's the man who sets Will Rogers to music. Freddy Rich, lightning conductor of CBS' dynamic music, also directs the large symphonic dance orchestra that ushers Will Rogers up to and away from the mike on Sunday nights.
"Whoo-eee! Firewagons'll git you, ef y'u don't watch out!" So stay on the curb and watch your step, says Uncle Bob Wilson, KYW, pioneer Radio uncle.

Vim, pep and dash are the notable characteristics of the Lucky Strike dance orchestra, heard three times a week over the continental net. And here is Mr. B. A. Rolfe, the director, as you would meet him on the street.

Presentation of the Prairie President at WLS. Cast from left: Dolly Day, William Vickland (Lincoln), Mrs. Ellen Vogler (guest), Louis Ramsdell, Raymond Warren (author) and Douglas Hope.

Young Man of the Evening doing his stuff. Otherwise Ray Perkins, as Old Topper.
The parents of Tom Wilson, however, had beaten him and taught him drink and thievery and used the proceeds of his thievery for more liquor. Homes were as cruel as the other prisons in those times.

"My old man never risked nothin' himself. He let me do it all," Tom told Mary. "He seen many a boy younger than me swing off the gallows at Tyburn for swipin' a wipe out of somebody's pocket. But he used to send me into the crowd to pick pockets because the crowd was big on hangin' days. One day I seen 'em string up two little boys and a girl, nine, ten, eleven years old. And I says to myself: 'My neck is my own and I'm goin' to take it out of the rope's reach! So I run off to sea! It's no redam and the cap'n is mighty free with the rope's end; but it ain't my neck that feels it.'"

They watched New York approach with dreary eyes. It was a miserable little clutter of huts to those citizens of London from under the shadow of St. Paul's. Hardly ten thousand people made up New York, and two thousand of these were slaves.

On the last night as the brig lay at anchor in the bay the children wept in each other's arms and vowed fidelity. Tom swore that he would follow the sea till it made him rich and then he would find Mary and buy her freedom. She was rising fourteen and he just gone sixteen and that was old enough for marrying, provided they had the funds to set them up in some business.

The next morning the captain kept Tom on the jump so fast that he could not pass a word with Mary, who stood with all her goods in a bundle and waited as one of the dumb, herd of bonded servants to be dumped ashore and sold.

When Mary was stood up on the auction block to be appraised by the purchasers Tom arrived at the back of the crowd just in time to see her knocked down to a tallow-chandler, a gruff fellow who thrust Tom away when he tried to speak to Mary.

"She's mine! I bought her. I want no young wasstras tampin' with my goods. Be off!"

Tom watched her as she followed her new master and saw him curse her when she tried to put the countless things she had to say in one fleet glance of her sad eyes across a shoulder far too slender for the burdens she must bear.

The sight filled Tom with a frenzy for sudden riches. Such sea-faring as he had begun held out only the promise of hard and uncertain years. So he took his sorrow to a public house and drowned it. There he met a covey of young sailors from the Flamborough man-of-war and they told him they were cruising after Spanish merchantmen laden with gold. Since war was on, the galleons were fair prey and every capture meant prize-money for every member of the crew.

This and the news that the ship was so short-handed that recruits were being shanghaied, seemed to Tom a message from...
So smothering was her life in that noisome, negro-smelling pit that Mary welcomed it as a festival when Hughson told her that they must go out into the Commons and gather firewood.

No one had ever known so fierce and long a winter as the winter of 1740. The snow was six feet deep in the streets, the cattle starved, and the wild deer came down so close that they could be captured like cattle where they floundered to their antlers in the drifts.

Because of the cold and in spite of it, the tavern fire must be kept on the roar or none of the miserable waifs from the tropics would have left their kitchens and shops for Hughson's brandy.

For the sake of the freedom and the purity of the open air, Mary would put on the old breeches of a former serving-man and his boots a world too big, and climb into Hughson's sleigh. She rejoiced as she plunged among the white depths of the blizzards, Battery and the windswept Commons, looking for chance bits of timber and branches from frozen trees. Her cheeks grew briefly rosy as she waded waist-deep laden with fagots, and her laughter smoked in the frosty air.

Who could ever have dreamed—what maddest nightmare could have foretold—that when the summer came she would have set the jailer's men to gathering wood in these same places to pile about the poor victims of her terror? And that flames would crackle about their shrivelling backs more sharply than any whip?

After the gathering of wood Mary must return reluctantly to the stews and the unclean parody of life that went on there. There were women enough about the place: Hughson's wife and their daughter, and a young widow, Margaret Serubiero, or Salinburg, who was called Peggy Kerry, "a fine young beauty from Newfoundland." They did not share Mary's horror of the blacks and there was a ghastly mixture at the tables and in the noisy dances—and elsewhere. Sometimes Mary had to fight her way out of the arms of one of these horrible creatures who pleaded for a dance but she had no sympathy from the other women, who mocked her as an upstart aristocrat.

The blacks were insolent here where they had white slaves to wait upon them and they had the privilege of giving orders instead of taking them—particularly the servants of the best families. But most insolent of all were the Spanish negroes brought by the Flamborough and other men of war. Most insolent of the insolents was the big
fellow called Caesar. He belonged to Vaarck, the baker, but he always found money somehow. It was he that paid for Peggy's board and keep.

The loathing of her servitude grew upon Mary till it was all but mania. Her only hope was in Tom Wilson and she had not seen him now for close on two years. She had poor choice of explanations; he had forgotten her or been drowned in the forgetfulness of the deep sea or killed perhaps in some street fight or in some dive like this where her own hopes and beauties festered.

ONE night when the uproar of the tavern threatened to call the constables down upon them, the lights and the music brought in a crowd of sailors from the Flamborough. Mary had heard that the warship was in port; but its name meant nothing to her, and she had suffered too much from the violent flattery of drunken sailors to welcome these. Some of them knocked down the slaves and danced off with their girls; others sprawled at the tables and bawled for rum.

Seeing one mass of curly hair bobbing over a pewter tankard, Mary regretted the youth of the sinner who was exchanging toasts with the

When Mary stood up on the auction block to be appraised by the purchasers she arrived at the back of the crowd just in time to see her knocked down to a tallow-chandler.

burly negro, Caesar.

As Mary whisked a wet cloth over the sloppy table where he lolled she was startled by a well-remembered accent muttering in an unfamiliar thickness of tongue:

"I sheen a pile of shilver money today big enough to buy all you damn slaves at once. It was at Hogg's—you know old Hogg?—keeps the shop on the corner."

Her heart almost leapt from her breast into his tankard as he lifted it to lips swollen with liquor. Her hands went out to clutch him and a faint cry escaped her; but no one heeded it in the clamor.

She fell back a step to consider what to do, and while she cudgelled her wits she listened to what he drivelled:

"Wull, I went into Hogg's to buy me some chequered linen—goin' to sew myself up a few shirts—y'un'erstan'? Y'un'erstan'? An' old Hogg's old wife waits on me. And I give her a Spanish nine-penny silver piece. And she goes for the scales to weigh it—y'un'erstan'—and she opens a drawer—and wh' d'you s'pose? It was spillin' over with Spanish pieces of eight—fair spillin' over y'un'erstan'?!"

Caesar's eyes rolled and he guffawed:

"Wha', right dat ol' ooman got to all dat goo' money?"

The distracted Mary noted that John Hughson drew near and listened keenly to the boy's chatter:
"And ain't all I shaw. 'At old woman had a pile of gold and silver medals in there—and snuff boxes. Gawd! She had enough to sneeze a warship to pieces—and—why, she must be loaded like a Spanish ship!"

Hughson tapped Caesar on the shoulder and they went into another room, leaving Tom drooling over his ale. Mary sank down in Caesar's place and when Tom turned to go on with his story his eyes fell on her. They were all clouded, but they cleared slowly and he cried:

"Mary!"

Then he fell over into her bosom and they embraced and kissed and wept. And no one paid them any heed, thinking them simply maudlin with drink.

They were so embowered in the Paradise of each other's arms that they forgot where they were. Tom sobbed out his futile search for her and Mary mourned his absence and told him her petty chronicles, omitting, of course, allusion to the baby that was not his. And then they opened their eyes to the world. He saw her neighbors and the mop-rag in her hand and the barmaid's cap on her head. And he groaned:

"You're here! You're one of 'em! It's all my fault; but I'm too late. I come back to find my sweetheart a——"

She clapped her hand over his mouth to stop the awful word and shrieked into his ringing ears that she was not what he thought, that only force kept her here and she would kill herself if he did not believe her.

And he believed her and wrestled with his besotted brain to wring out clear thoughts. He wept again for the prize-money he had gambled away for lack of hope of seeing her again. And they agreed that he must go back to sea and come home with gold enough to buy her inden
ture from Hughson; or if he could not raise so much they would run off together into New England or Virginia and begin a white life in the wilderness. It meant a ghastly wait, but people were used to prolonged anguish in those slow days.

With this promise Tom kissed her goodbye and reeled out of the tavern. She went into the cold dark for another farewell, and the blown snowflakes were like kisses of regret on their young cheeks.

So wrong it seemed of life to part them again that a fierce temptation assailed Tom's soul. He mumbled:

"If I had the money I saw

at old Mrs. Hogg's I could buy you free tonight. It wouldn't be hard for me to climb in there. My father taught me how. I've gone straight a long while now, but it don't seem straight to leave you here when I could——"

Mary had all but swooned in his arms at the thought of crime in him. When she had made him promise to abstain his clever hands from theft he suddenly resolved to go back and threaten Hughson with death if he mistreated Mary. He wanted to slaughter all the blacks who surrounded her with horror. But her frantic pleas persuaded him to go his way, and he staggered off into the gloom of the alley, weeping. Her tears had frozen on her lashes before she could bear to turn back into the hot stench.

In that last vain stare to find him in the fleecy night, and in his promise to come back and perfect their love, all the evils that followed had their beginning.

For the moment, though, there was a spring promise of hope in her tears.

A NEW Mary went back to her taproom prison and played the menial to the menials with a soul that was almost blithe.

Late that night when the last sailor had lurched through the snow and dived into the maelstrom of storms, and the last fish had gone shuddering back to his master, Caesar was still stretched along one of the tables, wallowing in liquor and slumber, till Hughson nudged him and growled:

"You forget your promise, don't you?"

"No sah, I don't!"

He shook off sleep as a wet dog shakes off water and dashed

from the inn.

Seeing Mary agape,

Hughson snapped:

"Up to bed, for you!"

This was the command Mary least resented as a rule, but tonight suspicion and hope both kept her awake. About 1 o'clock she heard a noise outside and stealing barefoot to her tiny window saw below three negroes to whom Caesar had given the tavern. The moon was clear enough for her to recognize Caesar and the man Prince whom Mr. Aubreyneau owned, and Cuffee, who belonged to Mr. Philipse.

The next morning early when Mary went down to clear up the mess of the night's debauch, she found Caesar displaying a vast amount of goods, linens, medals, silver, snuff-boxes, coined silver pieces. The street doors were not open and the blinds still

Tom watched her as she followed her new master and saw him curse her...
 drawn, but the Hughsons and Peggy were in high spirits.

Caesar was always free with his riches and as Peggy was gloating over a bolt of chequered linen he said to her:

"Per, amn off enough of dat to make a spern for little Ma'y."

Peggy tore away a strip and passed it over cheerfully enough, but Mary threw it on the floor, saying:

"I want it, Lord knows, but not from those that don't own it."

Peggy's thwarted generosity turned at once to rage and she was for clapping Mary's face, but Caesar laughed and held her arm, picked up one of the heaped and gleaming silver pieces, held it up before Mary wheedlingly and pleaded:

"Never you mind, Peg—she kind of peevish like. You know why. You look after her when de good time comes, and I gib you dis."

The proffer was munificent, but Mary suspected everybody on earth and resented even a kindness. She shook her head, muttering:

"All I want is victuals, drink and clothes, I might take care of white peoples' babies, but not of a half-black brat."

EVEN Caesar's long white smile died before this, and he gave her a look that went through her like a razor, as he growled:

"Some folks uses they mouths a little too free round brah. They better keep 'em shut mighty tight outside."

This threw Mary into such a spasm of anxiety that she recanted her insolence. She promised to keep the secret and to take care of Peggy, and accepted the silver money. She felt that she must at all cost keep the peace until her lover came in from the seas. Above all she must keep her tongue from getting her murdered.

Almost destroyed with fear she watched the cunning hiding of the stolen wealth. But she could not share the revelry that shook the tavern at night as the slaves gathered to the smell of loot and the liquor that flowed in consequence. The ethereal fumes of alcohol for the defeated, the defeated, the defective, must be its magic power of lifting them for a while to the mountain tops of pride and triumph and power. And so this squaid inn became to its besotted denizens a throne room palaced with no foreigners. For a few pense, stolen or begged, the slaves themselves became princes or at least conspirators for empire.

They made their lot somehow endurable to play drunken burlesques of royalty. The men whom pirates of human flesh had stolen and sold became pirates for awhile.

They meant nothing much by it. They had no real intention of trying to carry out their dreams. They were crippled mentally and shackled in spirit, but they were not insane. They had played as mummers strut and rant and cry havoc and distribute principalities and diadems, knowing all the while that when the curtain falls they must restore their ermines and their swords to the wardrobe and become once more Will and Kit and Ben as they go back to their sorry lodgings.

If Mary Burton had been Peg she could have laughed at the big talk of the slaves and taken part in their pitiful pre-
Crockett Mountaineers

By Bernard Sobel

The mountains have come to the city and nature has reversed itself. This surprising statement is due to the fact that the Crockett family, consisting of a father and five sons, are now regularly installed on the Columbia Broadcasting System every evening, with the exception of Sunday, at 7 P.M.

How this naïve group ever came to the great city to make this arrangement will always be a mystery. They are so quiet, so timid, so unworly that their venturing into New York seems an anachronism. Just consider. Real live recruits they are from the mountains around Sharpsburg, Kentucky. Real descendants of Davy Crockett. Reared in such a backwoods community, they have cooked their own meals, helped to make their own lumberjack shirts and even made their own fiddles.

"Dad" Crockett, the father, was a singer and taught singing at the little mountain gatherings. All of them are long, thin, and angular; all of them speak in a timid, insecure way; all of them have brown rugged skins but give the impression of fragility; all of them resemble somehow young deer out on a lark in strange quarters, who realize that any moment danger may overtake them. In this case, danger to them means automatic telephones, whirring street cars, slick subways that produce unexpected nausea and headaches, asphalt pavements, and the traffic speed of New York.

Yet they seldom betray their unfamiliarity with city manners, at the same time they are always on the alert against a breach of etiquette by others. In short, they are living examples of the type known as nature's gentlemen, and illustrate the extraordinary latent force in every human being for self-development and cultural expansion.

"Do you care for some pie à la mode?" asked a new acquaintance, intending to spoof these mountain boys by inviting them to eat something they had never heard of before. Daddy Crockett looked at his five sons and they looked at him, but aside from the quick movement of their eyes, none of them indicated surprise. They were confronted with a social situation, which they met with reserve. The sons remained silent, deferring to their father, and he, bulwark of strength that he is, responded:

"I think it would be very nice." They are tolerant towards the city's night life, but they dislike the bustle and bustle that engulfs them here.

"It is not that the hours here are too late," said Daddy Crockett. "We used to play square dances until two or three o'clock in the morning, and sometimes all night. The folks would bring their kids and leave them in one room. Sometimes we would have to sing and play our loudest to drown out their crying. I enjoyed playing at the church most of all because it was quiet."

"pie supperS are great fun," said Johnny, Jr., composer of the group. "Everybody from all around goes to them. Each girl and woman brings a pie of one kind or another wrapped in a box with her name inside. One man auctions off each box (Continued on page 56)"
THE EARLY night was already brooding over the wilderness when Savoy entered the living room and found Gateway standing at the fireplace, staring down into the blaze.

"I'd not want it said, you know, that I'd actually suppressed any evidence," he remarked to Gateway. "There is, however, a certain thing which I believe I alone have had the opportunity of examining. A guest Book which Mainwaring Parks kept on a table near the front door. It appears that all guests honored him by signing it, each with some brief fancy of his own.

"What's the book got to do with all our problems?" he asked.

"In a way, of course, nothing at all. That is to say, Dicks wasn't hammered over the head with it, Parks wasn't stabbed with it.

He rose and went back into the room, and barely made himself comfortable, went out, returning almost immediately with the thick and somewhat untidy volume.

GATEWAY bestowed a long look brimming with suspicion on him, then snatched the book, his keen glance fairly diving into it as he flipped over the pages to come to the most recent entries. First of all he read what Savoy had written there: "Paul Savoy. Drudge of a millionaire during office hours. Between whiles, Seeker after the Truth." Savoy knew he was reading from the snort which followed.

"You'll note," said Savoy mildly and indifferently, "that the book belonged originally to Thralf Willcyzinski. Parks had the whim to keep it and to continue inviting guests to set down their names with the first thing to pop into their heads. The aforesaid Thralf Willcyzinski leads off with his name.

"What the devil have we to do with Thralf What's-his-name?" snapped Gateway.

"You must understand," said Savoy calmly, "that he is the man whom Temple and the others chased through the snow last night from one house to another."

Here the conversation ended; or, to be exact, it died on the smothered exclamation from Gateway which was set like a contemptuous full stop to Savoy's folly.

The gathering for dinner was a cheerless affair of little dining and few words. After the meal Savoy went roaming about the house.

But he went to sleep that night only to be suddenly awakened in the dreary dawn of another day by the sound of Laufer-Hirth's voice in the hallway. Savoy leaped out of bed and his door open when Laufer-Hirth came lumbering down the hall.

"IT'S GONE—sometime during the night. And—and I can't find it."

"Go slow, Amos," commanded Savoy and clapped him upon the shoulder. "What's gone—the Opal?"

"Oh, God, of course I'd forgotten. Laufer-Hirth dismally. "I am just beginning to think—"

"Beginning to stop thinking, if you don't look sharp! Come along, I'll sit down with a cup of coffee; you're blue with cold. And tell me intelligently what's happened."

Laufer-Hirth fairly puffed out the story with his labored breath. He had hidden the Opal between the mattress and box spring of his bed. Five minutes ago he looked for it and discovered it was missing. And when he woke up Will Little and told him someone had stolen the jewel during the night he nearly had a fit, and was now on the bed shaking like an aspen leaf.

"And now the Opal's gone," mused Savoy.

"Damn the Opal!" swore the other fervently. "I lied to Will Little; I made him think I had discarded it. There's a curse—"

While Savoy dressed, others were wakened and informed of what had occurred.

Little's nerves were completely beyond his control. They commandeered Andregg's hypodermic needle, gave it a prompt rough-and-ready sterilization and shot home the one thing which it appeared might quiet him. And when he was scheduled to be in the den, later was fed hot milk and whisky.

"YOURE dead! You've been dead forty years!" he screamed out a hundred times, drawn back against the head of his bed, his eyes glassy with fear. "You're the Man!"

"You're Nonius, dead Senator Nonius, dead since Pompeii was buried. You—you you—"

Then he turned to whomever stood near him at the time.

"Give him the Opal! For God's sake, give him the Opal. He has come for it; he will never go without it. He will take me—all of us.Already he has taken Parks and Dicks and Nemo—"

They were a haggard-eyed lot by nightfall. Sleep was a shy thing, swift of wing in departure; the hours grew into long unbearable eternities. It had been decided that day and night someone would stand watch against the possible detection of that agency which had brought two men out of the nowhere into Mr. Nemo's room.

It was along toward dawn when Temple came tiptoeing in to Gateway, a queer, almost frightened look in his eyes. He beckoned the other to the door and drew him on out into the hall.

"What's up?" demanded Gateway sharply. "Someone else—"

"I don't quite know," whispered the captain. "It's in Nemo's room. The bed's got an occupant again."

The lamp which Gateway carried revealed a man on the bed, deathly white, emaciated and still. There was a bandage about his breast and on the cloth was a great stain of dried blood. As they stared down at him a white, lax hand stirred ever so slightly.

"GOOD God!" choked Temple, falling back from the bed and looking like a man who had seen a ghost. "It's Mainwaring Parks—and he's alive. This damn house is haunted."

Once again the entire household was aroused, with the exception of Will Little, Tom Blount and the servants, and assembled around the bed of mystery.

"No," said Temple. "It's impossible."

"Of course he's dying," contended Gateway from the moment he knew who the man was.

"There's a queer go," was McIntosh's addition to the general flood of remarks. "Some guy tried to murder these two and abducts the strange bird, Nemo. Then starts in doctoring his victims, and one by one brings 'em back!"

"If Parks dies, and he will," insisted Gateway. "I hang Andregg. If by any chance Parks should live, well then, I send Andregg to the pen for robbery and attempted murder."

"Murder was attempted without a shadow of a doubt," Savoy conceded him. "But the murderer—we'll call him that, since he carried murder in his heart—failed in the beginning."

Mr. Nemo, who had been listening gravely and silently, turned his brilliant eyes on Paul Savoy.
And they found under a pile of rags the great Opal of Nenius... also a thick pad of bank notes in yellow manilla paper.

sinewy arms closed with the tenacity of a swordsman about his captive.

Holding this initial advantage, he quickly sensed that he had taken on himself a task vastly beyond his powers. A strength ten times the strength of his threatened to whip his clinging arms loose, to hurl him apart, as of feather weight and like insignificance.

Andregg glared at him, then left the room abruptly.

At the end of a day of waiting Parks had not spoken. When he opened his lips it was to whisper, “Water.” He lay very still with closed eyes, breathing heavily.

And before Mainwaring Parks spoke—for in the end he did speak—it was Captain Temple who made a great stride toward the conclusion of the whole nerve-wracking affair. All too easily had Nembo been removed from his room, with far too great a readiness had the bodies of both Dicks and Parks been returned here. There must be some means of entrance hidden and Dicks was impatient to know its secret. Hence at every second of day and night either Temple’s own eyes or his eyes by proxy, being those of Tom Blount, were watchful here.

It was on the night after Parks’ return, at a late hour verging on a new day. The room was dark and icy cold, yet Captain Temple sat in a chair in a corner, wrapped in blankets and wide awake. He could see nothing, but he made his ears stand as sentinels. Blount, within call, slept in a room just across the hall.

And here at length came a new sound. Temple stiffened; on the instant, guarding against noise himself, he laid his blankets aside. The sound came again, a vague thin whisper of a noise and he stood up on his stockings.

He could make out only that there appeared to be some sort of movement across the room from where he stood, somewhere near the window. Sash being raised stealthily? That was possible; if so, a man was meaning to creep in from the outside. Temple held himself rigid, waiting, listening.

In long silence, a silence so long that he began to ask himself if what he had thought to have heard was but a fancy projected by his own nervous tension. If there was another man than himself in the room, that other man was possessed of a patience that seemed more than human.

And in the end, after an interminable weary waiting, a floor board creaked. Still he waited. Waited in silence again. But it was an altered silence for him in that it had lost its most oppressive quality of uncertainty. He knew at last that someone was with him in the room. Known.

Again he heard a sound. And this time from somewhere considerably closer at hand; in silence had that other man traversed several feet of the room; the sound now was of a chair brushed against softly by the one who moved.

And now no longer did Temple wait. He struck as accurately as he could have done with his flying body flinging that other body backward while Temple’s steel grappling hooks...
"It is Thraff Wilczyzinski?" Parks asked thinly.

"Yes!" Paul Savoy answered, sure of his answer and emphatic.

"Thank God," murmured Parks, and relaxed with a long sigh.

It was a full week later. The inmates of the old House of the Opal were at last prepared for an almost immediate departure. McIntosh, taking advantage of a lull in the storm, had made his way out to Truckee on snowshoes, and had brought back a party of men and a dog team.

Meanwhile Mainwaring Parks, his wound, at least superficially, healed over, and though he complained at times of a stabbing pain through his body, appeared to have passed all danger. Detective Dicks swore himself as good as new now. Andregg, a silent man whose eyes grew wicked with malice when they rested on Gateway and were like a dog's for strange friendly humility when they looked at Savoy, was free to go as he listed.

"When a maniac is at the bottom of things," growled Gateway, "and a fellow hasn't even a clue to make him suspect said maniac's presence, or existence, for that matter, how is one to get straight to the bottom of a murder mystery case without a mistake or so along the road? We all make mistakes, you know," and never higher did a jeer stand in a man's eyes than in his, gone straightway to Savoy.

"Yes," said Savoy with a sigh, "we all make mistakes, Gateway. It would seem that both you and I have blundered greatly. The confession which you secured wasn't worth the paper wasted on it, and you have very considerably thrown it into the fire. But such is likely to be the way of confessions extorted through the third degree—only in so many cases the victim isn't so fortunate as Andregg has been."

"That's all right," snapped Gateway, reddening. "Just the same I made but the one error, and the Lord knows everything pointed the way I jumped. Andregg's a likely bird—and I'll get him for something or other yet, one of these days. As for you and your damn fool theories—" He waved his hands disgustedly.

"To err is human, you know," said Savoy, and sighed again.

"I did have such a pretty theory, too."

"All wrapped up in violet-blue, ah, pretty!"

They were in the living room where the others were gathering, ready for departure. Thraff Wilczyzinski, securely bound, raved in the room into which they had locked him against conveying him to the insane asylum.

The incredible Thraff Wilczyzinski was the puzzle which stuck like a Burr in all minds. Never could they entirely explain him. To have remained hidden all these years, alone like a wild beast—what mania, in his burning brain? They had found entrance to his lair: in Mr. Nemo's room. The window frame itself moved; it had been shoved forward, straight into the room, pivoting on iron strips. As the window frame advanced, there was revealed a narrow passageway in the thick log wall which led down a steep incline and into the basement itself. There they found a small room, in the center of the tiers of furnace and fireplace wood which was piled from floor to ceiling. There were amazing quantities of wood, as Laufer-Hirth had noted when he drove the two Filipino boys down there for fresh fuel. This little box of a place, foul and filthy, gave every evidence of having been the madman's headquarters throughout the long years. They found the bones of the things he had eaten—

And they found yet other things. Under a pile of rags, the Great Opal of Nonus. In a dingy corner a thick pad of bank notes in yellow manilla paper. Parks' million dollars. But the Flower of Heaven they did not find.

Parks, as he recovered strength, had but little to tell. That little, however, was significant.

"I was walking with Dicks through the bathroom door, as he has already told you. All of a sudden I saw the maniac standing at his back; and for one instant I was struck motionless and speechless. The blow fell and I called out. The poor devil leaped at me, and as he came I saw a knife whipped out from his tatters. He struck—and that is about all I know."
"It was he you had in mind," prompted Savoy when Parks paused. "I mean, when you said at table that you feared there was in the house a dangerous man who would balk at nothing."

"I am afraid that I should have said more, less," he confessed. "For, you see, I had no certain knowledge; it was but a fear, a wild and almost unreasonable fear. I felt it to be, too."

He reached out for the Guest Book which lay open on the table at hand and opened it at the beginning.

"Mr. Savoy knows," he resumed and a slight smile touched Savoy's lips. "The handwriting of the insane—\( \text{\textquotedbl} \text{So Mr. Savoy clings to theorizing still?\textquotedbl} \) grunted Gateway.

"Here is Thraff Wilcyzinski's name. With it the few words, 'Here shall be my kingdom.' I was quite familiar with that."

"I alone am the loser," he said quietly. "To Mr. Parks has been restored the Great Opal; I understand that in purchasing this ill-starred place he acquired possession of all things in it. His bank notes, too, have found their way back to their rightful owner. But the Flower of Heaven! Ah, gentlemen—\( \text{D\textsc{icks} had spoken little. Now he said sternly:} \)

"In the presence of us all, Mr. Nemo, you said that you had not brought it with you. No one has seen it, mind you."

Paul Savoy spoke up quickly:

"I wonder if any would be at all interested in understanding how I was led to follow my theories?"

Gateway laughed and nudged his confere.

"You've missed a lot, Dicks. There's a man here who can tell you lots of things about the little workshop of the mind, the dark room where the brain hangs its pictures—"

"Mr. Savoy isn't a fool, if that's what you mean. Gateway," said Dicks soberly. "And if he was led astray, it's no more than you were, I, for one, would like to follow him."

"Thanks," said Savoy and needed no further encouragement. "In the beginning, knowing nothing of any Thraff Wilcyzinski, I was forced to consider that one of ourselves had been tempted to murder. Which one? And what had he done with the bodies? Having, as I say, no knowledge of any Thraff Wilcyzinski—Lord, what a name," he groaned. "What do you say if from now on whenever it becomes necessary to refer to the murderer—for we are all agreed that in the beginning he was a murderer at heart—I call him Mr. X and be done with it?"

"Go ahead," said Dicks.

\( \text{T\textsc{here} were,} \) droned on Savoy, "at the very outset certain most intriguing facts. Some article snatched up by Andregg; an Opal appearing out of the nowhere. I mention but two of those many intriguing facts, striving for simplicity. Before I have done at least I'll hope to indicate how easily a man may err."

"Now the explosion downstairs was prearranged so nicely by Mr. X. A pinch of sand, of course, explained everything; that and some few chips of shattered glass. A clock has often been instrumental in detonating a charge of explosive; why not the principle of the hour glass, leaving no springs and wheels lying about?"

"By Jove!" said Dicks, and Gateway grunted.

"So much for my pinch of sand," sighed Savoy. "To advance; one always knows that in every day's activities there (Continued on page 94)
Muriel Pollock

SOMEONE once said that the way to do anything is to do it and do it steadily and often. Proof of the worth of this advice is the pianistic ability of Muriel Pollock, who is spotted in many of the big productions of NBC. When she was 14 years old she got a job playing a piano in a motion picture theater. She played on an average of nine hours a day for the next eight years. After this period of practice she studied for years in the Institute of Musical Art in New York City. You should see Muriel Pollock as she sits at her piano in an NBC studio. She has an elfin face, curly hair, and a whimsical grin. A moment before she is to play she leans forward over the keys, poises her hands and watches the announcer intently. His last word is hardly out of his mouth before she is into her selection.

Her whole body is in motion when she plays. Her fingers move with incredible speed and her body sways and her head nods as she moves through an intricate composition. Then, the selection ended, she slumps into a moment of relaxation.

Her background is unusual, even for Radio with its many stars of extraordinary careers. She was born in Kingsbridge, New York. When she was 6 years old she started her study of the piano. Then came the long period of experience in the motion picture theater. Her big chance came in the Zeigfeld production of "Rio Rita" when she and Constance Merwin introduced a two piano score. "Rio Rita" was followed by an engagement in "Upsa Daisy" and then she was featured in her own musical show "Pleasure Bound."

If she wanted to be, Miss Pollock could rank among the best classical pianists in the country. In fact, her ambitions were in that direction. She scorned, even hated, jazz. Then she decided to find out what made jazz and she studied it. The result was that she became convinced that it offered as great a future and as great opportunities as the classics to the ambitious musician.

Miss Pollock is better known to the Radio audience as a pianist. Yet in the amusement world she is regarded as one of its cleverest composers. Her specialty is compositions for two pianos and many of her own compositions are heard in the programs of the Lady Bugs—Miss Pollock and her partner, Mrs. Lawhurst. Many of the two piano orchestrations used in other NBC programs are written by her.

Her hobby is her work. She has little time for anything else. She enjoys getting trick effects with a piano. Two of her favorites are musical pictures of a fat man falling down stairs and a small boy eating an ice cream cone. When she has time to spare she either rides a horse or goes to Coney Island. She reads detective stories before she goes to sleep every night.

She isn't married, but like men. Friends say she gets an average of ten proposals a week from Radio listeners who have never seen her but have fallen in love with the personality expressed in her piano rhythms.

Raymond Knight

"EXPLAIN Station KU-KU," I asked Raymond Knight of the NBC's production staff. "It's an expression of my personality," said Knight with a grin. Perhaps Knight was right, for only a person able to see fun and laughter in everything and with a keen appreciation of the nifties of burlesque could create a program such as Station KU-KU.

Knight is the funny man of the networks. He does have his serious moments, but doesn't take them very seriously. His career in Radio is a career started less than three years ago . . . is marked by unusual and usually laughable Radio productions that he has written and produced. "The Gold Spot Pals," a "kid gang" production, was one of his first shows. It was so successful that the leather company that sponsored it had to end the series because orders for the product exceeded production.

Then there was Embarrassing Moments in History, The Triadrams, Hello Mars, Station KU-KU, The Hysterical Sportcasts of program, and others. He directs and produces Empire Builders and Real Folks and made Radio history more than a year ago when he produced a program called "The Nightingale and the Rose."

Knight looks like a comedian. He is tall and, according to his friends, reminds one of a penguin. He has huge eyes, one grey and one blue, made bigger by glasses, an amased stare that he uses effectively, and a small red mustache.

His greatest problem in life is the annual football clash between Harvard and Yale. He can't decide which to cheer because he went to both universities. He solved the problem last year by praying for Yale in the first half and waving a crimson banner during the last half.

Knight was born in Salem, Mass. He took a law degree at the University of Boston and then wrote to Harvard to study drama under Professor George Pierce Baker in the famous "47 Workshop." When Professor Baker went to Yale, Knight followed him. In 1927 Knight won the Drama League's prize for the best one-act play of the year.
with the rest of the mass of humans who had come to watch Show Boat being broadcast. Harry Brown, the six-feet-two director, held up signs above his head and instructed the unpaid crowd when to hiss, boo, laugh, and clap. Nine o'clock came. We were on the air.

As the old-time mellerdrummer unfolded before me with the tiny Miss Thayer in its midst, I wondered about all the work and activities she has packed into her small life. Under her red-gold hair repose the theories and instructions of the late Jean de Reszke, with whom she studied for four years in Paris. This slip of a woman has sung in London and received the sponsorship of Oscar Hammerstein for whom she sang for three years. She has applied the make-up and put on costumes for such operatic roles as Romeo and Juliet (she must be charming). Lucia, La Traviata, La Bohème, and countless others. She has had ample time to amass a repertoire of operatic and dramatic roles, for she made her stage bow when two years old.

Such a little mite! And to have been to so many places and seen so many things! What a storehouse of memories she would have! I watched her through the exciting episodes of the hair-raising incidents of the Show Boat play and anticipated what a morsel she would be for a good Radiograph.

The thrilling drummer was over. Forcing my way against the flow of the crowd, I tried to reach Miss Thayer quickly for that promised interview about "what I eat for breakfast," "I never read modern novels," and all that sort of thing. At last, breathless, I was beside her.

"O, my dear, I'm sorry... I forgot, but I've got to catch a train. Urgent, forgive me."

And out she went, leaving me to the wind and thunder machines, the gradually breaking up crowd that sifted through the reception room, trickled down the elevator shafts, and so out into the street.

**Phil Cook**

"SEEING is believing," but will you believe your eyes or your ears? Because when I look at Phil Cook, sitting before the microphone in Studio G at NBC broadcasting on the Quaker Crackles program, I see one—only one—handsome blond man. Yet I am hearing four different persons. I am hearing the nasal high-pitched, squeaking of "Crackles," the Quaker Doll, I am hearing the two distinct negro drawls of Flash and Magnolia, the owners of The Little White Hen Restaurant, and to mention it last, but not least. I am hearing the somewhat husky, but entirely likeable voice of Phil Cook himself. And those four different voices are not all I might be hearing. For Phil can be, when he likes—vocally, that is—a Jew, a German, an Italian, a Frenchman or an Irishman, and can switch back and forth from one dialect to another without the customary interruption of another voice.

As I sit there in the studio watching him I think what a lucky (Continued on page 94)

**Edith Thayer**

CONFUSION! Columbia Broadcasting reception room seethed with chattering humans. Property boys edged the thunder machine (a great piece of sheet iron) through the milling mob. The intention of every person in that great room seemed to be to get into one corner at the same moment. Even I pressed near only to hear—

"My dear! I'm so glad you're back."

"Are you quite recovered?"

"Well, if it isn't Toots!"

"We've missed you."

There was evidence of hurried embraces as I saw upflung arms amid the pressing crowd. I couldn't see who was in its center, but by that very fact knew it must be she. Who? Why, Edith Thayer, the four-feet-eleven-inch soubrette, Jane McGrew, of Show Boat, who has been absent for seven weeks because of an automobile accident.

I finally shoved through the embracing mob to see a tiny little creature in a beige-pink hat and dress. She met me, four or five other persons, too, at all the same moment and continued to receive embraces and greetings—and all this without being flustered. We disengaged ourselves from arms and by treading on a few feet found a davenport. I sighed with relief. Now for a real talk.

REAL talk! Funny old joke. What we had were a few staccato questions and equally staccato answers. Yes, born in Massachusetts. Yes, went to a dramatic school, studied abroad. "But, O my dear, I forgot. I have to rehearse my song, and it's just ten minutes before we go on the air. I'll see you after the show."

I dangled my hopes, a withered mass, behind me as I sought a seat in the large studio.
IT'S EVERY WOMAN'S

Fact That Dame Nature Is Not
No Cause for Despair; Beauty Up and Faithfully

By Eve M.

AGAIN we follow Miss Conradt-Eberlin of the Columbia Broadcasting System in her search for the secret of the truly artistic home. This month she finds that the home-maker herself is the essential factor in a charming home and discovers some ways in which she can attain much coveted beauty.—B. M.

most women don’t want that. They want formulas for removing blemishes, adding or losing weight, becoming beautiful overnight. Well, that just can’t be done. If there are any magic formulas I don’t know them—and I never heard of anyone who did. Patience, perseverance and faith in what you are doing are the primary factors in any beauty treatment, or in anything in life, for that matter.

SINCE hearing that, I’ve done a great deal of thinking and I’ve consulted my mirror, too. I was horrified to discover the beginning of drooping lines from the corner of my mouth. For the last few hours I’ve gone about with happy thoughts that keep my mouth curled up in a smile. From now on, I’m going to consider moods and temper luxuries I can’t afford to indulge in.

It is going to take a great many words to give you the directions for carrying out the daily “mechanics” of beauty but the work itself is really very simple. It can be fascinating, too, if you keep the various creams, lotions, powder, etc., in pretty containers on a dainty toilette table in a room decorated to conform to your own conception of a beautiful setting for yourself. Of course, I don’t mean to conform to your idea of what you would have if you were a millionaire. That sort of thing is such a waste of time and so very depressing. But tak-
RIGHT TO BE LOVELY

Equally Kind to All Her Children
Found By Keeping Sunny Side
Observing Formulas

Conradt-Eberlin

ing into consideration your pocket-book, each of you can dress up your private room so that it really expresses your own personality.

Going to an office every day or keeping house, doesn't give us much time to sit day-dreaming before a mirror in the morning. Therefore, the real beauty treatment should be taken in the evening, before going to bed—but every evening, rain or shine, tired or peppy, late or early. First get into pyjamas or nightgown and then sit down for five minutes to relax. Think of something pleasant—or nothing at all, just drifting into space.

WHEN your nerves are quiet, begin by cleansing your face and neck thoroughly, with pure soap and lukewarm water, cold cream, or almond oil heated in a tin cup and applied with absorbent cotton. This latter is exceptionally good. Remove every trace of dirt and grease with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue, and then repeat the entire performance. Next, says Miss Lewis, massage the skin with a good tissue cream or skin food. To massage, gently press the muscles around the mouth, under the chin and around the eyes, using an upward and rotating motion with the finger-tips. The eyes should receive special attention, the massage starting at the nose and being carried under the eyes, up over the corners and back to the nose again. Wipe off all the cream and then pat your entire neck and face with a turkish face cloth filled with crushed ice, dipping the little ice bag in witch hazel as you go along.

That sounds like a lot, but if you have everything handy the whole performance takes about ten minutes. When you're finished, if you have time, massage your hands with a little of the cream, also, rubbing always from the finger-tips up to the wrist. If the nails are broken or uneven, smooth them with an emery board: remove any hangnails or dry cuticle, brush your nails in warm soapy water, clean carefully and add polish if necessary. Once a week you will need a thorough manicure and I'll be glad to send you directions just as I received them from Miss Lewis if you will write to me.

In the morning when you get up take a special small, dry brush, with round bristles (to protect the surface of the skin) and brush the face, working from the neck up to stimulate circulation and remove dry, dead skin. Then dash cold water into your face and finish off with a mild lotion, patting it onto the skin with bits of absorbent cotton. Time, 5 minutes, and you are ready for make-up, if you use it.

"NEVER," says Miss Lewis, "use make-up unless you are willing to take the time to apply it carefully. Badly applied make-up makes us look worse than if we went out with shiny, red faces. To obtain the right shade of powder test it on the back of your hand and select a color a shade darker than the flesh. If necessary, have several shades mixed

(Continued on page 87)
DURING the past few months several readers of RADIO DIGEST have been following my articles have shot some questions at me, the answers to which are of such general interest that I am going to pass them on to you this month.

Believe me, when this little game of "ask me another non-technical question about Radio" started it had me stumped. I didn't know the answers to half the queries. In fact I don't really know when or how it started. It just happened, I guess. But it intrigued me and I wanted to know the answers myself so I started out to do a bit of sleuthing on my own hook.

One of the first questions was, "Just how does an SOS function in taking a Radio broadcast off the air?" Now this particular question naturally came from a Radio listener located on the seaboard or within two or three hundred miles of the ocean. An SOS does not effect the inland stations.

The supreme authority of all wireless communication in this country is vested in the Navy Department. The seaboard is divided into districts, each district in charge of an officer known as the district communication supervisor. An operator is always on duty in every district listening in on the six hundred meter band, the wave length on which all ship communication is handled. Should he pick up an SOS he immediately sends out a wireless command for all communication to cease. This command for quietness on the air includes the broadcasting stations in the district or any broadcasting station which may happen to hear the command.

NOW let us look in at the transmission stations of the broadcasting stations. These usually are located at the base of the masts which frequently are to be found several miles from the studio proper. As in the case of the navy department's district office a wireless operator...

William McNeary, "Man in the Moon" first bedtime story teller, who created an instantaneous hit with the little WJZ listeners in 1922.

Just one month after the first Radio Digest this scene was photographed at Medford Hillside station of American Radio and Research corporation. Left to right: Mr. Kingsley, Edith Gates, mezzo soprano; Frank J. Kidder, bass; Anna Eichorn, violin; Dorothy Parker, piano.
OF BROADCASTING

"Ask Me Another" Questions—the Orchestra Program, First First Studio of the Air

Hobart

is on duty here. This man is on the job during the hours of broadcasting. He, too, is on the alert to catch an SOS. The instant he hears the command of the navy department for quietness on the air he throws a switch which cuts off the studio program. Then he cuts in a microphone nearby and announces, "Owing to an SOS this station is forced to discontinue broadcasting." If the program is local he telephones the studio that it has been taken off the air and the microphone performers stand by. If the program is going out over a chain network the work at the microphone continues, as only those stations along the seaboard are taken off the air.

It sometimes happens that the operator on duty in the transmission room of the broadcasting station picks up an SOS. It is his duty to cut out his station and telephone the office of the district communication supervisor of the SOS. In other words, this cry for help on the high seas, no matter who hears it, must be reported at once in order that the air may be cleared.

I am indebted to O. B. Hanson, technical engineer for NBC, for helping me answer the above question.

IN DELVING around to get the answer to this SOS query I discovered some other rather interesting facts, among them being this: The first report of an accident at sea by wireless took place on March 3rd, 1899, when the "R. F. Mathews" collided with the East Goodwin Lightship. In those days there was no code signal as a call for help. Not until August 4th, 1903, when the first International Conference...
on Wireless Telegraphy was held in Berlin was the first international conference of that kind. The conference was held in April, 1912, and the time was CQD. In 1912 the international code was revised and because the CQD was similar to and often mistaken for another signal, the call for assistance was changed to SOS, a simple and universally understandable code.

We hear so much about the SOS that we frequently think of the transmission equipment at sea as being used for the sole purpose of calling for help in a life-threatening situation. In reality, wireless and Radio apparatus aboard ships is as busy as any land station as it carries on its daily business. Sometimes, too, it is responsible for saving a life without resorting to the SOS. Only recently—an incident near Medford.

Donald MacCloud, third engineer on the "City of Flint" was stricken with a sudden severe fever seven days out on the North Atlantic. He was described as an studying student, and the captain did not wish to summon aid, which arrived in time to save all hands. Among those thrilled with the newspaper reports of the heroic deed was Harold Powers, then a grammar school boy in the New England section of the country. Harold was interested in learning more about this strange method of communication, wireless. He read every technical book and magazine that he could get his hands on. Then he made his own receiving-set. And, believe it or not, Harold became so enthused that he asked for and received permission to leave school somewhat earlier than the other pupils so that he could run home and get the navy yard signals at noon!

By the time he finished school young Power, as a result of an article that appeared in a newspaper, visited the vessel's land base—his first experience of a ship's radio station. After obtaining a rigid examination and get a berth as operator on a New York-Boston passenger steamer. His next move was to the "Corso," the famous private yacht of James Pierpoint Morgan.

While wireless operator on the "Corso," Mr. Power, even yet hardly more than a lad, interested the financier in the possibilities, little recognized at the time, of Radio. The result of this interest was the establishment of WGI and the forming of the American Radio and Research Corporation, financed by Mr. Morgan and managed by Mr. Power.

DURING the war amateur broadcasting stations (the only stations existing at that time other than governmental and privately owned) were stopped to discontinue operations. On October 1st, 1919, the amateur transmitting stations were permitted to take the air again and Station WGI took it with a vengeance. As distance was the only thing being changed, those power, during those years the powers that be at Medford Hills decided to cast broadcast from somewhere in the general direction of the moon, and this was done. The Moon station was erected near Medford on a fifty foot tower and it was a great day when it was connected with WGI and there were transmissions of electric waves were then used in wireless telegraphy. This question is from the Year-Book of Wireless. As the beginnings of this discovery are traceable at least forty years back of this date (1867) one answer to "How old is Radio?" can be "At least a hundred years old!"

When a question to engineers on its trip to Europe to broadcasting the answer may be made quite specific. "Radio broadcasting is between twenty-three to twenty-four years old." The answer to this is that it was in the first experiments of Dr. Lee De Forest to broadcast phonograph music and music furnished by an electric organ.

...
equipment. D.H.) " Tubes were always going bad. It was up to me to watch all the microphone performers closely and oust those every move. If I suspected that a singer was about to open up and try to make the audience in Boston hear him or her without the use of our broadcasting transmitter I'd grab the party and pull or push or pull said party away from the mike before the explosion.

"I DISTINCTLY remember one amateur night when we took the air without any spare tubes. I had been warned that the only one the station possessed was in the works. We went along alright until I put a somewhat mountainous soprano on the ether. Sometimes these heavyweights are light on their feet. But not this lady. Once she took her position in front of the mike the soles of her shoes might just as well have been nailed to the floor as far as I was concerned. "She wouldn't be led, pushed or pulled in any direction. I'd had that kind to nurse through a program before and as the microphone was a stationary thing in those days there was just one of two things to do. Either go off the air or let the singer continue while your announcer went into a huddle with himself and said a prayer. "The operator shrugged his shoulders when I suggested throwing the switch that would permit the lady to warble to a dead mike. So we remained on the air and for some unknown reason the tube refused to let the lady get the best of it during the singing of her first number. "She was booked for a short second selection but I had made up my mind to call this off and introduce the next artist. I did introduce the next artist but that didn't do one bit of good. Friend soprano had been booked for two numbers and if I was determined that she shouldn't sing again she was slightly more determined that she would. "It was her first appearance in a broadcasting studio and the thrill was just too much for her. She simply would not leave the mike until she had sung her song as per previous arrangement. And the tube was forced to carry on. When she reached the final note of the second selection the lady inhaled deeply and cut loose with a forte. And what a forte! I can hear it yet whenever I have a nightmare. "As I was making the introductory announcement for the next amateur artist I heard the voice of the operator behind me. "Pardon me, madam," he said and with a profound bow which would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield he proffered the lady a gift. "Perhaps you would like to take this tube home as a souvenir of the evening. You finally succeed in blowing it!" And she actually accepted the souvenir and took it home with her as a valued trophy."

M EFORD HILLSIDE is the town in which Tufts College is located. About eight years ago Harry Lauder gave (which he was paid for!) a concert in Goddard Chapel, one of the college buildings. When Sir Harry arrived Mr. Dunham conceived the idea of broadcasting the concert and approached the Scotchman with this suggestion. As Radio meant little or nothing to professional artists in those days Sir Harry gave Eddie permission to put his voice on the air. This permission was obtained exactly twenty-one minutes before the concert was to start. Goddard Chapel was nearly a half mile from the WGI studio but the necessary wire was stretched across the intervening landscape and the microphone set up on the rostrum in that same twenty-one minutes.

When I said "stretched across the landscape" I meant just that. The ground was covered with snow and on this snow the wire reposed for the entire distance. For one solid hour Sir Harry entertained the Radio listeners tuned in on WGI with songs and stories. Among other things he taught the college students present in Goddard Chapel to sing "Somebody's Waiting For Me." For this appearance on the air he received nothing. Less than eight years later he received $15,000 for a microphone appearance lasting about ten minutes!

WGI is no more. But the memory of its glorious work as one of the pioneer broadcasting stations is a monument to the men whose faith in a young industry helped make Radio what it is today.

T HE STATE of New Jersey seemed to be a sort of Mecca for the Radio pioneers. Edison was busy in Menlo Park, de Forrest in Newark and the Westinghouse engineers in Newark were experimenting with Radio in 1921. WJZ was the Westinghouse station. The first studio was located in a small pent-house atop one of the factory buildings. The first announcer with old WJZ was Harry E. Miller, now associated with the Roxy interests. He was succeeded within a few weeks by Thomas H. Cowan, today chief announcer for WNYC, New York City's municipal broadcasting station.

Cowan came to the Westinghouse plant from the Edison laboratories at Menlo Park. One of the first complaints he received from a broadcast listener came from his old boss, Thomas A. Edison.

Mr. Edison asked Cowan to eliminate the programs of records as he objected to the surface noise which went out on the air. The scratch of the needle on the record annoyed the old inventor. He thought it was bad business to play records until such time as the scratching sound had been eliminated in some way. Mr. Edison, while not declaring (Continued on page 70)
LOOKING down from an airplane the observer sees a spiderweb of roads fanning out from the northwest boundaries of Chicago. The long strands reach into the lake resort sections. Along the way there are frequent resting places for city tourists bound for the open country. Traveling at night one may hear seductive strains from the finest of orchestras, and discover festooned lawns agimmer with starlight.

One of the most glamorous, most alluring of these festive ports for wayfaring motorists is known as the Dells. With a full purse and a congenial companion nothing could be finer for a summer evening than to dine and dance at the Dells. It is a place well patronized by the Gold Coast elite. And then, too, it is not improbable that demihens of another world may sometimes drift in from the darkness to see and envy. The music invariably is of the best, which accounts for the fact that one year ago this month of August the Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawks, the delight of millions of Radio fans, were there playing an engagement for the season.

It was one hot night at this time that Carleton Coon first met the hoodlum bandits who threatened on more than one occasion to silence forever one of our very best Radio entertainers. Chicago had been cursed for years by a racketeering gang who levied tribute on operatic and theatrical stars. Some of the more timid entertainers not only paid the price demanded but left the city. It was believed the gang who trailed Carleton Coon may have been identified with this coterie.

The last of the dancers had gone. Business matters had kept Mr. Coon later than usual. At last he pilled into his big luxurious car and rolled out on the lonely road that leads from Niles Center to Evanston—one of those long spiderweb strands the aviator sees from the sky.

SWERVING into one of the smaller cross roads that led to the shore town, he suddenly discovered his way blocked by a somber looking machine that leaped out from the darkness at right angles. For a moment he was uncertain as to whether the car had blocked him by accident or design. Then he heard a curt command from within the car—it was a sedan.

Five dim figures appeared in the aura of his headlamps. There was a gleam of steel and a cold prod in the ribs. His hands went up and snaky fingers began to prod through his pockets. His car detected one voice that kept giving orders. He knew he would remember that voice if ever he heard it again.

"Get out of your car!" He never would forget his sensations as he heard that command. Gruff, husky and yet so fierce as to sound ruthless. By absolute surrender he would probably escape violence. But he had a valuable ring. It had been appraised at $4,500. And he had approximately $500 in cash. Better lose than take a chance with his life—after it seemed for the moment that all motor traffic in the world had suddenly ceased just to permit this holdup without interference.

Then came the most amazing proposal. When his valuables had been removed the leader with the unforgettable voice turned to him and said:

"You'll have to walk for a while, but you'll find your car down the road here—take you about ten minutes. You got a lot of friends who listen to you over the Radio. Tell 'em what happened to you tonight. We'll be listening. And—er—you might—well, you'll find the car down the road a-ways.

Carleton Coon of Coon-Sanders Nighthawks.

The SPOT where he found the abandoned machine was scarcely more than a stone's throw from the scene of a murder that had been committed four or five years previous. A man had been shot to death at the steering wheel of his automobile. His woman companion had barely escaped to Evanston with her life. The murderers never have been found. Mr. Coon may have considered himself lucky to have lived to regain his car, even if he did not recover the rest of his valuables.

Robberies of this nature were reported so frequently to the police that little was thought of the orchestra man's misfortune. The perpetrators hid themselves among the millions of other humans in the area, and even Mr. Coon himself had almost forgotten the incident later in September when the orchestra had moved to the Blackhawk cafe in Chicago and settled down for the winter season. He was haunted by the thought that the marauders might not have been all that they seemed—that they may have been playing a joke on him and would eventually turn back his money and his ring.

And always, it seemed, his ears were tuned to the sound of a gruff voice that gave commands on a lonely road in the dark of night. He felt certain he would hear that voice again. The approaching holidays brought a rush of pleasure seekers. Life spun around on gleaming toes and the Coon-Sanders orchestra was the vibrant center of a merry throng. Came then one evening when Joe Sanders had just finished his chats with the Radio audience and the orchestra was preparing to leave the stand for a short rest. One of the musicians suddenly leaned toward Coon with a significant glance.

"There are those same five men, Cooney."

"I saw them. They're sitting at the same table and they've been watching the band. Wonder what is so interesting about us?" Cooney chuckled good humerously. He was used to being stared at by people who were ardent fans of the Coon-Sanders orchestra. But these five diners did not seem to be a part of the rest of the crowd. Some sinister purpose radiated from their faces.
"You'd kill me for $20,000?" The broad shoulders squared and Coon looked every inch the All American Fullback he had at one time been.

"I don't particularly like them," contributed another member of the band. "Always at the same table. Always the same ones. Always watching and whispering amongst themselves."

"Probably going to blow up the place and want to warn us so that we can get out. Let's go rest a minute," Cooney turned to go. The others followed, their suspicions at rest for the time being.

Settled in the little office, Cooney and Joe turned to read their fan mail, talk to a favored few and snatch a moment of relaxation in their busy evening. Coon lighted a cigarette and sat down in silence. Joe Sanders was busy with a letter. Both were thinking and their thoughts were not far from the five men out in the restaurant. There came a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in." Coon turned in his chair. A waiter addressed him.

"Mr. Coon, some men want to speak to you. They are sitting at that table in front of the orchestra stand. They say you know them, but—"

"Our friends, of course. Go see what they want, Cooney. The mystery is about to be solved." Joe Sanders laughed, not guessing that the whole mystery was about to begin.

COONEY groaned and slipped out of the room. So many people wanted to talk to him so often. There were so many requests to come to some table or other. He didn't always comply with the request if it came from an unknown, but this was a different matter. It opened the door to a trouble-
some something that seemed to have its effect on each one of the men in his band. He saw his five apparent fans watching him as he made his way to their table.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I understand you wanted to speak with me."

"Yeah. Sit down, Coon." The voice was low-toned and not too gentle.

"I'm sorry. I can't stay long. We go on the air in a moment."

"Oh, we won't keep you long." The speaker, another of the five, smiled mockingly and toyed with the chewed end of a large cigar to make a longish, wiggling flame which was a nuisance interest at the same time. Suddenly another of his companions leaned forward and spoke as if he were offering a particularly choice tip on the stock market.

"How many people do you think listen in on you in the evening?"

"Why, I have no way of knowing. Many thousands probably, Coon did not try to enumerate, there seemed no menace in the question at all, and he let the matter drop. The next words were not too pleasant to hear even when listened to in a crowded room where one was well known. The very idea seemed preposterous, and yet Coon knew that men were capable of attempting any desperate criminal plan. The sound of the voice now clicked distinctly in his memory.

"If you were to announce over the microphone that you were to be kidnapped and held for a twenty thousand dollar ransom, do you think your listeners would kick in with dollar bills?"

The five men came to attention and looked attentively at Coon. He did not answer. "Well? What's your answer?"

COON rose from the table without a word and went to the orchestra stand where his band was assembling. He didn't tell the mothers what he was doing at that time, but he began to think very seriously. Outwardly, he was the same Carleton Coon, debonair, happy and entertaining while he sat behind his drums. Internally, however, his nerves were on edge and he wondered if he could sink one's teeth into. This was a new angle to life, to the life of a popular celebrity. He would match his own wits against their cunning and angle them into a position where they could be prosecuted and put behind prison bars.

Coon had heard of kidnapping being done many times before. He knew many of the ways of extortionists and their plots. He had had a little, just this sort of thing going on amongst the men of the Chicago theatrical world. It would have been easy to give the five men their money and be rid of them for a few months.

The Coon-Sanders fans would have been broken forever and our impression of them would have been an intimation of what was afoot. But Coon had other plans. He was not going to pay ransom, nor was he going to evade the police. Instead of being intimidated he began to relish the experience, but made no mental note to tell anyone about it after he got home that night. This was going to be sport plentifully tinted with real danger.

After the proper precautions were taken, there seemed to be little action in the affair. Again the world settled down in its familiar roundelay, and no word was received from Coon from the racketeers with whom he had had the short interview. The young man kept in mind he was in the presence of men who were not to be underestimated and it was a question as to what would be the next move in their scheme. Coon kept in mind his time would be brought to a head. He smiled to himself. Life was again worth living—and he would give his tormentors "the works."

A curt voice—the voice rumbled to his ear ordering him to come to the address in the loop banking district immediately. He was informed that the matter was most urgent, and under no circumstances could it be delayed. Coon agreed to the time and date and the six men met him at the bank. As the car slowed and the automatic doors were opened, the large front doors were pushed closed behind him. The car sped off toward the south, and the man in the passenger side of the car, who was not heard to address Coon, turned his face away from his back toward the driver's seat of the car. After the car had proceeded some blocks, the man in the passenger seat turned his face back toward Coon. A smile lit the taut face, and he said, "Hello?"

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"Hello?"
W H E N the Sid Fletchers settled down to married life in their new home in a Long Island suburb everybody declared that this was the ideal match, if ever such a thing could have been imagined. Sid was a successful business man and Amelie seemed to possess all those charming qualities desirable for the wife of a successful business man. But there eventually developed little differences of opinion. Sid wanted to go to parties when Amelie would much rather stay at home. Then he accused her of making uncomplimentary allusions to the character of his friends. And then came the invitation to Bess Wandell's party.

A M E L I E had resolved to go to that bridge session at Bess Wandell's if it was the last thing she ever did. But she didn't go. By the next evening she had a smashing headache. It was very real but Sid chose mentally to regard it as a subterfuge. The room where she was lying when he came home was too dark to show her pallor. Rather wanly but carefully impersonal she suggested that he go on without her. And Sid, accepting the suggestion as a gauntlet, went.

The next morning he saw with compunction how pale Amelie was; she was not ironical or superior, either. Touchingly kind and simple—if she had been like that when they came home from the club dance what a different chapter of marriage they would now be in. But it was his, all his fault, doubling her word last night like a brute—and she now looking pulled down as if she'd been ill.

"My girl," he said across the table, "you show you need a change. How about a little visit with your Aunt Hattie? That'd be a rest from Fair Haven. Those high-brows around her would be just the change you need. Take a couple of hundred along and give the family some worldly treats, too—and that'll be the kind of change you need.

And she was seeing genially and fondly upon her, and Amelie felt a compunction beneath the surface that stopped her from any ironies about his wanting to get rid of her. After all ironies were too cheap between her and Sid. She didn't want to go away, but perhaps it was a good idea. She should have such a chance to gather herself together, to master these unwise and unhappy and quite causeless impulses which were cropping up too often these days.

N O W this breakfast had been pleasant, though not like the good days when breakfast was so apt to be a wedding feast. Sid had all kinds of contradictory impulses before she came down; and she might have taken another turn of mood, and spoiled it. And it was for her sake that Sid, the generous boy, wished her to go! Not because he wanted a freer foot for gayeties that she put a damper on. And when she came back she would turn a leaf, would quit dampening his gayeties.

So she said she'd like to make the visit.

"I don't think I'll stay long—I'll make it less than a week. But if I'm going I might as well go by tonight's train—don't you think?"

"O—I didn't think of your going so soon," And Amelie's heart grew soft and warm in her breast with the pleasure of seeing his face fall. "But," he went on, "if you can manage, that'll be all right. Come into the city and have dinner with me there—can you?"

And smilingly, the husband and wife arranged the details of their little "date."

A m e l i e would not, now, have given up the pleasure of seeing Sid's face fall again; maybe it would, if she said she'd stay two weeks! It was the sweetest thing that had come to her in a long time. And she took no offense from that determination of his to act as if he did not mind. About the point she was not thinking much, in fact—enough to take in that stupid but dear unselfishness of his. To her it was as if there were a little pride in Sid's trying to show he did not mind. That was the way it would have been with her. But what her mind was really was on the sweet truth that he did mind.

O N E of the deep and eternal pitfalls of love is the way people in love are—and inevitably—too much taken up with their own sensations to be clear-eyed in taking in and understanding the other person. There was no whit of pride in Sid's cheerful front just then. He was only trying to behave the way that would best insure Amelie a good time.

The dinner in town was a great success and, had she followed her heart, she would have given up going anywhere but home—with Sid. But there were many "buts"; and the biggest one was the feeling that absence, a little absence, would make this present harmony more abiding. She would have time really to search out her own shortcomings, and to work out a future different from their recent past.

She went to sleep on that Boston train, feeling Sid's last kiss like a pledge of love that was to be celebrated when she got home. When she got home—in less than a week.

But she stayed two, and came home thinner than she left; thin and bright-eyed and with a complexion that might have waked suspicions in the astute that Amelie had changed her habits about make-up—also that she had an unfamiliar need of rouge.

But once as a cure for love troubles is no safe and sure remedy. Sid had proved so poor a correspondent that Amelie was driven through a thousand torturous moods about a seeming indifference that was new to her experience.

Sid was never an expansive letter-writer—an odd man of his breed ever is—but he had always in his letters spoken to her fondly, as it were, in his own natural way, which was a tender way. And however their love might have been clouded at moments when they were together, it had never been clouded in letters. And she had thought of this when coming away.

And, now, he sent her brief notes dictated, dictated, to an office stenographer.

She had had a wild scared moment at first with the thought he was ill; having M. J. ("per M. J." they were all scrupulously marked) having M. J. come to him at a hospital, and was coming to his condition. But no, the brief allusions to his activities proved him active enough. He excused his first dictation on the ground that he was busy, rushed. Busy! What was it that had made this difference in him? She felt more lonely than that last kiss.

But she wrote brief, pleasant little notes, and told him that she was sure he was as busy as he was—never saw Boston and the "best people" so gay in her life. Thus, presently, she dropped it casually that she'd be staying on a week longer.

S H E was gay, but she had to be if she was going to have a moment's respite from wondering, wondering, and making up answers to her own questions about Sid. Why had his face fallen like that when she said she would be leaving at once? It must have been from some entirely different reason from one she had held to her heart so fondly. It was his cheerfulness that had been in genuine relation to her departure, though her leaving that day had upset his plans, somehow, since he felt he must, of course, give her a farewell dinner in town.

The ingenuities of a self-torturing woman in love are endless and have been the marvel of men since they first began to record their impressions of love—some of their philosophers have termed "the opposing sex."

Amelie never knew, never guessed, the poor secret of those typed and dictated communications. Sid had jammed his hand in the brake of the car and naturally, being Sid, had reasoned that he shouldn't let out the accident lest it spoil her visit; dictating his letters he must needs be fairly perfidious. And thought he was doing the right thing. He thought that last dinner, that last kiss, had made all right; and that Amelie wouldn't mind anything about letters, so long as she thought all was right. What were letters, anyhow? They did not count much to him; love on paper was too papery for any satisfaction beyond knowing his Amelie was all right.

Then his Amelie came home to him suave and remote, with
Sid had come to the steamer to see her off ... and he had been overheard asking her to write to him, and the eavesdroppers were almost sure she said she would.

something strange about her he had never felt before, and Sid could have howled his pain and bewilderment; yes, and resentment too—deep resentment this time. True he did not make a sound about it, not even to ask a question about her demeanor. For the first time he turned coolly polite, albeit smooth and pleasant enough, when a breach seemed widening between them.

This time it did widen. Sid had made a point of getting the bandages off his hand before he went to Amelie's train, and she never chanced on any news of that little, apparently unimportant accident. The pledge of that kiss went unfulfilled. The Fletchers' marriage passed into a new stage, an outrageously unnatural and outrageously baseless stage.

This could not last long with them. Such a stage can rarely last long. Some turn, some remedy, must be come by. And the remedy Amelie found was worse than the evil—she knew that; but she had to get out of this! The irritabilities they were both making recur by only half-concealing were too disillusioning, degrading.

Through these last two years she had at several times felt that breaches and makings-up were degrading; unworthy the high poetry they had made for each other in the past. Now this was even worse than degrading—because it would kill the memory of the past faster.

Sid might not mind this last, she tried to tell herself; yet she had comprehension enough of the man she had lived with seven years to interrupt herself with an instinct of fair play; she knew Sid would mind, would always have a sentiment about their past—whatever it was that had made that strange breach while she was away.

She had got, now, where she shut down on her curiosity about that—made herself shut down. Amelie had too little of that kind of sense of property in her man which makes women hold on to their men in the teeth of anything that comes against them.

She was too decent, in a way; and she was also too proud, with a pride that was far from being as big and fine as she thought it was. But it was surely Amelie's own, that pride, and something the other kind of women could hardly believe possible. Nowhere so much as in human reactions to love is demonstrated that it takes all kinds to make a world.

So the dark night came when sitting in the big, beautiful living room after their pleasantly conversing dinner—such a good dinner, but Amelie only making believe at eating it—she made a revolutionary proposition:

"Sid, I want to go away."

It was a rainy autumn night with a chill wind blowing up from the sea; and with open windows and the elemental sound of the rain coming in from the vast spaces of the night, a little
wood fire was blazing and crackling on the hearth as if that were the happiest hearth in Christendom. Amelie never forgot just how it crackled in the silence, and the sound of the rain, before Sid answered her. Then he tried to make it easy and casual, when he said:

"Go where?" Just as if he had not understood. But he had understood—it was not the words. It was something in Amelie's voice, in the air; and his own voice was queer because his throat wouldn't work right when he spoke.

**A M E L I E** had a tight rein on herself; this scene she had been rehearsing. She said:

"Why continue this kind of mockery? I want to go away, Sid, and—and—"

She wanted to say "and keep the memories I cherish," but didn't quite dare. Was afraid to let that note creep in, lest she break down and disgrace herself. So she finished:

"And live my own life, seeing I can't bear yours."

She meant one thing by that and he understood another, took it as a reflection—the old stabling reflection on his inferiority.

"Oh, Amelie." That was all he said, but it sounded a very deep, new note in his voice. The fire crackled on before she resumed:

"I've been thinking it all out. And I can't bear this substitute for real living. Sid—simply can't bear it. And, as time goes on, it'll become a poorer substitute. Poorer and poorer. It's bound to. And we'll go on getting unhappier and unhappier. So that's why I—" she took a long, gasping breath—"why I've come to a decision."

"What decision?" and he felt a sudden premonitory drop, like a weight, inside him.

"That it would be better for us to—separate—now—while we still have some beautiful memories—than to—" Her catching voice finally failed her.

He seemed to draw his own voice up from bottomless depths.

"Separate?"

"Yes."

**THEIR** discussion progressed not much further that night with any real progress; but the next morning, polite and self-controlled, Sid, before he left for the city, told her that he wanted to hear all the details of her plans when he came home.

"I'll bring some business papers out with me that we'll need in talking about your money affairs," he said; and then he took her hand and kissed it and was gone. A curious thing for Sid to do—kissing her hand! It was his apologue, the daily-supposed, for his readiness to let her go. Oh, there was no more possible bluff at not understanding; for people who had loved her, and had, and as they were now, separation was only too easily understood.

That night both were steeled to talk as if they were talking of an investment, of a journey. But Sid said, almost to begin with:

"Do you want a divorce, Amelie?"

(Continued on page 90)

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**J A C K  S H A N N O N**

Singing Postman Becomes Ziegfeld Feature—Introduces New Radio Character

By Anne Lazar

**M**RS. O'HARA could gossip over her cup of "tay"—but no walls could restrict the outpourings of her Irish heart to the자는 nostrils of the neighbors; the scandals of the neighborhood were daily stewed and concocted. So what did she do but place her kitchen, cat and cup of "tay" in the studios of the National Broadcasting Company and send forth such a rapid fire line of genuine Irish rollicking chatter, that she found her neighbors all over the United States listening in through the door cracks and loud speakers. And now we find that she made arrangements to take kitchen and all to the picture theatres and chat for a wee bit from the screen.

When one speaks of Jack Shannon (and Jack Shannon is none other than the Mrs. O'Hara of the "Gossipers") one speaks of Ireland itself, and we believe that the hills of Killarney, the beautiful lakes, leprechauns, fairies and elves are all lonely—half sobbing for the return of this lively spirit of their land.

Genius a-begging is the same old song. It is found in the drooliest of occupations, and Jack Shannon used the sparks of that flame, which was seeking release, for energy in the various jobs he had before he became the idol of the populace.

The teacher's rod had no terror for Jack Shannon for the very good reason that he never went to school—which accounts for the excellent condition of that noble institution which education erected in his home town to distract youths from the profitable exercise of reconciling dogs' tails to tin cans.

**W**E find him at the tender age of nine in the woolen mills—an active little figure subdued by the demands of industry—but not altogether crushed. And as he emerged from under the weight which he bore, he found the job that gave him freer range—among the modern couriers of whose predecessors Herodotus said "Neither rain nor snow nor heat nor gloom of night can stop you from getting to your appointed rounds."

Jack Shannon, in the liveliest of Uncle Sam's postal service, took a fiendish delight in delivering bills and statements with an unspoken but implied threat. He planted postmarks to Skowhegan's faithful citizens. Skowhegan? Why, Portland, Maine, is a suburb of Skowhegan should anyone inquire. And when Jack Shannon made his daily tour of that "metropolis" with letters bearing postmarks of such important cities as Fuxatawney, Bosking Ridge, Medicine Hat, Chestnut Hill and Woppinners Falls, official pride would swell so high that official buttons would click and official cap noose would rattle. Sid was only with a Post Office. It had its very own Mayor, Fire Department and a Town Hall. And it was this vast auditorium, seating the three hundred Skoheganians of a Saturday night, which was filled with the melodies pouring from Jack Shannon's happy throat. Among these listeners was the well-known opera singer, Carrie Kidwell Steward, who lost no time placing him in a choir, and then devoted her precious hours and money to teaching him the more delicate nuances possible for his kind of a tenor voice.

With this recognition came the opportunity to hand over to a successor the friendly, bulging mail-bag—for to the Government Intelligence Service must they promote him.

At the end of seven years Jack Shannon, flapping against his chrysals, broke through and embarked upon the new career which had been so wonderfully wrought for him.

**S**AYS he: "A helpless feeling came over me that morning in 1918. A friend had taken me to the Liberty Theatre in New York to sing for John Cort who wanted a tenor for his show, 'Listen Lister.' And what a thrill it was when Mr. Cort said to me, 'You go to Pittsburgh tonight and open Saturday.' I was too moved to even ask for a contract.

"The event that led to the greatest influence of my life—meeting with Will Rogers—is one that will always be cherished. I had been accepted by Gene Buck as a member of the Ziegfeld Follies, and as I sat among the world-famous beauties, entranced by the lovely songs, a husky, boyish figure in overcoat and cap slid into a chair back in a corner, almost out of sight. It was Will Rogers, the star of the show and the man who had kept up the nation's side-splitting laughter more consistently than any comedian in history. This was back in 1921. During this period we harmonized the Peace Conference convened in Washington. And the scene was the funniest in the history of the Follies. The late President Harding took umbrage at this parody and several "diplomatic relations" with Rogers. Unaccountably funny as this scene was, I don't think it could compare with the actual conference, and, I might say, subsequent conferences held from time to time in Washing- ton. The disfavor of Mr. Harding proved to be great publicity for the show, as the public swarmed in to see it and offered as high as twenty-five dollars for tickets.

(Continued on page 89)
Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American
Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table
To Be Published in the September Issue

K

KCRB... Enid, Okla.
KDKA... Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDRA... Austin, Tex.
KDLV... Salt Lake City, Utah
KEKJ... Berkeley, Calif.
KEK... Beverly Hills, Calif.
KEX... Portland, Ore.
KEW... Lincoln, Neb.
KFBB... Great Falls, Mont.
KFC... Sacramento, Calif.
KFD... Speedway, Ind.
KFDH... Bennington, Tex.
KFQ... Bridgeport, Conn.
KFR... Denver, Colo.
KFG... Yuma, Ariz.
KFGC... Portland, Ore.
KFGM... Los Angeles, Calif.
KFIR... Portland, Ore.
KFIU... Jacksonville, Fla.
KFKF... Seattle, Wash.
KFKR... Kenosha, Wis.
KFKT... Savannah, Ga.
KFKZ... Portland, Ore.
KFJ... Fond du Lac, Wis.
KFKS... Marshalltown, Iowa
KFKF... Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFKM... Mattoon, Ill.
KFMP... Grand Forks, N.D.
KFY... Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFZ... Butte, Mont.
KFKF... Govey, Colo.
KFKU... Lawrence, Kans.
KFKX... Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFKZ... Kirkville, Mo.
KFLY... Rockford, Ill.
KFLY... Sacramento, Calif.
KFMX... Northfield, Minn.
KFON... Lincoln, Neb.
KFPC... Minneapolis, Minn.
KFPG... Duluth, Texas
KFPR... Atlanta, Ga.
KFPS... Shreveport, La.
KFPX... Denver, Colo.
KFPY... Spokane, Wash.
KFOA... Kirkwood, Ind.
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Richmond, Scranton, Weirton, Boston, Gastonia, Omaha, Memphis, Lawrence, Valparaiso, to C, or Norfolk, For Balloting In Palisade, - C, Davenport, Washington, Norman. Racine, Chicago, Sarasota, CNRS, C, Ames, Iowa Sarnia, Ontario, Radio Digest Diamond Merit Award

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America’s Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 30, 1930. All mail containing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 30, 1930, to be considered direct.

Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only, when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in the issue July fourth.

3. When sent single each coupon from the regular monthly issues of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the above schedule.

For each two consecutively numbered coupons, sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

When received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct... $4.00 150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions... $8.00 325 votes
3-year; three 1-year and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions... $12.00 500 votes
4-year; four 1-year, two 2-year, one 3-year paid in advance mail subscriptions... $16.00 750 votes
5-year; five 1-year, one 2-year, one 3-year; two 2-year, one 4-year paid in advance mail subscriptions... $20.00 1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year, five 2-year, two 3-year, one 4-year, one 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions... $40.00 2,000 votes

For the purposes of the contest the United States is divided into five Districts, which serve to divide the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Washington, District of Columbia, District number two, known as the "WEST," will include the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Dakota, George, Iowa, Kansas, Mis- sissippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 35th, 1170kc, 50w.
CMCM, Havana, 35th, 887kc, 100w.
CMCO, Havana, 45th, 614-2kc, 50w.
CMBC, Havana, 25th, 922kc, 50w.
CMBW, Havana, 25th, 50kc, 50w.
CMMM, Havana, 41st, 432-4kc, 50w.
CMAO, Havana, 25th, 922kc, 50w.
CMBA, Havana, 35th, 887kc, 100w.
CMCO, Havana, 45th, 614-2kc, 50w.
**M A R C E L L A**

**Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire**

JUST think of it, girls, if John Shaw Young's mother had not dissuaded him from accepting an appointment to the United States Military Academy for Aviation at San Antonio, you would probably never have heard him announcing over the NBC network! It was in 1927 that that important decision was made and that same year he came to Radio through WBZ in Springfield. After staying with the Springfield station for six months John was transferred to WBZA in Boston and remained there until September, 1928, when he went to New York to join the NBC ranks.

Together with Milton Cross, was among the first Radio announcers to be selected by a major recording company to make phonograph records.

And did you ever hear that he was a classmate of Rudy Vallee? And of course you doubtless do know that he has presented Rudy to the microphone often better than any other announcer.

Young has an impressive record of education. He attended the grammar and high schools of his home town and for a time was a student at Cascadilla Preparatory School at Ithaca, N. Y. Later he attended Yale and Cornell and took special courses at Syracuse and Columbia Universities. Most of his college training was devoted to studies of law and playwriting.

In his very youthful days John was keenly interested in athletics and has high school letters in swimming track, football, baseball and basketball. Swimming was always his favorite sport and it still remains one of his major hobbies.

He is twenty-eight years old, and here is (I'm sure) comforting news for the hostesses of women who have been writing about him—he is unmarried.

**MARSHA WHEELER** has left Radio broadcasting to devote all her time to writing stories and magazine articles. She lives in Cincinnati in a charming house where she does her writing. Miss Wheeler is missed by her thousands of listeners, but the one consolation is that we can look forward to her articles. But don't forget that her "real" name is Mrs. Marjorie Moeller.

Thomas Pattison Conte, baritone and announcer, well known to New York and Chicago radio audiences through his four years' affiliation with WEAF and WGN, is now production manager and chief announcer of WEBC, Duluth.

The latest news from the front (and it's true, just now as we write it) is that the Ashley sisters are at WGN. Of course they may not be there by the time you read these lines. Those girls certainly keep us guessing.

Little Gloria Goldsmith, daughter of Lee Goldsmith, general manager of station WCKY, Covington, Ky., is an Amos 'n' Andy fan. Never a quiet passed before little Gloria went away to boarding school, when she failed to listen to their broadcast at 7 o'clock, EST.

Gloria was sent to a boarding school. She insisted on hearing Amos 'n' Andy as was her custom, but the school authorities said, "What! A child staying up till 10:30? Unheard of!"

Gloria delivered her ultimatum—either home, by the Radio set, or Amos 'n' Andy at 10:30. Negotiations were in order. The National Broadcasting Company received an appeal, and after many long distance calls and telegrams inquiries Gloria's wish was granted, but in this way—the NBC agreed to permit WCKY to carry the feature at 6 o'clock and another station in the vicinity also to carry it at 10:30.

So everybody was happy, and Gloria was able to continue her schooling.

A little news of our old friend Ford Rush. He has broadcast over WLS a few times this spring and is now riding away the summer down in St. Louis. As to your other question, Millie, the Gene and Jack you heard over WLS is a cornet and banjo team which plays only occasionally before the Prairie Farmer mike.

Many of us who have been following the career of Alwyn E. Bach since the early days at WBZ in 1923 were gratified to learn of the recent honor conferred upon him when he was awarded the 1930 gold medal for excellence in dictation on the Radio by the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Mr. Bach is now in Worcester, Mass. After graduating from high school he worked for a time in a law office but left to become a composer and proofreader in a local print shop. Following his return from France, where he served with the Forty-fourth Coast Artillery, he re-entered the printing business. Later he became an announcer for WBZ in Springfield, on which station he had made several appearances as a baritone vocalist.

Harry Snodgrass has deserted his village chili stand and is returning to Radio. At the time of writing it is not known where Mr. Snodgrass will broadcast. However, he says that it will not be a metropolitan microphone; that he hates Chicago, and dislik-es New York; and that it will be some comparatively small town that he'll choose.

(Thank you, Helen, for this information.)

Just heard that Don Wilding has traveled from WLW to WTAM and thence to WJR, Detroit, where he now appears before the mike several evenings each week. More of the same, I trust.

* * *

Through what station does your "Radio tennis" broadcast, Mrs. Gibbons? I haven't heard of any tennis who has to be carried in and out of the studio. Please tell me more about him.

* * *

Louis Perlman doesn't need any introduction in and around Chicago. This youthful violinist and composer has played from ever larger Radio station in the city. Back in 1923, when he was something of an infan-t, he began playing over WEBH, where he played regularly, for about three years with Dean Remick as accompanist. He is a member of the Skalski Orchestra and was director of the "Petite Symphony" recently heard over WBBM.

But the whole point of the story is just about to be reached. This young man is the composer of that popular call "Old Capri," which we've been hearing for some months and which, incidentally, the theme accompaniment for all Radio showmen programs heard over WIBO. His also is the more recent song hit, "Shattered Dreams."

Running true to the type of the real musician, Mr. Perlman, who is a Chicagoan, gave evidence of his artistic inclination at an early age, four years, to be exact; at seven he appeared in his first public concert with a symphony orchestra; at eleven he won the scholarship to the Francis W. Parker school; and at fourteen won the concert master of Senn High orchestra.

It's not enough to say that Louis Perlman has talent; he has talent combined with personality—which makes it all very interesting.
In telling you about Pat Flanagan the easiest thing to do is to talk in terms of "storytelling." One way or other Pat is little known. Take, for instance, the story of how Pat came to be an announcer. One evening a little over two years ago Pat was in a Davenport, Iowa, store that was on the air for WOC. One morning as Pat was about to start his afternoon radio duties there was a slight panic due to the failure of one of the regular announcers to arrive on schedule. Flanagan bethought himself to fill the gap, and he did. Meanwhile the station manager of WOC was listening in at home. After a half hour or so he called the studio and said, "Who's the new man at the mike? . . . Put him on the pay role as announcer!"

Soon after he went to WBBM, and his entrance into sports announcing shows just how Pat works. He was asked by his boss if he could announce some football games. "Why, absolutely," replied Pat. "I used to play the game and I know it like a book," he said. He was told to get ready because within a couple of weeks he would have to announce the big league games. Pat was actually floored, he would not admit it. Rushing out he got a baseball rule book and studied it until he knew every rule in it. That just the beginning of a distinguished visitor to the WBBM studio. Pat was giving one of his famous play by play descriptions, getting his information through the special baseball tickler in the studio. Judge Landis, baseball's, car, came in, asked to see Pat and sat near him, watching and listening intently. Taking his leave, the judge congratulated Pat on his work and said: "Pat, I came down because my curiosity got the best of me. Couldn't see how anyone could be giving such realistic a description of a game without being right on the field. Never heard anything like it. If ever anyone wanted to know about one of the best sports announcers on the air, send them to me. Pat says he feels Judge Landis' opinion the greatest honor ever has been paid him.

KUKU's not a real station at all, Donald. It was heard only in a few parts of the country. The voice you heard was Pat's. KUKU was a program heard only on Wednesday nights at 9:30 EST.

Thought you would like to see this lady's picture because she is an authority on love and marriage. She is not only an authority, but she is willing to pont along her knowledge to hundreds of others with her intimate talks before the microphone. She is Miss Melvin Wilkerson. Miss Melvin Wilkerson's program heard on Thursday nights at 7:30 is called "The Love Line." She is a registered nurse and has a degree in psychology. She is well known as an authority on love and marriage.

We have some more up-to-date information on George Sutherland, C. E. B. He is now at WIBO, Cleveland, where he is concentrating on production and continuity work and doing some incidental announcing. He conducts the morning exercise period at 7 every day in the week except Sunday. George has, however, handled the microphone for about an inaudible type of broadcast, from state political conventions to horse races and all sports.

Pick up an interesting bit about him. Too, George has put so much actual friendliness into his voice that a day never passes without he receives a number of letters laying before him personal problems relating to affairs of the home, heart and happiness.

It's true that a fickle public soon forgets its favorites, WBBM has an exception. Bobby Brown, who used to appear frequently before the mike and who was one of the most popular entertainers in the country, has been so busy with other things in connection with Radio that he has had few opportunities to go on the air.

However, WBBM recently put on a special children's program which needed a cheerful, genial voice. Bobby was asked to supply the voice, and the day after the first broadcast brought a flood of letters. His public welcomed him back with such enthusiasm that Bobby has become the regular announcer and has consented to face the mike every day during the children's party at 5:30.

It may not be news now, but it is as we're going to press, Ralph Waldo Emerson Jr., arrived in town on June 5th. It is a true saying that timing is everything, and rumor has it that WLS has already signed him up.

Your favorite, Ted DeTurk, Marie, started his career at the age of four as a winged cupid at a wedding show. But since that time his travels have taken him over a great amount of territory. By his own account, he has possessed a larger bank account at the age of 9 than he does at present.

But, of course, he now has a family that he wouldn't trade for any bank account. When he was just a little fellow he played the organ at a wedding show of Saturday nights in and around Marion, Ohio, where he was born and raised. These shows sometimes netted him as much as $50 for the entire week. He was billed as "Master LeRoy DeTurk, the boy entertainer." So it was that he entered the show business at an early age. Vaudeville, musical comedy and barnstorming, all added to his experience, which he gained while at the North Western universities.

His Radio career began in 1922 when he joined the staff of WWJ, Detroit. He later went to WJR in the same city, then returned to the show business. Then some time later made a Radio return at WLW. A business venture took him to Florida, but he couldn't withstand the lure of the microphone and the South heard him through about Atlanta, Covington and WSB, Atlanta. Then the West called him and he journeyed as far as KGO, San Francisco. Finally he decided to come back to Ohio, was at WLW for a time, then went to WHK, where he is heard regularly now.

Ted has accumulated a library of several thousand songs of a wide variety, all carefully indexed and filed, ready for use at a moment.

Help! Help! Where are Lynne Gearhart and Bill Barnes, formerly at WIBO?

Al Melgard, staff artist at WBBM, and one of Chicago's pioneer artists, is at heart an artist. Art was his first love. He has been drawing and painting since he was a youngster and as he grew older music was merely an incidental accomplishment with him. He drifted from his study of the piano into organ work, and as an organist he drifted into broadcasting. And as we all know, it is music that is responsible for his enviable reputation.

But through the years he has been faithful to art. The basement of his home is his studio. Here he does some work in oils and here he paints furniture.

Sometimes the studio is turned into a theatre. Mr. Melgard owns a fine motion picture camera and buys from time to time films of some educational value. Then he calls in his youngsters, tells them to invite their friends, and a big time is had by all.

Sorry, R. P., that we can't find out anything about Blue Steele since he left KMOX some weeks ago. Can anybody help?

Here they are, the "Shouting Redheads." You wouldn't guess to look at their picture that this harmony team at KMOX had hated each other heartily not so long ago.

About two years ago Dorothy Aggas and Melvin Wilkerson were being featured as soprano and tenor soloists in a Tulsa Radio station. Dorothy, just turned seventeen, had come back from New York where she had been studying with Louis Graveve. Radio was a new and meaty field to her, and proved so fascinating that she decided to give up her cherished ambition, an operatic career, for Radio work. Miss Wilkerson, known to the musical circles of Tulsa from the time that he was twelve years old, had grown a little weary of the old song teooping. He too was attracted to Radio singing.

But Dorothy couldn't see much in Melvin, and Melvin felt the same way about her. They gave each other a wide berth until they were persuaded into trying harmony singing. Their voices clicked so well that they were put on programs as harmony singers.

That was the beginning.

There was room on the staff at KMOX for a harmony team and Dorothy and Melvin went to St. Louis, tried out, and were successful.

People always want to know if they really have red hair and if they are related. Well, they have red hair and as for being related—they aren't yet. But rumor has it they've been going around looking at apartments.

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.
The Ideal Menu Requires

AN ATTRACTIVE SALAD

Food Expert Says Salad Should Be Artistic as Well as Palatable and Outlines Wide Variety of Uses

By Evelyn Gardiner
Director KDKA Home Forum

Here's the proper set-up for a correctly served buffet luncheon in the William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh. Miss Evelyn Gardiner is serving a salad to Miss Josephine Gibson, Home Economics Director of the H. J. Heinz Company. Mrs. Florence Harding, assistant to Miss Gardiner, is serving chicken a la king.

WHAT infinite possibilities there are to delight the palate and the eye in an artistic looking salad. No salad achieves the true heights of success unless it appeals both to the palate and to the eye. No salad should merely satisfy the taste. No one wishes to eat an unattractively prepared salad no matter how good it may taste.

Each person has, no doubt, her own mental picture of a tempting salad. Does your mental picture include perhaps a glass bowl or a plate of crisp, fresh lettuce? And on the lettuce there should be a dainty, attractive, colorful mixture such as sliced tomatoes, green peppers and cucumbers which are so delicious at this season of the year. This is but one picture of a salad. It may be prepared at the table by the hostess who mixes the French dressing with the salad green and serves her family and guests. Each mouthful is a delight and the salad is more quickly prepared than when arranged in the kitchen.

What makes a salad? First, the salad green must be carefully selected at the market. This should be fresh and free from bruises. Lettuce is still the most popular salad plant, but other leaves may be used to add variety in flavor and appearance. Watercress, endive, dandelion, cabbage and romaine are very excellent greens.

Salad greens should be served crisp, dry and cold. Break the leaves apart carefully. Water running over the head will open up the upper leaves. Wash each leaf thoroughly in cold water and let stand for a few minutes in a bowl of water containing pieces of cracked ice. Another way to make greens crisp is to shake the water from them and wrap in a damp towel or waxed paper, or place them in a covered glass jar and set in the refrigerator. When ready to use, shake the water from them and pat the leaves gently in a soft cloth to absorb the remaining moisture.

Another thing to consider in the arranging of a salad is the plate on which a salad is to be served. It should first be cold. In fact, to make a perfect salad everything used in its preparation should be cold. An attractive plate adds much to the effect. This may be china or glass, but in the summer there is nothing more suitable than a glass salad plate. Colored glass combines well with the colors used in the salad.

A salad is an appetizer. To be a true appetizer it must be prepared to tempt the appetite. A salad is easily over-done. We may make it too elaborate and fussy. The simpler salads are generally the most beautiful. To make it look its best, great care must be taken as to the arrangement. The kind of plate used, the bed or green, ingredients, dressing, accompaniments and other foods served at the meal must be considered. In this respect a salad is like a picture. It takes more than one color to make a picture. The harmonious blend and the right use of several colors in the hands of the artist make the picture. The kind of plate used is as important as the picture frame. The foods served with a salad are as important to give your salad the right setting as the furniture in your living-room to show off a picture to the best advantage.

WHAT is more delicious or easier to serve than a salad prepared at the table? Have a bowl of crisp lettuce leaves before you. To your right place vinegar and oil cruets, salt and pepper shakers, paprika and any other seasonings desired. If you have a large salad spoon, mix one tablespoonful of oil and one teaspoonful of vinegar together in the spoon. Add a dash of pepper, salt and paprika. Mix these together with a fork and add slowly to the leaves. Toss them lightly until each leaf is moistened with dressing. Mix another spoonful and add until the lettuce is sufficiently dressed. You may add sliced fresh vegetables if you wish. This method is what the French call "fa-tiguant" a salad.

There are many other ingredients used in preparing a salad. Almost any cooked or uncooked food may be used in a salad. There is a salad for every occasion. The meat, fish, cheese and egg salads are the most substantial and may be served as the main course of a luncheon or supper. In summer we prefer cold foods. The meat or fish may be mixed with celery, pickles, or olives to give a good blend (Continued on page 69)
Former Boss of Amos and Andy

JUDITH WALLER of WMAQ, Chicago,
Pioneer in Broadcasting, Began in 1922

By GARNETT L. ESKEW

We are none of us so high up in the world but that we have a boss. Amos and Andy are no exception to the general rule, you may be sure. Until their recent hook-up with the NBC network these tworenowned blackface comedians acknowledged as their boss the boss of station WMAQ, Chicago. And the boss of WMAQ is one of the pioneers of Radio broadcasting. Not that that word "pioneer" implies, in this case, any great age. It doesn't; Radio is such a youngster (a mere babe in swaddling clothes) among our industries, that one need not be more than a youngster himself to have pioneered in it.

If you mount up by elevator to the studio of WMAQ atop the fine new home of the Chicago Daily News, expecting to find the boss of the station a quick, snappy, up-to-the-minute business man, you will be disappointed. For the boss of WMAQ, the former boss of Amos and Andy, is a lady. Emphatically a lady. You are aware of that the moment you clap eyes upon her. Her voice is low and vibrant as a fiddle string. There are just the proper number of laughter lines about her mouth to denote an overgrown sense of humor and still make you fully aware that she is seriously interested in the business in hand. The kindly twinkle in her otherwise serious eyes enhances this first impression you get of her.

Back in the dark ages—that is, back in 1922 (and how very long ago that seems to so many of us who are engaged in Radio work) the vast potentials of Radio were just beginning to be grasped; broadcasting as a regular and permanent activity had not yet come about. In Chicago there was one lone station—KYW. In New York there were one or two. But on a certain fine Spring morning in that same year of grace 1922, we want you to come over and take charge of it." But I don't know anything about Radio, Mr. Strong," she protested.

He may have replied to his: "I wouldn't know one if it bit me on the foot. But come over anyway."

And so, with no little trepidation, and considerable uncertainty, Miss Waller came over and took charge of station WMAQ (only there wasn't really any station there then and it was called station WGU). A terrific task faced her—that of organizing a program, the outlining of a policy, the securing of the services of artists (for which there was at that time no appropriation to pay), the announcing and introducing of the artists as they went on the air, the handling of all correspondence.

"In short," said Miss Waller, in a recent conversation with me, "it was a one-man station and that one man was me. I had a great many disadvantages to labor under, but also there were many advantages. For example, I had no precedents to follow; there weren't any. I had no one to take orders from and could put upon the air whatever program I thought best, provided I could get it. The disadvantage was that—there being no precedents to follow—I had to create them. And, working in a new field, creating precedents is a pretty ticklish job.

"The first thing to do obviously was to get artists to supply the entertainment. That meant going to all the musical and stage people in Chicago and getting them to come in solely on the chance for publicity there was in it. But they took to it like ducks to water. Our first artist (Continued on page 90)
OUT of the AIR
HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS
By INDI-GEST

A Worthy Object!
NOW this is what we call a worthy object! Lee Spiker, Route 1, Casey, Iowa, sends in the two following incidents, which actually occurred, with the annoyance that he has hoped to win enough from them to subscribe for a year to Radio Digest! Perhaps he'll be successful at that. You never can tell.

In the battery of my radio charged recently, I was trying to bring in the Henry Field Seed Company Station—KPFN—but could not get them. My four-year-old youngster piped up with the following logical explanation: 'Maybe Henry's busy now, Daddy, and can't answer. I heard him say that this was a very busy year!'

A few nights after that Buddy was playing with his bow and it rolled under the library table. He stooped down to pick it up and gave his little head a terrific bump against the table. Just at the same moment Henry Field spoke up out of the loud speaker: 'Hit him again! Buddy straightened up at once and said fiercely: 'He better not hit me again!'

She Wanted All that was Coming
It was little Amy's first visit to Church. After the collection had been taken she stood up in her seat, repeating, 'I want to see the organ. I want to see it!'

'Hush, dear,' whispered her mother a trifle fiercely, 'what is it you wish to see?'

'The monkey,' responded Amy. 'I've heard the organ and they've taken up the pennies. Now I want to see the monkey!'

—Maud E. Jones, Locke, N. Y.

Why the String was Wanted
Mr. May of KMA, Shenandoah, Pa., was announcing the other night and said: 'I have a letter from a customer in Broken Bow, Neb., ordering 100 pounds Bimona. Must be a fiddle to mend that broken bow!—Mrs. P. H. Miller, Pershing, Iowa.'

Hot Stuff!
"While listening to WPEN Wednesday evening," writes Edna Katzmar, of 217 E. Edgewood Ave., Andalucia, Pa., "I heard a very hot one. The announcer of that station said: 'I take great pleasure in announcing Mr. Burns, chief of the fire department.'

Slip-ups that Ruth Heard
I AM sure everyone enjoys your portion of the Radio Digest," writes Ruth Adams, 487 Rosslyn Ave., Akron, Ohio. "We all hear amusing things and I think it is worthwhile idea to swap yarns each month.

'Smiling Ed. McConnell was singing, 'I want to go back to Michigan,'" at WTAM one evening. 'I want to go back—I want to go back. I want to go back on the farm—Far away from harm—with a milk pail on my arm!' He paused here and said: 'Doggone it, I don't know whether I want to or not. I was raised on a farm and I'll be blamed if I want to go back and be a valet to a durned cow.'

"One evening I was listening to

KWKH, Shreveport, about 2 a.m. They were evidently broadcasting from the town studio. They played the usual sign-off recording and then the announcer said: 'We'll pull the switch and go home.' But no one at the transmitter pulled the switch.

"All right out at the transmitter? Not a sound. Then followed photograph verses which liked the moment we clapped our eyes on 'em. We'd like to send the lady in question a check for the rhymes—not a large check, it is true, but a check nevertheless—and if she, on reading this page, will send us her correct name and address the check will reach her in due course.

The Zero Hour... DX Impossible.
You tune in a local station For your favorite hook-up. You've got An announcer whose flair Is to clutter the air With time signals, ads and what-not.
You wait, and you wait, and you wait! (The while missing a program that's good.) At last he comes to Those New York airs and your due! Could you kill him?... Boy! I'll say you could!

Perhaps that is enough to show you that

I AM A FAN
I am a fan, a Radio fan... A craddled, rhabid, Radio fan!
I like what I like, 'What I don't... I despise! I rave, and I rangle And I oft eulogize! I write, and I rhyme, I praise, and I applaud; Spoiling no one.
Sparing no rod! For I am a fan, a Radio fan... A rhabid, cradelle, Radio fan!
I am a fan, a Radio fan. A monastic, enthusiastic, Radio fan! I give up society. I stick to my set: 'Can't miss this program, Bound to please, you can bet!' I answer no bells.
When a pet program's on; It's my loudspeaker My attention's upon! For I am a fan, a Radio fan. A monastic, enthusiastic, Radio fan! I am a fan, a Radio fan. A diurnal, nocturnal, Radio fan! I hear all the best!
And some worst on the air; Turning a dial For my own will-of-fare; I grin, and I groan, I laugh, and I sigh, I live a great life Just because I—
I am a fan, a Radio fan. A diurnal, nocturnal, Radio fan! 'Niagara Nell.'

Fill-up-my-can, the Great Pure Food Expert!
While hearing WOR, I heard the announcer reading the program resume. All went well until he came to the part which caused me to write this letter: "And at that proceeded in that familiar, deceptively voice, "we will have the pleasure of listening to that foremost of pure food experts, Philip C. Canning." Which, in itself, does not sound exactly humorous, but when the announcer desired to give the word "pure" a French accent or something so it sounded like "pour," maybe you can give vent to laughter.—Alfred Truska, 196 New York avenue, Newark, N. J.

Cash for Humor!
I T WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 each amusing incident accepted and printed.
It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.
The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program.
Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contribution to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than Sept. 1, 1930.

Nuggets from Niagara Nell
A LADY in Niagara Falls, N. Y., who uses "Niagara Nell" as her pen name, sends us the following rollicking
To a Daily Feature of KZL at Denver

Arriving home, the days work done, Music of restful tone I crave. I tune in stations one by one. Searching the air for pleasing wave. Harsh dance hall music irritates Instead of soothing nerves to rest: And on a tired mind it grates. Already worried and oppressed...

I hear a deep-toned organ play Slow, quiet music; rambling on From air to air with rhythmic sway That bids my worries all begone.

A violin, with vesper hymn, Gives sweet vibrating melody; The organ pipes, deep and pure, Plays on—a gentle rhapsody. Then a contraalto, clear and low, With a concert organ blends, Together merging in a flow Of mellow sound that peace attends.

"Box Car George."

**

"Now, Dad, You Old Fool!"

I was listening in to a ball game at WMBR, Jefferson, Mo., and the announcer had his baby near the mike. While I tuned in for the next report he said to someone in the studio: "Who is the biggest fool in the world?"

Just at that time the baby said: "Daddy."—Mrs. R. E. Sanders, Cartersville, Mo.

More Slip-Ups

The following two stories are real, just as they were received from the loud speaker, and the date of reception:

N. B. C. chain broadcast from KVVO, Sept. 24, 1928, Senator Borah's speech. Just before introducing the Senator the announcer's voice came from the loud speaker in a loud whisper:

"Who, that makes wea... a ton?"

Time, January, 1930. Jimmy Wilson and his Catfish String Band broadcasting from the banks of Old Polecat Creek, by remote control through KVVO. Jimmy had been telling us what a fine night it was to fish from the banks of Old Polecat Creek, while we were wrapped in an army blanket sitting by the stove trying to keep from freezing!

As his parting words told us we would "now be turned on the studio at Tulsa," the announcer didn't respond immediately and Jimmy's voice came hurtling out of the loud speaker.

"Hello, what are you guys stir up the fire. I'm half froze to death!"—A. C. Arnold, R. 4, North Topca, Kan.

All for the Lack of a Little Punctuation

While listening to KYFR, Bismarck, N. D., I heard the following:

The announcer was advertising the possibilities of Radio, without pause. "Send for your free copy of our booklet" Rich Rewards in Radio "sent free to you without any obligation on your part," or you, "Some Day You Will Be Sorry" a Victor recording.—E. G. Surgay, 112 Cathedral avenue E, St. Johns, Winnipeg, Canada. **

KOMO, Seattle, has a morning program which begins with part of "The Rustle of Spring," played by Miss Mary Spear, staff accompanist. One morning recently, Stan Spiegel, genial announcer, must have been feeling too gay to stay within the prescribed bounds. At the close of the preceding program he said, "Alright, Mary, you rustle and I'll spring." A dead silence for one startled second, then the piano started, and Stan turned to the microphone with a chuckle, and took the listening world into his confidence: "I nearly got killed for that one!"

Miss Jane E. Hoak, Alderdale Manor, Washington.

Hard on Baby!

Found the following in my Radio scrapbook. I don't recall the station from whence it came, but it has to do with the proper care of the baby.

"When the baby gets done drinking, it should unscrewed and placed under cold water. If the baby does not thrive on this, it should be boiled."—Florence Haist, Box 257, Lindenwood, N. J.

**

A few days ago I heard a direct advertiser and seller giving his listeners the "lowdown" on his merchandise. Said he: "Friends, don't buy shirts manufactured in the East; they make them so skimpy when you bend over when the tail flies out—and there YOU are! Ours are made near home, and are 36 inches long. If you buy one of our shirts, you can let the tail flies out, when you bend over, just take it off, fire it back to us, and it won't cost you a cent. We will send you one of these shirts and a pair of overalls for all 99.95—Ethel Stephe, New Providence, Iowa.

P. S. The incident above came over the air from station KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Turning the Dials

Hello world, how are you? Hogs!! up two points!! The next song will be a dance—Busby de buns to do, or what ever it is Helen Kane sings Come dance through the tulips with me.

If you need an ambulance call Bla 6100 Jessie Enough will now sing a beautif... soprano solo.

Miss Goo Goo will tell you how to keep house The Goofy quartette will wave A cottage for sale.

I won't go home until morning Are you for or against prohibition? Yes!!

Bed Time Story—

Rhea Sheldon, 1809 E. Seventy-Third St., Kansas City, Mo.

A Quiet Impossible She

I loved Miss Anastacia Brown A whole lot more than I could tell her. I surely thought, in all the town, She loved me more than any feller. I went to see her every night And on the porch, screened in from sight, I told her many a tender thing And hinted at a diamond ring.

I took her candy, pound on pound, And every week I sent around Some flowers from the florist shop But now, by gosh, that's goin' to stop! I hired a car and took her out Through all the country round about, And every restaurant throve upon My pocketbook. But now's that done.

She said she loved the Radio To cheer her lonely hours and so I plunked down all my ready cash To buy her one ..., And was I rash? I'll say I was, I wish I had My money back again, bedad! If once again I get some means I'll keep 'em right here in my jeans!

She always was so sweet to me! We never quarrelled in foolish fusses. Oh awful femininity.

All women are ungrateful cusses! They're all alike—oh hear my moans!—Cantankerous and wild and funny... That darn girl's married Eddy Jones, A stingy chap that saved his money...—Goo Goo advertisements, 615 Jefferson Ave., Pitman, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Paul Whiteman is a huge success Say advertisements in the press; And that is true, I guess,—oh boy! If measured watt by watt the lights! (Signed) In-di-gest

What Kind of Film?

We thought the following, heard over CFRB last Tuesday by the Melody Boys, was very good:

Lon: Say, Art, did you know that Amos 'n Andy are going to make a film? Art: They can't do that! Lon: Why Not? Art: Because PepsiCo removes the film—Mrs. J. Feather, R. R. No. 4, Galt, Out., Canada. **

What? Affectionate Pies?

EARL, MAY of KMA, Shenandoah, Ia., told of a pie made mainly of goo and crust. I believe he called them Goo-Goo pies. One of his pupils in country school said: "No, Mr. May, they's not Goo-Goo pies, they's Affectionate pies." "Affectionate pies," asks Mr. May, "What do you mean?" "Well, the top crust hugs the bottom crust."—Miss Frances E. Cherry, 605 Logan street, Wayne, Neb. **

A Long Time to Wait

While listening to one of the now-defunct O-Cedar programs on a Sunday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System, the announcer, Gates Porter, said: "As our next number, our tenor, Mr. Jackson, will sing 'A Year from Today,'


Mary and Her Lamb and Other Things

Mary had a little lamb... You've heard this tale before. But did you know she passed her plate And had a little more? And that she ate some pumpkin pie, Onions and apple sauce? Now Mary fears she's going to die And wonders what's the cause.

I. E. Steever, South Shore Arms Hotel, Chicago.
Now We'll Tell One!

Why not have a contest for the most unpopular station in the country? For every one you subscribe to, you must choose some more exclusively than any living in the rarified air of "cultured" Chicago.

Perhaps if their talk were punctuated with a few audible belches, it would be even more at home and could even smile a few.

Here's to "Amos n' Andy," the oldest and most entertaining couple on the air!—Miss C. A. Carenhauer, Elm Grove, W. Va.

Ballyhoo Broadcasting

Through the loud speaker we hear a great deal of these days about "Talkie" broadcasts.

The writer personally is opposed to the methods of the chain stores and realizes that if they continue on they will be the downfall of the old local dealer who either will have to do likewise or close out and possibly some day will be working for the chain.

There will always be opportunities for the independent merchant to go into the chain store business, if he prefers it. And any time he can bring it in pictures, one like that popular singer Bobby Sherron, or Ballyhoo, he will be more than glad to read or to get their pictures and many more friends would too. I would also like to think that it would be possible—Miss Billie Lutts, St. Louis, Mo.

Floyd Draws One More Vote

Somehow I overlooked an article in "Advance," one of my favorite magazines, if I can't wait until I get the next one as it is up to the minute with news. I am a Radio fan and I enjoy the item on WTIC. It is signed with pictures, one like that popular singer Bobby Sherron, or Ballyhoo, he will be more than glad to read or to get their pictures and many more friends would too. I would also like to think that it would be possible—Miss Billie Lutts, St. Louis, Mo.

Write to WIL, Billie

I'm a regular reader of your magazine and now I'll be able to look at this and say that it can't wait until I get the next one as it is up to the minute with news. I am a Radio fan and I enjoy the item on WTIC. It is signed with pictures, one like that popular singer Bobby Sherron, or Ballyhoo, he will be more than glad to read or to get their pictures and many more friends would too. I would also like to think that it would be possible—Miss Billie Lutts, St. Louis, Mo.

One More Vote for Rudy

I saw an article in the Radio Digest in regard to Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne.

I never fail to listen to Rudy Vallee when he broadcasts and I have seen his pictures. Although there is some similarity in the two, Rudy is the best; his voice is much nicer and I like his orchestra the best.

Anyone who has heard the two broadcasts very much would never mistake Will Osborne for Rudy Vallee. Will Osborne is the best and nearly will be one to equal him.

I have seen his pictures and the sweetest tone I have ever heard over Radio. His programs are the best on the air.

I have seen the pictures and the sweetest tone I have ever heard over Radio. His programs are the best on the air.

Shades of highbrow tritecority! What was Lucy Barrett doing in an such an environment of old fogies and people who had no sense enough to appreciate real humor?

Seems to me that as there are millions of both old and young fogies who decry enjoy "Amos and Andy" there must be some humor in it. As for their darkly dialect I think, since Amos was born in Richmond, Va., he would have some slight influence of the atmosphere in which he was living in the rarified air of "cultured" Chicago.

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A Few Constructive Suggestions
Having been in the music business, and one who is a reader of your most valuable and entertaining Radio magazine, I want to say I greatly appreciate your trying to give the radio fan what he wants in the field of Radio news through the medium of the Digest. If suggestions are made, I surely would suggest the following for the good and benefit of the Digest and its readers, but particularly to better Digest, etc.

Give us more news of independent stations, and less of chains. I believe the independent station has his share of the greatest ofboosters and enthusiasts as the chains. Publish news of the activities of the Radio commission districts. It is of the utmost importance that changes are to be made at the stations.

Stop so much fiction, and give more space to Radio. We want news.

Give us more news of the stations which broadcast "signed" programs.

Why not have a contest on chain and independent stations, to see which is the most popular and gives the most benefit? To the NBC and CBS Broadcasting Companies: May I say in behalf of thousands of listeners, yes, millions, and for the good of our great country, why not stop commercializing the Sabbath Day with your commercial programs, at least part of the time. This is called a "Christian country." May I also say to Elsie Robinson, who wrote "Come to the Go-Go!" in the March Radio Digest, this would dumbfound any broad-minded person. She needs to read the "Book of Remembrances" and abide by its teaching.—Franklin D. Sargent, Ky.

A Coon-Sanders Club Recruit
There was a letter in the March issue of Radio Digest asking for information about a Coon-Sanders club, so I placed a program in which they are featured. The program comes on every Saturday night at 12 o'clock sharp and lasts until 12:55. I wonder if you would agree with that letter writer about Coon-Sanders' orchestra.—Claude Arnold, Commerce, Texas.

All Fed-Up on Vallee
Many thanks for not having pictures of Ryder Valle in October Digest. I bought the magazine and did not see his face all over it. I believe we are all getting fed up on Ryder's playing and that is why we like "Andy." I've heard a new Negro song in New York. Let's have more about the two best orchestras on the air, Coon-Sanders' Night Hawks and Valentine's Popular Orchestra, and how they can play. I enjoyed both interviews this last issue. The writer is chords to the reader because he has some old time music and songs they would be much better liked out West. Radio Digest is the finest book on the market.—Jennie Whitfield, Fontana, Cali.

WLAC Interferes at Bluffs, Illinois
I would like to call your attention to station WLAC, Nashville, Tenn. Almost every evening, from six to eight, C. S. F., some minister from the Central Church of Christ in Nashville, Tenn., preaches a sermon through WLAC. He certainly puts some old time music and songs they would be much better liked out West. Radio Digest is the finest book on the market.—Jennie Whitfield, Fontana, Cali.

WLS Broads Five on WVNO, WREX Broads
I have checked up other Radio owners in my neighborhood and they will do the same thing. Even "a chain hook-up" by the NBC or the CBS will not come in at this time. Anything that can be done would certainly appal the Radio owners in this section.—E. A. Shore, Bluffs, Illinois.

Is Lucy a Negroess?
The writer was amused at the letter from Lucy Barrett, Chicago, ill., which concerns Amos 'n Andy. I lived for a considerable time in Georgia and have traveled almost all the Southern States personally, and do not believe the criticism of the dialect Amos 'n Andy use to be true. It is difficult to know whether Lucy Barrett is a negroess and therefore has a right to claim a better knowledge of negro life, or at least a knowledge of the people throughout the United States who are "old fogies" enough to enjoy Amos 'n Andy.—E. S. Simone, Syracuse, N. Y.

Best and Cleanest Humor
I wish to state this magazine and the articles you print about Amos 'n Andy were very good. I hope you continue printing these articles in the coming issues.—Lucy Barrett, Chicago, Ill.

Thought They Were Negroes
In reading the April number of the Radio Digest, today, I noticed the comment on Amos 'n Andy by Lucy Barrett, Chicago, which I think is an unjustifiable criticism. I am N. C. right in the heart of negroes of all types and it is only since I read the Radio Digest for March that I was told to look for color. I had listened in week after week and thought there were Negroes. I might say, this is the first time I have heard negro dialect, and to be truthful, I was disappointed when I found out they were white, and Russians to boot. They were just too clever for negroes, of course, meaning Amos 'n Andy. It is wonderful the way Negroes can change the complexion of a voice. If I had a heart to laugh, as I can picture the situation by placing your copy of the digest around me in the day in the situation of Amos 'n Andy.—Marion Bodey, Charlotte, N. C.

Not Sporting of WLS
WENR is absolutely the best station in the world. I have thousands of friends who wish to make them win the contest. I wish the Federal Radio Commission would give WLS a new channel and let them have the same opportunity as others. I don't wish WLS is acting very sportsmanlike in complaining about a "reduced schedule" all the time, that is still on the air.—Mildred Pulliam, Sheridan, Ind.

You'll Have to Blame the Mails
I received my March Digest yesterday with a very crack clear across the beautiful cover, as usual. Why can't you mail them flat? If you must fold them for mailing, fold the back cover inside, then I think there would be enough close to the front cover so it wouldn't crack. I think those two pages of caricatures by Cugat and that disgraceful Carrie Byrnes. That is all the fault I can find with it. I do enjoy it so much. The Paris girl on the cover can't compare with our beautiful American girls on the other covers.—Grace M. Smith, Linden, N. Y.

WLS Broadcasts Blizzard
KOA, Denver, Colo., may bring in the rain. As I projected in a March Digest, WLS broods in the howl and whistle of the blizzard they had in Chicago Dec. 19 or 20, 1925, in perfect order, and as I prove by the article on the blizzard in the station.—Mrs. C. L. Walton, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Wants Them on Earlier
I am enclosing nomination blank for Amos 'n Andy. The children enjoy this program and my neighbors feel the program is too late to wake out of bed. That's what I think of them. Anyone that is interested in the weather is interested in this program, and I have no doubt it is early to get home. I have talked to a number of people about this and they all think it is much too early in this program broadcast at 6 o'clock. If you think it would have any influence with the Peopledown Company, I could get a letter signed by a number of people, asking them if it would be possible to arrange this broadcast. I am sending a copy of this letter to Mr. Horace Morgan, manager-director KYW, and Mr. "Bill" Hay, "the man behind the guns," at WMAQ.—H. L. Mohler, Gary, Indiana.

Chicago Stations and Artists Overlooked
Having read your issue, I am surprised that the various stations and announcers I am reasonably aware of that so little is said for the Chicago announcers by you and me.

For a year and a half WGN served our family fully 95 per cent of the time. We rarely used any other station, WBBM, WMAQ, WMBC, WOC, or WOR. Many of the stars of NBC and CBS rolled into one can't hold a candle to our own Quin Ryan. He has more pep in his voice, is more a character; he never swears, as the other announcers do, mangles words that ought to be properly used, loses or gains a punctuation mark, half smile when it should be a smile, and half smile when it should be a frown. Pat Barnes is certainly there with that "yippee" voice, but Pat is doing a very good job in some cases, and very poor in others. I am not stating that the announcers and the stations of NBC and CBS are no good. Our announcers are much reversed. When WCHI is on the air this family is with it 100 per cent. The balance of the time was divided between all the others, and we never listen to WOR at all. It is so much better than any station I have ever heard before.—F. M. Baron.

Six Pages Too Much
You have given six pages to Amos 'n Andy (you may pay for advertising them) and about twenty pages to fiction, music, etc. and give as good articles about some of the real worth while folk, such as Philip H. Lord, Cheevo and even Ernie Hare and Billy Jones.

Perhaps Amos 'n Andy will have to retire after the awful scald Lucy Barrett, of Chicago, gave them but you must know that everyone does not like their kind. You may not even appreciate music, but at least you don't just say, "I won't have it on after one, two, or three, or fed up on it after Jan., Feb., March and April and now more in May.—E. F. Cooley, Manchester, Iowa.

Lucy is "All Wet"
I hope you will tell Lucy Barrett what I think of her as a critic. She labels Amos 'n Andy as not "wet." I think she is quite wrong. I think I want just what and who she would consider good entertainment. I think that this person is either an enter- tainer herself and therefore jealous, or an "old maid." I just can't see what the matter is. If she proves not to be an "old maid," but a young girl instead, she certainly must be a "nigger watcher."

Now Amos 'n Andy mean absolutely nothing but entertainment to me. But I surely enjoy them immensely and so do most other people of this community.

Also, I'm so kid and not know what I like and don't like.—Russell C. Como, N. J.

An Unusual Request
This is an unusual request that I am making and I hope that it is not too unusual.

I should like to exchange digests with any owner of a R. C. A. Radiolcs 35-310 model—the numbers on the dial running from 0 to 100. I have several unusual personalities in the many common ones.

If anyone that supposes North will wish to do this.—Virginia Roberts, 2218 Leon St., Austin, Texas.

What My Radio Set Means to Me
My Radio set keeps me ever conscious of the Always August Mambo. Its instructive and constructivc purposes separate all evil from my thoughts of man and make me see him as a per- fect being who comes to share his greatest tal- ents, his holiest treasures.

It is essential to have a happy place, content with learning, intense with interest, harmonious with song.

It is a stepping stone into the world that will not help, or cheer, or bless.

It has no aim but to make earth a fairer and better place to be.—J. C. Stith, Kingsport, Tennesse.

Another Vote for Amos and Andy
I can't understand your giving special center space to anyone that doesn't like Amos 'n Andy. We should have at least a half page for all. The night a tube burned out on our set five minutes before time for them. I ran four blocks to a friend's house to borrow a tube. I was happy to get the words into my ears while going to school. Another reason is that warmer weather is inversely as the daylight. The window is in the evening it is rather early to get back home. I have talked to a number of people about this and they all think this program broadcast at 6 o'clock. If you think it would have any influence with the Pepsodent Company, I could get a letter signed by a number of people, asking them if it would be possible to arrange this broadcast. I am sending a copy of this letter to Mr. Horace Morgan, manager-director KYW, and
Salute to Cities Continue

Salutes to the Cities!...
What a wealth of historical, industrial, civic and artistic beauty is contained in those words which, in the Radio world, have become very familiar these last few weeks! The idea of having a series of special programs to eulogize the various cities of the country—each program containing the music, the color, almost the atmosphere of the particular city being saluted on that day, could be possible only in a Radio age.

And the idea is so huge—so country-wide and international in its scope that only an organization of the size of Westinghouse could put it over with the proper finesse. The group of men mainly responsible for putting on the Salutes to the Cities is shown herewith.

The first of the city salutes was that to Chicago, which was broadcast on June 10 over NBC; and since then, every Tuesday at 8 p.m., there has been a similar salute to some one of America’s leading cities. Musical scores and interesting vocal descriptions are used to interpret to the American Radio public the spirit, the “tone” of each city’s flourishing industry, commerce and culture. Atlanta was the second city to come in for a salute from the American public. A schedule of several succeeding weekly salutes is printed with this article.

The Salutes to the Cities is the second series of salutes which Westinghouse has broadcast, the first being the “Salutes to the Industries” completed recently.

They are a unique and distinctive creation in the way of public entertainment, these salutes. Realizing that the nation as a whole is unaware of certain prestige and advantages peculiar to the several American cities, Westinghouse inaugurated the salute idea to make America conscious of the component parts of this vast commercial empire. Music was chosen as the medium for a very obvious and sound reason: music will do more to heighten the dramatic quality of each broadcast than any mere dull recital of statistical facts could do.

Westinghouse Salutes Tentative Schedule

June 10 Chicago
June 17 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Atlanta
June 24 Brick and Clay
July 1 St. Louis
July 8 Philadelphia
July 15 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Cotton
July 22 Pittsburgh
July 29 Boston
Aug. 5 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Grain Milling Industry
August 12 . . . . . . . . . . . Cincinnati
August 19 . . . . . . . . . . . Baltimore
August 26 . . . . . . . . . . . Radio Dealers
Sept. 2 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Minneapolis & St. Paul
September 9 New York

Miss Hall Kane Clements, shown here, is an aviatrice of parts who conducts the Women’s Aviation Hour every Saturday at 5 p.m., EST, over Station WABC, New York City, and CBS.

More About Lucy and Amos and Andy

By Mrs. Clayton Abbott Lane

What a lot of indignation Lucy Barrett has stirred up! Tsk, tsk, tsk!!!
And how indignant do the Amos and Andy fans wax!! And all because one person expresses her individuality in print. Queer world, eh what? and “it takes all kinds!”

Just where would Radio be this very day if all we liked the same type of program? What a rut it would be in! Those who fan one particular program can’t seem to understand another’s antipathy for that same program.

Personally, I join the Lucy Barrett ranks for not liking Amos and Andy . . . but my reason is far different from hers. The tone quality of the one who speaks in the high voice is very disfavourable to me . . . so much so that I can’t enjoy the program because of it. Therefore, I never tune them in, even though their continuity is ever so good.

And, really, it’s ever so amusing. When in conversations, the Amos and Andy topic arises, and one admits no liking for the program, one is immediately gazes upon as the greatest curiosity and oddity of the human race! What a kick I get out of those expressions (while the donor of such would like to
FOR YEARS the wavelengths of the Westinghouse Radio Stations have been favorite spots on radio dials throughout this country, as well as in foreign countries and remote parts of the world. Confirmed loyalty of listeners signifies acceptance and appreciation of the high standards of quality and character in Westinghouse programs.

Westinghouse contributions to radio have led the way consistently. First to broadcast play-by-play accounts of boxing, tennis, baseball, world series, football. First to broadcast church services, drama, theatrical performance, bedtime stories. First in international broadcasting with a special program to Great Britain, December 31, 1923, followed by a long successful history of programs to foreign countries and rebroadcasts of stations in Germany, England, France, Australia, Holland and others. Regular weekly programs to Arctic outposts, and to the Byrd Expedition in Antarctica.

Since the establishment of KDKA—"Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the World"—November 2, 1920, reliability and regularity have been watchwords of the Westinghouse stations. New transmitter, studios and equipment recently completed for KYW-KFKX. Revolutionary new transmitting station under construction for KDKA. Construction permit granted for new powerful transmitter for WBZ-WBZA.

Advertisers have been quick to utilize the facilities of the Westinghouse Stations, and present their many and varied entertaining programs to responsive audiences.
Radio doesn’t I can’t wonder winning can. 50th. what know only

versity Gl., Wilmington, Delaware, in his home. It was not an auspicious opening, but came at a time when Radio was making great forward
gains.

For ten years Mr. Wilson has gathered together the pick of the city’s talent and placed it on the air. As each year passed his part in the program has been rewarded; though, frequently, it was in a small way. Only one month ago, he was able to announce the first opening of the station’s new studios, where each day broadcast programs of eight to eleven hours are sent out on the ether waves.

Every employee of WDEL is not only an employee in the ordinary sense of the word, but also is capable of taking his or her turn behind the “ mike.” The same can be said for Mr. Wilson. If an entertainer is not at the studio to go on the air at the appointed time, Mr. Wilson, even though he might be busy answering a telephone call, can politely excuse himself. Soon you will hear the announcer saying, “This is a program of popular and classical numbers played for you on the piano by Willard S. Wilson, president and manager of WDEL.”

The personnel of the station includes: Miss Alice Nichols, program director, who is also an accomplished musician and an accomplished soprano for many of the station’s artists; Sanford Gayer, chief announcer, who is the two-time winner of the Atwater Kent Audition for radio announcers; Miss Elizabeth Hooley, secretary, who is a soprano soloist. She and Miss Nichols do a “turn” for the Radio fans.

Harry Hickman, one of the remote control announcers, although only 22 years old, is the author of several short plays. He with other employees present dramatic sketches either listed on the regular program or to “just fill in.” And besides, there is a regular staff of entertainers.

The entire force works unselfishly to build up the prestige of WDEL.

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Everybody Broadcasts at Station WDEL
By Alvin C. Wise

For years William S. Wilson dreamed that some day he would be the owner of a broadcasting station. This was prior to 1920, the year his dream came true. That year he opened the first studio of Station WDEL, in Wilmington, Delaware, in his home. It was not an auspicious opening, but came at a time when Radio was making great forward gains.

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Radio Work a Sideline
Fred Fitzgerald, 413 50th street, Brooklyn, New York; special singer and manager of Fitzgerald’s Entertainment Bureau. Incidentally he does a good deal of broadcasting over independent stations — WWJ, Woodsedge, Long Island; WLTH, Brooklyn, and others.

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Watch the Contests
Are you following the Radio Digest contests?
There are always two or three going at the same time. If you will look through the pages of the magazine each month you will find valuable information which will enable you—if you have any leanings that way—to win a prize or to boost your favorite artist, program or announcer. The Diamond Merit Award contest is a case in point. Read about it on page 8.
The Voice of Agriculture
By Charley Stookey,
Farm Program Director

"Hello, is this WLS? Hold the wire, please, Peoria calling. Go ahead!"

"Hello, WLS? This is Wilfred Shaw of the Illinois Milk Producers Association at Peoria. Say, we're snowed in down here and there's only about half enough milk on hand to go around in Peoria tomorrow morning. This blizzard has blocked all roads around here. Will you broadcast to farmers in this vicinity the necessity to get out and open the roads and do their best to get their milk in?"

"Sure we will," came the reply from WLS—"let us know if we can help further."

Within an hour the message had been broadcast twice. Then WLS settled down to its regular program. Next day another call came from Peoria saying the broadcast had turned the trick and saved Peoria babies from facing a milk famine.

This incident is only one of scores which could be cited to illustrate that WLS, the Prairie Farmer station at Chicago, is truly the "Voice of Agriculture," and a Radio station of service—the word service being interpreted as meaning "the performance of labor for the benefit of others."

Not all of the day's schedule of broadcasting is devoted strictly to service features. Not by a long shot. There's entertainment galore put on by a wide variety of entertainers; but throughout the business day farm commodity markets, weather reports and news flashes fill important places, and there's no program of the day or night which cannot be interrupted in case of emergency, like that of the milk shortage at Peoria.

Somewhere out in the country a man with forty head...
Blanketing
Indiana
Central and Southern
Illinois
Western
Kentucky
By the Use of
Radio Stations

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Most Modern and Efficient Transmitting Equipment.
Rates Available for Individual or Group Service.

Write or Wire
Station Directors or

Curtis Mushlitz
General Manager

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Here is Richard Bennett, stage star of international repute, who has taken an important part inaugurating a series of "important personalities' programs over WCHI, the Illinois Women's Athletic Club station, Chicago. This program is scheduled for 11:30 each Thursday evening.

of hogs ready for market is anxiously awaiting the first flash of the Chicago hog market as broadcast direct from the Union Stock Yards by Jim Poole, veteran livestock reporter.

"Hog receipts are light today, and the market is opening steady to a dime higher than yesterday," says Jim, "and it looks like the market would hold good through the balance of the week."

A stock raiser downstate orders a car and loads his hogs that day. They are on the market next morning, and by noon he has received a report of the day's market and can estimate pretty closely just what his return will be.

Along in July comes harvest and hay making. "Shall we cut that twenty acres of alfalfa today?" says another farm listener to his hired men. They tune to WLS for the weather report.

"Increasing cloudiness with showers..." says the announcer, and John Smith waits another day before cutting his hay, probably saving several hundred dollars on the crop.

The summer of 1929 saw the fruit growers of Southern Illinois facing the problem of marketing the largest peach crop in the history of the state—some 4,000 carloads. The Illinois Fruit Growers' Exchange had built a number of roadside markets throughout the state, about half of them in the Chicago metropolitan area, through which they hoped to sell a large quantity direct to consumers.

"We'll help you," said WLS to Harry Day, secretary of the exchange. And the second week in August was designated as "Peach Week" at WLS. On each program mention was made of the peach crop and the location of the roadside stands.

At the conclusion of the season the Illinois Fruit Growers' Exchange reported the most successful marketing season of their history, with better prices for the crop than ever before in a heavy crop year. "WLS contributed a large part to the success of our marketing venture," said Secretary Day.

Other farm organizations have come to WLS with their problems and WLS has helped solve them. In January, 1929, a dispute between Chicago milk distributors and producers in the Chicago milk shed precipitated a strike which threatened to cut off Chicago's milk supply. Through WLS, the Pure Milk Association, the producer's organization, information was broadcast hourly concerning the progress being made in adjusting the difficulties. Less than a week after WLS had offered its services the strike had been settled, the milk producers had won, and not a child in Chicago failed to get its daily quota of pure milk.

On the evening of October 21, 1929, more than 11,000 persons reported having heard the program of the Pure Milk Association's Radio Party over WLS. Advance arrangements had been made for local units of the P. M. A. to be in broadcast that evening that evening, with radio sets tuned to WLS, from which a special program was to come.

The program was broadcast between eight and nine o'clock and before ten, telephone calls and telegrams from four states were received reporting 11,700 listeners in various parts of the states.

Last winter when the Wabash Valley in Southern Indiana and Illinois was flooded and disease, suffering, and death stalked thousands of persons who inhabit that region, WLS staged a campaign to raise funds for the Red Cross to use in relieving the suffering. A goal of $10,000 was set, and within a week it had been over-subscribed $5,000. Checks totaling $15,000 were mailed to the Red Cross, and still the contributions came in. In May, when people in the flooded region were starting their spring field work, Prairie Farmer representatives visited the territory and distributed among the flood victims more than 30,000 baby chicks with which to start anew their poultry flocks.

On February 9 came a letter from the American Red Cross in which James B. Forgan, Jr., chairman of the Chicago chapter, said: "I wish to assure you of the great service you have rendered to suffering humanity, and I am sure it will be gratifying to you to know that your station has raised more than one-third of the total fund to date for this relief operation."

During the fall and winter season a series of thirty episodes of the Life of Lincoln, written by Raymond Warren, mid-western author and artist, were presented each week. The series closed June 1 with "Lincoln's Election to the Presidency." At the conclusion of the
last episode it was announced that Mr. Warren was preparing to publish the series in book form which would be available for distribution by fall. Within 48 hours after the announcement, more than 100 orders for the book had been received, although the announcement had not been intended as an advertisement.

Throughout the series an attentive listener was Carl Sandberg, noted poet and author, who was warm in his praise of the story. The series will be continued in the fall, starting with Lincoln's life in the White House and continuing through the trying days of the Civil War to the time of his assassination. It would be possible to continue for many columns more telling the story of happenings at WLS. Some are amusing, some pathetic. There's the story of the young couple at Auburn, New York, who decided to marry after hearing the wedding of Hiram (of "Hiram and Henry") broadcast one Saturday night.

There's the letter from a Chicago listener to Bill Vickland, who conducts the Bookshop, stating that a poem Bill read last December saved the writer's life, since he had decided to commit suicide. Bill's poem caused him to change his mind.

There's the woman in a Chicago hospital who feared the outcome of a major operation and requested that the lay pastor of the Little Brown Church conduct her funeral services.

Perhaps there are others which never come to the attention of the staff of the Prairie Farmer station. At any rate, those which are known at WLS give every member of the staff renewed encouragement to make their station of service to all. The audience of WLS looks forward to a continuation of Mr. Warren's Lincoln series this coming Fall as well as the possibilities of steamboat articles based on Garnett Laidlaw Eskew's book, "The Pageant of the Packets."

Henry Field's Station
Rivals National Parks

HENRY FIELD has set a number of records for radio response, among them the record of records when KFNF received 120,000 telegrams during a casual birthday party. But probably the most unique record of all is the entertainment of half a million visitors last year. Sometimes KFNF proves a greater attraction than the state fairs and somehow it draws more visitors than many of the extensively advertised national parks.

Estimates for this year predict that the million mark will be reached. Why do they come? Where from? How long do they stay? How are they entertained? And last, but not least, how in the world does the little country town of Shenandoah, Iowa, accommodate them?

The heart of the explanation, of course lies in Henry Field himself. He has always just chatted with his listeners. As he puts it, he talks "across the fence" with them. Speaks a language they all understand and gives them to understand that the latch is always out at KFNF.

"Come and see us," he says. "Bring the family along and make us a real visit. Stay as long as you like and go anywhere you please. We won't promise to make a big fuss over you, but we will give you the keys to KFNF and let you enjoy yourself." And perhaps you have there the secret as to the crowds that visit KFNF studio from early spring until late fall.

They come because they are invited and because they've always wanted to shake hands with Henry (it is reported he shakes more hands than the President of the United States). They have always wanted to see "Pate" and "Frank" and "Luetta" and others of the seed house family who have been broadcasting to them for the past six years, and who they look upon as sort of "second cousins."

Back of this affection—for in truth it is affection more than anything else—is the spirit of KFNF. There has been no aloofness from "The Friendly Farmer Station." Instead of the opera and the carefully edited continuity KFNF listeners have heard the folklore music of the hills and dales; they have heard "folksy" talks such as they themselves hear on their own front porches. Blue denim takes the place of serge and satin. Conversation takes the place of elucidation.

You see, Henry is himself a farmer (though he was once a school teacher). Thirty years ago he had a big truck farm and his first seed customers were

VERSUM STEIN of Radio Station WCSSO is director of programs and a regular pianist from the college station at Springfield, Ohio. Her jovial personality has made many friends for the station. She directs, performs and lures.

A MILLION listeners within ten miles . . . eager, responsive, prosperous listeners . . . an audience of big cities without the handicap of congested air conditions . . . an audience of progressive alert farmers without the handicap of distance . . . an audience of suburbanites located in a veritable web of small towns, all within an hour's commuting distance. That's your market here in the rich Ohio Valley.

WKRC is the Columbia System station for this rich fertile sales territory. WKRC carries all the popular Columbia features and many famed local programs. 1000 watts power; full time; modern equipment; perfect modulation; an enviable frequency assignment. A station that has "listener acceptance"; a made-to-order sales audience for you. Particulars and rates on request.

Radio Station
WKRC
CINCINNATI

Cover the rich Ohio Valley with WKRC
(550 Kilocycles)
Every Friday at 8:45 p.m. Mary Steele, whom you see here, adds her lovely contralto voice to the masculine harmonies of the Howard Trio. Although recently returned from a year's study in France, Miss Steele confesses that her favorite song is "Good Old Summer Time."
De Armand and Cassin Tell of Each Other
By Betty McGee

CLOSING a thirteen weeks' program over WOC at Davenport, Iowa, the Bear Oil Man (Louis G. DeArmand) and Miss Bear-et (Marigold Cassin) posed for the photograph on page 71 that their thousands of fans might see them in action. The programs on which they appeared included sketches of popular Radio announcers and through a hook-up with the Davenport Sunday Democrat, these sketches, together with pictures of the announcers were used each week. The popularity of the plan proved unusually great and so at the request of many of their audience they told about each other on the closing night. What they said is given here. The Bear Oil Man speaks:

"Miss Marigold Cassin is known to all WOC fans and to thousands far away from here as 'Goldie.' She is chief continuity writer for this station, and a young lady of great charm. When Miss Cassin was first approached some weeks ago to assist in this program she looked wisely at me and said:

"'But I never chew gum.'"

"Nonplused for the first time in 1930, I replied:

"'My public will welcome you with open arms and ears. Come, act as Miss Bear-et.'"

"And so this program was improved immeasurably by her presence."

"Miss Cassin weighs ... oh, I would say about seven stone, and stands about 4 feet 10 in high heels. Among the many programs she has arranged and announced the Willys—Overland is most familiar to you all in this community. These programs have proved startlingly popular and it has been due to the tireless work of Miss Cassin both in the building of the community and in announcing each program."

"Pat Flanagan, the popular announcer at WBBM, began his radio work with Miss Cassin and it was her coaching that proved the incentive to Pat to go on in the work. Marigold Cassin knows her microphone; she has a pleasing voice; she can play a bit and croon, and she also writes very good verse."

"The and was the compliment paid to Miss Cassin and then Miss Bear-et appeared and presented her impressions of the Bear Oil Man, which were:"

"'Just for that I'm going to let a few kittens out of the sack. For instance, when you asked me not long ago to write you a very short article on 'Who is the best announcer on the air, and why do you prefer The Bear Oil Man?' I took advantage of your facetiousness. This, ladies and gentlemen, gives you some idea of what I have to put up with.

"'But in spite of the fact we don't seem to get along very well we really do, so I'll tell you a few of the nice things about him.

"'His career is an unusual one. He was born, went to school, grew up and got married. If you can beat that for being different you'll have to go some. As for appearance, the Bear Oil Man is a little taller than I am, which should give you a very good idea of his height, and he's a living example of what Arrow collars and Dobbs hats can do for an American man. (Gries from The Bear Oil Man of Banf.)"
Radio Digest

Dawn of Radio
(Continued from page 45)

open warfare, said broadcasting was giving records a bad name and explained that this was his reason for not being interested in Radio. As I remember it, my personal reaction at the time was that records were giving broadcasting a bad name! However, the needle scratch has been so nearly eliminated that the average listener does not know whether he is hearing a transcription of an original microphone performance. Nor does he care.

History was made in that little roof-top penthouse. A lacune of broadcasting which swept across the country and, incidentally, came in for more kidding from the public than any other form of radio entertainment, originated from old WJZ. The bedtime story. Only it wasn't called a bedtime story hour in those days. It was known as “The Man in the Moon” hour. And that title was an accident. Here's how: Tommy Cowan thought it would be a grand and glorious achievement to put on a program for the children. Of course, a program in the summer of 1921 was only an experimental broadcast. But Major
White's ringside description of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight made listeners Radio conscious and the experimenters were waking up to the fact that to hold their unseen audience they must give them something interesting—something with entertainment value. So Tommy arranged with a lady to give a talk to children, read them some jingles and tell them a story or two.

NOW the only means of approach to the factory roof was by ladder and the lady who had to carry on for the kiddies didn't like ladders. However, after much coaxing and plenty of physical persuasion, the lady made the climb to the roof. And then? She immediately began to worry about the trip down! She became hysterical and refused to be pacified.

William McNeary, associate editor of the Newark Sunday Call, was the third member of the party. He and Tommy succeeded in lowering the lady to the floor below. Her mental balance was restored but she refused to make the journey over again in spite of the fact that the two trial trips had been successfully accomplished. Tommy appealed to McNeary to help him out. The listeners had been promised a children's hour by Tommy when he signed off the day before. Wouldn't Bill go on the air and do something for the kids?

Bill finally agreed to pinch-hit for the lady-afraid-of-ladders but—there was a proviso. "Don't mention my name!" It was about three in the afternoon but it seemed like billions of years to the Listening Mothers. Tommy agreed to keep his identity a secret. And he was broadcast at the microphone as "The Man in the Moon." And he made an instantaneous hit! So great was the request for more programs from "The Man in the Moon" that Bill McNeary found he unwittingly had talked himself into being a permanent fixture. On October 5th, 1921 "The Man in the Moon" was put on as regular a schedule as the movies.

When the telephone company refused to permit the use of their lines, as carriers of part of the distance from the transmitters for broadcasting, the World Series games were relayed in the same way the Dempsey-Carpentier fight was put on a regular a schedule.

Again Major J. Andrew White was at the descriptive end of the job. From the ballpark he gave his colorful details of the games to Tommy Cowan who listened, at the other end of the wire, wearing headphones. Tommy repeated everything the Major said, just as it came to him over the land wire, into the studio microphone in the penthouse on the factory roof.

The experience of the lady-afraid-of-ladders had proved to Tommy Cowan that this was the only way to invite talent to broadcast they should not be asked to undergo the mental and physical torture of Tommy White. Consequently Tommy requested that the broadcasting take place in a more accessible part of the building. He shouted loud and long and finally the management of the company reached the office of the Chief Engineers. Tommy was called on the carpet. Just what did he propose to do? He proposed to fix up a room attractively. "Something like a studio," provided he had a room to fix up.

The officials of the Westhinghouse Company told him he could use the ladies' retiring room in the factory! Tommy was aghast. Programs were broadcast mostly at night and the officials didn't see why that particular room shouldn't do double duty. Tommy was game. But he wanted to know which room it was to furnish the place and purchase drapes to deaden the rebound of vibrations from the bare walls. How much money?

Tommy wanted plenty. The officials agreed to let him have seventy dollars! Try to buy some monk's cloth and see how few yards seventy dollars will buy. Tommy bought Canton flannel and draped the walls. He got the girls in the factory interested in his "something like a studio" and they donated lampshades, piano and table throws, etc. In this way the first broadcasting room, with an air "something like a studio" came into being.

On November 3rd the first Radio broadcast at WJZ in which artists in person took part was put on the air. The gentlemen of Broadway who made the trip to Newark for this event were The Shannon Four—Charles Hart, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw and Wilfred Glenn. The young singers are well known to Radio fans today.

When Major White became associated with WJZ that winter he and Tommy Cowan worked side by side as successful Radio impresarios. Many were the artists from Broadway who took the trip to Newark and give their services to promote the new industry.

And many were the battles that took place. Word battles only, but nevertheless battles.

You see the White-Cowan combina-
(Continued on page 86)

KFLV, Variety Station

In the short space of approximately nine months Station KFLV at Rockford, Ill., has grown to be one of the most popular Radio stations on the air today. It is enjoying an excellent busi-
K-O-I-L BLANKETS Farming Area

KOIL, located in the Heart of the Corn Belt, dominates the rich and productive farming area of the Middle West which contains a population of 1,200,000 or 279,100 families, owning 125,100 sets with 625,000 listeners.

Recent house to house surveys show that KOIL is by far the most popular station in the Omaha trade area.

Programs Always Enjoyable

It is the purpose of KOIL always to provide its listeners with the best of entertaining features. Thru the Columbia Broadcasting System it is enabled to present sporting, historical, and musical features of national interest that in many cases could not be heard except thru KOIL.

KOIL's Station Home was the first exclusive radio studio building erected in the United States. It was built by the Mona Motor Oil Company in July, 1925. Here visitors and artists are offered a welcome and the comforts of home.

K-O-I-L

Owned and Operated by

Mona Motor Oil Company

Comm. Dept.: Council Bluffs

STUDIOS

Council Bluffs ☀ Omaha
Station WHK Holds Public Confidence

ONE of the most original and popular stations in the Cleveland area is WHK, owned and operated by the Howlett brothers. It has been called the station of new ideas. Its programs are distinctive. There is a fraternal comradeship among the artists—each is a booster for WHK—all for one, one for all.

This, according to Arnold Howlett, president and general manager, has been reflected in the programs. The first broadcasts were under handicaps that would have caused nine out of ten men to have given up in despair. But WHK proved its sincerity and won public confidence. It never failed to keep faith with its listeners. This reputation caused outside comment and brought many new listeners to the WHK circle.

Artistic endeavor and business enterprise combined to establish the station on a strong foundation. It has consistently maintained and enhanced this position.

Some of the very competent personnel of Station WHK, Pittsburgh. Of the two young ladies at the left, Miss Irma Haschart is seated; Agnes Anderson is standing. Together they form a popular crooning team. And the lady with the lovely profile, is Patsy Griffin, a crooner also. Arnold Howlett, president and general manager of WHK, completes the picture.

Now About the Amos and Andy Film

SHOULD Radio favorites go into pictures or on the stage? Many will doubtless say yes, why not? and yet so astute a Radio authority as Evans E. Plummer, of the Chicago Herald- Examiner says not for the world! The occasion for his pronouncement was the recent statement in the public prints that Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, song writers responsible for many hits, have been engaged to write the book lyrics and music for the forthcoming Amos and Andy production "Check and Double Check."

"Personally," says Plummer, "I wonder how the Amos 'n' Andy film will go. I'm sure it will draw a big gate, but what will be the reaction of the public to it? I have an old-fashioned notion that if I were a Radio favorite I would not meet or see any listener, to say nothing of making a public appearance or a motion picture film.

"My thought is that every fan has his own illusions about his Radio favorites, and that, once these stars are exposed in the flesh, or celluloid, to him, his illusions are apt to go boom, regardless of how satisfactory their acts or how personable their features. My observation is that the thicker the mystery, the better the listeners like it."

It is said, by the way, that Gosden and Correll are to get a million dollars for their picture.

Radio Fan News—LOTS OF IT!

But that's not all—RADIO DIGEST every month has fiction stories by America's leading authors. Do you read 'em? If not, why not!
They call Lamdin Kay (above) the Little Colonel. He is station director at WSB, Atlanta, Georgia. But that's not all. It is his distinctly individual and southern manner of announcing that has won him his title.

**Reporter On the Air**

*By Thelma Reboul*

Quite by accident did "T. R. L., the Air Reporter," get into this business of Radio broadcasting. Ted R. Liuza, whose voice is recognizable to thousands throughout the South, particularly Louisiana and Mississippi, is a newspaperman. A distinguished career of writing and reporting on the New OrleansItem and The Morning Tribune was behind him when he received his Radio assignment in 1926. The Item, which has the news broadcasting rights to WSB, New Orleans, assigned Ted to "cover" the station to write up Radio news and programs for the paper. This naturally brought him in the studio where he saw how it was done.

Then one night in January of 1926, Mayor Behrman of New Orleans was in a dying condition and the station punctuated its programs that night with bulletins every half hour in his condition. Ted was given the assignment before the microphone because the regular announcer couldn't be located that night. His success was immediate. His voice was clear; his style emphatic. Moreover, it was pleasant and charged with good fellowship.

Then before he knew it he was the newspaper's regular news, sports and markets announcer. When he told his superiors he couldn't write features, Radio news and do reporting, and at the same time keep his voice on the air, it was decided to release him of all his duties except to handle the Radio news. The voice of "T. R. L." the Air Reporter, had become too great a station asset to kill off.

Mr. Liuza, although only 26 years of age, is one of the veteran announcers of Radio. Next to Clyde R. Randall, director of WSMR, he has been on the air longer than any other New Orleans announcer. Twice daily he broadcasts markets, sports and news before the WSMR microphone is noted for his enunciation and pronunciation as well as his wit.

Before WSMR became a link of the National Broadcasting company, all the outstanding national, southern and local sporting events were announced over this station by Ted R. Liuza. These included the Dempsey-Tunney fights, Dempsey-Sharkey fight; play by play descriptions of the Dixie Baseball series in which New Orleans teams participated; the world series, and other important events.

**Popular Old Clown Takes the Air**

"And so Old Mom picked up the little girl from in front of the approaching elephants, placed her safely on the sidewalk, and took her place in the parade again just as if nothing had happened.

The speaker is Leo Blondin, famous circus clown, menagerie manager and manager who is appearing on a series of "performances" over WKY. The programs are designed largely for the entertainment of children, but Blondin's definition of children takes in the whole human family from 6 to 60. Every one, he says, is interested in circus stories.

The series includes stories about elephants, lions, and tigers; bears, horses, dogs and other circus animals, as well as interesting information about the old wagon show days.

To make the program realistic, an old time circus calliope is set up in the studio by the manager at WKY, and set up in the studio.

Blondin has nearly 40 years of circus experience from which to draw his yarns for the children. He has been a gymnast, wire walker, clown, animal trainer, menagerie manager and circus manager. The latter experience was with the old Sells-Floto circus. It was during this period that Courtney Kyley Cooper, famous writer of circus stories, wrote press representative for Sells-Floto and "Old Mom" was leader of the circus herd of elephants. Blondin's stories about the prowess of Old Mom stimulated Cooper to write the first of his manuscripts.

Working with Blondin in the series is a group of Oklahoma City children who furnish atmosphere, and do a lot of talking for the broadcasts.

Fritz Hursch, commercial manager, WSB, Atlanta, Ga.
Miss Evelyn Gardiner and KDKA's Home Forum

The old saying: “Know your product before you tell others about it,” is the keynote to the KDKA Home Forum, daily presentation except Sunday at 9:15 a.m. (E. S. T.).

Before Miss Evelyn Gardiner, Director of the KDKA Home Forum, offers her listeners a new recipe it is thoroughly tested in her kitchen, careful attention being given to the exact measuring of ingredients, mixing, correct temperature, and length of time of cooking.

The scope of the work done by Miss Gardiner and her assistant on the KDKA Home Forum is not confined entirely to the formulating, testing and broadcasting of new recipes, but rather, covers a wide area of women’s interests such as “how to plan their house work, planning a convenient kitchen with modern labor saving devices, and offering suggestions for the planning of parties including decorations, preparations and serving. Hints on ways and means of overcoming child feeding problems and numerous other problems that confront the housewife are given attention.

Miss Gardiner received an A. B. Degree from San Diego State College, San Diego, California, and an M. A. Degree in Household Arts from Columbia University, New York City. In addition to this training, she had one year’s study in Home Economics at the University of Chicago, and two summers’ work at the University of California in the same field.

She taught both Household Art and Household Science in a high school in San Diego for three years, then accepted a position at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College in Stillwater, Oklahoma, as instructor in the School of Home Economics, remaining there for two and a half years when she enrolled as a student at the Columbia University, from where she came to KDKA to take charge of the Radio activities of the Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the world in the field of household economics.

Miss Josephine Fresh, secretary and assistant to Miss Gardiner, had her training in Home Economics at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh. After graduating she spent some time training in Europe studying the foreign methods of cooking and serving food.

A Skilled Harpist on the Pacific Coast

By Carl T. Nunan

Kathryn Juley, KPO’s pretty staff harpist, did not purposely start out to become a player of the instrument which is naturally associated with angels, angelic music or the Irish. It just happened that she was to become one of the best western players of this ancient instrument whose sweet silvery tones irrestisibly “get under the skin” of poets, painters and writers, and charm their genius into creating masterpieces.

Miss Juley was born in Fresno, the raisin section of California, in 1905. The daughter of a famous pianist, the late M. M. I. Myers, it was natural that she should grow up in a musical atmosphere and, being of an artistic nature, lean toward some one of the arts. It followed she developed a passion for music.

Kathryn wanted to become a singer. Her parents dreamed and planned that she become one of the world’s greatest harpists. Conflict of mind, however, failed to interfere and Kathryn was given a general musical education, with the result that Miss Juley is today a true artist par excellence on the harp.

Back in 1922, when Radio broadcasting was an unknown quantity, Miss Juley made her debut to Radio fans of KPO as a soprano in a joint recital with her father. Two years later ability won her two scholarships for her with the Joullard Foundation of New York—one for voice and one for composition. It gave her the opportunity to study with such masters as Francis Rogers, baritone, and Rubin Goldmark, one of the country’s best teachers of composition.

“I was so thrilled,” says Miss Juley, “that I plunged into my musical endeavors with a vengeance, and in the following year, 1923, was rewarded by winning another scholarship—this time for the study of the harp. Fortunately for me, I became a pupil of the renowned woman harpist, Annie Louise David, whom critics acclaim America’s supreme woman harpist.” And so came the realization of her parents’ dreams: Kathryn became a harpist.

Her first professional engagement as a harpist was when she appeared as soloist in the production, “Smilin’ Thru,” at the Alcazar Theatre, in San Francisco, headlining with such stars of the stage as Gladys George and Dudley Ayres. Miss Juley also gained fame at the French Theatre in the pit and on the stage.

Unlike most Radio artists, Miss Juley states, “I have never considered Radio in the light of a remunerative occupation, although it pays well; but I consider it as a means of education. I make so many friends— must study such a variety of compositions. And the musical directors teach me so much with their helpful suggestions and ideas.”

But Radio does not alone claim her entirely. Kathryn Juley is one of the busiest of Western concert artists. Her greatest difficulty is finding time to fill her engagements.

An expression of appreciation to the great radio audience of the Southwest from

The Advertising Department and Management of

KFH

Wichita Eagle - Hotel Lassen
Wichita, Kansas

“We are more than grateful for the generous response you are giving us”

1000 Watt - Crystal Control
Western Electric Throughout

Member Station
Columbia Broadcasting System

J. Leslie Fox, Director

Morgan Sexton, Announcer, Station WOC
just who the manager really was, unless
he was pointed out by someone.
KVI is the northwest outlet of the
Columbia Broadcasting System in Ta-
coma, Washington. The secret of its
popularity may be found on the office
door. “KVI, 1,000 Watts of Pep and
Personality, Edward J. Jansen, Man-
ger. Office hours sunrise until mid-
night.”

There’s Music in
the Carson Family
By Gertrude Thornhill

IT JUST sort of “runs in the family,”
you might say after listening to the
Carson Sisters Trio sing. Dorothy,
Elsie and Nadine are station artists with
KSAT, doing modern harmony num-
biers, and they are “mighty clever”
according to the verdict of the listeners
of the station.

If you didn’t remark upon the singular
situation after listening to the three
sisters, it would certainly strike you as
unusual to learn that there was a fourth
to make a quartette until she married—
and then there were three,” as the
famous subtraction song goes.

Four younger sisters are still in school.
Two of them are twins, 17, and are
developing a real duo. Even the little
girls still in grade school are musically
inclined and all eight sisters frequently
sing together as a double quartet.

Dorothy, Elsie, and Nadine “just
started singing” when they were young-
sisters for their own amusement. The
eldest is now 24, the youngest 20. Re-
semblance between the three is marked,
but each has a distinctive individuality.

Nadine is a “blues” singer and accom-
pansies the trio on the piano. Dorothy is
secretary to the station manager at
KSAT and consequently spends most
of her time around the studio. The spe-
cialty of the trio is modernistic harmony.

Eddie Jansen, director of Station
KVI, 1,000 watts of Pep and Per-
sonty.

Eddie Jansen—
“Sunrise to Midnight”
By Mabel Howard

IT HAS often been said that a rolling
stone gathers no moss, but as Eddie
puts it, “Who wants to be a mossback?”
Hence it is that we find Eddie Jansen,
the person this story is written about.

Being a writer of newspaper articles,
it is my lot to call on and interview per-
sonages throughout the country. One
delightful Northwestern afternoon I
dropped in on Radio Station KVI and
asked for the manager. The office girl
left me for the moment, and returning,
led me to the man I was in search of.
Before entering the office I paused and
read the following on the office door,
“KVI, 1,000 Watts of Pep and Personal-
yty, Edward J. Jansen, Manager. Office
hours sunrise until midnight.” In this
sign I read the history of the success
of Eddie Jansen and KVI.

Eddie was born April 1, 1906, in St.
Paul, Minnesota, but he hopes that you
will not hold this birth date against him.

Moving to Washington, his parents set-
tled in Tacoma, where Eddie attended
the St. Leo’s grade and high school.

Eddie, after leaving high school, sold
newspapers, worked in shipyards and
restaurants, chauffered and what not.
He then studied to be a teacher, after
which he played three seasons with a
stock company, when something hap-
pened to change his life. Infantile
paralysis confined him to his bed for six
months.

The doctors agreed that he would
never take another step, but this idea
did not at all appeal to Eddie, so one
day he had a friend take him down to
KVI, just at the time the station was
being reorganized. They tried him out
and as a result he was hired as a relief
announcer. Once in the line of battle,
things began to happen. From relief
announcer he passed in turn to the posi-
tion of operator, continuity writer, chief
announcer, assistant manager and last
of all to that of manager of the Puget
Sound Broadcasting Company. Now
we find Eddie ready and able to step
into any department. His new position
keeps him busy in conferences on con-
tracts, announcing, writing continuity
and still taking his turn at the controls.
I have never yet talked to a man so en-
thusiastic over his work. He is always
thinking up new ideas, and anyone com-
ing into the studio would never know

KFKB
THE GOLD CUP WINNER OF 1930 POPULAR STATION CONTEST WITH 256,000 VOTES

The outstanding station of
Kansas, with programs that
are so diversified they appeal
to the middle west farmer as
well as to the city dweller.

5000 Watts, 1050 Kilocycles, Crystal Control,
One Hundred Per Cent Modulation. Rate
Card Mailed on Request. Member National
Association of Broadcasters. More Power Than
Any Other Kansas Station

KFKB
Broadcasting Association, Inc.
MILFORD, KANSAS
J. M. Gilliam and His Four Stations
By J. M. Gilliam
General Manager, WACO and other Stations

FIVE years ago J. M. Gilliam started in the radio business—five years of the hardest work and the most interesting: five years of alternating discouragement and success. But now, at the end of that five years he says he wouldn't change his place for that of any man in any other business. Radio has "got" him.

"The station I ever operated was KFOB," says Mr. Gilliam, "here in Fort Worth, Texas. It is now KTAT—a 100 per cent Western Electric station. In addition, I have on KTSA, a member of the CBS, in San Antonio. For the last two years we have been operating also KGKO at Wichita Falls, which is on the air from ten to thirteen hours every day.

'Station WACO, which we also operate, is the only station in the United States whose call letters spell the name of the City in which the station is located, KTAT as you probably know, stands for Keep Talking About Texas. But the Gilliam idea back of the present policy of expansion in the four stations named—KTAT, KGKO, KTSA and WACO, is that there are plenty of orchestras, and a superfluity of musicians, the number of real entertainers is comparatively few. It is the policy therefore to develop real entertainers, not merely musicians. For example at the KGKO studio and the KTSA studio, they have built a stock company around the orchestra (there is an orchestra for each of the four studios). Trained both as singers and actors, these stock companies are able to produce anything in the way of a program from a duet to a chorus of Christmas carols, with plenty of action thrown in for good measure.

"There is one activity of all our stations which I should like to emphasize. It is our周widely popular "Golden Era" program, with a cast of well-known radio personalities, and of course, the harvest of radio has been a gold mine through the years. The music played by Oliver Nicklas of the State Theatre is broadcast by remote control. This theatre is packed with children for special shows on Saturday mornings, and these youngsters have formed a selfies singing club, and vocalize as the orchestra plays. Following the organ music each morning is the Homemaker's Hour directed by Miss Vera Stebbins, consisting of home hints, style talk, recipes, contests, music and entertainment. This hour has a wide acceptance with the housewives and a large correspondence is maintained between WACO and those who favor this hour.

Night footnotes is to be inaugurated at Wittenberg College this coming season and WCSS looks forward to carrying Wittenberg's football conquests to more listeners than ever before. John D. Kuhns, who for three years handled the Harvard games over WBZ, and Lester S. Crowl, who enters on his eighth year of putting Wittenberg football on the air, will again work together, as they also do when handling basketball from the Wittenberg Gymnasium.

WCSS has maintained a regular evening series of broadcast programs since its inception in 1921, serving the city of Springfield and a wide suburban and rural community in central Ohio.
Texas Broadcasting Corp.

Serving the Great Southwest

Dominance does not mean distance! The stations represented in this group possess sufficient power to reach out into their territories and the four of them serve the State of Texas, Southern Oklahoma and Eastern New Mexico. Each Station carefully studies the conditions in its own territory and its programs are planned to please the people. Each Station is the dominant, popular station in the community in which it is located.

KGKO
500 watts day time
250 watts night time
Wichita Falls, Texas

KGKO covers Northwest Texas and Southern Oklahoma, doing an average business of over $100,000 per annum and is the only Station in Wichita Falls.

KTAT
1000 watts
Fort Worth, Texas

KTAT is of the Southwest and for the Southwest—the greatest “new” country on the face of the earth. What this Station has to broadcast will be received by the fastest growing and soon the wealthiest territory in North America—a territory the resources of which have scarcely been touched.

WACO
1000 watts
Waco, Texas

WACO is located in one of the most thriving cities in Central Texas, with the most prosperous agricultural background of any city in the Southwest, and is the only Station in Waco and Central Texas.

KTSA
2000 watts day time
1000 watts night time
San Antonio, Texas

KTSA is located in historic old San Antonio, the home of the Alamo—within three or four hours drive of the lower Rio Grande Valley, with its untold wealth in production of oranges, grapefruit, lemons and other tropical fruits. It serves more local and territorial accounts than any other Station in South Texas.

During our five years in Commercial Radio Broadcasting, we have specialized in giving free service to all worthy institutions and movements in the cities and territories in which we are located—agricultural, religious, educational and similar institutions. This policy, together with the programs we present—that the people like—has endeared these stations to the public. Time can be bought on these stations individually or at an attractive combination rate as a group. For detailed information and rates, address—

Texas Broadcasting Corp.
Texas Hotel
Fort Worth, Texas
The Home studios of WREC are located in the beautiful Hotel Peabody and many-novel local programs come from these studios each day. The $30,000 Mohler studio organ is heard several times daily with "Francis" at the console. The Doctor and Professor, "General Nuisance and Lord Applesauce," "The Roustabouts," "Ada and Eva," "Who's Who" and many other local attractions keep the staff of twenty busy.

WREC is the CBS representative in Memphis and presents most of their leading programs. It is the only Memphis station that has permanent day and night service; presenting all of the Columbia sustaining features that are heard all through the day. Beginning at 7 o'clock a. m. with "Something for Everyone" and finishing the day at midnight with dance music from the beautiful roof garden of Hotel Peabody, played by Dave Harmon and his band.

"We are an intensely busy station here," says Hoyt B. Wooten, director of WREC. "Right in line with the new awakening spirit if the Old South, the Voice of Memphis, sounds its note of hope and encouragement to its thousands of listeners in this section of the country."

It Was a Real Strad—No Wonder!

J. Oliver Riehl, music director of the Chicago studios of the NBC, is not often mistaken in musical matters—if he were he wouldn't hold the position he now occupies. But he made a mistake recently which was at once painful and instructive, for although it cost him the price of a new hat, it brought to his attention the existence in Chicago of one of the finest violins in the world.

It all came about when C. M. Thompson, wealthy collector of violins, entered Riehl's office with the announcement that he had in his possession a violin from which could be produced with absolute perfection every note of the scale, even through the microphone. "I'll bet a bat you haven't!" was Riehl's answer, and an argument ensued which resulted in a bet into which the NBC officer entered not wisely but too enthusiastically.

In order to settle the point, a council of several of the most eminent violinists in Chicago was called, who listened, critically to the tones of the violin, first in the studio and later through the loud-speaker, as the music came to them via the microphone. The violin successfully passed every conceivable musical test, and Riehl lost the bet.

After it was all over, it was discovered that the instrument is a genuine Stradivarius, one of the few in existence and valued by its owner to the extent of a sum of five figures. As a result of the incident, Mr. Riehl is hemoing the high cost of hats in Chicago, but he has also begun negotiations to broadcast the marvelous tones of the violin over the NBC networks. We believe they will be well worth hearing.
A fine, clean, professional and upstanding bunch compose the concert orchestra of KTSA, San Antonio, Texas, one of the Gilliam chain of stations. Everett Hauser, the director of the orchestra, is shown standing, with the baton, in the center.

Clever Entertainers
—"Cecil and Sally"

Clever entertainers—Helen Troy and Johnnie Patrick of KPO1 Original and humorous with their intriguing episodes of "Cecil and Sally in the Funniest Things," which are released every evening with the exception of Sunday, 9 to 9:30 o'clock.

Johnnie Patrick, who purposely flunked his West Point and University of California examinations because he was so sold on the idea of Radio as a career, is the originator and author of the humanly interesting episodes which have to do with the experiences of a bashful boy and his girl friend, typical of the everyday experience of modern romantic young couples—so cleverly interwoven with skill and understanding that they remind one of the experiences with his or her own children.

Helen Troy, "the girl friend," is equally accomplished, having been on the stage since she was four years old. Strange it is that both of these artists, who have organized the team of "Cecil and Sally," have had more or less the same experiences throughout their lives. Both were raised by aunts and uncles, their parents having passed away while they were still very young.

Helen was born in San Francisco. At four years she toured the country with her uncle, G. Lote Silver, on the Orpheum Circuit—it was he who originated the illustrated songs so popular a few years back. A year or so later her uncle retired from the stage and purchased a chain of theatres of his own, and Helen was then sent to school at Travers City, Michigan, attending the Sacred Heart Academy.

At seventeen she was sent to Chicago to study piano and pipe organ, where she received the teaching of a number of celebrated teachers, including Jess Crawford. Her first professional engagement as an organist was in Detroit where she appeared at the Cinderella Theatre for one year. She then came west and for a time played at the Imperial Theatre here, then entered the Radio field at a local station as accompanist and soprano soloist.

Johnnie was born in Louisville, Kentucky. At the age of two years he found himself at Houston, Texas, where several years later, when his parents died, he was sent to be cared for by his uncle at Austin, Texas, who sent him to the Saint Edward's School there. His early life was one round of schools. From St. Edwards he was sent to Saint Joseph's Academy, New Jersey, and then to Holy Cross College at New Orleans. From there he went back to Texas, and soon afterwards to San Francisco.

Here he finished his schooling at a private school and then took up drawing at the California Institute of Fine Arts and established quite a reputation as a cartoonist—many of his drawings have been used by local newspapers.

One day while on the tennis court "raising a racket" Johnnie met Helen Troy and she became his "girl friend of Radio."

"She inspired me with her little laugh and her ability to be funny," states Johnnie, "and Helen gave me the idea of our broadcasts which have proved so popular with Radio dialers."

"Don't you believe him," chips in Helen, "it is his own keen sense of

KFJF
5000 Watts, 1480 Kilocycles
Oklahoma City, ∞ Oklahoma

1. KFJF is located in the center of the U. S. equidistant from Los Angeles and New York City.
2. KFJF is in the geographical and population center of the State of Oklahoma, the only state in the Union that has been in the "white" on business maps of the country for twenty-one consecutive months.
3. KFJF has been operating on a Daily Schedule for seven years (on July 4th).
4. KFJF has new 5000 watt 100 per cent modulated crystal controlled equipment.
5. KFJF operates on a full time schedule starting at 7 a.m. with continuous programs 16 to 18 hours every day.

Broadcasting Station KFJF
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Member Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Association of Broadcasters.
"Chickie" Moss is a petite blues singer featured twice weekly over KQV, Pittsburgh. Small, dark, with flashing blue eyes, "Chickie" (no one seems to know her first name) is five feet of concentrated personality. Just 18, hails from sunny California, and has ambitions to return there. Much as they would like to see her realize her ambition, the KQV crowd would rather have her stay with them.

The Growth of KQV

A FORD Spark Coil, two nails as a spark gap, a dry cell and a sending key. That was the beginning in 1912 of the present KQV Pittsburgh, of three magnificent studios and offices atop a modern office building. KQV has gone through a number of reincarnations since then, but the staff are proud of the fact that their license is the first one ever granted a commercial station and that KQV is the second oldest station in the world.

Since that humble beginning over eighteen years ago KQV has grown marvelously. Under the management now of Paul J. Miller, who has been in the game since he was a "pup," the staff of KQV, numbering twenty persons in all, plans to extend their scope of activities to include every type of entertainment known. Football games, hockey, basketball, operas, symphonic presentations and choral renditions all have a place in the plans for the coming fall.

Joe Wright and His Eleven-Piece Orchestra

By C. Thomas Nunan

An unusual orchestra director is Joe Wright, violinist leader of The Cinderella Orchestra of the Silver Slipper Cafe, heard nightly, 11:00 to 12:00, except Mondays, on KPO, San Francisco. For Joe spends all his spare time reading the "case books of law," and books published on the laws of harmony. He does not study law with the aim of becoming a lawyer. He reads it for recreation. Although a past master and arranger of harmony, he reads the laws of harmony also to relax his mind. In that, he is like a sailor who goes rowing on his days of "liberty."

But Joe is one of those unusual men in everything he does. He has an unusually good orchestra, is an expert at golf, was a real baseball player, but butterfingers being not especially good for violinists, he has forsaken the diamond. He is an all round good chap and a clean cut gentleman.

He was born in Oklahoma City, 1899. His father, a retired oil man of that city, was a guitar player of repute; his mother, a concert pianist. It followed that Joe should also become a musician. When he was 4 years old he was taken to Spokane with his parents where he grew to manhood and received his education.

Joe came to San Francisco eight years ago and was one of the first to be heard over KPO, when it came on the air in 1922. Since that time he has become well known to San Franciscans and has directed orchestras in a number of the city's leading cafes.

His eleven-piece orchestra is fast gaining a reputation for its individual style. They play their own arrangements of the late hits. The orchestra boasts three men who specialize in this and their arrangements are made to fit the orchestra. The boys are also arrangers for one of the country's leading music publishers and the photograph of the orchestra will soon be published on a number of the latest song hits.
LOOK OUT
fo’ Mah Operation
By Roger Baudier

A MOST important function of Radio is to bring to the people of one section of our country information as to customs and traditions of other parts. That the dwellers in New England may know more about the people of Florida and the Carolinas, the office workers in Chicago’s loop may have a better understanding of the people of Southern Louisiana; and that these people in the far South may in turn better appreciate their northern brothers. The same is good for all parts of the country.

Which is just by way of introducing this illuminating story of two New Orleans comedians who are wisely impersonating over Radio the humorous side of a little known race of Americans—the Creole-speaking “niggers” of the Delta region—Editor.

“LOOK out fo’ mah operation!” “Who wrote dat song?”
“Most assiduously—”

These typical expressions of Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain, and a score of others with the tang of the peculiar Creole accent, have become bywords in New Orleans, uproariously familiar to the thousands of Radio fans who tune in every Tuesday night for certain popular headliners of station WWL. But where would one expect to find the real types of Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain with their accompanying characters, except in the old French Quarter of New Orleans—the Vieux Carré?

Famous writers, singers, poets and artists have immortalized the Vieux Carré, as well as its inexpressible, odd and unique folks, with their strange customs of another day and their chatter in inimitable “Creole nigger-talk.” However, it was left to Ralph J. Nogues and René Durel to place on the air for the first time, vividly and true to life, some of these quaint characters. Among those who know New Orleans, who are there who will not recognize Smokey Joe, the unfailing, shrewd and pompous dandy with a smattering of education, Tee-Tain, the simple, street-corner “nigger” of old “French Town” ; Cle- mence, the latter’s shrill-voiced—virago- of-a-wife; Lawyer Labesse, the rusty and frayed legal light of the old régime, unable to utter half a sentence without interspersing it with French; Wun Lung, the incarnation of the still popular New Orleans Chinese laundryman (incidentally, the old Chinese character is continually on the air), and Senor Alvarez, descendant of Spanish grandees?

Then there are also those other odd, honest-to-goodness New Orleanians, hol- dovers of another day: Nainaine Cora, Madame Alexis—the fortune-teller; “Achille,” Uncle Alphonse, and the crowning glory of all, Tee-Tain’s two little sons, Equator and Gagaloot.
With all the world to choose from, these two persons could better quality to impersonate such characters than Nogues and Durel, for both were born and reared in the old French Quarter, among the very characters they portray. Little wonder that they bring out their characters so faithfully, particularly in accent, dialect and expression; that they make use of their habit of jumping from the sublime to the ridiculous and to finding humor even in moments the most dramatic. Even their fantastic trips to Mars and Iceland and other far-away places that have brought such nationwide popularity to Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain and aroused such widespread interest, are characteristic of “French Town” colored folks’ simplicity and credulity.
Then, in the musical overture of their broadcast, Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain bring in rare New Orleans local color. The wailing dirge of the ever-present negro funeral band on the way to the cemetery, is combined with the customary lively jazz selections played on the return, as if expressing joy at being still alive. As Smokey Joe expresses it:

"... COMING
to you from the
studios of...

KSTP"

St. Paul and Minneapolis and the adjacent Northwest vote for KSTP first in preference to any other local programs. And quite naturally, the NBC entertainment and service features have the majority of followers of net work productions. KSTP, admittedly is first—nearly 70% of the listeners as against 17% for the station named second choice. The KSTP orchestra organization of thirty-five artists includes selected groups, which present everything from symphonic classics to the latest popular selections, and is the only full-time Radio station staff orchestra in the Northwest. In addition to this most important asset, KSTP gives most to the advertiser and listeners because it has the largest musical library—the largest technical staff—the most complete research, merchandising, sales, program publicity, continuity, music and dramatic departments. The KSTP advertising department will be pleased to submit a detailed Radio advertising plan without obligation.

KFUL
owned and operated by the
Texas Broadcasting Company

Studio: Buccaneer Hotel Galveston, Texas

Write for Rates

NORTHWEST'S LEADING RADIO STATION
Old Doc Applesauce Shows Himself Again
By George R. Wood

Take a great amount of sunshine, and cheery smiles, add good music and humor administered by RKO stars and you have the prescription that is the foundation of the program directed by Old Doctor Applesauce. This mysterious old character who styles himself "the old quack himself who cures your ills without any pills," is heard through WIL.

Each Monday afternoon at six o'clock a WIL announcer greets the Radio audience: "It's RKO and here we go with the program from the St. Louis Theatre studios. Your genial host and master of ceremonies, Old Doctor Applesauce, is ready to conduct the regular weekly program featuring the Mystery Number Contest with Walter Seim at the theatre pipe organ. Answers to this weekly contest run into thousands as the listeners try to guess the correct title of an old number played.

An outstanding feature of the Old Doctor's broadcast is the original humorous style of announcing that he has inaugurated for the program. His announcements are made from the "Applesauce Book of Poetry," "The Applesauce Book of Proverbs," "The Applesauce Book of Philosophy," etc.

The mysterious old doctor's identity was kept closely guarded until the St. Louis Radio show, when the listeners demanded that he appear, and so the secret was revealed—"Old Doctor Applesauce," Arthur A. Frudenfeld—assistant district manager for RKO.

In 1922

First In Dixie

In 1930

WB
The Voice of the South

Radiophone Broadcasting Station of

THE ATLANTA JOURNAL
ATLANTA - GEORGIA
"The Journal Covers Dixie Like the Dew"

5,000 WATTS CLEAR CHANNEL
Western Electric FULL TIME

Affiliated NBC Network

Maintaining a complete continuous daily service of 17½ hours

"Most assiduously, hits de nigger ban' goin' with the dead one and comin' back wif de live ones."

Soomey Joe is the re-incarnation of a real character: A famous negro coal stoker on the Pontchartrain R. R. of New Orleans, the second oldest railroad in this country, whose three coaches and ancient locomotive still ramble to the lake shore, while the engine belches great clouds of black smoke. Hence, its nickname among Orleanians is "Soomey Mary" and the cognomen of "Soomey" for its fireman.

Tee-Tain is the phonetic abbreviation for "Petit Celestin," that is, "Little Celestin," following the common practice among the unlettered Creoles of adding the word "little" to the son's name when it is the same as the father's. "Petit Celestin" is shortened to "Tee-Tin," pronounced "Tee-Tain." Celestin was a habitue of one of the grocery stores in the neighborhood of Durel's childhood home in the French Quarter.

Both Durel and Nogues made their debut on the stage when very young, and that is more years than they care to remember. They later played in medicine shows. Both were in the theatre in New Orleans and on the road. Nogues started in dramatic roles and later turned to comic characters, especially those of the old regime of New Orleans. Durel remembers with a chuckle his first black-face act at a church festival.

With the decline of the legitimate, they drifted into commercial art, and in this line are well known in the city. Hence, it appeared for a time that business would rob the stage of two born thespians, but fortunately Radio has brought them back, and New Orleans "Vieux Carré" characters have been made known to the nation in a vivid and lifelike manner.

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Maintaining a complete continuous daily service of 17½ hours

INCIDENTALLY, dear lady reader, you positively must read What Women Are Wearing This Fall by that best of authority, Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin. Of course, in the September Radio Digest, And another article by Evelyn KDWA Gardiner, Is Your Kitchen Convenient? * * *

Here's a tip to our friends with typewriter leanings: Radio Digest is planning soon to inaugurate a series of Radio Skitbits written by our readers. If they do as well as they did with the "Ned and Andy skits we are going to enjoy some highly entertaining bits.

The orchestra of WCFL, Chicago, has Henry Francis Parks as its studio director, a musician of long symphonic orchestral experience. Director Parks is shown in the center of the photograph, standing.
In a unique setting the Silver Slipper Orchestra of Station KPO, San Francisco, performs for audiences who delight to trip the "light bombastic" toe. The white object on the curtain behind the musicians is a Cinderella slipper, we believe.

**Doc Johnson of KPO**

**Says, “When I Settle Down and Marry I am Going to Raise a Little Haywire Orchestra **

*All My Own*

"Doc Johnson," who directs the "Home Towners" over KPO, in private life is Harry E. Jackson. Harry is a radio salesman, and runs a radio repair shop, and, as he himself says, "by faking the sets I can be assured that they are in good working order to receive my programs." Doc" was born at Covelco, California, close to the Round Valley Indian Reservation, Mendocino County, in 1888. Like all back country people, he has a friendly twinkle in his blue eyes. He stands 5 feet 6½ inches, and, but for a few sparse hairs that nestle on the top and sides of his head, he is bald. "I have always been too busy to allow my hair to grow," says this KPO artist with a giggle. "From the time I was knee high to a grasshopper, I have had to git-up-and-git to satisfy a craving for food. My first employment was with the village blacksmith where I pounded out many an inspiring tune on the anvils."

"The tunes that I play on Radio KPO are the result of early environment," states Doc. "Ma and Pa were the haywire musicians you ever heard, and so were my three brothers. We used to hold nightly concerts in the old home, utilizing every imaginable type of transportable instrument, with the exception of a piano, and the front parlor was the hangout for the neighbors. We all played by ear—whistles, banjos, accordions, violins. We went so far as to coax musical tunes out of almost anything from which a sound could be extracted."

"Then, too, we organized a little 'Tin Horn Orchestra,' the kind which is commonly called by radio dialers of today 'Haywire', and we were in great demand. We played for three years at various summer resorts throughout the State before we disbanded."

"Doc" was schooled at Healdsburg, attending the grammar and high schools of that city. In high school he excelled at pole vaulting and hurling, and one year during the Water Carnival on the Russian river he won a silver medal as second place winner in the Single Oar race. There were only two in the race. "Some day when I settle down and marry," states Doc, "I am going back to them hill towns and raise a hay wire orchestra of my own, so that the family name will be perpetuated for Radio." Today Radio is richer in that the melodies that once cheered the pioneers on the trails are available and are sung by "Doc" and his "Home Towners" from KPO during the "Toreador" broadcasts every Monday evening, 9:00 to 10:00 o'clock; Tuesday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:00 o'clock; "The Midweek Variety Hour," Wednesdays, 9:10 to 10:00 o'clock, and the "Back Home" programs Fridays, 8:30 to 9:00 o'clock p.m.

**Compares Acting, Radio**

A RTHUR B. ALLEN, the squeaky voiced Gus of the Schrader town broadcasts at 8:30 Friday nights over KSD, is just the sort of personality the listener is led to expect from his Radio voice—a spry, energetic little man, with quick-moving hands and expressive shoulders.

Not a youngster any more, though capable of all the enthusiasm of a boy in school. His face is thin and narrow, with mild, blue eyes and a sensitive mouth above a long chin.

When he is talking his lips move very little—long stage experience has taught him the trick of "throwing" his voice from the back of his throat. But when acting before the microphone he is apt to take on droll contortions and mouthings, hunch his shoulders and wave his arms about, all to fit the character he is portraying.

"Broadcasting is different from character acting on the stage," Allen says, "because there you have action, costume and lighting effects to get your story across the footlights and you can represent a dozen different characters in pretty much the same voice. But in Radio you must have a voice for every character."

**Brother Bob Described**

A T LAST the public knows who "Brother Bob" is. He is Ray Raymond, aged 36. Originally hailing from Shreveport, La., he later attended the University of Kansas, played in musical comedy circles and then migrated into the advertising racket.

Nearly 6 feet high, and weighing 170 pounds, he has blue eyes and blond hair, admits a fondness for prize fights, supper dances and the talkies. Which does he like better—acting or Radio work? Three guesses.

**Congratulations to**

**RADIO DIGEST**

**on their**

**EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION**

**from**

**WREC**

"**The Voice of Memphis**"

**in HOTEL PEABODY**

**MEMPHIS LEADING STATION**

SERVING: WEST TENNESSEE, EAST ARKANSAS, NORTH MISSISSIPPI
KFRC’s Jamboree was born—a good program is born, not made—way back (let’s see!) sometime between the carving of the ten commandments and Lindbergh’s flight to Paris. “Mac,” occasionally known as Harry McClintock, started it all as a campfire hour. Come to think of it, though, it might have started with the Cuckoo Club, a KFRC weekly “funnest” that flourished during the station’s 50-watt days, long before Don Lee purchased it, added 950 watts and moved it to 1000 Van Ness avenue. The Jamboree is just about the only West Coast program that has managed, by hook, crook or kilicycle, to become an institution. It has taken it’s place along with marriage, “Skippy,” the one-way street, the Pacific ocean, aloofness to the 18th Amendment and the story about the traveling man who went downstairs to devour the remainder of the biscuits—a part and parcel of American life on the Pacific coast.

The personnel of the Jamboree force includes the comedians—Pedro, the dumb janitor of Seal Rocks, who sleeps on a high stool for days at a time; Frank Watanabe, who specializes in playing with nitroglycerin; professor Hamburg, who does strange things with a sword; Lem and Lafe, the blackface pair, and Monroe Upton, a comedian of parts and special writer for KFRC.

Besides there is Norman Nelson, a tenor who specializes in old tunes, and who does dramatic parts, serious and non-serious; Juanita Teneyson, Edna O’Keefe, Jean Wakefield, Lucille Atherton, Margaret O’dea, who is possessed of an exceptionally rich and sweet contralto voice; Edna Hazel Warner and others.

Nature Faking

“I have gone into the stock breeding business,” said Brown.

“You have?” replied Smith, “And what are you going to raise on your farm? Horses, cows and pigs?”

“No, No!” Brown rejoined. I’m going in for something new. I’m going to cross carrier pigeons with parrots so we can send messages verbatim.”
Girl Wins $100 for Dubronsky Yarn

By David B. Hampton

W H O killed Leon Dubronsky of KHOL?
You will be surprised—especially if you were one of the many contestants who submitted the 500-word entries in answer to the question, which was published as the title of a mystery story in the April Radio Digest.
Not one person named the actual killer.
Almost everyone mentioned in the story was accused, but the individual who is revealed here is the author, Mr. David B. Hampton, as the real murderer.

After several weeks of fruitless investigation to solve the mysterious murder of Leon Dubronsky and how he could telephone a Radio station two hours after he had died, Smiling Pat Donovan succeeded in gaining permission from Captain Rawlston to place the case in the hands of the noted criminologist, Professor Robert C. Marshy.

Seated in the cozy apartment on Cherokee Street, Donovan related in detail the surrounding circumstances of the mysterious murder, and presented all the evidence he had been able to uncover, and in his most eloquent manner appealed to this expert for assistance. Marshy, as was always his habit, sat listening without ever interrupting. Then before saying a word he strode to the window and blindly gazed out over the rooftops of surrounding bungalows, and, slowly tugging at his chin, weighed the evidence placed before him. At length he turned to Donovan, his face serious and his cold blue eyes piercing into the eyes of his guest.

"Pat," he said in a toneless sort of way, "how many times must I warn you of the folly of chasing clues? They are the most dangerous and misleading steps in solving a crime of this nature. Here you have certain facts in this case, and you totally ignore them to go chasing rainbows. Stand at a window and look off into space. Forget everything. Forget all you’ve heard or seen and give those little brain cells a chance to function. Shut everything else from your mind.

“Automatically the puzzle will twist around into a nucleus and grow into a logical solution. Now this case does not warrant my devoting time to it. I’ll start you off on the right path and see if you get the congratulations of that Scotchman, Captain Rawlston.”

L E T us start by elimination. The fact that no weapon was found in the room is of no importance. The locked door is an old, rusty one. A small pair of pincers with long claws will easily lock or unlock doors that have the key on the wrong side. I dare say if you carefully examine the key used you will find tiny scratches on the point. The mere ignorance that Mrs. Truward conducted a butcher shop is trivial. Likewise the pertinent attitude of the landlady, Mrs. Conway. And the young girl, Mrs. Truward, is just as innocent as you would like her to be.

The major thing and key to the solution you entirely overlooked. TWO HOURS AFTER DUBRONSKY DIED HE PHONED THE RADIO STATION. Common sense will tell you the impossibility of such an action.

So far the discourse was of little assistance to Donovan, but he knew he must content himself by listening to the professor, and eventually he would learn the truth. However, he said:

"Then according to that I should arrest the assistant Radio announcer at KHOL because he took the second phone call.

“Exactly,” the professor quickly retorted. "Now, Donovan, you are using your head and not your legs. That man is guilty of this crime. Who else could do it? Why, my boy, I’ll feel ashamed of myself if I were in your shoes. Except for the motive I will reconstruct the little episode if you care to listen.

Donovan was very anxious to listen and after the boy had lighted cigars and settled back in comfortable chairs Marshy proceeded to unravel the mystery. And his smoothness of speech made it impossible to doubt his words.

"Dubronsky and the girl returned from dinner and, reaching their floor, he tried to persuade her to enter his room. She refused. Both went to their respective apartments. Mrs. Conway entered Dubronsky’s room to reproach him for his actions towards Mrs. Truward. After she departed the murderer, having gained access by a passkey prior to Dubronsky’s homecoming, and hidden in the clothes closet, leaped out and killed Dubronsky. I think that explains the actions of Mrs. Conway and the girls.

“Will not exactly,” Smiling Pat interjected.

"T H E N you are not allowing freedom of your brain cells,” remarked the professor. "Mrs. Conway realized her position. She was the last person to have seen the murdered man. Quite naturally she endeavored to get out of a precarious role by subtly reflecting suspicion on Mrs. Truward. On the other hand, this young lady was on equally as thin ice. Fearing the consequences, she lied, hoping to build an alibi. The last thing I want to clear up is the missing finger and reason for severing. My only thought on the matter is that Dubronsky wore a particular ring that the murderer craved.

True to Professor Marshy’s prediction, Donovan, within half an hour secured a written confession from Lawrence Palmer, and the last few stray threads were gathered up and explained in this document.
The name Leon Dubrosky was an alias, his real name being Horace A. Widdemer. He had been a violinist in a vaudeville theatre in Dallas, Texas, until the advent of talkies, when this means of livelihood was relegated to the wayside. He tried being a street musician, then turned to burglary, and, while robbing the Palmer house, he stumbled over a chair in the bedroom and killed the woman. In the fracas that followed Mrs. Palmer was shot and killed, and Widdemer escaped by jumping through the window.

Widdemer had recognized the ring on the deceased's finger as belonging to his wife. It was impossible to remove without looking inside; and first, Widdemer determined to retrieve the jewelry for sentimental reasons. Lawrence Widdemer was confident the Dallas police would verify his confession and he would be liberated without a prison term.

Among those who submitted theories especially clever and worthy of honor are the following:

Miss Lone Lester, 2418 Ninth ave., Watervliet, N. Y.
Charles Albright, R. F. D. No 4, York, Pa.
Helen Browne, Box 18, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, San Diego, Cali.
Oliver W. Cory, Waldeck, Sask.
Mrs. J. H. Reser, Conway, Mo.
Mabel E. Nuttreal Gross, 256 Grove st., Oshkosh, Wis.
Mabel Derrickson, 2225 Stewart st., Puyallup, Wash.
Oscar Bryer, 2006 Howe st., Chicago, III.
W. S. Mills, 215 Peterson ave., Creston, Iowa.
Dr. R. Buchanan, 1322 Fifth ave., Terre Haute, Ind.
Edith Keenan, 1604 Sixteenth ave., Columbus, Ohio.
Mervin L. Gardner, R. F. D. 4, Wells, Minn.
Miss Katherine MacIlhane, Sleepy Eye, Minn.
V. A.uster, 12 N. Goodwin ave., Kingston, Pa.
W. T. Wiskin, 61 Livingston st., Kingston, Ont.
B. S. Grewel, 3839 Richton st., Detroit, Mich.
Mabel Tischler, Library, Pa.
O. H. Smith, 147 Park Drive, Allegan, Mich.
Sam Borvan, 2006 S. Harding ave., Chicago, Ill.
Van D. Valentine, Murray, Ky.

Beat the Racketeers

(Continued from page 48)

son of fashion in Chicago. Cooney was back on the stand and the Coon-Sanders Orchestra was holding forth merrily. As a matter of fact, there were no facts on the procedure of Cooney's amateur sleuthing. Then, at last, he admitted that he didn't know any about it. Though they were behind bars and it is suspected that the fifth has not been joined his companions.

Cooney will not say anything of his adventures. He does not deny that they are true, but he is still silent about the whole affair. There must be a reason, but that would probably be another story. For the truth is stranger than fiction, but truth never finds an adequate ending place. Would it be better to have it called up from the ashes of time and his family, at this point, "and they lived happily ever after"? No. There must still be more to tell, but until Cooney is willing to relate it, we must wait. At least we can be reassured that he is in no danger, and that should diffi-
culties arise, he is fully capable of meet-
ing them.

Dawn of Radio

(Continued from page 70)

tions had the fortune of Radio at heart and it was their desire to give the listen-

ers entertainment. Lined up against this little army of two were several of the officials of the Westinghouse Company who also had the future of Radio at heart. These men were of the opinion that all the music the theatre were in league with the Devil. To permit these lost souls to broadcast might give Radio a bad name! As Ripley wrote: "And to the Devil go another song, this pair who were to become famous as the "Happiness Boys," now know as the "Two for a Pair." Forty-three numbers is, I think, a record for one continuous detacul. They were a hard lot those Radio pioneers, and I give those boys and girls a big hand.

Crockett Mountaineers

(Continued from page 33)

and the fellow who buys one must eat it with the woman who cooked it."

"And that's where the fun begins," chimed in Allen, the youngest. "Some-
times a real old man buys a young girl's pie, or a young fellow like me gets one from a woman old enough to be my grandmother. That happened to me twice, and my whole evening was spoiled."

But Crockett agrees, however, that the pies are good, no matter who bakes them. Their women-folk know how to cook.

"The only thing I don't like about the girls up here is that they don't know how to cook," said Johnny.

"Just because you live in New York," recalled Albert, the third son, "I was at a party where they bid a pie up to $4.75 before it was finally sold. That was the highest price I ever remember being paid. It surely had me guessing until I found out the reason. It seems that one of the most old-time boys who liked her a lot and the kind and color of the box her pie would be in. Neither of them thought the other knew anything about it. One of them had the pie, and he had it with her, they kept raising the price until one of them ran out of money. They knew the other and the girl, but it was against the rules."
**Terror**

(Continued from page 32)

the slaves were never considered. Slaves had neither rights nor freedom, why should they care for anybody?

Tonight the uncorking of the bottles uncorked the dangers of profit, and they exchanged stories about the wrongs they suffered. They banded the reputation of the highest families and told what was the latest scandal that found no other publication.

If they grew bolder and reckless, had they the same drive as the whites? If they drank too much, had they not carried to bed many a master—and mistress—too stupid to do anything but strike and curse? didn't they try that to save the family name? And what pay did they get?

"They're white folks in 'is town 'at has too much and brack folks as has too little," grumbled Mrs. Lynch's wench "Cuba," and Carpenter's "Ticklepitcher" whined.

"My old missy so mean to me diz massa? I just couldn't seem to please her nohow. I'd lie out near cuttin' her old fat th'eat for her."

**CURACAO DICK** broke in.

"My massa makes me so much trouble about me keepin' de house warm dat I 'bout rairy to burst it down and throw him in it."

The Spanish Indian "Wan" or "Juan" snarled:

"I like a burn de whole damn town down.

Another Spanish negro, Pable, spoke with a flare of willingness:

"Cut dat white neck out and I'll drink dey blood to de death."

Mr. Ellison's Jamaicab restored the note to its proper frivolity by waving his old violin in air and shouting:

"And me I plays de fiddle whilst you cook de whites!"

This met with a whoop of approval. Mrs. Vass quickly suggested that Benson's Mars and Kelley's London all rose at once and shouted:

"Come on, everybody, we go out and set de town on fire!"

There was a deafening clattering of mugs on tables at this. But Pemberton's Quaminoi shushed.

"Hit's pretty damn cold for dat. Where at we all go when de houses all burn? We better wait till summer come."

This brought a big laugh, and they decided to postpone the destruction for more comfortable weather. Meanwhile, they called the roll and all the guests agreed to do their shares in the judgment day. Each promised to send his master's house up in flames except Tom Peak's Bastian, who shook his head.

"I got too nice a house. I keep it for to live in mas'fe when we all is free."

**BUT unchecked freedom was still beyond their vision.** Somebody must always be master, and it pleased Cowley's Cato to say:

"How we gwine divide de govement when we gin it."

In deference to the tavern keeper who stood laughing by, filling the glasses as they were drained, Kip's Harry said:

"I elect you 'Peggy goin' to be."

Latham's Fortune went one better:

"And Miz Hughson for queen!"

Vanderspiegel's Brash shouted:

"And Liz Hughson for second helpin' as queen."

Tiebout's Venture piped up:

"And who is 'Peggy going to be?"

Bayard's Phaeton was ready with a solution:

"We make Caesar general of de army and Jetta be his queen."

This was the most popular proposal of all, for Caesar was the host, Caesar provided the liquor that inspired all this phantom glory.

Next there were plans of war. They cheerily agreed, as amiable children they thought it was a natural outgrowth of their wholesale murder of the tyrants of their households.

Quack, who belonged to Roosevelt the painter, announced that he would burn down his house and cut his master's throat, but he would keep his younger master in the same room.

Debroesse's Primus whooped that he didn't want his mistress: "She too mean and lean."
**Vacation Follies**
(Continued from page 23)

Clarence Hayes, the Aunt Jemima Boy in the West, has another fish story.

To be correct, it's a fish story told on Clarence. Hayes attempted to cast, and by God, he could have landed it properly. The fish-hook caught Clarence in the lobe of the right ear. Medical attention wasn't available, so Clarence came home in his ear and Mr. Ass. The obvious comment was forthcoming—the biggest fish caught this season.

Clarence is a Southern lad who did his first broadcasting in 1930 when he played with a Kansas City dance band. He has been billed through the NBC as "The Voice of the South."

Johnny Toffoli, featured San Francisco NBC accordionist, had an early vacation too. Back on the job, Johnny wore a wide grin. Inquiry revealed that the youthful musician was a benedict. The bride, Aurelia Brown and the ceremony was celebrated at El Cerrito, Cal., with the mayor of Richmond in attendance.

Ted Maxwell and Bernice Berwin, known through the Pacific network as "Jack and Ethyl," always experience difficulty in vacationing. One of them must be "written out" of the weekly "Let's Get Associated" program when the other travels.

Each week, Jack and Ethyl appear together. It's no small problem to present one without the other. It's allowed twelve hours-or once for Jack, and once for Ethyl. The problem falls to Carlton Morse, author of the Jack and Ethyl scripts. That's his Ted in a class with Wolf. He must take his vacation in jumps.

Bernice plans to join her husband, a San Francisco attorney, in an extended motor trip.

Charles Marshall, leader of the Hill Billy Boys, spent his vacation at Emerald Lake, a quiet rendezvous near San Francisco. He chose a resort nearby in event he was needed suddenly at the studio. He was. The vacation lasted three days.

Jennings Pierce, chief announcer, chatted recently of his "WHOSOEVER TAKES THE WINE ... WONDERFUL!" The reason—Allan Thompson Pierce, a second son born to add gladness in the Pierce household, Jennings Jr., is just more than a year old.

Georgia Simmons, known as "Magnolia" to the Pacific network audience, managed to slip down to Los Angeles for a week-end. But when she demanded reservations for her return journey, the trouble began. Georgia had to be in the studios at 10 o'clock the following morning. "No reservations" said the ticket agent.

Georgia talked about the possibilities of reaching San Francisco by plane. At last a gleam of recognition appeared in the agent's eye. "You're on the Radio," he grinned. So Georgia reached San Francisco early the following morning.

Max Dolin, NBC musical director since the inauguration of the Pacific Division, takes his vacation. "Springtime's early summer—wanderlust," Max smiled. "I've got to be going." And just to insure a real vacation, Max left June 10 for "New York—and a lot of places," he answered to the query, "Where are you going?"

*Doty Hobart, who writes about the oldtimers just getting started in first broadcasting studios in 1920, have missed Clar- ever—En.

Another sportsman is Henry Burbig, the CECO CBS star. Burbig delights in hunting, fishing and building birdhouses. He has a summer place in Connecticut with a lake that he loves to invite his friends, and on his dock he has installed a loud speaker so that they can get away from Radio even while swimming.

Henry, M. Neeley, Philco's "Old Stager," is a flower farmer. Once in bygone years he had a boat on the unspeakable river flowing past Delaware, N. J. This summer the pastime is to fill florist's orders. The dash- ing Old Stager is apt to change fads instanter.

Norman Brokenshire, CBS master of unemployment, went on a possible vacation by attending every 76-degree cool talkie theater in New York City. New York, from which point his inventing, having been a draftsman not so many years ago. In fact, he was about to buy, as this went to press, a little machine shop on East 52nd Street, New York, in which to work out several inventions he had started in a corner of his apartment.

Evangeline Adams, CBS 65-year-old astrologer, is spending her leisure moments collecting battered up chairs and primitive spinning wheels. The remote villages of the mountainous districts about New York, John Barclay, CBS and Philco's resident archaeologist, continues to spend the summer with his local registere friends at cocktail parties, golf country clubs, dances and society music.

A simpler sort of life is the plan of Henry Schope and Judson House, NBC tenors. They've been banded with Walter Toss, bass, to join them in periodic golf and tennis matches—object: to reduce three somewhat corpulent figures. The three heavyweight's are also fond of swimming.

Simpler still is the leisure life of the Colonel Ralston, CBS hill billies singer. Elemental in their pleasures, they admit that when no one is looking, they sometimes rent a hay wagon, and, far from the roar of engines, ride tranquilly through the woods, eat their corn pone out of a basket lunch, and fiddle happily to the stale victrola's picks. The Colonel in his canoe can stand the city strain just so long. Then they take an excursion back home to the Tennessee mountains, drag up a canoe, or else take it because roasting' ears and folks are folks. There they visit and rebuild their morale.

On the CBS announcing staff, the very sophisticated and elegant Ted Husing, national sartorial example, has been, as you would suspect, spending his days off this summer hunting for peculiar and striking vestments, matching craf- tsmen's wild capes and matching the proper spats for his gloves. If he'd had more time, Ted probably would have steamed over to Bond Street, London, to search one of the charming Wales' tailors and haberdashers. David Ross, the other famous CBS introducer, hasn't much to do besides hang- ing tennis balls around when not engaged in writing or reading poetry, or hunting for second-hand book bargains.

FLYING—often as a passenger of Clarence Chamberlain—has been filling his days with the Davey hours and rehearsals for Chandler Gold- thwaite, musical director and organist. In fact, he even sold the idea of aviation to the large and permanently glib Stanley, of the same hour, and planned a cross- country flight for the foursome to Stanley's summer home in the Adirondacks. Stanley, by the way, is a great woodsman. Woodcraft, canoeing and hiking are his chief delights.
Andy Sanella, musical director of the Empire Builders, steel guitar and sax soloist, is another aviator. Andy flies his own plane and thus has been spending his mornings in the studio with Bob MacDougall, three-part whistler of the same program, went back to Lake Providence, La., this summer to help supervise the printing of cotton seed plantation of which he is part owner. But Empire Builder Harvey Hayes, the "Old Pion- er," is勋章ing with stars to a Broadway production, and has little chance for recreation or rest.

Will Rogers, another aviation booster who also takes a hand in transportation, has been pretty busy this summer but has managed to work in some polo playing. He was busy playing polo on his Beverly Hills, Calif., estate, Will scowls, frowns and counts on his fingers what it costs to keep a string of polo ponies.

Frank Luther, Chase and Sanborn quartet second tenor, has been spending his summer backpacking too, but not in polo games. Luther has been seen mostly on the bridle paths of Westchester County. Horses are good friends of Luther. As a member of the Districts minister, was brought up on the Western plains around the camp fires of the cowboys. But during his vacation he will take as he has no use for mosquitoes or city children in the country.

Paul Tremaine, young CBS orchestra leader, has already spent his vacation period in Colorado collecting cowboy yarns and getting acquainted with horses once more. Previous to his rest he hadn't been on a horse for five years, so he felt a little as though he had won a new soft seat cushion when he returned.

Of all the horsemen, NBC or CBS, Guy Lombardo, however, seems to be the most practical-minded. Guy admits, without shame, that every possible spare moment was is spent riding a nightmare. Pulling a card from his card-case he said, "I'll show you how I spend my vacations, such as I have." And there, not a bit of it, is a quotation from "Don Quixote" reading, "God bless the man who invented sleep!"

Two horsemen, who have similar tastes are Fred Rich and Hugo Mariani. Both are strong for prize fights. Rich also likes to meet and talk with the counterfeiters. Goll is his favorite exercise while tennis holds the favor of Mariani. Harold Sanford, a third conductor, of whom there is no "whomer" when it comes to Victor Herbert's works, goes in for walks in Central Park, New York, and climbing mountains. Sanford is a third conductor, of whom there is no "whomer" when it comes to Victor Herbert's works, goes in for walks in Central Park, New York, and climbing mountains. Sanford is a third conductor, of whom there is no "whomer" when it comes to Victor Herbert's works, goes in for walks in Central Park, New York, and climbing mountains.

Jack Shannon Goes Talkie

(Continued from page 31)

"I'll never forget the night when Rogers left the show to go into pictures. I lost my heart to his hands and all rushed on to the stage, and together with the audience, which also came to the show, joined in a demonstration which has never been equaled in any theatre.

"Will Rogers has left indelible impressions with me. His acts great and small, reveal the true-blooded man that he is. I well remember the time he refused to attend the opening of the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh. He was asked to name his own price, and he received a telegram from the then President of the United States urging him to be there, but with all of this pressure, he said he had refused to participate in a polo game scheduled with his three kids at his place on Long Island for the next afternoon.

"And when Jack Shannon can spend hours talking about this renowned comedian. His study is decorated with souvenirs of Will Rogers. He says the wallpaper has the Will Rogers motif.

"I must here say a word about my genial manager, Henry Walker," said Jack Shannon. "Whose cheery laugh is like a sunbeam in a garden. His memory is infallible inasmuch as he has never overlooked a little detail of extracting his commission before mailing me a check."

And back again to Will Rogers. "Our paths may be racing cress-cross over Radio waves, but I have a feeling that they will meet some day."

And Jack Shannon is not busy producing acts over the Radio, he spends his time carrying home blue ribbons from dog shows for his Boston terriers, the "darlingest things" when they are at a distance from one's sheer nosiness.

Will Rogers Begins Career

(Continued from page 16)

Before he died, Clem Rogers felt that his son had more than repaid all the trouble he had caused in his early youth. In fact he said that he had seen every amount of trouble he could stand: he had always hoped sometime to be chosen chief of the Cherokees. He has served as a member of the Oklahoma Indian legislature during several terms in territorial days. Later he was a member of the white man's convention that wrote the constitution of the present state of Oklahoma. His county was named for him. He stood high in the eyes of the red men who had already given several famous mixed bloods to the nation, including former U. S. Senator Robert W. Owen. He was well known as a statesman, trader, and a good manager; energetic, progressive, a ranchman with hundreds of acres in fee and a substantial stockholder in the First National Bank. But he died regretting only that he was ineligible to the office of the Cherokee tribal chief for the simple reason that he was not a full blood.

A jest has always been appreciated in Claremore—"The fact of the matter is that the spirit of the town gave Will Rogers his start. The name of the town is rather a grim jest. It is after Chief Cherokee of the tribe who died in Cherokee territory. Chief Claremore died there when the Cherokees under Tuskahoma were driven from the land in the spring of 1818—and later the names were given the town after the loser. Or maybe it would have been funnier to have named it after the winner!

Home Jenny, the assistant treasurer of Rogers county, and the largest man in the county, says that Will Rogers tells the story of "the first calaboose ever built and the first prisoner put in it.

This man's name was Bud Weyburn and he was incarcerated for killing Will Rogers. He was a big gander goose, says Home, and adds, "Bud pleased self-defense and was liberate on his own evidence."

It's history, or at least that it isn't worth remembering unless it is enriched with a bit of laughter, Claremore agrees. Then, all the clouds have silver linings and some lined in and out the same way."

Back in 1903 Will barnstormed the middle-west with a special train of Tulsa boosters and L. M. Nichols, now an Oklahoma newspaper editor, recalls that train.

"Bill Rogers (it was always Bill then, never Will) was the feature of the trip," Nichols says, and he points with pride to a paragraph in the Democrat in which he said that on March 15, 1903:

"The feature of the trip is Bill Rogers' fantastic gosling. Juggling is a specialty of Mr. Rogers and his exhibition shows he is skilled beyond his reputation. He is the center of attraction and when dressed in his gaudy feathered costume he gives an exhibition at every stop."

Rogers was even then in the management of the train. At one point he left the train to hasten to New York City where he was presenting a rodeo in Madison Square Garden.

Rejoining the train at Indianapolis on March 20 Rogers put on another exhibition and Nichols describes what it added this significant sentence: "Rogers is reputed to be one of the
was Sophie Braslaw, the operatic singer. "All our first programs were music or oratorio, but before very long I got into the practice of having theatrical people go on for us. We had one hour a day in which the audience had to listen to radio without voice."

In October of 1923, I joined the WMAQ staff. "I had been working on the air for seven years before I joined the WMAQ."

In July of 1924, I moved to the Radio Station in Chicago. "I had been working on the air for seven years before I joined the WMAQ."

The next chapter of Sid's life began in 1923 when he started "Theatrophone," a new radio station in Chicago. "It was the first time that radio was used for entertainment purposes."

In 1924, Sid moved to New York to work on the radio show "The Big Parade." "It was the first time that radio was used for entertainment purposes."

Sid's last chapter began in 1925 when he started "Theater on the Air." "It was the first time that radio was used for entertainment purposes."

Sid's life ended in 1925 when he passed away. "It was the first time that radio was used for entertainment purposes."

Y. Negroes' Opinions (Continued from page 12)

We can only judge by his voice. It must be a good program. Everybody I know seems to like it, but I just don't interest me, that's all."

Miss Mollie, a Chicagoan, she finished off her education after high school by a trip abroad. "But my real education," she will explain to you, "began when I became a Radio person—a pioneer in the broadcasting game."

What a Negro Educator Thinks of Amos and Andy

Principal Laurence C. Jones of Fowlom School near Jackson, Miss., is a colored educator who has won warm commendation from Southerners and Northerners alike. He has this to say about "The Negro's" of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company:

"In going about the country gathering aid for our school I find that Amos and Andy are more popular and forward to both by white and colored folks. Down here in the South, all you have to do is go in most of the little places of business and you will see Amos and Andy in the flesh—mostly Amos."

Principal Laurence L. Jones is known to the southeast of Mississippi—conducts a country school in the sweet-smelling pineywoods of that state. A pupil and admirer of the late Booker T. Washington, he has set to work and built up a school founded on the sound commonsense principles which the late Dr. Washington advocated. Whereby the pupils at his school learn to be good farmers, carpenters, cotton pickers, mechanics, as well as imbuing some book learning.

Incompatible

(Continued from page 51)

And, at that, Amelie's feelings almost reached the surface. "Do you want a divorce?"—her voice she had kept taut and hard to keep it under any control at all.

Sid shook his head. And the movement was curious, passionately emphatic, exasperating."

A change came into Amelie's eyes, but she only stuck to her guns and said calmly, quietly, as if on no account. "There'll never be another man. That isn't it.""

"And there'll never be another woman for me—you know that, too."

But it was by this time he could speak in level, firm tones as well as she. They were oddly blank, so to speak, those tines of his, throughout the rest of the talk; they betrayed nothing. Now he went on: "I've been thinking how to arrange your income—" And she must follow that lead.

Sid's characteristic of Sld that he held no rancor now. There had been remembrances in the past, many little resentments. But now, strangely, in this climactic hour of his life, his feeling of failure somehow was robbed of resentment, leaving only such an abysmal sense of hollow unreality in life that I don't feel the time or careful analysis that was going to wear off and leave him, after awhile, the prey to his pain. It had all been always in all ways been above him; it was by a lucky fluke he had won her.
trusting that she might. He had found her trunks downstairs, but Amelie was going about taking a mute farewell of her home and from a distance he had watched her before she knew he was there.

She had moved about, gazing at this object as if to look it through, in that indescribably upon her memory. She went from room to room, she lingered in the garden, and long ago, had been intended for a nursery. Then she went to the garage, and called the dogs, and stroked and caressed them. She was not the grounds, looking at the groupings of shrubs and flowers she herself had devised. When she came back to the terraces she had driven into her mind the vista of Sound, and green woods beyond, which she particularly loved. She moved broodingly back to the car, and when she saw him regarding her from a window she smiled—as if the world were not cracking beneath them, their world! The chauffeur was swinging the car into the driveway. Sid came out. The chauffeur piled in the bags. The chance for that needed overflow of real feelings in this midst of all this play-acting, was gone.

When she had been abroad about a month he received a letter. She had promised to write. But it told him little beyond sundry enumerated items of her activities. Her thoughts, her feelings, her satisfaction or dissatisfaction with her new life, it told nothing. He replied immediately, not forbearing to question her about these things. But this letter she did not answer, nor the second letter he wrote. After that, excepting through the legations of private letters and the business end of their affairs, he heard nothing from her—nor she from him—for nearly two years.

Nearly two years had been gone by when Amelie, recently returned to America, chanced to run across Charlie Hamblin, of the Old Fair Haven "crowd," on the street back of a lawyer's. She asked after Sid.

"I haven't heard from Sid lately," she asked. Just like that—quite naturally: "How's Sid?"

Hamblin looked at her curiously—he, like others, had never grasped the true "me" of the Sid. "Haven't you heard from Sid lately?" he questioned back.

"No, not directly, not for a long time."

"Well, the fact of the matter is," said Hamblin, "that Sid's working too hard."

"Sid always did work too hard," commented Amelie. "Sid's that kind—he works hard and he plays hard."

"He's not doing much playing now," said Hamblin, rather grimly. "He's doing the things he used to do—trying to pull through. I admire conscientiousness as much as anybody, but Sid's too damn conscientious."

"Trying to pull through?" she repeated, for that phrase struck her ear, sudden and unexpected and ominous.

"Yes, that's what he is trying to do through," said Amelie.

"Well," he told her reluctantly, "you see business has sort of gone on the rocks. And Sid's company's had pretty hard sledding, I guess. And you know the way Amelie is, isn't that the only word for it—hell-bent to do the same thing by everybody. He'd do it, too, if it wouldn't be the queerest, the greatest, and the finest fellow I ever knew."

"Yes, I know," said Amelie.

"But he's trying to do the impossible. He'll succeed only in killing himself if he doesn't watch out. Gone down about twenty thousand this last six months.

"Oh," turning white and faltering, "I never had an inkling—"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have—"

"Thank you for telling me, Charlie."

Going back to her hotel, her thoughts and emotions were in a turmoil. Sid was musing that he had had a "hard sledding" for months—and all this time he had never let on to her. She was more than generally anxious allowance he had insisted on her taking. Sid had always been generous, but there had been no need of her taking so much after the last left him. She had been ineligible to accept it in the first place! And now, when he was up against hard times—and telling "like six hundred and ninety dollars to a week"—still saying nothing to her, shielding her from unpleasantness, trying to scale her in a niche of pleasantness. Oh, she was generous—splendidly if foolishly generous.

She had never appreciated the magnificent heights of his generosity. Even Charlie Hamblin had been more a fool than she did—even Charlie Hamblin whom she'd always despised as a wastrel and a profligate. And if she had appreciated him, proclaimed him the "squarest and gamest and finest" fellow she ever knew.

And she saw the thing that moved her most, just then, was that Sid in his genuine humility, would repudiate these virtues. Side who was slaving "like six men"—who had lost twenty pounds. And who had never let her know.

She wanted to see him. To tell him that she knew. She would return some of those bonds he'd insisted on her taking—she'd make him take them back. She resisted an impulse to go straight to his office; she wanted to see him, oh desperately—to see him—to see if he looked as terribly thin and worn, with no more than twenty pounds gone, as he must look.

But she wanted to see him most just because she knew that something had been there since first she left him, denied at first, then admitted as a childish inconsistent whim, and then growing to a mounting hunger unappeased for two years.

For she had found in succeeding no rest during these two years. Although she had hoped that, after the agonizing wrench of parting, she might somehow fabricate herself a kind of calm—if not actual happiness, at least—calm and unruffled contentment, at least.

Love had failed her—had brought only strife and torment. So she had run away from men—trying to find a sure and more lasting happiness seeking it in bright, beautiful places and in great companionship. She had looked up a belovéd girlfriend out of her school days and it was in this most stimulating companionship she had spent more of her days with her. She had thought of the endlessness for an excuse. Together they had visited Paris, Spain, Florence—thanks to Sid's liberality she never had to stint herself in her hobbies.

They had reveled in beauty and the poetry of old, forgotten far-off things—and Amelie had surrounded her, and knew they were fit to be reveled in. Wasn't it enough that she should spend her days enmeshed in all this incense of beauty and the absence of all strain and fret—strife—wasn't this enough?

At Night, often, lying awake, and listening to mutes, sad voices which seemed to be singing, lonesomely, in her heart, she wondered that she was so unappreciated. Why? For she had been unhappy with Sid. It was because she couldn't be happy with him—because neither of them could be happy together—that she had chosen to go away while (so she had told herself) she could still tolerably偿望着实现她最美好的一切。而当她面前的一切变得模糊不清，她温暖地微笑着，仿佛是被幸福包围。不过也许她内心深处并未真正理解这些，只是想借着这些话语来安慰自己。

And with the meeting with Charlie Hamblin her hunger to see her husband became deeper and more compelling than ever. But in her gratification she didn't know how much she'd been counting on until it was denied her—she heard a stranger's voice say Mr. Fletcher wasn't in.

"When will he be in?" impatient of the delay.

"Not for several days. He's home sick."

"Oh—is he very ill?"

"I don't think so—he's got a cold, I think."

A Melie hung up the receiver. All the rest of the evening she worked herself to nothing onto anything. Finally, that night, she called up the house in Fair Haven and inquired after him. She didn't give him her name but learned that, though in no serious condition, he was a very sick man; a trained nurse was coming in the morning.

Next day, Amelie caught the 8:17 to Fair Haven.

When the station taxi jolted into the gravel road, the usual familiar scene brought tears to stand in her eyes. An alien housekeeper received her and, regarding her rather dubiously, asked if she knew the Fletcher house.

"Yes," said Amelie. Then: "I'm Mrs. Fletcher. I've come to take care of my husband."

The housekeeper still looked dubious, but Amelie brushed past her and mounted the stairs—the stairs of home. At her door she paused with beating heart, then knocked. His voice bade her enter, and she entered. Oh, he was thin as he lay in bed she could see he looked then. Anda smile the amazement, unbelieving, irritating smile which came over his face was worth going for to him."

"Amelie!" he cried. Then: "How did you get here?"

"In a taxi," she answered tenderly, friendly. She had still learned the art of sneaking. Thenthen, lest she break down in a way one must not in a sick room.

She came and sat beside him. They clasped hands—he held hers tightly.

"When did you get back?"

"A few days ago," she answered. "I called up your office—that's how I heard you were ill. Why I came here! She had said: "why came home."

"I'm glad you came up. Are you back for good?"

"Yes, I've had enough of Europe—am ready to try my own country again."

"Are you? I was afraid you'd forget-
te a thing in it. Then:
“You—might have written me. You promised to write.”
“I know.”
“Why didn’t you?”
Her slight gesture seemed to say untranslatable things.
“It would have made me happier,” he pursued.
“No, I thought it would make us happy, give us a better chance for the new life—that is, if you’d let me have the less contact we had with each other.”
“Well, are you happy?” he asked, after a pause.
“I want you to get well,” said Amelie, with soft irrelevance. Then she went on quickly.
“T was one thing I specially wanted to see you about, Sid—you’ve been wonderful! My bonds.”
“You bonds? bewildered and suddenly worried.
“Yes, those bonds you gave me. You were too generous, Sid—I don’t need nearly so much. And, now, that times are so bad and you’re having hard sledding—”
Who told you I’m having hard sledding?”
“I ran into Charlie Hamblin, and he let it out.”
I wish Charlie Hamblin’d mind his own business,” he muttered irritably.

M GLAD he told me. For you never would have. Now, Sid, I want you to take part of those bonds back.”
“I won’t take them back. But you’re the dearest, the most generous girl in the world.”
“No, I’m not; not at all—I’m just beginning to realize how ungenerous I am. It’s all the more my fault, as the most generous person in the world! And because you’re generous I ask you to do this one thing to please me—to take some of those bonds back.”
“Well, we’ll talk about it when I feel better,” he replied. “I’m a pretty sick man.”
“Your a hunbug,” and her little crowing laugh was very, very kind.
Presently the doctor came, and he allowed Amelie to install herself as nurse. But he insisted that the trained nurse he retained, as well. Later, alone with Amelie, he said:
“I should have had a heart attack, as you say. And my husband was seriously ill. It was only a cold, to be sure, but the germ then migrating around was an unusually pernicious one. A tricky, treacherous bug! Did insidious things to the huskiest, to the most rock-bound constitutions. And though Mr. Fletcher had been blessed with an unusually good constitution, of late he had been having it frightfully. Not that his motives weren’t adored, but it was so difficult to keep him, in a way, for a man to overwork himself, to run himself down like that.
“Terror of a criminal!” reiterated the brusque doctor. “Yet you’ve got to admire them—these plucky, dogged men who keep on plugging, trying to save a sinking ship because there are others on it, when they themselves are too sick to hold their heads up. Mr. Fletcher should have been in bed days ago. And I’ve had a few other men like him—no give-up in ‘em. I tell you, Mrs. Fletcher, the heroes in this country, these times, are not the men who get their names engraved on bronze tablets!”
Amelie listened, thrillingly proud and curious, ashamed, and, at the same time, with a sudden tug of fear at her heart.
“Do you mean Mr. Fletcher’s condition—is dangerous?” she faltered.
“I wouldn’t go so far as to say that,” said the doctor, “but he’s certainly a sick man—you ought to know it. He needs the best of care in every way.

He shall have it,” she promised fervently.

T WAS hard for her to give place to the nurse—but she realized that the other’s expertness outweighed her own eager devotion. And there were many little ministrations, in their own way, services yet with their own value, which she could perform.
She could keep the external domestic machinery going smoothly, so that no confusion ever penetrated to disturb the quiet sickroom—could act as a buffer between the sickman’s problems, worries and that room’s peace; it surprised her how busy she could thus herself, and it made her feel, thankfully, that her presence was of some real use.
And she personally prepare extra dainties, such as were allowed for Sid’s—lovingly she arranged those trays, making them attractive, never forgetting the single flower in its slender crystal holder and it touched her, Sid’s touch, it pleased her every. If it be the working of her hands.
Then there were prized intervals when the white-uniformed despot let her take brief charge of her, in a sense, and would administer his medicine, eyes punctually following the clock, would shake up the medicine, change his face—hands, finding a strange sweetness and comfort in making him comfortable. And, sometimes, she would just sit beside him, letting him hold her cool hand in his hot ones.
One such time, when they were alone, after a long silence, she said:
“Amelie, are you going to leave me again—after I get well?”
“Do you want me, Sid, even if we fear things between us again? We don’t understand each other very well somehow, sometimes, dear.”

N O MATTER, and Sid’s voice choked on it. “If we two, together, have got to misunderstand, then we’ve got to. But if we’re together, my girl, if you’d stay with me now, I’ll never misunderstand as badly as I must have when you came back from that trip.”
She bowed her face against his. She somehow understood him too well, now, even in thinking of asking about the mystery that had been in him, that was but nothing, anyway suddenly and curiously revealed itself as nothing—when you found the deep heart of Life as he was doing, now.
“You and I, Sid—you and I—can’t understand why, but somehow—you and I—”
“You and I,” he murmured. “There seems a lot we can’t hope to understand, but we can understand that much—your life and mine. Our life better or for worse—even if it’s mostly worse—you and I. But it won’t be worse again.”
That the original idea reiterated the brusque doctor. “Yet you’ve got to admire them—these plucky, dogged men who keep on plugging, trying to save a sinking ship because there are others on it, when they themselves are too sick to hold their heads up. Mr. Fletcher should have been in bed days ago. And I’ve had a few other men like him—no give-up in ‘em. I tell you, Mrs. Fletcher, the heroes in this country, these times, are not the men who get their names engraved on bronze tablets!”
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not to show how much I cared. For I thought the best you could do was to keep on trying to love me. Because you looked down on me.”
“Look down on you!” Her arms were around him, her head bowed against his cheek. Then, presently: “Oh, why did we have to be so blind—tely we were so blind?”
Then it was Sid who made, who voiced, the solemn discovery.
“Had—we!”
They had—said soberly. “We had love, but because we didn’t trust each other’s love, that only made things trickier. Different tastes—they don’t matter; but they helped ball us up when I got to doubting your love and you. Oh, Amelie, how could you help knowing I couldn’t help loving you!”
She clung to him; and comprehension, true communion, came to them at last. And out of that deep and thrilling joy they began to plan the new life which would begin for them when Sid got well. But Sid did not get well. The insidious and tricky microbe with, which hurried stealth, did for so many thousands of human lives that autumn, did for Sid Fletcher on the fifth day after Amelie’s return. At the end he was clear-headed, and looked at Amelie, whose hand he held tightly holding, with clear bright eyes.
“Thank you for coming back. That—your coming back, and understanding at last—will make me—wherever place I go to seem like heaven.”
“Oh Sid,” trying to control her sobs, “you can’t—stay with me—you’re going to get well.”
“I am well. I’ve been well since that day—you said you’d stay.”
Amelie said nothing again, to protest and beseech, but the nurse gave a warning sign. Sid’s head fell back on the pillow, his eyes closed, but he still clung to her hand.
Presently, he mumbled faintly: “You and I—always you and I—”
The whisper died away. Then the nurse came and gently disengaged Amelie’s hand.
Amelie stayed in Fair Haven, Fair Haven thought that strange; it had concluded that dislike of the place had counted in her break with Sid.
But Amelie stayed in her home; and Fair Haven hadn’t Sid loved Fair Haven? She wanted to live close to her memories—the bitter ones made up for by the sweet—dreams out of youth and out of that one brief, deeper oneness at the last—seemed still complete invisibly in her. Dreams she had dreamed here with Sid and which, though never fulfilled, seemed, in her thought of them, here where they had been dreaming with Sid, to bring him somehow close.

THE END

Chic Sale
(Continued from page 9)
come right down and got to stomping around the Weekly Broadcast office.

M: What’s old man Dancey’s stomping got to do with it? WHEEL: That’s it—he broke his leg.
MA: Oh, Pa! You don’t mean it! WHEEL: Yes, sir. . . . stomped on a board with a knothole in it and went down all the way into the drawer. MA: Poor old man Dancey. . . . Was it broke bad?
WHEEL: Was it like bad? Just completely splintered. And to make matters worse, there he was stuck in there tighter’n a fence post . . . wedged in tight as a drum.
MAW: Heavens, Pa. . . . His broken leg caught in the floor! 

WHEEL: That was the situation that faced me. I knew that the main thing was to be cool and calm. So I walked slowly towards him, taking the situation in from every angle. Finally I sez, "Mr. Dancey, does she hurt you?" By that time I'd got to the Station. You'll get up there and meet Lon Biggs and . . . 

MAW: Talking about me, Mrs. Wilkins? 

WHEEL: Lon Biggs. 

WHEEL: Hi, Lon . . . Come in! Gittin' right spry in your old age, ain't you? Outrun a one-legged man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. 

LON: That's what I wanted to see you about, Wheel. 

WHEEL: Well, Lon, cut your dog loose. What's on your mind? 

LON: Wheel, I think I can patch it up with old man Dancey if you'll help me. 

WHEEL: I don't think any good can help you out. He'll sue you quicker than a hound dog snaps at a biscuit. 

LON: Well, he's up talking to a lawyer now. 

WHEEL: Why? 

LON: What's the insurance company going to do? I guess he'll collect that. 

WHEEL: What're you driving at, Lon? 

LON: I'll pay his doctor bill. If I do that the insurance company can't sue me, because I can show I done all I could to help. 

WHEEL: Well, where do I come in? That's just what I want to ask you. What are your charges? 

LON: Well, let me see . . . fifty dollars. 

LON: Fifty dollars? That's robbery. 

WHEEL: You charged me that much for advertising in your paper, didn't you? All right . . . My bill's fifty dollars. 

LON: I don't see how you figure it. 

WHEEL: I'll itemize her for you . . . To sawing off one wooden leg $5.00— To ruinin' one good handsaw $5.00— To hungrily begging patient $10.00.—Let's see now, that makes $20.00.—To being on hand and knowing how $30.00.—To all that you are Lon. 

LON: Well, Wheel, I guess we're even. I'll jest give you back the same $20 you paid me. 

WHEEL: Now, that's the spirit, Lon. And to show you my heart's in the right place I'll tell you what I'll do . . . I'll fix your Pump for nothing. 

LON: Great . . . 

WHEEL: And when I get through with her you won't worry to know about any accidents like that. Because I'll use all clean timber . . . no knotholes. 

LON: She's settled, Wheel. We're friends again. I'll buy you the drinks. 

WHEEL: What color you want— red, brown or white? 

LON: Sarsaparilla. 

WHEEL: You feel like sarsaparilla . . . that's brown. Here you are, right next to the ice . . . I'm takin' red . . . that's strawberry. She's cold, too. You know, Lon, this new soft drink department pays quite a profit. 

POP! Zizat went the bottles. The two old-timers gurgled the contents without aid of straw. 

LON: What's the news? 

WHEEL: A fellow was here today from Germany, made a trip in that Graf Zeppelin. 

LON: What'd he say, Wheel? I'll put it in the paper. 

WHEEL: He was sittin' right there in that chair you're sittin' in . . . Drinkin' lemon sody. Talkin' as natural same as if it be you. I see him. Of course, I never did any Zeppelin travelin'. I expect there's things fer it and things again it same as there is in a boat. 

ROD: Reckon it isn't. A Zeppelin isn't anything more than a big balloon with a steerin' gear. With a balloon you'd get in . . . There'd be no map or nothing. Where you go, everybody you'd hear from him agin' and maybe you wouldn't. I see. "How does she up and go?" He's red, and lands just like a bird." I see, "Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that." You see, by that time we was pretty friendly, and I see him . . . And he sez, "Yes," "Well," I sez, "did you ever try lightnin' her on a boh-wired fence?" Course I could see I was jokin' and just laughed. But he did tell me about his trip. He sez he got on same's boardin' a bus, and when they're a-puttin' on sawdust in the buggy as she is they ease 'er out of that shed like a hole dog slidin' out of a bun. And up she goes as easy as smoke out of a chimney. And he sez it won't be long before we all travelin' like that. "Well, I sez, 'is all right, but it's goin' to be mighty hard on the mail pouches."

LON: That's right, Wheel; it'd be better for the country if they stuck to auto. 

WHEEL: Better and safer. You take a auto. If you got a puncture, all right. Hit out and put on one of the spare tires. But, see your Zeppelin gets punctured. Where are you? You ain't got a spare Zeppelin, have you? A Zeppelin with two spares like the end would look like flyin' link sausage. 

ROSIE: Pa, Pa, Pa . . . (She's out of breath and panting.) 

WHEEL: What's the matter, Rosie? 

ROSIE: I run all the way . . . I . . . I'm out of breath. 

ROD: If anybody robbed you of that money, Rosie, I'll . . . I'll gimme my monkey wrench, somebody. 

ROSIE: Xingin' down on his way down here with a lawyer . . . he's goin' to sue you for cutting off his leg. 

WHEEL: Sue who? 

ROSIE: You, Mr. Wheel. 

WHEEL: Rosie, you mean, Rosie? 

ROSIE: No, he's going to sue you, Pa . . . It's all over town . . . everybody's talking about it. 

WHEEL: Why, dog my hide. Yonder he comes walkin' down the curb and a crowd following him. Look, Lon, they got a sawdust-off leg up him and his long leg in the gutter. The danged old curb runner, . . . I cut off the end and tied this here. 

LON: Rosie's got it wrong he's suing me, Wheel . . . not you. 

WHEEL: Half the town was next creasin' into the fillin' the papers . . . 

VOICE: There he is . . . that's Wheel Wilkins . . . he cut off my leg. 

WHEEL: Are you Mr. Wheel Wilkins? 

WHEEL: I reckon I am . . . That's what they call me . . . State your business. 

VOICE: Gibbles's my name . . . I'm representing Mr. Dancey here. . . You cut off his leg, I believe. 

WHEEL: I knowed I did . . . I sawed her off . . . Ruint my saw. 

VOICE: Mr. Dancey's accident policy says it is to mean his case is broken accidentally. You, Mr. Wheel Wilkins, came along and sawed it off on purpose. By doing so you have kept him from collecting on his accident policy . . . so he is suing you for the $300. 

Here are the papers. 

WHEEL: Well, I'll be damned! Dancey, you got me!
“Wheel” Just Grewed

By E. W. Weiss

BUILDING a new character for a Radio program must be a natural process to the writer, for I am informed shortly after he had given his premiere Radio program for the Penmoil Company on Sunday night, May 18, 1927, that it was a case of "sitting down." The idea of adding a new character to my long list of rural friends was presented to me, I was told, and the how and why was the same way the others did. Naturally, I had to start with the mental picture of someone I had known in my early patient years. Of course, we didn’t have filling stations in those days, but certainly there was a prototype of “Wheel” Wilkins, the genial proprietor of the Liberty Bell Filling Station, somewhere in my store of memories.

“So I made my start on a quaint, kindly inhabitant of my home town, bor- rowed a little from other characters I had created, blended them together in my mind and produced “Wheel” Wilkins. Not that it was as easy as that. I had to invent a dozen new mannerisms, and I had to express them all in a voice that had to be like “Wheel” his own unique way of saying things, a set of homely phrases all his own. Of course, this is a little like specializin’ in for many years, and it was more or less of a natural thing.

“As he stands right now,” concluded “Chuck,” “Wheel is a right likeable sort of a chap. I like him. He’s shrewd, yet he’s kind. He likes his little joke, but I think that behind it all he can be downright serious, too.”

“Wheel” Wilkins appears every Sunday night in the Liberty Bell programs in behalf of the Penmoil Company.

Radiograph

(Continued from page 39)

person he is, for I know the somewhat astounding salary he receives. “Fifteen minutes a day of work,” I say to myself, “I can spend the time to play and a nice big check. And just because you happen to have a Lon Chaney voice.”

But when the broadcast is over I find that I have been lied to by anyone of means, nor is it all leisure. For Phil Cook not only takes all the parts in his sketches, but he writes every line of his show. Could it all tell us to his songs and writes the words. And when you write enough nonsense to fill a fifteen minute program six days a week, for four weeks, or a month, or twelve months a year, it gets to be, in Phil’s own words—“a man-sized job.”

No. I don’t think he has so much leisure, in fact, I can’t see where he has any. As for that big check, I guess he earns it.

Phil was born some thirty-five years ago in Colorado, but he has lived most of his life in New York. Before he became interested in Radio he was the art director of an advertising agency and wrote some poems and magazine covers, and gets paid for them, too. He wrote the musical comedies—“Molly, Darling,” “When You Smile,” etc. They all had Broadway runs.

If Phil went to a Mike twice as the same character in a month, the instant would be a surprise. Just look at a list of his recent activities at NBC—Radio Chef, Line’s Shine Boy, The Little People, Spencers, The Physical Culture Shoe Prince, The Cabin Door, Real Folks, Fift Soldiers, Interwoven Entertainers, Funny Business, Master of Ceremonies, Buck and Wing—well, that’s enough.

Did I mention that Phil plays the ukulele, the guitar and violin? Yes, there’s a lot of talk about everyone being equal, but you’ll have to admit that any man who can talk in seven different pitches, write his own songs, play in the above roles, and on the above instruments, draw magazine covers, etc—certainly deserves a share of the gifts. Then he has good looks and a likeable personality—it’s just too much.

Yet for all Phil Cook’s talents you and I suppose we all had he couldn’t get along without. We are the admir- ing audience. And when you come right down to it the admirers didn’t much to choose between the stars. The stars couldn’t get along without the admiring audience. Am I not right? If it weren’t for you and me and all the rest of us admiring, where would the stars be? (And I claim there is some real philosophy in this.)

Oh, I forgot—he’s married, and hap- pily so, he says. Though he did tell me he tried out all his jokes first on the wife.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 37)

commingle the details of design, the little occurrences of chance, making the perfect intricate pattern. So here, The Opal. Years ago it had disappeared. It had been hidden. Murders, also long ago, had been committed. For the Opal? Why, why, why? Had one of the victims hidden it? Had it, by chance as far as we are concerned, been hidden in the very room where the sad stood? Had the explosive little room been thoroughly to pieces, dislodged the Opal from its place under some beam, behind some panel? I thought so. With your kind permission I will think so.

“At least I’ve got it now,” said Parks.

“Yes, you’ve got it now. Well, hav- ing planned this all so prettily, Mr. X, knowing we’d rush off downstairs, had his moment to remove the bodys. He had intended murder; he had secured his end; he discovered that no murder had been committed! At first he had thought to mystify, further in case to deduce to have a pretty sizeable legal barricade to fortify himself behind. No corpus delicti, ab- solutely nothing. Downstairs he could have sworn in a court of law that either Dicks or Parks was dead? We could not! All of which Mr. X knew when he planned his murder.

“But later how much better he was placed when he found that both of his victims lived! He treated them, saw them, connived at, covered them to his knowing that we would carry on the good work. There was chance again, this time helping him. He was clear of murder and he dropped the reward by having the loot.

“Thiere remains the article snatched up from the floor by Mr. X. It was a course drug. We had all noted his peculiarly nervous condition before; we also marked how after the explosion we missed him. More than of us must have marked him, when he came in, he was a man altered. We said to ourselves, ‘Here’s a funny thing.’ An- drew was going to tell us before the matter was cleared—immediately after he appeared calm and self-contained, even relieved of some strange feeling. He may or may not have thought of it at all, one realized what was the matter with him and that he had had a shot.

“NOW, here was another most intriguing consideration. Andregg was no physicist, yet we all thought that he was! How much design, how much chance all long the line? And when Andregg swore that Parks was dead, Dicks dying, we supposed that he knew where of the bodies. But, I must confess, that thinking things over I was struck by that first remark of his; that Parks’ body was already cold! Odd, wasn’t it? There’d scarcely been time for that, you know! I judged later on that Andregg was either mistaken there or, if you will, it’s that blunt black band about his body—’

‘Deflected the blow!’ cried out Dicks.

‘It had to be considered,’ returned Sany, and went on: ‘I asked Laufer- Hirth about it the other day when he and Mr. Parks journeyed together. —Well, well; what next? Why, the knot itself, Mr. X, had dropped it there—for what earthly rea- son? For us to see, of course. But why?”

‘YOULL see that in my little work- shop I had no end of little bits flying about, wanting to be filed in their proper places. The idea as it came to you, you know. And I got them into such a pretty pattern before I was through—’

Parks’ finger rapped the door; a heavy voice saying something to one of the Filipino boys. The boy came in, say- ing, “They are ready to go, sir.”

“Tell them to wait,” said Savoy sharply, a note as of anger in his voice. He drew curious eyes upon himself.

“I’m going on with this, and you’re going to listen!” he rasped out. “You’re going to be interested. Mr. Nemo is go- ing to be interested, for I’m going to tell him my theory of his vanished Flower of Heaven. And it is, however, a conclusion before that. The Guest Book again, I found much in it to ponder on, those first thoughts many men had jotted down. And are here. Here is not a haven, but heaven.” What did it signify? In a word, the thought of heaven came to one who had been a fugi- tive, knowing times of great stress; to Andregg heaven was a place where he was sure of his drug.

He sprang to his feet.

“As the first step to the end,” said in a queer voice, “I want you to hear something which Laufer-Hirth can tell you. Tell him, Amos; what’s on your mind?”

Laufer-Hirth shuffled unceasingly. His eyes roamed here and there, and came back pleadingly to Savoy’s stern face.

“WHAT we just read in the Guest Book—those words under Thraff Willey’s name was written by Andregg yesterday! Will Little and I saw him write them; Paul dictated—”

It was a long breathless moment in which minds were in a maze. Piled near by were the several travel- ing bags. Savoy azayed them further by demanding sharply:

“Parks, will you open up your bag for us?”

“Never! Did a stranger look down in a man’s eyes than in a man’s eyes in Mr. Laufer-Hirth’s eyes. His face went swiftly as white as death.

“Open it!” rang out Savoy’s voice.
Paul Oliver's Good Luck

(Continued from page 7)

for her smile of approbation. And when Olive sings, Paul always smiles his encouragement.

Aside from music, football is the most important sport to Paul, and during a lull in a rehearsal you will find him discussing the relative merits of football teams with Phillips Carlin, another football enthusiast. Indeed, Paul graduated from New York University, and conversely the N. Y. U. team’s favorite radio star is Paul Oliver, the slightly-built and famous N. Y. U. football mentor, is one of his closest friends. Paul can talk quite authoritatively about the capabilities of every man in his squad for some seasons back. He is a frequent dinner guest at Mr. and Mrs. Meehan’s.

He often sings for the boys and attends every football game on the schedule that does not take him too far away to come back in time for the Wednesday red letter hour. He was a guest at the recent N. Y. U. dinner when the boys got their letters for football. Football, as you may have gathered, is absorbing to him that whenever possible he travels with the team to their summer training camp.

When not busy rehearsing new songs Paul likes to go about exploring New York City and its environs, seeking out strange things which interest him. Naturally, Oliver has a decided mechanical bent and as a result spends some time in manufacturing plants in and near New York, observing the various processes through which all sorts of products go. Most of these observations are obiter. Regularly, after a strenuous rehearsal and after each Wednesday evening’s broadcast, he hurries to the Y. M. C. A. for a football game. Early the next morning he arises and tunes up his car, which is his companion during the fall and winter months, just as a high speed power-boat is his favorite in summer.

Motoring from his Mount Vernon home, he drives along the coastline and on past the great mining town of Mount Temple. On other days he will park the car at some subway entrance and travel underground all over New York. An excavation for a skyscraper or some underground place that he plans to visit in the future does the Bronx Zoo. And because he carefully hides his identity none of the people in the questions and answers assume he is the gentleman with a curious turn of mind is the tenor star whose melodious voice is so well known to millions.

I N THE summer, Paul Oliver’s idea of a seventh heaven is a boat on a quiet lake in the country of his girl engaged softly to himself, “I know of nothing so restful and soothing to the nerves as a fishing trip. In hot weather the strain of daily rehearsals, and the late and early performances before the microphone is pretty severe and Radio artists particularly must keep well and fit”, he explained.

Paul Oliver is a true sportsman and has always spent a great deal of time in the water during the warm months. His chief hobby, however, is fishing, and he is a very good fisherman. In his early days in the city, when he was a fishing enthusiast, he used to frequent a certain fishing hole in the lake near his home and has always enjoyed finding soft spots in the lake, but now he prefers the fishing lake near his home and has always enjoyed finding suitable places for fishing. He is a true sportsman and loves to fish. He is often to be found in his fishing boat, fishing for trout or bass. He enjoys the quiet of the lake and the peace of mind it brings. He is a true sportsman and loves to fish. He is often to be found in his fishing boat, fishing for trout or bass. He enjoys the quiet of the lake and the peace of mind it brings.

—The End—

[Image]
WJBL Boasts Large Variety of Talent

The actual history of WJBL, Decatur, Ill., Oct. 4, 1925, when the new station was opened by the Gushard Co. of Decatur, Ill. Four years later WJBL was taken over by the present owners and immediately plans were made for the future of the station.

New studios on the main floor of the Hotel Orlando building were formally dedicated March 7, 1930, with a reception and special broadcast programs. Since that time, the station has increased its time over the air from about three hours a day to the present schedule: Going on the air at 7 a.m., signing off at 13:45 p.m.; going on again at 5 p.m. and signing off at 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening.

WJBL boasts a variety of talent—a staff orchestra, a staff pianist, Hawaiian guitar artists, soloists, "banjo boys," concertina players, and a popular piano duo. It can also draw from talented students at the conservatory of music at James Millikin University at Decatur.

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National Radio Institute, Dept. OHQ
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Radio Digest

September

Thirty-Five Cents

Al Smith and His
"Radio Man"

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Rupert Hughes

Abraham Lincoln on the Air by Raymond Warren
ANY people remember the time when trips to the dentist were made only to get relief from pain. In those days, no one thought of going for prevention, before pain developed.

And today, there are people who do not think of using Forhan’s, until their mouths are beyond the help of ordinary tooth-pastes.

But the well mouth needs Forhan’s. It is a dentifrice safe and pure and mild—as fine as a dentist can make it, for it was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

The tiny teeth of children—those precious first teeth which have such an influence on the future health and beauty of the mouth—need the scientific cleansing which they will get with this gentle dentifrice.

The teeth of boys and girls also need Forhan’s protection, to supplement the dentist’s watchful care. No dentifrice can do a more thorough job of reaching every fissure and crevice of the teeth during these critical years.

In the adult mouth, Forhan’s serves a double purpose. It cleans the teeth, of course, but in addition it helps to stimulate the gums. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it rouses sluggish circulation, brings to gum tissues a pleasant tingling, and helps to keep them in the coral glow of health.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that Forhan’s is only a pyorrhea treatment. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy—before any tenderness develops—is the time to adopt Forhan’s as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

NOW ON THE AIR!
New Forhan’s program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Columbia network.
Swiftly... in 6 places your skin grows lovelier

The Forehead... Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram’s does with marvelous effect.

The Eyes... Puffiness and crow’s feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

The Mouth... To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram’s. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.

The Throat... Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram’s Milkweed Cream prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.

The Neck... Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.

The Shoulders... Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram’s.

Picture yourself as my mannequin... learn why “Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young”... Frances Ingram

SMOOTH as a bride’s satin—gloriously fresh and clear. That can be your skin.

For my Milkweed Cream does much more than keep the texture soft and fair. It keeps the skin free from impurities. It guards against blemishes and wards off wrinkles. It gives to your skin petal-like smoothness that only a healthy skin can know.

Study, on my mannequin above, the six starred spots where lines and imperfections first appear. Scrutinize your own skin at the same six places. Then you will realize why the extra help toward a healthy skin that my Milkweed Cream brings is so vitally important in retaining the appearance of youth.

You may be older than my mannequin or your birthdays may be as few, but remember this—no matter how old you are, if your skin is kept healthy it is bound to look young—no matter how young you are, lines and defects begin to stamp your skin as though with years.

Guard well, then, the six starred places—the column above tells how—and your skin will respond swiftly with new charm.

With its protective and pure ingredients, Ingram’s Milkweed Cream will care for your skin as no other cream possibly can. It cleanses splendidly and smooths away roughness and blemishes. Tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes soft, clear, altogether lovely.

And, if you have any special beauty questions, send the coupon for my booklet, “Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young,” or tune in on “Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram,” Tuesdays 10:15 to 10:30 A.M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

Frances Ingram
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Please send me your free booklet, “Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young,” which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name______________________________
Address______________________________
City__________________________

⇒ Ingram's Milkweed Cream ⇒
September, 1930

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AL SMITH AND HIS RAD-DIO MAN—an intimate story by Norman Sweetser of the great Democrat's mike-maids.

GOLF—Greatest Radio engineering achievement made possible broadcast of Bobby Jones' victory.

EVANGELINE ADAMS—Famous Radio astrologer gives Radio Digest readers matrimonial horoscope for happy wedded life.

ALBUM—FAIR OF THE AIR—Sixteen pages of art rotogravure showing faces and scenes in American broadcast studios.

ARABESQUE—Episode of the Dream Child as told by the author of this popular Columbia feature.

THE ROAD TO LIBERTY—Fiction. Story of a perplexed little French girl who sought escape from a distasteful betrothal.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN LIVES AGAIN—Dramatic episode in life of Great Emancipator portrayed vividly by WLS, Chicago.

AMOS 'n' ANDY—Contestant reveals Andy Brown as the Great Cat and Rat Man—Letters.

RADIOGRAPH—Our Radiographer who hob-nobs with the chain stars in New York interviews Cheerio for you.

TERROR—Fiction. Thrilling incident in the very early history of old New York—a girl slave who won freedom by fire.

MADE FOR PETTING—Great Artists have great loves—Horses, dogs, cats among their pets.

MARCELLA—Intimate chit-chat by the little lady who "sees all, hears all and tells all".

JAPANESE FANS pay for their listening privileges—Round-the-world correspondent of Radio Digest describes the system.

EDITORIAL—RADIO CAN KILL WAR—Radio Digest submits crystallized suggestion to promote peace between all nations.

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HELEN NUGENT was only 17 when she decided that fame could be achieved by serious effort and her native ability. She became a member of the Cincinnati Summer Opera—and eventually conivato soloist. (CBS).

MARY McCOY is another busy soprano who finds her time booked constantly at NBC. She is best known on the program, Works of Great Composers. Fancy those eyes looking at you the next time you hear her.

DOLORES CASSINELLI is noted not only for her operatic voice but for her beauty and agility. She keeps in trim by fencing. She is like lightning with her thrust and parry, and there's sunshine in her smile.
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H. C. Lewis, Pres. Radio Division Founded 1899

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Name
Address
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Come In—Please

SIT DOWN, if you will, in that easy chair. You are in the home of the publishers of Radio Digest.

Whatever your taste, please relax and be yourself. We want to know you as you really are and we want you to know us the same way. Through the somewhat inadequate medium of this printed page, we are trying to be hospitable—sincerely and wholeheartedly so, while telling you "the story of our life."

The Triple Merger

DURING the past few months, Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., a publishing organization with a background of over half a century, has been busy forming the Radio Digest Publishing Corporation, and acquiring for this new company not only the Radio Digest of Chicago, founded and formerly published by "Buck" Rayner of the Windy City, but also the Radio Revue of New York, founded and published by Walter Preston of Gotham Town, and Radio Broadcast founded and formerly published by the distinguished house of Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Effective with this issue, all three of these magazines have been put together—merged is the commercial expression—into one publication dedicated to the service of the American Radio public. It is in a full sense a national magazine for the family, i.e., for those who listen to any of the many types of programs which are being broadcast night and day throughout the length and breadth of the land. The listeners, not experimenters, constitute our reading audience.

We Pay Tribute

BEFORE going on we want to interrupt to pay our enthusiastic tribute to those publishers whose vision brought forth the triplet which now is known as Radio Digest. To us, the present publishers, they have been fit to entrust the handiwork and brain child of their earlier efforts, cognizant of our plans and convinced that under such auspices the merged child work will grow to great stature, mentally as well as physically.

It is too soon for the new parents to make visionary promises or boast of the bigger and better things to come. Performance is by all odds the better spokesman on such matters. But we must confess, again in a spirit of tribute to our predecessors, that we shall derive untold inspiration from their labors during the period of infancy.

We want our readers to know that this merger is no ordinary business transaction devoid of human feelings. If human affairs can be said to have a soul then this one has. It is to a large degree the outgrowth of a common inspiration and of a substantially unselfish desire to serve PEOPLE, not things, in a fearless but emotionally human manner. And in line with this feeling, the previous publishers and editors of Radio Digest and its other component publications have been invited to be perpetual contributors to the contents as well as to the spirit of the magazine. We are glad to say that most of them have already been enrolled in the active ranks.

Meet the Staff

THE officers of Radio Digest Publishing Corporation are: President, Raymond Bill; Vice-Presidents, J. B. Spillane and Randolph Brown; Treasurer, Edward Lyman Bill, all of whom have had extensive experience in the music and Radio fields, and all of whom are principals in Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., and Federated Business Publications, Inc., the latter including among its other properties Radio-Music Merchant (formerly Talking Machine World), Sales Management and The Antiquarian Magazine.

In addition to the Board of Contributing Editors, the personnel of which will be announced later, the executive editorial staff is: Editor, Raymond Bill; Advisory Editor, Henry J. Wright, formerly editor of the New York Globe and the New York Sun; Associate Editor, Charles R. Tighe, formerly managing editor of Radio-Music Merchant, and Managing Editor, Harold P. Brown, editor of Radio Digest under its former management.

The business organization is as follows: Business Manager, Lee Robinson, also business manager of Radio-Music Merchant. Advertising representatives; R. G. Maxwell & Co., Inc. The head of this company, Ray Maxwell, is one of "The Four Maxwells," the others being, respectively, president of Crowell Publishing Co., Life Publishing Co. and Williams & Cunningham Advertising Agency.

The circulation of Radio Digest alone averaged 116,000 for the first six months of 1930 and at 35c per copy. While this constitutes an exceptional record for a new magazine, it is no more than an indication of what the future holds for the dominant magazine of the Radio field. The public
interest in this magazine is obviously logical because Radio is destined to play an important role in the future of the entire world and consequently in the lives of those by whom it is peopled.

Our First Issue

This September issue is the first number for which the present management is responsible. In the short space of time prior to its publication it was impracticable to inaugurate many of the plans we have in mind for improving Radio Digest and making it a most valuable and interesting magazine for the entire family. We have, however, increased the total number of pages more than one-third as an indication of the good measure we desire to give from a quantity standpoint. We have printed the magazine on a much finer grade of paper stock and a paper which is also both heavier and whiter than that formerly used. We have introduced a new and rather distinctive type of rotogravure section. We have initiated a department by an outstanding Radio engineer in which every month we shall endeavor to interpret for our readers in language they will understand the scientific progress which is being made in Radio reception, Radio broadcasting and television. We have improved and refined the typography. We have initiated several other new types of editorial features which will be presented on a more imposing scale in succeeding issues.

Finally, and most important, we have launched a program of editorials in none of which shall we aim to talk about subjects which are platitudes or express viewpoints which are innocuous, but in all of which we shall endeavor to serve in some powerful constructive manner the great audience we are reaching. Other improvements and additions will follow in rapid order, but we would rather let you see them in actual existence than to herald their advent. Meanwhile, we do want to make these points of publishing policy entirely clear.

The Editorial Policy

Radio Digest will not be edited with any endeavor at salacious or other cheap appeals. It will aim to enable the American public to appreciate in a greater degree and in larger numbers the world of romance, entertainment and knowledge which is open to them through the Radio. Apart from its lighter entertainment values, we contend that Radio already constitutes one of the world's greatest sources of information that is strictly current, as well as historical. Much knowledge can be gleaned from the Radio which is reliable and which is world-wide in scope. We do not think any magazine has ever had a greater or finer opportunity to enrich the family life of the American people, and we hope to measure up to the great opportunity which lies before us as the first and dominant magazine serving the American Radio public. In attaining this goal we seek not only the reading interest of our audience, but also its suggestions, comments and help given in a first-hand manner. We want each and every reader to be in part at least a builder of Radio Digest, as the greatest and most influential magazine of all times. It can be just that with your help, but only with your help.

The Publishers

Advance Tips

LINDBERGH. Specially written feature of the greatest world hook-up in history. Jesse Butcher, personal friend of Colonel Lindbergh, tells what happened and how.

THE PRESIDENT. As we go to press Doris Hobart, Radio Digest special feature writer, is in Washington obtaining an intimate story of President Hoover's personal views and reactions to broadcasting.

HEYWOOD BROUN. Famous New York columnist will be represented in the October Radio Digest with the first publication of his Radio column.

VICTOR HERBERT. "As I Knew Him" by Harold Sanford who worked, played and lived with the celebrated composer and undoubtedly knew him better than any man now living.

F. W. WILE. Noted news correspondent's story of the trans-Atlantic broadcast of the London Disarmament Conference. A facsimile of George Bernard Shaw's penned prediction of the outcome of the Conference will be included in the story.

ABE AND DAVID. Way Down East up-to-date, popular feature of coast-to-coast network. How they get their unique material for stories told by Peter Dixon.

GENE AND GLENN. Inside story of one of the most popular teams of the Mid-West. Narrative of romantic and dramatic incidents leading up to the partnership.

RUPERT HUGHES. Famous author depicts days of terror in the early history of old New York in a fiction story about a girl who was sold into bondage.

J. S. FLETCHER. Distinguished English author of mystery stories tells what happened to the Largworthy Pearls. Short and very fascinating.

* * *

THE FUTURE FILE. Not all of these may be ready for the October number. Some of them are certain to be. Our "Future File" includes these:

JERRY BUCKLEY. Results of our own investigation of the tragic death of Detroit's reform announcer.

THE R-100. Our own original story of the part that Radio played in the trans-Atlantic flight of England's greatest dirigible.

RUDY VALLEE. In a series of original articles written exclusively for Radio Digest.

HOME BUDGETING. Selections of the best ideas and advice included in the programs of John Wanamaker and other authorities.

THOMAS A. EDISON. An exclusive interview with the famous inventor regarding his scholarship tests for the selection of embryo geniuses.
ALWYN BACH of the National Broadcasting company staff, whose well modulated voice and meticulous pronunciation won for him the 1930 gold medal for diction, began the study of words in a dictionary at his mother's knee.
"Try Singing to Speak Well"

Song is the Best Medium and Exercise whereby One May Acquire Perfection of Speech declares Alwyn Bach, Winner of 1930 Diction Medal

by DRAKE EVANS

ART of speech is best improved through the art of song. If you can't sing, sing anyway. It gives you a sense and appreciation of rhythmical expression. Then there's the dictionary game. Every letter list will disclose familiar words which you have mispronounced all your life. Start with "a". How would you pronounce "adult" or "addict"? To save you the trouble of looking it up the accent is on the final syllable. How would you pronounce "Babel"? Would you use long "a" or short "a"? The dictionary is the best text book for diction. Let the author introduce you here to a close-up study of Mr. Bach—may be you’ll "learn something".

The first time I ever saw the NBC announcer, Alwyn Bach, was about a year ago from the control room of Studio E at a broadcast of one of Tex O’Reilly’s “Soldier of Fortune” talks. Floyd Gibbons was also in the control room that night and as the tall, dark Bach stood before the announcer’s mike and there came to our ears his smooth, velvet tones, Floyd Gibbons nodded his head in approval and prophesied, “There’s the boy that’s going to pick off that dictionary gold medal. Just wait and see.”

And true to the Gibbons’ prophecy, Alwyn Bach received in June the gold medal which the American Academy of Arts and Letters gives annually for good diction over the Radio. The winner last time was Milton Cross.

But lest you put too much trust in Floyd Gibbons’ ability to see the future, I heard him make another prophecy that night. It was over a year ago, mind you, and the war correspondent was at that time on the air only one night a week. He wasn’t so hopeful about his Radio opportunities. Said he: “I’ll never be able to make enough money to afford to live in this man’s town.” Which proves, I think, that as a prophet Mr. Gibbons bats only fifty per cent. However, this is a story not about Floyd Gibbons, but about Alwyn Bach.

In giving the gold medal award the American Academy of Arts and Letters aims not merely to improve the diction of the announcers themselves, but to aid in raising the standard of spoken English throughout the nation. The committee which selects the winner is composed of fifty eminent judges of spoken English who weigh the talents of the Radio announcers of the entire country—judging them for excellence in diction, quality of tone, and the general cultural effect of the voice.

With the increasingly immense popularity of Radio, our spoken language is coming into the control of a few men—and these, the Radio announcers. Eventually their influence will do much to standardize our language and do away with local dia-
coveted award. His voice is rich, smooth, cultured, his pronunciation and enunciation crystal clear. I, speaking to him, found myself becoming conscious of my own pronunciation and striving to imitate his perfection of diction. It was an actual vocal lesson just to listen to him.

The NBC announcer was born in this country; but a few years before his birth his mother had come over from Denmark. His earliest remembrance of her is seeing her sitting studying a dictionary. While she was cooking she kept the dictionary on the kitchen table. She would stir the soup with one hand and thumb through the book with the other. In the evenings she would keep it close by as she sewed, pausing occasionally to scan a page, memorize a few words, and then say them aloud as she darned or mended. She eventually came to speak English with perfection.

Her son, however, born in this country, under no handicap as his mother was, as a child spoke the language in a very slovenly fashion, mumbling his words, dropping his final letters, as is the way of most boys. “Alwyn,” his mother would say in distress, “I am ashamed of you. For heaven’s sake, use your lips.” His mother’s corrections and insistence on good speech, Bach says, was his first step on the road towards the gold medal.

Despite his Danish parentage, Alwyn Bach doesn’t look like one’s conventional idea of a Dane. For aren’t the Danes of old Viking stock, and shouldn’t Vikings be tall and blonde and blue-eyed and rollicking? Alwyn Bach is tall—six feet two—but his hair and eyes are dark brown, his complexion olive, and anything less rollicking than his serene dignity and poise would be hard to find. He has been accused of being too dignified and precise in his speech, but he feels that dignity is essential to the best work of the announcer.

As he said in a recent newspaper interview: “I never wisecrack when I announce. I think it is an announcer’s place to be merely an announcer and to let the entertainers entertain. Attempted humor is liable to fall flat on the air.”

Singing, printing, the war, broadcasting—those four words sum up his professional life. When only sixteen Bach began to study singing. Before a year was (Continued on page 121)
PROBABLY the greatest thrill of anticipation which will come my way, even though I live to be a thousand, were eleven words which were poured into my left ear from a telephone receiver.

Early in the fall of 1928 my telephone bell rang. I don't remember the date but I distinctly recall my thoughts prior to the interruption. The night before Milton Cross had sat on my new fall hat. He didn't do it intentionally—but Milt is just as heavy when sitting as he is when standing. At the time he apologized. But he didn't have to wear the hat. I did. And the hat was, at one and the same time, in my Hand and on my mind when I went to answer the telephone.

Funny thing, Milt's voice greeted me from the other end of the wire. But his reason for calling had nothing to do with hats.

"You've been elected to accompany Al Smith on his campaign trip," he said. Eleven words. But what eleven words!

And that was the thrill.

It had fallen to my lot to act as announcer on a few occasions in the past when Mr. Smith had spoken before the microphone. I had not been what one might term "a Smith man" at the time of his party nomination but my association with this dynamic man changed that.

One cannot meet Al Smith without recognizing in him a vital personality. And when a person comes into a situation which brings him on common ground with the man that person just naturally becomes "a Smith man," and he stays "a Smith man" right on. He won me from the start. Perhaps I didn't need much encouragement. But whatever praise I have for the man is sincere and don't think I'm laying it on too thick when I say, when bigger and better men are born the sample produced by the Smith family should serve as an excellent pattern to copy.

Al Smith is not a good microphone performer. He is probably one of the worst. From a technical standpoint, I mean. He simply wont "stay put." I have never seen a speaker less shy of the mike than Mr. Smith. He ignores the instrument. Unquestionably he despises the microphone as a mechanical device. But as a medium through which he can reach the people he realizes its value.

Trained in the old school of oratory he loves the close contact of a living audience. When he is speaking to both a seen and an unseen audience he forgets all about his unseen listeners at the first demonstration of approval from those present. He will either walk away from the microphone in order to face without obstruction the responsive audience or, as happened in Omaha, he will deliberately pick up the microphone standard and place it aside!

If you heard that Omaha speech you may remember hearing a noise that sounded like static coming over your loud-speaker less than five minutes after he came on the air. After setting the microphone aside he never again addressed it directly. I tried to adjust it so that the speech would register properly but he waved me aside. And the mike picked up his speech as best it could from a most unfavorable angle.

As Governor of the State of New York Mr. Smith was one of the pioneer radio politicians. And as I said before, he positively is not mike shy. He has no fear of it therefore it was up to me to increase the democratic candidate's respect for the microphone.

Now, I knew it would be useless to tell the man that he must "stay put" when on the air. I had threshed that out with him before, begging him for his own good to realize that his unseen audience outnumbered his visible listeners a thousand to one. His...
reply was always the same. He was sorry
but he didn't feel he could do himself
justice if he neglected those who came to
see as well as hear. And he meant just
what he said. I found Al Smith to be
absolutely honest in every statement he
ever made. To be at ease when speak-
ing, this tried and true orator feels handi-
capped unless he has the freedom of the
platform. The microphone annoyed him
so he moved it, that's all.

FROM Omaha we went to
Oklahoma City. Long before the hour
of the broadcast I went to the hall where
he was to speak. With me were the A. T.
and T. engineers. I superintended the
set-up. That night everything looked per-
fectly natural. When Mr. Smith rose to
address the gathering he found, as usual,
a small table in front of him with the
microphone standard in front of the
table. I shall have to give the man credit.
He waited through three or four bursts of
applause which interrupted his speech
before attempting to move the mike.
Then imagine his surprise when he found it
immoveable. I had ordered the standard
screwed to the floor. Never will I for-
take the look of amazement which swept
over his face momentarily. Then he
smiled—and, lifting up the little table, he
moved his position, table and all, about
six feet to the left!
His speeches always were of the great-
est interest to me but I want to tell you
I don't remember hearing a word Al
Smith said in Oklahoma City. With the
mike six feet from the speaker, and away
to one side at that, I was sure the broad-
cast must be going over pretty pitifully.
It certainly was not going over as it
should. Of that I was sure and stood by
trying to figure out some way to lick Mr.
Smith—to cure him of his antagonism for
the mike.
Our next show was at St. Paul. This
time I fastened both table and microphone
standard to the floor. What is more I
arranged the chairs for the overflow crowd
which always filled every platform. And
as a final precaution I ushered as many
people as possible to the stage and seated
them in a semicircle around the chairs in
the center which were reserved for the
candidate and his party.
When Mr. Smith arose to deliver his
address he found himself hemmed in on
all sides. The only way he could have
licked me that night was to have climbed
on the table! Needless to say, he did not
do that.
From that night on he was cured. And
don't think he didn't know who was re-
ponsible. He did. The next day on the
train he sent his secretary for "the rad-
dio man", as he always called me. I travelled
in one of the cars with the newspaper
men. When I entered his private car I
found him smiling. And the smile never
left his face throughout the interview.
He accused me of everything—of fasten-
ing the table and microphone standard and
of arranging the chairs on the platform.

"NOW, that's alright," he
said. "I know it's up to you to see that
the rad-dio gets a break. And you don't
have to tell me again that it is for my
own good. I know that, too. But, as a
personal favor to me, please don't ever
tie me up like that again. I mean hem
me in with people. Why, I didn't dare
move for fear I'd hit someone."
"Alright, Mr. Smith," I said. "I'll prom-
ise not to interfere with the seating ar-
rangements if you'll promise not to move
the microphone again."
He laughed. "I promise, Norman."
That was the first time he had ever
called me anything except "rad-dio man".
From that time on he always addressed
me by my first name.

And ever after he treated the micro-
phone with due respect.
Why does he say "rad-dio" instead of
"radio"? I really don't know. Probably
because he started calling it that in the
eyears and, like the good showman he
is, found the comment created by his pro-
nunciation of the word an incentive to
establish "rad-dio" as a good trade mark.
By the way, do you know how Colonel
Lindbergh pronounces aviation? "Avi-
ation." And no one objects.
Accompanying the democratic candidate
on the long campaign journey were Mrs.
Smith and the daughter, Emily (the wife
of Major Warner). Mrs. Warner fre-
frequently asked her father to change his
pronunciation of "rad-dio". One night,
whether intentionally or otherwise I do
not know, Mr. Smith did pronounce the
word in the generally accepted manner.
Just once. The next day I asked him
how he happened to say "Radio". He
smiled and replied, "I have to please some
people sometime." He never said "Radio"
again to my knowledge. Nor did I ever
here his daughter chide him about "rad-
dio" after that.
Mr. Smith spent much of his time in
the car with the newspapermen. The
boys kidded him a bit about his pronun-
ciation of "rad-dio". His comeback was
that it was a new word and that he felt he
had just as much right to call it "Rad-dio"
as everyone else did to call it "Radio".
One morning he came into the car beam-
ing, carrying a telegram. He read the
message aloud and then passed it around.
It stated that the Al Smith pronunciation
of the word was just as correct as the
accepted "radio." It was signed by a
distinguished philologist.

His best campaign speech
was never delivered in public. It was an
extemporaneous talk given in the news-
paper men's car over a campaign issue
brought to the candidate's attention by a
member of the press. I have never heard
a better speech and I have listened and
had to listen to several hundred. Every
point of the issue was covered in perfect
continuity during the hour and a half
which the man spoke. He was never in-
interrupted. Every press representative sat spellbound. No notes were made and everyone was so thoroughly interested that no one thought, before Mr. Smith left the car, to ask his permission to review it. This speech, either in full or in part, was never published.

I well remember one question which was asked the candidate by a reporter. "If you are elected will there be a 'White House Spokesman'?' Mr. Smith smiled and replied, "In every office I have ever held my association with representatives of the press has always been decidedly harmonious. If I am elected there will be no White House spokesman other than Al Smith, in person."

All his speeches are dictated. Copies of these are sent to the reporters prior to the event. This rule goes for speeches made to visible or invisible audiences. The man then makes a few notes on the faces of legal sized envelopes and, referring to these notes, delivers his address. While the speech is not word for word as dictated he never misses the point of any dictated sentence.

In addressing a lonesome microphone in a studio Mr. Smith never loses control of his oratory. Nor does he neglect his customary emphatic gestures. One peculiar habit which the man has when speaking either in public or in a studio, is to rise slightly on his toes when emphasizing a point. It frequently gives him the appearance of teetering, especially when dramatic phrases follow each other in rapid succession. He sways before a lonesome mike just as he does before a visible audience, in order that his voice reach every corner of the hall. He hammer home many points with that banging fist of his—even though there be no table to strike.

When we first started on the trip I used to have the microphone which I used, for my introductory remarks and announcements, set-up in the wings on the stage. On one occasion I was called away from my position for a moment. When I tried to get back to the instrument I found myself blocked by a mob of unruly spectators who had rushed the stage-door and pushed by the single policeman on guard at that point. It began to look as though I would be unable to reach my mike in time to sign off. Providing there was any mike left when I got there. Fortunately, several bluecoats came around from the front of the house as I was about to declare a personal war on the invaders and, literally surrounded by the law, I reached the instrument just as Mr. Smith finished his address. Luckily the mike had not been tipped over in the crush. After that I had a telephone booth placed in the wings and was able to shut myself in that "hot-box" for my announcements. Did you ever remain in a booth with the doors closed for any length of time? Wow! I was used to working under all sorts of conditions on reporrtorial Radio assignments but of all the places I have ever worked that booth was the most uncomfortable from a physical standpoint. The only salvation was that it gave me privacy and an assurance that the microphone was protected from an over-enthusiastic public. I don't like crowds and I never will. Except at a distance.

Prior to one speech on the trip the newspapers were filled with stories of threatened demonstrations of an unfriendly nature to the candidate when he made his appearance on the platform. Naturally we were all somewhat anxious and there was a feeling of tenseness in the air. From my position in the wings I saw Mrs. Smith, who had arrived early, turning in her seat to look back through the audience. She seemed to be worried. I made my way to her and asked if she would like to move over into the section reserved for the press. Her reply was typical of the devoted woman, "No, thank in just that kind of a show. But he knew that every minute of his time on the air was being paid for out of the funds of the Democratic Committee and he felt it would be unethical to permit an opponent to use any of those expensive minutes. He was pledged to use the money raised by subscription for the good of the party and the Reverend Doctor made it quite clear that his quarrel with the candidate was purely personal.

Election night. It was Mrs. Smith's birthday and at the Democratic headquarters a large cake was conspicuously placed.

I was standing by with a microphone ready for an instantaneous hook-up should Mr. Smith care to make any statement on the air.

Long before the candidate arrived the returns showed that Mr. Hoover was piling up a pretty heavy lead. A decided gloom was settling over the place as those at headquarters realized how the tide was running.

Then Al Smith came in. Smiling Al Smith. Smiling in the face of all this gloom.

"What's the matter here? Why so downcast? I'm not going to be deported. I'm still a citizen—the voters can't take that away from me!"

Anyone can be a victor and smile. It takes a big man to smile at defeat. And Al Smith never stopped smiling.

He called me to go with him when he went to the private office to dictate his congratulatory message to Mr. Hoover.

In October Radio Digest you will read about Herbert Hoover's experiences and reactions before the microphone during the last Presidential campaign, as told to Doty Hobart by the man who accompanied the candidate on his tour. The story brings to light some new characteristics of the President that have never before appeared in print.

Mr. Raskob listened to the dictation of this message. He was stunned. As campaign manager a statement was due the press. But he hadn't pulled himself together sufficiently to make it.

Al Smith slapped him on the back. He was still smiling.

"If I were Johnny Raskob I know what I'd say."

And Mr. Raskob was governed by the advice of the defeated candidate in making his statement.

As soon as this was over Mr. Smith rose and said, "Come on, Johnny, let's go home."

He left the Democratic headquarters that night without making a statement on the air. But he left with a cheery word for everyone, his head high and the ever-present smile on his face.

Within a week he was on the air again! At his own request. He wanted to thank his supporters and he felt, duty bound to tell them of the deficit in the campaign funds. Perhaps you may remember his appeal for contributions with which to wipe out the debt. Now, an appeal of this kind is not a desirable task. But Al Smith does not wish the unwanted jobs on the other fellow. He tackles them himself.

One of my proudest possessions is a copy of the book, "The Story of the Democratic Campaign of 1928", auto-
graphed by Mr. Smith. It was the first copy off the press and was presented to me by the defeated candidate in person.

Do you remember the advertisements which used to inform poor forgetful mortals, like ourselves, of the super-retentive mind possessed by a fictitious character who was always greeting an old friend by the name of Addison Simms of Seattle? Had the advertiser known of Al Smith this fictitious character might never have attained such lasting fame. Where the advertiser's character knew but one man Al Smith knew and can call by name thousands of men. Unquestionably Mr. Smith has one of the finest memories for names, faces and statistics with which I ever came in contact.

Day after day I saw the busy man meet and greet by name people in all walks of life. Many of these men and women he had been introduced to in a casual way during his political activities in New York State. I don't know that I ever saw him "rack his brain" to recall a name. The name just naturally comes to his lips without any seeming mental effort.

There is a story about a newspaper man who borrowed five dollars from Governor Smith and who, though his intentions were the best, forgot to return it. I am told that when this reporter came to cover a political speech during our journey he met the Democratic candidate backstage and was greeted by name by Mr. Smith, who laughingly asked the man if he had come behind the scenes to pay back the five dollars. I did not witness this meeting myself so cannot vouch for the yarn. It is typical of Mr. Smith, inasmuch as he always connects some incident in which these acquaintances figured. Nor does he need to have the party involved owe him five dollars in order to recall the names of the thousands of people who have come in contact with this remarkable man during his long life as a public figure.

As with names so it is with statistics. Where we think ourselves fortunate if we can remember that two and two make four, Mr. Smith unhesitatingly will delve into intricate figures concerning a public expenditure. Providing, of course, that he was familiar with those figures at some time during his political life.

Once this man's brain absorbs facts of any kind pertinent to his life interests it automatically catalogs them for future reference.

Unquestionably the radio fans will have a chance to hear Al Smith on the air again. He is a man with the interest of the public at heart. I don't know what he will have to say when next we listen to his voice but you may be sure that he will bring a message well worth hearing.

In closing I wish to say that Al Smith is about the only orator I have ever heard who can "orate" before a microphone and not sound foolish to an unseen audience. Loud speakers are not kind to the average orator. Furthermore, here is an orator handicapped with a speaking voice which is not pleasing—as to its reproducing qualifications. Yet handicapped as this orator unquestionably is this man is what we call "a natural" when it comes to audience appeal. I am convinced that the sincerity and inherent honesty of Al Smith's personality as expressed in his rather harsh voice overcomes all handicaps and places him on a separate pedestal as a microphone artist.
L. C. Smeby (left) chief engineer at KSTP, St. Paul, carried a short wave transmitter around the course on the running board of his car.

By Don W. Hood

National Open GOLF

The back stage of a big theater on the opening night of an expensive production or the city room of a metropolitan newspaper, when an extra was being “put to bed”, were never as dramatic as the Radio control rooms during the last two hours of the broadcast of the 1930 National Open Golf Tournament at Interlachen Country Club, Minneapolis, last July.

The golf-minded public depended upon the Radio for an accurate running account of this great sporting classic and the wise Radio operators decided that the public should have what it wanted. And so, for thirty days before Bobby Jones was scheduled to tee-off, Radio engineers virtually swamped the course, testing, diagraming and studying the best means to broadcast a play-by-play account of the event.

The importance of the National Open can be determined by glancing through the sporting pages of any newspaper, no matter how large or small, for the period before July 11, the date the tournament started. Representatives of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company realized the tremendous interest the public was showing in the event. Naturally each system battled to outdo the other. The final result was that both systems told the world of Bobby’s victory in a neck and neck heat. The Radio reporters scored a “scoop” to be sure, but the credit for this remarkable feat belongs to the engineers and their assistants who labored day and night at the course while the thermometer registered between 90 and 96 degrees. The broadcast of the tournament was described as one of the greatest Radio engineering accomplishments of the year.

The hazards of the now famous Interlachen course offered more problems to the broadcasters than to the golfers. A long shot would carry the pill over a sand trap or one of the water hazards but there was nothing that could stop a surging, milling gallery which numbered 15,000 persons. Therefore, the broadcasters agreed that they could not consider stringing wires over the course.

The next step was to develop a short wave transmitting system. After the first test, the plan was nearly
TOURNAMENT

Affords Peak Broadcast Achievement

Ted Husing Packs CBS Transmitter and Antenna on his back as he trails Bobby Jones at Interlachen—KSTP—NBC Radio Reporters Trundle Transmitter in Perambulator

abandoned when it was discovered that high power transmission lines along one side of the course set up so much interference that the voice of the announcer could hardly be heard.

Finally it was decided by engineers from WCCO at Minneapolis, to erect a number of short-wave receiving stations around the course. They had an idea that by locating the receivers at strategic points, the portable transmitters could send a strong enough signal to overcome the power line interference. This plan was definitely decided upon by WCCO, representing Columbia and KSTP of St. Paul representing the National Broadcasting Company.

E. H. GAMMONS, vice-president of the Northwestern Broadcasting Corporation, operators of WCCO, announced that Ted Husing, crack sports announcer for Columbia, would carry a portable transmitter all around the course. However, engineers at KSTP couldn’t fancy the idea of carrying a miniature station on their shoulders, so they built their transmitter into a baby carriage. Stanley Hubbard, manager of the station, was responsible for this.

With everything apparently set for the broadcast of the final leading matches, things began to “break” too fast in the last two hours. As Ted moved about the course following Jones, then MacDonald Smith and others, he became a receiving station himself for news, for by this time a troop of Boy Scouts, with their wagger system were sending information from every part of the course, as the gallery shoved him along.

All was not going so well at KSTP’s headquarters either for Phil Bronson, sports announcer, was crowding the mike for all it was worth and still he was behind. Horton Smith was making a brilliant play for the fourteenth green; MacDonald Smith was accomplishing wonders on the sixteenth and Bobby Jones was nearing the eighteenth. It was too much for one man to cover at one time.

Things looked bad until L. C. Smhey, chief engineer for KSTP got an idea, like Radio engineers sometimes do. He sent two men with the baby carriage outfit to cover Horton Smith. They certainly gave the customers a treat as they dashed over the fairway pushing a new wicker carriage. Another announcer was sent up on the roof of the clubhouse, which overlooks the eighteenth hole, to cover Jones while Smhey himself loaded an emergency transmitter on to his car and sped out over the course to cover MacDonald Smith.

Bronson, in the meantime, remained at the central receiving station. He was equipped with headphones as were the other three men. Thus he was able to carry on a four-way conversation while the Radio audience listened closely. It was the only way, Bronson said, that he could cover three greens simultaneously, without causing interruptions.

The equipment Husing carried weighed about 20 pounds. It consisted of a transmitter, strapped to his back and a microphone which rested at the proper elevation on his chest. The batteries were carried by a helper. The aerial consisted of a 10-foot bamboo pole wound with heavy wire and fastened to the transmitter case.

Both stations brought the details of the big event to their respective networks without a delay, but it took more than 40 engineers, announcers, technicians and helpers to accomplish this feat.

Following is the story of this historic broadcast written for RADIO DIGEST by E. D. Jencks of KSTP:

TAKE a quarter of a section of hills and grass and trees and lakes.

Punch eighteen holes in it. Scatter one hundred and forty-seven or so young men over it, each with a burning ambition to be the greatest figure of the day in the news of the nation. Give them a hundred and forty-seven little white balls and anywhere from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred clubs. Lay out a path of three or four miles for them to travel.

Sprinkle the terrain with anywhere from seven to ten thousand people. Heat the whole concoction to 100 degrees in the shade.

And then try to broadcast everything that happens on that quarter section for three or four days.

By this was roughly speaking, the problem that faced the National Battery Station KSTP, and the National Broadcasting Company when (Cont. on page 101)

Ted Husing as a "walking transmitter".
Evangeline Adams
Guarantees Matrimony
By Peggy Hull

TH E MORE you hear of the hazards of matrimony through the individual selective system from the lips of Evangeline Adams, America's foremost astrologer, the more alarming the transaction becomes.

The lottery of the wedded state is an adage as old as life itself.

Wherever man and woman have been joined together, whether in Iceland, Patagonia, Capetown, Hollywood or Kokomo, the element of risk has always been present and never underestimated.

Indeed, so prevalent has the belief become that marriage isn't worth the gamble that weddings have fallen off in prodigious numbers.

It would appear that the present generation, wiser in their ways and more inclined to learn by example, are becoming increasingly wary of the ancient institution.

At any rate, the vital statistics have presented such a dearth of licenses to wed that public spirited men and women are sending up resounding cries, asking that something be done about it.

Evangeline Adams, nodding her gray-bobbed hair, sits in her studio in Carnegie Hall, high above the surging traffic of Seventh Avenue, and not only agrees with them, but goes farther. She asserts that something can be done about it, and that something is nothing more or less than taking the speculation out of the hymenial ceremony.

With a gesture that would do credit to Napoleon or Mussolini, Miss Adams, enthroned in a Jacobean chair, surrounded by curios and a herd of elephants, insists that any risk at all is totally unnecessary. She knows an insurance against the failure of marriage as safe and certain as Charles Lindbergh.

If you would understand this priceless gift to mankind, if you would know something of how to solve a problem which has been harassing humanity for centuries; if you would enjoy a permanent and satisfactory matrimonial adventure, then come with me and spend a profitable hour in the Adams studio, while the sturdy-figured astrologer, looking like a miniature warrior, charts a marriage path along the heavens.

Miss Adams, be it known, is no upstart with a flair for looking into the past, present and future. She has brought to her work a background as illustrious as any which shines through the pages of American history. If there is anything in heredity, then it is not curious that she has been able to take the ancient science out of the gutter, dust it off and place it again in the important niche it once occupied in the affairs of men. For Miss Adams is a direct descendant of that distinguished statesman, John Adams, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, second President of the United States, and John Quincy Adams, another member of the family to occupy the White House.

Who else but the daughter of a maker of a nation would be brave enough to sally forth in the face of deep-rooted prejudice and intolerance and gallantly rescue the once time-honored science of reading the stars from the hands of charlatans and fakirs?

Hers has been no easy path to success. Every inch of the way has been beset by combatants just as determined to prevent her from winning as she was to win. Something of her years of struggle, of her incessant battling is apparent in her fearless eyes and direct, brusque manner. Sentimentality, a love of ease and the garden variety of vanity have had no place in her life, consequently she is not a woman to whom to carry a petty and unimportant complaint.

If you face a real problem, she is a sympathetic listener and, as thousands will testify, a wise counsellor, but the person who nurses a grudge against the world because there wasn't a golden spoon in his mouth had better beware!

Neither does she deal in any brand of flattery, subtle or otherwise with which people given to divining the future have been accustomed to salve their clients. When you walk into Miss Adams' studio you might just as well leave all your pride behind along with your pet persecutions. Because, before you are seated you realize that this remarkable woman is not interested in what you think you are! She knows what you are and better than you do yourself. Such is the wisdom of the heavens when their odd hieroglyphics are interpreted by Evangeline Adams.

When I had taken a seat before her where many famous men and women had preceded me, she gave me a cursory glance and then said, "I don't know just why we were brought together—?"

"I wanted you to tell me how the stars can help people be happily married?"

A light came into her brown eyes and she leaned across the desk with her arms folded. "Oh yes, I remember now. But you shouldn't have to ask me that? It was in China that the sages first applied astrology to matrimony."

"Yes, that is true, but the Chinese are so vastly different psychologically that a system of selection which might prove successful with them could be just the opposite with Occidentals."
Famous Astrologer Who Broadcasts Over WABC Assures Marital Bliss for Those Who Mate According to the Stars—Influence of the Planets, on Life, Love and Success.

“Not astrologically speaking,” insisted Miss Adams. “The stars operate without prejudice or preference as far as races are concerned and it was China’s experience selecting marriage partners, sight unseen, that proved the stars know best.”

A secretary came in and laid a group of charts before her. The one on top caught and held her attention. Those odd symbols which mean nothing to the rest of us, revealed a character, ideals and habits that were strangely complimentary to her own.

Laughing, she picked it up and showed it to her secretary.

“There,” she said, “is the chart of the kind of man I would want to marry if I were going to do such a thing.”

The secretary did not hesitate to reply.

“Yes, that is what I thought myself.”

Turning to me Miss Adams continued slowly, “The planetary aspects, unlike a pretty face or manly chest, do not conceal one’s tendencies. The gold diggers are stamped as indelibly as though their hands had been photographed clutching the wallet of a guileless male, and the rascal, the rascal and the criminal are as easily detected as a regular offender’s picture in the rogue’s gallery.

“This is why it is so unnecessary for people to go through years of bitterness, regret and in many cases, tragedy.

“By the same system of charting the stars which foretell great events, so can the end or dissolution of marriage be foretold, and sometimes avoided, for there is a percentage of free will in every person’s life.

“Before I came to New York to live, a famous actor and actress who had taken Boston by storm took their dates to an astrologer, a friend of mine. He saw such

(Continued on page 108)
RAY PERKINS is the kind of a person who is always having ideas. Now, ideas are welcomed in the broadcasting studios and not a few of Perkins' inspirations have been greeted joyously by executives of the National Broadcasting company. But they've learned, these executives, to examine from several angles the propositions of the song-writing, piano-playing, silk-hatted young Radio entertainer.

For instance, he almost convinced studio officials that the microphones were all wrong. They should be masked, he said. In order to help comedians, he suggested a mask of the Average Radio Listener with a broad smile on his face. Then, in order to provoke the finest in the emotional actors and actresses he actually drew a design of a sorrowful face equipped with a special valve to release glycerine tears at just the right moment. This to be attached to the microphone, of course.

And when he suggested installing stationary elevators with the building arranged to move up and down, he just wasn't taken seriously.

Perkins has carved his own niche in the façade of broadcasting. Listeners declare he is a perfect one-man show and he certainly has the requisite talents.

On New York's Tin Pan Alley, Perkins is known as one of the best of the song writers. "Under a Texas Moon" is his. "Lady Luck" is another recent one. And if you turn back the pages of popular music you'll find that "Scandinavia", "Stand Up and Sing for Your Father", "Down the Old Church Aisle" and many other of yesterday's hits have the Perkins' name attached.

He sings, too. No Caruso, of course, and no operatic ambitions. But pleasantly and with an enthusiasm seldom heard outside a bathroom about shaving time of a Sabbath morn. And he plays the piano.

He's had an interesting career in the entertainment world. He was born in Boston but made the trip to New York before he was old enough to be excited about it.

Went to Columbia University where he became really interested in the footlights. Was a leading spirit in the Varsity Shows of 1916 and 1917, his last two years in university. Before he was out of college, he had had his first song published. It was written for one of the Shubert's girlishly shows at the old Winter Garden and his royalties totaled $7.37. As soon as he graduated, the Shuberts offered him a job and he contributed various tunes and lyrics to Shubert musical shows. His first big hit was "Bye-Lo" which is still remembered.

The World War came along and Perkins managed to get into the military intelligence division where he admits he had a lot of fun and excitement. He now is one of the senior officers in the reserve branch of the M. I. D.

When the war ended Perkins went back to song-writing. He was associated with George M. Cohan for a year. For a short time he sold bonds but didn't find it interesting. He had some success in vaudeville and made a number of phonograph records and music rolls that were popular.

A man of ideas is the song-writing, piano-playing young radio entertainer at NBC

He was music editor of the Dance Magazine for a while and spent some time in the advertising department of the New Yorker. In 1926 he made his debut on the air over WJZ as "Judge, Junior". When that series ended he left Radio until a few months ago when he came back to the air as "Old Topper" with the Crush Dry Crones.

He is a staff production man for the National Broadcasting company and works at the job. Among the programs that came under his direction are Atwater Kent Sunday night concerts, the Catholic Hour, Hoppin' Bells, Metropolitan Echoes, In the Good Old Summertime and the Elgin Program.

Among the ideas he introduced as a production man was one reminiscent of a railroad system. Three flags are used, one yellow, one red and one green. When the program is running on schedule the production man displays the yellow flag. If it is to be speeded up, the green flag is waved and the red flag means "slow down, you're ahead of schedule!".

He is married and has a son. He is very much in love with his wife and, with apologies to Merton, looks upon her as his "best friend and severest critic". When he broadcasts he insists that she be in the control room and when the program is over, she discusses it with him from notes she has taken while he was broadcasting.

His home is in Scarsdale, Westchester suburb of New York, and he likes to give parties. On the living room table in his house he keeps a box of puzzles because he believes that it is the most effective way to get a party started. He likes to collect puzzles and tricks and spends much of his spare time looking for new "gadgets" in novelty shops.

(Continued on page 109)
Lois Chambers believes in smiles and you will note that Lois practices her belief. Her KNX listeners maintain that this is the smile they hear in her joyful songs.
Harriet Gordon Bingham, who plays the part of Ann Rutledge in The Prairie President, which resumes a new series of episodes in Lincoln's life at WLS, Chicago, this month.
Marion McAfee went to Paris to win fame, became leading soloist in the Orchestre Philharmonique, then with the Royal Opera in London. Now she is with CBS, New York.
Carlotta King comes to Radio through her experience with sound pictures in Hollywood. Mike fell for her soft mellow voice and she is a favorite with CBS listeners.
Helen Snyder is a favorite at any one of the Chicago stations where she happens to be booked for song. Her audience at this writing is at the end of KYW air lines.
Col. A. H. Griswold handed this message to Eileen Seymour at San Francisco NBC and it traveled around the world in five minutes.

Virginia Morgan and Santos Ortega as The Newlyweds in the CBS program, N. Y. Essie Palmer is Suntan maid.

Godfrey Don Amazio Ludlow of Australia is now an American citizen—here are the papers. You hear him over the NBC networks.
Trouble in the air? Jack Keough, NBC announcer, takes guns and mike and goes up to see about it. Great trouble shootin'!

Holy catfish! Look at this one! Bobbe Deane keeps it in a dishpan and it is now rose pink. California sunshine does it!

Maria Hoffman came over from Germany a short time ago and signed up as mezzo-soprano for American broadcast concerts.
KPO Toreadors on Parade

It's an old Spanish custom... These gallant toreadors heckle the old papa cow at San Francisco.
"Gotta watch out for those big swishamacallums," says Jolly Bill to little Jean at children's hour.
Smart things for fall wear are shown here as described by the CBS fashion expert. Left: Maggy Rouff evening ensemble of Canton faille and transparent velvet. Dress of slim grace is of dawn pink velvet lined with crepe, which extends from very wide sleeves to form a deep border.

Center: Augustabernard evening dress of green chiffon type velvet (imported by Cheney Brothers).

Right: Imported Sunday Night Supper Dress developed by Reig-Sutro-Fox and shown by Cheney.
Paris has decreed that the autumn, 1930, is plaid. Top: a Claire Any model; fabric a new worsted plaid crepe. Fine rayon over-check offsets the deep dark navy. White satin stitched vestee and cuffs.

Center: This Drapolaine is an example of fall vogue for frosted effects in worsteds in a new shade of brown. The creamy beige flat crepe blouse repeats the bow motif of the skirt yoke.

Below: Cashmere suede—note the use of flat fur advocated by both Lelong and Lanvin for the Paris mode.
Harlow Wilcox, regular announcer at WGES, Chicago, has made good on various programs heard over national hook-ups, including Chic Sale of Liberty Bell renown.

"Baaa—these birls just brought me up here to do a little kidding over the air," says William A. Goat, and then he began sniffing at the mike as a delectable possibility.

Long John Barclay, baritone, and small Adele Vasa, lyric soprano, meet mike to mike at CBS. Mr. Barclay measures six feet seven up and down.
Robert Gomberg is a young violinist who has gained distinction for his artistic feeling in violin presentations at CBS.

Harold Sims is shown below in the midst of his creations for simulating sounds of all sorts heard on Empire Builders programs.

Harvey Hayes is another notable on the Empire Builders program. He is a veteran of the stage and a typical Westerner here.
Arabesque is one of the big hits of the past season which comes back this fall with splendid reception from listeners.

Arabesque is written by Miss Yolande Langworthy who also appears in the cast. This is a scene portrayed in the story you will find on page 33 of this Radio Digest.
Ginger Rogers is still in her teens, but she has become one of the most popular stars over the New York key of the CBS.


In this Episode of the Famous Columbia Serial
Myra Loring and Her Players Intrigue the Great
Achmed with a Story of a Dream Child and War

By Yolande Langworthy

“DRIFTING Sands And A Caravan”, the moon hanging low; thus the sheik of the desert viewed the approaching strangers, his captives. Just a group of players, English players—with their star, Myra Loring, beautiful and proud, leading the way to the tent of Achmed, bold brigand of the desert.

Achmed, with his friend, Doctor Gilbert, and his dancing girl, Zuweida, were used to interruptions of this kind, for Achmed’s men were always capturing something, or someone. But this evening looked more exciting, more of the civilized world was in their demeanor.

In his usual, suave manner, Achmed approached Myra Loring, who seemed utterly composed, but being an actress, the sheik felt that perhaps—it was a pose. He was attracted by her bravery, and her beauty, knowing he could scatter her company on the desert, and take the English actress to his palace, at first as a captive, and later—well, the future would take care of itself.

Then came the time when Achmed decided to tell Miss Loring that he wanted her company set free on the desert and she must come with him.

Myra Loring suspected that Achmed was not truly of the desert, or entirely an Arab, his English pronunciation was too perfect. Asking him as to how it happened that, being an Arab, he spoke such perfect English, Achmed told her he had been educated at Oxford, and traveled a great deal.

Myra Loring then decided to give Achmed a fair proposition. Dr. Gilbert looked on with amusement knowing full well the utter ruthlessness of Achmed’s attitude, and the Gypsy dancer in jealousy sought the relief of her act, dancing in wild abandon, barefoot, on the desert sands, that so soon would call her little, lithe body back to its own.

So Myra revealed her plan to Achmed, as she stood with her company before this powerful sheik, richly garbed in his flowing robes, a veritable king, in all but Kingdom.

The plan was this: If Myra Loring and her company should entertain Achmed, with a play each evening for any allotted time, would he let them go free. Whenever the time might come that he should feel they had thus paid for their freedom? The wise chieftain saw through Myra’s brave desire to stall for a time, and understanding that she would belong to him at his pleasure, anyway, he signed the bargain. Then he departed to his fortress palace, some distance away from where they had been encamped, to lie in ambush for such hapless caravans as should chance to pass this way.

AND so the play went on, Zuweida, ever jealous of the love of Achmed for the English actress, also felt a growing fondness for the stalwart Doctor Gilbert of the troupe. Myra, trying to be brave, and working hard, secretly felt herself falling in love with Achmed—and Achmed remained just as suave, relentless, cruel, and scheming night after night after the nine gongs rang through the palace.

Tonight the stage would be aglow with the beauty of Myra’s acting voice and form, Achmed would sit entranced through the play, only to return to his moods at its end.

Myra tried to make each play end with a moral to change Achmed, from the bandit that he was to the man she believed he could be. A hopeless task to all but a woman who loved a man. Then came a night after the nine gongs, and this play gripped Achmed, mind and heart. It was called “Dream Child”. Would you like to hear the play? Well, read on.

We are first introduced to Hassan of the Arabs and Miriam of the players.

(From the original broadcast manuscript.)
Drifting sands and a caravan, the deserts’ endless space;
Lustrous eyes ‘neath Eastern skies, and a woman’s veiled face.
Brigands bold on their Arab steeds, trampling all in their wake,
From out of the mystic Eastern lore, one page from the book we take.
The sands of time move slowly in the hour glass of life.
But not on the desert’s drifting sands, where bloodshed is and strife.
Out from the cruel, lashing sting of the world’s merciless hate.
The soul of a man to the desert came to grapple its chance with Fate.
Ruthless, daring, brutal and suave, the outer husk became.
But deep down in his innermost heart, the man was just the same.
And so the drama unfolded for you is set where, in days of old,
Eastern Kings of culture and wealth lay buried in tombs of gold.
Drifting sands and a caravan, the desert’s endless space:
Lustrous eyes ‘neath Eastern skies, and a woman’s veiled face.

HASSAN: Don’t move Miriam, and don’t scream, it would be useless, absolutely useless.

MIRIAM: I did not intend to scream, Hassan. Hassan: Remarkable. So many women scream unnecessarily.

MIRIAM: Yes. Some women would if they were afraid of you. I am not, Hassan, not afraid in the least.

HASSAN: On the contrary, your very denial of fear makes me think you are trying to quiet your own fears.

MIRIAM: You are mistaken Hassan, I’m an adventuress, and in my life I must have courage———, is it not so?
Hassan: No, I do not think that, you are too—let me see what shall I say—too much like the white lily,—too pure yes, that is it, you are like the Orchid, rare and untouched, by the fire of experience. Yes, that is it exactly.

Hassan: I would speak the truth, with you Miriam, lovely name. It was in the Bible. Oh, be not astounded I have read your Bible.

Miriam: But why the past tense, it was in the Bible, rather than is?

Miriam: Hassan, many a white flower carries in its depths, that which destroys the flower, to the observer it is white only.

Hassan: Well, if so all the better, for tonight you go with Hassan.

Hassan: Clever, aren't you? Well, to me the Bible is no more.

Miriam: But it did mean something once?

Hassan: You find out the past of Achmed, not the past of Hassan, that is my own, and I do not intend that you should know of me or of my past actions.

Miriam: No, but how can we be together, and yet be apart?

Hassan: You intrigue me with your innocence, and yet your astounding wit, Miriam.

Hassan: But you say nothing of my charming form, perhaps I'm too athletic for Hassan, is that it?

Hassan: Miriam, I love you, I intend to make you mine tonight, after the play we go away together, or—

Miriam: Or you attack the palace, and kill; is that the alternative, Hassan?

Hassan: Exactly Miriam, of the soul.

Miriam: And just what do I get in return for leaving, what I came to find out, Hassan?

Hassan: For coming with me, I shall tell you of Achmed, and what he is doing on the desert now.

Miriam: Oh yes, that will be interesting, no doubt.

Hassan: Which? Coming with me, or finding out what your Achmed does to make golden dollars for his golden coffers?

Miriam: Both events will please me extremely, Hassan. I love the desert, and have always wanted to live the rest of my life free, far away from civilization.

Hassan: Very good, it is a promise, you will come with me?

Miriam: I promise Hassan, on my honor as an Englishwoman, here is my hand. Oh, why did you do that?

Hassan: (Laughing) Why to mark you, I mark my men like that with the crescent, the wound will heal, but you're mine now. Remember, mine, and at midnight I come for you.

Miriam: Yes, yes, at midnight, but tell me first as part of your bargain, what Achmed is doing in the desert?

Hassan: My sweet one, oh, I would caress you now, Miriam.

Miriam: At midnight and not before, Hassan, and then I shall be yours in your own hills.

Hassan: It is so. Yes, well Achmed is the head of the—sssh! Quietly, I tell you. Achmed superintends all the movements of the men who sell hashish in this part of the country.

Miriam: Hashish, the narcotic? Achmed doing such things, destroying lives with drugs. Oh no, not that.

Hassan: It is so, and he knows I know. I also am one of his so called men. Him, little he knows how I hold him in my hand, in the palm of my hand so—but I would ask of him his love, his Miriam, and he would not refuse, he is a coward in peace and in war.

Miriam: Go now Hassan, and return at midnight.

Hassan: It is well. I have your word and you are marked with the crescent, see the blood has mingled with mine, as I too have wounded my hand. You are mine now, Miriam, mine. (Laughing) Achmed the proud bandit, the sheik of the desert, loses his love to a Bedouin. (Laughing) At Midnight.
(Music up softly)

Myra: Miriam.

Miriam: Oh yes Myra, how are you?

Myra: Never mind how I am, I heard every word that Hassan said to you, every word.

Miriam: Well?

Myra: You shall not go with Hassan tonight, I shall go dressed as you.

Miriam: But I was only acting with Hassan, Myra, I'm not trying to outwit Achmed, I couldn't. You know that.

Myra: I don't know anything, I only know that Achmed loves you.

Miriam: But you love Achmed, Myra.

Myra: Yes, I love him, but he only cares for me, for what, well, you know. My soul does not attract him, does it? No, it's your soul, he loves and wants, and pleads for. You're not a woman of the world, although you played well in Hassan's hands tonight, but it wasn't acting it was intuition, because you were fighting for the man you care for. Now, I'm going with Hassan at midnight.

Miriam: Myra, you're mad, absolutely mad, I won't let you do this, I came into your lives here for a reason best known to myself, I do not intend to hurt Achmed, now.

Myra: No, because you love him, that's why, naturally you would. He's the twin brother of the man you loved, and never—

Miriam: Don't Myra, don't—

Myra: At midnight I shall be here on this divan, in the dull light with veils, he will never know, and you shall entertain the rest of the household.

Miriam: But he will look at your hand, Myra.

Myra: Let him look, let him look. (Laughing) Now, with a dagger it's just the same, see.

Miriam: Oh Myra, have you gone mad?

Myra: Not mad, just become sane. I've been in this desert for over a year, being noble, fine, and trying to make Achmed a man, a real man, then you come along with your soul, and your innocence, and he loves you, really loves you, and I love him, and I've watched over him for hours, hoping he would understand my love was real, and now I'm going out to Hassan, and I don't care what happens. If you try to stop me, I'll kill. I'm desperate now. All I have left is the saving of the man I love, and the woman he loves.

Miriam: But Myra, I can never be anything to Achmed. Once away he will love you and forget me.

Myra: I'm living in the present tonight, Miriam Montgomery, and I'm through—through with being what I've been, I don't care now.

Miriam: But Myra, you're too fine to do this.

Myra: What about you, aren't you fine too?

Miriam: I would never have lived long enough to reach the hills, with the Bedouin, Myra, I've always carried this.

(Continued on page 100)
Like some exquisite flower.

The house was set in a cleft of the pine-covered hills, fashioned of mouldering white stone painted pink, struggling against its inborn ugliness and succeeding only because of the beauty of its setting—the orchard, pink and white with masses of cherry-blossoms in the background, the brown earth with its neatly-trimmed vines. Félice's window faced east, and as usual, when the sun came from behind the hill and lay across the faded carpet of her room, she rose with a yawn, sat up in bed for a moment or two, slipped softly out, and stood before the window.

It was always the same, what followed. She stood and looked for a while at that towering wall of stony, pine-hung mountain, at the blue-smocked men and women crouching in the vineyard, at the white church upon the hill, the orchard touched with snow, and the corner of a field of violets, bending a little with the morning breeze. And then she sighed. It was always the same.

Félice bathed and dressed, daintily and carefully, herself like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals. She left her room—as bare almost it was as a nun's cell—spotlessly neat, with the breeze sweeping in through the wide-flung window, a breeze which brought a perfume of mimosa to mingle with the fainter odour of lavender which hung about the linen and the plain white muslin curtains of the little chamber.

She took her morning coffee, served by an apple-cheeked, sour-faced domestic, in a corner of the wooden balcony which had been built out from the one habitable living-room. The petals from a climbing rose-tree fell upon the coarse but spotless cloth, bees hummed

"I live in the valley there," she told him.
"It is a little dull."
around the drooping jasmine, the soft sunshine every moment grew warmer. Félice finished her breakfast, yawned, and dreamed for a time with her eyes lifted to the hills. Then she rose, shook out her neat white skirt, fetched a pink parasol, wandered for a little time in the garden and orchard, and then, turning her face southward, went out to meet the adventure of her life.

She walked down the straight, cypress-bordered path—a mere cart-track across the brown-soiled vineyard—down a narrow lane until she reached the one spot which she never neared without some quickening of the blood. For Félice was nineteen years old, and beautiful, though no one but the glass had ever told her so. And this was the road to liberty, the main road to Toulon and Marseilles on one side, to Cannes and Monte Carlo on the other. She had told herself repeatedly that if ever freedom came to her it would come along this road. And because her worn-out invalid father had been a little more peevish and trying than ever on the night before, and because of other things, freedom seemed to her just now so specially desirable.

HER adventure came to her in a cloud of dust,—a long grey motorcar, with luggage strapped on behind, and two men. Unrecognizable though they were, she caught the flash of their curious eyes as they passed. Then she stepped back with a little gesture of dismay. A cloud of dust enveloped her. She bent her pink sunshade to protect herself; she

brakes, quick footsteps were approaching along the road. Was this, perhaps, the adventure at last?

"Mademoiselle!"

She moved the parasol from before her face. She had self-control, and there was nothing in her gravely inquiring eyes—beautiful, soft brown eyes—they were—to indicate the turmoil within. Her first instinct was one of reassurance. It was a boy who addressed her, a boy of little more than her own age, bare-headed, not altogether at his ease. He spoke in halting French.

"Would mademoiselle be so good as to inform a traveler whether this is indeed the road to Cannes?"

Félice answered him with perfect gravity—in excellent English.

"There is but one road, monsieur, as you see, and it leads, without doubt, to Cannes," she told him.

The boy remained embarrassed, but he was very resolute.

"We thought it might be the right road," he admitted; "but to tell you the truth you looked so awfully jolly and all that sort of thing, you know, I couldn't help stopping. Don't be angry, please," he begged.

She lowered her parasol momentarily—he stooped anxiously to see if indeed it were to hide a smile. She said nothing.

"You speak English awfully well," he
continued, “but you are French, aren’t you?”

“T am French,” she asserted. “I have
just returned from what you call a
boarding-school in Brussels. We always
spoke English there.”

“And now?”

She motioned with her parasol.

“I live in the valley there,” she told
him. “It is—a little dull. That is why,
I suppose, I permit myself to talk with
you. My father is an invalid, who rises
only for two hours a day, and there is
no one else. But your automobile re-
turns. You know the way to Cannes,
and you must go.”

The car had slipped slowly back in the reverse until it had
stopped almost by their side. A man was leaning back amongst the
pillows, a man whose hair was turning grey at the temples and whose eyes were tired.
He looked upon the two with a
faintly sardonic smile. The girl returned
his gaze with frank curiosity, and his
expression gradually changed. For all
his cynicism, Maurice Londe had a soul
for beauty. The girl, with her neatly-
braided hair, her exquisitely undeveloped
figure, her clear complexion, her large,
soft eyes, her general air of sweet and
spotless childhood, was immensely and
irresistibly attractive.

“This is my friend—Londe,” the boy
said, with a wave of the hand. “My
name's Arthur Maddison. I say, couldn't we persuade
you to come just a little way with us? You don't
seem to have much to do
with yourself. and we'll
bring you safely back.”

Félicie looked longingly
along the road. She pointed to
where it disappeared in the
distance around a vineyard-covered
hillside. To her that disap-
ppearance was allegorical.

“Farther than that,” she
sighed. “I have never been.”

“Come with us to Cannes for
lunch,” the boy begged. “We'll
bring you back. Do! It's only
an hour's run.”

She looked wistfully at the
shoulder seats. The boy was
already taking off his motor-
coat.

“But—I have no hat,” she
protested.

“We'll buy you one,” he
laughed.

“I have no money!”

“It shall be our joint present,” he per-
severed, holding out the coat. “Come.
We'll take great care of you, and we'll
have a splendid time. You shall hang
the hat in your wardrobe to remind you
of this little excursion.”

She sat between them and the car
started. To her it was like an enchanted
journey. When they began to climb she
held her breath with the wonder of it—
the road winding its way to dizzy heights
above; the vineyards like patchwork in the
valley below; the mountains in the back-
ground, gigantic, snow-capped; Cannes
white and glistening with its mimosa em-
bosomed villas, in the far distance.

“Oh, but it is wonderful to travel like
this!” she murmured. “What beautiful
places you must see! . . . If you
please!”

She withdrew her fingers quickly from
beneath the rug. She seemed scarcely to
notice the boy's clumsy attempts at flirta-
tion. The light of worship
was in her eyes as she
looked towards the moun-
tains. The boy felt the
presence of something which
he did not understand, and
he began to sulk. Maurice
Londe frowned slightly, and
for the first time made
some efforts at polite conversation. And
so they reached Cannes.

They bought the hat, for
which he let the boy pay, although
the fact obviously displeased her. She care-
fully chose the least expensive, although
one of the prettiest in the shop. At
the Casino the boy, whose further efforts at
primitive flirtation had been gravely, al-
most wonderingly, repulsed, began to tire
a little of his adventure. He spent much
of his time paying visits to neighboring
tables, and made the acquaintance of a
dazzling young person in yellow, from
Paris, who kept him a good deal by her
side. It was Maurice Londe, after all, who
had to entertain their little guest.

Afterwards, when they had walked outside for some time upon the little quay
and the boy failed to rejoin them, Londe
made some sort of apologies for his com-
panion, to which she listened with a little
shrug of the shoulders.

“So long as it does not weary you,
Monsieur,” she said, softly, “I
am content. I think that Mr.
Arthur Maddison is rather a
spoil boy, is it not so?”

“Perhaps,” his older friend
admitted.

“Tell me some more, please,
about the countries you have visited,”
she begged. “But one moment. Let us
watch the people land from this little
steamer.”

“Trippers,” Londe murmured, with
a glance towards them. “An excursion from
somewhere, I should think.”

She clutched at his arm. A short, fat
man, with bristling black hair and
moustache, descended suddenly upon them.
He addressed Félicie with an avalanche
of questions. Londe fell a few paces behind.
When she rejoined him she was very pale,
and there was something in her frightened
eyes which disturbed him most strangely.

"It is Monsieur Arleman," she faltered. "He is a rentier—a friend of my father’s. It is he whom my father wishes me to marry."

LONDE, a tired man of the world, thirty-eight years old, was suddenly conscious of a feeling of unexpected anger.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why, the little beast must be sixty at least!"

She clung to his arm. He could feel the trembling of her fingers through his coat-sleeve.

"It is of him that I am afraid," she half whispered, half sobbed. "Oh, I am so afraid! Sometimes the thought—drives me mad. I cried to myself, I wring my hands. I felt like that this morning. That is what drove me down to the road. That is why I came when your friend asked me. That is why I would do anything in the world never to go back—never!"

Londe drew a little breath. Her words seemed to ring in the sunlit air.

"But the thing is preposterous!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"We are very, very poor," she continued, under her breath, "and Monsieur Arleman is rich. He has an hotel and much land. He has promised my father an annuity, and my father says that one must live."

Once more they drew close to the front of the casino. In the distance they saw the boy with the young lady in yellow, on their way towards the shops. He was bending over her, and his air of devotion was unmistakable.

"He has forgotten all about me," Félice sighed. "I hope—there won’t be any trouble, will there, about my getting back? Not that I mind much, after all." She looked at Londe a little timidly. It seemed to him that he had grown younger, had passed somehow into a different world, with different standpoints, a different code. The things which had half automatically presented themselves to his brain were strangled before they were fully conceived.

THERE shall be no trouble at all," he assured her. "I shall take you back myself now. Perhaps it is better."

They got into the waiting car and (Continued on page 122)
IT IS a reliable old maxim in literature that every story should begin at the beginning. In complying with the request of the Radio Digest to give the history of my dramatized biography of Abraham Lincoln, being broadcast by Station WLS, of Chicago, under the title of "The Prairie President," I must begin with a date ten years prior to that of the beginning of Radio broadcasting—the year of 1909.

The year of 1909 was the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, and the magazines and newspapers were filled with articles, stories and pictures of the great Emancipator. The farm in Kentucky, where he was born, was purchased by popular subscription and presented to the government that it might be retained as a national shrine. There were hundreds of Lincoln celebrations; for the first time, lives of Lincoln were in demand, and the demand was supplied by many new and interesting books. Indeed the widespread interest now manifest in the life and character of Abraham Lincoln is to a large extent traceable to that great centennial year.

In the year of 1909 I was a hopeful artist, in the embryonic stage, and these graphic stories and the pictures of Lincoln held a peculiar fascination for me—especially the pictures, which I mounted on cards, captioned "Lincoln as a motif." And, as time drifted on, in my mind those things developed into "Lincoln as a motive." I began to collect everything pertaining to this wonderful man that my usually somewhat flat purse would allow. Today my collection of Lincolniana fills one room of my home and includes a wide variety of objects aside from about six hundred books and an equal number of manuscripts.

I was born and reared in Hannibal, Missouri. This little Missouri River city is rich in historical and literary lore. Several of the opening battles of the Civil War were fought within a few miles of Hannibal and it was the boyhood home of Mark Twain, who used it as the setting for his immortal story, "Tom Sawyer." People were there who had known and remembered Lincoln, as a frequent visitor to Hannibal. On one occasion, at the tavern there, he played chess with a man named Bradstreet. After a while, Lincoln, getting the worst of it, stopped. He had been debating with Douglas and his mind was not on the game. Perhaps that is one reason why he became the Lincoln whose memory will endure forever.

My greatest delight was to talk with those old people, and with the many quaint and unique characters, both black and white, with which the town was well populated. The vivid memory of their faces, their ideas, and their varied dialects has served me well in the creation of the many characters of The Prairie President. Oftentimes, in those long summer afternoons that are gone, I would lay on the grass at

Abraham Lincoln, reproduction from original negative made at Springfield in 1860 for use in Presidential Campaign.
By Raymond Warren
Author of The Prairie President

Patriotic Listeners Throughout America are Thrilled by Dramatic Episodes in Life of Martyred President as Reproduced in Authentic Detail by Skilled Players at Chicago Station—Author Presents New Series in September

UNTIL about three years ago my work was exclusively that of a painter and illustrator, although the literary bee had been buzzing in my bonnet all the while. And the Lincoln interest was furthered by the formation of a friendship with Dr. William E. Barton, the eminent historian, whose juvenile biography of Lincoln, "The Great Good Man," is illustrated by me. In the law office of Hon. William H. Townsend at Lexington, Kentucky, hangs a life-sized portrait of Lincoln, an original conception of mine. Mr. Townsend is the author of two excellent books on the legal phases of Lincoln's career. In a recent letter to me, he says, "Dr. Barton writes me that he believes you will take your place, along with F. B. Carpenter, as a Lincoln artist. As you know there can be no greater praise than this." Be that as it may, being a painter is an aid to my Radio dramas, because I always visualize the scenes as pictures while writing them.

Through the years, the desire to write and illustrate a biography of Abraham Lincoln became my greatest ambition. But it was no easy task; I met with many delays—delays which were, I am sure for the best. With the advent of marvelous Radio came the greatest medium of distributing education, culture, and entertainment that the world has ever known. And so the idea was evolved to undertake, in connection with the other work, an elaborate dramatic presentation of the life of Lincoln in a series of Radio productions; to re-create the personality and character of this man together with the various historical backgrounds before he moved.

But an idea is one thing—putting it into operation, quite another. As I was opposed to this work being used as the ballyhoo of some advertiser, it required the sympathy and backing of an institution, and of men, of the highest ideals and purest Americanism—it required a sponsorship not impelled by selfish or mercenary motives. Fortunately that institution existed in Prairie Farmer and its splendid Radio auxiliary. Mr. Butler, publisher of Prairie Farmer, Mr. Gregory, its editor, and Mr. Bill, director of WLS, all are men of the same patriotic idealism and broad humanity that reposed in the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

The Prairie President was planned in two series, of thirty dramas each; the first series, beginning with a prologue, after which followed, in the second drama, the birth of Lincoln, and on through the first fifty years of his life, ending with his departure from Springfield as President-elect. The second series was planned to begin with the inauguration of Lincoln, through the years of his Presidency, the Civil War period, closing with the assassination at the beginning of his second term. The first series commenced on the first of last November and continued weekly until the end of May, of this year. The second series will begin on Friday evening, September 19th, and will be continued for thirty weeks thereafter. Up to the present time this is the most elaborate and longest historical program ever broadcast.

IN WILLIAM VICKLAND, who plays the title role and directs the productions, we were fortunate in securing a man who not only is an excellent actor, but a man whose voice, manner and figure are admirably adapted to his painstaking characterization of Abraham Lincoln. His work has been praised by the most severe dramatic critics. As I recall the many actors and actresses who have impersonated the wide variety of characters necessary to the different episodes, I can remember no instance in which any of them were either mis-cast or failed to enter fully the spirit of the story. I have been especially appreciative of the work of Theodore Doucet, who has played more different parts in The Prairie President than any other artist, and whose "Uncle Les"—Lincoln's yokel friend and political adviser—has been an interpretation of a very high order.

WHEN the biographer or dramatist turns to the historical figure for his materials he is confronted by a highly complicated and at first unintelligible and confusing mass of evidence and tradition from which he must make his selection. This is especially true of Abraham Lincoln, of whom more has been written than of any other man. The author must then separate the wheat from the chaff, and, after that, retain and emphasize everything that for his purpose is significant, rejecting everything that is not.

Frederick C. Hibbard, the noted American sculptor, recently told me that one of the greatest pitfalls that he and his fellow-craftsmen have to guard against...
William Vickland whose impersonation of the principal character makes Abraham Lincoln live again in hundreds of thousands of American homes.

Grace Lockwood Bailey as one of the negro characters in the episodes in Lincoln’s life broadcast by WLS, Chicago.

Lincoln visualized for the listener at the time he became President-elect.

Abe and Ann Rutledge, one of the sweetest heroines in history, impersonated by Harriet Gordon Bingham.

is the injection of too much of their own personality, and sometimes even their physical likeness, into their works. That is equally true of every form of art, and therefore it is highly improbable that any figure created from history exactly reproduces the original from which it was drawn. I do not believe that it is humanly possible for it to be otherwise, and I am sure that it is not to be desired.

The writer, in contemplating an historical figure slowly comes, after a patient sifting of the evidence, to certain conclusions about the character of this person and the events within the range of his career. But such conclusions are invariably modified by qualities of the author’s own mind. Just as a living man must present a dozen different appearances to as many acquaintances, so he is considered by later generations, if his memory survives after he is gone.

No writer, myself or another, could ever say of his historical heroes: “This was Lincoln, this was Douglas, this was Seward—this was Grant” and so on. We cannot say that even when writing of our most intimate friends. The biographer, or dramatist can but say, “This is the man as I know him,” in the hope that he has ability enough to persuade us. The most that I or another can do in the use of history is to become so familiarized with the records as to have ample authority for forming not the only, but a reasonable and consistent view of a great character, and hope for the best in the presentation of it.

Yet, since writing The Prairie President dramas,
the belief has come to me that there is no better way to gain an understanding of an historical character and epoch than to dramatize it; for all of the story must be torn apart and carefully dissected, allowed to clarify in the mind and then be compressed and rebuilt in an entirely different manner, that is, put into logical and natural-sounding dialogue, which in every instance demands human reaction, together with a thorough and sympathetic understanding of the subject. In no instance, within my experience, would it have been possible to have taken a given chapter from any one of the many biographies of Lincoln and transpose that chapter into a drama. On the contrary, each episode has required the perusal of many books and, oftentimes, a single line of dialogue is the sole result of the study of many pages of some musty old volume or time-yellowed document.

For instance, in telling the story of Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address, which will be one of the broadcasts of the second series of The Prairie President, I have been able to reproduce the whole episode just as it occurred. From the contemporary account of James B. Fry, Provost-Marshal-General, Lincoln’s bodyguard on that occasion, we have a first hand account of his departure from the White House and of the railroad journey to Gettysburg. I have utilized the scene on the train to bring out the facts pertaining to the composition of this classic, as well as to portray several touching incidents of the journey.

From an extremely rare volume in my collection, one of a small edition printed in 1864 for the per-
sonal use of the Governor of Pennsylvania. I am enabled to give the parade to the Soldier's National Cemetery correctly, and an exact reproduction of the ceremony on the platform, beginning with the last part of Edward Everett's lengthy discourse, followed by the song composed especially for that occasion by a local poet, then Lincoln with his immortal words, after which will come the benediction as given by Rev. Bauger, a Gettysburg minister—all word for word as they were uttered in that long-ago time.

One of the important issues before the American people between 1858 and 1861 was the Dred Scott Decision; a decision of the United States Supreme Court, which related to human slavery. In school every child hears of the Dred Scott decision, and we adults occasionally run across mention of it in our reading; but I will venture to offer as my opinion that not one person from a thousand knows anything about the Dred Scott decision; and until a few months ago I was one of this large majority.

An historical essay giving a technical explanation of the decision, together with an account of the characters involved would require quite some time in the writing and the space of many book pages in the printing.

In the twenty-fifth episode of the first series of The Prairie President, under the title of Gathering Storm Clouds, the drama opened with a scene composed after considerable research to give, correctly, an account of this famous—or infamous—decision, together with the history of the actual characters involved. The following is taken directly from the manuscript of the play:

(SOUND OF NOEGRO PLAYING BANJO AND SINGING "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING")

HARRIET: Take yo' feet off'n dat table! Who do you think you is? (SOUND OF CHAIR MOVING, ETC.)

DRED: Humph! Who do you think Ah is? Who is Ah? Mought jes' as well got a po' figger, an' they ain't no too many brains in yo' wolly ole head. (LOUD LAUGH) Figger-head! (REPEAT LAUGH)

DRED: Jes' you wait till dat United States Su-preme Co't han' downe de Dred Scott Decision, den Ah show you sumpin'. You'll be mighty proud you is Dred Scott's wife. We's gwine t' be free Honey! An' our gals'll be free too—Ah jes knows we will, an' Mistah Blair he say so too.

HARRIET: Dare yo' goes again, gettin' yo' self worked-up.

DRED: Den I can take de job what dat minstrel show has got waitin' fo' me. He say folks all over de country want t' see Dred Scott. I kin' war fine clo'es an' a stove-pipe hat jes like de preachers and law'yers.

HARRIET: Don' count yo' chickens hefo' dey is hatched. Like as not dat Supreme Co't gwine t' say, 'Dred Scott, slave you is an' slave you stays.' Only de good Lawd know what dem big Judges gwine t' say, an' He ain't tellin'.

DRED: But, Harriet, didn't de Missouri Jedge say dat, 'cordin' to de law, while we was wif Massa Emerson in Illinois an' Wisconsin Territory, I was a free man—dat I had jes' as much right t' make a slave out o' a white man as a white man had t' make a slave out o' me? I axed you, didn't he say dat?

HARRIET: But so long as nobody tole you so, when we was dare, it didn't gain you nothin'; here we is, back in Sain' Louis—slaves again.

DRED: Dat's right! Dat's jes what de (Continued on page 114)

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When Lincoln Mourned

PETERSBURG, Ill.
February, 1930.

Gentlemen:
We were interested listeners last Friday p. m. when you were broadcasting The Prairie President.
My husband's father, James McGrady Rutledge, was an intimate friend of Lincoln and first cousin to Ann Rutledge.

We have often heard him tell about their courtship and when she became so very sick with no hope of recovery. Father Rutledge went on horseback (leading an extra horse) to meet Lincoln and bring him to her, and after he had talked with her and come from the room he was deeply affected and tears were streaming down his cheeks. And when the storms and rain would fall on her new made grave he would cry and moan in anguish. They were to have been married the following Spring had she not died.

Father Rutledge used to carry the chains for Lincoln when often surveying near Petersburg. He and Lincoln have slept together and on the old Rutledge homestead three and a half miles northwest of Petersburg (over 40 years ago) stood an old log house in which Lincoln plead his first law suit.

It was then a deserted building except for the recurrent old hens that seemed to take special delight in finding a place to lay eggs and a roosting place on stormy nights. The homestead was sold to Mr. P. Groschel now deceased, but now belongs to his heirs.

MRS. HARVEY RUTLEDGE

CHICAGO, Ill.
February 1930.

Gentlemen:
I was interested listeners last Friday p. m. when you were broadcasting The Prairie President. My husband's father, James McGrady Rutledge, was an intimate friend of Lincoln and first cousin to Ann Rutledge.

We have often heard him tell about their courtship and when she became so very sick with no hope of recovery. Father Rutledge went on horseback (leading an extra horse) to meet Lincoln and bring him to her, and after he had talked with her and come from the room he was deeply affected and tears were streaming down his cheeks. And when the storms and rain would fall on her new made grave he would cry and moan in anguish. They were to have been married the following Spring had she not died.

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MRS. HARVEY RUTLEDGE

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Francis E. Bryant homestead at Bement, Ill., where Lincoln and Douglas conferred on June 29, 1858, for their historic debates. When Lincoln and Douglas met there.
HERE is something about the winners of the recent Amos 'n' Andy script contest. Last month's issue of Radio Digest went to press too early to include anything regarding the personality, biography or habits of life of the five winners. Since then some information has come in to the editor which he passes on to you, feeling sure you will be interested.

The winner of the first prize of $100.00 — E. D. Dorrance, Mitchell, S. D. — seemed such an adept at negro dialect that we at once jumped at the conclusion that he hauled from the South. To our surprise we learn:

"Contrary to all expectations and insinuations I am not a southerner. American born, I arrived in this world at Scott's, Michigan, on the tail end of the Blizzard of 1888. And when the blizzard stopped blizzing it dropped me in Mitchell, the corn palace city—one of the best in the state.

"I have always been interested in negroes and their talk. I am doubly so now that I have won this money... What do you say? What is I gwinter do wi' dis prize money? Boy, never you min' bout dat. I sez got a sister way out in de state o' Wash'n'ton an' I sho' got a hankerin' ter see her. An' dis is mah opportunity."

The winner of the second prize of $50.00 was Mrs. Jeanette B. Sizer, whose husband, Dr. Alexander Sizer, is resident physician at D. J. Carroll Memorial Hospital, Schuyler, Virginia—a small inland community in the Blue Ridge fastnesses. Her account of herself is both humorous and illuminating.

"There's nothing much of interest to tell you about me, save, perhaps, that Amos and I share in common the same native state, Ole Virginia, also a love of the dialect of the Ol' Uncle Neds and kind old mammies of long, long ago. We like to keep it pure and undefiled, as we've heard it spoken ever since we could toddle. And we still have some of the genuine article sojourning among us, for which we give thanks. (A bit ambiguous, this last; but, you know, I mean Uncle Neds and Mammys and dialect are still to be found with us.)

"My chief interest in life, next to my fine old country-doctor husband and young son, are sick babies and 'shut-ins'.

"The Radio furnishes for us our main recreation and Amos 'n' Andy are our favorite funsters. You see, we live back here in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, where even a fugitive from justice would be safe from detection; and for more than twenty years we've ridden old Sorrels and Henry's; ushering in two generations of sturdy mountainers, 'peddling pills' and burying our mistakes on the trail of the lonesome pine.

"Our two setter pups are Amos and Andy, if you please, and have many traits in common with the Radio pair; for instance, Andy, the larger of the two, is the lap of Miss Beatrice Biggs of 305 Walnut St., Clinton, Ind., who is twenty-four years old and for the last seven years has been a semi-shut-in, an invalid. No hint that she is unwell, however, enters the tone of her manuscript or of her letter.

"I've been a Radio fan," she announces brightly, "ever since I left school in 1923 to 'enjoy' ill-health. The telephone conversations in Amos 'n' Andy, especially, intrigue me. While listening to one of their dialogues the idea came to me that if I had the opportunity I should like to write an episode, giving Amos the best of a situation for a change and giving, also, Andy's reaction to the matter. When I read the announcement of the contest in Radio Digest I decided that was my chance, and the manuscript I sent you is the result of my efforts. And—that's all."

ONE at least of the five winning dialogue manuscripts had a basis of actual truth. That was the fourth prize winner—J. W. Evans, 304 East Second St., Rome, Ga. His manuscript had to do with Andy's disastrous introduction to a safety razor.

"The idea," says Mr. Evans, "I gained from the gift of a safety razor by one of our office men to a negro employee. You see, for a number of years I have been in the agricultural implement manufacturing business here in Georgia, and both our plants, here in Rome and in Atlanta, employ large forces of negroes. This has given me an opportunity, which many southern businesses have, of studying the negro at work and at play.

"If you could have seen this particular negro after he had tried to lather his face with Octagon soap, with a stencil brush which had been used in a yellow stencil marking pot, you would appreciate the humor of the situation. However, I have tried to convey it to you in my manuscript.

"I can miss a meal without much discomfort (I have grown accustomed to that). I can miss a night's sleep and get by the next day fairly well. But to miss Amos 'n' Andy is just taking that much happiness out of life and leaves a vacant place which nothing can fill.

(Continued on page 103)
Radiographs

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

Are you a member of the Cheerio Circle? Do you set your dials for those spiritual and mental setting-up exercises broadcast every morning at eight-thirty, or seven-thirty, or six-thirty, according to where you live? Or even five-thirty, as some listeners do on the coast? Are you "somebody, somewhere" who gets a birthday or anniversary greeting, the wish of concentrated good will? Would you like to know something of the man behind the idea, of "Cheerio" himself? Of the Cheerio family?

Cheerio

Of "Cheerio" I may not tell you a great deal. If I did there might be a wholesale cancellation of subscriptions to this magazine. That is what happened to a certain newspaper that at one time revealed his identity and described him personally. Loyal Cheerio listeners feel as he does, that he can do most good by remaining anonymous, by entering their homes not as a definite personality, named, pictured, but as a spirit, a spirit of helpfulness, of cheer and comfort and inspiration.

It was over four years ago that the man who calls himself "Cheerio" came to New York with the idea for his program. For fifteen months broadcasting companies were uninterested in his plan. It was so unusual for anyone to want to give something away.

Finally his chance came. With Russell Gilbert for music and stunts, and Geraldine Rigger to sing, he went on the air for fifteen minutes over one station at NBC. Now, three years later, his program is broadcast for half an hour over twenty-nine stations, and the pioneer cast of three has grown to twelve—"Cheerio," Gil, Gerry, the "Sweet Lady," Pat Kelly, Harrison Isles and his "Five Little Peppers," and Miss Lizzie who brings in the famous canaries, "Blue Boy" and "Dickie."

Is the program liked? Ask NBC's mailing department. Last anniversary week there were fifty thousand letters sent in by enthusiastic listeners.

"Cheerio" has been called the greatest influence for good the radio has, and he gives his services without compensation either in money or in personal prestige. As is said in answer to those who write in about the program, "The purpose of the Cheerio broadcast is easily explained.

It is the use of the radio to broadcast the ordinary friendly act of any person who drops in to see a convalescent invalid or other shut-in, to say: 'Good morning, I hope you have a fine day to-day.' Every

The Lovebirds

But of the Cheerio family I may tell you a lot. First there are the "Lovebirds." Mrs. and Mr. Russell Gilbert, otherwise "Gil" and his "Sweet Lady." Lovina Gilbert, whose lilling soprano voice comes over the air each week day morning, is a five-foot scrap of a person possessed of that enviable combination—a fluffy blonde prettiness backed by all sorts of efficiency and ability.

She was born in Philadelphia and so early manifested her ability to sing that she was kept six months longer in kindergarten to help train the new children. At sixteen she went into concert work. A short time later, piqued by a remark that she couldn't earn her own living away from the parental roof, she packed up her bags and went to New York to "show 'em." And she showed them. The very first day she had an engagement with a musical comedy.

From musical comedy she became a vaudeville head-line and it was in this work that she met one Russell Gilbert. In fact, he was in charge of the act, and engaged her for her sweet soprano voice. It wasn't long until his admiration for the voice took in its owner also. Lovina became Mrs. Russell Gilbert.

When her husband joined forces with "Cheerio" three years ago, the "Sweet Lady" came in to sing the very first Saturday, and although she did not take a regular part in the program right at first, she did constitute herself the official critic and by her advice and suggestions did much to help the broadcast.

But what is one lovebird without the other? Soon Lovina was with her husband, singing duets with him, or singing solos, and taking over, too, many of the details of direction.

So popular did "Gil" and his "Sweet Lady" become that on their first wedding anniversary with the Cheerio Exchange—and this was three years ago when th—
program was only on three stations—they received over three thousand letters of congratulation. And the letters have been coming ever since. Not only letters come in, but there is hardly a day that the mail does not bring them some gift—flowers, a box of homemade cookies, a hand-worked pillow, gifts of all kinds and descriptions. One gift Lovina especially prizes is a piece of lace from a wedding gown 74 years old. The giver was at that time a woman of 98 years, and since then the Cheerio Circle has celebrated with her her hundredth birthday.

The Gilberts live in Jackson Heights, Long Island, where in the hours she spends apart from Cheerio broadcasts, rehearsals, and private lessons, Lovina takes care of her young son, runs her house, and finds time to be the vice-president of the community's Republican Club.

With her husband Lovina does a great deal of social service work, putting on entertainments in the various soldiers' and sailors' camps. This is done with Mother Davidson, Daniel Frohman's sister, who was the first person to give entertainments in camps during the war and who has continued it ever since.

The Story of a Hobby

The story of Russell Gilbert is largely the story of a hobby that became a vocation. For shortly after Mr. Gilbert married his "Sweet Lady" he gave up vaudeville and went into business. But he didn't seem able to get away from his acting and singing and playing. In the evenings, over the week-ends, he was putting on shows, getting up entertainments. Once he was directing a minstrel show, working on a percentage basis. The man in charge of selling the tickets fell down so badly that there wasn't any percentage. Gil was out of pocket. He took it philosophically—their risk of the show business. And besides it was just a hobby anyway.

But the affair weighed upon the conscience of the ticket seller. He felt he ought to square things. So when he heard that "Cheerio" was looking for a man to do music and stunts on his program he made an opportunity for Gil to meet him.

The combination was made immediately. Gil singing, playing, doing dialect jokes on the program, and managing to get down to his office by nine. Business was still his vocation, you see.

But gradually the Cheerio program as it went from fifteen minutes, to twenty minutes, to half an hour, began to take more and more time. The immense volume of material told of its popularity, as well as of the popularity of the individuals working in it. Gil decided to let the hobby be the vocation.

Now he devotes his whole time to Cheerio. He and Mrs. Gilbert put on a special program every Saturday, and whenever "Cheerio" is absent, Gil, "bats" for him.

Russell Gilbert has versatility plus. He can tell a joke in about every dialect there is, can play the piano, guitar, banjo, ukulele, and sings in a delightful baritone voice. Also he can write dramatic sketches, and has put together many an interesting interlude for other programs at NBC.

The young Gilbert is his father's severest critic in the matter of these sketches and insists that they be funny. "What do you mean by 'funny?"' his father asked him once. "The lad thought a minute and then gave the, to him, perfect definition: "Something that makes me laugh."

Gerry

Another of the Cheerio family is Gerry. You all know the tale of the harried mother who has to hold the baby with one arm and stir the soup with the other. Well Geraldine Riegger learned to play the piano holding her baby sister with one arm and practicing with the other, switching arms from time to time, of course. For Gerry, Cheerio's well loved contralto was going to be a pianist, not a singer.

This was back in Columbus, Ohio, Gerry's home. And as Gerry played she used to sing. It happened that a singing teacher, Mrs. Nathan B. Marple, heard her. Whereupon Gerry was advised to make voice her forte instead of the piano.

When the Metropolitan Opera star, Madame Alcock, came to Columbus Gerry sang before her. Madame Alcock was impressed, advised New York, an application for a Julliard scholarship, lessons from Madame Sembrich. It was easy advice to give, not so easy to follow.

But here the Women's Music Club of Columbus entered the picture. One day Mrs. Riegger telephoned the office where her daughter was working for the day and told her she must come home at once to get ready to leave for New York the next day. The Women's Music Club was paying her expenses.

In New York Gerry applied for a Julliard fellowship and although the time for the application had passed, the committee stretched a point in her favor and allowed her an audition. Gerry came, sang, and conquered. She not only won a fellowship that year and lessons with Madame Sembrich, but won them for four more years, five times in all. Three years is the normal duration of a fellowship, four years is rare, and five, rarer still. Gerry is perhaps the only contralto to be so honored. All five years she was taught by Madame Sembrich.

Gerry came into radio work in 1925 with the Morning Prayer Program of the Greater Federation of Churches over WEAF. She was with that program for two years and in 1927 came to Cheerio. She has also sung with the Sixteen Singers over WJZ, and with the National Grand Opera and American Radiator programs. WEAF.

Besides her radio work Gerry is a soloist at the F. George Presbyterian Church, and under the auspices of the Federation, is a featured artist in many other churches.

Gerry believes she has had a longer consecutive broadcast experience than any other person at NBC. For five years she has been singing every morning for six days a week, as well as working on many evening programs. Anyone want to take up this challenge?

For two weeks during July, she and Harrison Isles, the musical director, were in complete charge of the Cheerio program, as both "Cheerio" and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert were absent.

Gerry's fan mail is voluminous. She says she never wants to give up her radio work, but that she has ambitions to sing in concert and oratorio.

(Continued on page 110)
JOHN HUGHSON kept a hideous tavern in Jew's Alley. It was the disorderly rendezvous for hapless slaves who could steal away from their quarters attached to the estates of those early New Yorkers who were subjects of the King of England.

Into this frightful hole came Mary Burton who had been bonded by her father to a British sea captain. She was only a slip of a girl. On the way across the Atlantic she met a boy, little older than herself.

He too had been the victim of an unsympathetic father who had taught him to steal. Having seen several of his playmates hanged for no more serious offense than the theft of a handkerchief, Tom Wilson decided that his neck was his own. He ran away and happened on the same ship with Mary. They decided they had much in common.

But at the dock Mary had been auctioned to a tallow chandler and was hustled away. Tom, bereaved, joined the Palmarsh, a man-of-war assigned to attack Spanish merchantmen. He hoped thus to obtain enough booty to ransom Mary himself. But when he returned he could not find her. Inside of a year she had borne a child for her first master. The child died. Then she fell into the hands of Hughson.

Here she worked arduously, serving liquors, gathering wood and looking after the comforts of the negro slaves who were being dumped into New York by the shipload. In the Hughson household were his wife, daughter and a young widow, Mary Burton's Vengeance becomes a funeral pyre of burning blacks as she waits for Tom.
The wind was in such virulence that the smoke itself carried the news before the bell in the adjoining chapel gave tongue to the alarm that called forth great numbers of gentlemen and others, and slaves.

garet Salinburg, who was called Peggy Kerry, "the Irish beauty from Newfoundland." They did not share Mary's horror of the blacks. Sometimes Mary had to fight her way out of the arms of an amorous brute. Most insolent of them all was one fellow called Caesar. He belonged to Vaark, the baker, and by devious means obtained sufficient funds to pay for Peggy's board and keep.

During all this time Mary had no idea of what had become of Tom, the boy who was to redeem her for his wife. Then came a noisy night when she saw a curly head bowed over one of the tables. And
she angrily refused. Then she knew her life was in danger. She moved about in terror.

Of late the black revelers had begun to talk of an uprising. To the sophisticated it would have appeared like child's play—talk. Some were going to burn down the homes of their masters. Others were going to take control of the city and be kings. These games passed through various phases until they came to the plans for war. They cheerfully agreed, as amiable children slay their Indians in droves, to a wholesale murder of the tyrants of their households. Quack, who belonged to Roosevelt the painter, announced that he would burn down his house and cut his master's throat and keep his young mistress for himself.

When the delicate spinster and the harsh grandmums of the town had been assigned with robust joviality to death or to royal honors in the harems of the dark rulers, there was childish discussion of a grand military campaign. There was much dispute

TOM told her of the Spanish gold and suggested that his early training would make it possible for him to acquire sufficient of treasure to take them both away for a new start in life. But Mary was horrified that he should even think of it. So she advised him to go for another voyage with the hope that when he returned he would have enough to achieve the same end in honesty.

There was hope and pride as she resumed her life in Hughson's. But the next day she discovered that Hughson and Caesar had robbed the Hogs and brought the plunder to the tavern where they hid it under a broken stairway. She was terrified that she would be implicated by the discovery. Peggy taunted her. Caesar tried to give her some of the goods, which
Once New York was captured, Ticklepitcher was inspired to a project for making all of America a black empire like the Africa whence they or their ancestors had been recently stolen.

Ticklepitcher recommended that the army under General Caesar should march at once on Albany:

"I been dere once—last Whitsuntide was twelve months—and hit's a better town dan dis old New York. Nice fat Dutch gals dere!"

The hilarity went on and on unchecked while Mary moved among the actors, carrying away dishes, mugs, bottles, wiping up the refuse of the liquor and even the disasters of the silly beasts who would put down the British power but could not keep down their own draughts.

Suddenly as if a cock crew and scattered a company of spooks, the midnight hour struck and the slaves remembered the long distances they must plod through snow-packed streets unlighted and the little sleep between their majesty and the morrow's early chores.

There was a hasty lighting of candles, in lanterns, since a slave abroad at night without a lighted lantern was liable to forty lashes at the town whipping post.

It was long after the last tawdry reveler had toppled through the door before Mary had finished her tasks and was permitted to take her broken back and her broken heart to her very lonely bed.

The night had been unkind to her and she remembered it with a repugnance that came back long after and took such revenge upon the poor slaves and their white hosts as carried all of them through months of woe and shame and nearly all of them to the gibbet or the fire-ringed stake.

Whether the slaves were in jest or not about the flames, there was no question about the earnestness of their masters.

The next morning the town was shaken by the hue and cry of the robbery. Mrs. Hogg was not the woman to suffer a theft in silence. Almost the first place the sheriff thought of was Hughson's and he arrived with a gang of constables and deputies to ransack the place.

Everybody pretended horror at the incredible accusation and Mary's wide eyes of fear gave her a look of innocence.

One of the deputies was Mr. Kannady the peruke-maker. Mary saw him poke his cane in the very hole in the broken stairs where a mass of Spanish silver lay; but the dolt never suspected what wealth he stirred in the dark.

When the posse departed to search the combined tavern and shoeshop of the Dutch John Romme, who was in no better standing, there was loud laughter in the Hughson household.

It was choked off short when the sheriff came back next day and arrested Caesar.

He explained that Mrs. Hogg had seized a sailor named Tom Wilson, who had seen her open the drawer of money. The sailor proved his innocence, but remembered talking of what he had seen to a black man whose name he did not know, but whose description fitted Caesar.

Mary's heart bounded at the name of Tom, but nobody recalled her knowledge of him, and when Caesar demanded to be confronted by his accuser, the sheriff said he had sailed away on the man of war.

Caesar protested his innocence, of course, but he was dragged off to jail. For a slave to be so much as accused of theft meant that he would be hanged—perhaps alive in chains. Under the load of so many fears and shames, the Irish beauty from Newfoundland underwent her travail, with more fear and shame to follow.

The sheriff kept coming to the Hughsons and searching. He never found the treasure, yet was never convinced that it was not there.

Mary played her part in the game until, one crisp evening when she was sent to Kannady's shop to buy a pound of candles. Mrs. Anne Kannady asked her kindly to stand in out of the cold and fell to gossiping with her, questioning her about the Irish beauty and her brat and the evil company that frequented the place.

Mary parried all of the woman's clever suspicions, but something broke in her when Anne said:

"You're only a child, my child, and a stranger in the country, and no mother. I give you a mother's blessing and a bit of advice, my dear. Break away from that dark crowd you throng with, or they'll soon have you a thief like themselves. Mary's the nice girl gets sent to the gallows for thievery."

When she saw how white Mary went, she commanded abruptly.

"And now tell me what you know of this stealing of Mr. Hogg's goods."

"I know naught at all," Mary cried, and cried it again and again, but with a new kind of fear. She was less afraid of the gallows than of this sudden tenderness, this unforeseen appeal to be a good girl, and to undertake honesty. And that word "mother!" She had had a mother, but such a one! such a leering drunken burlesque of the thing a mother ought to be. Anne kept pestering her with gentle sighs that melted her as spring rains whispering to the ice at night dissolve it into tears. When at last Anne had her weeping, she demanded:

"Have you no mind to be freed of such a life?"

"Oh, and I have that!" Mary sobbed.

"Then you discover the goods that have been stole and I'll see to your freedom."

This was so wild a promise that Mary laughed at it and it checked her tears until Anne convinced her at last that lib-

(Continued on page 111)
and his inarticulate friend is something more than that. The pet fills a sort of void for the overflow from an over-full heart. Tastes vary. Women trend to the weaker kind that require motherly protection. Men prefer strong animals—lusty vital creatures.

One of the most aristocratic and largest of the Radio dogs is Hector, the proud boast of Toscha Seidel, violinist. Hector weighs 170 pounds without his collar and, should his high standing be questioned, he would oblige you by rising to a full six feet five inches of dog on his hind legs.

Yes, Hector is a Great Dane—a great Great Dane. His pa is Argus, international champion; ma, Tecla, national female champion, and he has a brother named Lindy who is national champion of America. Hector might even show up his old man and brother excepting that he has never been entered in a competition, although he is three years old.

The big pet of Seidel is gentle despite his ferocious appearance. He loves children and will never hurt them. On one occasion a pickaninny baby sat on the floor sticking a pin into Hector’s nose. Rather than frighten the child, Hector kept his position and permitted it to go on with its game of pin sticking, while drops of blood slowly trickled down his face.

May Singhi Breen (de Rose), the “ukelele lady,” has probably the most unusual pets of all the stars. They are a collection of white snails. She isn’t quite sure why she should choose snails for pets, but she swears she is terribly fond of them. May also has a trio of goldfish and a large collection of “still” pets—china and metal animals and birds of every sort and description from animals to ducks. One pair of porcelain frogs, which happen to be croaking in duo, she has named “Peter,” after her husband, and “May.”

Graham McNamee has three pedigreed dogs, Reinald Wernrwrath spreads his affections over two dogs and two cats, Giuseppe di Benedetto owns two police dogs, Virginia Gardiner owns an Irish wolfhound, Mary Hopple bashes and combos the tangles from the hair of an aristocratic spit, and Walter Damrosch, true to Wagner, keeps two dachshunds.

Olive Kline, soprano, is glad she owns Rin-tin-tin, The nation’s pet, Wags his chin On the NB net.

In the beginning the Creator gave man a whole world full of creatures to do with as he would. Some were made to look at and leave alone, others were made to challenge his fighting spirit, still others were made for food—and then a few, a chosen few, were made for petting.

The animals that were set aside for human companionship serve a very useful purpose in nature’s plan. A man who is really a good friend to his animal friend is apt to be a good friend to his human friend as well.

Have you ever noticed that the artist—the singer, musician, actor, painter, poet—clings to a pet of some kind? It is the exchange of a mutual love unembarrassed by human conventions. The singer touches a note of ecstasy in the privacy of her studio—just her little feathered songstress as audience and critic. And the bird reacts instantly, its tiny throat thrilling and vibrating in harmonious response. The artist knows she has sounded forth something eternal and fundamental. Her heart is warmed to the sincerity of the compliment and she is able to sing with greater assurance to her human audience.

However, the feeling between the artist and his inarticulate friend is something more than that. The pet fills a sort of void for the overflow from an over-full heart. Tastes vary. Women trend to the weaker kind that require motherly protection. Men prefer strong animals—lusty vital creatures.

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two police dogs. If she hadn't, she might not have been alive today. While swimming at a Maine resort a year ago she was seized with a cramp when a hundred yards off shore. Her cry attracted her police dogs who immediately plunged in to rescue her. One of them caught hold of a shoulder strap of her bathing suit and towed her to shore.

Yolande Langworthy, Arabesque's author and star, owns two turtles, Scrub 'em and Captain—two tiny green and brown Japanese turtles, twelve years old and as similar as peas in a pod. Yolande feeds them ant eggs imported from France, and once, she admits, almost killed them by varying their diet with domestic flies. Scrub 'em and Captain spend their time racing with each other and keeping in form for that meet with the inevitable hare in the land of Make Believe.

Helen Nugent, the Cincinnati bred CBS soprano who writes her mother daily as every well-behaved child should, has come to believe that "Beggars can't be choosers," and for that reason continues to keep as pets the two birds given her by a friend just back from Havana.

THEY really were a beautifully-colored pair of "parakeets", according to the tag on the cage, but magic, in the form of a bird bath, proved their downfall. The rainbow colors came right off in the water and the parakeets became common English sparrows. The two grey birds still live in their handsome cage, but Helen's attachment for them now is purely sentimental.

And if you knew David Ross, the aesthete, you wouldn't think it unnatural that he has an aquarium full of frogs and tadpoles. David has an active scientific curiosity and he is absorbed in watching the gradual change from tadpole to frog and is fascinated by the poetry of their development.

Add strange pastimes of CBS stars: Marion McAfee, vocalist, goes in for training white mice. They lost a very complete social existence, too, for Marion has provided them with tables and chair, games and whatnots. They are happy little mice and wouldn't be so rude as to run up even a close friend's shin.

Judson House, popular NBC tenor, weighs around 250 pounds and is one of the largest men the milke ever confronts. But, as you might suspect, he has one of the smallest pooches in the world for a pet—a mite-sized pekingese.

Horses claim the attention of Bob MacGimsey, the three-tone whistler, Arcadia Birkenholz, violinist, and Frank Luther, much starred tenor. If they ever meet on the bridal path, who knows but what they'll form a mounted band? Della Baker, soprano, is another lover of horses. She divides her attention between breeding thoroughbred horses and dogs.

Birkenholz carries his love for horses even to playing polo, at which, incidentally, he is an expert. And of course the wise-cracking ex-cowboy, Will Rogers, loves horses. Not only is he extremely fond of polo, but has his own polo field and string of ponies on his beautiful Beverly Hills (Calif.) estate.

Little Jane, star of Jolly Bill and Jane, early mornings NBC children's feature, like horses also. Each morning on the way to the studio she passes a bakery where half a dozen wagons wait to be loaded. Every animal recognizes her footsteps and immediately climbs to the sidewalk to receive the lumps of sugar she inevitably carries.

Jolly Bill Steinke himself is a pet lover too. He has a real dog at home but is famous throughout Radioland for the imaginary dog, "Jerry", whose barks punctuate the Jolly Bill and Jane programs each morning.

Next to dogs, Rudy Vallee likes cats. There is a kitten in the restaurant where Vallee eats lunch each day. The two are pals. The crooner insists on calling the animal "Rudy," despite the fact that it "ain't that kind of a cat."

Naomi, Princess and Tony are not members of a royal house nor three ladies of the ensemble. They are hunting dogs possessed by Henry Burbig, CBS comedian. The three English setters know where there are pheasants to be caught and need only the happy sight of master Henry dressed in his brown leather jacket to recall that the days when dogs can be dogs, have not passed.

Lucille Black of the Nit Wits goes so far even as to base the interior decorations of her home on Puff, her tan Persian cat. Puff is very elegant and very vain and spends her days in the corner of a divan or on cushions piled up for her pleasure. For fear of offending Puff's sense of the beautiful and harmonious, Lucille has contrived to bring the loveliest shades of red and green into her

(Continued on page 110)
THAT peculiar poignancy which makes the singing of Gypsy and Marta of KPO unforgettable can be traced to the rather unhappy but romantic history of their mother. She was a member of the Polish aristocracy and a very young girl when she fell in love with and married a young German-American, thereby forfeiting her standing in Poland. So it was that she left her native land and, though her love for her husband was worth the sacrifice, the rest of her life was saddened by her longing for her girlhood home.

It was in America that Gypsy and Marta were born, two daughters with strangely different characters. Gypsy, the dreamer — artistic and serious, a reflection of old world courtesy and bearing. Marta, typical American, carefree — frivolous. Gypsy with grey eyes penetrating and studious. Marta with laughing blue eyes; ever on the alert for a joke; a lover of outdoor sports. Gypsy with thoughts only of writing, composing and gardening.

Both were graduated from the University of California and both aspired to careers on the stage. Shortly after graduation, however, they both married, Gypsy becoming Mrs. Harry George Musgrave, wife of a Lt. Colonel in the United States Army and Marta, Mrs. John Henry Reavey, wife of a civil engineer. Stage careers were abandoned, but both took to music.

Gypsy touring the country as Elsa Kaulbraska Musgrave, Polish concert pianist; Marta as Martha Reavey, soprano. The singing duo became popular over KPO way back in 1925 where they have appeared regularly until recently when they decided upon a much needed vacation. So at present these popular artists are heard only on special featured programs from the Frisco station.

THIS attractive young man is Mr. James J. Jeffries of Radio Station WFAA, Dallas. Do you really want me to tell you all that he does down at WFAA, Louise? He does seem to be the whole works down there — it makes one wonder what the rest of the staff does. To begin with he is staff tenor — de-luxe. He’s heard the first thing in the morning as Chief Big Bold of the Early Bird’s Orchestra; then he is Sergeant Jimmy, of the Famous Sandman Soldier Parade; Jerry, of Jerry and Irene; and one of the best character players in WFAA Radio plays.

His is a blonde attractiveness, hair tinged with red and eyes that are sometimes more gray than blue. He’s short of stature and more or less heavy of build. He’s a charming boy with a spontaneous sense of humor which is a delight to all who know him. He says that he is just a young man tryin’ to get along — and he’s doin’ it.

YOUR favorite, Don, is popular with others, too, for ‘tis said that Clyde Morse’s fan mail is something tremendous. He has been spending a belated honeymoon at a cottage on an island in Loon Lake, somewhere in the Adirondacks, but will probably be back at the post at WHAM by the time you read these lines.

MANY thanks, John and Herbert and all of you who so kindly rushed to my assistance in regard to the finding of Cecil Wright. It seems that when Cecil left KTHS some eight months ago he travelled out to join the staff at KFRC where he is still singing hill-billy and yodeling songs and playing the guitar and harmonica.

He is a lad of about twenty-two years, friendly, naive and genuine. He says he dislikes most songs you “can’t understand.” So he has been singing those you “can understand” for more than a year. Everything that he sings he has learnt by ear, being a total stranger to any kind of music lesson. Can’t you just guess from his picture that he was a good foot-ball man back in the high school days in Hot Springs?

BECAUSE selling wall paper and paints wasn’t a job he thought he could stick to and make his mark in the world, E. L. Tyson, more familiarly known as “Ty,” became a Radio announcer. That was fully eight years ago when Radio was very much of an infant and to be an announcer required some ability as an entertainer as well.

Ty’s debut in Radio was not entirely unpremeditated. He had been a soldier, an actor of parts and a salesman. In his days at Penn State College he majored in base ball and theatricals. An old pal, Bill Holliday, with whom he had staged many a play and evening of entertainment in the old home town in Pennsylvania had come to Detroit and entered the Radio business.

Holliday was manager of WWJ, the Detroit News station, the first Radio station to broadcast regular programs for the entertainment of listeners. He invited
Ty to be his assistant. Ty accepted and has been with WWJ ever since.

In appearance he is wiry, without hint of excess weight, vigorous, dynamic when dynamics are needed, hard to rattle and smooth tempered. He possesses a keen, but dry, sense of humor and never has he been known to laugh at his own jokes. (We certainly would like to know him!)

In his spare time, of which he has little, Ty plays a bit of golf—for the companionship of the fellows rather than because he's a "friend." Now and then he goes bass fishing with an old friend, Bill Finkel, veteran Detroit orchestra leader. And, oh yes, he does a bit of farming—"digging a flower garden each spring while the wife stands over me with a gun."

But you mustn't misunderstand that last, however. Ty is quite a homebody—because he wants to be. You see "Mrs. Ty" is the girl from the old home town back in Pennsylvania, and then there's five-year-old Virginia who is his pride and joy.

* * *

They're married—but not to each other! We're talking about these two you see pictured herewith, the original "Mr. and Mrs." of KNX fame. And it's true that their mike work is so realistic that everywhere they go new acquaintances can't believe they're not really married to each other. They are, in real life, Georgia Fifield and Edwin John (Eddie) Albright.

Both Georgia and Edwin have families. The former is a young society matron of Beverly Hills, the famous hotbed of famous residents. Edwin originated other features, notably being the first Pacific Coast broadcaster to put the "family idea" on the Radio map.

Edwin is about five feet, ten inches tall; has thick black hair, black eyes, and likes deep-sea fishing and all manner of outdoor sports.

Georgia is petite, strikingly slender, blue eyes and one of those "Peaches and Cream" complexions. She likes best—her little son and daughter, the former all "boy" with horseback riding his favorite sport, and the latter a real girl who likes to play with dolls and pretend to "make house."

In addition to her work at KNX Georgia is also a director and is prominent in the affairs of the Beverly Hills Community Players' organization which gives notable productions during the winter season, including many noted film stars in its ranks.

Eddie started as "The Hired Hand" y'ars and y'ars ago at KNX and has remained with the organization since the first program was put on the air when the station became the property of its present owners.

* * *

One of the youngest announcers to have worked on the NBC networks is Jack Brinkley—full name John Daniel Brinkley. He was born in 1907 in Oxford, N.C., which accounts for his charming voice. When he was just a little shaver the family moved to Richmond, Va., where Jack received all his schooling. During the years he attended the University of Richmond he worked as reporter on a Richmond newspaper. In fact his inclinations have always been literary. He writes as a hobby and hopes, someday, to build a reputation by his pen. He also goes in for acting at every opportunity and collects old books and prints. (Nice person.)

Forgot to say that Jack is now the "voice with the smile" at WTIC in Hartford. This good looking youth with the dark brown eyes and the wavy hair is rather slight and about five feet eight inches tall.

* * *

The people on the Checkerboard Hour at WLS found that it was too hard work to get up for 6:30 a.m. broadcasts during the summer months so they simply laid off. However, now that September is here you'll be hearing them again.

* * *

For the information of the friends of the Mystery Announcer at WPEN, Philadelphia, his Musical Clock Program comes throughout the period between 6:30 and 10:00 a.m. every day.

* * *

A recent letter from Marcella Roth brings the news that she still does broadcasts and that she can be heard every Tuesday evening over Radio Station WDSU. She is still the "Twilight Story Girl" and she mentioned something about a stamp club which she conducts through the station. Stamp clubs via air is a new one to this Marcella but she'd like to hear more about it.
First Jobs

Humble Beginnings Mark Careers of Some of Columbia’s Most Notable Artists

By Robert S. Taplinger

A GLIMPSE into the humble beginnings of its foremost artists form one of the interesting chapters in the history of Radio broadcasting, lending an air of authenticity to the old adage “Big Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.”

The majority of entertainers now heard on various programs presented from WABC over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and whose names and voices are familiar to literally millions of Radio listeners, first started out in the work-a-day world in a most insignificant manner. For the larger part their tasks were arduous, and the hours as long as the pay was small—a far cry from today with the comparatively high salaries paid for a few minutes work.

Turning to this particular chapter wherein we may scan the stories of a number of artists, who are perhaps most representative among the Columbia System group, we find that...

Freddie Rich, who conducts a number of important programs weekly, sacrificed such diversions of New York’s lower Eastside, as fights, “gang wars,” docking, and ball games, to become a pianist in one of Second Avenue’s flourishing motion-picture houses. He was then fourteen years old. Ten hours daily he improvised music on the dilapidated upright to coincide with the action on the screen, and as heart rending scenes predominated, he concocted nine variations of “Hearts and Flowers.” His weekly salary of thirteen dollars was poured into the family coffers, while in turn he was provided with fifty cents spending money. “That constituted my first and worst job” is Rich’s comment as he looks back now.

Jesse Crawford’s career began in a like manner. He found an opening as a piano player in a “flicker” theatre in a small suburb of Spokane, Washington. It was his first job anywhere, and his weekly wage was five dollars. Three years later he gave up his work, which was then paying him twenty-five dollars, to furnish the music at a nearby theatre for ten dollars, because the latter place boasted an honest-to-goodness pipe organ.

Another product of New York’s Eastside is Fred Vettel, bass soloist. He was seventeen when he procured his first job as a driver on a brick truck. For a year and a half he unloaded the bricks from the barges at Twentieth street and the East River, for a daily compensation of three dollars. Incidentally, it was during his debut in the working world that he annexed the amateur light-heavyweight boxing championship of New York.

Dale Wimbrow also went in for strenuous labor. Dale who is known today as a song writer, entertainer, poet, wood carver and artist, formerly loaded one hundred pound strawberry crates in box cars. They were big luscious berries from his native Maryland, destined to appease the gastronomic fancy of the South, and for Dale’s activities in sending them towards their destination, he received a weekly reward of fourteen dollars.

“My first job,” recalls Norman Broken-shire, “was as janitor of the little red school house at Port Britton, Ontario, where my father was a school teacher. It was a three mile walk from home to school, and my work entailed all the duties generally allotted to a janitor, keeping the one room building clean, warm, and in constant repair. The old pot-bellied base burner stove required more wood than any furnace I’ve ever seen.”

To be hired and fired by her own father in twenty-four hours was the fate of Harriet Lee of the blonde hair and contralto voice. Harriet first worked as a telephone operator at her parents’ automobile salon in Chicago. Having nothing to fair Harriet, who longed to experience the thrill of hearing her idol’s voice. After speaking with his valet and secretary, she learned he was on location. A little disappointed, she determined to try again the next day, but there was no next day—she was fired that night.

A cattle driver when eleven years old, was Lon McAdams, member of the “Rountowners Quartet.” He was large for his age, and remarkably adept in the saddle, being regarded as one of the most promising cow men in all Kansas. Yet at no time during the eight years he rode the plains did he receive more than twelve dollars monthly. Monetary reward was of minor importance to the drivers. When McAdams Sr. installed in his barber shop the first telephone switch board in that part of the country, young Lon was called in to operate it.

The road to success was at the begin-

(Continued on page 102)
Japanese Fans Pay for Listening Privileges

Monopoly Reaps Rich Dividends

By Hull Bronson
(Round-the-World Correspondent of Radio Digest)

Broadcasting in Japan is on a paying basis.

In fact the stockholders of the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association receive nice dividends regularly. Of course the set owner and listener-in pays the bills, but he seems to be perfectly satisfied.

Figure this out: 200,000 subscribers to one station at an initiation fee of ¥1.00 (50 cents in U.S. money) and a monthly fee of ¥1.00 thereafter, or ¥6.00 a year—and what have you? Just $100,000 to start with (200,000 yen) and an income monthly of $100,000 or $1,200,000 annually. Not so tough to take—and no wonder the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association has solved the problem of making broadcasting pay—and without a cent from advertising!

There are only a few stations in Japan, as compared to the number in the United States—and they are all controlled by the J.R.B.A.—and they are all operated on the same basis as JOBK—the station with the 200,000 members and the $1,200,000 annual income.

These stations are located at Tokyo, Nagoya, Hiroshima, Kumamoto, Sendai and Sapporo. The JOBK station is located in Osaka.

Practically all of the Japanese stations are only 10 kilo stations—owned and operated by the J.R.B.A.—but under government supervision. All advertising is out—anything with the slightest smattering of advertising will not be allowed on the air, by any of the stations. That is a definite and fast rule.

The Radio stations of Japan do not care what sort of a set you buy or contemplate buying. They are not interested in how you obtain the set—on the cash or instalment plan basis. However, as soon as you buy a set and want to listen in—the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association becomes very much interested in you.

The set-owner must at once apply for the privilege of listening in. The Association gets your name—usually from the dealer who sells the set, by their own means of learning of your purchase or you pass the information along yourself.

A printed notice is then sent out to the new set-owner.

He MUST fill in the notice with this specific information: 1. Specify the receiving set by "crystal" or "tubes." 2. State number of tubes in the latter case.

When the instalment of the receiving set is permitted, notice for payment of fees is sent from the association branch office concerned and payment has to be made very promptly.

The entrance fee of ¥1.00 is paid to the department of communication of the government or the association by the applicant. The rules and regulations of the
Japan Radio Broadcasting Association further indicates what a subscriber must do and what he is entitled to and how the Association controls the listening-in very thoroughly: (these rules were translated from the Japanese forms as nothing in English was available).

Persons intending to listen-in are instructed to apply to the nearest branch of this association duly accompanied by contract paper and application for setting up the Radio receiver. A metal sign is provided the licensed listeners, which is to be fixed to the gateway or the entrance of the place where the receiver is placed.

PERSONS who lose or damage the said metal sign shall at once notify the association thereof and get a new one. A cost for making the new one may be charged him. The metal sign must be returned to the branch office of the association when the receiver ceases to function or the owner changes his address to a different association Radio district.

The rules state: “The fee of the listener shall be one yen (Y1.00) per month for every receiving set. Set owners shall pay fee for programs starting from the day the permit has been given to the day listening-in is given up.”

The rules and regulations of the association then dwell quite specifically on the collection of such fees—in terms and in advance and so on—every cent coming to the Association is collected from the listener-in.

Number 10 rule is interesting: When the broadcasting has stopped for more than three days owing to unforeseen causes, fees for such absent time will be figured in accordance to number of days missed. Number 11 states that members of the association may install free of fees an extra loud-speaker.

Fees for listening-in will not be charged those who own a set for educational purposes only, also any social relief societies and for sets necessary in the business of the association.

That the association has considerable leeway in handling matters can be seen by Rule 13: Contract for listening-in will be cancelled in case of listeners not paying the fees in advance, or the permit for the installment of his receivers revoked for any reason, or any breach of the regulations of this association. Those persons who have had their contract cancelled may be refused another contract.

Rules 14 and 15 are not bad either: The broadcasting of this association shall not be copied to phonograph records and Distinguished visitors are always introduced to Japanese listeners over the Radio. Amundsen, the great arctic explorer, is shown above.

Issued or sold or used as material for any persons without the sanction of this association—and this association shall not be liable for any accident occurring from broadcasting.

All the branches, however, maintain service stations. JOBK has 34 of them—for the district it covers. The service stations test all sets and loud speakers, furnish tubes for those worn out and see that the receiving sets are giving the best possible results to the listener-in. This service comes in on the one yen monthly fee.

The average American set-owner will wonder how the Japanese manage to get all the set-owners to “come through” and subscribe to the broadcasting service—but they do—as the association is supervised by the government and the government is usually able to collect licenses and taxes of all sorts in Japan.

There are three main departments in each one of the broadcasting stations of Japan, as follows: General business department, broadcasting department and engineering departments. They are all organized in the same manner and operated more or less in the same general routine. The first general department is divided up as follows: 1. General business. 2. Management. 3. Promotion. 4. Collection of fees and subscription matters.

Each subdivision is headed by a manager who has his own staff under him. The broadcasting department has a social and educational department; literary section and news department. All are in charge of a general manager with an as-
Lighter moments on the air are not forgotten. Japanese comedians are shown here putting over a good laugh. Note the shoe coverings.

Assistant for each department sub-division.

The usual engineering department is maintained by the Japanese broadcasting plants. Most of the stations are of 10 kilo type—and the equipment is of the latest and most modern type. The Japanese government is very careful to see that the latest and best is being installed in the Japanese broadcasting stations.

A careful check of the likes and dislikes of the subscribers to the broadcasting service is used as a basis for the type of programs given the Japanese Radio audience. Usually the fan letters are carefully read and tabulated and a committee composed of leading men of Japan take these letters into consideration when adopting a program policy.

MEETINGS are held for adoption of programs—and such men as university professors, newspaper editors, doctors, novelists, big business men and professional men of all walks of life are called in for their opinions. By such an exchange of ideas, well balanced programs are usually put on the air and the subscribers are willing to leave the matter of programs entirely to the association and these committees. An occasional criticism may be heard from a subscriber who writes a letter to the association about "such and such program" or sends a letter to one of the various newspapers for publication in their readers' columns.

Visitors are seldom allowed in the broadcasting stations, but through some influential Japanese friends I was able to spend some time at the JOBK station in Osaka. K. Hiroe the managing director of the station was away at the time, but I was fortunate enough to find J. Kemuyama the program director of JOBK available and through an interpreter, (Mr. Kemuyama was not able to speak English) he gave me some idea of the way Japanese programs are built and the type of talent wanted.

It seems that athletics and the various stock market proceedings are popular in Japan. JOBK therefore caters to what the subscribers want by giving them considerable information daily on athletics of various kinds—such as baseball in season and wrestling.

Japan is a great baseball country the country outsourcing anything that the United States can ever report, even during the World Series. The stock markets, rice, cotton, silk and other exchanges occupy a lot of the "time" of JOBK during the day. An interesting feature that was put on June 1, is a continuous five hour program, from 5 to 10 in the evening daily, consisting of stories for boys and girls, music of various kinds for both young and old, news events from all over the world and orchestral selections. This five hour program has proved to be very popular so far.

An "employment office over Radio" has also worked out well. Every morning the announcer at JOBK gives a list of the positions available in and around Osaka and tells the interested listener how to proceed to get to the places wanting him, what the pay is and also asks the listeners to send in names of unemployed people so that these employers can be given the information.

THIS air employment office will be kept on indefinitely, according to Mr. Kemuyama. Occasionally a program is relayed by JOAK at Tokyo through JOBK and JOCK at Nagoya—the three stations on a tie-up.

The usual program is 30 minutes—however JOBK is not so particular if a selection runs into five or ten minutes over the stated time, since "time" is not sold and all the "air" is given over to programs for the benefit of the subscribers—and if a good number takes several minutes more—it does—that is all.

Japanese narrations assisted by Japanese musical instruments seem very popular with the air audiences.

Orchestras are graded—as number 1, 2 (Continued on page 116)

Opera in its various phases always meets the approval of Japanese listeners. Here is the chorus. The cello is the only instrument.
Radio Can Kill War

This message is not entered in competition for the Nobel Peace prize. It is dedicated to the listeners of the world. It embodies a new plan originated by Radio Digest, which in a practical sense makes it possible for Radio to kill war.

We never tire of hearing about peace proposals. We were thrilled by the first mention of the League of Nations. Every suggestion of disarmament, however fanciful, has stirred our pulses. The pact by which the nations renounced war as a means of settling their differences was hailed with universal demonstrations of relief. The treaties which bind Great Britain, Japan, and the United States to limit construction of warships was everywhere acclaimed as a triumph of common sense.

But no lover of mankind is convinced that any of these measures or all of them combined provide absolute assurance against repetition of the slaughter that made 1914-1918 hideous in the annals of the human race. Even while our Senate was engaged in the debates that culminated in ratification of the naval treaty, angry recriminations over tariff wars were reminding us that agreements, however solemn and binding their engagements to abstain from conflict at arms or preparations to enforce demands, may prove but fragile restraints against the primitive impulse of rash anger. Particularly when we rely solely on the buttress of legal restraint and do nothing at the same time to hinder rancor and the passion of hatred.

Who that has read the pages of history can say with full confidence that the pledges of chastened sanity will always withstand the thrust of insensate fury as long as the nations remain ignorant of each other's habits and feelings and points of view?

Every successive means of bringing populations into closer touch has been welcomed as a harbinger of harmony—the steamship, the railway, the telephone, the airplane, and last, and most promising of all, the Radio. Yet all these agencies of quick communication were in existence when the greatest war of all time rocked civilization to its center; all of them were turned into instruments of desolation and disseminators of the bitter exhalations of enmity.

Are we forever to accept these misuses of science's greatest achievements as the chief fruits besides convenience, comfort and wonder, of human ingenuity and study of the forces of nature? Are we so dull of vision as to see in our vastly magnified powers only powers of destruction when crises arise that dethroner preseason? Are we so lacking in imagination and intelligence as to miss the full significance of man's new ability to talk to man in every tongue and in every clime, and so, by sheer knowledge of each other's lives and motives and feelings, to render impossible any thought of violence among civilized nations?

This is not idealism. Let us consider it only in its practical aspects. Suppose, for example, that the United States, through its appropriate officers, were to take time on the principal broadcasting stations of Europe and make use of it for talks by President Hoover or Secretary of State Stimson, not in discussion of questions of state, but intimate accounts of life in America—the things we do every day, the desires that animate us, the aspirations that uplift us. Other nations, quick to sense the value of such advertising, would speedily, by the same means, make themselves known to us—not as nations but as peoples.

And there could be not only talks by the President, his Cabinet members and others of importance in governmental circles, but under the auspices of a special committee composed of outstanding public-spirited citizens, other broadcasters representing a wide variety of activities. Great athletes and sportsmen like William Tilden, the tennis champion, Vincent Astor, the yachtsman—great industrialists like Henry Ford and Charles Schwab—great philanthropists like John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and George Eastman—labor leaders like William Green—famous inventors and scientists like Thomas A. Edison—illustrious educators like Nicholas Murray Butler—popular actors and actresses like Douglas Fairbanks and Ethel Barrymore—in short, a wide range of men and women with names already known well enough internationally to possess the attention of interesting personalities. Then in complete contrast to these celebrities there could be programs by "the unknown citizen," representing typical men, women and children in various walks of life and resident in all parts of the country. They would serve in a living sense as a parallel to the international symbol of "the unknown soldier." In every case American programs presented in foreign countries would be by Americans so that we would be doing our best to acquaint our foreign brethren with composite America. Programs could be sometimes by cable relay, sometimes by reading of letters and sometimes by recorded or "spot" broadcasting. The programs themselves should be handled in each foreign country by our Ambassador, or at least presented under his auspices.

Of course, no program would be tainted by any trace of propaganda either commercial or political. The policy would be strictly one of acquainting the people of once
A Plan That Makes Even Peace Treaties Unnecessary

nation with the people of another in a manner both simple and sincere. That conception, moreover, should be kept sacred and inviolate. It represents, so to speak, a manifestation of good intent undoubtedly needed to win the cooperation of the powers-that-be in those countries where Radio broadcasting is a government monopoly. It will help stifle certain United States Senators and others who are apparently ignorant of the new requirements of international relations. It will give statesmen everywhere a new inspiration for their oratory.

To make our nobleness of purpose doubly clear, the American Government could buy time on the principal stations of the United States for broadcasting of programs here by the people and personages of foreign countries. In other words, we would also pay the bill to help our own people get to know and understand their foreign neighbors.

Is this not a great conception for the promotion and preservation of world peace? Have not our government and our people enough vision and enough fundamental unselfishness to bear gladly the burden of cost for such a worthy humanitarian end?

Have we not enough national pride to want to wipe out the stigma of being known as a money-mad, materially greedy people. Is this not a really economical and effective means of convincing our fellow men and fellow women throughout the world that we are human even as they are—that we have hearts just as big and souls just as eager to serve in a Christian spirit.

To know is to understand. In conversation by Radio we have a means of universal understanding dreamed of by the poet in his vision of a federation of the world.

Can any reasonable person believe that misunderstandings born of ignorance, would long survive the dissolving power of mutual knowledge? Who that has visited Germany in recent years believes that the people of Germany would ever have fought the people of America or the people of France or the people of Great Britain or the people of Italy if among all these peoples there had long been the friendly intercourse of intimate speech?

The space here available does not permit enlargement upon such questions or the answers thereto, or even to describe in further detail the plan whereby Radio can kill war. Our primary objective after all is to project an idea and to leave the refinements and execution largely to the genius of others. Meanwhile, however, we cannot but express the hope that the President of the United States, the people of the United States and the leaders of the Radio industry (which has so great an opportunity to serve) will move swiftly so that before the snow flies the United States of America will be negotiating broadcasting time in every nation of the world, thereby assuming leadership not only in the spreading of good will among nations, but infinitely more important good will among peoples. Let us not procrastinate! Let us thrust aside petty politics in order to do a complete job and a great job.

RAY BILL
STRONG FOR GUY LOMBardo

PLEASE record me as another admirer of the music as played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. I think they are the best. There are, of course, other bands who receive more free space in the papers, but this is due, I think, to the fact that these have got themselves in the public eye by means of something they have done other than playing.

The Royal Canadians have received very little publicity besides that gained from the broadcasting of their music, and this music, "the sweetest this side of Heaven" as some other close follower has so justly called it, has made them for me. If they were featured over NBC, instead of the CBS, I believe they would be a far greater success. The Columbia just doesn't seem to have the clear channel; the National does. I know this is true on this side of the country. I have to work very hard to hear Guy and the boys, from KDFV at Salt Lake City, Utah; but I do so, for their music with the poorest reception, is still good to me.

Your magazine is the best I have found for entertainment of the average listener. It has more to do with the music than the technical aspect of the latter not being of much interest to me. I do not, however, like the grade of paper you use, but this is of minor importance.—Ed Russell, Wasco, Calif.

ODE TO RUDY

YOU received a letter from me quite a month ago, as you will remember, concerning an article that had been published in this magazine about Rudy Vallee. I wanted it published, and supported it, because I have written a piece of poetry however, that I would like very, very, much published if you think it is O.K. I have read every word in Radio Digest every month, wouldn’t be without it. I enjoy it to the fullest extent, and will always continue to do so, long as it is as interesting as it is now.

I know a voice so sweet and clear, So far away and yet so near. It's socharming, and soothes all hearts in pain— One all its own from a man always the same. He's honest and true, and of his kind there's very few. With his hand he always sends us something new. He has strived, worked hard, and deserves all his fame. And with it all, comes his wonderful name. With this verse, no other will tally. But the one and only Rudy Vallee.

—Pearl Sutherland, Kokomo, Ind.

* * *

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

THIS is my first letter, written while flat on my back, due to a serious bone operation two months ago, and I'm just full of "talk." I've had a Radio for two years and have been regular listener for about a year and a half. It is by far the best—in every way—on the market; the only fault being the paper you now use which is too light and does not give best results for the pictures and photos; and please let's not have any more yellow pictures as we have in July Radio Digest. They all look "sick."

I'm very tired of the knockers of "Amos and Andy." If they don't want to listen to them—why not listen to something else—or why not read some other story? You know you can't please "all the people all the time" but you are "pleasing all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time." So don't worry and don't pay any attention when they "Knock." For one thing, I don't like at all the letter of Mrs. T. C. Bragg, Detroit, Mich., in the July issue. I'm not a "poor farmer" nor a newly (or old) arrived foreigner. I come in contact with all kinds of people. My mother was raised on a farm, and had a fine education. I wouldn't mind changing places with some of the good farmers of the world. They're O.K. And what would Mrs. Bragg do if we had no farmers? Some of the world's best men were gentlemen farmers and foreigners. Evidently the farmer and foreigner have sense enough to enjoy the delightful and entertaining "Amos and Andy." More power to 'em and long may they broadcast.

If I couldn't do anything but complain, I wouldn’t write at all. I know there are other people in the world with a Radio set besides myself and the air is full of programs to suit each individual.

I do not like KWKH on account of the same-ness of the "rant and rave." I trade with both kinds of stores and I certainly get the best deal from the chain stores; they are cheaper, give much better food-stuffs and more courteous service. They do not discriminate between the rich and the poor. Their stores are neat and well kept, and so long as I have written a piece of poetry however, that I would like very, very, much published if you think it is O.K. I have read every word in Radio Digest every month, wouldn’t be without it. I enjoy it to the fullest extent, and will always continue to do so, long as it is as interesting as it is now.

I know a voice so sweet and clear, So far away and yet so near. It's socharming, and soothes all hearts in pain— One all its own from a man always the same. He's honest and true, and of his kind there's very few. With his hand he always sends us something new. He has strived, worked hard, and deserves all his fame. And with it all, comes his wonderful name. With this verse, no other will tally. But the one and only Rudy Vallee.

—Pearl Sutherland, Kokomo, Ind.

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BRING IN THE GOAT

A FEW lines to compliment you and the staff of the Radio Digest on your good work. I first became acquainted with your magazine two years ago when I saw it on the newsstand. Since the time I haven't missed a single copy. Why not give the Philadelphia stations more of a writeup. I especially would like to see one about The Negro Achievement Hour from station WFAA. This feature is indeed a very fine program and I enjoy it because it is conducted by a member of the negro race, Theodore Miller, known over the air as "Ted Miller." Negro Achievement Hour is broadcast only in the winter and I miss it very much. Enroll me as a member of V. O. Club.—Edward Hinton, 111 S. Asaph Rd., Bala, Pa.

* * *

WOODY'S "FOULING PIECE"

I WISH to pass on to you the following bit of punning from Quin Ryan, WGN announcer:

It was at a baseball game at Wrigley Field, Chicago, between the Cubs and Brooklyn. "Woody" English, Cub third baseman, was at bat and had fouled off quite a number of balls. On the next pitch the announcer declared: "There goes another foul by English. That makes about time he fouls he has had with that fouling piece of his."—John Kelly, 1837 Woodside Ave., Bay City, Mich.

* * *

MORE POWER TO 'EM

I GET a violent feeling of nausea every time I read the perfectly ridiculous arguments against high-power which continue to clutter up the best Radio magazines. These treatises on the undesirability of super-power are evidently compiled by the descendants of those crusty, old gentlemen who, in the early days of the automobile, created the law that required every gas-buggy to be preceded by a man on foot blowing a red flag to warn the goodfolk that one of the creations of His Satanic Majesty was on the road and to sit tight and hold everything until the diabolical menace was out of range.

I am located six miles airline from the best 50,000 watt station in America. Its 500 foot antenna towers are plainly visible from the roof of my house. Instead of Blanketing every degree from o to 100 on the dial as every anti-super-power fanatic insists that 50,000 watts would, I find they were slightly in error. The truth of the matter is: WFAA blankets only two frequencies, 810 and 790. Below WKLH, WPKG, WLBA, and KRLD you call twenty kilocycle selectivity only six miles from the station blanketing?

Down on the kilocycles in the local bugbear, KRLD which annihilates every frequency between 100 and 1000 with a 50,000 watt station comes in clearly without any interference from the 50,000 watt giant visible from this address. The same can be said of WMC twenty kilocycles the other side of the WFAA road. A Moody call brings twenty kilocycle selectivity only six miles from the station blanketing?

What? I'll tell you why. WFAA's equipment is new. It is precision-built, cost about $1,000,000, and modulated. It incorporates every principle known to modern radio engineers. It's the last word in radio transmitters. It tunes sharply and sends out a powerful signal. But a 50,000 watt station with old moddier equipment will blanket ninety or a hundred kilocycles with signal strength much less than that of the sharper tuning 50,000 watt station.

When WFAA had 590 watts it took forty kilocycles to tune it out; but now with 50,000 watts it can be tuned out in twenty kilocycles. Is this a disadvantage of super-power?

This is the static season in the South. From April to October the South is overspread by a blanket of static from 100 to 1000 kilocycles. What can you do to get rid of this static? How do you get it out of your car radio?—W. T. A.

* * *

WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

NEARBY stations: KV00, WOAI, KTIS, WDTT, WAFB, WTMJ, WIMX, and WKLY will come in very well and clearly for a few seconds and then the next instant will fade far below the static level for twenty or thirty seconds when they come blanketing WFAA like a local and then right back under the static again. It is this way all evening long. They are too close to be received well, and not close enough of these stations that they serve this area.

These statements that I have made are not fiction or theory. They are cold hard facts as I have heard and seen.

And speaking for the entire South, I entreat: Give us more and more watts.—Edgene Martin, 5446 McCommas Lane, Dallas, Tex.
NOT OUR FAULT

H ave been reading your magazine for many months and my home town pride is touched because so little of Radio news from Houston ever gets to your paper. KPRC here in Houston is 5000 watts. I notice your list gives it only 2500 watts; showing you are about eight months behind on news.

R. S. Sterle, who is running for Governor owns the station and we people of Houston get all the little friendly news of KPRC and the smallest station, KTLG every day on a Radio page of the Houston Post Dispatch.—Evelyn Brady, 417 W. 12th St., Houston, Texas.

* * *

HIST! MUSICAL DETECTIVE!

O ne of the most entertaining and educational programs on the air is broadcast Monday night from KNX Hollywood, Calif., at 9:30 P.M. P. S. T. I refer to the half-hour announcement of the Radio Musical Detective—which features in an original way an exposure of "stolen melodies". No favoritism is displayed, as the very latest theme songs and Tin Pan Alley concoctions are taken over the air. It is about time that the truth was brought home to the public. The musical detective announces day by day as he runs across in his researches, as for example, the Yodel Song—and after his musicians have rendered the number, he discloses that some up-to-date composer (?) hijacked the same, asking you to listen now to "SHOULD I?" and see if you can find any resemblance. There is no doubt that this program enjoys great favor and a large audience.

The Radio Musical Detective invites the listeners to send in some of their clues, and judging from the many solved mysteries sent in, there is much interest taken all over the nation. Those sending in the results of their sleuth-work, are nominated assistant-detectives of the Radio Musical Detective.

When one listens to this program one comes to ask "What does copyright stand for?" It may be alright to steal a tune from a song which was copyrighted, but those composers (?) are not satisfied with appropriating these and the works of the great masters, but they help themselves even to recent publications. How is it then that there are not more lawsuits for copyright infringements? One is led to believe that everybody is involved in that racket, and that therefore none has the nerve to expose himself to a turn of the table. What one, however, can not explain is the fact that the great talkie companies take those writers under contract, paying from $200 to $1,000 a week salary and on top of that a royalty. Surely we have genuine musicians in the United States who do not steal or borrow their melodies. Yes we have, but as a rule they are not connected with Tin Pan Alley or with Radio Musical Detective.

How the Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers, has the nerve to enforce and collect a License Tax for the presentations in Public performance for profit, on some of those tunes as exposed by the Musical Detective, surely is a wonder. In the meantime the talent and genius which we possess here in the United States is being under-rated. A musician or publisher has to take their compositions, and finding the chain radio stations tied up with the music trust, so that they will not put independent compositions or publications on the air. The only hope for the unknown genius and talent lies with the independent radio stations of America, and it is to be hoped that every one of them will give at least One Hour per week to the present works of writers not affiliated with the Society or the various talkie-publishers' combines. The Radio Musical Detective program will accomplish a lot toward educating the public that not everything they hear is gold.—Albert E. Bader, Hatchita, New Mexico.

* * *

JUST FOR THAT, MRS. B.!

I AM a constant reader of the Radio Digest, and always read the "Voice of the Listener", because there are some clever and sensible letters written. I rather changed my opinion, when I read the letter of the world's original knocker, Mrs. T. C. Bragg.

So farmers, with no sense of humor, and foreigners just arrived in this country, are the only ones who listen to Amos 'n Andy, Mrs. Bragg? What a laugh! If you please, I am no newly arrived foreigner, but am a one hundred percent American citizen, born and raised in this great old U. S. A. I enjoy Amos 'n Andy, but certainly wouldn't be ashamed of it, if I was, because they are real honest to goodness people.

If you would only stop to realize, fifty percent of our farmers are high school and college graduates. And I am sure they possess as much as a sense of humor as you, and I hope, a greater degree of sense.

We all have different views and opinions, thank heaven, otherwise this world would still be back in the cave-man era. But since we have different ideas, the world has progressed rapidly. If you don't care for Amos 'n Andy, I'm sure it isn't compulsory to listen to them, and there are a great number of stations you can turn to. One less listener will not cause them to die of grief, and I know they wouldn't care if you turned to another station.—Mrs. M. A. MacLeod, 1520 Erie St., Hammond, Ind.

* * *

COMING NEXT MONTH

THE June number was the first Radio Digest we ever purchased. We certainly won't miss another. We would like to read and see more of WTAM, Cleveland in Radio Digest. It is our favorite station and Gene and Glenn are our favorite program. Jake and Lena are really true to life. Gene is a real genius and Glenn's laugh and piano playing capture your heart at first hearing. Both Gene and Glenn have excellent voices and they blend well together. They are good, clean and well-deserving boys.

Let's have more of them.

We also love Johanna Grosse and her fine organ playing.—Micky, Niles, Ohio.

* * *

ENDS SEPTEMBER 20th

AFew days ago I sent in ten subscriptions for the "Radio Digest" also check for five to the V.O.L. Correspondence Club. I also want to ask you to try and put more material in your magazine about station KTHS at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

I think it is the best station on the air, bar none, not even W. K. Henderson's KKWKH or WENR or WLW. I like all three of these stations fine but they are not equal to KTHS. Complete unselfishness. Mr. Henderson at KTHS, is about the best announcer on the air.

I would also like for KTHS to have more time on the air as they share their frequency with KRLD at Dallas.—Paul Simmons, Hope, Ark.

OH, NATALIE READ THIS!

I WROTE to you several months ago to have an article in the Radio Digest about Coonsanders' Original Nighthawks. You were so kind to have a lovely article in a recent issue. I want to thank you so much. I appreciate your kindness.

Now, I wonder if I could ask another favor of you? I hope you do not mind.

Have you heard of Charles Dameron, crooning tenor at WLW? Of course you have. There was a small picture of him in July issue. Will you PLEASE have an article about Charles Dameron in real soon? PLEASE! He has lots of a very interesting past—and plenty of fan following. Of course, PLEASE? PLEASE! PLEASE! Have an article about Charles Dameron in real, real soon. PLEASE!

I still say that Radio Digest is the most wonderful magazine ever. Was so thrilled with the Anniversary number. I have been reading Radio Digest for five years and a subscriber for over three years. Oh! what a magazine. PLEASE! Mr. Brown, have a special article about Charles Dameron of WLW real, real soon. PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE! THANKING you from the very bottom of my heart and wishing you everything wonderful.—Venera Peters, 2479 Madison Rd. No. 6, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT NOW?

W e bought our Radio the last of February and our first Radio Digest in March and have not missed one since. It certainly is a wonderful magazine for Radio owners. We enjoy it very much because it makes us feel as though we knew the artists.

We agree with Mrs. L. Stoncking of Hannibal, Mo. and Miss Madalyn Weaver of Bethany, Ill., by saying that we would rather you would devote all your space to Radio news and articles and leave the reviews to some other magazine which has nothing more important to write about.

Will you please print a picture and a little information about Phil Cook, The One Man Show of the NBC. Please do not forget that Smiling Ed McConnell presented a picture of them. We would like to see it, soon, see if mother and dad will hold her while the photographer takes the picture and then we can get a glimpse of them also.

Please print all you can about Floyd Gibbons, as any story of his life could not help being interesting reading. Thanking you in advance we remain,—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, Caro, Mich.

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THE VOL GOAT, HENRY!

PLEASE allow me to become a member of the V.O.L. Correspondence Club. I also want to ask you to try and put more material in your magazine about station KTHS at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

I think it is the best station on the air, bar none, not even W. K. Henderson's KKWKH or WENR or WLW. I like all three of these stations fine but they are not equal to KTHS. Complete unselfishness. Mr. Henderson at KTHS, is about the best announcer on the air.

I would also like for KTHS to have more time on the air as they share their frequency with KRLD at Dallas.—Paul Simmons, Hope, Ark.
PARADE of the STATIONS

Excuse, Please, While We Get Settled—

Greetings to the Station Parade:
We have been so flustered in packing up and moving all our things from Chicago to New York that it seems the band has moved into the middle somewhere and the drum major got lost in California. We ask your indulgence if the third trombone pipes up in Florida and the piccolo responds from Seattle.

Anyhow—aside from that—how do you like our New York dress? Really?

Just the same we are still the all-American Radio Digest that we have been before. Going to try and give you all the news we can get about your own stations wherever you are. And if you don't see your station getting representation in Radio Digest drop a line to the manager. Tell him to send us a story and some pictures because we are truly anxious to give every station a place in this Big Parade. There are no strings to the proposition.

So here we go. Strike up the band. And the first to come along is Herschell Hart with his story about the Tenth Anniversary of WWJ at Detroit.

Ten Candles
Detroit News Station WWJ Takes You Back for Decade
By HERSHEY HART

One soft summer night a decade ago, Detroiter hurried through their evening meal, and, as quickly as possible, took their stand before huge white sheets stretched over blank walls of downtown buildings. On these the results of the day's primary election were being thrown by magic lanterns.

If you had been there you probably would have heard more than one conversation like this:
"Well, they can't beat this method of telling us who won the primary, can they?"

Well, they can't beat this method of telling us who won the primary, can they?

Jefferson B. Webb, Manager WWJ and of Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

"I'll say not—but you know, folks are always tryin' something new. Say, did you hear what The Detroit News is doing? NO! Well, they've got some kind of a new contraption—Radio, they call it. They said in today's paper they'd tell us the returns over it tonight—over thin air. Can you imagine that?"

"No, and I'm tellin' you, it can't be done; you gotta have wires—"

But The Detroit News station did tell those fortunate Detroiter who possessed crystal sets who won that primary,—did it over "thin air", and WWJ has been doing just that and more ever since.

Now about the time you are seeing this issue of Radio Digest, The Detroit News will be celebrating its tenth birthday. This is an especially proud day for WWJ because records show it to be the first Radio station in the world to inaugurate and maintain regularly scheduled broadcasting programs.

WWJ began broadcasting with a series of experimental programs, on 20 watts power, August 20, 1920. Many years before, men associated with The Detroit News had shown their interest in the experiments that later developed this new art.

As early as 1902, the late James E. Scripps, who founded The News, and his son, William E. Scripps, now president of the paper, financially aided the wireless telegraphy experiments of Thomas E. Clark, of Detroit.

On August 31, 1920, the public was informed by The News that a radio broadcasting set was operating and that the results of that day's primary would be given. The same year, the results of the world series baseball games, the national election returns and the better class of musical programs were broadcast. Because of WWJ's close connection with The Detroit News, its program's standards were watched closely and kept free from the pitfalls of cheapness.

During 1921 the programs were built up. In January 1922 a Western Electric 500-watt transmitter was installed. This was the first of its kind sold by the Western Electric Company. A few years later, WWJ installed an improved transmitter and the 500-watt outfit was presented to the Michigan State College at East Lansing, Michigan.

The first orchestra ever organized exclusively for broadcasting was formed by WWJ. It was composed of members of the well-known Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

This was the year too, that WWJ broke another Radio record. It carried out over the air, to listeners in Michigan and neighboring states, the music of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Victor Kolar.
Since that day, year after year, WWJ listeners have heard the symphony's concerts each Sunday afternoon in season, under the baton of Mr. Kolar. Among the station's best friends has been Mr. Gabrilowitsch; who until recently has refrained from stepping before the microphone in his role as piano virtuoso.

But Ossip Gabrilowitsch has never forgotten those early days and now that WWJ is celebrating its tenth birthday, he is appearing on the gala program as a soloist.

Playing the accompaniment for Mr. Gabrilowitsch is a Little Symphony, all members of the Detroit Symphony, under the baton of Mr. Kolar, associate conductor.

Jefferson B. Webb, manager of WWJ, and also manager of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, has had his production department arrange an evening of entertainment typical and worthy of this most important event in the life of the station.

VARIETY is the keynote. The Olean- ders, directed by Ole Foerch, contribute a period of dance music and features. Other studio entertainers, including Miss Marion Martin, program director, and piano solist, and John Prosser, baritone and announcer, are being heard.

Master of Ceremonies will be E. L. "Ty" Tyson, a veteran of eight years with the station, and in charge of announcers.

Others on the staff of WWJ who have an active part in the program, are: Robert L. Kelly, assistant manager, and Harold Priestley, announcer.

Throughout its life, WWJ has given of its time and energy to civic benefit. One winter in the early days a storm was so heavy that all communication, including the Associated Press wires, was cut to many towns and cities in Michigan and Ontario. Realizing the anxiety of the residents of these communities for their friends and relatives elsewhere, WWJ offered its services to the Associated Press. For several days, until the wires could be replaced, news bulletins, information and messages were broadcast both to newspapers and individuals.

At this time, also, WWJ was co-operating with the Detroit Police Department in the tracking of criminals, the suppression of crime, the recovery of stolen property and in helping locate missing persons. This service proved Radio’s advantage to the police and resulted in Detroit being the first city in the country to adopt Radio as one of its most important methods of maintaining order.

WWJ became a member of the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company in 1922, the first station in this section of the country to accept these programs.

With this entertainment as a basis and active production and program departments, WWJ has become one of the best favored stations within its listening area.

* * *

Just have to look at that call to the South.
It's Louisville—WHAS of the Courier-Journal

WHAS, Louisville, Has Staff of Sixty Artists

When the manager of WHAS, radiophone of the Courier-Journal and the Louisville Times, calls the staff roll, a list of artists, formidable as a theatrical revue, is at hand to respond with other entertainment.

The Greater Louisville Ensemble; The Royal Hungarians; Jack Turner; Ray Bahr and his music; Elizabeth Ann; George Weiderhold, basso; Louis Rigo, director, and the Courier-Journal Little Symphony; George Austin Moore, monologist; Patty Jean, home economics director; and a multitude of others join the popular announcing staff, Joe Eaton, Don McNell, S. P. Lewis, Alton Reed, and Bob Horan in the cheerful business of entertaining WHAS' many listeners.

When Mr. Radio was but a babe in arms, and his cries were the embryonic squeals of jazz, the Courier-Journal and the Louisville Times adopted him as a further means of serving their territory. On July 18, 1922 after exhaustive tests, the first regular schedule was put on the air. Since that date, without interruption, WHAS has continued to serve its listeners in an ever-widening area with the best possible talent and carefully planned programs. Twice boosted in power, the station now broadcasts with a power of 10,000 watts on a nationally cleared channel and a staff of three-score executives and artists is employed to provide programs for the seventeen hour daily schedule.

Down in old Kaintuck' in particular and almost everywhere in general tuners-in associate the name of Jack Turner with happy hours before the loud speaker. Jack has that happy faculty of radiating his personality across the radio waves so that each listener feels that he is being addressed personally and most tunefully. Possessing a "natural" unaffected voice, Jack can sing them old or new, furnishing his own accompaniment in a sparkling piano or ukulele style. His weekly fan mail looks like a section of a post office in the Christmas rush. And he lately has come into the limelight as a composer of popular airs which have caught on unbelievably well with his listeners, and which he has had published in sheet form. Turner joined the WHAS staff last year, coming from Milwaukee. Prior to that time he had been a headline at a large Chicago station.

Saturday night on WHAS is synonymous with a presentation of the Greater Louisville Ensemble. This mixed quartette and string ensemble has been on the air four and a half years, being the station's first commercial account. The quartet, consisting of Esther Metz, soprano; Anna Scholz, contralto; Joseph Eisenbeis, tenor; and William G. Meyer, baritone, has appeared in more than two hundred and fifty programs and is still one of the most popular features on the air. Beginning his broadcast on the theory that "the name is the thing", Gustav Flexner, managing director of the ensemble, has steadfastly refused to do the usual and have a lengthy commercial announcement concerning his business. He simply gives
the name of the sponsor, and two hundred and fifty broadcasts can’t be wrong.

An unusual group to be on the air, apart from one of the networks, are the Royal Hungarians, under the direction of the Gypsy violinist Lajos Ritzko. This spirited aggregation has been a feature of WHAS for more than a year, and the stirring, fiery renditions of Hungarian airs, as well as of popular selections and tunes of various countries, have placed these concerts decidedly in the realm of the sought-after in Radio.

The Man from the South in multiple form is an apt description of Ray Bahr and his Music, real “southern” dance band, whose torrid tempo reverberates from WHAS several nights a week. One of the outstanding dispensers of modern rhythm in Dixie, they play every number in their own unusual arrangement.

Ranking with the best in her line in the broadcast field, Elizabeth Ann, the “child artist”, has won a wide reputation as a juvenile impersonator on the air. She writes and directs two commercial children’s features on WHAS, taking the leading part in each. Elizabeth Ann is equally at home writing a cute bit of kid poetry, or improvising the wittiest of child sayings which keep the entire staff in an uproar during her programs.

George Weiderhold, basso, is one of a number of operatic singers who has cast his lot with Radio in the past two years. Mr. Weiderhold toured America and Canada for several years with an opera company and has appeared with some of the larger opera companies. He is musical director of WHAS, and in addition to his singing and staff musical activities, he is the gentleman who says “yes” or “no” to many of the hundreds of audition-seekers at the studio. He is very much at home before the mike as a character man.

There is romance in the career of Louis Rigo, director of the Courier-Journal Little Symphony. He came to this country from Hungary as concertmeister of a group of Gypsy musicians. He was concertmeister of the Chatauqua Orchestra for two years, and toured the country with various other musical groups. Now he wields an inspired baton, and produces soulful tones from his everpresent violin in the WHAS studios.

Those who have followed vaudeville undoubtedly remember George Austin Moore, monologist, who was a headliner in that profession for more than a score of years and whose reputation is international. His dialect stories and humorous songs have been heard and enjoyed by American audiences as well as in Canada, England, the Orient, Honolulu, and other parts of the world. Now he has turned to the microphone, and the radio audience has come to look forward to his tri-weekly song and story tests, on WHAS.

Mrs. Louise Iluey, “Patty Jean”, is director of the home economics department, presenting daily programs which have an especial appeal to the fair sex. A college graduate, (she majored in home economics) Patty Jean has developed a tremendous following among those who want the latest in chocolate cakes, and what to wear and why.

Those special musical arrangements and the new musical numbers heard by WHAS fans come from the pens of Nick Conte, formerly of La Scala, Milan, Italy; Ted Grubb and Wally Crane, staff arrangers; and Barry Bingham, lyricist.

The announcing staff of WHAS is headed by Joe Eaton, studio director, and is composed of seasoned veterans of the mike. Mr. Eaton came to WHAS from WOW, Omaha, Neb. He has an extremely likable personality which is much in evidence even on the air. He does a bit of clever vocalizing now and then, and the abundance of sweet scented letters in his mail box doesn’t spell disapproval.

Don McNeill, who came to the station from WTMJ, Milwaukee, Wis., has a sure, humorous style of putting over his programs which endeared him to WHAS listeners from the start. In addition to his turns at the mike, he is radio editor of the Courier-Journal, does publicity work, and takes a bit of time out to sketch caricatures and cartoons for the Radio section of that newspaper.

Steve Lewis, who addressed the mike from WPTF, Raleigh, N. C., before coming to the Louisville station, is likely to burst into song at any moment, and listeners hear his jolly prattle often through the day’s schedule.

Alton Reed, former Texas cowpuncher, who has been in various educational institutions for eighteen years; and Bob Horan, who is actively engaged in social service work, outside of his mike tasks, have been with WHAS since entering Radio.

The WHAS quartette, a feature of a weekly commercial program gives to popular numbers a zest, and modern harmony interpretation which has made the group a great favorite with the fans.

* * *

KMOX Expands

KMOX, the most modern radio station in the United States has reached completion and will go on the air on July 28th. All equipment even to the smallest insulator is the “latest word.” The station is practically fool-proof and every emergency that could possibly arise has been checked. All batteries and tubes are in duplicate and two sources of power are available for supplying the transmitter with current.

KMOX came into being in 1925, underwritten by a group of St. Louis businessmen. The first program was put on the air from studios in the Mayfair Hotel on Christmas Eve and was reported to have penetrated as far north as Alaska and as far south as New Zealand. The site for the new transmitter which is eight miles south of the city’s limit, was selected last summer. Work was begun after the first of the year.

George Junkin, director of KMOX, always has maintained an attentive ear to the echoes of approval or disapproval from the listening public. His programs have been constructed accordingly. Thus he has brought the station to its present position of esteem and expanded facilities.
Knows Her Collegiate

WHEN Jane Froman, the "sapphire song bird" of WLD, sings about college love, and dear old alma mater, she knows whereof she sings. She rises for the school songs of seven different institutions. Before she went to the University of Missouri for degrees in Arts and Letters, and in Journalism, she had attended the following schools: a convent in Clinton, Mo.; Christian college in Columbia, Mo.; Central college at Fayette, Mo.; Forest Park university at St. Louis, Mo.; and five summers of voice training at the Oscar Segal school in New York city.

Now she spends her days working for a degree in music at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and her nights working for the approval of the Radio audience.

No "blue stocking" is Jane either, in spite of the years she has spent at her books. She's generally considered the prettiest entertainer at the Crosley stations. Her conversation is full of the smartest bits of argot, and her clothes are the envy of every female in sight.

** **

A Radio Announcer Under Pressure

LEE GOLDSMITH, Station WCKY manager, Covington, Ky., had just gone to Kansas for his vacation. Jerryokers was stationed at Coney Island for an orchestral broadcast. Maurice Thompson was alone at the studio to handle station announcements.

An artist did not appear. Two minutes to go.

Thompson hurriedly arranged a vocal program, but he could hardly announce his own selections.

Olin Davis, public school superintendent of Dayton, Ky., and sports announcer of the station, appeared. He was taken by two arms into Studio A. He began to protest. Thompson shushed him.

"Shh. We're on the air, and you must announce", Davis was commanded. And then proceeded to lock the door.

Davis had to announce and liked it. Shortly afterward a cop peered through the studio window. Davis insisted that he must go, for "my car is--". But Thompson did not hear the explanation.

Half an hour later Davis was released to the cop to explain why he had parked his car a yard from the curb where signs read plainly, "No Parking". Thompson was sorry; Davis was angry, and the cop? Well, he was one of those good cops who understood, and let Davis go with a reprimand. Davis says he isn't going to visit WCKY for awhile.

** **

George M. Watson at KSTP

IT WAS in Shreveport, La., as the guest of K. W. "Hello World" Henderson, that George M. Watson took his first try at the microphone. After making his Radio debut, he began the study of music, learning the names of the composers, and visiting station after station in the South, the East and in Canada. He tried his hand at the microphone in various cities on his route, but it was not until he returned to St. Paul again that he shook off his "mike fright" and applied for a position at KSTP. His voice made an immediate hit, and he was put on trial as master of ceremonies of the Early Risers Club.

He is no longer a believer in the old saying that "a man can't make good in his own home town," for his work at KSTP has earned for him a place in North-western Radio circles. His hobby is Patsy, his own pet bulldog, and making toy airplanes. For a while he was destined to be a plane pilot and while in Memphis received a state license as a flier. He spent some time in the South handling sight-seeing tours for airplane passengers, but has given up aviation entirely for Radio.

** **

Favorite Teams

At KIDO, Boise

STATION KIDO, Boise, Idaho, is the only station in that state of 1000 watts. Daily select features are being broadcast from KIDO—a continuous program from early morn to dewy eve and far into the night. Two of the features are the teams Cecil and Sally and Jake and Elmer, both of which have a large following in that vicinity.

KIDO is equipped with all the most modern equipment and "fixtures" including a full staff of station workers. With the prosperous condition of the state, the spread of Radio listeners is rapidly on the increase.

** **

An Old Trouper Now Before the Mike

A VETERAN actor, is Charles B. Hamlin, cast as "The Old Settler" in WTMJ's Sunday evening "Now and Then" program, a feature contrasting life twenty-five years ago with that now. From his rich store of adventures all over this country and Canada, Mr. Hamlin recalls incidents of other years during this broadcast, and a Milwaukee Journal station orchestra plays selections reminiscent of pre-war days.

His Radio role harks back to the infancy of the celluloid industry when he was cast as the rube in Keystone comedies with Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin.

Mr. Hamlin wasn't born in a theatrical trunk, but before he had celebrated his fiftieth birthday, he was playing the title role in the original "Peck's Bad Boy". Soon thereafter he donned golden curls and thoughtful characteristics to become "Little Lord Fauntleroy".

Character parts always have been Mr. Hamlin's forte. At one time he deserted the playhouse for a season with Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch shows, where his disguise as an Indian was so deceiving that Col. Miller himself swore he couldn't tell him from the real Indians in the show.

** **

WTMJ's Membership Card is Round

The WTMJ Club Four Aces is the only Radio club with a round membership card, and what's more, the only club in the world with a useful membership card!
May Be a Kiss in the Dark?

Student Players
Broadcast Drama
With Lights Out

LIMITED LIGHT and footlights don't mean a thing in the lives of these intelligent young players of the University of Ohio. It is much easier to work in the dim shadows of the studio with faces barely discernible. The effects to be obtained are not disturbed by distracting realities.

This group of campus actors is entering upon its third season as a regular feature of the WEAO program from Ohio State University.

The players face the mike every Friday at 8:30 p.m. for a half-hour program. Why the "lights out"? Here's the reason. The studio actors found that the bright lights and hubbub of the station kept them from getting in the mood for their parts. They tried turning out all lights except those in the control room and placing a small lamp by each microphone. The idea worked and now whenever the players are on the air the WEAO studios take on a Stygian aspect.

During the two years that the players have broadcast they have given more than seventy-five performances. Ten of these were special cuttings of Shakespeare, including such plays as Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar, Anthony and Cleopatra, Henry IV, and others of the same type.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's immortal comedy, "The Rivals," was revived and presented when the players celebrated their second anniversary at WEAO this spring.

Modern one-act plays; "three-actors" cut to thirty minutes playing time; dramatizations of short stories and even novels; and a number of original Radio plays written by members of the group, have all been included in the players' programs.

WENDOLYN JENKINS, assistant director of dramatics in charge of Radio drama at Ohio State University, has been director of the players since the beginning of their broadcasts. She has been assisted by David Larrimer, now staff announcer at WEAO, and William Knepper, who has supervised musical settings and sound effects.

Virginia Ferree, prominent in campus dramatics, and Ann Bryan, who has studied with Jessie Bonsteller in Detroit, have carried many of the feminine leads, while Larrimer and Knepper had added acting to their other studio duties.

The players use the repertory system, with the same group of principals heading up the cast of each of the weekly plays. Additional material is recruited from the ranks of campus dramatic organizations.

Special technique for writing Radio drama has been studied as a new form of literature and eventually it is expected that leading universities will adapt the teaching of it as a part of a regular course in rhetoric and composition.

* * *

Neighbor Palmer
of WAIU

By DOROTHY E. REED

GO UP to the twelfth floor of the Deshler Hotel in Columbus, Ohio, any noon, if you think the world's all wrong. Push your way through the crowd. There is always a crowd. Anywhere from fifty to two hundred people, milling (as they say in newspaper parlance) about. Look at their faces.

Tired country women, fresh from a morning's hard work—some of them with sleepy babies in their arms. Farmers, burnt to a dull brick red by the sun. Little boys. Ladies in kid gloves, with jewels at their throats. Everybody. And the same look on all their faces—pure adoration.
You look around for Buddy Rogers, but you don’t see him. Instead, you discover a boyish, compactly-built figure seated at a small table. Before him is a microphone. He grins.

"Hello, neighbors!" he cries.

EVERYBODY grins back. Out beyond the Deisher in Columbus, out beyond Columbus in Ohio, thousands of people are tuning on, their radios. Thousands of people are grinning back. "There’s the Neighbor", they say. "There’s Fred Palmer, up at WAIU".

Neighbor Palmer is conducting his daily farm hour. He reads news items. He cracks jokes. He just talks. Sometimes he sings. His voice isn’t like Rudy Vallee’s; his jokes aren’t the funniest in the world. Why, then, do hard-working farmers hitch their tractors to a fence-post, load up the family Ford, and drive miles just to see him? Why do letters pour into the station from far and near? Why do nice, grandmotherly ladies shower him with cakes and doughnuts and neck-ties?

Neighbor Palmer is his own answer to these questions. Once you hear him, you stop asking. You let yourself be carried along by the verve of his spirits, the vigor of his personality, the sheer friendliness of his manner. When he grins, you grin. When he frowns and says forceful things about the federal Radio commission, you frown and clench your fists—and sign affidavits. When he talks, you settle down for a regular chat with a next-door neighbor. You can’t help yourself.

Visitors flock to the studio, expecting to see a tall, lean farmer, with a sprig of chin-whiskers and blue galluses. When they find a young man a shade over a quarter of a century in age, with neatly brushed hair and a trim dark suit, they wonder if they’ve been gyped. But Neighbor reassures them.

You bet he’s a farm product—born and raised up in Van Wert County. Homegrown and hand-spanked. Went to a little red school-house. Raised bees for a while, but decided to go out of business when they stung him.

He adds that he has been stung often since, and much harder—and his listeners roar. Not because he has been stung, but because he is laughing at it himself. Only, here and there, you will hear some woman murmur, "Ah-h!". You know she wishes she could have been there with soda or lard or whatever you put on stings.

Nothing high-baht about the Neighbor, if he does wear a white collar instead of a red bandanna. He likes to talk about the jobs he has held. When he worked his way through Wooster College and Ohio Northern University, he fired furnaces, waited table, led church choirs, and turned black-face comedian.

He was a message clerk in the last house of representatives, coming over to WAIU every so often to broadcast a farm program. Pretty soon he couldn’t push his way back through the crowds that surrounded the studio when he broadcast. They had to keep him there, so they made him the manager. That was less than a year ago.

Ever since then, Ohioans have been sampling his particular brand of neighborliness, and liking it. Now they have the habit. They couldn’t get along without that daily pick-up of enthusiasm, pep, humor and cheery-heartedness that is Neighbor Palmer.

WASHINGTON CALLS "KFNF NEWSBOY"

Mr. and Mrs. James Pearson of KFNF, Shenandoah, la., are looking to their army of Radio listeners to send them to Washington. Mr. Pearson is known over the entire West as the “KFNF Newsboy” as he originated the idea of giving news digests over the air and commenced that popular feature almost 5 years ago and is still at it. It proved to be a very popular and interesting feature.

Besides that he commenced giving a Sunday school lesson review each week almost five years ago, and even advocated it some months before that. Now each Sunday morning at 8 a.m. (Central time) you will hear Mrs. Pearson sing a couple of inspiring Sunday school songs and then he will give a review of the lesson (International).

He calls it an institute for Sunday school teachers, as he aims to give the interesting high points as helps to the thousands who listen in, especially those who are teachers.

After the Sunday School period, the station puts on a real old fashioned church service for one hour, and this same "newsboy" is the pastor. It is safe to say Mr. Pearson as KFNF Radio Pastor has the largest Radio congregation of any single station anywhere.

He is not a theologian, but just one of the folk talking to the folks, in a clear strong voice, with clean, easily understood logic.

He is now a candidate for Congress in the 8th District of Iowa and many Radio fans are worrying as to what they will do for a Radio pastor, but Congress needs some "newsboys" like Pearson, say his Radio friends. Because of his great popularity throughout the state old political prognosticators look wise and say he has a good chance to win.

* * *

Donnie James
and New Staff

THE fat—(when your correspondent says "Fat" he means adequately plump) and jovial Donnelly James and his Colorado University Serenaders have been a feature over KLZ for years. Their mirth and music from the Broadmoor Country Club has brought hundreds of letters from all parts of the country to this Denver station.

Myrl Harding, a new staff artist at KLZ, is fast making friends with her guitar and crooning contralto voice.

KLZ has its own studio pipe organ and often features Mrs. "Doc." Reynolds at the pipe organ.

The Studio String Ensemble under the direction of Eddie Wurtzbach entertains the KLZ listeners nightly. Franklin Hornaday, Lyric tenor, is often heard in solos and with various orchestras. Mr. Hornaday is one tenor who can sing an "aria" as it should be sung and also has the ability to sing the popular ballads in an interesting way.

* * *

"A GOOD REASON"

Little Mildred loved to meddle with the numerous jars of creams and powders on her mother’s dressing table. One day she was being questioned closely about a missing jar of cream her mother had just purchased.

"But Mother Dear," replied the little miss after a long pause in the questioning. "I heard you reading the label this morning and it said, "Vanishing Cream.—Jon-teel! What else can you expect."
Jimmie Wilson's Catfish Band
Popular in Southwest over KVOO

A GLANCE at these fellows might lead you to call them "rank outsiders."
And you wouldn't be far wrong; they are
an "outside" bunch if there ever was one.
An enormous following in the Middle West
is familiar with their regular programs
over KVOO, Tulsa, Okla., and like 'em.
They are Jimmie Wilson and his Catfish
Band, playing "by remote control" on the
banks of Pole Cat Creek.

* * *

KLZ, Denver, and
Its Personnel

BACK in 1920, before the government
had assigned commercial calls to the
broadcast stations, KLZ, Denver, Col.,
was broadcasting programs presented by
"Doc," "The Mrs." and "Sonny" under
the old special amateur call 9ZAF.

In those days, Doc Reynolds was chief
engineer, operator and entertainer. Mrs.
Reynolds was chief announcer and piano
soloist while "Sonny", then three and a
half years old, was probably general man-
ger and used to recite over the Radio his
little nursery rhymes regularly every
morning.

Shortly after the government assign-
ed the call KDKA to the famous
Pittsburgh station, KLZ was assigned to
this, the pioneer station of the West.

Among the early features presented by
KLZ was the broadcast of the Music Week
opera, "Robin Hood", from the municipal
auditorium. After having made arrange-
ments to broadcast the opera, something
hardly dreamed of at this early date, May
1920, "Doc." Reynolds found that the local
phone company could not give him tele-
phone lines from the auditorium to his sta-
tion at his home. "Doc," therefore, moved
the mountain to Mohammed. He moved
his transmitter to the loft of the auditori-
um and stretched an antenna between
a couple of flagpoles on top the building.
The opera was broadcast and heralded
as a real achievement in those days. Later
followed the broadcasting of the municipal
band, the municipal pipe organ, football
games, parades and may other events of
interest. Progress came in long strides.
Each day meant added laurels.

The Eight Victor Artists gave their first
Radio presentation over KLZ during these
early years. Their appearance over Radio
caused great excitement in Denver as they
were the first great group of artists to per-
form over the Radio in this part of the
country.

* * *

From the British Navy
To the Mike

By Carl T. Nunan

The lusty voice of Don Thompson, who
daily broadcasts over KPO the "Get
Associated With Baseball" periods, was
first heard in infant protest twenty-seven
years ago in Rangoon, Burma, farther
India.

"Ah", chortled his father, Robert D.
Thompson, who seems destined to be the
last of many generations of famous sea
captains of the Thompson clan, "there's
a voice as good as any I have ever
heard giving orders to cut a throat or
scuttle a ship". No doubt this grand old
sailorman, who had earned his master's
papers before the mast when the law of the
ship was a blow and a word, the blow being
dealt first by way of authority, looked upon
his son and dreamed of another captain to
be added to the Thompson family’s long list of sea celebrities. But such was not to be—for Don Thompson had no hankering for the sea—”And in that”, says Don Thompson, who now broadcasts sports exclusively for the Associated Oil Company—“I’m not unlike my father; his only liking for the f’c’s’l’ is the way to get out of it. No siree! Swabbing decks, working a turk’s head on a foot rope or furlin’ a sail—well there are other things I like to do better”.

At the time of the boy’s birth the elder Thompson was a Commander in the Irrawaddy Flotilla with headquarters at Rangoon. Rudyard Kipling has immortalized this same flogilla in his “On The Road To Mandalay”—a song with which Don’s mother, herself a former medical missionary at Rangoon, sang her young son to sleep. These words must have brought back sweeping memories of a romance that was hers—”Can’t You ‘ear the paddles chunkin from Rangoon to Mandalay?”

Don Thompson was brought to Eugene, Oregon, while still a small lad, and there grew to rugged manhood. He is six feet, three inches in height and 212 pounds in weight. During his college days he established himself as one of the country’s brilliant football players—a reputation that carried him into the professional ranks where he held his own with the great “Brick” Muller and “Ernie” Nevers. He also starred as an all-around athlete. Tiring of professional football, Don decided upon a career. There were three inviting vocations, according to him, which held promise if one could get in on the ground floor; aviation, movies and Radio. As for aviation, he didn’t want to fall into something hard. He couldn’t see the movies; so he became one of the great Radio fraternity, first as a continuity writer for KPO, then part time announcer, and finally, in a few short months was elevated to “Sports Announcer”. And in that capacity he has done a splendid job. His vivid and brilliant imagination, his knowledge of sports, coupled with periodical newspaper training, all aided him in giving KPO dialers the most comprehensive sports broadcasts in the West.

Thompson enjoys his baseball but still he is eagerly looking forward to the opening of the football season in the Fall, when he can again wax eloquent and thrill over the sport in which he gained undying fame.

** * * *

“A Small Imitation”

The programs of WCAH have the makings of chain programs; and why? Because none other than the “littlest man in the studios” has a couple of hands in the making of them; George Zimmerman is the big little man, and his wife calls him a model working husband, and claims that he’s “a small imitation of the real thing”. Working right along with Mr. Zimmerman is Howard Donahoe, studio manager, and Anne Lysle Owen, staff pianist; Howard is well known in the studios for his “Quiet!” when the microphone begins to ooze forth its harmonious notes over the air! Howard and Anne work hand in hand in keeping peace and harmony among the Clever Kiddies.

Don Thompson (right), KPO sports announcer who “listens in” as his father Robert D. Thompson (left), famous British Sea Captain, tells of a thrilling experience at sea.
Uhalt will search the highways and byways for young singers who have operatic or concert aspirations or both and will offer them the opportunity to compete for a share in the $25,000 in cash awards and ten scholarships offered the national finalists.

** * **

“We intend to get a national winner or at least a finalist from Louisiana again this year,” Mr. Uhalt declares in discussing the 1930 Audition. “Carmen Rosell and Ernest Ferrara, both of New Orleans, were national finalists in 1928 and Frances Tortorich of New Orleans was a finalist last year, and with the energy of our state committee and the enthusiasm already shown this year by young singers throughout the state, we should find a voice which will win first honors in the national finals next December. We are already preparing for local auditions and expect to have more of them and more singers than in former auditions.”

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**Townsend at WFJC**

Lieutenant S. W. Townsend of the Naval Reserves, designer and builder of WFJC, Akron, Ohio, is at present operation manager and chief engineer. He spends most of his spare time with the Akron Naval Reserve Unit of which he is the commanding officer. He has built up the unit to, we believe, sixty some men; we do know that there are so many of them that they wear out office carpets through coming in to see the “Admiral”.

Sam recently returned from a two-weeks, tour of duty at the naval station, Great Lakes, Illinois. In July he shipped as a Radio officer on the U. S. S. Wilmington. On his return from each cruise he is more enthusiastic over his navy than ever. The Radio duties he has when sailing or at the Naval Station he says are somewhat the same as in the broadcasting game, although the other duties of a naval officer in navigation, gunnery, seamanship and drill keep him from getting bored.

We have tried often to get him to wear his uniform at the studio, and though he isn’t bashful he still continues to refuse.

** * **

**Enterprising Director**

Joseph H. Uhalt, proprietor of Radio station WDSU of New Orleans, has been appointed Louisiana’s state manager for the Fourth National Radio Audition. This is the first year Mr. Uhalt has been placed in charge of the details of the local and state auditions in Louisiana.

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Emil Straka, Jr., KSTP

Emil Straka on Symphony

From high school direct to the first chair position with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra was the musical step which Emil Straka, Jr., new concertmaster of the KSTP Symphony orchestra took some seven years ago. Straka succeeds Howard Colf who has deserted Radio for a honeymoon in the Rocky Mountains.

Straka, a product of the Twin Cities, received his musical education from his father Emil, Sr., who was concertmaster of the Frank Danz orchestra in 1895, which later gave way to the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra. Emil, Sr., was known throughout the Northwest as a composer, conductor, and was active in musical circles generally since he left his home in Prague, Bohemia.

Emil, Jr. took his first music lessons when he was scarcely able to hold a violin. He is 26 years old and has been connected with Radio since its popular inception a decade ago. He is a graduate of the Mechanics Arts High School of St. Paul where he played in the high school orchestra and participated in various musical activities.

** * **

**Twilight Hour at WWNC**

The Rev. Clarence McClellan of Fletcher, N. C., has manifold useful interests in addition to his pulpit work and the other duties devolving upon an Episcopal clergyman. Not only are his recent travels in Africa, Syria, Turkey and Greece the subject of certain well-known travel talks over WWNC at five-forty-five each Sunday afternoon, but he has charge of the “Twilight Hour” which comes at six-fifteen on Sundays. He presides at the “Poet’s Corner” broadcast on Friday afternoon at four o’clock. An “O. Henry Story Hour” is also in preparation by Dr. McClellan for Radio dramatization.

** * **

**Sereno Smith Puts H in Hope**

Sereno E. Smith, manager of WCAH, is the man who put the H in Hope, and the Heart in Heartiness! His management is done in an indirect and forceful way and when he leaves the offices, it is only to leave for a seat in the transmitting room where he takes charge of the operations, together with Roy Cook, chief engineer, and Lester Nafsger, assistant engineer. The good looks of the engineering department belong to Don L. Hoge, and the man who is “little but mighty” is none other than Leland Wise.
Many Ballots Cast for Mystery Announcer

I WISH to bring to the attention of Radio Digest readers the inside dope on our Mystery Announcer, who has been entered in the Diamond award contest by his followers.

Every morning I give the fans a spiel on the contest and how to vote for their favorite announcer, M. A., the shortest announcer’s name with the biggest following in Philadelphia. M. A., which is short for Mystery Announcer, broadcasts an early morning program from 7 a.m. until 10 a.m. every morning.

This program is a complete show in itself, being composed of humorous sketches, singing, instrumental music, animals, and the like.

The Mystery Announcer is all of that, known to no one; and when he makes a personal appearance he wears a mask. On several occasions he has had to be rescued from the mob of inquisitive women who turn out by the hundreds to try and get a glimpse of him.

The Mystery Announcer was a wireless operator during the world war, being attached to the mine-sweeper division No. 2, and following this, the U.S.S. "G. G. Henry". He was officially commended by Secretary of the Navy Daniels for bravery while his ship was on fire five days out of England. On this occasion, the crew had abandoned ship, leaving the burning boat in command of a captain and crew of four, who finally put out the blaze.

The Mystery Announcer and his gang “Musical clock program” have been on the air over WPEN for over nine months, in which time he has received thirty-six thousand letters from fans, mostly women.

HI-PRESSURE CHARLIE

Editor Manages WTIC, Hartford

IN a recent Radio feature popularity contest conducted by a Nashville newspaper, Herman and Bob, with thousands of votes drawn from two hundred and twenty-five cities and towns in the Nashville area came out ahead and received as their award a beautifully engraved silver loving cup. Herman and Bob appear regularly in the studios of station WLAC, The Life and Casualty Insurance Company’s station at Nashville, with Herman singing and Bob playing the piano. It may be “punionality”, but, anyway, they have an uncanny knack for getting an audience happy.

Herman and Bob of WLAC who won popularity contest over large field of competitors

TEN years ago a Radio editor and critic came into the lives of Connecticut Radio listeners. Of course that long ago there weren’t so many listeners; but as the years rolled by listeners increased and then it was that his name was mentioned by every Radio listener in the nutmeg state.

On the first of August, C. B. Kingston, better known nationally as Bud Kingston, signed “JO” to his column, “On the Air”, and resigned from the Bridgeport (Connecticut) Herald, to become vice-president and station director of WTIC in Bridgeport.

Much of the national fame which Kingston acquired he attributes to the stories published about him in the Radio Digest, when it was a weekly back in 1926. At that time he was the first newspaperman to broadcast in Connecticut and was appearing then at WTIC in Hartford as Radio cartoonist. In one issue of the magazine his method of teaching cartoons by Radio was featured as a most novel and yet most entertaining and instructive feature. The statement alone brought national interest and fans in all parts of the country tuned in on WTIC to learn how to become cartoonists. Aside from his interest and knowledge of Radio he is also a cartoonist of no mean ability.
Kilties Win Friends
For WCHI, Chicago

"Well, a hundred pipers and a' and a'!..." Stalwart and picturesque in their waving tartans, sporrans and gaiters, each with a cairngorm brooch on his shoulder, these "Hieland" bandsmen of Major R. H. Sim "appear" with Sandy MacTavish over WCHI, Chicago, every Sunday evening between six and seven.

This station is maintained by the Illinois Woman's Athletic Club Social and community interests are kept in mind in shaping its programs. As a result of the presentation of the kilties band sons and daughters of old Scotland who have come down from the Canadian Northwest to populate the Great Lakes area have taken WCHI into its clan.

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"The Anybodys" Stir
Interest at KMOX

Among the features that excite the interest and stir the imagination of the Radio audience, there is one on the air that portrays the life of the average American family in a typical environment. "The Anybodys", George and Gertrude, Buddy and Junior, heard every evening over KMOX in St. Louis are just that family.

George is a commuter who likes to tinker with the family bus on Saturday afternoon, runs for president of the Bel-Nor improvement association, is attracted by unspeakable color combinations in ties. Gertrude does her own housework, plays bridge and goes in for spring cleaning. Buddy and Junior are two typical red-blooded American youngsters who play cops and robbers, get into fights and build club-houses in the back yard.

George, of course, always gets in on the 5:50 train. His cheery greeting resounds through the small bungalow. Occasionally there are people in to dinner. Sometimes Mrs. Wilson, the gossipy neighbor, runs in for a little while. Sometimes there are quarrels in which Aunt Lucy, the soul of diplomacy, never interferes. And so on, through innumerable situations which might happen in any family no matter how well-regulated it is and nearly always do. Any trivial incident in a home may be the inspiration on "Anybodys" program.

Bob Herrick and Hazel Dopheide, staff members of KMOX, take care of all the parts in these ten-minute sketches. The Anybodys is in its tenth month now, and Radio listeners continue to follow the act with genuine and unabating interest. Every day brings telephone calls and letters that outline real happenings and incidents. These contributions are woven into the continuity, and probably account to a great extent, for the great appeal that the sketch has.

Surprising as it may seem, "The Anybodys" is something more than entertainment. The act has a practical application. It is not unusual for Miss Dopheide and Mr. Herrick to receive notes from their listeners informing them that the act has made members of their audience realize just how silly and unnecessary their own real life quarrels and arguments were. As a result—at least so say the writers—they've given up domestic scrapping.

Both Miss Dopheide and Mr. Herrick have had other successes before embarking on the "Anybodys". Herrick for two years has been the "Lillie" of "Willie and Lillie", daily black-face feature. He has also written the continuity for this sketch. Miss Dopheide is known for "Memories", one-act play in which she portrays as many as eight characters.

There is one thing that especially intrigues those who listen in on the "Anybodys".

"Of course you are married" writes one person. "You couldn't quarrel so realistically if you weren't."

In spite of the realism of their portrayal, neither Miss Dopheide nor Mr. Herrick is married—to the other or anyone else. But they feel confident that they understand domesticity sufficiently to portray the conversation that revolves around the family circle.

Bob Herrick and Hazel Dopheide "The Anybodys" at KMOX, they have their ups and downs like any other American home. Their pretended squabbles bring curious letters. Here they are having a morning laugh.
East Meets West Over CNRH

RECENTLY there occurred the inaugural program of Nova Scotia's newest Radio station on the air for the first time. CNRH, the latest link in the Canadian National Railways Broadcasting System, located in specially designed quarters on the topmost floor of the new Nova Scotian Hotel, Halifax's newest hotel de luxe, has forged the final link extending the CNR system from coast to coast.

CNRV in Vancouver sends its voice over the waters of the Pacific, while CNRH speaks out over the wastes of the Atlantic. All Canadian hookups originating in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Jasper Park, Regina, and Vancouver, as well as Halifax, are the principal schedule of a strong program lineup. East will meet West, despite the "never the twain shall meet". For Halifax programs will be carried right through to British Columbia on chain broadcast and Vancouver programs will be on the air via CNRH.

The studios of CNRH are located on the seventh floor of the Nova Scotian and are the most scientifically designed yet constructed in Canada. The main studio is forty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and has a seventeen-foot ceiling. Acoustical material covers the walls. Mike outlets are also provided in various public rooms throughout the hotel, providing additional broadcast space. Lighting is all through indirect floodlights reflecting from the ceiling. It is almost weird in effect, making the casting of a shadow impossible. Temperature is kept constant by thermostatic-controlled ventilation, thus adding to the trueness of instruments and voices. There is in addition a small solo studio and a reception room. Mighty loud speakers concealed in the walls of the ball room and the lounge provide entrance for the whisper of a violin in Montreal or the throb of an orchestra in Vancouver. Programs in any part of the Dominion may be immediately available.

The importance of this service in a district so supplied with remote places as Nova Scotia is hard to calculate. From the speaker in lonely lighthouses down where the sea surges sullenly over some hidden reef; white-fanged and angry, to keep vigil with the isolated keeper—come magic voices from all of Canada. Fishermen toiling on the Grand Banks hear cheerful harmony in the cabins and foreclosures when nightfall arrives. The farmer, when milking is over, turns his dials to rest from the day's labor in a flood of care-erasing music.

Romance at KPO

A ROMANCE that had its beginning six years ago, when pretty Jean Marie Lindsay and Edmund Evans, played leads in a dramatic stock company owned and directed by Evans at Ogden, Utah, culminated in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde W. Lindsay, 550 Joost Avenue, San Francisco.

Miss Lindsay who is known to radio land as Joyce Lindsay and Evans who is known as "Ed" of the "Sambo and Ed" "Beloved Vagabonds of the Air" team of KPO have both played in "big time" before entering the Radio field and were both noted for their hist/ronic ability.

The wedding was attended by members of their respective families, Radio stars from KPO and close friends.

The bride looked especially beautiful in a wedding gown of white satin, carrying an arm bouquet of bride's roses and sweet peas and wearing a coronet veil of lace and tulle trimmed with orange blossoms. The marriage ceremony, under a huge wedding bell composed of gorgeous flowers.

Hugh Barrett Dobbs, "Dobbsie" of KPO, on whose programs both bride and bridegroom are featured artists was honor guest of the occasion. Dixie Marsh, played the wedding march.
These Preachers' Bad Boys are pretty good—they proclaim honesty as best policy.

3 Preachers' Bad Boys

They were not really bad; just full of mischief and utterly lacking any desire to work. Their sole ambition was to sing and play. The only times their fathers breathed easily was when they could watch the boys from the pulpit. And even then they were never sure that some member of the congregation would not find himself stuck to his chair with chewing gum.

In spite of everything, the boys persisted in singing. When they found each other they made a trio and called themselves “The Vagabonds.” As “The Vagabonds” they began their career in a little known and long since forgotten Radio station. The next step was a place in the National networks. Today these Preachers’ Bad Boys are featured at KMOX, the Voice of St. Louis.

The Vagabonds produce and announce a feature known as the Nation Wide Vagabond Club and take part with Tony Cabooh in “Anheuer-Busch Antics” over CBS every Tuesday evening. The response to their Vagabond Club was instantaneous. Five hundred letters came in by return mail. Their slogan is “Always Happy and Never Down” and club membership has grown to more than five thousand.

When you ask these Preachers’ Sons, “How come?” they say: “We don’t know unless it is because listeners believe in our honest effort to make good our promises to them. We try to fill all their requests. Honesty pays.”

Calm After Wanderlust

At Twenty he’s a veteran entertainer and he’s done a lot besides entertaining, at that. He has traveled far and wide in his pursuit of several professions, but he is now announcer for KFEQ and intends to stay in St. Joseph, Mo., until his hair turns white.

Stanley Mahurin is his name. He says he has been in forty-nine states, forty-eight in the Union, and the state of poverty. He has hopped many a freight car, but has tooted the saxophone no less merrily for that.

He started out at thirteen as a magazine salesman and those who hear his persuasive voice over KFEQ will understand why he could make $60 a week even at that tender age, talking people in twenty states into subscribing for this or that worthy publication. He says he looked as old at thirteen as he does now, but that’s not really antique, even so.

He finally got weary of tapping on people’s doors from eight in the morning until midnight and so got a job as an orderly in a government hospital. This was convenient, for he could play for dances at night and his living expenses were all paid, besides. He bought five fine saxophones, but they all burned when a dance pavilion in Kansas went up in smoke. Nothing daunted, he organized his own orchestra, the Mel-o-Blu, which toured for two years under his baton, with the Edgar Jones Players, a stock company.

After this disbanded, he was with fifteen different musical organizations, in turn, in every state from California to Florida. He came to St. Joseph to play in a KFEQ orchestra, but now he dispenses information concerning nearly every offering KFEQ presents. He has a wife and little girl and says he is tired of wandering, so he’ll stay put for awhile, that is, unless he takes to the air. His hobby is aviation.

Young and Active

Is WBOW

WBOW, “On the Banks of the Wabash, in Terre Haute”, is a Radio title famous throughout the Wabash Valley. Heard daily in thousands of Indiana and Illinois homes, it emanates from this popular 100-watt station, located on the campus of the Rose Polytechnic Institute five miles east of Terre Haute. WBOW’s new studios are located in the heart of Terre Haute.

In its sixteen months of operation under the present ownership, WBOW, Terre Haute, Ind. has distinguished itself as an active and enterprising low-powered station. It’s record contains many things to be proud of. For instance, WBOW was the first American station to broadcast an address by Sir Phillip Baring Greet, who personally visited WBOW’s studios last January. Sir Phillip Greet is the venerable leader of the famous Ben Greet Shakespearean Players who are touring America; and although Sir Phillip has broadcast several times from London and Paris stations, he chose WBOW’s studios for his American Radio debut.

Perhaps WBOW’s most popular feature is its rubie specialty team of “Shi and Ezra”. These two rustics of the air are known far and wide and are kept busy filling their many out-of-town engagements, for personal appearances.

Tom Coates

at WEBC

Famous among the popular features of WEBC, weekly, with Tom Coates at the microphone and Maestro di Leo on the conductor’s stand, are “The Arrowhead” program and “The Aracrians”—both of which are heard also through WCCO in Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

In the presentation of the “Arrowhead Anglers”, a true musical depiction of the splendors of the great Northwest’s forests and primeval is offered. Dorothy Shane, soprano, and Tom Coates are the soloists in the weekly appearance of the Arrowhead Anglers.

Among the other personalities at WEBC, are Jimmie Payton, master of ceremonies of the Early Risers’ Club; Leland McEwen, staff organist; Jack Delahunthe—‘the personality boy’ with the crooning voice; Tommy Gavin, president of the Advertising Club of Duluth.
Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference.
Mystery Announcer Draws Big Vote in Diamond Award

See Rules and Conditions on page 100

You have until September 29th to vote in Diamond Meritum Award Contest. New votes, new nominations—better than all—new letters, interesting letters, stating in no uncertain terms the reason why such and such an artist, program or announcer, is the recipient of the attention. These still continue to come to our desk.

The Mystery Announcer of station WPEN, Philadelphia, comes in now for his due. There has been the last few weeks a vast demonstration in his favor. Listen to a few of the enumerations of the re-doubtable M.A. of WPEN:

"He's different from all other announcers or artists," says Miss Clara Kinzle, 2132 East Birch St., Philadelphia. "There are no programs that can touch his. Everyone has gotten so much enjoyment from them that he gets my votes without hesitation."

"He spreads sunshine to his unseen Radio fans!" is a short but sweet sentence in which Miss E. Fleming, 2245 S. 27th St., Philadelphia, announces her preference for the Mystery Announcer!

Mrs. J. W. Smith, 3328 Creswell St., East Falls, Philadelphia: "I vote for this Mystery Announcer because I want him to gain something for his splendid efforts."

"I can't begin to tell you how wonderful I think The Mystery Announcer is! When ladies get up early and stay up from 6:30 on, just to hear him and his gang, why it's a sure sign he's good. The men also enjoy him. Why, my husband hates to go to work!" Thus declares Mrs. Beatrice Johnson, 2414 N. Broad St., Philadelphia.

"Why has the Mystery Announcer not been nominated before? I think he is a dear and his program is good, and funny! I like fun and WPEN is a station all to itself in that respect. Our Mystery Announcer greets you with a smile and a cheer at 6:30 and at 10:30 signs off the same way. He has a huge lot of admirers and it is only fair we should try to win him something for his kindness and his goodness."

People need cheering up early in the morning more than any other time, thinks Mrs. Florence Kerr, 370 Harrison Ave., Upper Darby, Pa., and that is the reason that the haunting program of the Mystery Announcer stays with you all through the day. And there is Mrs. Madelyn Patten, 1406 Glendale St., Philadelphia, who apparently thinks the same.

But the Mystery Announcer is not alone the recipient of honor this month. Not by a long shot. The National barn dance at WLS comes in for commendation and votes from Mrs. C. L. Walton, 2381 Greenway Ave., Winston Salem, N. C. From Mark Twain's town, Hannibal, Mo. (also the home town of Raymond Warren, Lincoln biographer, whose article appears in this issue of Radio Digest) a lady writes in to vote for her favorite, but fails to mention, in the letter accompanying the ballot, the name of the gentleman (for we feel sure it is a gentleman) for whom she casts her vote! And since the ballots, immediately they are received, are put in a special box along with piles of other ballots (the letters coming to the editorial desk) it is manifestly impossible for the editor to determine for whom this lady (Mrs. J. T. Mills, 418 Oak Street, Hannibal, Mo.) desires to cast her vote. As a suggestion to other ballot casters, we'd like to request that you name the artist, program or announcer for whom you vote in your letter as well as your ballot.

But to proceed with a few more evidences of interest in the contest and the contestants...

Fred Palmer of WAIU, Columbus, Ohio, comes in for a "lift" from Mrs. Viola Krebs, Upper Sandusky, Ohio,... Miss Mabel Valentine, Highlands, New Jersey, says that she and the whole of Highlands are rooting for Jean and Glenn and their characters, Jake and Lena. Here is another enthusiastic for Pat Barnes recently of WGN, Chicago,—the man who gives the best entertainment and the finest of everything.

"There is nothing on the air the whole day long equal to Tom Grier- son, organist at RKO Palace Theatre, Rochester, New York. He is an announcer as well. Let's have a picture of Grieson while you are counting his votes," That's what Mrs. Mary H. Stratford, Cape St. Vincent, New York, thinks; and we've no doubt there are plenty who agree with her. Miss G. Hall, Madison, Wis., says that while we all have our favorite organists, there is little doubt in her mind that Mae Bridwell, organist at WIBA, Madison, should take the first money. For dance music, nobody can touch the Coon-Sanders orchestra.

"Irvin Bergman, WEVR, Buffalo, N. Y., gets our vote," writes Mrs. J. Mercio, 234 Trenton Ave., Buffalo. "And it's too bad he is not on a more powerful station so you can hear him, too."

Remember—This is your last chance. Ballots must be in by September 30, 1930. See bonus conditions on page 100.

Nomination Blank—Radio Digest's America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest

Popular Program Editor, Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

I Nominate ________________________________

Station __________________________ (Call Letters)

In America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed _________________________________

Address ________________________________

City __________________________ State

Coupon Ballot—Radio Digest's America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest

Popular Program Editor, Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please credit this ballot to:

(Name of Program) __________________________ (10 Letters)

(City) __________________________ (State)

Signed _________________________________

Address ________________________________

City __________________________ State
Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

THEY'VE GOT HIM WRONG

Fred J. Hart, working farmer and presiding genius at the helm of KQW, San Jose, California, is perhaps the most misjudged of the studio staff. Most listeners hear a "thin" voice and picture him as a little fellow, but in reality he is six feet four and tips the scales at more than 200.

Besides reading the California Farm Bureau evening news at KQW, Mr. Hart operates a productive ranch over in Salinas Valley, in Monterey county, which is famous as a neighbor of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Within the Farm Bureau group is the cow-testing association through which scientists prove from time to time that cattle are highly susceptible to music to the extent that an increase in lacteal fluid is noticeable in the milkwow.

So genial Fred Hart and his co-workers play "The Milky Way," and other numbers and give nice, stimulating lectures to the kindly bovine for the farmers who equip their milk-barns with loud speakers.

INDI-GEST has often wondered what, if any, reaction there might be to such a scheme. Here, in her own words is the story:

BOVINE LAMENT

I'm an old scrub cow with a warbly hide
And a ring-streaked and speckled bull calf by my side.
He's ashamed of his mother, I'm not
Proud of my son;
Of pride in our ancestry, there's room for none.

My dam was a blue cow with horns and legs long,
While dad was a brindle Jones bought
for a song.

They were long-haired, thick-hided, wild-eyed and boney
Now one is in cans, the other boloney.

I have always meant well and tried to do right,
But trying's not doing if you haven't the might.

I had a good home with plenty to eat,
And a boss whose good nature could hardly be beat.

Cash for Humor!

It will pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contribution to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

In fact, he was "easy"—no judge of a cow,
For he called me a good one—an error, and how!

But the Test Association threw a wrench in my gears
And shortened my life by a number of years.

The tester looked like the kind of a guy
Who could see through a sham with one glance of his eye.

Three-two was my test, when it should have been seven,
And that's why I'm well on my way to cow heaven.

One favor I crave—be so kind, if you would,
Inscribe on my gravestone, "She gave all she cud!"

FOOD FOR A CHILD

Karl Stefan, veteran announcer, of WJAG's noonday program had just finished telling about a Chicago man, This Chicago man had been brought into court for stealing cigars. His plea was something to the effect that it was done to get food for his children. Karl said: "This man must have underestimated the number of calories in the cigars."

CHIROPRACTIC SONG

One of the KMA Country School pupils asked:

"May we sing the chiropractic song?"

"What's that?"

"A-Jus-Just You, Jus-Just Me!"

Frances E. Cherry, 605 Logan Street, Wayne, Nebr.

WHAT! NO BUTTER?

One of the most amusing things I have heard over the Radio was Harold Van Horn broadcasting over WMAQ the Grennan Cake Program:

Specializing on "Angel" food cake, he mentioned "Only the best butter is used."

We all know no butter is used in this cake so this must have been amusing to housewives.—(Mrs.) Edith Woodbridge, 4086 N. Mozart St., Chicago.
A SCEPTIC

Here is a bit of fun I heard over the Columbia System the other day. Believe you will get a laugh out of this story.

A prospective convert was being interviewed by a colored preacher like this:

"Brother Jones do you believe in the Bible?"

"I sure does."

"Well do you believe that Daniel was shut up in a den of lions and they never even touched him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now do you believe that the Hebrew children was put in the fiery furnace for about a week and was not burned at all; not even an eyelash was scorched?"

"No, sir. I don't believe it can be done."

"Well I am sorry, Brother Jones, but you can't join our church unless you believe all of the Bible."

"I just can't believe no one could

WRITE A LINE

BY ANTHONY EUWER

You folk who settle down and say "Let's see what's on the air today," and cock your hard-boiled ears the while you click her on and twist the dial until at last you've switched into something that really interests you—To you I say: If you should like the stuff we pour into the Mike, why don't you just take up your pen and write a line and say so then?

You listener folk! Your presence we must take on faith—we can not see, we can not see one little smile or hear one word of praise the while!—No plaudit comes of any kind. To your response we're deaf, dumb and blind.

The only way that we can tell is when some letter breaks the spell. So—should we please, just take your pen and write a line and say so then.

WHY NOT THE HOTEL YOTAW?

Here's a good one pulled off by David Lawrence (NBC) while broadcasting the meeting of Governors in the Hotel Utah.

He said, "We are gathered here in the Hotaw Utel."—Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton Ave., Lexington, Ky.

* * *

BRIGHT SAYINGS IN COURT—Heard over KFOX June 27.

District Attorney. "What is your name?"

Prisoner. "Sparky."

District Attorney. "What is your occupation?"

Prisoner. "Electrician."

Judge. "What are you charged with?"

Prisoner. "Batteries, your Honor."

Judge. "Lock that fresh guy up in a dry cell."—Harry Westgate, Jr., 1195 Washington Ave., Pomona, Calif.

* * *

IN FRIENDLY DENIAL

"You have been entertained," they say across the radio when programs end. Been entertained? And how! We'd like to know?

With music ending in a blast?

With words that faded out?

With static, grunts, and other things not fit to talk about?

Yet all announcers, heedless of the hardships we've sustained, persist that "For the past half hour you have been entertained."

—Brown Hilton, Salem, Va. R.F.D. 1

* * *

WHILE LISTENING IN ON WLW AT 10:30 A.M. one of the tenor singers was singing, "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," which he ended by singing "The Sweetheart of Six other Guys."—Mr. A. M. Davis, Knoxville, Tenn.

ONE ON DAVY

On Thursday, July 24, Davy Lee (the child movie star) entertained on the Air Junior program from WENR. After Davy had entertained Everett Mitchell made him a member of the Air Juniors because it was a club for happy boys and happy girls and he knew that Davy was going to be a "happy boy and girl."

On the same evening while listening to WENR I heard Harold Isbell say, "You will now hear smiling Little Joe Warner singing with organ accompaniment 'Just One Moment,'" which sounded as if he were to sing one moment.—(Miss) Marion North, Box 2, Perryvile, Ind.

* * *

ANNOUNCERS GET MIXED UP

While listening in on Saturday morning to an organ recital by Arthur Chandler, Junior, the announcer (either George Schafer or Sydney Ten Eycke) certainly got mixed up. He first said, "This selection concludes Arthur Junior Chandler's program." Making another attempt, he said, "Arthur Junior Chandler has concluded his program." Finally he begged the pardon of his audience and then got Arthur Junior's name corrected.

About two weeks ago, John S. Young, in announcing the Pure Oil program at the end of the hour, said that Paroil had pep that would suit a Scotchman's purse. In the middle of this announcement he giggled. I thought maybe he or some one in Vincent Lopez's Orchestra were Scotch. More power to your column, I N'D I.

—J. F. Frank, Jr., 226 North Second Street, Danville, Ky.

* * *

AND THEN HE TOOK UP GOLF

Golfer: "Well, Caddie, how do you like my game?"

Caddie: "I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."
**Sunday**

**Eastem** | **Central** | **Mountain** | **Pacific**
---|---|---|---
225.3 | 1320 | WSMX | 799 | WGY | 379.3 | 799 | WGY |
241.1 | 1170 | WHDH | 804 | WSJ | 379.3 | 799 | WGY |
245.6 | 1200 | WCAE | 405.9 | 799 | WJU | 405.9 | 799 | WJU |
246.0 | 1190 | WJU | 409.1 | 799 | WCAE | 409.1 | 799 | WCAE |
268.4 | 1120 | WTMX | 364.5 | 799 | WTMX | 364.5 | 799 | WTMX |
280.9 | 1050 | WORU | 495.8 | 799 | 559.5 | 799 | WORU |
315.6 | 920 | WRC | 554.4 | 559 | WSD | 554.4 | 559 | WSD |
319.1 | 940 | WHFS | 559.5 | 799 | WSM | 559.5 | 799 | WSM |
325.9 | 920 | WJL | 554.3 | 559 | WSD | 554.3 | 559 | WSD |

**Eastern Central Mountain Pacific**

**8:35** | **5:30** | **10:15** | **4:15**

**San Antonio Symphony Orchestra**

**Cathedral of Learning**

**National Sunday Forum**

---

**Atwater Kent Hour**

**Studебaker Chord Melodies**

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**Chain Calendar Features**

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.
### Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

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### Will Osborne and His Orchestra

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### Seth Parker and his cast of NBC, Sunday, 10:45 p.m., EDT

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The general lines of the coming Fall fashions will be last year’s confirmed and elaborated,” said Carolyn Cornell when I interviewed her at the Radio Home-Makers Club after her return from the Paris openings.

“When the drastic changes came in late last year,” she continued, “dressmakers were just a little bit uncertain of the way women would view a return to feminine lines and frills. Therefore, such important details as waistlines, skirt length, design and cut were all rather vaguely defined. But after the amazing success of the new clothes during the past nine months, the fashion experts are no longer wary. Every question has been definitely answered and it will be much easier for women to follow the mode this season—and for many seasons to come, for I predict femininity is with us to stay.”

That is certainly good news to all of us who found our last Summer’s clothes entirely outmoded this year. Now we can go ahead and plan our wardrobes with the knowledge that anything we buy will still be good when another season rolls around.

Restrained lavishness and elegance are the keynotes of the coming mode with luxurious fabrics, intricacy of cut and gnerosity of yardage characterizing Fall clothes.

Lovely things have been done with wools and worsteds for Autumn. The tailored street dress, Miss Cornell reports, is the last word in Paris for morning wear, fashioned of lightweight worsteds, particularly in dark colors brightened with flecks, nubs or dots of rayon.

“The importance of rayon-patterned worsteds cannot be overstated,” she said. “They will be worn by all women, regardless of age or size, and they are stunning. There was a regular epidemic of worsted dresses pin-dotted with rayon on the mannequins at the Longchamps races.”

Among the outstanding details of the Fall mode Miss Cornell reports belted dresses and coats, even headdresses, pleats, boleros, peplums, flounces and lingerie touches, such as collars, cuffs, gilets and vestees. Mannishness, of course, is definitely out and sophistication takes its place with a subtlety that is intriguing.

Waistlines are firmly placed at a point midway between the top of the hipbone and the normal waist. A famous French dressmaker told Miss Cornell that they only make the very high waisted clothes for American export. It is true that we have a way over here of going to extremes that is really deplorable. When short skirts were the thing it was only in this country that they were worn above the knee. One of the things that Carolyn Cornell is so emphatic about is that American women must give up this unfortunate habit of over-emphasizing fashion details. The experts who design our clothes know just how far they can go without making us look awkward and freakish and it is rather foolhardy for us to try to improve on their taste.

Another thing Miss Cornell was insistent about is the fact that in dressing, as in everything else, individuality comes first. Thanks to Dame Fashion, we have at last definitely renounced the uniform style that was brought about by the exigencies of wartimes and which lasted right up to 1929. No woman should blindly follow fashion trends without taking into account her good points and her bad ones. If your costumes retain the general tone of fashionable smartness adapted to suit your own needs, you will have that indescribable something we know as “chic.” Anything else is wrong.
By Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin
Style Advisor of Columbia Broadcasting System

Radio Fashion Experts
Outline the Latest Mode for Fall Season
Emphasizing a Return to Extreme Feminine Lines and Frills

The new skirt length for street and sports wear is four or five inches below the knee, a dashingly youth-
ful length that still retains the dignity of the new mode. Afternoon dresses reach well over the calf in the smart fall costume while more definitely formal gowns, for afternoon teas and bridge or the matinée, 'swish about the ankles. Evening gowns will just clear the floor this Winter with trains reappearing on the regally formal creations.

Among the silk dresses exhibited in Paris crêpe led all the rest, with the old favorite, canton crêpe, predominating. Marocaine, flat crêpe, ribbed and semi-sheer textures are all good but satin was only seen in a very dull finish. Skirt fullness was stressed with circular cuts and godets. Pleats are coming back; from deep box pleats to the accordion variety, all around the skirt or in groups in front. The wide box pleats, which were shown mostly on tailored cloth frocks, were stitched to a point midway between the hip and the knees and then allowed to hang free.

Fancy sleeves will be seen a great deal this fall. Cuffs, scalloped edges, and contrasting facings to match vestees and collars will be good. Miss Cornell particularly noted several dresses with sleeves that flared above the wrist coming down in a tight cuff.

As has always been the case, black will be the favorite of the smart woman for her Fall wardrobe. Brown, the deep, rich shade Miss Cornell noted in Paris, will probably give blue a close race for second place. Greens and reds, while never so popular, will be good in the darker hues.

The tuck-in skirt and blouse style that has been coming more and more to the fore during the past few months will definitely take its place among the Fall styles. Intricately cut one-piece silk dresses, with different color waist and skirt, will be subtly fashioned to give the appearance of two separate garments. Such color combinations as black and pink or eggshell, brown and beige or a pinky beige, and Patou brown and oyster green will be the leading favorites.

The real chance to splurge your taste for luxury and lavishness will be in your evening clothes for the coming season. Miss Cornell reports that beads, sequins and all sorts of glittering trimming are creeping back into favor. Soft, luscious velvets will be extremely smart for evening gowns and wraps, though velvet will be seldom used for daytime dresses. Evening shades shown in Paris (Continued on page 120)
Opened Doors

Select Daytime Programs Take Homebound Housewives Beyond Their Four Walls into a Broader Cultural Knowledge and a Bigger World

By Betty McGee

Any examination of the history of women since the days in the Garden brings to light many distressing facts. Not to dwell on the sordid details, we may sum it all up by simply saying that woman has had a raw deal. It has ever been her fate to remain prosaically at home living through the old monotonous, caring for house and babes, while her lord and master was off waging his wars and conquering new worlds.

Passing lightly over the centuries and turning our gaze towards Woman in the year nineteen hundred and twenty we find her not quite the emancipated being the twentieth century would seem to demand. We are talking, now, of the Average Woman—the woman who does all her own work; raises her brood; lives on a modest income. Still her life is confined largely to the four walls of her dwelling place—not merely physically, but mentally. Her contacts each day with those outside her home circle are brief and hurried. The very nature of her work confines and encompasses her, never, for an instant, allowing her to escape from its burden. She is too busy to reach out for new contacts, or, in fact, to feel the need for them. With an unconscious philosophic acceptance she takes life as she finds it, but not without the toll of an unexpressed dissatisfaction.

Then came her Liberator, pushing down the walls that confined her; bringing her new life, new power. Its name was Radio. At first it came mysteriously and in disguise, clothed as Sorcerer and Entertainer.

But with the development of Radio, the introduction of the loud speaker, the increase in range of daytime programs, came also its unobtrusive entrance into the life of Woman. It all happened without her realization that it was happening at all.

As we have seen, Woman was always "too busy" to stop to learn new tricks to help her in her work. But after the advent of Radio the busy housewife grew to enjoy the sound of the cheery voice on the homemaker program and although she paid little heed, she unconsciously made mental note of some of the things she heard. And here we may observe, in addition to the quality of unobtrusiveness Radio possessed the magic power of repetition. Through the constant hammering in of its truths Radio taught Woman, even against her will.

Of course no woman who is Woman at all can resist for very long tips on cooking. This was Radio’s first wedge, and a very practical one. In this way Woman learned the value of balanced meals, of proper nourishment, and what is more, the importance of the scientific way of doing things.

Sister to cooking came sewing. Here again the housewife learned the easiest, fastest, the correct way, of making garments. She was soon not only equipped with constructive ideas but was initiated into the subtleties of dress as an art and a means to enhancing one’s person.

Then of course there were talks on general care of the home. The housewife learned to do her routine tasks in almost one-half the time they had previously taken. For example, by following the directions of Ida Bailey Allen she learned to prepare a dinner in thirty minutes in place of forty-five or sixty.

We have seen how the whole family was benefited by this new knowledge on the part of the wife and mother. They were all better nourished. The children received a better start in life because they were raised according to the scientific findings of those versed in the psychology of child training. And let it be noted here that one of the fine things about Radio is the authenticity of the programs presented, each program representing enormous research.

And at the same time Woman herself through the efficiency she has learned to employ has been enabled to devote more time to herself—to her own personal life to relaxation, reading or possibly community enterprise.

For some time, however, the housewife had been laboring under the delusion that attention to her own personal attractiveness was somehow a sinful waste of time. So she never troubled to find out how to care for her hair or skin, or indeed did she think of herself as an individual with a personality all her own, and a potential charm. But with the confidence that Radio had already established in her heart, Woman was willing to be taught how to become more beautiful. And Radio accomplished this as it...
and although there has been much talk of women in politics since Woman got the vote, active interest never prevailed in the remotest districts or in the busiest homes till woman could hear, without moving from her own living-room, speeches both informative and non-partisan. The Government Club of New York City and the League of Women Voters have done much to acquaint the Average Woman with the political situation as it stands today.

It is interesting to note some of the agencies which have been instrumental in developing women's programs. Commercial firms have done much to further the development of such programs. Among such contributors are the Washburn Crosby Company, Radio Household Institute, the Copeland Hour, the Consolidated Gas Company, and scores of others.

The agricultural colleges of the country as well as the United States Department of Agriculture also stand in line for their share of the credit in developing women's programs on the air. Dr. Louise G. Stanley, Chief of the Home Economics Department at Washington, is a staunch believer in the value of Radio as a great educator.

WOMEN'S clubs, as we have already indicated, have helped to promote feminine program broadcasting. The Congress of Women's Clubs of western Pennsylvania, located at Pittsburgh, sponsored the first Radio club on the air. Mrs. John Sloan, then president, showed her interest by giving it her full support and assigned to this task Mrs. Charles M. Johnson, the then chairman of the home economics department of the Congress. This club brought to the woman audience the most prominent speakers of the club world. Mrs. John D. Sherman, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs at Washington, D. C., proved her personal approval by her assistance in this phase of Radio broadcasting.

The decidedly cultural aspects must not be overlooked. Take that one tremendous factor alone—music. If Radio had done no more than to bring this one element of beauty into the heart of Woman it would have been enough. Through its mysterious power the very soul of Woman has been refreshed; her whole being relaxed—recreated. In large measure these programs which did so much to restore woman's sense of the beauty of things were merely by way of entertainment—programs tuned in for a moment of snatched relaxation. Other programs, however, were plainly designed to educate. Take for instance that marvelous opportunity presented in Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Series which reached all parts of the country through the NBC network.

Then again the long list of stations to broadcast the American School of the
Forty-niners of Radio

LATENT talent is being stimulated everywhere by Radio—in fact it has been for a long time. And still there is waiting-room in the wings for the individual who can mould good aerial entertainment from the heritage afforded by the theatre, vaudeville and concert stage.

But, oh for that 'good old days' before Radio wriggled out of her swaddling clothes to become the undisputed and perfected mistress of the air.

"Breaking in" wasn't so hard.

It didn't seem to matter just what the potentialities were. A man or woman might have a penchant to write, sing or to play some musical instrument. He just got his stride and swung down the lane that led to one of the Radio stations that, even then, were springing up like the oft-mentioned mushroom. He was right sure of a job. Even though he wasn't paid for his work, there was fame to be won! And not a few of those stars shining brightest on Radio's Broadway today, got on the theatrical boards just that way.

In the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company, there are a corps of real pioneers of the West. Five of them are women who heard Radio's call long before most folk recognized her as more than an amazing—and mysterious—medium, which provided diversion, far from perfect, if one rigged up a crystal set and clamped on the ear-phones.

Wilda Wilson Church, dramatic director; Georgia Simmons, famed for black-face interpretations; Peggy Chapman, among the first of the crooners to hum blues through the ether; Pearl King Tanner, who forsook the stage to present the first three-act drama; and Josephine Bartlett, who became a nationally known home-science expert, are the feminine "Forty-niners of Radio".

Among the men are Arthur Garbett, educational director of the Pacific Division NBC, and Bert Horton, of the National Players. Billy Page, the Penrod of the West and a star in his own right since he was 10 years old, is among the first of the juveniles on the air and H. C. Connette, continuity writer, discovered his penchant for Radio while writing for a newspaper in China.

Mrs. Church probably is the outstanding pioneer of the group. It was she who insisted first that a complete play could be presented via Radio successfully and she who talked a station manager into letting her produce "Dulce" nearly eight years ago. Mrs. Church was at KRE, Berkeley, Calif. The station was among the first in the San Francisco bay area and with its impressive 50 watts, it crowned the fan-famed Claremont Hotel, for years a society center and gathering place of the West Coast.

Besides proving that drama was acceptable to the Radio audience, Mrs. Church tried out educational features and read poetry.

"A new type of literature is bound to evolve because of Radio's demand for microphone drama and continuity," Mrs. Church tells her interviewer. "Already a great many prominent writers are devoting considerable effort to the development of the 'perfect' Radio drama and hundreds of men and women throughout the country are engaged in writing continuity. Each of these is a distinct type of literature built to meet the ever growing and increasingly diversified demand."

A quiet woman whose keen gray eyes and youthful attitude belie her years, Mrs. Church works diligently each day at the business of directing and producing scores of dramatic performances in the NBC San Francisco studios. For four years, she was director of dramatic productions at KGO Oakland, and found time to develop an occasional juvenile program. That was before sponsors discovered that grown-ups could be reached successfully during the four to five o'clock period which formerly was in a fair way to become universally a "bedtime" hour.

Speaking of "microphone literature", Mrs. Church points to the striking career of Helen Norris, a youthful, crippled author who lives in Medford, Ore.

"Miss Norris wrote to ask me what kind of plays could be presented through the air," Mrs. Church explained. "I described my ideal and Helen began to write. More than 12 of her plays were given at the KGO studios and they now are being broadcast by stations in Schenectady, N. Y.; Denver, Colo., and Portland, Ore. The homes realities of life, as she sees them each day, are used by the little girl as themes for her plays."

Microphone technique interests Mrs. Church tremendously. While the dramas which she has written or directed are

(Continued on page 126)
By Evelyn Gardiner, Director
KDKA Home Forum

Do you homemakers realize that your business— that of home management—is the largest business in the country? There are 30,000,000 homes in the United States. Roughly speaking the total population of our country is 120,000,000. Just think, one-fourth of these people are engaged in a single industry. Surely no other one industry is composed of so many workers.

Is it not of importance to the progress of the nation how the management of these homes is conducted? Millions of dollars may be lost yearly if each one of these home managers is but a little inefficient. Home managers are directly and vitally concerned with the provision of the three main necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter. Of course, food is the most important and most of the time of the housewife is consumed with the buying, handling, storage and preparation of foods for the family meals. This function has greatly increased in importance due to the complexity of modern living. The health of the nation is largely in the hands of the 30,000,000 homemakers. Is there not a tremendous responsibility upon your shoulders?

We realize more than ever before that the preservation of food means the preservation of health. Knowledge regarding health and the care of foods is widespread and available to everyone today. But we do not always grasp the opportunity as it comes to us and make the best use of this knowledge. We have many things to learn about a great many subjects. We may know a little about our own jobs, but there are millions of other things about which most of us are ignorant. We speak of a well educated person as one who has attended high school or college, perhaps. He may know law, psychology, biology or engineering. But what else does he know? Does he know how to live? If he doesn’t, can we call him really educated? So few of us know very much about health. And I wonder if we always follow the principles which we do know.

The success of our jobs, as homemakers or workers in other industries, is largely determined by our health. Proper means of refrigeration is a great factor in maintaining good health. Most of us are very particular when buying food in the store. We demand wrapped bread and butter, sterilized milk, good sanitary conditions and clean, healthy employees. The things we see make a deep impression upon us. How many of us like to eat buns or cake left out on the counter where the flies swarm? And yet, I wonder if we are very careful when the food is delivered to us.

The milk is delivered in sterilized containers. It is left on the porch and there it may stay for several hours in the sun. Or we may bring it in and let it stand in a warm kitchen for some time before putting it in a refrigerator. Bacteria multiply very rapidly in warm milk. Even though the milk may not sour, it may be unfit for use. Think, then, of the risk you are taking with your most loved possessions, your family. Most people are conscientious and want to do what is right and safe for health. But sometimes, we all need to be startled a bit to realize our carelessness.

What means of refrigeration are you using? Is it adequate? Are you sure? If not, what can be done to improve it? Do you realize the importance of good refrigeration?

Think over these questions. Keep them in mind as you read this article. If you do not find the information here you need to answer your questions, ask those whose job it is to know about refrigeration.

What causes foods to decompose? There are millions of micro-organisms in air, water and food. Some are our friends and help us in many cookery processes. Others change the chemical composition of foods making them poisonous rather than beneficial. Two types of micro-organisms which cause food to decay are mold and bacteria. Given the right conditions they will grow rapidly in food unless prevented. They change good food into spoiled food, such as rancid butter, rotten eggs, or putrid meat. Of course, many spoiled foods may be detected by sight or smell. You would immediately throw such food away. But sometimes food is decayed and it cannot be detected by the senses. With certain foods, the senses may be trusted. But with others, these little bacteria may be present and no evidence given to the consumer.
Most of us have known for years that if foods were kept cold they would stay fresh longer. Yes, but how cold must they be? And how long will they stay fresh? These are indeed very important questions and the answers to them are even more important. Let us be no longer content to thrust a food into a refrigerator, leave it there so long as we care to, use it when it fits into our menu and then trust to luck or good fortune that nothing disastrous will happen. But suppose you were not feeling well on that particular day? Or, perhaps your baby may be given some of this left-over food. What would be the result? Anyone with a weakened digestive system is much more easily upset than a well, healthy individual. An example of this occurred in a tea-room in a college town one day. Students, faculty and neighbors ate there regularly. After one noon lunch, several were quite ill. Others were not. The trouble was laid to a meat loaf made from left-over meat. And of course the real cause behind it was inadequate refrigeration.

Refrigeration is an all-year-round responsibility. It is impossible to depend upon the weather to maintain a low, and uniform temperature. Refrigeration is quite a modern innovation. Storage of food was unheard of among primitive peoples. They killed enough meat to satisfy the appetite and threw away what was left. Later when men began to live in houses they became more civilized and more intelligent. The first reason for food preservation was to provide for food in time of famine. At first salt was used for this purpose. This was not entirely satisfactory. Then foods were dried to preserve them. The use of cold was one of the earliest methods of refrigeration. Formerly, cold was not available in all climates and at all times of the year. Many methods were devised to provide cold when it was needed. The spring, well, basement, ice-house, water-tight containers and caves have all been used at various periods.

In the 17th century a Dutchman discovered the existence of micro-organisms. But it was not until the 19th century, that Louis Pasteur discovered the relation of bacteria and other micro-organisms to the spoilage of food and the communication of disease. He discovered that these microbes might be killed by heat, thus preventing food spoilage. Then scientists studied the effect of cold as a means of preventing food spoilage. They have told us that if food is kept at all times at a temperature below 50 degrees, bacteria cannot multiply to any great extent and foodstuffs will remain fresh for some time.

There is no other one food which requires the care milk does in the home. Laws protect us from receiving poor milk. It is carefully pasteurized or certified, bottled and delivered to us clean and cold. Laws regulate the dairies, the employees, the health and cleanliness of the cows themselves. With all this scrupulous care and outlay of millions of dollars to protect the babies of the nation, should not the homemakers do their part in safeguarding them also? Many mothers are indignant if anyone infers that they neglect their children, and yet carelessness in the handling of milk is quite general. When the milk is spoiled and your baby is ill, do you blame someone else or are you ever the cause? Bacteria grow rapidly in milk unless the temperature is low. Quick cooling after milking is essential to prevent the growth of these bacteria. One investigation of this increase shows us that when milk is kept at 90°F. for one hour, the bacteria have increased over one and one-half million from the original. If kept at 50°F. the increase is but 33,000 bacteria. So we can readily see the need for quick cooling of milk and a uniform temperature of 45°F. or less for milk at all times.

For years, ice has been the principal method of refrigeration. If it were available everywhere and at all times, mechanical refrigeration would probably not have become so popular. But ice shortages have shown us the uncertainty of such a means of refrigeration. Mechanical refrigeration gives us a uniform temperature at all times. It eliminates the possibility of being without ice, thus causing food to spoil. There are no ice cards to put out each morning. No ice man can track his muddy feet over your kitchen floor. If you wish to go away for a few days, you can be sure that your food will be kept in perfect condition until your return.

An Apology
The article about Amos 'n Andy in Hollywood, promised for this month, has been postponed until our next issue. Amos 'n Andy arrived in the Movie Capital too late to make it possible to obtain an adequate story for the current issue of Radio Digest.

When selecting an electrically controlled refrigerator, there are several things to consider. The cost of course varies as to type and size. You are buying more than a cooling box. You have an electric mechanism which is far more expensive than the ordinary ice box. The initial and the operation costs of the two cannot be easily compared. It depends upon local prices, transportation costs and other factors. Weather conditions determine the operation costs to a large extent in either case.

If no warm air entered the box, very little electricity would be used in operating a refrigerator. But there is no perfect insulation which will keep out all air. Heat enters from three sources. About three percent comes from opening the doors, sixteen percent from the food put in and eighty-one percent from leakage through the walls. There are many kinds of insulating material used. Cork, corkboard, felt, sawdust, mineral wool, and paper are some of these. The material must hold air, it must not settle, rot or crack and it must last as long as the chest itself. It must be odorless. It must be strong. It must not absorb moisture.

The whole construction should be strong and rugged. Thick, continuous walls prevent air from being conducted into the refrigerator. The insulation should be well enclosed or cemented to the walls to close all air spaces. The openings should be few, the hinges and other parts made to fit tightly. Avoid metal so far as possible, as metal conducts heat, thereby using more electricity.

It is important, especially in a home with small children, that the motor be protected from any danger to them. It should also be protected from any moisture. The quietness of the operation of the motor is important to women. Some are more silent than others, but you will find that all are being improved to the point where they will operate quietly.

The construction largely determines the temperature maintained. From 40° to 50° is a good range. The temperature should not be above 50°. Good insulation and good circulation of air and low humidity are necessary for a low temperature. Hours refrigeration does not kill micro-organisms. It merely keeps them in a resting state and retards their growth. Above 50°F., the organisms which tend to destroy food increase at a very rapid rate. They multiply much less rapidly at temperatures below 45°F. It is easily seen why a low, uniform temperature is necessary. One can never be sure that food will keep even for a very short time, if there happen to be great fluctuations in temperature.

To insure air circulation be sure that the shelves of your refrigerator are perforated. Cold air is heavy and sinks to the bottom, forcing the warm air up. We do not want cold air to keep watered down. Openings are put in the shelves to help the air to circulate. With the air, odors circulate, as well. Without a free circulation of air, the food at the top of the refrigerator, where the temperature is the highest, might not keep very long.

Food will not keep well in a moist refrigerator. A good circulation helps to keep the box dry. You will find that an
Maurie Sherman

Chicago's Popular Dance Orchestra Leader Graduates
from Maestro of Cubs Ball Bat to the Little Baton

By Ann Stewart

STATION WBBM, Chicago. It is now time to take you to the Col-lege Inn of the Hotel Sherman for a half hour of dance music sup-
plied by Maurie Sherman and his famous, all star orchestra. Maurie's first song will be—

You can believe your ears, for what you have heard is perfectly true. Maurie Sherman and his band are back on the air and they are back to stay, broadcasting nightly as well as in the afternoon from WBBM in Chicago, and it is rumored that they may have some time on the Columbia Broadcasting System in the near future. Furthermore, all their activities take place in the College Inn, Chicago's center of night life in the center of the loop. In other words, Maurie and his boys are coming to the public with a big smile and the assurance that this time they will not stray far from their friends or the mike.

As a sort of welcome gesture from his fans, Maurie finds himself swamped with congratulatory telegrams, letters and telephone calls. There are requests for him to play this song or that, for him to sing some of his oldest and best loved songs in his own inimitable manner, and last but not least to tell the world a little more about himself, where he came from, why he is an orchestra leader, and where he found so much good that he does with the dance music of the day. Now he has agreed to answer these questions by telling me the story of his life, and those who know him best have helped with the additional information that Maurie deemed too unimportant to mention.

When Maurie was fifteen years old, he was living in Chicago with his parents, going to school, studying violin very seri-

ously and taking a good deal of time to act as bat boy for the Cubs. He was a great baseball fan and still is somewhat of a follower of all the sports, as can be seen later. School meant nothing to Maurie. He went because his father wanted him to go and because it seemed the thing to do. However, his leisure moments were spent at the Cubs Park, and he soon found that school interfered mightily with baseball, hence, school was cast aside. After a month of neglecting his studies, Maurie was summoned to the principal's office and asked why he had not come to school and where he had been. Maurie replied that he had been sick, which was an unfortunate answer, for the principal demanded a signed certificate from his doctor. It was a serious place to be in.

Not making the situation any easier was the fact that Mr. Sherman senior was really intent on having his son go to college. He acknowledged that Maurie was really an accomplished violinist, but that education was more important than a musical career, he was positive. Mrs. Sherman was perhaps a little in favor of the violin.

Maurie was her favorite and she rather thought that he would make something of himself sooner or later. Knowing where the sympathy lay, Maurie went to his mother with the story of his experience at school. As a result, mother and son, as is the custom, joined forces and saved Maurie from complete annihilation at the hands of his father. Neither did the lad go back to school.

But Maurie's father was none too willing to let his son grow up to be indolent, so when Maurie was sixteen he got his first real job playing the violin in a dance orchestra whose other instruments con-
sisted of a battered piano and a dilapidated set of drums. He was a real musician now, earning two dollars a night and a full fledged member of the musicians union. It is guessed that at last the young man was really happy.

"No, I didn't start my career selling newspapers," smiles Maurie. "I never earned any money except that which I was paid for my playing and that money was little enough for a long time." He played in bands of all sorts for some years before he made his first important connection, but during that time he had many interesting and some rather comical experiences in the light of what the name of Maurie Sherman now signifies. One glimpse into Maurie's life is especially memorable.

Sam Katz, now of the famous Balaban and Katz, was just opening his first movie house. He needed an orchestra of some sort, and Maurie, who was then about seventeen, applied for the job singly, fiddle in hand. Mr. Katz looked the plump, black haired lad over, listened to his playing and decided in favor of him to the tune of ten dollars a week. Maurie was decidedley pleased and felt that he was making a way for himself.

HOWEVER, success goes to one's head often enough and Maurie was not unusual in this human leaning. A few months after his opening in Katz' theater, Maurie went to his boss and demanded a raise to twelve dollars a week. There were some warm words exchanged in which might be heard the opinion of each gentleman on the other. The end came when Maurie and his violin made a speedy exit from the office of the redoubtable Mr. Katz sans job and a good deal of pride.

After losing that position, Maurie was forced to seek work from another source. He played in a concert orchestra on one of the Lake Michigan excursion boats,

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What About Television?

In the last hundred years scientific progress in many fields has been more rapid than at any other time in the world's history. Inventions and discoveries keep pouring down on us from the fecund womb of technology, crowding so closely upon each other that the average person feels nothing is impossible to the scientist. Books and newspaper and magazine articles have brought science to the public and the many advances of recent years have caught and held their imagination, creating a vast and eager audience interested in science. And during past years few subjects have created more discussion than television.

In television confident predictions of its coming have been made so frequently during the past few years that many proverbial pessimists have probably been convinced that we will soon see as we have heard by radio. Research in this field has attracted scientists throughout the world. Almost every week some one asks us, "When will television in the home become practical?" But to attempt to predict how much water must flow under the bridge before television becomes practical would be futile—this is a sea whose shores no eyes can see. Tremendous progress has been made, but there are still many fundamental difficulties yet to be overcome.

Most persons want to know when television will become "practical" and this involves defining what we mean by practical. The first radio receivers, whose panels contained innumerable dials, knobs and switches were "practical" but the newest sets are certainly much more practical since they contain but two major controls for tuning and volume and can therefore be operated with perfect ease by users who have absolutely no conception of what happens when they turn the dial.

When television receivers first become available they will probably be practical in the same sense as were the early receivers. In other words they will be comparatively difficult to operate, requiring considerable experience on the part of the user before good results are obtained.

Many, when they consider television in the home, think of a device like a radio receiver with a switch and a couple of controls and a screen at least three feet square on which will be projected a clear unfluctering image—in other words they conceive something similar to a motion picture, on a somewhat smaller scale, with the difference that the television screen will record events as they happen. Actually, if we installed a television receiver to-day, we would see (perhaps) a small image, at the most a few inches square. Television in its early stages cannot be compared very readily with early broadcasting. The car can be subjected to a comparatively large amount of distortion before it becomes painfully noticeable. Many of the important sounds produced by orchestra instruments can be suppressed and the music, to the average person, will still sound quite good. The eye, on the other hand, is very critical and easily detects even a small amount of distortion.

The promise of television is that we may see events at a distance, as they occur. Television annihilates distance for the eye as ordinary broadcasting does for the ear. To accomplish television certain definite problems are involved. A hopeful sign is that here in America at least four great industrial organizations are devoting a large amount of time and energy and money to the problems of television. Among the leaders in this work are Herbert E. Ives of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, W. W. Alexander of the General Electric Company and consulting engineer of the Radio Corporation of America, C. F. Jenkins of the Jenkins Television Corporation, F. Conrad of the Westinghouse & Mfg. Co., and V. K. Zworykin of the R C A Victor Co., and J. L. Baird of the Baird Television Corporation, the latter being an English concern with a branch in this country.

Practical television is not achieved because seeing faces and scenes has been and will continue to be demonstrated. The best demonstrations of this sort have been laboratory affairs involving expensive, complicated apparatus and competent engineers. Simpler apparatus has been designed and in fact is being used by many experimenters in this country and in England. But it seems to us that the appeal of television to this group is not that of receiving good pictures but of doing at one's home what is demonstrated in the laboratories of large companies with the aid of a hundred engineers and thousands of dollars worth of apparatus. The thrill they get is perhaps somewhat similar to that Galileo got when he looked through his glass—the first telescope—and with it saw thousands of stars never before seen by man. A thrill that made Galileo write his friend Kepler

Oh, my friend Kepler,

how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together. Here at Padua is the principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! And to hear the professor of philosophy at Pisa laboring 'before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the

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of the Radio Arts

The New Receivers

The FALL months bring a time of the year when many people consider buying a new Radio receiver to provide countless hours of enjoyment during the following months. Many Radio receiver manufacturers have announced new models and the improvements they contain represent new factors to consider when purchasing a receiver. Indeed the constant improvements made in Radio receivers lead some to hesitate over the purchase of a new set, in anticipation of some sort of Radio millennium product which, both from a musical and technical standpoint, is capable of giving long and satisfactory service. It will not be greatly outclassed for a long time. In simplicity, ease of operation, appearance, and quality of reproduction it has reached high standards. So far as Radio design is concerned we have reached the era of refinement. But it is these refinements that influence many in the purchase of a receiver. Most of this year's improvements are technical in nature—in many cases they represent long careful labor.

knob placed alongside the tuning control and it enables the user to vary the quality of the reproduction. With it either the base or the treble notes can be given special emphasis. The markings on the control differ among various sets but at the two extremes of the movement of the control there will usually be found the words "mellow" and "brilliant" or one of their synonyms. When the control is turned to "mellow" the lower register—the base notes—are given more emphasis than the treble; when the control is turned to "brilliant" the lower notes are suppressed and added emphasis given to the treble. There are several reasons why these controls will prove popular.

National Broadcasting Company's Control Booth in New York

when receivers will be absolutely perfect. Improvements will always be made in the Radio art and he who waits for perfection will never enjoy Radio. Were the same idea to be followed in the purchase of automobiles some forty million people would still be walking for, after a quarter of a century of developments, the perfect automobile is not yet in sight.

The Radio receiver of to-day is a prod-

tory work by the engineering staffs of the various manufacturing companies. In the following paragraphs we attempt to explain what a few of the improvements mean in the way of better reception.

Tone Control

Here is a feature to be found on a number of the new receivers. The tone control usually takes the form of a small

(Continued on page 128)
THE National Broadcasting Company announced on July 22 that an application had been filed with the Federal Radio Commission for a permit to replace the present transmitting equipment of WJZ with more modern apparatus. The new transmitter would have a rating of 50 kilowatts, but would only be operated at 30 kilowatts, which is the same power at present being used by WJZ. Since the engineers do not desire to increase the power of the station we see no reason why the application should be denied.

This request for a new transmitter rather naturally brings up the question of what is being done in the broadcasting art to improve quality and service. The entire broadcast structure depends largely upon these two factors, for without excellent technical equipment and personnel the best program may be hashed in transmission. The quality of the transmission of a broadcasting station is no mysterious matter, in as far as it is a function of the apparatus installed. If it transmits impartially all the usual tones associated with speech and music, free from distortion due to overloading, and a few other technical bugs, and if the operators know their business, it will put out first rate stuff. If on the other hand the station does not transmit the low notes the output will sound "tippy" on a good broadcast receiver; if the high notes are lost the program will sound muffled, having that boom-boom quality. If the transmission curve of the station is sensibly flat between about 50 cycles, which corresponds to a note about two octaves below middle C on the piano, up to about say, 6000 cycles, corresponding to a note considerably higher than the top note on the piano the station can hardly help sounding good on the air—unless the operators are plumbers and mismanage their jobs.

To give the reader a definite idea of the range of musical instruments, the chart on this page will be helpful. This chart shows the range in frequency of all the common musical instruments. The chart does not show, however, the overtones produced when an instrument is played, and it is the overtones that give distinctive character to two different instruments both sounding the same note. If the overtones are suppressed it is not possible to tell the difference between any two instruments, a piano and a violin for example. The overtones extend far beyond the range of the chart and it is to take care of these essential qualities of musical instruments, that it is necessary to extend the range of transmitters and receivers beyond the frequency corresponding to the highest note on the piano.

But good equipment is of little use without a capable staff to operate it. In broadcasting, the announcer has been elevated, by some, to a high and mighty place, but his work is no more important, and we are inclined to say his work is less important, than that of the technical staff. We would have no objections—in fact would rather like—listening to a program that just went through from beginning to end without any announcing, but we groan when we even consider listening to a program transmitted while the technical staff slumbered! The biggest job of the technical staff during a transmission is that of "monitoring". Skillful monitoring is an art in itself. The necessity for it arises from the fact that wire lines and transmitters cannot be built, at this stage of the art, to accommodate the extreme ranges in volume of many musical selections. A full symphony orchestra going full blast, with all the musicians sawing, thumping and blowing as hard as they can, produces about a million times as much energy as will a few musicians playing pianissimo. The orchestra conductor enjoys this but it makes the engineer sweat. The job of the monitoring operator, who obviously must have some musical as well as technical training if he is to do a good job, is to reduce that ratio of a million between fortissimo and pianissimo passages to a ratio that can be handled without distortion by the broadcast equipment. It is not a simple task. The object of the good control operator is always to leave the original alone as far as the characteristics of the equipment permit. Even though the operator "let 'er ride" with the result that distortion occurs, or they adjust the control excessively with the result that the listener gets the impression that the music is "flat". A good control operator is like a good automobile driver who never pushes the accelerator down to the floor boards but always keeps something in reserve, and who never makes any very sudden swerves or turns, but does this slowly and with forethought. Monitoring must always be done smoothly; the only abrupt changes in volume should be those written into the music by its composer.

Broadcasting has now been with us long enough to have developed good control operators, who will always remain "unsung heroes" to the listener; but not to the engineer-in-charge who thanks his lucky stars many times for a good control operator.
they undertook to “cover” the National Open Golf Tournament at the Interlachen Golf Club, Minneapolis, by Radio.

Radio history surety was made at Interlachen July 10, 11, and 12, when KSTP achieved the first detailed broadcast of tournament play from the actual scene of the competition, with frequent descriptions of the shots as they were being executed.

It was a tremendous task, according to Radio engineers much more difficult than the handling of such events as the welcome to Lindbergh in New York or the arrival there of the Graf Zeppelin, yet with the aid of short wave transmitters WOXAY augmenting numerous installations of standing equipment near the fairways in different parts of the Interlachen course, there scarcely was a time when immediate reports of play were not available.

Breaking its program on an average of every fifteen minutes during the day, this station kept listeners informed of the developments on the course during almost ten hours each tournament day and tied up for short periods from time to time with its network associate, the National Broadcasting Company.

Here is a little of the story of how it was done.

Stanley E. Hubbard, vice-president and general manager of the National Battery Company, owners and operators of KSTP, assembled his staff and action started.

Telephone lines were run from the Minneapolis studio of the National Battery station in the Hotel Radisson to the Interlachen club. Four pickup stations were established on the grounds. Of these, one was a general control station manned by a supervisor, a directing announcer, two Radio engineers and one contact man.

One sub-station was established back of the first green and another back of the tenth green to cover the outlying points of the first and second nines. A telephone station was established at the bulletin board in the press house a few rods from the main control station. At this station one man forwarded official scores as rapidly as they were posted.

The directing announcer reported these as rapidly as they were posted by speaking into the microphone at the control station. He was able from his place at the microphone to command a view of the first tee, the sixth green, the seventh tee and the ninth green and, by means of field glasses, could identify players and follow and report the play.

For additional information as to the progress of the contestants he held conversations, audible to all listeners-in, with the assisting announcers at the sub-stations on the field. Observers and announcers at these stations were able to watch and report the play at the first green, the second tee, and the eight green and ninth tee, for one installation and on the tenth green and eleventh tee, the seventeenth green and the eighteenth tee, from the other, while finishing players and others watching at the eighteenth green brought reports direct to the control station.

Other points were covered by the short wave equipment, one of the transmitters being mounted on the chassis of a large baby carriage, which was trundled after the important players or to vantage points where high spots in the play were visible.

The broadcasts of these sets were picked up by short wave receivers and fed into the lines to the regular 10,000 watt KSTP transmitter to go on the air as they came from the lips of the observers.

By this system, every known method of covering the event was brought into play. Radio has, to date, nothing else to offer. Not until the portable television transmitter is developed is anything further possible in the Radio cover of such an event.

The organization of the cover made heavy drains upon the personnel of the station and the National Broadcasting Company. In personal charge of the installation and the principal broadcasts was Stanley E. Hubbard, KSTP vice-president and general manager, assisted by Kenneth M. Hance, production manager.

The key man on the broadcasts was Phil Bronson, star Twin Cities sports announcer and former newspaper sports editor, who performed a prodigy of labor in handling the microphone at fifteen minute intervals for from ten to twelve hours daily.

At the sub-station on the first nine was an announcer ready at a moment's notice to cut in on the line and describe the play from his point of view in a conversation with Mr. Bronson. Because of the difficult problems offered on the second nine, the second sub-station had two observers reporting in such conversations.

Participation of the National Broadcasting Company brought two of its stars to Minneapolis for the event. One was a staff man from Chicago, J. Oliver Rhel, technical supervisor. The other was the renowned sports writer and Radio sports authority O. B. Keeler, of the Atlanta Journal, who has traveled in the train of Bobby Jones to the principal golf tournaments for many years, covering hundreds of thousands of miles and witnessing the play of every outstanding golfer in the country.

In addition to these men were eleven Radio reporters who caught the high lights of the tournament and brought instant news of the latest developments on the course either to the control station, one of the sub-stations or to the short wave operator.

Important features of each day's broadcasts were the impromptu microphone interviews of Phil Bronson with the outstanding players as they finished their play. Within five minutes, for instance, after Tommy Armour broke the 71 of Bobby Jones on the first day of the tournament, listeners in all the forty-eight states and territories, in three nations of the western hemisphere and perhaps in some of the homes of three continents were hearing Armour tell of his experiences during that spectacular round.

Arrangements with sponsors of conflicting commercial broadcasts were made by Earl D. Jencks, commercial manager, to permit the broadcasting of tournament reports within a few seconds of the time the action occurred. Radio listeners thus were able to learn what went on at every hole with far more rapidity than those who followed one of the trailers over the course or those who sat on the broad slope in front of the clubhouse and watched the play on tees and greens visible from that vantage point.

The location of the control station was particularly advantageous and the cooperation of the club officials helped to make the broadcast a successful one.

In an address over KSTP on the evening of the first day, John Burgess, press and publicity chairman for the Interlachen Golf club, pronounced the cover one of the most extraordinary he had seen and publicly congratulated the National Battery station.

Among those who were heard from KSTP during or just prior to the tournament were: Granlund Rice, veteran sports writer and authority on golf; Walter Hagen, the famous professional; Johnny Farrell, champion of 1928; Tommy Armour, former professional champion; Ralph Trost, veteran sports writer of the Brooklyn Eagle; Whiffy Cox, spectacular Brooklyn golfer; Gene Sarazen, veteran of many tournaments; Joe Turnesa of New York; Jack Burke, now of Texas; Frank Rodia, young professional; Chick Evans, former champion; Al Espinosa, one of the best known figures in the game, and Tom Vardon.
At midnight the striking coal miners calmly proceeded to demolish the place with machine guns and when the bombardment had finally subsided, Paul and the members of his band were found hiding behind a bullet-ridden piano.

After running away from school to Canada to pursue a musical career, Will Osborne landed his first job at the Wayne Country Club, Pennsylvania. This was in 1924, and he and the four other musicians received eighteen dollars weekly.

Twelve year old Jules Alberti was ejected from a Chicago theatre on no less than three occasions before the irate manager weakened and Alberti was hired as custodian of the musical instruments at a weekly salary of five dollars.

Bill Fagan quit his first job as an office boy after one week elapsed because he was assigned to work until 7 o'clock in the evening. Now that he is a Radio entertainer he is about the studios almost every night until 10 or 11 o'clock.

Harry Browne of 'Hank Simmons Showboat' was first a lecturer. It was after the Spanish-American War that he toured the countryside with a talk entitled 'Six Months with Uncle Sam,' which he enhanced with illustrated slides. "The only reason I turned to the lecture platform apoloized Browne, 'was because I came back from the war so thin I scarcely cast a shadow and as a result I was unable to do any really strenuous work."' His brother Bradford Browne, chief of the 'Nit Wits," found his employment in a shoe factory near his home in Massachusetts. It was his distasteful duty to fasten together the inner and outer soles with glue of a repulsive odor.

A job as a hat checker at various dances given in Westchester County marked the start of Bert Lown, director of the Biltmore orchestra. He also had an interest in several refreshment concessions.

Time honored tradition has it that all good college graduates should sell bonds, and Don Clark, fresh from Union College, was no exception. He soon gave it up upon the realization that there were almost as many bond salesmen as potential buyers.

Helen Nugent and Irene Beasley were school teachers prior to their debut in the realm of song and music.

A tea shop at Schroon Lake, New York, was Charlotte Harriman's first commercial venture. She considers herself fortunate in barely making enough money to defray expenses.

'I WAS fired from my first job in a five and ten cent store," declared Georgie Backus, writer-actress, but not because I was unable to remember the prices." However, she refused to divulge the real reason for her dismissal.

Two annoucements. Frank Knight and Harry Vonzell, began as bank messengers. Ted Husing commercialized his football and baseball abilities as a member of the Prescotts, a semi-professional athletic organization to which Lou Gehrig belonged.

Financial straits caused David Ross to leave college and obtain work. He became a waiter in a small restaurant until the irate proprietor found him composing poetry under a table with his tray for a desk. His services were promptly dispensed with.

Don Ball, another of Radio's voices, was leader of the combined musical clubs at Brown University and after his graduation he made his bow as a vaudeville entertainer, billed as the "All-American Ukulele Player.

GEORGE BEUCHLER was the boss and sole employee of his own messenger service that boasted an express wagon and a bicycle as his equipment.

The thrill and glamour of stage work has caused many a school boy, who has subsequently found his way into the Radio, to forsake his reading, writing and 'rithmatic, so that he might seek an outlet for his talents behind the footlights. Some entered vaudeville, others the burlesque, while the balance became part of other forms of theatrical entertainment. Who among us plays in "Forty Fathom Trawlers," said "Goodbye" to his schoolmates and became a jigger and slack wire walker on a nearby vaudeville circuit. He played the smaller circuits for two months, at the end of which time his father located his whereabouts and dragged him by the ear back home.

Phil Maher joined the Helmar and Marian Minstrel Show when he was twelve. This was back in 1895.

Henry Burbig first earned $45 a week as a Jewish comedian with a small burlesque troupe. Dave Elman who is co-starring with Don Clark on the Henry-George program, left his happy Montana home at sixteen for a tent show in Missouri.
Amos 'n' Andy
(Continued from page 45)

"You ask about myself. I have just crawled over the half century mark, am five feet seven, and just tip the scales at 134."

"Hoping this 'splains de situation. . . ."

Using the license which all writers arrogate unto themselves, Miss Susie Kuhn, who lives in Shreveport, La., and who corralled the fifth prize has lifted Amos and Andy from their native haunts in the Fresh Air Taxi Company's offices, and placed them in a country store in the South. Here the boys wait on a continuous string of customers.

"M Y F A T H E R has kept a store in Shreveport for years and of course from actually watching the people who come into the store daily to make purchases, complaints and arrangements for return of goods which they consider not satisfactory (for that occurs in the best regulated stores) I got the idea for the manuscript I sent," wrote Miss Kuhn.

Not long after this letter was received came another from Miss Kuhn which reads in part as follows: "Words cannot express how happy I was to be chosen one out of a mountain of manuscripts, and I certainly appreciate it. All my friends are happy with me. Accept many, many thanks for the prize money. I shall put your telegram and letter in my memory book."

Andy, The Big Cat
and Rat Man
(From one of the Prize Skits)

The boys, Amos and Andy are sitting in the taxi office. Andy has just been deploring the fact that he, Andy, was seriously in need of funds and has just been asking Amos what to do about it.

"AMOS, is you or is you aint?"

"Is I aint what?"

"There you is Amos, 'is I aint what,' here I is asking you for a little inlamma-

ation an' I'll be dawgone if you aint sitting dere will both ears shut."

"Well, Andy, sometimes I gets regusted too, I'se workin' all de time, out wif de taxi aint I, I does all dat I kin and here you is, mad kuz us aint got more money. Andy I don't know what I is gwine to do, all you wants to do is sit in de office and make a imprint on everyone dat you is a big business man."

"Now listen here, Amos, don't you go gittin' mad, you don't got de wrong depression. Just cause I says I'se got to git more money aint no sign you got to go gittin' mad, Amos, I wasn't sayin' you wasn't doin' yo' share, but boy if I could just make one good payin' revestment to brung in de divilends."

"Andy, ain't no use me an you recussin' dis, we doan git no where, to tell you de truf, Andy, Andrew Brown keeps you broke all de time, you don't save a cent, not a cent, some one comes along, yes subl! you is de president of the taxi company an all dat, you done gits your hard way up in de clouds an fore you gits down again, some one sells you two rain coats, a bath mat to sit on in de tub or some stock in de home bank, no use talkin' Andy, you is all de time tellin' me how dumb I is an don't know nuftin' but I is saved some money aint I."

"WELL, Amos, I remits I'se done made a few bad revestments, but us big business men, expects some rever-

sing in these days of business compression."

"Dar you is, jes what I is talkin' 'bout."

"Ye-Uh, but de Madam is what I is thinkin' 'bout."

"Well, Andy, if Madam Queen really loves you, she will do it whether you is flux will money or as flat as de rear tire on our taxi, take me an Ruby Taylor—"

"Shut up Amos, 'bout you an Ruby Taylor, us aint recussing love, us is recour-

sing 'bout money matters."

"All rite, all rite! to tell you de truf Andy, I would like to have more money too but I don't see how us is again to git it lessen us works for it. Oh, oh! Amos look at dat, looks like us wuz goin' to have company. Dats just what, an' he looks like a deacon ob de church. (Door slams.) Scuse us Mr. Deacon but us kaint make no donations to your church, Awa-us has hard enough time wid our own."

"Hush you mouf, Amos, does you want to result the stranger. Have a chair, Mistah, this one ova here by de desk."

"No, thank you Mr. Brown, I presume you are Mr. Brown the President of this thriving concern."

"Yes suh! Tse de president of de Fresh Air Taxicab Company of Americky incorpolated."

"Andy, remember what I done tol you bout de clouds."

"What clouds? Amos you git outta here fore I done busts dis soap box ova your hold."

"Awa-awa all rite, all rite I'se gwine."

"Door slams.

"Scuse me, Mistah, but dat driver of mine shure makes me lost my temper, bad at times Um-Hum."

"Well, Mr. Brown, from what I can gather you are one of the most shrewed business men in Harlem."

"Who done tol you dat?"

"Well, I have looked you up, inquired of several people, amongst them the King-

fish of your Lodge."

"Oh Sho, Sho! Tse all dat, de King-

fish he know what he talkin' bout all right, yes suh! He tells de truf."

"Well, Mr. Brown, I hesitated coming to you with my proposition, the invest-

ment will be so small that it might not interest you, but it will bring you financial returns beyond your expectations."

"Well, Mistah, I doan know anything 'bout my expectations, but dat finan-

shul so'm gu, yes sir."

"Fine, Mr. Brown, if you need money I do not know of any proposition that would sell you the ready cash any quicker."

"Well—Whut is de propolition Mistah, it sound guud, spessfully de money part."

"Of course, Mr. Brown, if I didn't have the utmost confidence in you I would not even mention the nature of this proposition, you understan' this must be strictly confidential."

"Oh Sho! Sho! I understand's dat, pre-

ceed!"

"Well, Mr. Brown, we will start a cat farm."

"Oh! Oh! Who wants cats, everyone wants to git rid of 'em."

"THAT'S it exactly, Mr. Brown, no one wants live cats, but at the present market price of furs, a cat hide is worth $1.00. Statistics prove that cats multiply at a very rapid rate, from a herd of 100 cats in one year's time a herd of 10,000 will be realized, of course these cats will have to eat, so, right next to the cat pens we will raise rats, which multiply as fast as cats. We will feed the rats to the cats, and the carcass of the cats we skin we feed to the rats. Thus our scheme becomes self supporting, cats eat-

ing rats, rats eating cats. We skin the cats and get the money, simple is it not?"

"Uh-huh dat soun's good, no one gits skinned but de cats, ten thousand cats ten thousand dollars, Um-hum, how much dat cost us Mistah?"

"Not much, Mr. Brown, we can pick up a hundred stray cats right here in Harlem, and they will thank us for it, a few paltry dollars for fencing, how much could you put in Mr. Brown?"

"Well to tell you de truf, you might not be interested in what I got, wif de business repression on, I'se down to fifteen bucks, cose I kud make a payment later on."

"THAT will be fine Mr. Brown, you are a man of sound business judgment, give me the fifteen and sign this contract, I will call around in a day or two and let you know what progress I have made. (Pause) Thanks, Mr. Brown."

"Door slams."

"Um-hum, ten thousand dollars, boy dats good, want dat travin' man fade when he see me pull up in front of the Madam's wif a nickel and brass trimmed Packard."

"Hullo, here come Amos wif a policeman, what he bin doin' now?"

"Hullo Andy, where's dat old deacon-

lookin' fellers?"

"Amos, us has a big propolition on, he wan's a big business man."

"Policeman) "Mr. Brown that was a nut, he escaped from the asylum this mornin'."

"Oh! Oh!"

"Awa-Awa-Awa."
Christopher Columbus, running daily between Milwaukee and Chicago for a whole summer, he played five long years in a dance orchestra at Columbia Hall and then finally he was noticed and given a real opportunity.

Waddy Wadsworth was at that time making up an all star band to feature at the Winter Garden. He offered Maurie a place in the orchestra and Maurie with more agility than grace, accepted the offer. It was the very opportunity he was looking for and it meant much more money than he had ever earned before. The senior Shermans were at last satisfied that their son was on the right track, and they were filled with paternal pride.

No sooner had Maurie ended his engagement with Wadsworth, than Arnold Johnson, one of the most popular radio orchestra leaders to-day, sought his services to play at the Green Mill. Maurie went to the new job, and after Johnson left, Maurie stayed on and played his fiddle merrily in company with the piano administrations of Roy Bargy, who is said to be Paul Whiteman’s chief pianist at this writing. The Green Mill was so impressed with the popular, good looking young violinist they attempted to sign him up as house musician, but Maurie would have none of it. He agreed to stay on, however, until a more golden opportunity presented itself, for he knew that something would turn up soon.

His expectations were fulfilled shortly. Isham Jones, at that time, was in command of quite a few orchestras besides his own. He saw Maurie at the Green Mill and approached him with the idea that started Mr. Sherman in the profession in which he is now undoubtedly one of the finest. Jones offered him the place of leader of his Colonial Orchestra then playing at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago. Maurie accepted happily and went into the new job with great hopes for the future. And after a year’s leadership of the Colonial Orchestra, Maurie struck out bravely for himself. He had always assured himself that some day he would become a famous orchestra leader and now he was on the verge of seeing his dreams come true. A bare month after Maurie left the Colonial Orchestra he was firmly established in his own band. He had ten pieces at the time, three of whom are still with him in his present all star orchestra. They are George Freewater, pianist, Jimmy Fallis at the saxophone and the one and only Joe Plotske at the drums. Joe also sings in a manner that is all his own and most amusing. The band lost no time, then, in becoming a favorite and the name of Maurie Sherman at last really meant something.

Maurie has always been most dignified and his orchestra is conducted in the same manner as a symphony orchestra—when Maurie is on the stand with the boys. But somewhere back in the early history of that band there is found an instance when Plotske and Fallis practically stopped the show with their clowning and cutting up while Maurie was answering a telephone call. Now it is a hard and fast rule of the organization, when Maurie leaves the room, the boys do some extemporaneous comedy acts for the benefit as well as the amusement of the audience.

Of course this is not visible over the air as yet, but someday it will be and the Sherman band will be on tap to perform as usual. Amongst their stage properties is a small lamp which aids in the search of foreign matter on coat collars, etc., monkey fashion. Fallis becomes an integral part of his saxophone, the clarinet does its best to drown out the piano and so on. When Maurie is seen, smiling in the oeing, the band calls the show to an end and stages a grand march around the room playing their instruments meanwhile. Five minutes later, with serious mien and able fingers the orchestra is again one of the best behaved your writer has had the opportunity of watching.

It was Maurie’s privilege, about three years ago, to run very nearly at the head of a dance orchestra-popularity contest promoted by Radio Digest. He was playing at night from WLS in Chicago and in the daytime his programs were broadcast from WBBM and KYW. Perhaps Maurie has the only orchestra in Chicago which has appeared on three different stations in the same day for any protracted length of time. But to get back to the contest. WLS was considered Maurie’s main outlet at that time, for it carried his evening programs, and the late hours are by far the best for reception. In January 1928, Radio Digest printed the first returns of the contest. Maurie Sherman and his band were far in the lead of all orchestras all over the country, Vincent Lopez running second and Fred Hamm third. The next issue of the Radio Digest, Maurie was still ahead, but Fate turned a cold shoulder on him for no reason at all. Because WLS, at the time, was having some trouble over musicians, all the bands were taken off the station, Maurie included.

The results were shown in the March issue. Maurie had fallen way behind and there was little chance of his regaining the lead, for he was still off the air at night. But to Fate’s fine relief, the contest will be remembered by most Radio fans. Paul Christensen and his boys ran first for the Middle West and Maurie was second. Had it not been for an unavoidable occurrence, Maurie would probably have won for the entire country.

Maurie has great enthusiasm for his men and his eyes fairly snap when he mentions them. As to his accomplishments, it is a sine qua non with him that he cannot be convinced that the growth of that business would be of the slightest interest to anyone. He sees no glamour in having the most popular orchestra.

What About Television?

(Continued from page 96)

new planets of the sky." Opinions vary.

Television when it comes, will probably make its first appearance in the theatre, where facilities can be made available for producing comparatively large pictures of good detail. The signal may reach the theatre by Radio or by means of special telephone lines designed to handle them. When it becomes a home affair it will probably involve an additional receiver designed especially for the purpose, separate and distinct in every way from the broadcast receiver.

The first demonstration of television in the theatre was given by Dr. Alexanderson on May 22, 1930 in the Proctor (RKO) Theatre in Schenectady, the home town of the General Electric Company. The audience saw television images on a large screen measuring about six by seven feet. The use of such a large screen was made possible by using a high intensity arc light (such as is used to project moving pictures) as the source of light and by the development of a special Karolus cell to vary the intensity of the light. The Karolus cell is not new but its practical application to television represents an important forward step, bringing us nearer the day when large scale television reception will become possible. We understand that a demonstration of television in the theatre is soon to be given in London by the Baird Television Corporation. They will also use a large screen but instead of projecting the light on the screen from a big arc light the screen itself will be composed of thousands of small lights which will glow dim and bright in accordance with the television signals. We don’t know just how much program value these demonstrations would have to a lay audience, but we surmise it would not be very great. For a while at least television programs will be interesting largely because of their novelty—but this is no disparagement. Automobiles, moving pictures, Radio, all had to go through such a period, but they finally emerged to take an important and useful place in our lives.

The science of television is progressing, and very rapidly, too, considering what an enormously difficult task it is. Like the search of the ancient philosophers for the elixier of life, television has been for years an insipiring dream of man. That it will some day become practical no one can deny—when it will come no one can say.

It is interesting to note in recent news dispatches that the Radio Corporation has issued television patent licenses to 32 manufacturers. This may be regarded by many as a Baird Television Corroboration, but further announcements that television sets will soon be on the market. In the meantime slashing cuts in current models of receivers are being advertised.
Here are a few examples of the kind of money I train "my boys" to make

Started with $5. Now has Own Business

"Can't tell you the feeling of independence N.R.I. has given me. Started in Radio with $5, purchased a few necessary tools, circulated the business cards you gave me and business picked up to the point where my spare time earnings were my largest income. Now in business for myself. I have made a very profitable living in work that is play."

HOWARD HASTON,
512 Sixth St., Laramie, Wyo.

$700 in 5 Months Spare Time

"Although I have had little time to devote to Radio my spare time earnings for five months after graduation were approximately $700 on Radio sales, service and repairs. I owe this extra money to your help and interest. I am the interest shown me during the time I studied and since graduation."

CHARLES W. LOWE,
527 Elati St., Denver, Colo.

$7396 Business in two and one-half Months

"I have opened an exclusive Radio sales and repair shop. My receipts for September were $232.10; for October, $239.77, and for the first half of November, $217.32. My gross receipts for the two and one-half months I have been in business have been $7396.55. If I can net about 20% this will mean a profit of about $1480 to me."

J. F. KIRK,
1514 No. Main St., Spencer, Iowa.

My Free book gives you many more letters of N. R. I. men who are making good in spare time or full time businesses of their own

You'll get practical Radio Experience with my new 8 Outfits of Parts that I'll give you for a Home Experimental Laboratory!

Rear view of 5- tube Screen Grid Tuned d a i

My course is not all theory. You use the 8 Outfits I'll give you, in working out the principles, diagrams and circuits used in modern sets and test your books. This 50-50 method of home training makes learning easy, fascinating, interesting. You get as much practical experience in a few months as the average fellow who hasn't had this training gets in two to four years in the field. You can build over 100 circuits with these parts. You experiment with and build the fundamental circuits used in such sets as Crosley, Atwater-Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and many others sold today. You learn how these circuits work, why they work, how they should work, how to make them work when they are out of order.

Get the facts on my Lifetime Employment Service to all Graduates

I will show you how to start a spare time or full time Radio Business of Your Own without Capital

The world-wide use of receiving sets for home entertainment, and the lack of well trained men to sell, install and service them have opened many splendid chances for spare time and full time businesses. You have already seen how the men and women who got into the automobile, motion picture and other industries when they were young had the first chance at the key jobs—and are now the first $10,000 and $15,000 a year men. Radio offers you the same chance that made men rich in those businesses. It is opening hundreds of fine jobs every year, also opportunities almost everywhere for a profitable spare time or full time Radio business. "Rich Rewards in Radio" gives detailed information on these openings. It's FREE.

So many opportunities many make $5 to $50 a week extra while learning

Many of the ten million sets now in use are only 25% to 40% efficient. The day you enroll you will show how to do ten jobs common in every neighborhood, that you can do in your spare time for extra money. I will show you the plans and ideas that are making as high as $800 to $1,000 for others while taking my course. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made $835 in my spare time while taking your course."

Many $50, $60 and $75 a week jobs open in Radio this year

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay $1,800 to $5,000 a year. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, and buyers for jobs paying up to $15,000 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators, give them worldwide travel at practically no expense and pay $85 to $200 a month. Radio dealers and jobbers are continually on the lookout for good service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay $50 to $100 a week. Talking Movies pay as much as $75 to $200 a week to the right men with Radio training. My book tells you of other opportunities in Radio.

I will train you at home in your spare time

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me only part of your spare time. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Hundreds have won bigger success. J. A. Vanders Juvenp jumped from $25 to $100 a week. E. E. Wisbome seldom makes under $100 a week now. The National Radio Institute is the Pioneer and World's Largest Organization devoted exclusively to training men and young men, by correspondence for good jobs in the Radio industry.

You Must Be Satisfied

I will give you an agreement to refund every penny of your money if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you complete my course. And I'll not only give you thorough training in Radio principles, practical experience in building and servicing sets, but also train you in Talking Movies, give you home experiments in Television, cover thoroughly the latest features in sets such as A. C. and Screen Grid.

Get my new book. It points out what Radio Offers You

This COUPON is GOOD FOR ONE FREE COPY of MY NEW BOOK mail TODAY

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. OKQ
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. OKQ
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith—Send me your book. I want to see what Radio offers. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no agent will call.

Name__________________________
Address_________________________
City___________________________
State__________________________

- End of Document -
MYRA: Well, I'll live and come back too, and Achmed will love and regret too. And now remember at midnight, not a word, there's Achmed at the door now. (Pause.)

(Music up softly)
ACHMED: Well my sweet ones, why must Achmed be deprived of your charming company?
MYRA: Well, seemingly you are not to be deprived any longer, Achmed.
ACHMED: Are you not feeling well, Myiram?
MIRIAM: Feeling splendid Achmed, thank you.
ACHMED: You look pale, Miriam.
MIRIAM: Well, I didn't ride this morning, and I always look pale, if I do not ride.
ACHMED: That settles it, you must ride every morning, I shall see to it, and what is the play this evening, Myra?
MYRA: Dream children.
ACHMED: "Dream Children", how intriguing, I suppose I'm to learn from this play.
MYRA: No Achmed, this play is not intended for you, rather for man in general and the world.
ACHMED: And of course the world is listening.
MYRA: Thoughts have wings, Achmed. And I know my brain children go out to those who think and know the deeper meanings of life, and those who understand.
ACHMED: Well, that is interesting. So you feel the unseen audience always.
MYRA: An actress always feels her audience, even if that audience be one heart that responds.
ACHMED: O, I see.
MYRA: I shall be leaving to get my make-up on now, if you will excuse me, Achmed.
ACHMED: Certainly Myra, we shall be in the hall at nine as usual.
MYRA: Over a year and a half we've been in the hall at nine.
ACHMED: Yes.
MYRA: Has that meant anything to you, Achmed?
ACHMED: Yes indeed Myra, great enjoyment. You are a wonderful playwright and a marvelous actress, a beautiful woman.
MYRA: Lacking a soul. Oh yes lacking a soul, but oh such a beautiful body. Too bad, it's just dust. Very well in the hall at nine, as usual. (Music up softly)
ACHMED: Miriam, I feel a strange preternatural evening.
MIRIAM: You do. Probably you are tired, the air has been stifling in spite of our wonderful place.
ACHMED: I'm used to that Miriam, but it's something else.
MIRIAM: Well, of course, Hassan has a strange influence at times.
ACHMED: Miriam, do you feel the same way toward me, as I do toward you? Tell me?
MIRIAM: No.
ACHMED: Look at me.
MIRIAM: No.
ACHMED: Miriam, I love you, and always will. The first real love I've ever known, and to become what I want. Have I hurt you? Why aren't this, your hand is cut.
MIRIAM: Only a scratch, I had my paper knife, it's very sharp, on my desk a few moments ago, and in turning around, when Myra came in, I cut myself.
ACHMED: Let me bind it for you?
MIRIAM: No, it's alright Achmed.
ACHMED: Little soft, white hands, tapering fingers, Miriam.
MIRIAM: Please Achmed.
ACHMED: Miriam, there's a light in your eyes tonight I've never seen before, it tells me much. I can wait, and I shall. Now, you're not afraid are you.
MIRIAM: No.
ACHMED: Come, we shall go to the hall, to see "Dream Children", Miriam—Miriam—someday perhaps—answer me, beloved.
MIRIAM: No Achmed, don't dream too much. Fate decides many things, and we must wait.
ACHMED: I don't want fate to decide for me the woman I shall love, and have as my wife. I'm the master of my Fate, and I shall have you Miriam—in life, not in the land of illusion. Come. Then they gathered to witness and participate in the play planned to free the captive troubadours.

The prologue:

("SCHEHEREZADE" SEGUES INTO NINE GONGS)
(NINE GONGS SEGUES INTO "MONASTERY GARDEN")

DREAM CHILDREN

VOICE: A gold key that opens wide to a woman's soul, a fragile, exquisite soul, crushed by Fate, lies in my hand. A golden key to treasured memories of other days, of love, of beauty, of the dreams that all men have while young, of a home, a mate, and little ones, to rear and love. And so I contemplate the door that waits to be unlocked by this—this key of gold that means a woman's soul. Come with me as I unlock the door to treasured memories, and see within the room, a blue room, a tiny cot and there within, a babe, with golden hair, and at his side a fair young girl, whose hair is tinted by the sun to gold, but when the sun forges to shine, his then snowy white. A golden key, and then forsook a dream that never could come true, a Mother, poor tortured soul, her Babe, her dream child, tenderly she stroked the dammed curls that lie upon his forehead. She clutches e'en in sleep, a little woolly dog, a child's first love, that needs must go to slumberland with him. The woman, oh what love, what sacrifice, she would so gladly bear for that wee man, she never that cares in life!

Dream Child, we loved you so, but you must lie there within the blue room, quiet and asleep, for evermore, but wait, she stoops to kiss him, he is real to her, he is awake, and lifts his arms to be caressed and soothed, little toes so pink, she takes and kisses tenderly, tiny baby face so like hers, and yet withal holding a trace of me. The forehead and the chin, are mine. Oh God, am I too, losing all my sense of time and space, am I too, even as she, a prey to wild despair! The golden key, oh may I lock the door, and never more have e'en one glance at those dark shadows that play around that cot. The hand outstretched to soothe his cries, to love and watch Dream Child. It is all right, I shall come often into your presence and stand beside you, with the one you love, so well as I. I only thought perhaps it would not be quite right to keep my dreams so near to me at day, as well as night.

Softly I close the door, the Babe, he sleeps, she watches until dusk, and then again at dawn, her little dream boy that never can be hers or mine. Oh God be kind, be kind.

• • • • •

MONTGOMERY: Larry, you have not spoken up yet. What shall we do about admitting Colonel Braband?
LARRY: I would take him in. The war is over, and, after all, Colonel Braband suffered through the war.
MONT: Yes, I grant you that but he fought against us in the war, and I don't forget quite so easily.
LARRY: Braband lost his wife and children due to malnutrition, too, while he was fighting. He has something to forgive, too.
MONT: If you're such a pacifist why don't you leave your home offener, and stand up for peace, and make something out of all your speeches.
LARRY: You don't understand, Gentlemen, what my home means to me, it's only a shell. Do you see this key, a golden key to memories. A fair room, where the woman I have always loved sits, and sits, insane from the war, and yet I can forgive, and so must you. I'll tell you my story tonight, and then you decide whether I have more to forgive than you in admitting the Colonel to my club.
MONT: If the rest of the men are willing, I am.

JONES: Go ahead Larry.
LARRY: It goes back to many years before the war, to a garden near a monastery, a boy sat on a wall, and a girl was in the garden.

In the beginning
("MONASTERY GARDEN" FOLLOWS)

LARRY: Hello.
MARY: Hello Larry.
LARRY: Mary.
MARY: Yes, Larry.
LARRY: I have to go back home today.
MARY: I'm so sorry. I'll miss you.
LARRY: Really, will you?
MARY: Oh yes Larry.
Larry: Well, I'll come back someday, and marry you Mary.
Mary: Someday?
Larry: Yes, it will be in the summer time, in June, I think. And we'll go away to an island for our honeymoon.
Mary: All right Larry, I'll wait for you, forever.
Larry: Mary, would it be asking too much to kiss you before I go?
Mary: I love you Larry, and I'm going to wait for you, in this garden. I'll be here every day until you return.
Larry: Mary, you're fifteen now aren't you?
Mary: Yes, but that's old, Larry.
Larry: I'm seventeen, Mary, and it's a lot older.
Mary: Yes Larry.
Larry: You'll wait in this garden every day, and I'll write you every day, and someday, when I'm old enough Mary, I'll be back, and then you'll be my wife.
Mary: Yes Larry, and I'll be very happy.
Larry: You won't ever forget me, will you Mary?
Mary: No, here's my little cross and chain, my Daddy gave me. The old Monk who lives next door whom Daddy knew gave it to him, for me.
Larry: Oh thank you Mary, I'll wear this around my neck always, and here's my signet ring, you wear this.
Mary: Always Larry.
Larry: I must go now Mary, don't be shy. Just one kiss.
Mary: Yes Larry, I'll be waiting in the garden for you, whenever you come for me.
(Music up Softly—Beat of Drums in Distance very Softly)
Larry: Beloved, I have to leave now.
Mary: It is so soon, Larry, so soon.
Larry: Yes dear, but it is war, and war waits not for those who love. Come, be brave, sweetheart, I shall be back.
Mary: But to have you only these few moments, my dear.
Larry: Mary, I have to fight for you, and for the wee one. It has been wonderful to have had these days together, in our garden. Just think Mary, we knew each other when we were children, and now we're man and wife. Mary, the war won't last long, I'll be back and then, think dear. You—oh sweetheart, I'm so proud and so happy.
Mary: Yes Larry, but I'm a woman, and I'm going to be alone, all alone, and I'm in the War zone. Supposing anything happens?
Larry: Nothing will happen sweetheart, nothing. The enemy cannot ever reach you. Why our lines are too strong. Now, come on smile, that's the girl.
Mary: You'll always wear my cross, and chain, won't you Larry?
Larry: Yes dear always, but I don't have to wear anything to remind me of you, Mary, I can see you before me always. I've never loved any other girl, just you, always you.
Mary: Larry.
Larry: Yes dearest.
Mary: I hope our Baby is a boy, and just like you.
Larry: Well dear, I'm sorry, for any boy that looks like me. I've never been considered handsome dear, just strong and decent that's all.
Mary: But dearest that means more, Larry.
Larry: Yes dear, it means everything. Now dear, let me go, won't you. I must join my regiment, at once. Don't cry, let me leave you smiling Mary, as I did so many years ago in the garden, promise.
Mary: Yes Larry, I promise, but I love you so, it's so hard to give you up.
Larry: You're not giving me up, I shall be back for you soon, and we'll go to America, and forget all this war, and have our own little dream house for the boy. Good bye my wife, Mary. God bless you.
Mary: Larry, Larry, I'll be waiting in the garden, when you return, waiting.
(Music up softly)
Father: My son, it is useless.
Larry: But Father, you don't understand. Father: Larry my boy, I understand everything. I will take you to Mary after I tell you what has happened.
Larry: She is alive, isn't—isn't she? She isn't dead? No—
Father: She would be better dead, Larry. Now be brave, you're a soldier, and you know the horrors of War, and it came close to you in the trenches, and close to you in your home.
Larry: Go on tell me, I can't stand it. go on.
Father: When the enemy took this town, the regiment of — no I shall not mention names, you will only remember it with bitterness, and the men were not to blame.
Larry: Go on.
Father: Your home was taken as a place for the officers, and Mary—
Larry: You mean Mary was protected in every way?
Father: Yes, in every way. In three weeks she went out of her mind, Larry. I fought for her, but I was only imprisoned and tortured for doing so. I found I couldn't save her. So, I left the matter to God, he saved her mind, from the torture of living with memories of what she had gone through.
Larry: But Father, where is she? And my— I mean our Baby? Was it?
Father: Calm yourself my son, your Mary is totally out of her mind, and will be forever. The baby was spared life, too—perhaps it would have borne traces of the war. That would havemade its life miserable. It was better so.
Larry: But my Mary to suffer like this, alone. Oh God, Father will she know me? Do you think?
Father: Yes, she will. Her mind is totally deranged. She always talks to the baby, and to you. She knows you are coming to see her. She just stays forever at the same point. She has a home, and a baby your son, and that's all, her little dream child. Poor woman, and her hair is all white, Larry, but her face will always be youthful.
Carter: My friend, let us drink a toast to a brave soldier, and a real man, a Saint if there ever were one.
Montgomery: I would drink a toast, a silent toast to a Mother who waits beside an empty cot, to caress her dream child, and I would drink a toast to all Mothers, and to peace with this prayer. May we learn to love our fellow man, and our enemies, and may wars cease, throughout our land. Gentlemen, to a little dream child, and his Mother.

Heywood Broun's Radio Column

A series of this famous column-ist's broadcast features as heard over the Columbia System will appear beginning with the

October Radio Digest

Better subscribe in advance as this edition of Radio Digest will be swept off the newsstands very shortly after it appears.

Radio Announcing Lures 'em All

Announcing radio programs is apparently highly attractive work, judging from the great number of applicants for the position of announcer at the big stations. Recently a man about seventy years old applied to Edward Thorgersen, of NBC, for such work. When asked if he had had any previous experience at announcing, he said he had not. However, he added, he had done a great deal of writing. And there was one thing, he said, that was greatly in his favor. That was the fact that he was the youngest living veteran of the Union Army in the Civil War. All of which adds one more item to the already lengthy list of qualifications required of radio announcers.
Guarantees Matrimony

(Continued from page 15)

shocking events ahead of them in case they married that he pleaded with them not to take the step. They laughed and went away, thinking they were secure in each other's love, but everything he had forecast came true.

THEY neutralized each other's talents. They had the same weaknesses and together they slipped to the lowest depths of drunkenness and drugs. It was only after she had passed out of his life, that his normally strong will reasserted itself and he was able to fight his way back and regain the once enviable place he had enjoyed behind the footlights.

Drawing a chart toward her, Miss Adams asked my dates.

In a few moments she looked up from the figures and remarked, "You should never marry. Your Neptune in the seventh house has given you an intense desire for marriage but it has at the same time prevented you marry the kind of man with whom you could be happy. Perhaps you have learned this lesson already?"

When I made an affirmative nod she smiled and went on, "I don't believe in the moonlit, rose garden type of marriage, with the man playing Romeo all the time. Marriage is to build character and to have children and should not be regarded as the joyous reward we get for growing up.

"I believe in conflict in marriage. It builds character, but not the destructive, demoralizing conflict that comes from selfishness and vanity.

"There are those who think that people born under fire signs should not mate with those born under water signs. If the position of the other planets show that they will have a constructive effect upon each other, I advocate such a wedding because it will develop them. If you put a hot iron in a bucket of water you are bound to get a sizzle, and that is better than nothing."

MISS ADAMS explained that while there is a general rule by which one may select the most congenial friends from their birthdates, it is inadvisable to take it too literally, particularly where marriage is concerned. The signs and planets of each individual's horoscope should be carefully scrutinized before taking any important step, and most emphatically where matrimony is contemplated.

For the convenience of those whose matrimonial, social or business relations have not been going too smoothly the following lists are given.

March 22nd to April 21st (Aries)

Persons born from the 24th of July to the 24th of August and from the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December are naturally sympathetic and helpful for those born between March 22nd and April 21st. If too intimately associated with those born from June 22nd to July 24th, September 24th to October 24th, the 22nd of December to the 21st of January, the Aries people will find it necessary to be very adaptable or they may become too dictatorial and overbearing.

April 21st to May 22nd (Taurus)

People born from April 21st to May 22nd will find their most agreeable mates among persons who celebrate their birthdays between August 24th and September 24th, when the Sun is in the intellectual earthly sign Virgo, 23rd of June. People born from May 23rd to the 21st of January, when the Sun is in the earthy, conscientious sign Capricorn. Those born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, the 24th of July to the 24th of August, and the 23rd of October to the 23rd of November may have antagonizing effect upon the Taurus natives, making them too stubborn and too resentful.

May 22nd to June 22nd (Gemini)

PERSONS born from May 22nd to June 22nd will be most congenial with people born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, 24th of September to the 24th of October, when the Sun is in the airy, balanced sign Libra. If too closely associated with persons born from the 20th of February to the 22nd of March, the 24th of August to the 24th of September, or the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December, the Gemini born will find it necessary to be diplomatic but firm in order to get on harmoniously together; such an intimacy might result in the Gemini natives becoming too vacillating and adaptable to the extent of being insincere.

June 22nd to July 24th (Cancer)

Persons born from June 22nd to the 24th of July will find their best friends and matrimonial partners among the persons born between February 20th and March 22nd, when the Sun is in the watery, unselfish sign Pisces, or from the 24th of October to the 23rd of November when the Sun is in the watery, mechanical sign Scorpio. If too intimately associated with those born from the 22nd of March to the 21st of April, 22nd of June to the 24th of July, 23rd of December to the 21st of January, Libra people will need to exercise will power in order not to lose their individuality. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Libra first becoming too pitying and then reacting to the other extreme and becoming too stubborn and unjustified.

October 24th to November 23rd (Scorpio)

People born from the 20th of February to the 22nd of March and from the 22nd of June to the 24th of July are naturally sympathetic and helpful to those born under the sign of Scorpio. October 24th to November 23rd, a watery, fixed, self-interested sign. Their characteristics being complementary, they are bound to be very good partners for the Scorpio-born, matrimonially or otherwise. If too in-
timely associated with those born from January 21st to February 20th, the 21st of April to the 22nd of May, from the 24th of July to the 24th of August, they will find it necessary to submerge their strong personality and determined will in order not to be unduly antagonized or irritated.

November 23rd to December 23rd (SAGITARIUS)

Persons born from November 23rd to December 23rd will find their best mates among those born between March 22nd and April 21st and July 24th and August 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between the 20th of February and the 22nd of March, the 22nd of May and the 22nd of June, the 24th of August and the 24th of September, Sagitarians will need to check their impatience and curb their tendency to be too frank; such an intimacy might result in the native of Sagittarius becoming too sarcastic, brusque and too disregardful of consequences.

December 23rd to January 21st (CAPRICORN)

Persons born from December 23rd to January 21st will find their best mates among people born between April 21st and May 22nd, August 24th and September 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between March 22nd and April 21st, June 22nd and July 24th, September 24th and October 24th, Capricorn natives will need to avoid being too self-centered and too morbid. Such an intimacy might result in the native becoming too introspective and self-conscious.

January 21st to February 20th (AQUARIUS)

Persons born between January 21st and February 20th will find their best mates among those born between May 22nd and June 22nd, September 24th and October 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between April 21st and May 22nd, July 24th and August 24th, October 24th and November 23rd, the Aquarius will find it necessary to guard against those who would take advantage of them. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Aquarius becoming too nervous.

February 20th to March 22nd (PISCES)

Persons born between February 20th and March 22nd will find their best mates in people born between June 22nd and July 24th, October 24th and November 23rd. If too intimately associated with those born between May 22nd and June 22nd, August 24th and September 24th, November 23rd and December 23rd, Pisces natives will need to practice self-preservation. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Pisces becoming too vacillating and lacking ambition and will.

There you have a brief outline of the influence of the planets in each of the twelve houses. How accurately Miss Adams has interpreted their bearing upon the lives of individuals is amply evidenced each day in the bags of mail which arrive from everywhere in the world. Literally thousands of letters are received weekly by Miss Adams from those she has advised in the past and those who seek guidance for the year to come. Astrology, according to Miss Adams, is the open door to Destiny. We need no longer wonder what is going to happen. All we have to do is to get an eyeful of casting. He has no ambition to be a social butterfly, however.

He plays golf but doesn't talk about it much. He says it isn't the kind of golf you can talk about in polite society.

He doesn't rehearse his own programs too long, as he says it takes away some of the spontaneity. Likes to run across a line in his script that is a surprise to him. Half of the songs he sings on the air are his own and many of them have never been published. He often turns out a tune and a lyric for a song in an afternoon and uses it the same night.

His sister, Grace Perkins, is quite well known for her short stories and another sister, Bobby Perkins, is in musical comedy and is considered one of the cleverest ingenuities on Broadway.

He likes Radio because he considers it the world's greatest experimental laboratory in entertainment. He believes that eventually, Radio will produce super-entertainment and that it will be responsible for the greatest development of musical and literary talent the world has ever seen. He doesn't take himself too seriously, however. He can give a very convincing demonstration of seriousness when he is outlining one of his ideas to some other broadcaster.

His only ambition is to make enough money to buy a yacht and then retire to it and continue to write songs.

Way Down East Up-to-Date

in UNCLE ABE and...DAVID

True Story of how these lovable characters have become so popular over the National Broadcasting networks will be told in October

RADIO DIGEST

Subscribe Now $4 per year

420 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.

Ray Perkins

(Continued from page 16)

Perkins dresses immaculately, and, whenever possible, changes his shoes three times a day. He'd like to have enough money to write songs just for the fun of it.

Each Sunday he reads all the book reviews in the New York newspapers and makes lists of books to buy. But he seldom finds time to make the purchases and by the time the next book review sections are published, he has made an entirely new and different list.

Perkins is short and chunky and appears to be red-headed though it is really sandy. He has a round-red face and grins a lot. He is said to be able to wear a silk hat more nonchalantly than anyone else in broad-

What's in a Name?

—Ask di Stefano

Another tragedy of Radio has been brought to our attention. Stefano di Stefano, the NBC harpist, has a brother harpist, a near neighbor and a good Italian, but not related to him in any way. His name is Salvatore di Stefano and, therefore, their initials are the same. Stefano says that Salvatore gets all the invitations to swanky dinners, weddings and parties that are intended for him (Stefano) while he (that is, Stefano again) gets all the milk bills, threatening letters, tailors' samples and circulars relating to oil stock and very profitable mining investments that are intended for Salvatore.

We do not quite know how to advise them in the solution of this problem, unless they go and live together, open the mail and divide it up on terms agreeable to both. You see Salvatore di Stefano gets engagements probably intended for Stefano di Stefano, while Salvatore, or, rather, Stefano . . . pardon us, but we are completely confused and cannot go on . . .

One of his young cousins recently met Milton Cross, genial NBC announcer, whose waistline is gradually expanding to most generous proportions, and, observing the ever-widening girth, remarked:

"You know, they might well call that the Radio Corporation."
Radiographs

(Continued from page 47)

Pat Kelly

NOW for Pat Kelly. Pat joined the Cheerio family last October. It was all happenstance, like a great many other things in Mr. Kelly's life. He was the announcer for the program. Somehow the news got around that this Irishman with the smile in his voice could sing as well as announce. And so one morning he sang "The Little Gray Home in the West." A perfect avalanche of mail came in the next few days, all with the same cry: "Give us more Pat Kelly." From then on Pat was a member of Cheerio and every morning his beautiful tenor voice goes out to gladden the somebodies somewhere who are listening.

Pat was born in Australia, and educated to be a marine engineer. He has travelled over a quarter of a million miles on salt water. He has been shipwrecked three times—an adventurous career.

Several years ago he landed in Seattle and in this port that happenstance I mentioned before led him into his singing career. For Fortune Gallo, the New York impresario happened to hear Pat singing at a party. Immediately he offered him a five year contract with the San Carlo Opera Company. Good bye to the sailor's life and the British navy. Pat came to New York, worked with Fortune Gallo, and was later with the Schuberts. He played in "Blossom Time."

Now he is superintendent of announcers at NBC, and besides singing on the Cheerio program, Pat announces the RKO programs Thursday afternoons, the Ipana programs Tuesday mornings, and the Ingram programs.

He is married to Yolan Poszanyi, a native of Budapest, Hungary.

Harrison Isles

LAST but not least, there's Harrison Isles, Cheerio's big six-foot musical director and pianist.

Don't be discouraged, parents, when your child doesn't seem to take to his music. The first two years that Harrison was studying piano, his father used to sit right by him with a strap. That's how badly Harrison hated practicing. Yet, after two years' exposure to music, it finally "took." Harrison said he couldn't explain it but that suddenly, like the sun bursting through the clouds, he understood and liked music, and instead of the strap being used to make him practice, his parents had almost to force him out of doors to get some exercise.

He studied at the Ithaca Conservatory and put himself through a post graduate course at Ann Arbor, making expenses by playing in theatres and churches. Right out of college he travelled with Julian Eltinge, scoring his show, "The Fascinating Widow." "That dates me," said Isles, "but what do I care?" And why should he? Forty-two, he says he is, but one could easily believe him ten years younger.

In Keyser, West Virginia, Harrison has a wife and two sons who will shortly join him in New York. The small town, says Harrison, has the great advantage of forcing a musician to be versatile. He must do everything. And that is what Cheerio's new musical director did in Keyser. He played in the motion picture theatre, he organized town musicals and glee clubs, he gave music lessons, he had a dance orchestra, and for seven years he was choir master and organist in the Episcopal Church.

With Miss Rieger he was in charge of the Cheerio broadcast during two weeks in July and he is also assistant director and arranger for the Arco Birthday Program.

Made for Petting

(Continued from page 53)

TERRIERS, wire-haired ones in particular, are getting quite a run. One is kept as a mascot by the three Morgan Sisters, NBC vocal trio, who have named him Scherzo, the musical term for playful and humorous. Welcome Lewis, the crooning NBC contralto likewise has recently acquired one. Kenyon Congdon, CBS baritone, has five terriers of all sorts.

Way out on the Pacific Coast, Annette Hastings, "baby star" soprano of that NBC division, isn't quite sure which pet she likes the best. A prize police dog, Persian cat and canary vie for her favor but do not fight with one another.

Howard Barlow, CBS symphony leader, proudly points to a whole album full of pictures of his Boston bull, Socki. Socki doesn't miss a thing that is coming to any year-old baby. He has toys that squeal like kittens, others gayly colored and one device that barks like a dog and which he has adopted as a friend. Mr. Barlow sent Socki away for a holiday to a farm where greyhounds were kept and taught tricks. And Socki was all attention. When Barlow called for Socki, he said, "Come, Socki, how tall are you?"

With a great show of skill, Socki jumped—and got as high as Barlow's knee. Socki, incidentally, is terribly jealous of Mrs. Barlow and finds that the only thing that compensates him for having an additional person around, is that she permits him to jump into Howard's bed in the morning.

There is a bit of monkey business in broadcasting, even though few stars go in for unusual pets. One simian "with a long curling tail sits proudly on the shoulder of Irene Beasley, Columbia's lady of the low-down voice, Georgia Backus, who writes continuities and acts for the same chain, manages also to keep one of the queer little chameleons alive. Impatiently she has named it Stupid. Stupid is a very sensitive lizard and serves as a barometer for Georgia's moods. When Stupid lies still and green, Georgia is her own sweet self; when Stupid changes to a dull red hue—come again some other day, Georgia is not her own sweet self.

CANARIES claim the attention of Old Topper Ray Perkins, who has one named Mike in honor of his profession; Adele Vasa, who has two golden birds who follow her lead and sing even while taking a bath; and Marcella Shields, microphone comedienne, practices her inimitable chatter before a little feathered audience. Mary McCoy has a kitten for a pet and looks charming when photographed together with it. Kathleen Stewart, for long a studio pianist with NBC, also goes in long on cats. She has six—or rather twelve—for she just adopted another cat which immediately showed its gratitude by presenting Kathleen with five fluffy little kittens. But the pianist is not a cat specialist. She also has a couple of dozen ducks swimming about an especially built pool on the grounds of her home.

Bobbe Deane at KPO, San Francisco, was presented with a catfish which had been captured in fresh water. Bobbe changed the habitat to salt water and established a nice little home for her pet in dishpan. Nobody knows how the catfish longed for marine fresh water. Sometimes Bobbe with a sympathetic impulse would take it out of the pan for fresh air. Then she noticed a fading of the muddy black and slimy yellow of its skin. The change became more pronounced. You must agree the California climate is wonderful. Eventually the catfish acquired a beautiful rose pink tinted complexion that would make all the other catfish in his old home turn green with envy.

CATS, dogs, horses, canaries, monkeys, chameleons, turtles, white snails and mice, frogs and ducks—all these may attract the pet-loving stars of Mike, but at least Baby Rose Marie (Olley), RKO star and Radio vocalist, is original. She had a pair of rabbits when she started on her recent vaudeville tour, but when she gets home—well there's no telling how many pets she'll have.

Some pets are tiny, some are huge; others are fat and some are lean (but not from lack of food), in color too they vary, but they are alike in reciprocating the love of their kind masters and mistresses.
Terror

(Continued from page 51)

erty of soul and body was actually within her reach. She had but to tell the truth about her enemies and obey the laws and — be free!

This was too much to resist, and Mary wailed:

"T'S the truth you have suspected. The goods are there! Your own husband fairly trod on them when he searched! But he wasn't cute enough to find them. None of the constables were cute enough to find the things, though they were all but touching them all the time!

"After the first search, the Hughesons moved the speckled linen and the silver things to the garret. And then after the second search they hid it under the stairs. And after the third they gave it to Hughson's mother, Mrs. Luckstead, to take away and hide. And John Romme is mixed in it, too. And the black man Caesar paid silver for two mugs of punch and made me take a piece of eight."

When she had pumped the girl's brain dry of its secrets, Anne's softness turned sharp. She thrust the bundle of candles into Mary's arm and bade her be gone before she was sent for.

Hurrying back through the dark Mary repented her looseness of tongue. She feared that her confession would be published and all the negroes and whites would kill her.

Hardly an hour had gone when the inn was filled again with constables; John Hughson was in a fury when he saw the raiders.

"You men again! In God's name why don't you take up lodgings here? I see you oftener than my regular trade."

Mr. Miller the undersheriff shoved him off and roared:

"We have the truth of it now."

"Who from?"

"From one as knows!—Mary Burton no less!"

Mary let a shriek and would have fainted, but she feared to drop helpless before the murderous eyes that rolled her way — John Hughson's, his wife's and Peggy's.

"I did not! It's not true!" she howled.

And then Anne Kannady stepped in at the door and charged her home with admitting the theft. Mary was like to die, she was so distraught.

The sheriff seized her and dragged her from the house as if she were the only guilty one. Anne Kannady attacked her like a shrew:

"You lying little slut, to double deal with us and make us fools before those swine!"

"I dare not tell anything! They'll kill me. They'll kill me!"

She was in such taking that Mr. Miller clapped his hands over her mouth and tried to soothe her with paternal words:

"A fine idea you have of me — of us! — that with all the constables in town about you, you're not safe from a pack of vermin."

Mary could only quake and choke while Mr. Miller, smothering her still, went on:

"I'll not lift my hand until you cross yourself in promise that you will bear witness to the truth. You're in less danger from them than from me."

But it was not till he volunteered to take her for safety to his own lodgings at the City Hall that her trembling hands made the sign. Then he let her breathe again.

Coming—
"The Langthwaite Pearls"

By J. S. Fletcher

An intriguing mystery story with a London setting that involves the disappearance of the famous Langthwaite Pearls, a runaway Countess and a heartless rogue.

A master detective enters the picture and aids in the solution of the mystery, which ends in a most surprising and unexpected manner. It appears in October Radio Digest.

Leaning against him she fumbled in her pocket and brought up a coin.

"It's a piece-of-eighth they stole — and gave to me."

Her tongue was loose now and her anger mounted higher and higher with a coward's fury after fear; and clinging again to Anne Kannady she ran on:

"I know enough about them to hang and burn them all! You've been better to me, Mrs. Kannady, than ever my own mother was, and I verily believe that if you hadn't worried the truth from me and taken me away they'd have murdered me this very night or shipped me to the Barbadoes in a boat that is sailing in the morning."

"That's enough," said Mr. Miller. "The alderman should know of this."

They all marched over to his house, and Anne Kannady told of her proffer of freedom to Mary and of the girl's danger, and Mr. Baucker entrusted her to Mr. Miller for safety. He sent for Hughson and "pressed him very hard" until Hughson at last admitted that he did know where some of the things were hid, and fetched them.

The next morning the Mayor summoned the Justices to meet him at the City Hall. There Mary was questioned again and now a sense of awe of the mighty rulers was added to her treasury of terrors. She told what she knew and far more, for she answered yes to all the leading questions.

So Peggy was arrested and the Hughesons and Mr. Auboyneau's boy, Prince, it was not easy for a gentleman to live without his slave, so Mr. Auboyneau's boy was released on his master's recognizance in ten pounds penalty.

The sheriff went to arrest John Romme, but he absconded. Mary Burton was turned over to a Mr. Wilson. He was no relation to her lover, but the name had a pleasant sound, and everything seemed to beat peace until the trial, which was set for the next term of the Supreme Court.

Mary had nothing to do now except to rise at dawn and work like a slave till dark; but she was among white people and when she met the other bonded servants at the well where they went for water, she would naturally try to glorify herself and her danger a little. For even the white servants treated her with a certain scorn as both a companion of low people and an informer on them. And the slaves, passing the yard where she hung out the clothes, would look at her with contempt and frighten her. So she had much to say of negro threats to burn the town and slay the people and become kings. When the maids laughed at her, she would say:

"You'll see! Just wait!"

A fortnight later, as if to confirm Mary in her role of prophetess, a huge cloud of smoke shot up from the roof of His Majesty's House at Fort George where the lieutenant-governor lived with his family.

The wind was in such virulence that the smoke itself carried the news before the bell in the adjoining chapel gave tongue to the alarm that called forth great numbers of gentlemen and others, and slaves. (Continued on page 112)
The bell did not yelp long, for the flames spilled in red billows across the chapel and swept on the secretary's office out in the fort gate.

There was barely time to throw the records of the colony out of the windows for the winds to carry in yellow snow about the town before the secretary's office was gone and the barracks turned to ashes, the stables outside the fort fenced up and the roofs of the houses next the North River bombarded with blazing shingles.

The whole town would have been shortly levelled if heaven had not sent a "moderate shower" to stay the holocaust.

Everybody blamed the plumber, who confessed that he was mending a leak in the gutter between His Majesty's House and the chapel, and that sparks must have escaped from some rare pot that heated his soldering-irons. A report was made to that effect by Governor Clarke, in a letter to the Legislature at Albany.

But Mr. Cornelius Van Horne, captain of one of the five militia companies, beat to arms and drew out his men and kept seventy odd of them on patrol that night.

The other captains called him a fool and his men cursed him, but he was soon hailed as the savior of the city from a damnable conspiracy.

And sure enough: hardly a week had passed when there was a fire in Captain Warren's House near the Long Bridge over the Broad street sewer creek. The engine soon had the fire out and the dullards said the thing started in a sooty chimney.

Houses were always catching fire from dirty chimneys and all of the chimneys were unusually foul from the early and unbroken winter. But people of imagination thought it strange that two fires should come only a week apart.

Just a week later and Mr. Van Zandt's storehouse for deals board and hay was blazing. Luckily it stood so close to a slip that a bucket line overwhelmed it almost at once. But thoughtful people began to murmur:

"A strange many of fires we're having of late!"

Three days later Mr. Vergerneau's cow-stall in the Fly had to be put out. As the people were learning from that, Ben Thomas' house on the west side of Captain Sarly's house began to smoke, and was smartly quenched.

The next day, a Sunday, some live coals were found smoking in a haystack near the conchhouse of Joseph Murray, esq. Though these were also extinguished at once, the words of Justice Horsemaden "it was natural for people of any reflection to conclude that the fire was set on purpose by a combination of villains."

On that very Sabbath as three slaves were walking up the Broadway towards the English Church of the Trinity at service time, Mrs. Earle, who was kept at home by a sore tooth, chanced to be leaning out of her window and overheard one of the trio say with a vaporizing sort of air:

"Fire, fire! Scorched, scorched! A little, damn it, by and by."

He threw up his hands and laughed, and the three passed on. Mrs. Earle, brooding over all those fires, conceived a jealous at these silly words and went at once to talk to her neighbor Mrs. George about it.

An hour later, just after church-out, the same negroes came down the Broadway again and Mrs. Earle pointed out the man who spoke.

"Why, that's Mr. Walter's Quack," cried Mrs. George.

The two women ran to the nearest alderman with their conclusions and the alderman informed the rest of the justices at their meeting the next morning. As the two house fires were a chimney fire, it broke out at Sergeant Burns' house on the east side of Captain Sarly's. Two hours later Mrs. Hilton's house was afire and some tow was found wrapped in a bundle.

Now this was worth considering. The houses on either side of Captain Sarly's house had been found afire. And Captain Sarly owned one of those Spanish negroes.

What better proof could the forethoughted need? They set afoot a rumour that ran on of itself:

"The Spanish negroes, the Spanish negroes! Take up the Spanish negroes!"

When Captain Sarly's black was asked if he set the two houses afire he answered with insolence, so naturally there was nothing to do but throw him and all the other Spanish slaves into jail.

Even this did not end the conspiracy, for the following morning one of Col. Philipse's storehouses blazed up, and a slave was seen to leap from a window. A mob pursued him and dragged him from his master's house. He turned out to be Col. Philipse's Cuphee and he insisted that he had been trying to put the fire out and had to leap for his life. But it turned out that he had leapt into a deeper fire, for of course he was not believed and it was accounted merciful not to kill him on the way to jail.

The lieutenant-governor ordered a military watch to be kept that night; and it was kept all summer. For equal proofs of fire conspiracy were multiplied each day, and the common council promptly offered a reward of one hundred pounds current money of the province to any white person who discovered the incendiaries, and a pardon to him if he were concerned; while any slave who made discovery would be set free and given twenty pounds; and his master paid twenty-five pounds to pay for his freedom.

At this high crisis, the Supreme Court met—on a Tuesday, April 21—and proceeded to the trial of the thieves who had robbed Mrs. Hogg. Since this involved two negroes, everyone thought at once of the fires. And now Mary Burton was dragged again into eminence.

She was called before the Grand Jury, but the constable reported that she refused to come or to be sworn or to give evidence. When asked why, her only answer was:

"I will not be sworn!"

They saw that she was under some great uneasiness, some terrible apprehension. Her testimony was deemed of such weight that shorthand reports were kept of her least utterances so that we know far more of this scared chit and her chameleon shifts of color than of many of the giants of history.

We have almost no hint of Jenghiz Khan, who ruled a continent; and num berless Titans of history are dumb in the record; but we possess a volume of Mary Burton's deadly chatter in her own dialect. At first the grand jurors found her adamant. They thundered at her in vain. Then they offered her the hundred pounds. She despised it.

Someone hinted that she had a guilty knowledge of the fire-conspiracies. They conceived "a jealousy that she was privy to them." But she would not speak until they said, "Take her to jail!"

And that broke her silence. She cried she would tell all she knew.

When she stood before the grand jury again, she stuttered:

"I'll tell all about the theft, but nothing about the fires!"

The jurors said: "Aha! that means she knows about the fires." Of course it did not, and she had not meant it so, but they called it "providential" and went after her in full cry.

They began to badger her again with threats and promises. They offered to buy her bond of indenture so that the city should own her. They talked religion and warned her of the everlasting fires of hell and worse demons even than the Spanish negroes.

And so they cudgelled the poor fool to a frenzy. She wanted only something to confess to please them, but could think of naught. She stood gnawing her apron and beating her hands together until of a sudden she remembered as in a trance all that drunken hilarious talk of the negroes who had joked about burning the city down. She knew it was only talk and nonsense, and she was afraid that the jurors would laugh at her if she mentioned it. She little knew their hunger.

At length one of the jurors reminded her:

"Does a hundred pounds of good province money and your freedom mean nothing to you?"

For the first time she caught a glimpse of the far future. Tom Wilson's face came before her. He was out on the high seas, firing cannon perhaps at some Spanish ship in the hope of winning a little gold for their golden hope.

Did a hundred pounds mean anything to her? It meant Tom Wilson! It meant
a home, love, pride, heaven. It meant everything!

Why should she conceal what the slaves had said? Let the grand gentlemen of the jury make what they could of it. The blood of the blacks would be on their heads.

And so she told them everything she could remember, and everything that would make it more impressive.

The Grand jurors looked at one another in delight. They rained questions on the girl and their most fantastic suggestions came back to them in echoes of assent. With their imaginations added to her own, Mary was inspired to develop the gibberish of a few booby slaves into a plot that Cataline would have been proud of. She added guns and swords and stores of ammunition to the things she had seen hidden away.

"Why did you never tell of this before?" they cried, and she gave the easiest answer:

"The Hughsions vowed they would poison me if I breathed of it."

"But to hear them threaten to burn the town—and tell no one! After you were removed from them, why did you keep silent?"

"The negroes swore that if I told they would burn me first and then the town."

This was plausible. It satisfied the jurors and the judges who were honest men as far as honesty goes—which is not far when passion rules. Then a new logic obtains, a new mercy ruthless as only fanaticism can be.

And now the jury had what it wanted; the town had what it wanted: a word from somebody—from anybody—to serve as a pretext for the satisfaction of the wrath that spring from fear.

Mary Burton was not a gifted creator of fiction, or a master of consistent plot. She did not have to be for her market. Fables that would not have been accepted from a maker of fairy stories; imbecile logic that would have disgusted the listeners in a kitchen to a recounter of ghost-stories, were in demand, and common sense and common humanity were contemptible.

Such vast explosions from such little fuses are permitted only to the chronicles of real people, not to the cheap twisters of imagined crimes and mysteries.

Only a few years before Mary Burton ruled New York two little girls had given the town of Salem to immortality by their silly gabbles of witches. And Salem had gone on hanging old women, and young men as well, under the guidance of hysterical girls and solemn preachers till at last a clergyman was put to death for witchcraft and nobody was safe from the venomous tongues. And then the witch-hunt stopped short.

New York was about to show how much it could better New England. A fire-pot for soldering irons started the mania and six little chimney-smudges fed it; and a long-eared woman’s opinion of a few words uttered aloud by a laughing negro kindled the council-men and they inflamed the judges, and so the whole town roared.

It would take a volume to describe the frenzy; and there is a volume for those who care to see how sly and murderous the law becomes when frenzy guides it. Justice Horseman who presided at the trials published his vindication in full and friends—not for their sakes, but for the honor of justice which is ever keener to protect the accused."

Not one clergyman volunteered to be even the devil’s advocate or counselled deliberation or mercy or even the avoidance of haste.

The only opposition there was to the carnival of slaughter was the light ridicule of a few such frivolous sceptics as always sneer at the solemn citizens. These triflers and an increasing number of selfish and indolent ladies and gentlemen who found it inconvenient to do without their slaves, were the only ones who even suggested caution.

A house-to-house search was ordered and made for evidence to incriminate the negroes. Not a morsel was found, but arrests were made and prisoners crowded into the jail to aggravate the misery of the poor debtors who were already starving and freezing there.

The slaves, like jungle beasts driven in upon one another by encircling hunters, trampled one another, fought and wept and howled and ran and beat their heads against the bars and smashed their teeth, fore-seeing only the familiar tortures and the death by fire that waited for slaves who had lost the whimsical favor of their captors.

They were haled before the judges one by one and great words hurled at them in blood-curdling tones. Questions were put in their mouths and the desired answers made easy. At first they all denied all knowledge of any plan to destroy the city from which they took what warmth and nourishment they had. But gradually it seemed through their thick skulls that their masters wanted them to confess and accuse. And so being trained to obedience they did, abundantly, idiotically, with every contradiction of themselves and one another.

The Hughsions and Peggy were likewise flogged with insinuating questions. Peggy, poor gutter-girl, weak and broken of heart and body, answered them stoutly when they advised her to confess for her soul’s sake:

"What talk have you of my soul? If I accuse anybody, I must accuse the innocent. And will not that wrong my soul? As for the fires, I know nothing of any fires!"

The famished judges, baffled by the chaotic testimony they were securing from the slobbering blacks, stooped to a foul trick. They bribed a convicted sneak-thief Arthur Price to mingle with the prisoners and, pretending to be one of them, worm from them such confessions as he might. To help him in his slinky work they gave him all manner of drink to loosen the tongues of his victims—or, as Justice Horsemanden says, "to give them a punch now and then, in order to cheer up their spirits, and make them more sociable."

Read the amazing conclusion to this thrilling story of early New York in the October Radio Digest.
Lincoln Lives Once Again

(Continued from page 44)

Jedge say hizzelf: dat you soon as Massa Emerson got us back on dis side ob de river our right ob freedom wuz—now an' de chilluns wasn't human folks no more—we was jest property—goods an' cattle.

Harriet: How hard it is that white men should draw a line ob dare own ober de face of God's earth; on one side ob which black folks is slaves, like de chillun ob Israel, an' not sayin' a word 'bout it till dey gits us ober dat line.

Dred: But don't worry, Henny—everything gwine t' turn out alright. Look what dese good Abolition folks is don' fo' usens. Dey is spendin' thounsands ob dollars t' help us—wifout hope ob earthly re-ward. Mistah Blair say dem Government su-preme Co's judges can't make no mis-takes—dey knows every-thin'.

Harriet: Den if dey knows everything they knows what de white man wants 'em t' do—if they knows ever-y-

(Knock at the door)

Dred: (Calling) Who dare?

Blair: (Muffled) Montgomery, Blair.

Dred: Mistah Blair! Reckon de Su-preme Co's done—

Harriet: Don't set like you was petrifik-ed—let de gemman in.

(Sound of the door unatched)

Dred: Come right in Mr. Blair, suh! Blair: Good evening, Dred—Mrs. Scott.

Harriet: Good evenin', Mistah Blair. Take this cheer—jes' make yo' self t' home.

Dred: Me an' mah wife jes' was speakin' ob you, suh. Has you got news fo' us?

Blair: Yes, I have a long telegram from Washington City. Yesterday the Su-preme Court of the United States Chief Justice Taney presiding, handed down their decision in the case of Dred Scott versus John F. A. Sanford.

Dred: Praise de Lawd! Glory Halle-

lujah!

Dred: Blair, my poor man, the good Lord had nothing to do with this de-cision—rather it has been dictated by Salim. They have ruled against you.

Dred: (After a long groan) Ruled again' me! Oh Lawd, hab mercy on dis po' nigger now!

Harriet: What did I tell you?

Blair: I will read it to you. (Rattle paper—read) 'In the opinion of the court, the language used in the Declar-a-tion of Independence shows, that neither the class of persons who had been imported as slaves nor their de-scendants, whether they had become free or not were then acknowledged as a part of the people, nor intended to be. On the contrary they had, for more than a century before, been re-
garded as beings of an inferior order, having no right which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be re-
tected to slavery for his benefit—bought and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic, whenever a profit could be made by it.'

Dred: Dat's e-nuf—Ah don' wan' t' heah no mo' (Groans)

Harriet: (Signs) Jest what I expected. Dred: (Groans) Oh Lawd hab mercy on yo' po' black chillins! What's we all gwine t' do now Mistah Blair? Ain't there no hope?

Blair: Yes, Dred, there is always hope. God's ways are not always man's ways. Some day your race will be free—and happy. You may not live to see it, but your daughters surely will. Some day a great man will arise, and with the help of God, he will make your peo-ple free.

It has always seemed to me that drama is one of Radio's best bets and the one most neglected. The benefits of good drama are manifold. One fa-mous British statesman said that he learned more history from Shakespeare than at his university. The stage often preaches sermons more powerful than those from the pulpit. Through Radio, dramas properly presented can accomplish more than its several other vehicles. As the characters in radio plays can have neither make-up, facial expression, nor costume to aid in the creation of their illusion, and as everything is dependent on their voices, acting of a high order is nec-es-sary to their success. The time is com-ing, I believe, when there will be a school of dramatists and actors devoted exclu-sively to the art of Radio that will rival the stage and the screen.

The last of those who knew Abraham Lincoln in the flesh soon will have ceased to walk earth's way. Yet we have re-
ceived letters from numerous old people who knew Lincoln, and two of these have talked over the radio in connection with The Prairie President program. Mrs. Ellen Vogler, of Chicago, now eighty-
six years of age, was one of the pretty girls who presented flowers to Stephen A. Douglas during his debates, with Lin-
coln, and, after the broadcast of the first debate, she told the listeners about it. Miss Mary Kent, also of Chicago, was a little girl when her father was a rail-
road official on the train that bore Lin-
coln from Springfield to Washington. Miss Kent's reminiscences were a very inter-
esting addition to the program which pictured that event, just as she had wit-
nessed it in the long ago.

About fifteen thousand people have

written letters to WCS, and to me, com-
manding The Prairie President. These
have come from many States and from
Canada, and are from listeners ranging
in age from five to ninety years. These
letters are from people in almost every
walk of life; there are a large number
from lawyers, ministers, and teachers—
particularly teachers of history. Several
relatives of both Abraham Lincoln and
his wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, and de-
cendants of the various other characters
represented in the drama, have sent let-
ters containing valuable comments and
suggestions. The reading of this mail,
week after week, has never failed to fill
me with a strange emotion and a feeling
of deep gratitude. It has proven that
I am under a grave responsibility to all
of these people; but it is pleasant to
know that my humble efforts have con-
tributed something to so many lives.

From the listeners I have received
numerous interesting items for my Lin-
coln collection as well as considerable
valuable historical information, some of
which has never been published. From
Bement, Illinois, came two photographs
of the house where Lincoln and Douglas
concluded their arrangement for the joint
debates, together with the whole story.
I carefully checked up on this and found
it to be correct. Here was a discovery
which seems to have escaped all of the
previous biographers of Lincoln. And I
am indebted to Mr. Chester E. Con-
ner of Monmouth, Illinois, for a print
from the restored negative, which he
owns, of the photograph made of Lincoln
at Springfield in 1860 by Alexander H.
Heeler for use in the Presidential cam-
paign. This picture, reproduced here by
the kind permission of Mr. Conner, shows
Lincoln as he was at the close of the first
series of "The Prairie President."

The following letter, from E. C. Stat-
ler, of the Coronado Hotel, Chicago,
is quoted in full: "Mrs. Statler and my-
self wish to tell you of our appreciation
of your episodes of our Prairie President,
the most successful and heart touching
drama ever produced. It touches the
heart of any true American, and makes
him feel more human to his God and
fellow-man. Abraham Lincoln, truly a
man of destiny. To study him gives a
better understanding of the sweet mys-
teries of life, and brings one closer to his
Creator, in thought and deed. You have
done America a great service in putting
this marvellous drama on the air. Books
by the thousand might be written on this
great man and lay dusty and forgotten,
but Radio's voice has resurrected a char-
acter that should ever be before Young
America."

Mrs. Carl Grove, of Danville, Illinois,
wrote in part: “We have enjoyed ‘The Prairie President’ more than anything we have ever heard over the Radio. Not only does the author deserve a great deal of praise for his tender and thoroughly human portrayal of that great character, but there are plenty of bouquets to be handed to the players who are making the story live. They have made it so real that we become absolutely lost in the plays while they are being presented.”

From Cutler, Indiana, came a letter from Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Sheagley which said: “Our daughter, who is in the sixth grade, told one of the episodes as an English recitation. Her teacher, who has taught for thirty years, said it was the best recitation he had heard in all that time. We believe that this presentation is giving all the listeners a vivid impression of our ‘Prairie President’ just as it aided our little girl to make an outstanding recitation.”

Mrs. Ora Dunn, of Rockford, Illinois, in her letter, says: “We as a family enjoy ‘The Prairie President’ very much. I have a son, who is a junior high pupil and I consider it an added education to him, as well as to myself, to hear this story once a week.”

And from Chicago, Mrs. A. Levinson writes: “My little boy seven years old just begs to stay up to listen to the Lincoln plays and I look forward to Friday evenings for the same reason.”

Here are some of the things the children say for themselves. Emma Alltop, of Pontiac, Illinois, says in her letter: “We are studying about Abraham Lincoln in history now. I listen about him every Friday night. It is more interesting to hear the plays over the Radio than to read it. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade.”

From Rollingburg, Kentucky, Zelphie Coffey writes: “I want to thank you for broadcasting the life of Lincoln. My mother enjoys it too. They are fine for school children and teachers and help every one to understand and know Abe Lincoln better. I am 15 years of age and live thirty miles from his birthplace.”

Little Miss Esther Bickett, of Boswell, Indiana, writes: “My brothers and sisters and I listen to the ‘Prairie President’ every Friday night. Our neighbors come to our house and listen and I am writing to tell you to keep them up. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. My father is the Methodist Preacher at Boswell.”

And from Bonnerdale, Arkansas, Billy Friend sends this note: “We’ve listened to every one of the Prairie President plays and won’t miss a one until they are ended and I have learned a lot. My teacher says they are wonderful. Florence Public of Roanoke, Illinois, says: “I have four sisters and three brothers and we all look forward to Friday evenings to the presentation of the ‘Prairie President.’ I am in the sixth grade and have a sister in the eighth grade. We both have history and have to know so much about Lincoln. I have learned many new things from these plays and I am sure will learn many more.”

A BOY in Evanston, Illinois, Eugene Majewski, writes this: “I am in the eighth grade at Nichols school, and one of my special assigned subjects is Mr. Lincoln. And the ‘Prairie President’ has given me an understanding of him that I couldn’t get from my history lessons.”

A little Chicago girl, Marion Nielson, wrote this in a letter to me: “I am twelve years of age and am in the eighth grade. My mother, father and I would rather miss a good show or party than miss the ‘Prairie President’. It is very interesting and so real that I almost think I am right with them. I like it very much and it helps me in my school work.”

T HE son of George N. Bradley, principal of a La Salle County, Illinois high school, signing his own typewritten letter with a very large “Bobby” states that he is five years old and hopes that we will “keep on telling stories about Lincoln forever, for I like them very much. I know Lincoln’s picture every time I see it.”

Here is one instance, at least, where teachers and pupils are in agreement. From Poteau, Oklahoma, Mrs. Hope Smith, a primary teacher, writes: “In educational value ‘The Prairie President’ is unexcelled. Biography read is not remembered. Dramatized it is remembered, very much the same as primary reading lessons.”

Mr. Fred B. Jackson, vocational director of the Junior Senior High School at Crawfordsville, Indiana, writes this to me: “In my opinion the ‘Prairie President’ is the best thing on the air. I believe your story is true. I have studied history. I have read much of Lincoln and talked with many of his associates. I have just finished my twenty-second year of teaching; and believe I have fair judgment. Your work will help the morals of all who hear the ‘Prairie President.’”

Also from Indiana, S. B. McCracken, professor of science at the Elkhart high school, writes: “I want to sincerely say how greatly has been my satisfaction in hearing these incidents in Lincoln’s life.” Miss Fern Peters, of Canton, Illinois, sent this: “I am a listener of the ‘Prairie President’ and certainly will be with you this fall for the continuation of the same. I am a rural school teacher. My advanced pupils listen to it over the radio. This is an education that will be of more value to them than all the book work they can get in the same length of time.” From Overley, North Dakota, Miss Merle E. Larter writes: “My father is a farmer and I am a teacher but we enjoy your ‘Prairie President’ program which is unexcelled in educational value as well as highly entertaining.” And Miss Kathleen Mack, history teacher at the Greenville, Mississippi high school, wrote: “As a teacher of history I am intensely interested in the Lincoln historical playlets, they have been of great value to the teachers and school children throughout the South.”

Professor A. F. Ames, Superintendent of Public School at Riverside, Illinois concluded a very complimentary
A mong the comments upon "The Prairie President," purely as an educational feature, I have selected the following extracts from letters which are representative of many more. From Chicago, Mr. Robert H. Sedwick wrote: "Have learned a great deal about President Lincoln that I never found in history; and as the episodes pass, do not know where I could go to refer to them again." Miss Beulah Cameron, of Eden, Ohio, says: "I never knew about Ann Rutledge's death until last evening. Of course we did not get that part of Lincoln's life in school history. By listening to the Prairie President program we learn the kind of character he had—for instance in paying the debts of his partner and himself after their store went broke."

Mr. and Mrs. William Mattson, of Dear Creek, Minnesota, say in their letter: "The Prairie President not only gives us worth-while and beautiful entertainment, but renew much forgotten history in our minds and tells of incidents we did not know." And Clarence L. Elston, of Chicago, says: "I wish to heartily commend this Radio story of Lincoln, and the way it is presented. I believe it will bring the life of Lincoln before the people more vividly than in any other way." Ira L. Beebe, a laboring man, writing from Harvey, Illinois, says: "I have read the story of Lincoln's life but it could in no way be compared with the way you give it. 'The Prairie President' is always an interesting topic at the shop where I work the day following this program and everybody there is interested in it." Alfred J. Stiles, of Elgin, Illinois, writes: "The Prairie President is most instructive to young and old, bringing us closer to our beloved Lincoln than reading any book could possibly do." All of which Miss Sheria MCBain of Gary, Indiana, agrees with in these words: "We have followed with amazing interest each week's part of The Prairie President, as we view through the vista of receding years the many intimate incidents of Lincoln's life which are not part of any biography we have read."

The many requests that this work be put in book form has been complied with; sometime in October the Keilby & Lee Co., of Chicago, will publish, The Prairie President—Living Through the Years with Lincoln. It will be a complete biographical narrative, and I plan to incorporate in it most of the dialogue that has formed the substance of the Radio series, together with a great deal of added material. The work will thus constitute a new method of approach to a figure to whom there has been no dearth of pens devoted in the past. It will owe nothing to any other biography of Lincoln, save that it will adhere closely to the facts of his life. It is my aim, by projecting the story through a series of closely knit episodes, in which faithfully reproduced dialogue is the chief illuminating factor, to achieve a warm animated study, to enliven without distorting, and to bring a little closer to reality, if possible, the image of the greatest American.

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Japanese Fans Pay for Listening Privileges

(Continued from page 59)

and 3. A number 1 orchestra may command 5000 yen ($2500) for a half hour performance. Contracts are not made for any particular length of time with orchestras. At one time JOBK had a regular staff orchestra, but this has been done away with and orchestras are hired as the program demands them. They seem to be plentiful—even in Japan.

W hen asked what salary the usual JOBK orchestra man received, Mr. Kemuyama advised that it would not be "professional" to tell me. The artists are picked for programs only. The station does not have any contracts. A list of artists obtainable are filed in the managing director's office. A card index immediately gives the "casting director" all the information required about an artist and when desired for a number he or she is called and advised when to come for a rehearsal. Artists are paid according to public ratings—or how well they stand with the public. Most of them have appeared on the various theatre programs. Unless the program calls for a special arrangement of numbers, the artist is allowed to sing just what she wishes or what he desires and can "put over" to his best advantage. It seems that foreign songsters are few in Japan and therefore demand a higher rate of pay. Classical singers seem to be very rare as well. Boy orchestras are popular in Japan.

All broadcasting ceases by 10 o'clock.

That is a government regulation. Nothing at all on the air after that time. The summer and winter broadcasting schedules differ—the winter starting at 7 a.m. and the summer schedule at 6 a.m.

Very little is made of the announcers—and usually one of the staff tells the "Radio audience" what will take place and that's all there is to it. Personalities as far as the broadcasting station is concerned or anything with reference to broadcasting, are nil.

Very few English programs are put on the air. Occasionally an American song will be broadcast or a very popular melody from an American musical comedy will be played by an orchestra.

The Japanese are quite satisfied with their own accomplishments and although American goods and American methods are copied to a great extent, the Radio programs seem to be "Japanese" in every way. When a very famous personage comes to Osaka, JOBK will usually have him speak and an interpreter will follow with a translation of the speech. The newspapers publish daily programs—but they do not go in for publicity of the type given American Radio entertainers. The Japanese-English papers merely carry the programs.

The Japanese method of handling the broadcasting situation may after all be the best plan from all angles—the station as well as the listener-in. Without the advertising problem, stations can really vote themselves to giving the best form of programs obtainable—and with the consumer paying the bill, the subscriber has some "say-so" in what goes on the air and what does not. Government supervision keeps the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association on its toes and on the job. There may be more sets sold without the "subscriber" method of operation—but after all, what is worth having is worth paying for—and that is the philosophy back of the Japanese method of operation.

Brings the Orient to America

Basil Ruysdael, WOR announcer, is known over the air, mainly, for his excellent Red Lacquer and Jade programs, which brings to Occidental ears the quaint and pithy philosophy of the Orient. While thumbing a Victor record catalogue, looking for information about an artist on a forthcoming program, a member of the Bamberger station's publicity staff came upon the information that a large part of the success of Lawrence Tibbett, famous baritone, was due to the instruction he obtained from Mr. Ruysdael, who had kept this fact a secret.

Recently, Basil met an old friend, Alma Gluck, at WOR and recalled the fact that many years ago he had had the privilege of leading her out on the Metropolitan stage in an opera in which she was making her debut. He did not say, however, that he was one of the principals, also.
Specializes in Funny Sounds

From Childhood Robert Wildhack Has Practised Reproduction of Amusing Sounds—He Profits by His Snores

AMERICANS have been accused for years of being a most wasteful people and the thrift of the Europeans has often been pointed out. Dyes, medicines, perfumes, etc., from coal tar, and various examples of the clever use of waste material have been used as arguments. Now comes an American, who, in a thoroughly American manner, extracts joy from heretofore waste material, the snore. No European has ever done that.

From childhood to date this man, Robert Wildhack, has delighted in funny sounds, has amused himself in his lighter moments with reproductions of these sounds, just as an artist amuses himself by drawing funny pictures. Wildhack is an artist and draws funny pictures as well as serious ones. One day while resting upon a couch, he pretended to be asleep and snoring. He imitated every form of snore that he could remember or invent. Members of his family were convulsed with laughter. Almost every one gets in the dumps at times, feels blue for no particular reason, "off his (or her) feed," perhaps. At such times, the one sure way, in Mr. Wildhack's family, of "chasing the blues," of laughing away the dumps, was to get Mr. Wildhack to snore.

Thus came the discovery that the humor of funny sound is fundamental and irresistible, and universal. The merest child of three or less will laugh. The totally ignorant, uneducated, unread person will laugh. A person blind from birth will respond to the humor of funny sounds of which the snore is only one.

Nobody had ever found a use for the snore. Mr. Wildhack began to use it. He began to entertain his friends, including the most serious of them, by reproducing examples of snores. Then he began to take this ridiculous thing seriously and analyzed the snore. What produced it? How many kinds are there, or have they any particular relation to each other? He found that they really have a relation to each other and that they could be divided into classes according to the way they are produced. They were numerous. So he took some of them, arranged them in regular order, numbered them, named them, and instead of making funny noises at random, he made a little illustrated lecture out of them. The illustrations were the snores themselves in sound, not in pictures of course. When it came his turn, after a banquet, to tell an anecdote or make a speech, he responded with this talk on snores. Now he is asked to deliver it constantly, by doctors, lawyers, serious scientific men, business men, people of all kinds and all interests.

HE HAS gone farther and delved into the world of sound and brought to the ear other funny things, which we have all been laughing at for years but considered pure waste and useless for any purpose under the sun. Sneeze, for instance. He has been asked to appear in vaudeville or perform this experiment of turning useless things into pleasure for public audiences, but he is a busy man and has not found time for this. He has been asked to put it on a talking machine record, and has done so. And now, people all over the country are laughing and chuckling over these familiar "useless" sounds. America has put to use and profit, for the benefit of the world at large, the biggest untapped reservoir of "waste" that the efficiency experts have ever sneered at. And he isn't through.

Mike and Herman

RIDGELEY FLETCHER, known in Radio as Arthur Wellington, and also as "Mike McFriend" of the comedy team "Mike and Herman," at WENR, Chicago, was born in Memphis, Tenn. He has lived in Milwaukee and Chicago. He is married, five feet six and one half inches tall. His hobby is fishing. Prior to his work in broadcasting, he was a stenographer and wholesale paper salesman.

He became imbued with the desire to sing over Radio, and as a result was first heard in the Edison Studios of KYW, Chicago, where he sang ballads and semi-classical songs. He is the "straight" man of "Mike and Herman." He has only been heard over KYW and WENR, Chicago. When he took up broadcasting, he was fired from his job as paper salesman, which occurrence he lists as an unusual event in his life.

Mr. Fletcher was educated in the public schools of Chicago and River Forest, Ill. He is a distant relative of Sidney Lanier, poet.

The other half of the team, James H. Murray, is known to Radio as "Herman Schultzmeyer." He was born in Allen-town, Pa., and has lived inPhiladelphia and Pittsburgh. He is married, five feet five and one half inches tall, has brown eyes and brown hair. His hobbies are motoring and photography.

His answer to the question "what business or professions have you followed?" is "building, designing and calibrating electric meters." He became interested in broadcasting through his curiosity to try something new, and was first heard over KYW, Chicago, as a tenor soloist. He has appeared before the microphones of KYW, WEBH, WQJ and WENR, Chicago.
Your Refrigerator

(Continued from page 94)

electrically controlled refrigerator keeps the food quite free from moisture. This lack of moisture due to a low, uniform temperature and a free circulation of air, will keep food in good condition longer than a moist one.

A refrigerator should be free from odor. It is not pleasant to have food taste of wood, varnish or paint. Odor may come from various sources—from the foods themselves, from the refrigerant used, from the lining, insulation or the paint. We can regulate the absorption of odors from the foods by correct placing of food in the box. But the other factors are determined by the selection of the refrigerator itself.

The use or value you will receive from your mechanical refrigerator will largely depend upon the size of the cooling unit. A cooling unit should only take up one-third of the size of the whole refrigerator. So, if your family is small, space in your refrigerator is not at such a premium. But if your family is large and there are several children, you will need a larger box excluding the cooling unit. Milk takes up considerable space and needs to be well placed in the refrigerator.

WHAT is a refrigerant? In a preceding paragraph it was stated that odor may come from the type of refrigerant used. By this we mean the substance used to carry away the heat from the air and the food in your refrigerator. There are different chemicals used in the coils of your cooling unit for this purpose. They are expensive but a very small quantity is used and it is used over and over again. The cost of the refrigerant is not dependent upon the kind of refrigerant used. But the refrigerant must be non-poisonous, non-corrosive, non-dangerous of leakage and non-inflammable. If a leak in a pipe occurred, it should readily be detected by the odor. If it is not, it might waste away.

Most women do not wish to spend a great deal of time caring for their refrigerator or other electrical servants. They become a burden to them if they require too frequent attention. So the oiling system should be such that the attention is very little or none at all.

Inquire into the servicing available in your locality before buying a refrigerator. Prompt servicing is oftentimes very essential.

There are many other factors which are important to the life of an electrically controlled refrigerator. But the kind of compressor used, whether the motor is built-in or separate, have similar questions are not of special interest to the average housewife. Most of us are not mechanical enough to be intelligent on the subject, even though we should know some-}

thing about these very vital parts. But you, as purchasers and homemakers responsible for the welfare of your family, are vitally concerned about the temperature maintained, the air circulation, the cost, the construction and the refrigerant used, for these will determine your safety and happily this condition.

Most electrically controlled refrigerators today have side icing units. The coldest part of this type is next to the cooling compartment. The cold air travels to the lowest part under the cooling unit. As this cold air comes from the cooling unit, it forces the warm air up, so each shelf gets slightly warmer towards the top of the refrigerator.

Milk, butter, cream, cream soups, custards, beverages and all milk dishes as well as any delicate dishes which absorb odors, should be placed nearest the cooling unit. This does not mean that it is safe to keep these foods here indefinitely. This is not cold storage. Your refrigerator keeps milk and other foods cool and retards the growth of bacteria. But even then a quick turnover is necessary to insure safe food and it is better not to keep most foods more than a few days.

Meats should be placed on the next coldest shelf to the milk. The temperature here should not exceed 50° F. Place uncooked meat on a clean dish in the refrigerator. If it is cooked, keep it tightly covered. This will prevent it from drying out too quickly.

Fish may also be kept on the shelf with the meat. To prevent exchange of odors, place the fish in a tightly covered jar.

On the shelf next to the meat and fish are placed berries and other raw fruits. They are subject to mold and dry air checks its growth. Dryness is necessary to keep any food, so do not wash berries before placing them in the refrigerator. Put them in a container which allows a free circulation of air.

Eggs keep well and do not need the coldest place in the refrigerator. Any vegetables, fruits or other foods of strong odor should be in the warmest part of the refrigerator. This prevents any odors from penetrating the other foods. The air strikes the food just before it returns to the cooling unit. Here the odors are absorbed. Vegetables will be kept crisp and fresh if placed in a container which excludes most of the moisture.

IT IS well to say a word about the containers used in a refrigerator. Carefully selected containers will save space and keep the food in good condition. Much room is wasted by wide-topped, flaring bowls. Fruit jars and small compact, straight-sided bowls are good to use. Milk, soup, custards and other delicate or strong-flavored foods should be kept in sterilized covered containers. Glass is a good material to use for food, especially butter, as glass is non-absorbing and easily cleaned.

An electrically controlled refrigerator requires very little care. The interior should be kept clean and dry. It is well to remove all food at least once a week, wash the interior with warm water and soda and dry thoroughly. The shelves should be removed and washed. Also, when considerable frost has accumulated on the cooling unit, it must be defrosted. Turn off the electricity for a short time and the melting of the ice does the work for you. This melted ice should be caught in a container and removed.

A N ELECTRICALLY controlled refrigerator is a storage place for foods. It is not for cold storage. It makes foods palatable, cold, and safe to use. Some foods will last indefinitely in a refrigerator while others, such as milk and milk dishes will last but a few days. A refrigerator prevents waste of left-over food, thus effecting economy.

A covered container with a little ventilation will keep your vegetables in excellent condition. One may be purchased fitted into any refrigerator.

The use of a refrigerator to make ice cubes is thought by many to be one of the main purposes of an electrically controlled refrigerator. In the summer time when the thermometer registers 90° or 100° we are glad for all of the cold foods and drinks with which the refrigerator supplies us.

Another use, especially in the summer time, is the making of chilled and frozen dishes. Many such delightful salads and desserts may be made with very little trouble. It is scarcely necessary to mention the fact that a temperature control is very essential for quick freezing of these dishes. This should be located where it is easily operated and visible.

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Below are several recipes for dishes which you may prepare in your electrically controlled refrigerator and serve for bridge luncheons or teas.

**Frozen Pecan Pudding**

1 cup whipping cream

¼ teaspoon salt

1 cup marshmallow cream

½ cup chopped pecans

Few drops almond flavoring

¼ cup rubyettes or maraschino cherries

Whip the cream and salt. Best in the marshmallow cream a little at a time. Fold in the chopped pecans, almond flavoring and rubyettes or cherries. Freeze in your mechanical refrigerator.
Stir every 20 minutes during the freezing period to make a creamy mixture. This recipe serves 4.

**Ginger Mousse**

1 cup marshmallow cream  
¾ cup ginger ale  
2 tablespoons preserved ginger  
¾ cup chopped rubies or maraschino cherries  
1 cup whipping cream

DISSOLVE the marshmallow cream in the ginger ale in the top of a double boiler. Add the preserved ginger which has been chopped in fine pieces and the rubies or cherries. Allow the mixture to cool and to stiffen slightly. Then add the whipping cream which has been beaten until stiff. Pour into the refrigerator tray and freeze. Stir every 20 minutes during the freezing period to prevent the fruit from settling and to make the mousse creamier. This recipe serves 6.

**Grape Sherbet**

4 cups water  
2 cups sugar  
¾ cup lemon juice  
2 cups grape juice  
¾ cup orange juice  
2 eggs  
½ cup whipped cream

Make a syrup of the water and sugar and boil 15 minutes. Add the lemon juice, grape juice and orange juice. Cool slightly, pour into your refrigerator tray and freeze to a mash. This requires about 1½ hours. Then add the beaten whites of the 2 eggs and the whipped cream. Fold in these ingredients carefully, return to the refrigerator and continue to freeze until firm. This recipe will serve 10—12 persons.

**Shrimp Salad**

1 tablespoon gelatin  
½ cup cold water  
1 cup boiling water  
¾ cup lemon juice  
dash cayenne  
1 teaspoon salt  
dash black pepper and paprika

Soak the gelatin in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Cool and add the lemon juice, cayenne, salt, black pepper and paprika. Place one shrimp which has had the intestinal vein removed, in the bottom of an individual jello mold. Around it place a slice of stuffed olive, and an emettele alternately. Pour a little of the gelatin mixture on the mold and let stand until set. Then pour gelatin to fill the mold and chill. Unmold and serve on a lettuce leaf. Serve with dressing. This recipe serves 6.

**Crushed Fruit Ice Cream**

2 cups milk  
1 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons flour  
2 eggs  
1/3 teaspoons gelatin  
1 tablespoon cold water  
1/2 pints heavy cream  
2 teaspoons vanilla  
1/3 teaspoon salt  
1 or 2 cups crushed fruit

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Add the sugar and flour which have been mixed and cook 15 or 20 minutes. Pour over the beaten yolks of the eggs and return to the double boiler. Cook 2 minutes or until the mixture coats the spoon. Add the gelatin which has been soaked 5 minutes in the cold water. Chill. Whip the cream and fold it into the cooked mixture. Add the vanilla, salt and crushed fruit. If the fruit lacks acid, add 1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze. Stir every 30 minutes until the mixture holds its shape. This recipe serves six to eight.

**Chicken Mousse**

1 cup chicken stock  
1 cup chopped chicken  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
Dash of pepper  
Dash of cayenne  
1 tablespoon gelatin  
¾ cup cold chicken stock  
1 cup heavy cream

MIX the chicken stock, chopped chicken and season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Cook slightly to blend the ingredients. Soak the gelatin in the 3/4 cup of cold chicken stock. Add to chicken and stock mixture. Chill. When almost cold and beginning to set, fold in the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Pour into a ring mold and chill. When firm, unmold and serve in lettuce leaves. Fill the center with peas. Asparagus tips may be placed on the lettuce. Season the peas, lettuce, and asparagus with French dressing.

**Burnt Almond Bavarian Cream**

1 1/2 tablespoons granulated gelatin  
1/2 cup cold water  
2 eggs, beaten separately  
1/3 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cups hot milk  
1 teaspoon butter  
1 teaspoon flavoring  
1 cup cream, whipped  
1/2 cup sugar

Soak the gelatin in cold water five minutes. Mix beaten egg yolks and sugar, pour hot milk over slowly, and put in a double boiler with butter and salt. Cook until the mixture thicken—about 15 minutes. Add the gelatin to the hot mixture and stir until completely dissolved. Cool. Add vanilla, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and the whipped cream. Add 1 cup blanched almonds, browned and powdered. Turn into a large mold and chill at least three hours. Unmold to serve. This recipe serves eight.

**Macaroon Pecan Cream**

2 tablespoons gelatin  
1/2 cup cold milk  
3 egg yolks slightly beaten  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cups scalded milk  
3/4 cup rolled macaroons  
1/4 cup chopped pecans  
1 teaspoon vanilla

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes. Make a custard of egg yolks, sugar, salt and scalded milk. Heat the milk in the top of a double boiler, add the other ingredients and cook until it thickens slightly. Dissolve the soaked gelatin in this hot mixture. Let it cool and add the vanilla. As it begins to congeal, fold in the beaten whites of the three eggs, the macaroon crumbs and chopped pecans. Pipe each mold with halves of strawberries. Pour the mixture, serve with a bit of whipped cream on the top, or serve with chocolate sauce. (Maraschino cherries may be substituted for the strawberries.) This recipe will serve 16 persons.

**Cherry-Orange Mousse**

1 cup orange juice  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
1 tablespoon water  
1 3-ounce bottle maraschino cherries  
1 cup marshmallow cream  
1 cup whipped cream

MIX the orange juice, lemon juice, water and the juice from the bottle of maraschino cherries. Add the marshmallow cream. Beat until smooth and fluffy. Add the maraschino cherries and set aside to cool. When cold and slightly stiffened combine carefully with the whipped cream. Pour into trays of your electrically controlled refrigerator and freeze. This recipe will serve 8 persons generously. It will be creamier if you stir every half hour during the freezing process.

**Pickards Give an Impromptu Program**

Obed ("Dad") Pickard, the father of all the Pickards, who sing those old hillbilly songs over the NBC chain from Chicago, on his last trip to New York was obliged to give an impromptu (and free) concert under unusual circumstances, despite his exclusive contract with the National's concert bureau.

Just outside Ashland Junction, N. Y., the automobile containing the Pickard family found a freight train stalled across the only available road. They took shelter in the small railroad station and were soon recognized by a few hundred of passengers similarly stalled. The crowd was joined by the station master, porters, freight-handlers and section-hands, and "Dad" Pickard had to unpack his various violins, guitars, jew's harps, banjos and such and give a program of favorite old tunes to one of the most enthusiastic audiences of his career.
Individuality in Fall Styles

(Continued from page 89)

were either very light or very dark, with none of the startingly vivid hues of other years. Princess lines will be most popular; fitted in at the waist, moulded over the hips and hanging in a flare to the floor. Buffant treatment over the hips is out, which makes our old robes de style useless unless we are clever at making things over.

Pleasing make it very clear to our readers," begged Miss Cornell, "that uneven hemlines are now as dead as King Tut. They really have been since the Spring but too many women seemed to ignore the fact. All hemlines on the new Fall dresses will be even, though equalized irregularities, such as points and scallops, may be used on formal clothes.

Tweed will be as good as ever for sport suits, coats and dresses, but the new tweeds are soft, lightweight materials instead of the heavy English worsteds of other years. All woolen dress materials, by the way, are much finer this year, of the type that is known as "sheer" to the trade.

Unlike dresses, the fitted and slightly flared silhouettes of the coats Miss Cornell saw were achieved through ingeniously cut rather than by the more obvious means of godets or other inserts. The leading materials were broadcloths and velvety suede-finish woolens. The waistlines were invariably indicated either by a belt or by shaping, with a tendency to pose it a trifle higher than formerly. Flattering collars that drop over the shoulders were prominent in the Paris collections and the sleeves were often elaborate. Flat furs, especially caracul and Persian lamb are important trimmings, although such long-haired furs as fox, fine wolf and badger were shown abroad. Raccoon and beaver continue to be the favorites on sports coats.

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There is nothing very startling to report about hats and shoes. Off-the-face hats, in sweeping but framing effects, will still be good. The beret continues its amazing success of the past year, fashioned from felt, cloth and velvet for both formal and informal wear. Large brimmed hats, while very suitable on some women, are not so practical for the Winter. However, Miss Cornell noticed quite a few of them among the more expensive models for formal occasions. Crowns continue to be shallow in front but there is a tendency to lengthen them at the back—to make room for the return of long hair, it is said, but I doubt long hair will ever be universal again. Hats, by the by, should match gloves and shoes and complement rather than match one’s clothes. In the sweeping appley dark shades seem to have for the Fall, hats are included, the dark colors heightened by trimmings of ribbons and feathers. Just how far the latter will be able to creep into our styles over here Miss Cornell would not predict but it would

What Happened to Mary?

Thrills! Drama!

The third, and last installment of TERROR, by Rupert Hughes will appear in October Radio Digest. This dramatic episode in the history of Old New York reaches an unexpected and surprising climax. Mary Burton, the bonded white slave, cast among negroes, becomes the instrument of fate in one of the darkest hours of early American Colonial days. IfFanatical frenzy reaches its apex, distortion of justice takes new forms. It is raw drama! It is thrilling! It is history in the making! And what about Mary? Does she win through to her lover’s arms or does she go down to destruction with the other unfortunate. October Radio Digest will set your mind at rest.

Shoes were given no space in the Paris exhibits.

Smart Fall furs avoid extremes and always accent slenderness. Sports fur coats affect a youthful, jaunty air, often accomplished in the Paris collection by belted silhouettes, fashioned of the coat fur in a narrow tailored effect or of contrasting color in novelty leathers. The newest furs are lapin, ocelot, kid and otter for sports and caracul, galyack, Persian lamb and, in fact, all the flat furs for dress.

* * * * *

And so you see we have an excellent chance to make hay while the sun shines on our feminine curves, dimples and other charms, and if we women don’t make the best of it we deserve to go back to the days of boyish flatness when the nicest thing a man could say about us was “Yes, she’s a most intelligent woman.”

The new clothes are a boon to the woman who loves gallantry and protection from men—and who of us doesn’t? If we are able to interpret the new mode correctly we will become a nation of smartly sophisticated women. But—and what a big it is—if we don’t want to take the time to study the new clothes and from the great variety choose the things that enhance our personalities, emphasize our good features and veil our bad points, we are going to find ourselves badly floundering.

Baron de Meyer, one of the foremost fashion experts of Paris, said recently in a broadcast from the studios of the Radio Home-Makers Club: “A good definition of a well-dressed woman is: she who can pass unnoticed in a crowd of indifferently dressed women, yet be the center of attraction in an assembly of smart ones. Perfect dressing nowadays means never to strike a false note. The principal novelty of modern fashions consists in their adaptability to the individual style and build. Present-day fashions enable an intelligent dresser to appear as being a la mode in whatever she has decided is most becoming to her.”

The 1930 Fall styles are appealing to men and flattering to women, the acme of perfection when realized. To achieve this combination in your own wardrobe good taste is more important than money. In fact, the combination of little money and much taste gives far better effects than much money and little taste. Remember this when you begin to select your new clothes; go slowly, be critical, be sure the dress that appeals to you also makes you appealing and your Fall wardrobe will be a success.
Try Singing to Speak Well

(Continued from page 7)

out he was conducting a chorus of thirty-two voices in one of the churches of which he was the baritone soloist and conductor of the chorus in another church. He has directed many musical productions. The announcer is of the opinion that there is nothing like singing to improve one's speaking voice and not only one's voice, but one's health and appearance. He recommends singing lessons even to those who have no particular vocal ability.

WHEN the war broke out, Bach enlisted in the army and went overseas with the 44th Coast Artillery Corps, seeing active service on the Somme-M. Mihel front. After the war he went into the printing business and it is to printing that he owes his knowledge of the grammatical end of the English language, as it is to singing that he owes, in part, his correct intonation.

In October, 1922, he became an announcer for Station WBZ in Springfield, Massachusetts. He announced the programs broadcast by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In 1926 he went over to WBZ's twin station in Boston, WZBA. He came to NBC in 1927.

At NBC he announces the following programs: On Sunday, the Davy Tree, Todent, Enna Jetick Shoes, the Hour with Shakespeare, Reminiscences. On Monday, Beacon Oil—the Bob Ripley feature in this—Real Folks. On Tuesday, Around the World with Libby, Enna Jetick Song Birds. On Friday, Famous Loves, Natural Bridge Shoes. Besides he has done many special pieces of announcing and is often heard on the air as a soloist.

Bach is known as the only man ever to broadcast from a bathtub. He tells the story: "It was in the 1924 Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden. Our station, WBZ, hadn't been able to procure telephone communications and requested permission from Worcester to pick up their transmission and rebroadcast it. In order to do an effective job there was a superhetrodyne receiver with which to pick up their signals in the hotel Bancroft in Worcester. From the receiver the broadcast went out through an amplifier onto the Boston Springfield line. During the course of procedure Graham McNamie would announce, 'Please stand by for station announcements,' and that was our cue to drop off and give our own call letters.

"Well, this was the night the Democrats had their all night session. Along about two o'clock I began to get sleepy and decided I'd better take a tub to wake me up. Just as I was nicely lathered, the engineer rushed into the bath room with the mike on a long extension cord. Letting go the soap and grabbing the mike, I said, 'This is station WBZ.'”

Such a trifle as having to announce from a bath tub is nothing in the life of an announcer, for it is his business, no matter what happens in the studio, to announce the program in a voice as serene as a morning in May. There must be no flurry, no tension. It doesn't matter if the star has just keeled over in a dead faint, or that the orchestra, finding a non-union artist has been employed, has just walked out, it is up to him to announce the program suavely and easily. For this is the critical and ticklish responsibility of keeping the Radio audience from turning the dials before the program can get on the air.

When I asked him how the average person could improve his diction, the medal winner thought a minute and then said, "singing first, and then"—with a twinkle in his eye—"the dictionary game." Seeing the question mark in my eyes he went on to explain "I got it from my mother. One can keep a dictionary around and read it. Yes, I know that old joke about its changing its subject too often. And I don't mean the big dictionary, but the average college dictionary of eight or nine hundred pages. One can read two or three pages a day, picking out the words he uses and seeing if he is using and pronouncing them correctly. And again I don't mean memorizing long lists of words that one doesn't ordinarily use. The game is to correct the vocabulary more than to increase it."

"'T'll wager that hardly any of you can even get through the 'a's' without finding dozens of words you mispronounce. How many of you put the accent on the last syllable of 'adult' and 'addict'? And in the 's's' do you say 'Babel' with a long 'a' or short? Do you say 'Chinese' as if it rhymed with 'breeze' or 'fleece'? Try the dictionary game; you'll find it amusing and instructive."

THERE are two kinds of words, Bach says, eye words and tongue words. One's greatest vocabulary of course, is the eye vocabulary. We know the meaning of a vastly greater number of words that we read than we use in our speech. The problem is to bring more of the eye words over into the tongue column.

Bach waxed philosophic in discussing onomatopoeia (pronounce that one, will you?), the formation of words in imitation of natural sounds as "gun-shot," "snap," "bang," "splat," "bow-wow." "It is interesting," he remarked, "to notice how often words sound like the thing they represent. There are the obvious examples mentioned above, of course, but isn't there a little rasping sound to the word 'exasperate'? Doesn't 'delicious' make you smack your lips?" It would be interesting, thinks Bach, to try words on a foreigner, for instance, a Chinese (pronounced "to rhyme with "fleece," if you haven't already looked it up) and see if he could get their meaning just from the sound. Take the two words, "gazelle" and "hippopotamus". Couldn't a Chinese gain some knowledge of the animals' qualities just from their names? A rose may smell just as sweet by any other name, but Bach doesn't think so. "How far do you think I'd get in announcing," he asked, "if my name were 'Spink-doodle'?"

HOWEVER, he warns that one mustn't be too pedantic in this question of pronunciation and diction. "After all, words are to convey meaning; that's their primary purpose. One can make oneself a bore by stopping continually to dicker over pronunciation. I know one woman who stops a conversation, her own, or anyone else's to discuss minute details, quote authorities, and make herself very objectionable. Which reminds me of a joke about St. Peter and a young woman who came knocking at the Heavenly gates one time late at night.

"Who's there?" called out St. Peter, putting the key in the lock and getting ready to let her in.

"It's I," said the voice.

St. Peter took his key out. "You can't come in here. We've got too many school teachers already."

Bach said he used to be shy and very ill at ease in company but that singing and announcing have taken it all out of him. Any one who can be unfurled through the mishaps of a studio, can still keep his voice serene even though at a tea party he absent-mindedly puts six lumps of sugar in his tea.

An interesting incident is told in the NBC studios as to a bit of advice given to the medal winner by another announcer who has no mean record as a person of glib-edged diction.

"Don't be so darned perfect as to sound inhuman," said the old timer. "There's a fine line to be drawn somewhere between 99 and 100 per cent perfect."

"You certainly are not trying to persuade me to deliberately mispronounce a word are you?" asked Bach, astounded.

"Well, a little sneeze or a bit of stuttering perhaps would make a difference."

So, according to the story, Bach made a little break in an experiment. And the incident resulted in a surprising increase of mail in that particular program.

Bach is married, has a young daughter, Joyce Elizabeth, who was born in 1923. She does not talk baby talk. And those who know her say her speech is remarkable for a child her age, a mark of excellent parental training.
The Road to Liberty

(Continued from page 39)

Londe gave the man his orders. Soon they were rushing back once more towards the hills, on the other side of which was her home.

"You are very silent," she murmured once.

He turned towards her.

"I was thinking about you," he replied: "I left in the little pink and white house amongst the hills, and your father, and Monsieur Arleman. It is a queer little chapter of life, you know."

"TO YOU," she sighed, "it must seem so very, very trivial. And yet, when I wake in the mornings and the thought comes to me of Monsieur Arleman, then life seems suddenly big and awful. I feel as though I must go all round, stretching out my hands, seeking some place in which to hide. I feel," she added, as her fingers sought his half fearfully and her voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that there isn't any way of escape in the whole world which I would not take."

Londe made no response. The appeal of her lowered voice, her wonderful eyes, seemed in vain. He was an adventurer, a hardened man of the world, whose life, when men spoke of it, they called evil; but his weak spot was discovered. He sat and thought steadily for the girl's sake, and at the end of it all he saw nothing.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "this Monsieur Arleman is not so bad when one knows him. If one is kind and generous."

"He looked at him reproachfully."

"Monsieur," she replied, "he is bourgeois, he drinks, he is old. His presence disgusts me."

Once more Londe was silent. The sheer futility of words oppressed him. They were climbing the hills now. The patchwork land was unwinding itself below. Only a few more turns, and they would be within sight of her home. Then, because he was a man who throughout his life had had his own way, and because there were limits to his endurance, he changed, for a moment, his tone.

"Little girl," he said, "if I were free I think that I should take you away, just as you are, in this car, on and on to some place at the end of the road. Would you rather have me for a husband than Monsieur Arleman?"

She said nothing, but she had begun to tremble. He felt the instinctive swaying of her body towards him. He laid his hand upon hers.

"IT WAS wrong of me to ask you the question," he continued, "because, you see, I am not free. I have not seen my wife for years. I am not a reputable person. If you met with those who understood, they would pity that boy for his companion, and they would be right. They would tremble for you, and they would be right. So, Mlle. Félice, I cannot help you."

"You have helped me, and you will help me always," she whispered, her eyes filled with tears. "You will help me with what you have said—with the memory of to-day."

Then again there was silence. They were at the top of the hill now, and below them the sun-bathed landscape stretched like a carpet of many colours to the foot of those other hills. Her fingers tightened a little upon his.

"When you asked me that question—when you said that you would have married me yourself," she continued, hesitatingly, "does that mean that you could care just a little?"

Londe was only human. He leaned over, and she stole very quietly into his arms. She lay there for a moment quite passive. Then he kissed her lips once.

"I always prayed," she whispered, as he set her down at the corner of the lane, "that love might come like this."

Londe and his youthful companion went on to Monte Carlo, where for a week or so they had the usual reckless time. Then suddenly the former pulled up. He strode into the boy's sitting-room one morning to find him red-eyed and weary, looking distastefully at his breakfast.

"Look, young fellow," he said, "I have had enough. So have you. Do you understand? I am going to take you back to England."

The boy stared at him.

"Are you mad?" he asked. "What's the use of going to England in March, just when we are getting into the swing of things here, too?"

"The good of it for you is that you'll get back to your work," Londe answered, curiously. "How do you suppose you're going to pass your exams, if you waste your time like this? What do you suppose you're going to do with your life if you commence at twenty years old to live the life of a profligate?"

Arthur Maddison set down the cup of coffee which he had been trying to drink and gazed at the speaker blankly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he exclaimed. "What's come to you, Londe? Why, it was you who first of all suggested coming out here!"

"And I was a fool to do it," Londe retorted, coldly. "They were right, all of them, when they advised you not to come with me—right when they called me an adventurer. I don't get much out of it. I have lived free and done you for a few hundreds. I've had enough of it."

It's a disgusting life, anyway. Back we go to England to-day."

"You're mad!" the boy declared. "I am not going. I've got a dinner-party to-night."

"We go to-day, Londe repeated, firmly, "and don't you forget it."

"Do you think you're going to bully me?" the boy began.

"I don't know what you call bullying," Londe replied, "but I shall wring your neck if you don't come. Your man has begun to pack already. I've got seats on the Luxe for three o'clock, and I've wired your mother."

The boy collapsed.

Londe left him at his mother's house in Grosvenor Square two days later, and drove the next day into the City. He called upon a firm of old-fashioned lawyers, and was at once received by the principal of the firm. The greeting, however, between the two men was mutually cold. The lawyer looked questioningly at his visitor's grey tweed suit and Homburg hat.

"We wrote you four days ago, Mr. Londe," he said, "to acquaint you with the news we had just received from America."

"My wife?"

"She has been dangerously ill," the lawyer replied. "The habits of her life, I regret to say, are unchanged. It is necessary that she remains under restraint."

"Is there any money left at all besides the four hundred pounds a year that goes to her?" Londe asked.

The lawyer sighed.

"It is always money," he said, grimly. "There is the Priory still."

"I won't sell it," Londe declared.

"Then there is nothing else worth mentioning."

"If you were to sell everything else that belongs to me," Londe inquired, "how should I stand?"

"You might have a thousand pounds."

"Then I'll take it," Londe declared. "I am going to emigrate."

For a moment the grim lines in the lawyer's face relaxed.

"As an old friend of your father, Mr. Londe," he said, "it would give me great pleasure if I thought you were tired of the life you are reputed to live."

"I am heartily sick of it," Londe assured him.

"Then I will do my best to straighten out your affairs," the lawyer promised. "It will take a month. Shall you remain in town?"

"I expect so," Londe answered. "You know my address. I will call here a month to-day."
Londe spent three restless weeks. The sight of the City was hateful to him. The clubs, where he was received coldly, the shadys, to which he had been wont to patronize, were like nightmares to him. He turned his back suddenly upon them all, left London at two-twenty, and late in the afternoon of the following day arrived at Hyères.

He took a room at the hotel and wandered restlessly into the Casino. There was a variety entertainment going on in the theatre, which he watched for half an hour with ever-increasing weariness. Then a juggler came on and began the tricks of his profession. Londe leaned forward. The girl who stood at the table, assisting him, had turned her face to the house. He watched her with a little start. Something in the shy grace of her movements, the queer, half-frightened smile, seemed to have set loose memories which were tugging at his heart-strings.

He got up with a little exclamation and left the place. To divert himself he strolled down to the gambling saloon and threw his francs recklessly away at boule.

Presently the audience streamed out for the interval. He made his way back again to the promenade and came to a sudden standstill. Before him on a chair the girl was seated, looking a little wistfully at the people who passed. There were traces of make-up still about her face; her clothes were very simple. Then she saw Londe and gave a low cry. He came to a standstill before her, dumb-founded.

"It is you!" she murmured. A hot flush stole over her face. As though instinctively, she glanced down at her skirt.

"You saw me just now?" she murmured. He took a seat by her side. He was a little dazed.

"My child," he exclaimed, "what does it mean? It wasn't really you?"

She nodded. She was over her first fit of shyness now.

"The night I got home," she explained, "Monsieur Arleman came to the house. He had had too much to drink. He tried to kiss me. I—I think that I went mad. I ran out into the fields and I hid. That night I walked miles and miles and miles. I came to Hyères in the morning. There was an old servant here. I found her house. She was very poor, but she took me in. She lets lodgings to the people who come here to perform. This man was staying there, and the girl who travels with him was ill. On Monday—I—took her place. I earn a little. I have no money. I cannot be dependent upon Aline."

She was suddenly graver and older.

"Will you tell me how in this world I am to live, then?" she asked.

He led her away to a table and ordered some coffee. The performance was over. She was sitting there only to listen to the music. He talked to her seriously for a time. There were no other relatives, not a friend in the world.

"Monsieur Arleman," she explained, "has been ill ever since that night, but he has sworn that he will find me. My father doesn't care. He has his coffee, his brandy, his déjeuner—but nothing else. He never cared. But, oh, I am terrified of Monsieur Arleman! Why do you look so gravely, Monsieur Londe?" she whispered, leaning across the table towards him, "Say that you are glad to see me, please!"

"I cannot quite tell you how glad," he said.

He was on the point of telling her that he had come back to Hyères only to catch a glimpse of her, but he held his peace.

"I only regret," he added, "that you should have had to take up work like this. There are other things."

"There is one thing only I can do," she cried, "Jean!"

She called to the violinist. He came across, bowing and smiling. She took the violin from his hand and commenced to play. Her eyes were half closed.

"They let me do this," she murmured.

"Listen. I will play to you."

When she had finished many of the people had gathered around. Londe slipped a five franc piece into the hand of the violinist.

"I see now, little girl," he said, "the way out. I am going back with you to your lodgings. I am going to talk to Aline. Afterwards we shall see."

As she left him on the platform at the Garde du Nord three weeks later, she was placed with a highly respectable French family. She was a pupil at the Conservatoire, with her fees paid for two years and the remainder of Londe's thousands in the bank. She took his hand and the tears came into her eyes.

"If only you had not to go!" she whispered, clinging to him. "You have been so good, so dear, and you won't even let me love you; you won't let me tell you that there isn't anything else in the world like even my thoughts of you."

He kissed her lightly on both cheeks.

"Little girl," he said, "it is well that you should love your guardian. Remember that I am old, and married, and a very impossible person. The little I have done for you is absolutely nothing compared with the many things I have done wrong or have left undone. Mind, I shall return some day soon to hear you play."

The train bore him back to London. He sat in his rooms that night and reviewed his position. His little income, such as it was, was gone now for good.

He had twenty-four pounds left in the world. He went to see his lawyer the next morning.

"And when," the old gentleman asked, kindly, "do you start for Australia?"

Londe, when he had signed all the papers which were laid before him, held out his hand to the lawyer.

"Mr. Ronald," he said, "shake hands with me for the last time. When you have heard my news I am afraid you will have finished with me. I am not going to emigrate at all."

The lawyer's face fell.

"The fact is," Londe continued, "I have spent that thousand pounds you sent me in Paris."

"Spent it?" the lawyer gasped.

"I have either gambled with it or invested it," Londe sighed. "I can't tell which. That is on the knees of the gods. I have twenty pounds left, and I am off to the States—steerage—on Saturday. I am going to see my wife and find out there, if I can."

"Gambled with it or invested it?" the lawyer repeated, puzzled.

Londe nodded. "Very like," he said, "I shall never know which myself."

When, two years later, Londe found himself once more in Paris, a strange servant opened the door of the little French pension in the Rue de Castelmaire. She shook her head at Londe's inquiry. Mlle. Félice was certainly not amongst the inmates of the pension. Londe, bronzed with travel and hard though he was, felt a sudden pain at his heart. He pushed through into the little hall to meet Mme. Regnier, the proprietress. She held out her hands.

"But it is Monsieur Londe at last, then?" she cried. "Welcome back once more to Paris."

"Mlle. Félice?" he asked, eagerly. Mme. Regnier became suddenly grave.

"Ah, that poor child!" she exclaimed.

"She has gone. It is eleven months ago since she came into my little sitting-room one morning. 'Madame,' she said, 'I have finished with music. I have finished with Paris. It is of no use. Never will they make a musician of me. Herr Sveingeld has told me so himself. There are other things.' She left the next day."

"But do you know where she went?"

Londe demanded. Madame shook her head.

"She left no word."

"But why on earth was that?"

Madam shrugged her shoulders.

"Mlle. Félice," she said, "was discreet always, and careful, if one can judge by appearances; but she was far, far too beautiful for Paris and to be alone. The men I have thrown almost from the doorstep, monsieur, the men who would wait till she came out! For a week there was a motor-car always at the corner!"

Londe set his teeth firmly.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Mlle. Félice has found a lover, then?"

Mme. Regnier once more shrugged her
ample shoulders most expressively.

"ALL I can say is," she pronounced, "that whilst she was here mademoiselle was, of all the young ladies I have ever known, the most discreet. Whether she has stolen away to escape, or the other thing who can tell?"

Londe went to Herr Sweingeld. The old musician did not recognize him at first. Then he gripped him by the hand.

"I remember you perfectly, monsieur," he declared. "The little lady—she gave it up. She was clever enough, talented in a way, perhaps, but without genius. She worked hard, but there was little to be made of her. Unless they are of the best, there is no call for girls who play the violin, especially with her appearance. A public début would only have been a nuisance to her."

"Do you know where she has gone?"

Londe demanded.

"I have no idea," Herr Sweingeld replied.

Londe braced himself for the question he hated.

"Do you know anything of any admirers she may have had?"

Herr Sweingeld shook his head.

"Why should I?" he asked. "It is not my business. I think only of music. As for your pupils, they are free to come and go. They can do what they like. I am not the keeper of their morals. I am here to teach them music."

So Londe wandered back to his hotel. He spent three days in aimless inquiries leading nowhere. Then he took the train to the South. He stayed at an hotel in Hyères, and the next morning he hired a motor-car and drove over the mountains and along the straight, white road which led once more to the hills.

HE LEANED over and touched the chauffeur's shoulder as they came nearer to the place where he had first caught a glimpse of the little pink sunshade. The car slackened speed. He looked around him. It was all very much the same. Then the car came almost to a standstill at a corner. They met a market-cart filled with huge baskets of violets, and on a seat by the side of the driver—Félice!

Londe left the car whilst it was still crawling along. He stood out in the road, and Félice looked down at him and gave a little cry. She set her feet upon the shafts and sprang lightly into the road. The only word that passed between them was a monosyllable, and yet a hope that was almost dead sprang up again in the man's heart. Félice was very plainly dressed in trim, white clothes, a large straw hat, and over her dress she wore a blue smock such as the peasants wore in the field. In her bright eyes was still the light of heaven.

"But tell me," he begged, "what does it mean? I went to Paris. No one could tell me what had become of you."

She laughed, the laughter of sheer happiness.

"Listen," she explained. "What was I to do? Half of the money was gone. There was no hope for me. I can play the violin like others—but no better, no worse. And—don't laugh—but Paris was a ter-

Don't miss the October issue of RADIO DIGEST

There's the story of Lindbergh's great international broadcast . . . with facts about America's hero you have never seen in print.

President Hoover's personal views and reactions to broadcasting, giving new sidelights on the man who heads the nation.

Heywood Broun, who numbers his newspaper readers and listeners by the million, will have a radio column in October—the first of a series—witty, human, informative and interesting.

How Abe and David, that popular team of broadcast artists, get the material that has made a hit with millions of people.

A mystery story with a surprising and delightful ending.

A score of other features you will like—news and views of Radio stars, announcers, home economics, scientific progress of Radio broadcasting and television.

rible place for me. There were so many foolish people. They gave me so little peace, and it would always have been like that. And then one day I read an article in one of our reviews, and I had a sudden idea. There was three hundred pounds of your money left. I came back. My father had died. The little house and an acre or so of vineyard belonged to me. Well, I hired more. I am a market gardener. Behold!"

She pointed to the fields. Londe followed the sweep of her fingers. Everywhere was an air of cultivation. The vineyards were closely pruned. A wonderful field of violets stretched almost to the village. In the distance was the glitter of grass, rows of artichokes and peas, an orchard of peach trees in blossom.

"IT IS our business," she laughed; "yours and mine. See, I have no head for figures, but since I returned I have added four times to our capital. We keep books. I have a manager, very clever. I was going to look at a little piece of land which is for sale and leave these violets at the station. It is nothing. Walk with me here up home, and while you get déjeuner ready I will show you. Come this way. You must see the almond trees."

They passed across the field, where twenty or thirty blue-smocked peasants were at work. Félice stopped once or twice to speak to them. Finally they entered another gate and passed through an orchard, pink and white with blossom. The air seemed faint and sweet with a perfume almost exotic. The sunshine lay all around them. When they came out, she turned a little to her right and pointed to the road, straight and dazzlingly white—pointed to where it disappeared over the hills.

"After all," she said, "it meant something to me—the road to liberty."

They were at the edge of the orchard. He took her hands firmly in his.

"FÉLICE," he murmured, "it may mean so much to you, if you will, for I have come back—I am free—I am no longer a wanderer. I, too, have worked and I have been fortunate. And the day when I commenced my new life—and the whole reason of it—was the day we travelled over that road together."

She came closer and closer to him, and her eyes were softer, and she seemed to him like the fairest thing on earth.

"I have prayed," she whispered, "oh, I have prayed all my days that you might return and bring back love with you—like this!"

* * *

New Use for Waste

Another use for a waste product of the farm has been found. Insulating wallboard made from cornstalks is being used by the CBS in its new studio in Washington, D. C. The cornstalk board, applied on ordinary wood flooring, will be used to minimize reverberation of sound. This is the first time a cornstalk product has been used in a broadcasting studio.
A Familiar Radio Artist Reappears

A face that was extremely familiar in radio circles in the early days, has again made its appearance at the NBC recently. It is that of Joseph Knecht. As musical director at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, he was one of the first broadcasters.

In 1925, he acted as musical director on the first radio broadcast of the Atrwater Kent radio concerts. At about the same time, the B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Cord Orchestra under his direction, made its first appearance on the air. With this organization, and with the Silver Masked Tenor, a tour of the United States was arranged. Mr. Knecht expects to be again actively associated with radio soon.

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Experienced Lady Organist-Plastist wishes staff position at small conservatory. Ethel Ritchie, 7145 South Lincoln St., Chicago.

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INVENTORS UNIVERSAL EDUCATOR: Contains 900 mechanical movements; 50 Perpetual Motions; instruction on procuring and selling patents and selecting an attorney. Every new ideas. Price, $1.00, postpaid in U. S. A. Address Dieterich Co., Publishers, 622M Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

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SONGWRITERS—Address Tommie Maille, RD 410 North Ave., Chicago.

Salesmen Wanted

Station Stamps
Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike. 10c. Chas. A. Philius, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.


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DAILY RATES—NONE HIGHER

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rooms with running water</th>
<th>for one</th>
<th>$3.00</th>
<th>for two</th>
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<td>Rooms with private bath,</td>
<td>for one</td>
<td>3.00-3.50</td>
<td>for two</td>
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Attractive Weekly Rates
Forty-niners
of Radio

(Continued from page 92)

a well-established studio of the drama. Eager to go on the stage, Mrs. Church remained at home because of the boy and girl. At last, came Radio and the dream she had cherished was realized, in its essentials.

GEORGIA SIMMONS, more widely known as "Magnolia" is another studio pioneer who had the courage of her convictions.

With the advent of Radio, Georgia decided that the idea of good food, well prepared and "sho nuf appetizen" could be presented best by a good old-fashioned Southern Mammy. Born in Zebulon, Pike County, Georgia, Miss Simmons knew negro life and she had the dialect.

"It sh looked like as wuz made to order," Georgia lapses into her favorite character, Magnolia. "But sellin' the idea didn' come long so good."

Georgia spent several unsuccessful years trying to convince a California producer that she was right. At last a flour company became enthusiastic and Georgia—all wrapped up in a crimson bandana—was the orginal Mammy Sperry of the air.

A BIT of the typical Southern philosophy of her own mammy and a substantial sum of wit is introduced by Miss Simmons in all her black-face characteristics, which now are many. She is the Magnolia of the "Magnolia, Henry and Charley," group heard in the West every Wednesday morning and she's called upon for many negro dramatic roles. Georgia writes her own continuity as well as performing and finds time also to prepare "Plantation Echoes" and write sketches for a weekly "Minstrel Show".

Georgia's career as an entertainer began before she became Mammy Sperry.

She told "Uncle Remus" stories to a sizable per cent of Georgia youth while she taught school in various parts of the state and for years gave the story featured at the George Chandler Harris Memorial in Wren's Rest, Atlanta.

Two years in social service at Jane Addams famous Hull House, Chicago, and time in Denver teaching followed her desertion of the South. At last Georgia found her way to Los Angeles and went on the air first telling Uncle Remus stories. She also told children's stories and instituted KMTR's children's hour. Georgia has been with NBC since shortly after the Pacific Division's inauguration.

Dramatic instructor and leading woman in many legitimate stage productions, Pearl King Tanner looks back happily to the "old days" in Radio.

"SMILIN' THROUGH" was the vehicle which gave her Radio stardom and brought more letters to KGO, where she then was engaged, than any other production. Miss Tanner went on the air after six years as ingenue and leading woman in stock and road companies and characteristically missed the glamour of the theatre.

"But not for long," Pearl smiles, and then reminds one, "You know my invitation to go into Radio came from Wilda Wilson Church—after she'd seen me working in 'The Royal Mounted' and 'The Great Divide'"

Pearl was born in Eureka, Calif., but came to Oakland as a child with her parents who were members of a pioneer California family. At eight years, she showed exceptional dramatic talent and Maude Turner Gordon was selected to tutor her. Ten years later, Pearl was in New York studying with Louise Hillard at Sargeant School of Dramatic Art.

Pearl King then became widely known in the West as a dramatic director, instructor and producer of amateur theatrics. She interpreted leading roles at the Greek Theatre, University of California, at Berkeley, working with William H. Crane and Emily Melville. Afterward she returned to New York and more training eventually (to go on the road.

(Continued on page 128)

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The New Receivers

(Continued from page 97)

and the tone control makes it possible to have that type of reproduction. Others may prefer it brilliant and again the tone control can be used to accomplish this. I don't know what is the solution if two members in the same family prefer the control in different positions—perhaps the best thing to do is to get two sets!

Secondly, the tone control may make it possible in some cases to compensate some peculiar acoustic conditions which may exist in the room in which the Radio is played. For example if the room contains a number of heavy drapes it will be, as engineers say, rather "dead", meaning that the draperies will absorb an excessive amount of the higher notes so the reproduction sounds muffled and drummy. Or perhaps the room will be quite bare of furnishings, with walls of hard plaster—this will make the room excessively "alive" with the result that the high notes will be excessively prominent in the reproduction. In either case the tone control can be used to neutralize the effect of the room and make the reproduction sound more pleasing and natural.

A third use for the tone control will be found during the summer months when "static" is likely to be severe. The noises produced by a loud static by static usually predominate in high frequencies so by turning the control "up" to suppress the high notes, the static noises can be eliminated to a considerable extent.

A fourth use of the tone control will be to eliminate any slight high pitched whistles that may be heard when listening to a station. This type of interference is not uncommon in the middle sections of the country. Since the whistle has a high pitch it can be eliminated by adjusting the tone control to partially suppress the high notes. Sometimes this high pitched whistle is continuous, at other times it seems to "wobble" in pitch but in either case it is very annoying and its elimination by means of the tone control indicates how useful this new feature will be to the Radio listener.

Automatic Volume Control

Before describing this feature a brief explanation is necessary. All of us have probably noticed how it is usually necessary, when tuning from one station to another, to readjust the volume control, since we seldom find that the second station comes in with just the amount of volume we prefer; it is generally too loud or not loud enough. When we tune to a powerful local station we have to turn down the volume and when we tune to a weaker distant station we have to turn up the volume control. Wouldn't it be nice to have a receiver that could be adjusted so as to give the same volume on all stations? We could then adjust the volume control to a satisfactory point and then the volume would be the same on all stations. If we turned the volume control almost full on then all stations would come in very loud. If we just turned on the control a little bit then all stations would come in at low volume, and in either case it would no longer be necessary to readjust the control every time we tuned to another station.

Well this is just what an automatic volume control accomplishes. It is designed to permit the user to adjust the volume control to give a satisfactory amount of volume after which local stations and the more powerful distant stations will all be received at the same volume. The automatic volume control therefore further simplifies the operation of the Radio receiver. This feature is usually found only on the higher priced receivers.

A second advantage of the automatic volume control is that it helps to eliminate "fading"—a gradual increase and decrease in volume that is sometimes experienced when listening to certain stations.

Input Filters

Now we are getting technical! Input filters are special devices placed inside a Radio receiver. The user never knows they are there—but if they weren't there he would know that something was wrong. Input filters are used to prevent what engineers call "cross-talk"—the reception of two stations at the same time. To prevent this the preliminary circuits of a receiver must be designed to pick up the one station we desire to receive and eliminate as completely as possible the signals from all other stations. The circuits that do this are called filters. They work in the same manner as a screen placed over a water pipe to catch the dirt and only let clean water through. The input filters are an important technical feature of the modern Radio receiver.

Miss Todd has promised another interesting feature for Radio Digest in the near future.
The only course in Radio sponsored by RCA
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“It’s toasted”

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking Luckies reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, “Reach for a Lucky instead.”
HERBERT HOOVER ANECDOTES
Heywood Broun + Rupert Hughes + J. S. Fletcher
PET SUPERSTITIONS OF RADIO STARS
Why should your mouth become too soon middle aged?

As millions of people know, Forhan’s was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea for years.

And as any dentist will tell you, this ailment of the gums is more prevalent in people over forty.

But these facts do not mean that you should passively let your gums develop the weakness of middle age, before you adopt Forhan’s as your dentifrice.

It is first of all the dentifrice for the mouth of youth—to help you keep the teeth and gums young. There is no safer, milder dentifrice than Forhan’s for children, because there is no dentifrice of greater purity—no dentifrice which cleans the teeth more gently and safely. As a dentifrice, Forhan’s provides the benefits of cleansing ingredients which any dentist would thoroughly approve.

In addition, it serves another valuable purpose. It tones up the gums. Used as recommended, with thorough massage at the time of brushing, it firms them up—brings a tingling vigor and freshened circulation—helps to keep them in the glow of health.

That is why the use of Forhan’s is recommended before pyorrhea develops.

If you suspect that you have this common ailment, if your gums are tender, by all means see your dentist immediately and let him prescribe proper care.

But as a matter of simple precaution, anyone who values firm teeth and a healthy mouth should adopt Forhan’s as his dentifrice, or hers.

NOW ON THE AIR!
New Forhan’s program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.

Forhan’s
YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS
KEEP YOUR SKIN
HEALTHY
IN 6 VITAL PLACES
WATCH IT GROW..

SAYS Frances Ingram

YOUR skin can be so clear, so satiny smooth and soft and young—if only you will use my Milkweed Cream and my special method to keep your skin healthy!

For Milkweed Cream is a marvelous corrective for the complexion. When you use it, you will understand my enthusiasm—you will see how its delicate oils cleanse the skin exquisitely and how its special toning ingredients help the health of skin as no other cream possibly can.

Let me show you how Milkweed Cream brings health and loveliness to your skin.

First, study carefully the six starred places on my famous mannequin—the places where lines and imperfections first appear to steal away your youth and beauty. Then, scrutinize your own skin at the same six spots. Is there a tiny, thread-like wrinkle here? A blemish there? Take steps to banish them, now!

The Milkweed Way to Loveliness

First apply Milkweed Cream generously upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if your skin is oily). Leave it on for a moment to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and lighter film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat gently into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, $1 and $1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A.M., (E. S. T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

MY MANNEQUIN SHOWS WHY
"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

THE FOREHEAD—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.

THE EYES—If you would avoid aging cross' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

THE MOUTH—Drooping lines are easily defeated by fitting the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

THE THROAT—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.

THE NECK—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.

THE SHOULDERS—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-100
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________
October, 1930

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BIG PAY JOBS

open

for Every Radio Trained Man

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make good money in Radio—the fastest-growing, biggest money-making game on earth.

Thousands of Jobs Paying $60, $70 to $200 a Week

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester paying $3,000 to $10,000 a year—as Radio Salesmen and in Service and Installation Work, at $5 to $100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at $1,000 to $5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Aircraft, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—Thousands of jobs paying $60 and up to $200 a week!

Learn Without Lessons in 60 Days

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't teach you from book or lessons. We train you on the greatest outlay of Radio, Television and Sound equipment in any school—or scores of modern Radio Receivers, huge Broadcasting equipment. The very latest and newest Television apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment, Code Practice equipment, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give you EVERY EXERTS—right here in the Coyne shops—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 60 DAYS' TIME.

TELEVISION and TALKING PICTURES

And now Television is on the way! Soon there'll be a demand for THOUSANDS of TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who learns Television now can make a FORTUNE in this great new field. Get in on the ground-floor of this amazing new Radio development! Come to COYNE and learn Television on the very latest, newest Television equipment.

Talking Pictures and Public Address Systems offer thousands of golden opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Here is a great new Radio field just beginning to grow! Prepare NOW for these wonderful opportunities! Learn Radio Sound Work at COYNE on actual TALKING PICTURE and SOUND REPRODUCTION equipment.

No Books - No Lessons

All Practical Work at Coyne

No Books! No Lessons! ALL ACTUAL, PRACTICAL WORK. You build radio sets, install and service them. You actually operate great Broadcasting equipment. You construct Television Receiving Sets and actually transmit your own Television programs over our modern Television equipment. You work on real Talking Picture machines and Sound equipment. You learn Wireless Operating on actual Code Practice apparatus. We don't waste time on useless theory. We give you just the practical training you'll need—in 8 short, pleasant weeks.

EARN as You LEARN

Don't worry about a job! You get Free Employment Service for Life. And don't let lack of money stop you. If you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll gladly help you get it. Coyne is 31 years old! Coyne Training is tested—proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. Just mail coupon for my big free book!

RADIO DIVISION COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

H. C. LEWIS, President

500 S. Paulina St. Dept. 70-1 E Chicago, Ill.

SEND ME YOUR BIG FREE RADIO BOOK AND ALL DETAILS OF YOUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. THIS DOES NOT OBLIGATE ME IN ANY WAY.

H. C. LEWIS, President

Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School

500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 70-1 E, Chicago, Ill.

State

City
Goodby Baseball, hello Grid—October and football are here again. High powered journalistic reporting of outdoor sports has done much to encourage the individual who cares less for the esthetic in his Radio and more for the clash of human will and brawn on the field of action. See Ted Husing's story here next month.

Along with the autumn sports comes a new series of political talks. Major General James G. Harbord, "big shot" of the army and of Radio affairs threw the first ball in the series. Time will be properly apportioned between Mr. GOP and Miss Democracy, on the chains and on most of the individual stations.

New little Floyd Gibbonses are being reported every day to the National Broadcasting Company. Fond parents are naming their new offspring after the great Headline Hunter whose Radio broadcasts have become so universally popular. Wait till they start talking!

After all contests do bring out important qualities in the winners. Four years ago Ginger Rogers, the girl on our cover, was a demure little Texas lass with a burning ambition to go places and see things. So she decided to kick herself into the path of Opportunity by entering a Charleston contest. She won—first locally then the Texas state championship. After that she was signed up for a tour in vaudeville. One triumph followed another. A little over a year ago she made Broadway and was featured in the musical comedy Top Speed. She was the hit of the show. Paramount-Publix engaged her for a series of sound pictures—first the Young Man of Manhattan, then Queen High and later with Jack Oakie in A Sap from Syracuse. She is still in her teens. You hear her sometimes in the orchestra at the Columbia WABC station. And the rollicking ol' Charleston jes done kicked her right up the ladder to fame an' sign lights.

A thousand apologies to our readers, Mr. C. B. Kingston of Bridgeport, Conn., and last but not least Mr. P. W. Morency of Hartford. In the September issue of Radio Digest it was erroneously stated that Mr. Kingston had become manager of WTIC at Hartford. Whereas it was intended to announce that he had become manager of WICC at Bridgeport. And of course Mr. Morency continues as manager of WTIC which with its 50,000 watts now ranks as one of the most important broadcast stations in the country. Very, very sorry that this happened. It was, so far as we know, the most serious mistake that occurred as a result of moving our editorial office from Chicago to New York in the course of preparing this issue. Gentlemen, the Havanast.

The thing that impresses me most as I look back at those hazardous hours is the Radio," wrote Dieudonne Coste for the New York Times almost as soon as he and Maurice Bellonte came to earth from their flight from Paris to New York. "If one can picture the sensation of being seared in an open cockpit, hour after hour—age after age it seemed to us—with nothing about one but rain and mist, one may obtain a hazy picture of what those little vacuum tubes, coils and plates meant to us. It was as if we were not in midair far from help. We could talk to other persons in the event of mishap others would speed to our aid."

That's worth a thought in passing by, don't you think?

Our own Lindbergh was not so well equipped when he made his historic flight. Elsewhere in this Radio Digest you will be reminded of the flight of the Spirit of St. Louis. The event is recalled as a result of his use of Radio in urging a more comprehensive plan for international aviation. His entire speech appears on page 128.

We are informed that there is in the United States at present an audience of 5,000 receiving television broadcasts daily. Twelve important broadcasting stations are now equipped with television transmitting apparatus. A sound-and-sight program was recently broadcast by the Jenkins television station W2XER, Jersey City, synchronized with the DeForest sound transmitter. The program included many stage notables and was available to thousands in open air demonstration centers.

Speaking of television some of our best Radio talent is now being sifted to make allowance for physical appearance before the microphone. Some high figured contracts are not being renewed because of an excess of adipose tissue. Read about it in November Radio Digest.

Another Einstein theory meets the hearty endorsement of Radio Digest. The theory seems to be that Radio Can Kill War, which was the subject of an editorial published in the September Radio Digest. Said Dr. Einstein at the Radio exposition in Berlin: "Radio has the unique function of reconciling nations. Until now, what nations knew of each other has been almost invariably derived from distorting mirrors of their respective press organs. The Radio shows the way people really live and in most cases their best sides. The Radio thus helps in removing mutual misunderstandings which so often turn into active distrust and hostility." The idea spreads and becomes cumulative.
\textbf{Station Popularity Contest for State Championship: A Chance to Vote for Your Favorite Stations}

Every Radio listener for purely selfish reasons wants to see his favorite programs continued. The best way of insureing more of the kind of programs you like best is to give a vote of confidence to the stations that are giving you the most pleasure. After all that is small recompense for the wonders of the air that are being given free by the broadcasting stations of the nation.

Naturally the institutions which are paying upwards of $80,000,000 a year for their Radio presentations are interested in seeing that their money is spent in a manner most agreeable and satisfying to the great Radio audience.

By voting for the stations which are most popular with you these stations will be encouraged to carry on in a better and bigger way than ever.

In this great contest conducted by \textit{Radio Digest} every participant is given the opportunity to nominate four stations in his order of preference. But each and every voter must nominate stations located only within the borders of the state wherein he resides. \textit{Radio Digest} will present to the four winners of each state beautifully inscribed medallions signifying the honor that has been achieved. And with each medallion also will be presented a handsomely engraved scroll certificate indicating the degree of popularity the stations hold within their state.

In conclusion a full report of the results of the contest will be published in \textit{Radio Digest}.

Stop and think for a minute. Which are your four favorite stations within your state. This new state contest provides a fair trial for every station in the country. It promises to be the greatest contest ever offered in the history of Radio to determine the standing of Radio stations all over the country in their respective communities. To be called the most popular station in the state by actual vote is an honor to be esteemed highly—an honor above price. Second, third and fourth places are not to be considered lightly.

In sponsoring this unique contest \textit{Radio Digest} continues with its old established policy of encouraging every effort to promote the best that broadcasting has to offer. Only by your directly indicated choice can the owners of all broadcasting stations ascertain the type of program policy you prefer.

Personality is an asset to every broadcasting station. The personality of the station is the reflection of its personnel. The individual characteristics are more important than the power of the transmitter. A little station may have more friends than its neighbor station with fifty times more power. It is that indefinable something that you alone can discern as the otherwise disinterested listener. Support from you for that station in the way of votes for the State Championship can be of great benefit by giving that station the prestige so important in making it an artistic and necessarily, a financial success.

Do this for the stations of your choice as a slight appreciation of the hours of pleasure it has afforded you. Never before has any effort been made to ascertain actual popularity standing of stations within their respective states. All you have to do is send in your nominations, then fill in the ballots as they appear from month to month. Special bonus votes are allowed as you will note under the rules and conditions appearing on page 71.

At the bottom of this page you will note two blanks to be filled out and mailed to the \textit{Radio Digest} Contest Editor, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City. The Nomination Blank is at the left. Fill in the call letters of the four stations which you like best in your state. Put them in 1, 2, 3, 4 order according to your preference. Then mail this blank at once as indicated.

Now comes the actual business of voting. If you save all seven ballots to be published and send them in together you will be allowed an extra bonus of 75 votes.

A voting ballot will be published in each issue of \textit{Radio Digest} starting with this October number. The series will be continued through for seven numbers until April issue, inclusive. The ballots will be numbered consecutively from 1 to 7. If they are turned in singly they will count for but one vote each. A bonus of five votes is given for two consecutively numbered ballots sent in at one time; a bonus of fifteen votes for three consecutively numbered; a bonus of twenty-five votes for four consecutively numbered; thirty-five for five consecutively numbered; fifty for six consecutively numbered, and seventy-five bonus votes will be given if the entire series of seven consecutively numbered ballots are turned in at one time. Votes will also be given for paid in advance subscriptions for \textit{Radio Digest} sent in direct in accordance with the rules. Send your nominations now. (See rules and conditions page 71.)
Victor Herbert
America's Immortal Composer
Victor Herbert

"As I Knew Him"

Victor Herbert had one great love, and that was music. Every hour awake was devoted to his art and, his compositions took precedence over all personal affairs

By Harold Sanford

He handed me one. I did not know it then, but I found out later that Herbert was a stickler for conventions in dress and at that time a man without a scarf pin was in practically the same category as a man today without his trousers. "The Tattooed Man" closed, as must all shows, and I thought my contact with Victor Herbert was over. But the following year he had another production and he sent for me. From that time until his death I was never away from him for any avoidable length of time.

I had just a violinst in his orchestra when I started. Later I became concert master for most of his light operas and had the privilege of helping him with his arrangements. From him I learned practically everything I know about orchestrating and composing.

Victor Herbert had one great love, and that was music. Every hour awake was devoted to music and, while he was devoted to his wife and was very fond of his son and daughter, his compositions took precedence over all personal affairs.

He had the background of an artist. His greatest influence during his early life was his grandfather, Samuel Lover. Although Lover is best known as an Irish novelist, he was also, an accomplished painter and a musician. Herbert grew up, not in Ireland, his birthplace, but in smart, sophisticated London, and in France and Germany. His earliest acquaintances were the great men of art and literature. From them he absorbed idealism and standards.

HAD he cared to be, Victor Herbert would have been ranked with some of the world's greatest masters and, in many respects I think he deserves such a ranking. He was a great composer and yet throughout his life he preferred to write music that appealed to the millions rather than to the extremely cultured thousands. He believed that the really great music was that which had the widest appeal. He considered The Blue Danube Waltz by Johann Strauss one of the greatest pieces of music ever written. Despite his preference for music of a more popular vein, he could conduct the classics with depth and insight.

The fox trot, that modern dance tempo, was no mystery to him. I have heard him play fox trott and toe-topping as any written today. He did not particularly care for them yet his native sense of rhythm made irresistible any fox trot.

(Continued on page 105)
During the early days of broadcasting, Herbert Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, was czar of the air. His word was final. Probably no man alive understands the intricacies of Radio in public relations better than the President.

Abraham Lincoln is credited with being a teller of parables; Ulysses Grant is pictured with a fat cigar in his lips; Theodore Roosevelt was our "rough-riding" big game hunter; Calvin Coolidge is known as "the silent one."

Occupants of the White House invariably leave the stamp of their personalities impressed on public fancy. Biographers and historians revel far more in portraying traits of character which express the qualities of the man than in setting down the diplomatic acts of the statesman.

For the past year and a half President Hoover has gone about his executive duties in such a business-like manner that the affairs of state have all but submerged the human side of the man. How will he be remembered in the years to come?

He doesn't tell stories, smoke cigars, hunt big game, and he is not silent. Of course, it is just as well that none of these qualifications apply to our present incumbent. We like our Presidents to be different. It would never do for one of them to wear the mantle of a predecessor. And we are confident that, sooner or later, the man now living in the White House will make his bid to fame by establishing a personality through some human characteristic or through an interest in some outstanding activity. Perhaps that active interest may be in Radio. Who knows but Herbert Hoover may be known to later generations as "our radio-minded President"? If that should come to pass it would not be surprising inasmuch as radio, to date, has played an important part in his life.

Back in 1921, when the voice of this so-called infant industry was proclaiming lustily its right to live, the control of American Radio broadcasting was in the hands of the secretary of commerce. From the time he was appointed to that office in President Harding's cabinet, nine years ago, until the present day, Mr. Hoover's interest in Radio never has waned.

In order to familiarize himself with broadcasting the newly appointed secretary of commerce delved far below the surface. He felt that a laboratory knowledge of Radio was essential if he was to understand the broadcasters' problems. The study of the technical side of the industry was no hardship for this man. The trained mind of an engineer was fascinated with the subject. Studio control rooms were visited. Receiving sets, earphones and loudspeakers were much in evidence in his home and, with the head of the house showing the way, the Hoover family joined the rapidly growing ranks of Radio fans.

An act of Congress in 1927 established the federal Radio commission and the secretary of commerce was relieved of his Radio duties. Disgruntled ones had termed Mr. Hoover, "the Radio dictator." You may recall that several politicians voiced the opinion that Mr. Hoover, because of his interest in the broadcasting situation, would feel the loss of his power. They predicted all sorts of battles be-
ANY interesting incidents of the President's more recent contacts with Radio are related here for the first time in print. He is shown as a plain American individual with very human characteristics.

By
Doty Hobart

In ALL my association with Mr. Hoover," Mr. Akerson continued, "I have never known him to be worried over a pending broadcast. As for the broadcast itself, well, the only thing I can say is that the microphone apparently holds no terror for him. Its presence does not annoy him. Just the same, he confesses to a preference for a visible audience. I believe this is the true confession of every public speaker."

As every listener knows the President makes no pretense of being an orator. He delivers his messages quietly rather than attempt to stress their "high spots," with any high-powered vocal or physical accompaniment. The sincerity of his convictions as expressed in his evenly modulated tones is so evident that he makes an exceptionally good microphone subject. The unanimous opinion of every control operator who has worked on a Hoover broadcast is, "he sure knows his microphone."

A specially contructed standard with a green felt-covered top, equipped to hold

M R. HOOVER always has had a warm spot in his heart for the amateur broadcasters. No one realizes more than he that the pioneer work of these enthusiasts assisted greatly in bringing about a speedy recognition of the possibilities of Radio shortly after the war. In the fall of 1927 Mr. Hoover was chairman of the International Radio Telegraph conference. The commercial users of the ether were for relegating the amateurs to a restricted channel "somewhere below the thirteen meter band." It was Mr. Hoover's influence which saved them from being assigned to that "Radio purgatory."

Not long ago I was discussing with George Akerson, secretary to the President, the attitude of our chief executive toward Radio. Among the secretary's many duties is that of looking after all details pertinent to the President's Radio activities. Because of his office Mr. Akerson has been of no little assistance in making it possible for me to present an authoritative word picture of Mr. Hoover as a speaker before the microphone and a listener before the loud-speaker of a receiving set. I had one question ready.

"I wonder if you know the date and the occasion of Mr. Hoover's first appearance at the microphone?" I asked Mr. Akerson.

"It's odd you should ask me that," he replied, "because I put the same question to the President only the other day. I was not only curious about the date but I wanted to know what his reactions to the microphone were at the time. Mr. Hoover thought for a moment or two and then admitted that he could not recall the occasion. Perhaps Radio, even though young in years, has been identified so closely with his public life ever since he was secretary of commerce that it seems to have been with him always.

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"It's odd you should ask me that," he replied, "because I put the same question to the President only the other day. I was not only curious about the date but I wanted to know what his reactions to the microphone were at the time. Mr. Hoover thought for a moment or two and then admitted that he could not recall the occasion. Perhaps Radio, even though young in years, has been identified so closely with his public life ever since he was secretary of commerce that it seems to have been with him always.

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five or six microphones, is used when the President speaks to a jen and an unseen audience simultaneously. For these public addresses the loose-leaf pages of a pocket-sized notebook carry a typed copy of the final draft of his speeches. While the top of the combined table and microphone rack is broad enough to accommodate a much larger document the use of the little leather-covered book makes the President's references to his copy much less conspicuous to the visible audience. This standard was built for Mr. Hoover's personal use only by the NBC engineers and is housed in the studios of Station WRC at Washington.

It has been said that "nothing unusual ever happens when Mr. Hoover broadcasts". Unfortunately that well-meaning statement tends to present the man in the light of an automaton and is far from true. Many interesting incidents have occurred before, during and after his broadcasts which prove Mr. Hoover to be decidedly human.

When making his speech of acceptance from the stadium at Palo Alto, California, the sound of suppressed laughter came to Mr. Hoover's ears. He paused in his delivery. The laughter immediately became unsuppressed. Following the gaze of the crowd Mr. Hoover saw the cause of the merriment and smilingly gave the floor to his rival of the moment. Totally unconcerned about the attention he was attracting and unmindful of the solemnity of the occasion, a mongrel dog was making his way across the stadium field. He moved slowly but with an apparent confidence that assured everyone of an ultimate, though mysterious, goal. The aristocratic walk of the pup, all alone in the center of that gigantic arena, would have stopped any show. When quiet was restored Mr. Hoover continued his address. This little episode, far from annoying the speaker, added to his enjoyment of the day.

I AM indebted to Ted Husing, CBS announcer, for the above story. Husing said he came in for severe criticism from letter-writing fans who took exception to his cutting in on the dignified address of a President-elect to give a humorous description of a dog! As a matter of fact his quick witted action in making a Palo Alto canine nationally famous saved the listeners a long wait before silent loud-speakers. Mr. Hoover was not speaking while Husing's description of the promenading pup was being given.

Here is an interesting little episode which shows the President's attitude toward Radio. At a dinner given by the Daughters of the American Revolution the President was a guest speaker. He promised the chain broadcasters that they might carry his speech on the networks. The President's address was the only one to be broadcast nationally and a specified time for this speech to start was designated in advance. Knowing full well the value of Radio time Mr. Hoover makes his speeches fit a predetermined number of minutes. Also he realizes the necessity of a zero hour for starting a broadcast over a national hook-up.

At this particular dinner the speakers who preceded the President finished with their part in the program about three minutes before the networks were scheduled to tune in. The chairwoman arose to introduce the guest speaker but as she rapped for attention with her gavel Mr. Hoover caught her eye and shook his head. The Greater Audience was not ready.

Across the hall the Radio operators, wearing headphones connected to telephone lines, waited for the word from the key stations which would tell them that the networks were set to accept this program. As the President and the chairwoman carried on a conversation in low tones Mr. Hoover kept his eyes on the operators. A hum of subdued voices filled the room. Those present, annoyed at the delay, were guessing the cause. These Radio people! It was their fault that the guest speaker should be left cooling his feet at a public gathering. A most unethical procedure! Especially when the guest speaker happens to be the President of the United States. How embarrassing! Why didn't he go ahead and start his speech? The Radio people could tune in their old microphones later if they weren't ready now. It would serve them right to be taught a lesson.

A ripple of laughter broke the tension. The President smiled an acknowledgment of the humor of the situation.

At the appointed time the signal from headquarters was received by the operators. They nodded to the President and Mr. Hoover's entire address was broadcast—as promised.

Memorial Day, 1929, was an exceptionally hot day for that time of year. At the ceremonies held in Arlington cemetery at the Tomb of The Unknown Soldier everyone was exposed to the blistering rays of Old Sol.

It was some little time after the arrival of the Presidential party that Mr. Hoover's address was scheduled to take place. The seats occupied by the President and Mrs. Hoover were unsheltered and, what is more, were so close to the Tomb that the reflected heat from the highly polished white marble was added to the direct heat of the sun.

The heads of all the men present were bare. Hardly had the impressive ceremonies started when Mrs. Hoover opened her parasol. The President aided her in holding it over their heads. It was a signal for all others fortunate enough to have brought parasols or umbrellas to raise them as a protection against the scorching sunlight. Oddly enough the parasol held by the President and Mrs. Hoover was exceptionally outstanding. It was the only green one in sight!

Perhaps I should not mention the fact that the President once fell sound asleep in public. But this man so frequently is pictured as being cold and unemotional that I am anxious to portray him as he really is—a thoroughly human person.

I will not mention the occasion for fear of embarrassing others who were present. It happened after one of his 1929 broadcasts. He had been in the White House only a few weeks, but long enough to feel the pressure of his office. Added to his executive duties was a keen interest in the promotion of a worthy issue, inherited from his Quaker ancestors—World peace; embodied in the Kellogg Peace Pact, at that time in its formative stage.
His customary nightly rest had been cut in half and when the hour of the scheduled broadcast rolled around a President, worn and tired from loss of sleep, approached the microphone. He read his speech clearly and easily. No one realized that the man was battling fatigue with sheer will power.

Other addresses followed that of the President and, as is his courteous custom, Mr. Hoover remained to hear them. His work for the day was over. The warm air in the hall was indistinguishable from the atmosphere of drowsiness and as he relaxed in his chair the man was fighting off a desire to close his eyes. While the time and place was not particularly auspicious for a chief executive’s slumber it was a relief to his associates to see the man relax after those days and nights of exhaustive work.

As he tried to listen to the speaker who followed him Mr. Hoover’s eyelids closed. His head nodded forward. Nature no longer could be denied. The President was asleep. His nap was short-lived. It lasted not more than five or ten minutes. But this little period of complete relaxation seemed to refresh him for, without effort, he remained awake the balance of the evening.

An unprecedented incident happened when Mr. Hoover addressed the signers of the Kellogg Peace Pact in July of the same year. As Frederic William Wilie, who was present at the time, gives a colorful account of this misadventure in his article within the covers of this issue of Radio Digest I will not attempt to compete with an eye-witness in giving a detailed description of the incident.

Briefly, however, this is what occurred: Before the scheduled broadcast was to take the air photographers requested that the microphones, which interfered with a clear view of Mr. Hoover, be removed from the table temporarily. The request was granted. The moment the cameramen retired the President arose and started his address. The microphones were still on the floor. He had forgotten to wait until they could be replaced on the table. It was a tense situation. Everyone realized that it was an oversight yet the importance of the occasion held in check those who might have rectified the error. Not until he had finished did the President realize that the microphones were not in position to pick up his voice.

Later he asked why someone did not stop him as he started to make the address. No one could give a satisfactory answer.

The climax created by the accomplishment of a great purpose had cast a dramatic spell over everyone present. The realization that an instrument advancing world peace was about to become an acc
ACTORS, actresses and vaudeville performers, like gamblers, have long been a superstitious folk. "Where they 'got that way' and when has not been traced by this investigator, but I've an inkling that it all originated back in the medieval days when knights were bold and Thespians were merely wandering minstrels.

Thanking the supernatural forces for their preservation from the spear points of the lances of black, green and pink knights, it is not to be wondered that the histrionic forefathers went in large for astrology and other less scientific means of forecasting the immediate future, for charms, potions and signs.

Radio, the ten-year old stripling which has invaded probably more homes in the past decade than the encyclopedia, has been inheriting some and originating other distinct and unique traditions and superstitions. "The show must go on," command the stage and mike alike, but enough of traditions. 'Tis superstitions we must concern ourselves about in this month of Halloween.

Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony, among the world's earliest actors—if a spectacular military general may be called that—would never go into battle should they venture forth in the morning after their ham and eggs to witness a flight of crows headed their way.

Should the late and much publicized Arnold Rothstein have seen a cross-eyed person, or perhaps glanced at his shadow in the moonlight, just prior to the game which proved fatal to the notorious gambler, he probably never would have been interested in any games of chance for the next twenty-four hours. "Honest" gamblers are heavy believers in superstitions as a general rule; sharpers rely on their crooked skill.

And this thirteen business which we all know—where did it start? I have read that it began with Christ's famous Last Supper. There the Master dined with his twelve disciples, making thirteen at the board. And so the number between twelve and fourteen became taboo! Why
still survive to jinx no-doo charms used by to woo the Goddess of cess before the mike

thrives on it. But we'll come to more of that particular story later.

First nights on the stage are very delicate affairs, according to the players and producers. Likewise in the broadcasting studios they are apt to be ominous unless properly protected by the thoughtful artists who bring their rabbits' feet, good luck jewelry and other jinx-chasers along

But you don't even have to be present at a Radio first night to see a lot of queer things going on. If you were a casual observer of a program in one of the NBC studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City, you probably would be puzzled to see the announcer walk twice around the microphone before he started to announce the presentation. Perhaps he wants to be sure he knows where the microphone wires are before he begins. But why walk around twice? Why isn't once enough?

The reason, I am told, is so that he will announce smoothly. "Walk twice around a microphone before broadcasting and you won't stumble over a word," my informant advises. Hah, Floyd Gibbons must have to trek many a dizzy circle about Radio's tin ear Mike!

Vocalists all will warn you of the mis-
fortune awaiting you should you neglect this simple precaution. Watch them as they remove their selections from the music cases. See how the singers carry the sheets so that they know they will be right side up when they sing.

Either on concert stage or in the studio a reversed sheet of music might cause an embarrassing delay of several seconds and resultant confusion. Sure it's bad luck to bring trouble on yourself. Personally, I've always thought that the old one about not walking under ladders was a particularly good thought. Or haven't you ever had a painter overhead splotch paint on your favorite suit or dress? Painters, window washers and other artisans who start at the bottom rung daily and climb to the top are not always as careful with their tools and materials as they might be. There's a thought.

So much for studio sorcery. Now for a few personal foibles of the royalty of the Radio artists. Floyd Gibbons, always has a magic stone, given to him by a witch doctor in darkest Africa, in his pocket when he broadcasts. Just before going on the air he will always be observed sticking his hand in his pocket to make sure his good luck piece is with him. Amos 'n' Andy, who've received from Radio admirers enough left hind feet of graveyard rabbits (killed at midnight in the dark of the moon) to provide sufficient material for the fur coats for the 1934 classes of Harvard, Yale and Princeton combined, claim no particular superstitions except possibly one. That one is that they always feel more confident, they say, when they know that Bill Hay, their veteran and favorite announcer, is at the microphone.

And now about Phillips H. Lord, the author of "Sunday at Seth Parker's" in which he plays Seth, and "Uncle Abe and David" in which he is Uncle Abe. Lord loves the number thirteen. He was born on July 13; there are thirteen letters in his name counting his middle initial; his first Radio appearance was on June 13, 1928; there are thirteen members of the cast in "Sunday at Seth Parker's"; his contract for "Uncle Abe and David" was signed on June 13, 1930, and now he is heard on the air thirteen times each week—twice each night except Sunday in "Uncle Abe and David" and once each Sunday night in "Sunday at Seth Parker's."

Will Rodgers admits no superstitions, yet he will always be found to be doing one of two things at the mike. He is either palming a large silver coin between the fingers of one hand or else jingling a bunch of keys. Call it habit or nervousness if you wish, but I'll bet the hole in a doughnut that he'd be lost with neither coin to play with nor keys to jingle. Jessica Dragonette, who likewise denies she is superstitious, wears a tiny brooch shaped like a bird. Someone gave it to her saying, "As long as you wear this you will be lucky." It's a pretty bit of jewelry and becoming to the tiny soprano star.

Phillips Carlin, program executive and announcer for NBC, usually delays shaving until just before an important broadcast. Then, within the hour before going on the air, he.sprints to the most convenient washroom and shaves. He explains that it "freshens" him. But you wouldn't expect a Phi Beta Kappa to admit that he had a pet superstition.

Charles "Chic" Sale has a hat fetish. Years ago he came into the possession of an ancient hat through a friend. The frieze of the stage and air comedian had noticed the shabby top piece on a farmer in a field as he motored along the highway. Stopping to enquire about the road he was travelling, he asked the farmer where he had obtained the hat and how old it was. The farmer told him he didn't know how old it was; that his father had bought it and when the old man died, he came into possession of it. The friend bought the hat from the farmer, presented it to Sale, and the famous comedian cherishes the hat as a potent good luck charm.

Vaughn de Leath is another believer in thirteen bringing good fortune. She likes to sign contracts on the thirteenth of the month. The (Continued on page 117)

"It's a pipe," says James Melton (left). "And hard luck if you miss," answers Wilfred Glenn, the human tee.
A Radio Column
By
Heywood Broun

In which the famous columnist, who broadcasts regularly over the Columbia network, expresses unconcern over his social status, but . . . .

I am a little disturbed tonight because one contributor—D. D. of New York City—seems to have been digging into my past. He writes: "Some time ago you said you were a Socialist. I don't believe it because with my own eyes I spotted your name amongst the four hundred in the society columns. Norman Thomas never sipped tea with the blue bloods."

As far as I know there is nothing in Socialism that says where you must drink your tea—even if you happen to like tea. And I think Mr. C. is mistaken about the society page. If he has the clipping I wish he would let me look at it. I love to see my name in the papers. But I don't believe it was the society page—I think Mr. D. C. has become confused. It was probably the sport page or the want ads.

But I did have my name on the society page once. That was a year and a half ago. A friend of mine took me to Palm Beach and somebody with a big house gave a party and asked everybody. He was just starting in on society himself and he took the names from the hotel registers. I got invited. And then for almost forty-eight hours I waited anxiously for the New York papers to arrive. One of them had two whole columns about the party. Just scads and scads of names. I strained my eyes going through that list—Mr. and Mrs. and the Grand Duke and the Prince and the Princess and several generals. Colonels galore. All the way from the top of the page down to the bottom. And I read on and on hopefully. And eventually I found a small paragraph down at the very bottom of the story. It said: "Among those who came in after dinner were Thomas K. Jones, Charles Smith and Howard Brown."

I did come in after dinner so I think that "Howard Brown" was me, and that was the only time and the only way I ever got on the society page.

But I was in the New York Social Register once. Just for a year. After that they dropped me. I have never been able to come back. I don't know why I was dropped. Maybe it was something I ate.

Naturally I miss the Social Register, it was so much fun to say, "You can find me either in the telephone book or the Social Register." But I wish they never had put me in at all. After being used to it I find it so hard to get along just with the telephone book. The same thing happened to Gene Tunney. He was in for just one year. Maybe I was on trial. But they did not tell me. If they had I might have acted more circumspectly.

I don't believe that swimming party did me much good. Everything went wrong that week-end. I was invited to a vast estate on Long Island. I went. I was glad to go. It doesn't make any difference to me how much money a man has. I am not snobbish that way.

Saturday was all right but on Sunday the New York Times came out with an editorial in which it said that I was no better than a bomb thrower. It seems I had written something violent in the paper. But I am sure I did not say anything about bombs. That was just the interpretation of the Times. Still it worried my host. He began looking at me suspiciously and locking up his silver at night. I think he got the notion that I was going to suggest that we pool our money and divide it up.

It wouldn't have been easy. It is so hard to make twenty-three cents come out even.

But I did have a return trip ticket. That was fortunate because on Sunday night I committed the unforgivable sin. It was a hot, stifling night and our host got lashed in a bridge game and went to bed early. A few of us were left and somebody suggested that it would be nice to go swimming in the indoor pool. I jangled bell and a man came and I asked him to turn on the lights over the pool. He said he would and as we were walking along he told me, "I wish I could go in swimming too." I said, "Why don't you." It was a hot night and he seemed a very amiable man. I guess he was the butler and he could swim all right—he could do the Australian crawl and his bathing suit was not more than twenty-five inches above his ankles—or whatever the regulation is—and so it seemed to me all right.

We had a nice swimming party. But the host's room was just over the pool. He heard all the racket. As I remember, the butler got into a splashing party with one of the lady guests. The host was informed by somebody of what I had done. He did not like it at all. I have never been invited to that great estate again. Or any other. I just go to my own farm which is going to be called the White Chip or Rowdy House. I haven't decided

(Continued on page 120)
LEAVING Little Wee fast asleep at home, Daddy and mamma Lindbergh, with some of the neighbors, jumped into a car and rolled in from the country and up through the crowded streets of Manhattan. It was a very important occasion, if you must know. Daddy Lindbergh was going to make his first prepared speech on the radio.

Of course Little Wee didn't know much about that but he'll probably read all about it some day. Because when Daddy Lindbergh starts out to do something through the air he always does it in a big way. And when the papers heard that he was going to make a speech they hurried to let everybody know. The cables under sea carried the news to Europe, and to Africa, and to Australia and to South America and, in fact, to all the world.

PROBABLY little Wee never thought a thing about it but if he did he probably was saying "Why shouldn't everybody listen? He's my papa."

The Radio people got terribly busy when they heard that Colonel Lindbergh was ready to make his bow to Mr. Mike and the great Listening Audience.

"Come up to our house please," said Mr. Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Do come and do your talking at our house," urged Mr. National Broadcasting Company.

"Thank you, thank you," said Colonel Lindbergh.

"We'd be pleased to have you come to our house," shouted Mr. British Broadcasting Corporation from across the sea at London, England.

And then the other nations on the other side of the world intimated that they would feel slighted if Lindbergh wouldn't speak at their stations.

So Colonel Lindbergh found that to please everybody he'd have to tell the whole world what he had to say.

Never before was there so much activity on the part of everybody to make it possible for one private citizen to make his remarks public—and Colonel Lindbergh isn't naturally inclined that way in the least.

But Little Wee was home fast asleep when Daddy, Mamma and their friends drove up in front of the tall new building of the Columbia Broadcasting House.

"What's the matter?" asked a stranger who happened along there about the same time the Lone Eagle arrived.

"Colonel Lindbergh is going up to broadcast to the whole world," said a nervous young fellow who stood at the curb teetering on his toes trying to look over the heads of a whole crowd of people who had gathered around the door.

THEN the Lindbergh car came gliding along.

"Just look at that crowd," said one of the friends in his car to the Colonel.

"You won't catch me trying to break through that crowd," said the young father.

"What'll we do?" asked somebody else.

"Let's go in from the other side."

"Yes, we can go in the side door on 52nd street and slip up the back elevator without being noticed."

And that's just what they did.

When a man is going to talk to the whole world at one breath and the same time it takes considerable Friendly Cooperation. So, although Colonel Lindbergh decided he would speak at Columbia, he was also assured that National would be permitted to help spread the talk.

Mr. Jesse Butcher, who was one of the hosts at Columbia tells you all about what happened in the studio on another page in this magazine.

Now, Mr. Lindbergh is pretty young yet even if he did cross the Atlantic all alone in an airplane, and is a colonel, and is a daddy, and is a National Hero. He likes to get away once in a while like any other young fellow and be just Slim, like he was before he made the acquaintance of the Spirit of St. Louis.

Sometimes he probably thinks of those gloomy and rather foreboding hours when he hid himself away in the hangars in long deadly silences waiting for half-way favorable weather reports before zooming into the East over the long, long sky trail to Paris. He wasn't so sure he'd make it, and if he didn't—good-by world and everything.

YOU would almost suppose that everything he had ever done had been printed once, twice or thrice. But there are stories and stories that probably never will be told—those air jaunts into Mexico when he was calling on Baby Wee's mother when she was Anne Morrow—and—well here's one by
While He Makes His Bow to Stations in the History of Radio

a man who is not a professional writer, and has no ambition to be. It's just a story that might have been anybody's experience—only it happened to be that of a Mr. J. F. Weintz, who was out traveling for a New York firm and calling on customers in Kansas and Iowa. He chanced to see in a newspaper that Colonel Lindbergh would probably drop in at Wichita, Kans. While Baby Wee is still asleep and while you are waiting for Mr. Butcher to tell you what happened in the studio imagine yourself, if you please, in Jacob Weintz's place when he took a rickety taxi out to the Wichita Airport just to see Lindy, and wound up taking Lindy away from the field in his taxi.

On May 28th, 1928, I took a Pullman in Denver for Wichita, Kansas. The week previous I had had my first aeroplane ride with Harry T. Watts, business manager of the Des Moines Register Tribune. We were guests of the visiting "Travelair" cabin ship which helped to dedicate the new flying field in Des Moines. In Omaha, Leo Wilson, then advertising director of the Omaha Bee-News drove me out to the airport—there to see the new Boeing ships and observe the splendid hangars of the Western Air Express. My interest in aviation, although only that of a layman, was growing, and when I reached Wichita I was very pleased to read at the top of an editorial page that Wichita was the "Air Capital of the United States."

When I called on the Wichita Eagle, Bill Allen told me some very interesting things about aviation development, and later when I saw Governor (now Senator Henry J. Allen) of the Wichita Beacon I was given additional data which aroused my interest to the point of wanting to see some of the factories where the ships were made. I was told to meet Walter Beech of Travelair and Clyde Cessna of Cessna Aircraft. Both of these gentlemen deserve a world of credit for being patient with a curious and quizzical public. On my way out to the Cessna plant, I stopped off, bought a copy of a newspaper which carried the headline "Lindy Probably Due in Wichita Tonight."

It appeared that he had left New York early on the morning of May 29th, 1928, to make a reconnaissance flight to the west coast for the purpose of plotting the TAT course. The Associated Press dispatches reported that he had stopped at Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, and St. Louis, Missouri, and had departed from the last named port "flying in a southwest direction, destination unknown."

When I asked Mr. Cessna how long it would take him to fly from St. Louis to Wichita, I discovered that if Wichita really was his destination, he would arrive about 8 P.M. Then I asked where he would land and was told "at the Swallow Airport—he always lands there."

After a courteous farewell at the Cessna factory, I walked back to the Broadview Hotel and ate dinner. After a while I stood out in front of the hotel and smoked a cigar. A taxicab was alongside the curb. Its motor was hitting on three cylinders and the chauffeur was wiping a rather dusty windshield with his not too clean handkerchief.

I approached him and asked how far it was to the airport where the Travelair plant was located.

"What do you want to go out there for?" he asked.

I said, "Oh, I just thought I'd like to see it looks like."

Then I added, "You know Lindy is coming here tonight and we've got to bring him in."

He laughed. "Lindbergh wouldn't ride in this thing—it's only hitting on three and besides he wouldn't ride in a cab."

I almost admitted that he was right but in a spirit of pleasantry still trying to look serious I said, "Well—be careful as we come in, won't you."

In due course we arrived at the field. I asked the chauffeur if he had ever been in an aeroplane factory. When he said "No"—I said, " Shut off the meter and I'll get you a pass."

So he did and I was really fortunate in finding a hospitable foreman who let the boy into the huge, modern factory.

Then I walked out on the field in the direction of a hot dog stand. There, I believed, I possibly would find a man or two who knew Lindbergh. Sure enough one man with a wholesome lack of adulation admitted that he had met "Slim" and liked him—"just a plain, fine sort of man." When, pointing to the newspaper headline, I remarked, "Do you think he'll land here tonight?" he shook his head and replied with an air of finality, "No—I guess he'll go out to Hutchinson—it's a good night to fly."

However, I still had vague hopes of seeing Colonel Lindbergh. At this point I might add that probably forty or fifty automobiles had brought out the usual evening group of citizens who came out either to fly over the city at very nominal cost or to watch their friends. I wandered about the grounds a while—and there was plenty to see—and then returned to the hot dog stand.

My attention was drawn to some mottled clouds in the east where dimly a red and green light appeared. I asked "What's that?" "That's him," the genial proprietor, between bites, replied.
"You mean Lindy?"
"Yes."

So, eagerly, I watched and as the outline of the ship became distinct I saw it circle the field quite low and then soar up and away.

As it rose I heard my friend say "He's gone—no Wichita for him tonight"—but scarcely had we gone ten steps toward the taxicab when the ship returned and landed out in the field. The small crowd of excited spectators who had remained spilled from their cars and rushed out on the field. The careful and considerate Lindbergh turned his ship, speeded up the motor and threw a cloud of dust toward the crowd. Instead of criticising him for that, I praise him. Too many foolish people unnecessarily risk their lives in mad rushes everywhere.

I walked away from the field down toward an empty hangar where an air express had only an hour before been housed. In a very few minutes Lindbergh had taxied to the door and sat at the controls smiling. Never before had I seen him or his ship although in my travels I had frequently been a day ahead or a day behind. Of course I was thrilled to be a witness to this landing, for he was making history—he was charting a transcontinental course over which thousands, yes millions, would later fly.

When the first man to alight got out and stretched himself I noticed that he looked all around—casually but none the less searchingly. I walked toward him and said "Are you looking for a taxicab?" He said "Yes". Then I replied "I have the only one on the field and it's yours if you want it." He said "Are you with the Associated Press?"
"No."
"Either of the newspapers?"
"No, sir."
"Who are you?"
"Just a salesman from Chicago consumed with curiosity to see just what I have seen."

Then he said "My name is Breckenridge—Colonel Breckenridge—and this is Major Lanphier." The Major, dressed in golf togs, was unloading two suit cases. I was happy to be of some service and carried the luggage into the hangar. Lindbergh, at the controls, sat motionless while the ship was rolled into the hangar and the hangar doors closed. After skived mechanics had made a thorough inspection I noticed that Lindbergh himself took a flashlight and went over every inch of the fuselage, the motor—everything! That is one of the real characteristic things about him which explains his usual and complete success. He is not a "stunt artist" but in the execution of his plans he does startling things—all of them reasonable and logical.

After looking over his ship I was introduced to him. Colonel Breckenridge explained that the party would ride in my taxi and I was asked to go out and sit in the taxicab. Then Colonel Breckenridge followed, sitting opposite Colonel Lindbergh.

As we started off and got fairly well down the road Lindbergh asked where his map case was. It had not been removed from the ship so we turned back. At no time did Colonel Lindbergh or the other members of his party show any desire to exchange my rickety taxi for luxurious cars, several of which were placed at their disposal by hopeful and prominent citizens. As we rode into town the first question Colonel Lindbergh asked was "What news from the 'Italia'?" I told him it was still lost. Major Lanphier wanted to know the baseball scores and Colonel Breckenridge was interested in the Chrysler-Dodge merger which was announced that day.

On the way in Colonel Lindbergh said "We will not want the best rooms at the Hotel Lassen, Major—just plain rooms with bath."

As I left my distinguished friends at the hotel entrance I was very happy to accept the thanks of each member of the party individually and I formed an opinion then, which I still hold, that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is every inch a gentleman and entitled to the privilege of every other American citizen—the right to mind his own business and live his own life in his own way.

Although I was a total stranger to all three, Colonel Lindbergh and his friends accepted my chance hospitality with the same gratitude and appreciation I would have expressed under similar circumstances, had our places been reversed.

It would be a gracious act on the part of all Americans to let the Colonel and his family now live as simply and freely as they wish. They have proved their appreciation of public affection—now let us give them their individual rights to personal happiness. Why people should expect him to be "on parade" all the time I do not know and I am mighty glad that I had a first hand opportunity to see how he meets ordinary people with whom he is not in any way previously acquainted.

There you have it—some people do get the breaks just like Mr. Weintz. He can tell you more details he didn't write down here because he didn't want to have anyone think he wanted to call any special attention to himself. He said:

"When they started upstairs Colonel Lindbergh came back, shook hands with me, called me by name and remembered to pronounce it correctly—although hardly anybody else ever did."

Just because Lindbergh comes to mind again through his Radio broadcast a whole girt of interesting incidents might be mentioned. A good friend of Radio Digest who was very close to the activities preceding the flight of the Spirit of St. Louis told how Lindy inspired the men who financed the flight. He has been described as coldly calculating but one of the things he requested was that the judge would withhold the actual decree of incorporation until "the Spirit was in the air headed for France". His wish was solemnly complied with.

"At lunch the next day," says our correspondent, "a group of us gathered with (Continued on page 119)"
Lindbergh Honors Radio

By Jesse S. Butcher
Director of Public Relations
Columbia Broadcasting System

WHAT seemed to interest Col. Charles A. Lindbergh most in the Columbia Broadcasting System studios in New York on the occasion of his first formal Radio talk on August 8th was the master control room and the particular push button on the sound effects machine which he was informed would simulate the sound of an airplane. What interested us, on the other hand, was the fact that he was familiar with Radio programs and had his favorites even as you and I.

His maiden talk completed, the final sound of his voice having died away on the microphone, this interesting young man eagerly accepted an invitation to study the background of an enterprise which carries amusement, education and news and sports sidelights to the millions. There was something refreshing in the intelligent questions his tour developed.

This interlude of recreation followed the Colonel's formal debut on the air, the debut of one of the world's most interesting personalities. Once or twice before only, during receptions and dinners which he attended after his flight from New York to Paris in 1927, did he speak a word or two informally. This, however, was his first scheduled, formal appearance. He had had many invitations to speak over the air in the past, but with that modesty which characterizes him and that well-known dislike for focusing attention on himself rather than on aviation, to the furtherance of which he has set himself, he had repeatedly declined these offers. When the time arrived that he felt he had something constructive to say over the air, he was not adverse to using this medium for reaching the greatest number of people.

That time came early in August shortly after he had sent a memorandum on international aviation to the League of Nations, which memorandum the League made public to the press of the world. Feeling that through elaboration he could enforce the strength of his views on this far-reaching subject, he elected Radio as his aid and accepted the invitation of the C. B. S.

In order to reach various parts of the world at a convenient time, the suggestion was made to Col. Lindbergh that he deliver his address twice—the first at 4:25 P.M. New York time (9:25 P.M. London time) for the benefit of British and Continental listeners over the international telephone circuit of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and short wave W2XE of the Columbia System; the second broadcast at 11 P.M. New York time for the edification of the Radio audience in the United States and Canada, this also to be carried by W2XE, for listeners in Australia and South America. He readily agreed. So far as known, this was the first occasion that a speaker has repeated a talk to meet the time requirements of other countries.

(Continued on page 122)
ONE languid afternoon not very long ago, a National Broadcasting Company continuity writer was seated in a New York barber shop, treating himself to the infrequent luxury of a much-needed manicure.

Said the young lady across the white enamel table: 
"By the way, do you happen to know Uncle Abe, in this new Radio sketch about the two rural characters?"

"Why, you mean Abe, of Uncle Abe and David. Of course I know him. Uncle Abe is Phil Lord, who not only plays the part of the New England store keeper, but writes the show as well."

"Well, he's certainly a rube, all right," rejoined the young lady of the finger bowl and buffer. "He was in New York the other day, and you can take it or leave it, he never had a manicure before in his life."

The continuity writer smiled knowingly, and made no comment. He knew something about Phil Lord's methods of gathering material, and had his own suspicions concerning the dark purpose of that visit to the manicure.

But perhaps the young lady's assumption wasn't so far wrong, at that. True, even the most sophisticated New Yorker would scarcely accuse Phil Lord of outward rusticity. In speech, dress, or manner there's nothing of the conventional "rube" about Phillips H. Lord, college graduate and erstwhile school teacher. Yet those who know him say that he hasn't changed very much since the day two years ago when he stood before the planning board of NBC and half jestingly described himself as "a country boy, just trying to get along in the big city."

In those days, Phil Lord was an unknown, with a deep-rooted belief in an idea. And he was telling the designers of network features about that idea, describing his first nebulous plan to build a program around the homely, sincere "hymn sings" which are so characteristic a part of the religious life in northern New England communities. Today that idea, embodied in "Sunday at Seth Parker's," has become the common property of millions. But Phil Lord is unaltered, still as close as ever to the "Down East" folks he has created, still just the country boy trying to get along in the big city.

And now has come "Uncle Abe and David," Phil Lord's latest exploration among the New England personalities whom he loves so well. In this new venture, the creator of Seth Parker conceived
the program idea, and develops the situations and writes the script. The role of David in the nightly adventures of the two New England store keepers is taken by Arthur Allen, whose “Down East” portraits in Soconyland Sketches and in the old Re-told Tales series have made him perhaps the best known character actor on the air.

It was inevitable that at some time Phil Lord and Arthur Allen would work together. When Seth Parker first came on the air, Allen was already established as one of Radio’s outstanding actors. A native of upstate New York, he instantly recognized the authenticity and simple sincerity which marked the new Sunday night program. In fact, he prophesied a great future for “Sunday at Seth Parker’s” long before he knew its author.

Many months passed. Then one day, in the casual elbow rubbing among artists at the NBC studios, Phil Lord and Arthur Allen met. They discovered their mutual admiration. Phil Lord, it developed, had been an ardent follower of every broadcast in which Allen appeared. They struck it up immediately, exchanging anecdotes and laughing reminiscences of the “Down East” types they knew. Lord, the practical organizer, suddenly remarked:

“Did it ever occur to you that we might make a good team?”

Allen musingly agreed, and there the matter rested. The plan to do something together on the air incubated for many months, and Allen almost forgot about it. Then the opportunity to build a team program came suddenly to Lord, and his first impulse was to call Allen. A few weeks later, radio listeners were sitting around the cracker barrel of Everybody’s Equiperies, the general store in Skowhegan, Maine, while Uncle Abe Stetson and David Simpson, the proprietors, drawlingly discussed their plans for the vacation in New York which they had been deferring for thirty long years.

Uncle Abe and David have been in the metropolis long enough by this time to be feeling quite urbane and sophisticated. Their days have been full of strange experiences, and the big city has, at times,
shown a disposition to laugh at or lose its patience with the two “Down East” rustics. But the retired proprietors of Everybody’s Equippers always come up smiling, to give the lie to the old adage, “you can’t teach an old dog new tricks”. And each night they tell their listeners about it over two National Broadcasting Company networks.

Lord, the author, and Allen, who frequently suggests ideas and situations, have found that writing a script each day necessitates a somewhat new technique in conception of their material. It’s a matter of keeping their eyes constantly open, recognizing possible situations in the bustling routine of everyday life, rather than sitting down with furrowed brow and conjuring up funny scenes.

For example, when faced with the story of the perplexed manicurist, Lord grinningly admitted the ulterior purpose of his visit.

“Sure, I asked her all the silly questions I could think of. Of course I confessed I’d never had a manicure before in my life. It had just occurred to me as I passed the shop that Uncle Abe’s reaction to a manicure might be amusing.”

Or another instance: Allen was walking along a crosstown street in New York when he chanced to notice the one-way traffic signs for automobiles.

“Well, now, as David Simpson,” he drawled to himself, “I’d probably guess that those signs were meant for me—that I’m not allowed to walk on these sidewalks except in one direction.” The idea was incorporated in Lord’s plans for future sketches.

Being thus on the alert for dramatic situations implies a thorough-going knowledge of the characters of Uncle Abe and David. Lord and Allen early realized this necessity. At dinner together, swapping anecdotes, conversing frequently in character, they’ve discussed them, given them logical histories and backgrounds, even developed to a fine point the personalities of the folks in the family circles of the two men.

Abe is a bachelor, David is a widower. Despite their partnership of thirty years they’ve preserved with Yankee stubbornness the contrasting elements in their dispositions. Abe is easy-going, affable, unruffled. David is nervous, excitable and curious, forever prying into the new and unknown. Abe is generous to a fault, always giving the preacher 20 per cent discount on merchandise from the store, and paying the difference out of his own pocket. David, in contrast, is the dickeyer, the shrewd Yankee master of the hard-driven bargain.

Uncle Abe is thoughtful, quiet, and a great admirer of his name-sake, Abraham Lincoln. David is vital and energetic, invariably eager to take charge in any situation; but his managerial bent doesn’t always please Abe. Witness David’s confident assumption of authority on their trip down to New York: the spry and busy partner unloaded them at a station which he insisted was Gotham’s Grand Central—and it turned out to be Springfield!

Then there’s Aunt Bertha, the nemesis, the symbol of their Puritan conscience, who has railed all along against the stupid folly of these two old youngsters settling out at their age for a spree in the city.

Most network sketches depicting rural programs on the air have presented the characters in their native environments. In Uncle Abe and David, Phillips Lord has deliberately made a new departure. Taken out of their “Down East” village at the age of sixty-odd, the two old cronies may, at times, react to strange metropolitan situations in a manner which seems almost burlesque. But burlesque is far from Lord’s conception of the comedy.

“I’m merely trying to depict,” he says “the way in which these two lovable old rustics, ‘ducks out of water,’ so to speak, might behave in a new environment.”

Both Lord and Allen are fervid exponents of genuineness and integrity in Radio dialogue is the aim of Uncle Abe and David.

Phrases like “gosh all hemlock” and “by crackie” are sore points with Phil Lord. He always winces when he hears them, because he knows that country people don’t use these vaudeville versions of rural dialect. But, occasionally, in conversation at the NBC Studios, a “by crackie” or “gol durn it” creeps into the speech of some city dweller who wishes to impress Uncle Abe with his own knowledge of “Down East” life.

“I’d like to drive these burlesque idioms
out of the popular consciousness," Lord declares. "And I think that my Radio sketches have been successful because I carefully steer clear of such expressions. Some times my situations may be overdrawn a mite for the sake of dramatic emphasis. But I try at all times to make my reactions and dialogue authentic—absolutely true to life."

Indeed, Phil Lord's scripts are veritable glossaries of New England colloquialisms. He wants to preserve the picturesque—and sometimes eloquent—expressions of rural Maine.

"Here are a few of the descriptive adjectives and similes which add color to meeting of mice'; 'madder 'n' snakes at haying time', (because of the scythes and mowing machines); 'no bigger 'n' a pint of cider'; 'poor's poverty in a gale of wind'; 'so stupid he don't know enough to lap salt'; or 'six of one and half dozen of the other'."

Then too, Uncle Abe and David episodes are full of references to quaint New England institutions, and sometimes these allusions have amusing results.

For example, in a sketch not so very long ago, Uncle Abe complained to David that it's impossible to find old-fashioned sulphur matches in the big city. Almost over night, boxes and cartons of sulphur anecdotes to Phil Lord and Arthur Allen after returning from a motor trip through New England. On one of their side trips, they had drawn up to the curb of the principal thoroughfare in Skowhegan, Maine, and asked a lone pedestrian why the streets were so deserted.

The man grinned. "You never find anyone on the streets at this time of day," he explained. "Folks are all inside, listenin' in on the radio to Uncle Abe and David. Don't you know this is their home town?"

Which incident Phil Lord regards as sufficient testimony in itself to bind him to his credo of radio craftsmanship.

Lord and Allen are both glad to have joined Amos 'n' Andy. Phil Cook, and the other features which have adapted the "two-a-day" vaudeville routine to Radio.

"Despite the hard labor involved, I'm enthusiastic about the daily sketch on the air," Lord says. "This business of dropping in on folks each evening makes us feel as though we were next-door neighbors to millions. It's more intimate than the weekly program."

Allen says that playing two performances a day has made him "audience conscious" for the first time since he became a Radio actor. Or perhaps we should say, it's made him "geography conscious."

At 6:45 o'clock, when Uncle Abe and David are playing to New York and the eastern area, he feels that the audience is close at hand; he has an intimate, "across the footlights" feeling. However at 11:15, when they're broadcasting over the more remote middle western network—

"Well," says Allen, "I feel they're so far away, I almost ought to talk louder into the microphone."

In the studio, unlike Amos 'n' Andy, they use solo microphones, because of the vastly different manner in which they address the instrument. Engineers have found that each must be monitored separately. And as the second hand creeps around toward their "certain time," and the announcer adjusts his headphone and awaits the program cue, Lord and Allen as individuals exchange the characteristics of Uncle Abe and David. Lord is the nervous, excitable member of the team, attentive to every detail, wondering if Allen has the right script, if the microphone placement is right, and Allen, who in a moment will be the busy, nervous David to Radio listeners, lolls back in his chair, the picture of untroubled indifference.

And so they continue to rolltick through their daily adventures—Phillips Lord, farm-reared boy from Maine, graduate of Bowdoin College, who at 28 is one of Radio's best known character actors and authors; and Arthur Allen, product of up-state New York, graduate of Oberlin College in Ohio, and veteran of stock, Broadway and Radio.
NIGHTLY, the Great Common Herd in Detroit bows its head to the memory of a voice.

Weeks have passed now since Gerald E. (Jerry) Buckley, WNBC radio announcer and political commentator, was shot down at 1:50 a.m. in the lobby of the LaSalle Hotel. He had gone there because a woman's voice had asked him to come. In Jerry's work, that of relieving the suffering of the poor and the exposition of crime, many people wished to talk with him. This phone call was just like many others he received daily.

WEEKS have passed, but Jerry's memory is none the less green to the thousands of Detroiter's who loved to class themselves in the group Buckley called his "Common Herd." Weeks have passed and still the public letter boxes in the newspapers are filled with letters from his admirers, praising him, defending him from those who would stain his character, demanding that his killers be found and punished.

Jerry Buckley died at the close of Detroit's recent bitterly fought recall election when the voters said they no longer wanted Mayor Charles Bowles in office. During the campaign the radio announcer, in his comments, talked much of crime and placed much blame on the administration. There are those who see his death as the direct result of this free speech, this fearless uncovering of crime and criminals.

But Jerry Buckley was known long before the recall election served to make him the possible target of gunmen. He was known as the man who was a friend to the poor, who sought out the hungry and fed them, the man who clothed the ragged and warmed the homes of the freezing. His was a life of service.

There is the story of the $5 gold piece for instance.

His friends knew that Jerry had carried a $5 gold piece in his pocket for months. At his death the story came out. Early in his relief work, during a winter marked by much distress and suffering,
The voice that was heard nightly over WMBC in Detroit has been forever stilled by an assassin’s bullet, but the memory of a man who died for a cause lives in the minds of hosts of friends.

By Robert L. Kent
Special Correspondent, RADIO DIGEST

Thus for many weeks the magic gold piece bought many things for those who needed them—yet it remained always with Jerry—a lucky coin for the needy.

Then came the recall election. Up until this time the power of radio in elections had not been given great consideration. Jerry talked with the candidates and proved to them that the sound of their voices would go into many homes where they might otherwise be unknown. The Bowles forces and the opposition began buying time. Speeches began.

This tame approach to the voter’s hearth lasted only a short time, however. Soon charges and counter charges began to literally fly through the air. More skeletons than the great common people had heard in years began shaking their bones. The veteran politician, Robert Oakman, and the Bowles lieutenant, John Gillespie, became quite personal in their remarks over the Radio.

Radio had become a real force in political campaigns. The people heard and reasoned and decided of their own accord. In the thick of this fight was Jerry Buckley. Each night at 6 o’clock he talked to his “Common Herd”, telling them of the unemployment, poverty, suffering that might be prevented if the administration so willed.

He was very happy when the voters decided against Bowles. He felt that he had acted for the benefit of the people whom he loved. And then, less than two hours after he received the news which gave

(Continued on page 108)
KILLINGSLEY, my one clerk, had just come back from his lunch. I heard him moving about in his room—the first of the three rooms in which I carried on my business in Jermyn Street. As far as myself I was reading a new essay on certain characteristics of Napoleon Bonaparte; it was clever, and in many respects original, and I had no wish to be disturbed. Killingsley came in a moment later. "A lady wishes to see you, sir," he said, "in the usual way, Killingsley," I said, rising.

Now, I had a habit, during the comparatively short time in which I carried on this business of taking care to see my clients before they saw me. I have said that I occupied three rooms; the first was used by Killingsley as a sort of office, and contained an American roll-top desk, a typewriter, and Killingsley's collection of light literature; the second was fixed up as a luxurious waiting room; the third was my own apartment. And between it and the second was a cunningly devised and quite secret arrangement by which I, unseen, could take minute stock of any person who called upon me.

Often I kept my clients waiting impatiently in that room while I watched and studied them; I was all the more ready for them when I admitted them into my presence.

I was at my port of vantage when Killingsley ushered a lady into the waiting-room. A tall woman of perfect figure and distinguished carriage, and I learned much in one minute from her movements. She examined her surroundings as a caged thing might look around its den; impatiently she turned over and tossed about the newspapers and magazines which lay on the table, impatiently she kept glancing at the door which led to my room. From the quickness of her movements I knew that she was young, impetuous, and ardent; from her impatience I knew that she was much agitated.

I stepped to my door, had opened it, and was bowing to her before she was aware of my presence. She passed me quickly with a slight, somewhat condescending nod, and, entering my room, sank into the easy chair which I placed for her.

"I am at your service, madam," I said quietly. "But perhaps I had better explain that I never undertake any commission until I am made aware of my client's identity."

She sat for a moment in silence, her slender fingers, perfectly gloved, tapping the arms of her chair.

"I am the Countess of Langthwaite,"
Leaping to her feet she looked at me as if it would have given her the greatest pleasure to drive a dagger through my heart.

she began. "I understand, Mr. Campenhaye, that whatever is said to you is said in the strictest confidence. That is so?"

"Whatever is told me by my clients, Lady Langthwaite, is regarded by me as sacred," I answered. "But in return I expect my clients to tell me the plain, literal truth, even to the merest detail."

"I—I suppose I had better begin at the beginning," she said. "And now since you know who I am you will know that we—that Lord Langthwaite has a place in Yorkshire."

I nodded.

"I left Langthwaite at nine o'clock this morning on my way to town, and arrived at King's Cross just after one o'clock," she continued. "My maid, Antoinette Marcel, was with me. I left Antoinette in the station—she was to lunch in the refreshment room. She had with her some smaller luggage, bags, and—my jewel case.

"I left the hotel at a few minutes to two and crossed to the station," she went on. "In the booking hall I passed a porter who had charge of my trunks. He
told me that Antoinette had left the smaller bags with him, and had gone to
the refreshment room. I went there to
find her—she was not there. Nor could
I find her anywhere about the station."
"Of course the jewel-case had disapp-
eared with Antoinette," I said. "But
please tell me the rest, Lady Langthwaite."

"THERE is nothing, or
scarcely anything to tell," she said. "Of
course Antoinette had the jewel-case.
That is why I came to you. I want
to—I must recover it!"
"Naturally!" I remarked. "I sup-
pose you informed the station peo-
ple and the police at once?"
"No-o," she faltered. "I—I was
advised not to do so."
"Now, Lady Langthwaite," I said,
settling down to work, "you will
bear in mind that you are to
tell me everything. And, first
of all, who advised you not to
mention your loss to the rail-
way authorities and
the police?"
"A—a friend," she
replied.
"Man or woman?"
I asked.
"A—a man," she an-
swered, still more reluc-
tantly.
"Who must have had
strong reasons for giving
such extraordinary ad-
dvice," I commented. "How-
ever, we will leave that for
the moment. Now, what
did the jewel-case con-
tain?"
At this question the
Countess almost wrung her hands, her
beautiful eyes became suffused with un-
shed tears.
"Oh!" she answered. "It is terrible to
think of! It contained five thousand
pounds in bank-notes. I don't mind the
loss of the money at all. But it also con-
tained all my jewelry—all. And—and the
family jewels." Her voice faded.
"Not—not the famous Lang-
thwaite pearls!"
I almost shouted.
She bent her head, and I thought
she was going to burst out crying.
"Yes!" she whispered. "Yes!"
"Of course you have com-
municated with Lord Langthwaite?" I
said. "You would wire to
him at once?"
"She shook her head

The Earl of Langthwaite
entered.

It has always been one of my greatest
ambitions to be able to preserve an
unmoved countenance under any circum-
stances, and I flatter myself that I usually
do so. But I must have betrayed the
most intense surprise, not to say utter
astonishment, on this occasion, for
my beautiful client suddenly turned
crimson, and drawing out a cobwebby
handkerchief, burst into genuine and
abundant tears. I rose from my chair.
"I beg your pardon, Lady Lang-
thwaite," I said gently. "I will leave you
for a little while."
I got up and went into the next room.
As I stood there, waiting until her lady-
ship had got the better of her emotion, I
rapidly memorized all that I knew of her
and her husband, and applied my recollec-
tions to the present situation.

WILLIAM GUY CAR-
TER-JOHNSTONE, sixth Earl of Lang-
thwaite, was a pretty well-known man.
Tall and clean-shaven, with the face of an
ascetic and a pair of the most piercing
black eyes I have ever seen, Lord Lang-
thwaite was about forty-eight years of age.
I had often been told of him that he
was never going to marry, but three years
previously he had suddenly taken to wife
the daughter of a north country clergyman.
Whether it was a mutual love-affair So-
ociety was not permitted to know; as the
bridegroom was forty-five and the bride scarcely twenty. Society thought not. However that may have been, there was no doubt that the Earl of Langthwaite was passionately fond of his young wife, whom he introduced to the world of fashion with great pride.

And this was the lady who sat weeping in my room.

I went back after a decent interval and found Lady Langthwaite composing herself.

"I beg your pardon," she said, dabbing her eyes. "I am very sorry, Mr. Campenbey." "We must see what can be done," I said, resuming my seat.

"Now, Lady Langthwaite, let us be business-like. Tell me the truth—all the truth. You say you were running away from your husband. Why were you running away from him?"

"Because—because our temperaments clash," she answered with some hesitation. "I see. And usually, in these cases, one finds that there is some one with whose temper one's own is compatible," I suggested.

She hung her head and twisted the damp handkerchief.

"I suppose that is so in your case, Lady Langthwaite?" I said.

"Yes," she murmured. "And I suppose that is the gentleman whom you met at the Great Northern Hotel?" I said, watching her narrowly.

She nodded but said nothing.

"Lady Langthwaite," I said. "You will have to tell me his name if I am to help you."

She glanced at me quickly, hesitated, and hung her head again while her fingers tugged nervously at the handkerchief.

"Captain Molesworth," she said at last.

I betrayed no surprise there, at any rate. But I made a mental contrast between the worth of Lord Langthwaite and the utter worthlessness of Cap-

tain Molesworth, whose reputation was known to me.

Then of course it was Captain Molesworth who sent you to me?" I said.

She nodded an affirmative.

"And counselled you not to tell the police and the railway people?" I continued.

"He said it would not be wise until I had seen you," she answered.

I considered a good many things in a remarkably short space of time, having more on my mind than the mere finding of Mademoiselle Antoinette and the jewel-case.

"Does Captain Molesworth know what was in the jewel-case?" I asked.

She looked at me with some surprise. "No-o," she answered. "I told him that it contained the bank-notes and my own personal jewelry, but I did not tell him about the—-the pearls."

"But you were—or are—running away with Captain Molesworth," I pointed out. "Why bring the family pearls—heirlooms?"

She almost tore her handkerchief at that, and her face expressed something like physical pain.

"Don't torture me, please!" she exclaimed. "What am I to do—what is to be done? I dare not—dare not tell Lord Langthwaite—it would kill me!"

"Dare not tell him—what, Lady Langthwaite? That you have lost the pearls or that you were running away with Captain Molesworth?" I asked, watching her keenly.

She made no answer to that, but regarded me as if I, and I alone, were the arbiter of her fate.

"I am wondering," I continued, "if we cannot work out a little plan which will save the situation. Can you not go to Lord Langthwaite, invent some little story of a sudden necessity for coming to town, and of bringing the pearls with you for safety? Then we might get the police to work in a search for your maid."

She pondered this proposition for a moment and then shook her head.

"Lord Langthwaite would not believe that Antoinette had stolen the jewel-case," she said. "We had implicit faith in Antoinette—she has been with me ever since—since I was married.

"But Antoinette and the jewel-case are missing," I said. "Now, tell me this—did your maid know that you were running away?"

"No! No!" she answered.

"Did she know the precise contents of the jewel-case? I asked.

The Countess shook her head.

"No?" I continued. "She would merely think, then, that it contained just the ordinary amount of jewelry with which you travel usually, which would not be much—that is, in comparison with what really was in the jewel-case."

"Yes," she answered.

"Lady Langthwaite," I said suddenly, a new idea having occurred to me, "where did you get those bank-notes?"

"From the bank of Saxonstowe yesterday," she answered. "The Saxonstowe and Normanchester Bank, where I have an account."

"Of course, you haven't the numbers of the notes?" I suggested. "No, I thought not—fortunately, the bankers will have them."

And I seized a telegram form and wrote out a message.

The message was in Lady Langthwaite's name, and requested her bankers to wire her at once the numbers of the notes. I went out and sent Killingsley off with it; and then returned to ask her a few more questions.

"When, Lady Langthwaite, did you mention to Captain Molesworth, that you..." (Continued on page 109)
**The Pickards**

*Rollicking Folksongs of Merry Mountaineers Reveal Henry Ford as Jews Harp Virtuoso*

By Garnett Laidlaw Eskew

If radio had done nothing else than preserve to us and make familiar to the general listening public certain old songs and other music which would otherwise have fallen into oblivion, it would have justified its existence. And chief among the various classes of this good music which radio has preserved to us is the American folksong. Folksongs constitute an important part of our native music.

All of this merely leads up to Dad Pickard—head of The Pickards. And if you don’t know who the Pickards are you may assure yourself that you have missed something worth the time it takes to tune in on the NBC network every Friday at 8:05 EST. That is the hour the Pickards put on their show. The Pickards are honestly all one family. Dad Pickard, who was christened Obediah; Mrs. Pickard; Bub, who is Obediah junior; Ruth, whose nick name is simply Sis, and baby Anne. In other words, Dad, Mother and the three children, all one family, Tennessee born and bred, “fotched up” in all the wholesome traditions of that more-or-less isolated section of Tennessee made familiar by the old Maxwell house, tales of the redoubtable John Sevier, and the city of Nashville.

It is a section settled by pioneers of the purest Anglo-Saxon and French Huguenot stock. To a remarkable degree the states of Tennessee, Virginia and the Carolinas have retained their racial homogeneity—particularly in the mountain sections. And it is in such regions as these that the folksongs and ballads flourish. By the same token—since these lovely old folksongs and ballads have depended for their existence upon being handed down through generations by word of mouth, sung on winter nights before the fire or on summer nights under the stars—they must of necessity have shortly passed away as civilization advanced. But there is where radio and radio artists, such as Dad Pickard from Tennessee, who know and love the old ballads, play the important part referred to at the beginning of this article.

For the ballads and folksongs of the South can now be held and kept inviolate for future generations, something that, without radio, would have been impossible.

What is a folksong? What is a ballad? For the most part a folksong or ballad is a type of song which grows up in countries that have old traditions back of them. America would have none to boast of had not the early settlers from England or France brought them over. Others have grown up in this country from those early importations.

But we were talking of Dad Pickard and his family. Dad says he has a repertoire of 5,000 old-time songs from his native southern haunts! In this vast array of “program (Cont. on page 116)
SEPTEMBER, "harvest month" in Charlemagne's calendar, may be fruitful of many things up and down this broad land, but to thousands of Radio listeners throughout America it meant the return to the air over WTAM, Cleveland, of that famous team of playboys Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell.

Even as this is being written, Gene and Glenn, together with "Jake" and "Lena", have been growing bronzed and clear of eye under a Michigan sun and breeze at their summer camp.

The return of Gene and Glenn to WTAM for the fall and winter seasons brings the inevitable question to the lips of all Gene and Glenn fans. "What will 'Jake' and 'Lena' do this season?" During the past winter and spring the quartette of Gene, Glenn, "Jake" and "Lena" probably drew more listeners from early morning beds and kept more evening engagements in abeyance than any other program on the air in this section.

A FEW years ago had some one approached these two boys and hinted that the days were not far distant when they should be classified as one of the greatest acts on the air, they would have howled with laughter, even as they now are given to slight incredulity when attempting to visualize the magnitude of their success.

Today Gene and Glenn have become almost that which borders upon a cult. To speak disdainfully or indifferently to a Gene and Glenn fan is the same as offering personal insult. A Radio listener who confesses that he has not heard of Gene and Glenn, unless he be beyond the confines of a reasonable reception, is regarded in the same light as one who has spent the major portion of his life in some far land or dungeon and who for the first time gazes upon the advancements of civilization.

Success begets a tremendous intrusion into the personal life of a Radio artist. "How did they accomplish this, where did they emanate from, how do they live, what do they look like and what chance is there of seeing them in person?" the listeners demand. Reverse the tablet marked "present" to that faint indication marked "past" and the wealth of material concerning Gene and Glenn is so alarming that one's sense of selection is challenged.

Gene Carroll (left) and Glenn Rowell work out a script for their mirthful skit, Jake and Lena.
The scene is Chicago, the time the late 90's. The Carroll family looked at the tiny lot of wistful humanity in his mother's arms and decided the Gene was to be his name. Gene possessed all the idiosyncrasies of any child.

He refused to like vegetables and created a scene if forgotten where dainties were to be had. But the boy Gene looked at the blue overhead and at his playmates with a look of conjecture in his eye. His treasures were not a baseball and air gun, but rather a small mouth organ and jew's harp. Boy friends attempting to induce him to come along swimming only received a negative shake of the head as with cheeks full blown he continued to walk odd tunes on his favorite instrument. He had an infinite respect for the curly-haired brown-eyed girl who lived next door. Together these children of five passed long hours away in understanding silence, the autumn leaves and the more subdued delights of childhood. Gene the boy was already developing into Gene the showman. He had a natural bent for the "make believe" and looks back with pride to the time he played "Cobweb" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Hence from the past do we trace his aptitude for portraying the feminine role of "Lena" today.

Years passed and when the curtain lifts again we find Gene Carroll touring the country in musical comedy and vaudeville.

Gene, portly, with a perpetual smile hovering about his lips and eyes, grinned at his parents from the cradle in the town of Pontiac, Illinois. As a boy he flew kites, knocked a baseball through the neighbor's window and was soundly thashed for his pains and gave his parents much concern until the age of thirteen when it became known that he was blessed with a soprano voice of unusual beauty. The knowledge of this probably came as much of a surprise to thirteen year old Glenn as to Mr. and Mrs. Rovell. At any rate, Glenn overnight became recognized in the art of music and in addition to voice begged his parents for a violin and later was to take up the piano in serious fashion. Several days over he joined a stock company where he gained experience to stand in good stead in Radio.

Both boys, unknown to each other, now were being swiftly brought together by a destiny with which they concerned themselves not at all.

This portion of the tale must needs bring us to a character whom while today he is no longer associated with Gene and Glenn, played some part in their lives, and the person was none other than Ford Rush.

Gene teamed up with Ford in St. Louis and together they made their debut over WLS. In the two years they were to remain at this station, they gave little thought as to what the future held. They were successful, and what matter the morrow.

A turn in the road brought them into a Chicago theater where their act was featured. Gene Carroll was then touring. One night in the lobby of a western hotel he met an old friend in the show business, and the pair teamed up as Jack and Gene. That unseen guiding hand pulled a string and Jack and Gene one morning found themselves at the door.

**Touchdown!**

Ted Husing, premier of all famous grid announcers takes the ol' pig for a smash all the way down the field and plants it square between the pegs.

It's a brilliant flash of his famous Sportslants written especially for you. And you'll find it with pictures and all in the November Radio Digest.

Other good sport subjects in this remarkable Thanksgiving number. Be sure you get your copy of November Radio Digest.

"Jake" and "Lena" have their roots in the very foundations of the average American family life. Small wonder that they cropped into immediate favor. Added to this, "Jake" found himself in love with "Lena"—in love with all the tempestuous adoration and tidiness of the great love, while "Lena", sensing that coyness would bring her more than any other form of procedure, enlivened the plot. Day after day the story grew.

Few persons cared to miss an episode in the affair. High comedy, clean and sparkling with homely humor, made the broadcast interesting and approved entertainment for youth as well as adult. The great Radio wedding of the air was celebrated on the night of April 1st and another page in the book brought new highlights to the adventure.

Then, briefly, there is the memorable week when Gene and Glenn playing the RKO Palace Theater at Cleveland, broke all house records up to that time anywhere—drawing capacity audiences.

A personal inventory of Gene and Glenn, their habits, likes and dislikes is occurring in one of WTAM's "green rooms", following an evening's broadcast.

Gene dresses himself across a chair, while Glenn slouches on a large divan. Both boys gaze at each other with a supplanting look.

"How old are you, Gene?" the interviewer queries.

"Thirty-three," the answer comes with a slow grin.

"What was your childhood ambition?"

"To be a tightrope walker," comes the reply, sending both boys into gales of laughter.

"What is it now?"

"The same," echoes both.

"What is your favorite amusement, sport or recreation?"

"Tightrope walking," shouted Gene and Glenn.

"Are you superstitious?"

"Yes, falling off a tightrope," answered the creator of "Jake" and "Lena" ducking.

"How do you feel about early morning broadcasts?" the questioner grimly continued.

At this both men dropped their nonsense and became enthusiastic.

At first we were a bit dubious," Glenn explained, "but we came to enjoy those hours more than anything we did. It meant getting up at least two hours before the program in order to be in good voice and awake to the situation, but then it did not prove a great hardship after we started."

"Anyway Gene reads most of the night, and it did not bother him," Glenn declared.

The life of this celebrated pair of Radio entertainers is constantly tempered with moderation. Golf and automobiles are their only hobbies.
A STAR in three firmaments is this fair haired maiden who first plays on the musical comedy stage, then scintillates from the talking pictures and again is heard over the coast to coast lines of the Columbia Broadcasting System. You will perhaps remember Miss MacDonald best in her recent picture, Let's Go Native. She sings from the Los Angeles sector of the system.

Jeanette MacDonald
Irma Glen

Just one year ago this charming young Chicagoan (left) won second place in the Radio World's Fair, New York, as the most beautiful entertainer of the air. Perhaps by the time you read these lines she will have won the first prize of 1930. She is heard as pipe organ soloist and in various dramatic sketches at WENR in the Mid-West metropolis.

Helen Nugent

There are so many notable programs over which the voice of this charming young woman (right) is heard, to read them is like looking at the complete CBS New York schedule for the day. However, you will recognize Miss Nugent most conspicuously in The Voice of Columbia, Manhattan Modes, Ward's, Mardi Gras, Light Opera and Quiet Harmony.
Christine Lamb

BUT for Radio it is possible that Miss Lamb's (left) sweet voice might not have been widely known outside the circles of Nashville where she lives and has her being. But the Solemn Old Judge of WSM discovered her and introduced her to the Radio audience and now she has become a person of renown with thousands of unknown admirers writing her daily.

Nell Vinick

MISS VINICK has resumed her beauty talks over the Columbia system from WABC, New York. She states that the modern girl "is not nearly as black as she is painted—nor as pink as she paints herself." In her Lessons in Loveliness to the listener she sometimes presents famous artists such as Alfred Cheney Johnston who made the photo-study of Miss Vinick on the opposite page.
Broadcast history was made by Pat Barnes who introduced Buck Private on Leave to the Radio audiences and then a score of other successful characters. During the past year he has become most famous for his interviews with Old Timer at WGN, the Chicago Tribune station. The Old Timer is none other than Pat himself as you may note from this double exposure photo.
Mary Worley

SOME historians claim that broadcasting really began in San Diego at about the time this young lady was beginning with her ABC's. So Miss Worley who sings at KFSD in this California town rather grew up with it. Her Friday matinee ballads are especially popular.
Loraine Belmont

THERE is a decided tendency toward the Radio stage on the part of the best talent. At WPAP, Palisades, New Jersey, for instance, may be heard such theatrical notables as Miss Loraine Belmont of the musical comedies Blue Birds, Happyland Girls and A Night in Paris.
LEAVING Miss Belmont in Jersey we find Miss Groody, famous Broadway headliner, appearing at WEAF in the luxurious studios of the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth avenue. Of course WEAF carries Miss Groody's song through a network of stations all the way to KOMO, Seattle and KFSD, San Diego. Sixty cities a second!
Pluck and Luck

It takes a lotta pluck to stick it out for 360 hours at a stretch in the crotch of an apple tree. But Eebee Landry did it at Oakland, California, and won the Western tree sitting championship. The luck followed when he was visited by Billy Page (right) of the NBC who brought a contract for Eebee to make some money by telling how he did it.

Miggles Champ

There's more competition in the marble shooting contest, and here you see James Lee (left) who won the Eighth National Marble Tournament at Ocean City, N. J., telling the California folks how he did it in another of Billy Page's interviews at the San Francisco NBC studios.
Four Corners

You gotta take your hat off to Hi, Si and the Old Home Town Orchesty when you hear 'em spiel over KMOX at St. Louis. Rural Missouri and farm folks all the way up and down the Mississippi valley think they are the best musicians on the air. What if they do hit a sour note now an' then—makes the others sound all the sweeter! Been at it three years now.

Horse Fly

As you travel westward from the Mississippi valley you come to still another type of national music represented here by Horse Fly (left) and His Wranglers, heard nightly from KNX at Hollywood.
ORIENTAL fantasy lends itself admirably to a broadcasting theme. And here we have Rahmin, the beautiful singing slave of the dream maker, Kahlnar, who barter's her lovely voice for worn out fancies in the Nissley Dream Shop at WLW, Cincinnati.
THE Forty Fathom Trawlers is known to the listeners of the two large broadcast chain systems of the country. Many will remember the magnetic voice of the young heroine in the dramatization of the Irving Reis story, The Song of the Deep. It was Miss Harrington—Radio dramatic star of WABC.

Dorothy Harrington
ROSS GORMAN (above) is considered one of the most versatile artists on the air. He plays all of these instruments—27 of them—at one time or another during the Lucky Strike program over the NBC network.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE probably has the largest Radio fan audience of any broadcaster in the country, judging from the letters he receives. He plays and croons just now at WLW, Cincinnati. (The WLW staff looks on.)
A LIVING voice speaking over a bridge of 156 years was heard by NBC listeners when Zaro Agha, who fought and was wounded in the war Napoleon waged in Egypt, was introduced by Bob "Believe It or Not" Ripley. Zaro has a firm voice and spoke in the Turkish language. His English was limited to "How do you do" and "Good bye". There is a story about him elsewhere in this Radio Digest.
Mme. Dora Boescher, who comes to America with the training of the Odessa Municipal Opera, is the soloist you hear in that haunting exotic bit called Around the Samovar. They are all Russians in this classic from the New York studios of the Columbia System.
Did you hear

Zaro Agha?

Turk, 156 Years Old, Greets Listeners—
Was Soldier Against Napoleon—Fought
Against Russia at 103. Now He Enjoys
Radio and Has a Taste for Apple Pie

By Mark Quest

I

HAVE looked into the living face of
a man who marched against Napo-
leon Bonaparte more than a century
and a quarter ago. I have received
this man’s military salute and heard his
voice, have asked him questions and
received his prompt alert answers for
readers of RADIO DIGEST. It seems in-
credible that such a human being could
be alive and traveling jauntily half way
round the world in this year of 1930.

Perhaps you too heard the voice of
Zaro Agha when he was introduced to
millions of American listeners over the
network of the National Broadcasting
Company last August. You probably did
not understand much of what he had to
say. He speaks scarcely any English.
But you may have recognized the saluta-
tions “How do you do” and “Goodby”.
He was introduced by Bob Ripley of
Believe-it-or-Not fame. You could scarcely
believe that Zaro Agha would be parading
around a microphone after 156 birthdays.
But there he was. And you couldn’t doubt
about his age because the public documents
are in existence to prove it.

Turkey has been using Zaro as a
model young man for over a hundred years.
He never smoked and he never drank. He
swore off meat about fifty years ago. When
he was 103 he reenlisted in the Turkish cavalry.
He had seen a lot of

fighting and was always ready to fight
for his country. While all the other
young men of his age some generations
ago were taking a new bride every year
or so he stuck by his first wife. The
harem idea never appealed to him. He
has had eleven wives but he only had
one at a time and he kept married to
the one he had until in the natural course
of events death intervened. His last
child was born shortly after Zaro had
celebrated his ninety-first birthday. The
progeny descended from this man—
well, anyway he would need all of
Madison Square Garden to hold a family
reunion.

What is he doing over here? At this writing it seems something
of a mystery. Calvin Harris, his American
manager, is non-committal. He has


Zaro Agha, 156-year-old broadcaster

a leaning toward Hollywood. Maybe
you’ll be seeing his name in the bright
lights over the picture theatres before
the winter is over. His life is insured
for $50,000 for five years. The medical
examination gave him a blood pressure
of a man in his forties.

I met Zaro in a room in the Pennsyl-
vania hotel, New York. One of his
great grandsons, Ahmet Musa, was with
him. Ahmet is a slight, looking young
man but Mr. Harris says he is recognized
as one of the best lightweight boxers in
the Crescent domain. Ahmet and Assin
Redvam, Zaro’s interpreter, met me at
the door. There was a little hall, then a
room with twin beds and there in a com-
fortable chair by a window that opened
onto a court I saw this remarkable patriarch.
He arose as I entered. A tall erect figure of a
man, sturdy and solid he seemed. His skin
was dark and the hair was thin on his head.
He smiled a little and brought his hand to his
forehead with military snap. Then we shook
hands—long lean fingers closed rather
loosely over mine.

We all sat down. I knew a little
of the ancient’s history.
He was born in Bitlis, February 16, 1774—a
little before the birth of the United States of
America. His father
had lived to the age
of 112, his mother 75.
(Cont. on page 115)
Fanatical Frenzy Reaches Its Height and Mary Burton Comes into the Reward of Her Ghastly Fame

Illustrations by
Joseph L. Sabo

By Rupert Hughes

Summary to date:

They are all dead now, of course, have been for close onto a couple of centuries. But life was very real and very earnest when a ship brought little Mary Burton and Tom Wilson to old New York in the Forties of the Eighteenth Century.

Bonded to a British sea captain to work out her independence Mary began a bleak existence at the Hughson tavern—a rendezvous for negro slaves brought in by fighting vessels which ravished the Spanish shipping. And Tom left her to join another ship about to sail.

It was nearly two years before he returned and they met again. The Hughsons had become involved in a theft. Hughson's slave, Caesar, had acted on a maudlin story Tom had told of Spanish gold in the store of the Hoggs. Peggy, Caesar's white sweetheart and a member of the Hughson family, had become embittered toward Mary because she remained aloof from her evil associates.

Then came the rumor of a plot on the part of the negroes to burn the homes of their white masters and take possession of the city. Mary Burton was called before the Grand Jury to relate all that she had heard in the Hughson tavern as to the supposed conspiracy. Her stories became embellished with imaginary details. She was the talk of the town. All of her old tormentors were made to suffer execution by fire.
Through all of this Mary was thinking only of Tom Wilson, the boy who had come across with her from England. She watched eagerly for his return.

To substantiate Mary's story the police placed Arthur Price, a sneak-thief, to mingle with the slaves and trick them into confessions.

And Mr. Hughes continues:

OF COURSE he came forth with a pack of stories so numerous that he had to have a clerk to take them down. He told how Peggy with many an oath and much obscenity confessed her knowledge of the plot, and of how Hughson's daughter had confessed hers. He brought forth everything his employers sent him in to get.

And they believed him because they must believe him or confess that the whole talk of the conspiracy was the madness of the wise. They must open the jail doors and release as martyrs the objects of their scorn or give credence to the thief. Their choice was no less inevitable for being unjustifiable.

They confronted Peggy with her words as Arthur Price reported them and hinted that she might save her life by confirming his testimony. They promised her a full pardon if she would condemn the others by sworn testimony.

Peggy's alternative was a living death in the swarming dungeons with the gallows as the only outlet, and so in a three of fatigue and despair she made a confession as good as the best of them.

While she was at it, she might as well destroy her enemies; so she involved John Romme and his wife and few slaves not mentioned before; and described meetings in the Romme shoeshop at which a handful of grandiloquent negroes planned to erect an African king.

Caesar dropped in clattering chains. Both protested that they were innocent as all criminals do—and are, perhaps, in a better sense.

Almost two months had gone now since the slaves had destroyed the governor's house and tried to destroy so many others, and not a single black soul had been punished; so the distraught good people thought it advisable to seek comfort from heaven. The 13th of May was proclaimed as a day of public fasting and humiliation, "the shops were all shut up and persons of all ranks resorted to their respective places of divine worship, and seemed deeply affected with a sense of the calamities which were most likely to awaken us to our duty and a due sense of our demerits."

Thus strengthened and shriven, the judges took up their tasks with a new ardor. They were inspired to action by the arrival of great news from up and across the river. In Hackensack, one morning, seven barns had been found afire at once. Two negroes had been promptly charged with setting them afire. One of them confessed and one denied the guilt; but both of them were tied up and burnt to death with a commendable promptitude.

The citizens of New York nodded their heads. This was the way to put an end to men who started fires—start fires under the men.

The news of the public mood soon reached the jail where the slaves squirmed like fishing worms in a tin can. The can was to be held over live coals. Offensive slaves were generally toasted at the stake and there was a turmoil of mad fright in the strong upper cells of the City Hall. The prisoners began to denounce one another in a last hope of saving themselves from the flames. Some of them, for greater prestige, accused others not yet arrested; and these as they were brought in, sought to curry favor by naming still others still outside. A black boy named a black woman and she another. The judges gave them hints and told them what others had testified and they strained their poor wits to improve upon what their predecessors had contrived. The plot grew and grew until it became a diabolic
scheme more than a year old. Contradictions and absurdities did not disgust the judges. They selected what enhanced the danger and themselves as the rescuers of the doomed populace.

The constables were worn out with hunting down new prisoners and the jail walls were almost bursting with the swarm. And still the constables went out for them till the murmur rose that all the gentlefolk in town would have to fetch their own tea-water and wash their own linen.

When Peter Jay, John Roosevelt, Adolph Philipse, Catharine Wells and others came in to testify to the good behavior of their slaves and to furnish them with alibis, they were politely bowed out of court as incompetent and the judges went sternly on about their grave duties.

With magnificent eloquence the attorney, Mr. Smith, told how justly the slaves had been tried, and how carefully their testimony weighed. Even though it would have been a profanation to administer the oath to such heathen, they had been warned of the perils of false witness:

"The being and perfections of an Almighty, all knowing and just God, and the terrors of an eternal world, have been plainly laid before them and strongly pressed upon them. But, gentlemen, the monstrous ingratitude of this black tribe is what exceedingly aggravates their guilt. I fear, gentlemen, that we shall never be quite safe till that wicked race are under more restraint or their number greatly reduced within this city.

This was the kernel of it all! There must be fewer blacks in town.

Two of the slaves, Quack and Cufee, on being found guilty were asked "what they had to offer in arrest of judgment why they should not receive sentence of death, and they offered nothing but repetitions of protestations of their innocence.

So the judge flogged them with polysyllables they could not understand and in simpler words that they could: "You and each of you shall be chained to a stake and burnt to death; and the Lord of his infinite mercy have compassion upon your poor wretched souls."

On May 30th Quack and Cufee were taken out into the commons to a place where two iron stakes stood up in the midst of two big piles of wood. They were chained there chin-deep in fuel to the delectation of a great throng of impatient spectators gathered and seated on the fences, cracking jokes about the warm weather that was coming on.

When it was suggested that the promise of a reprieve might bring from the ague-stricken, slavering, whimpering rats confessions that would inculpate other..."
criminals, Mr. Roosevelt went into the fuel and talked to his slave Quack and Mr. Moore to his man Cuff. The well-disciplined well-whipped bounds were glad to yammer what they thought was wanted.

They were not saints dying for a creed. They were idiot infants on the brink of a furnace and being promised a reprieve so they uttered imbecile things through chattering teeth. The spectators, being gossips, sent the delay, but the outpourings of the blacks were carefully "minuted down in the midst of great noise and confusion."

Mr. Moore asked the sheriff to take the prisoners back to jail according to the agreement, but the citizens were so infuriated at the postponement of the show that the sheriff did not dare disappoint them.

In the quiet dignity of the chronicle: "The execution proceeded."

That is to say, the sheriff lighted the kindling, the woodpiles roared; the blacks, betrayed, shrieked in vain for mercy to flames that came rolling on to whip their poor ribs and to the writhing smoke that finally muffled their utterances. Providence sent not even a "moderate shower" as it had done when His Majesty's House set fire to the chapel and to the town.

The confessions of the incinerated dupes were naturally confusing, but they wanted the arrest of a whole drove of negroes and negroesses, including Burk's wench Sarah, "one of the oddest criminals among the black confederates."

She foamed at the mouth and denounced a score, being gossips wholesale. Later, she recanted most of the names but this did not discredit her credibility.

The three Hughsons and Peggy were duly brought to trial and Mary Burton was forced to repeat her testimony against them while Hughson and his wife were "crying and bemoaning themselves and embracing and kissing their daughter Sarah. In order (as may be supposed) to move compassion in the court and jury, Hughson's wife brought thither a sucking child at her breast, which was ordered to be taken away."

The obliging inexhaustible Mary testified to Bible oaths of conspiracy, to swords and guns and pistols gathered for the insurrection, and to bribes of silks and golden rings offered to her. Her stories were bettered with every repetition. She was educating herself as an artist at the general public expense.

The Hughsons cast up their eyes and said she was a very wicked creature and they brought witnesses to testify to their character, but who cared what they said? A pardon had been drawn up for Peggy, but she had recanted her confessions and exonerated all she had accused. The judges would have killed her twice for her treachery if they could. But once

must suffice all the ends of justice. On June 9th four more negroes were burned alive. Three days later three negroes were granted the gentler death of hanging, and alongside them Hughson and his wife and Peggy were swung.

The daughter's execution was put off in the hope of extorting a confession from her.

On the way to the gallows Peggy had acted as if she were about to speak, but "Mrs. Hughson gave her a shove and she kept silent."

The ox-cart that carried them was drawn under the beam, the hangman slipped the nooses around their necks, the teamster whacked the flanks of the oxen and the cart moved on, leaving its passengers dancing on air. Later John Hughson's body was hung up in chains and the town was "amused" to watch the peculiar changes of color it underwent in the course of time.

The story now was started that Mrs. Hughson and Peggy were both really "papists."

No more ferocious condemnation could be hinted in that colony, although, as Justice Horsmanden says, "it was of little significance what religion such vile wretches profess." But the suggestion added a new spice to the prosecutions.

When Peggy confessed she was believed; when she recanted she was a liar. So all the people she mentioned in her ugly hour were put on trial and her word sufficed for their condemnation.

It was the same with Mary Burton, when the fury was upon her she was an angel of truth; when her heart revolted from slaughter she was "not dependable."

Yet what better advisors had the child to take counsel from than the grave and reverend justices who towered over her with insatiable demands for new victims? At times they seemed huge spiders sucking the blood from her heart as they poisoned it; but whither could she

(Continued on page 112)
Voices from

NATION

Listens to Nation as Diplomats from Leading Countries Broadcast their Views on Naval Disarmament at London—Intimate Glimpses of World Notables By One Who Was There

By Frederic William Wile

America's best-known broadcaster of politics, Frederic William Wile, political analyst of the Columbia Broadcasting System, is about to embark upon his eighth successive year on the air. Mr. Wile, internationally famed newspaper correspondent and author, is entitled to the distinction of having remained uninterruptedly on the air as a political broadcaster, longer than anybody else in the profession. His weekly talk, "The Political Situation in Washington Tonight," was inaugurated in November, 1923, and is still a regular program feature. Mr. Wile established another record this year when he became radio's first Transatlantic political reporter, having been sent to London by Columbia to "cover" the proceedings of the Five Power Naval Conference. Wile's experiences at London are told for the first time in this article.

When the London Naval Conference became a certainty, following the visit to Washington of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, it occurred to me that it would be an epochal achievement—mechanical facilities permitting—for Columbia to arrange to

Ramsay MacDonald at the British mike.

report regularly by radio the proceedings of the parley. I volunteered to go to England and serve as the world's first transatlantic broadcasting reporter.

My Columbia friends assented instantly and unhesitatingly to the suggestion to report the London Naval Conference by radio. "Larry" Lowman, fellow-Hoosier, who is Columbia's director of traffic, proceeded at once to effect the necessary arrangements with the British Broadcasting Corporation, which controls all radio transmission in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as a semi-government monopoly, and with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, through which it was necessary to work, as far as transatlantic radio telephone facilities were concerned.

While these vital preliminaries were under way, I sailed for England with the American Delegation aboard S.S. George Washington from New York on January 9th, 1930. My assignment was not only to go before the microphone once a week in London and broadcast conference proceedings, just as I am accustomed to "cover" the political situation in Washington week by week, but also to persuade distinguished Americans and Britons in London to broadcast, conference messages to the United States from time to time. For the sake of "continuity," Columbia scheduled my own talks from London so that I would be communing with the radio audience at home at the same hour they were accustomed to hear me from Washington, viz., at 8:15 o'clock on Thursday evenings, Eastern Standard Time. It was so ordered. But it required me to keep awake until 1:15 o'clock a.m., Greenwich time, Fridays, so I chalked up yet another radio record—that of talking on Friday morning and being heard on Thursday evening.

I am not informed in detail of the technical nature of the London broadcasts, but what happened was something like this. I went to a microphone in the London studios of the "B.B.C.,” as the British Broadcasting Corporation is popularly known, located on Savoy Hill, just off the Strand and overlooking the Thames Embankment. There I spoke into a microphone, which was really a telephone receiver, to Rugby, England—familiar to several generations of English-reading schoolboys as the scene of "Tom Brown at Rugby." In that town is the radio telephone transmitting station of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, whence 'phone messages from Great Britain are waited across the Atlantic to the United States. At Rugby the voice current is amplified millions of times and "blended" with a high voltage current powerful enough to bridge the wide gap across the herring pond to Ameri-
Waves and stalemated. Altogether 5:30 Pacific. I was directed to begin operations in London by placing Columbia's full transatlantic radio facilities at the disposal of the American Delegation. The Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, the head of our delegation, was informed that it was the System's desire to aid, to the fullest extent of its capacity, in keeping the home public informed of Conference progress and maintaining interest in it. To that end I invited Secretary Stimson to designate some of his colleagues to take the transatlantic air at regular intervals. In due course, this was done. In the order named, the following Americans, on successive Sundays at 5:30 London time (12:30 p.m., home time), addressed the American radio audience over the Columbia network: Senator Robinson, of Arkansas; Senator Reed; Sir Philip Snowden—an important factor at the conference.

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of Pennsylvania; Secretary of the Navy Adams; Ambassador Hugh Gibson and Secretary of State Stimson.

Among the prominent Britons whom I was privileged to introduce to the American radio audience across the Atlantic, were: Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald; Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden; Viscountess Astor, M.P.; Viscount Cecil of Chelwood and Wickham Steed, former editor of the London Times.

B R I T I S H public men and women are no less "radio conscious" than our own, so it was not difficult to sell them the idea of participating in a pioneering enterprise as broadcasting across the Atlantic. Prime Minister MacDonald, having his American visit freshly in mind, expressed an instant readiness to talk to his Yankee friends by air on the subject of the Naval conference. MacDonald has a God-given radio voice and personality. His Scotch burr carries magnificently. No one can say "wur-ruled" quite like him, when he pronounces the word "world."

The British Broadcasting Corporation has installed an emergency transmitting station at Chequers, official country-seat of John Bull's prime ministers, in Buckinghamshire, 30 miles northwest of London, for the heads of His Majesty's Government periodically use the "wireless" (the British don't know "radio"), in the American sense) and usually choose the quiet of week-ends, when they are in residence in Chequers, to face the microphone. MacDonald began his Columbia broadcast to the United States on Sunday, March 9th with a quaint allusion to Chequers' landscape beauties, "I am sitting here," he said, "amid these glorious Chiltern Hills, to which prime ministers are now privileged to come, ever and anon, that they may not forget that grass grows, flowers bloom, and birds sing."

Mr. MacDonald infuses into his radio talks that transparent sincerity and compelling conviction which characterizes all his public utterances, and which brought him for the second time within five years to the leadership of the British Empire. Within sixty seconds of his closing words at Chequers, some magical process of which I was never made aware, a message was flashed back from America that my introduction and the Prime Minister's address had rung across 3,000 miles of oceanic space "clear as a bell." MacDonald was visibly pleased, for he had spoken at a psychological moment and made a critical pronouncement. Next day's London papers carried his speech in full. It sounded the deathknell of France's hopes for the inclusion of "military guarantees" in the naval treaty.

O F HARDLY less stature in the British Labor government than MacDonald himself is Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Crippled since youth, with a body racked with incessant pain, Snowden hobbles through life on a pair of canes. His infirmities have turned him into somewhat of an acetic, but notably failed to wither his intellectual power or political acumen. Universally Snowden is considered to be the brains of the British Labor party. I was particularly anxious to have him broadcast on that aspect of naval limitation with which he is specially identified—its finances and economics.

Mr. Snowden broke up his coveted week-end of rest in the country to drive nearly a hundred miles into London for a 5:30 p.m., Sunday talk at the B.B.C. studios. He was accompanied by his charming and equally brilliant wife. Nobody in England ever speaks of "Philip Snowden." It is always "Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snowden." Their public careers have been intertwined through a quarter of a century of uncommon mullusbliss. Mrs. Snowden happens to be the only woman "governor" of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Like her husband, she broadcasts frequently, being an experienced public speaker with a proud record, as she boasts, of a dozen lecture tours in the United States. Despite his frail body, Snowden has a resonant oratorical style. His voice seems to have thundered through transatlantic static in resounding fashion, judging by the congratulatory cables that deluged him the next day. He concentrated on the burdensome cost of war and reeled off some tragic figures of the thousands of pounds the World War is still costing Britain every hour of the day. An American commentator said Snowden's broadcast came through with the fervor and eloquence of a "great sermon."

Many of my American radio friends have told me that Columbia's star of stars at the London Naval Conference was the Viscountess Astor, the former Nancy Langhorne, of Virginia, first woman M. P. to sit in the House of Commons at London. A temperamental bird is this dynamic daughter of Dixie—a rather spoiled darling, as prima donna are apt to be. But she yielded when she learned she would be the first of her sex to broadcast across the Atlantic. "The Women's Will To Peace" was her text—the theme of New York's comedy craze, "Lysistrata,"
but differently treated, perhaps it is not necessary to add! Lady Astor was keen as mustard about the transoceanic talk—claimed she'd put more time and worry on it than on any speech she'd ever delivered in Parliament. Through the oversight of a secretary, the Viscountess turned up at the B.B.C. studio on Savoy Hill an hour ahead of time. But, as a true daughter of Uncle Sam, she didn't dream of letting in the Columbia's Sunday afternoon talk. When I myself appeared, fifteen minutes before the hour set, I found Lady Astor sturdily rehearsing into a dead microphone, in order that she would be sure to sit just the right distance away, modulate her voice to the correct pitch, and not exceed her allotted thirteen minutes.

Her diction is a quaint combination of Southern American and British drawl. Whether she learned to do it in school, in Virginia, or acquired it as an affection in England, I observed that the vivacious Viscountess drops her "g" in the last syllable of words ending with the seventh letter of the alphabet, viz., "speak-in", "tryin'", etc. The English branch of the once-famed quartette of Langhorne beauties got a flapper's thrill out of her broadcast to America, and especially out of the messages which rained in on her from the United States, by cable, letter, and even by transatlantic telephone. Word from kinfolk on the Pacific coast delighted her no end.

One of Lady Astor's playmates is none other than the great Bernard Shaw. He frequently adorns her luncheon and dinner parties at her mansion in St. James's Square, London, and at the Thanes-side Astor suburban place, Cliveden. I asked the Viscountess if the thought I could beguile "G.B.S." to broadcast. I yearned to learn him because of his cast-iron inhibition against appearing in America "in person," despite constant lecture-engagement offers worth a King's ransom. "Try it, by all means," she said, "but he'll probably want a fat check."

My early approaches to Shaw were fruitless. I had written him, inviting him to do one of the Columbia's Sunday afternoon talks. "I never take on Sunday jobs," was the characteristic reply. That did not close the incident from my standpoint, because I rejoined that we'd be honored to have him do the "job" any day. Thereupon he gave me an appointment at his apartment in Whitehall Court, overlooking the murky Thames on the Embankment near Northumberland Avenue. For years I had pictured Shaw as a bear. I was aware of his cynical attitude toward America and Americans. I expected to be lectured, bullied—and turned down. I also was prepared to be held up—if Lady Astor's hint about a fat check meant anything. I was destined to be disillusioned all along the line.

Never in thirty years of professional chase of the nimble item in many lands have I met a more delightful person, or encountered a more gracious welcome as near as we came—despite Viscountess Astor's warning—to mention of anything so sordid as remuneration. I offered no honorarium, and G.B.S., in no wise, directly or indirectly, proposed one. I was told that when he broadcasts in England, as he does occasionally, he is paid for it, though on no such scale as American stars of his magnitude probably could command in the United States.

Finally, at the end of an hour's stimulating conversation about books, plays, America, and international politics, Shaw consented to fill one of my Sunday periods. I was elated. I had imposed only two conditions—that we could hit upon a date that would not conflict with his other engagements, and that his friend, Prime Minister MacDonald, would assure him it would be all right for Shaw, a wholly unofficial personage, "to butt in, as you Americans would say," he added, with a twinkle in his blue Irish eyes, "Let's see," he said, pulling a memorandum book from the pocket of his Cardigan waistcoat. "How about Sunday, March 23rd?"—he had apparently scrapped his inhibitions about a "Sunday job." Geeingly, I accepted that date, and left Whitehall Court, the tall, lanky, white-bearded "G.B.S." escorting me, as if I were some life-long friend who'd called to renew an old comradeship, down the long hall to the elevator.

Shaw broadcast across the herring-pond to Columbia's family of listening millions—it was a thrilling prospect! I felt myself on the air—walking on it—as, transmuted to the seventh heaven of delight, I raced down Northumberland Avenue to the cable office in Trafalgar Square—the very one in which, thirty years earlier, I had filed my London dispatches as a cub correspondent covering the Boer War—to flash word to "Bill" Paley in New York that I had bearded the lion in his den.

My exaltation was doomed to be shortlived. Ten days later—it happened to be March 17, St. Patrick's Day, that Ireland's most gifted living son chose for breaking my heart—Shaw sent me a brief note, saying that as the Naval Conference seemed definitely destined to dwindle into a Three-Power affair, instead of the Five-Power plan amid which it was so promisingly born, he had decided not to participate in the radio transatlantic forum. He

(Continued on page 154)
Radio Is Destroying

THE Constitution of the United States is dedicated to the principle that all men are created equal. From time immemorial, however, people of the world, meaning both men and women, have been constantly struggling to attain and maintain social supremacy of one sort or another.

Throughout the ages money has been a chief factor in establishing and preserving social discriminations. Without material wealth at their command even kings and queens have sunk into social oblivion. In current times many royal descendants are finding it difficult from a society standpoint to make their titles gloss over a lack of pecuniary resources; hence the not infrequent marriages of convenience where a millionaire affiliation overshadows a wedding of hearts, insofar as the main motive for a union is concerned. To be sure, all the great civilizations of the world have developed an intellectual culture which is in itself the true measure of social supremacy. Nevertheless we find that social standing in the accepted use of the phrase, still denotes monetary well being far more than it indicates the victory of mind over matter. We are all becoming better educated and in consequence are slowly but surely setting up new standards for measuring the relative social importance of individual people. The press undoubtedly has been the greatest single factor in this development, but the achievements of science, particularly along such lines as transportation, communication, moving pictures and mass production as represented by machinery, have made gigantic contributions to both the size and momentum of the movement, and the modern improvements in banking methods have also played a significant role. The evolutions which we have been witnessing in national governments are a result of factors such as these rather than a cause on their own account.

Now we have Radio—which came to us as a child of unknown possibilities and later grew to an adolescent whose future attainments are almost, if not quite, beyond the grasp of human imagination. There are many things about Radio as we carry on with it today which offer wide latitude for the projection of ideas and thoughts into the future—religion, education, culture—all such are subject to new developments not easy to comprehend but nevertheless undergo way. When we add television we are proceeding by progressive multiples instead of by simple additions. No longer can the human mind deal with definite equations—we are literally forced into the realm of conjecture.

While society is in this state of flux, with the average of intelligence creeping slowly but irresistibly forward like molten lava from a volcano, it is difficult to judge accurately and fully the relations between the press and Radio. They are directly supplementary of each other we know and apparently each is rapidly augmenting the power and influence of the other. The more people read about specific men and women or about specific things and events, the more they want to meet them “in person” over the Radio. On the other hand, the more people meet famous individuals and attend outstanding events via the microphone, the more they want to read and learn about them via the printed word. “Interest follows familiarity” has long been a fundamental trait of human nature and explains why these two great media are arousing the appetite for more news, information and knowledge from both sources.

In this magazine we are naturally dealing for the most part with Radio and, hence, the balance of this discussion will relate to how Radio is destroying social barriers with a speed and directness heretofore unknown.

First, let us set down some of the things which have long been identified with society in the popularly accepted sense of the term. In other words, let us deal with those things which have long been associated with people of royal blood, acknowledged wealth, or people who are said to have acquired social caste by right of inheritance. What has been their more or less exclusive lot which has not also been the lot of the so-called “common herd”? Grand Opera. Symphonic Music. Trips around the world. International yachting. Box seats at football games. Ringside seats at championship boxing bouts. Horse races from the Jockeys’ Club. Personal presentation to kings and queens. Dining with stage celebrities. Personal contact with premier sportsman and athletic champions. Dance music by famous orchestras in night clubs with terrific cover charges. Private seances with astrologers like Evangeline Adams. Personal meetings with famous people like Col. Lindbergh, Thomas Edison and President Hoover. Uninterrupted visits with great authors, great painters, great lawyers. First name acquaintance with great bankers.

In other words, social caste and the position of wealth which it implies have brought, with relatively few exceptions, the opportunity “to go places and do things” and to meet people who have won reputations in every walk of life whether it be achievements of the body or of the mind. The question then comes up: “What is Radio doing to extend the privileges which have so long been regarded as belonging to the four hundred and not to the four million?”

In the first place, Radio is taking us to events before they
Old Social Barriers

are finished, viz., while the outcome is still in doubt and
hence the thrill of suspense almost as intense as if we were
present in person, and certainly much keener than is
possible were we to read reports about events that have
happened. World Series baseball games, boxing bouts like
that between Firpo and Jack Dempsey and well announced
football games are good examples of this new type of
opportunity. While it is freely granted that the thrills and
reactions are substantially greater when one can
personally attend such affairs, we know that no written
description can equal the thrill of hearing the actual hap-
penings simultaneously with their occurrence as is now possible
over the radio.

This new ability is in a material sense breaking down
social barriers because it is enabling people who cannot
afford to attend such events, by reason of the travel and
admission expense involved, a chance to experience the
thrill of "witnessing" absorbing events while they are
happening. More than that, the technique of announcing
such affairs over the air has been developed to a point where
the picture conveyed through the microphone very nearly
parallels what can be seen only by those who are occupying
the equivalent of ringside seats—which, generally because
of the cost involved, falls to the lot of the four hundred
or at least those of sufficient wealth who aspire to belong
to "the select". In other words, the public has been
moved up by radio from bleacher seats to the sideline while
an event is actually going on, and this progress in itself repre-
sents a breaking down of class barriers.

NOW let us consider Grand Opera. The finest operatic
productions have been possible in only a few large
centers and even then have required substantial private
underwritings to keep them going. While there are gener-
ally upper galleries in the opera houses, the best seats have
been occupied on a traditional basis by society and its
aspirants. Admission has been generally expensive and there
have been other prerequisite costs such as evening clothes,
and transportation, plus hotel bills for out-of-town devotees.
Nowadays, thanks to Radio, the greatest operatic stars can be heard in person right in the homes of those farthest
removed from the social apex whether by taste or by
necessity. Again, social barriers are being demolished.
The same change applies in the case of great symphonic
music by the foremost conductors, as well as to the art of
the leading artists of the concert stage and the finest
church music. Also the most popular dance orchestras,
generally found in night clubs with the highest cover
charges and highest prices for food, not to mention White
Rock and ginger ale, are now playing in the homes of the
public at large thanks to Radio.

IT generally costs money, and considerable of the type
of "drag" which money secures, to get close to such
happenings as the arrival of Sir Thomas Lipton in America,
the anchoring of the Graf Zeppelin, arrival of the great
French aviators, Coste and Bellontre, the winning of golf
championships by Bobby Jones, and other similar news
features built around single individuals. Today the micro-
phone men are permitted "inside the ropes" to give the
American people as a whole an intimate picture of what
is going on while incidents and events are still happening.
Generally also the principal figures are brought before the
microphone and in this way a personal acquaintance be-
tween the lay public and such celebrities is established.
This new opportunity of meeting famous people while they
are still in the midst of their achievements is a second vital
contribution which Radio is making toward the elimination
of class distinctions.

Similarly, the American people are now given an oppor-
tunity to hear the President of the United States talk to
them in person and to hear the rulers of other countries,
like King George of England talk in the first person. No
matter in what line men or women become famous, the fact
that they have won recognition in their chosen endeavor
assures their being brought in person via the microphone
before the public.

So much for the human, i.e., personal side. There is
also the deeper mental side relating to what is said by the
host of great authorities who talk over the Radio. With
many people, it is easier to get cultural appetites by word
of mouth than by words in print, though in the end the
person who is ambitious for the higher and deeper pleasures
that come with knowledge and culture, becomes a prolific
reader and thinker, as well as a good listener.

It would be easier to write a book on the subject of this
torial—so vast are the social effects of Radio. As an
instrument for developing common lines of thought and
conviction among the people of a nation—as a means of
destroying ill founded partisanship and prejudice—as a
medium for helping to elevate the average of public intelli-
geuce which in turn assures our political, economic and
spiritual future—

Radio presents
enormous possi-
bilities, already
realized in part,
but still relative-
ly undeveloped.

But as a factor
for developing a
true type of soci-
mocracy
Radio now al-
ready stands
unique because
of its ability to
bring to the mass
so much that has
hitherto been
available only to
the class. R. B.
KELVIN KEECH, NBC's handsome announcer (one of NBC's handsome announcers, I should say, for of course there are many handsome ones. Announcers, please bow.) now sends his voice where he used before an orchestra on the Bosporus. But, to begin at the beginning.

Kelvin was born in Honolulu, where his father was in the sugar business. He says he used to climb mango trees long before tree sitting became the fashion and that he was as much at home in the water as out of it. A great deal of his present breath control comes, he thinks, from his childish habit of seeing how long he could hold his breath under water.

His father wanted him to be educated in America. So he came to the University of Pennsylvania. He has the usual tender memories of his alma mater, but he says his most exciting day was when he saw his first snow storm. About the time he was graduating a Hawaiian troupe came through the town and Kelvin "went native" to the extent of joining them.

In 1917 he enlisted and went overseas. He was in two offensives. Demobilized, he got together an orchestra and sang and played his way through Europe. Deauville, Paris, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, London, all danced to his band. The "White Lyres," this popular Continental group called itself.

While in Paris, Kelvin received a wire to come and play in a club in Constantinople. Off went the "White Lyres" to Turkey. Constantinople at that time was still in the hands of the allies, and its streets were colorful with British, French, and Italian uniforms. No, he didn't see any harem ladies, but he saw the whirling dervishes, and he was fascinated by the muezzin calls from the minarets. It was in Constantinople that he met his future wife, one of the "white" Russian refugees who had fled from the persecutions of the bolsheviks.

According to the Cable Law then in force, a foreign born woman who married in Europe did not take the citizenship of her husband. In order that she might become an American, Kelvin and his wife came to New York. "And," says Husband Keech, proudly, "on the eleventh of November she'll be a full-fledged American citizen."

Kelvin had had some radio experience in London, and his friend, May Singh Breen, the "Ukulele Lady," said to him, "Kelvin, why don't you become a Radio announcer?"

So Kelvin took the announcer's test. He was scared to death. His knees shook. Worse, his voice shook. The verdict was: "Not fitted. You just haven't got it in you."

Kelvin reported the news to Miss Breen. "Did you do your best?" she asked. "No, my worst." Ordered Miss Breen: "Go back and try again." Just to please her, but feeling there was no hope, Kelvin did try again. And since he knew in his own mind he didn't have a chance, he wasn't nervous. He talked into the mike as if it were a friend. And the result was that Kelvin Keech became one of NBC's most popular announcers. His smooth, beautifully modulated voice is heard over half a dozen coast-to-coast networks and on many local programs.

He is of medium height, has prematurely grey hair, young fresh skin, and clear cut features—a handsome man.

Kelvin Keech

Freddie Rich
He speaks French and Russian fluently, and, as he says, “Spanish and Italian passably.”

Freddie Rich

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage lady interviewer. I’d been trailing Freddie Rich for days—elusive individual. Finally he gave me an appointment for four o’clock on a Friday afternoon. And Friday afternoon just as I was stepping into the door of the Columbia Broadcasting Building, I looked across the street and there was Mr. Rich going into a drug store. The traffic lights were against me or I should have dashed across after him, but I presumed he would be back in a moment and went up on to the main reception room on the twenty-second floor.

I waited and I waited. The charming young thing at the call desk tried to appease me. “He probably just wanted a soda. He has to be back at four-thirty for a broadcast.”

“I can’t talk to him while he’s broadcasting, can I?”

“Oh, no.” Such ignorance on my part.

Wait some more. Tap my foot. I conclude I hate Mr. Freddie Rich. Of course he does have about sixteen programs a week, and twice that many rehearsals, besides all his individual arranging, but to be forgotten for a soda. An appointment is an appointment.

The elevator door slides open. Out pops a medium-sized, brown-haired, brown-eyed young man in a most awful hurry. Three minutes to four-thirty. No time to talk. No apology for forgetting me. Probably doesn’t even remember that he has forgotten. I follow him into Studio 5 where his twelve Thirty Minute Men are tuning up. I’m squashed against the wall between the violins and the piano.

Freddie Rich mounts the platform. I decide quite definitely that I hate him, that he’s funny looking, that I don’t like the color combination of his light blue shirt and dark blue tie.

Don Ball’s voice announcing. “WABC, W2XE. Ready, advance, and give the pass word. The Thirty Minute Men will now play ‘Sing You Sinners.’”

Well, it is a fine orchestra.

“I’m in the Market for You.” Still hate him, but he’s not so bad looking. “Why?” In fact, he’s almost handsome.


“We Would Be Exactly Like You” The tie and shirt are really becoming

“Sing a Song to the Stars.” Like the way he smiles at his musicians.

“Take Along a Little Love.” Like him.

“St. James Infirmary.” He’s perfectly charming.

“Dancing to Save Your Sole.” Last piece. Break appointments with me any time; Freddie Rich, but never, never stop giving music like this.

And that was only his twelve piece orchestra. What would have been the effect with his forty-five piece one?

He didn’t have time to talk to me after the broadcast as he was dashing off to a rehearsal for a new program. But here are a few facts about him gleaned here and there.

He was born in New York’s lower East Side in 1900, one of a family of ten children.

He started playing the piano at five and did his first professional playing in a Second Avenue motion picture house. He went to the Damrosch Conservatory of Music where he studied with George Gershwin under Charles Hamblin. For seven years he directed the orchestra at the Hotel Astor. He toured Europe, having the honor to play before the King and Queen of England. And in England romance came to him as well as honor, for it was there he met the girl who later became his wife. All of his family are musical. He also has three brothers who are in the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Ann Leaf

“ANN LEAF,” said Mr. Taplinger, who is the nice bespectacled young man up on the 19th floor of Columbia and who seems to have the whys and wherefores of all CBS stars right at his finger ends, “why don’t you do Ann Leaf?”

He fished through a huge filing drawer filled with photographs.

“Here she is.”

He held up for my gaze a picture of a dark-haired, smiling little girl who couldn’t be over fourteen years old, or fifteen at the most.

“You’ll find her every night in the organ room of the Paramount Building. Twelve-thirty’s the hour. I’ll tell her you’ll be there. O.K.?”

O. K. it was. That night just as the theatres were emptying their crowds into the streets and newsboys were shouting their morning headlines, I threaded my way down brightly lighted Broadway towards the Paramount Building.

The black marble of the foyer, the gold doors of the elevator, the doorman who didn’t want to let me by, the long circuitous trip down and up narrow stair (Continued on page 114)
Merciful heaven's will we ever get settled? I have hardly had time to catch my breath since coming to New York.

From Marcelle's window in the Graybar Building I can look into the windows of the tallest edifice in the world—that is—it's the tallest today. You know, building agents in New York are always "keeping up with the Joneses" in erecting tallest buildings. But at this moment, the Chrysler Tower lifts its graceful and majestic head far above such pygmies as the Woolworth, Whitehall and Singer buildings.

I have never experienced the joy—if joy it be—of looking at a king—but something of that thrill I get when I am near this Chrysler Tower. My gaze wanders way, way up till it rests on the beautiful silver crown which covers this building as a sign of its royal power.

Everyone knows how a railroad train joggles. Even the best of them joggle, and the Radio Digest family did come on one of the best. But the rumbling and sharp turning didn't agree with our neatly-wrapped files tied up with pink and blue ribbons—and everything just came apart.

Pity your poor Marcelle all snowy under a very undignified and awful pile of letters—searching and excavating through this great mass of material for answers to Waxie, Mrs. Alice W., MCRK, Miss Ruth D., L. M. W., Mrs. Senior M., Ruth A, Pat, Paul S, Mrs. W. D. LeS, Miss A.B.C., and scores of other inquirers.

The dilemma of Jos. E. "Sarge" Farrell, Nebraska, is indeed an unusual one. As a composer of some very popular songs, among which are "Wondering if I'll Always Be Wondering" and "At Night", Mr. Farrell used as his inspiration the former Margarette Cole. Having just made this young lady Mrs. Farrell, who is going to be his inspiration now? It is interesting to note that this affaire de coeur had its beginnings in the schoolroom. Perhaps it was his skill in whistling sticks that made him a hero or perhaps it was the nice shiny apple and chewing gum that helped him win his way to the heart of Margarette, but whatever it was, this knight and lady were able to continue their courtship through the trying high school years. Then Sarge began to write songs. From his first composition, "Wondering if I'll Always Be Wondering" to his latest, "At Night", Margarette was his theme. It is, therefore, not surprising that wedding bells rang for them a short while ago.

Much of the gloom of the hospital atmosphere has been dispelled by Sarge's happy broadcasts through which he has won his way to the hearts of the physically afflicted.

A few lines of his latest song, "At Night," run as follows:

"Somehow I'm not so lonely while I have the sun
But when day is done I sigh
With every little star a memory comes to me
Of the times that we played so happily."

Virginia Arnold is one of the staff pianists at the Columbia Broadcasting System, who plays alike for king and peasant. She provides the accompaniment for notable singers and artists who broadcast over that network as well as for nervous novices in the throes of their first audition. Miss Arnold is a composer and arranger of music and, as a pianist, executes compositions, classic and jazz, with skill and brilliancy. Her fingers must borrow their music from her eyes.

**This** will announce the engagement of Will Osborne, Columbia orchestra leader, to Miss Margaret Eckdahl, who was chosen as Miss America for 1930. No balconies were used for this Romeo and Juliet affair. All serenades and ballads were wafted over
the Radio. The romance sprang from a request for a number which Miss Eckdahl sent to Mr. Osborne. Then followed more requests, and Mr. Osborne's songs became enriched with the spirit of devotion knowing that there was this particularly interested listener at the other end.

** * **

THE radio neighbors know her as Martha Crane—her next door neighbors know her as Mrs. Ray Caris. The feature portrays her as Martha Crane weaving a hooked rug as she broadcasts—what one might call "spinning a yarn". Performing the work during the broadcast is the secret of the success of women's programs, Mrs. Caris believes. Mrs. Caris not only direct women's programs over WLS, Chicago, but also maintains her own home on Chicago's North Side.

** * **

TO YOU, Lloyd R., I can only say that the radio waves in this vicinity have been searched and plumbed but with no news of OLD MAN SUNSHINE alias Bob Pierce. The contract which he had with the National Broadcasting Company and by which he was able to ride up and down the wave lengths, has given out, or expired, in legal terms. So he is probably on some desert isle awaiting another contract to rescue him. But no matter what you say, nothing can hide OLD MAN SUNSHINE very long, and we'll probably be hearing of him again one of these days.

** * **

BERNIE Q., allow me to introduce you to Billy Sunshine—Bernie Q. Now that you have made each other's acquaintance, I am sure Billy Sunshine will want you to know him as Jack Owens Sue Fulton. Program Director of Radio Station KFH, says he is only 18 and that the girls are all crazy about him. He attends Wichita University and the remaining precious moments of the day he plays the role of Billy Sunshine, crooning and playing the piano. And if Valleé and Chevalier ever want to hear themselves, all they have to do is to ask Jack Owens Billy Sunshine for an imitation. Hasn't he clear brown eyes, Bernie, and the flush of spring is still in his cheeks.

** * **

THE S. O. S. call about Cecil Wright has been heard. Arline writes on the prettiest two-tone gray stationery that a Cecil Wright is now playing over KFRC, San Francisco. I don't think he is any other than the Cecil Wright. Thank you Arline, for your helping hand.

** * **

HELENE HANDIN and Marcella Shields can outdo Floyd Gibbons any time when it comes to velocity of language in their act "The Two Trouper's" over the N. B. C. And my, how the words do fly. One almost has to wear the helmet of salvation to avoid being hit. Marcella's winsome smile and captivating eyes have made their conquest in the person of W. Bruce Macnamee of the N. W. Ayer Agency, and Marcella took over this name either the first week of August or the last week in July. Mr. Macnamee's secretary was not sure. It's a shame how business men conceal such things from secretaries. I hardly believe that he even asked her if she approved of Miss Shields. By the way, Marcella of the "Trouper's" is not the Marcella of this printed page. As for Miss Handin, she could not be reached at her hotel at this writing. She is probably troupimg after Marcella who has never in her life failed to be late for an appointment. I think it must have been Helene Handin who was responsible for Marcella's promptness at the Pahson's.

** * **

MISS Elsie K, it isn't very often that anyone follows a career chosen at the mature age of six years. Most young men of six summers look longingly for the day when they can drive chugging and clanging fire engines through busy streets and be proclaimed heroes in some daring and thrilling rescue. Not so with this young man at our right here. Art Kassel has persisted along his selected course for let me see—he looks to be not over 25 years—and beginning at six—that makes it 19 years. He is therefore qualified with this background of almost a score of summers, to conduct any musical program successfully. At present he is conductor of the (Cont. on page 121)
JUDGING from these samples of pulchritude, picking the winner of the silver loving cup for the most beautiful Radio artist in America isn't such an easy task. However, such was the lot of the judges at the Radio World's Fair held in Madison Square Garden, New York, from September 22nd to the 27th.

Perhaps broadcasting studios are selecting artists with an eye to beauty as well as an ear to talent, with thoughts of television. At any rate there is more feminine charm around the studios these days than ever before.

Emily Hardy, (upper left, page 64) San Francisco, "The Golden Girl in KPO", a stunning blonde, of the athletic type, who performs as well astride a horse, or breasting the waves of the Pacific as she does in KPO's Studio.

Down in Miami, Radio Station WQAM, the "Voice of Tropical America", has this lovely creature to entertain its audience. She's Eloise McAllister, (upper right, page 64) soprano, pictured in the role of the "Duchess" in "Masquerade", which is broadcast every Friday night.
Frances Collette, (lower left, page 64) on the dramatic staff of WABC, New York City. She appears on the "Land o' Make Believe" and "Forty Fathom Trawlers" programs. Miss Collette drifted into Radio after a brilliant career on the stage in such musical shows as "Show Boat" and "Globe Trotter."

When the leaves of WMCA's musical Scrap Book are turned each week, June White, (lower right, page 64) is found on every page.

Bernadine Hayes, "The Redhead of the Air", (upper left, page 65) who sings red hot songs in the blue manner, over WBBM, Chicago in the O'Cedar Time Program.

Jane Froman, (upper right, page 65) has sung "blues" songs for more than a year over WLW, Cincinnati, and on Saturday nights she is heard in the Crosley Saturday Knights program which WLW now sends to WGBS, New York City.

Miss Rhoda Arnold, (lower left, page 65) is the star in the Ohrmach Hour over WOR. As prima donna for that station Miss Arnold has been taking leading parts in its productions for three years. She's also soloist in the Bamberger Symphony Hour, and star in the Moonbeam Hour.

San Francisco and Oakland are backing beautiful Annette Hastings, (lower center, page 65) a soprano whose voice has been heard over KGO, San Francisco and the NBC network for two years.

Even Bill Hay, the Canny Scott who announces Amos 'n' Andy, risks an eye every time Betty McLean, (lower right, page 65) enters WMAQ's big studios in Chicago. She's one of the country's leading Radio dramatic players.
They Prove Pittsburgh Isn’t Smoky—Notice the White Trousers!

... Peter Greco’s Pittsburgher’s at KQV

Radio Orchestras, as a rule, play either to the ear or the feet. Seldom, if ever, do they stress both effects and rhythm. Peter Greco and his Pittsburghers have solved that problem, effectively and well. They combine dancing rhythm with beautiful “ear effects” on their bi-weekly programs from KQV at Pittsburgh.

Peter Greco, standing to the left of the tuba, realized the importance of rhythm, so he deserted his chosen instrument, the violin, and mastered the tuba, turning the conducting of the orchestra to his brother. “Pete” rehearses the band, and while on the air he sits in such a position that all of his men can watch the movements of his free hand.

* * *

Mahlon Merrick, who directs the dance orchestra for NBC on its west coast Camel Pleasure hour, first started to broadcast in 1922 at the State College of Washington, Pullman, where the call letters are now KWSC.

Since he was graduated in fine arts and education, naturally he continued musical studies and went to Chicago to study with Leo Sowerby at the American conservatory of music.

Heading a traveling band in the Orient, later for two years he directed instrumental music in the Kalamazoo, Mich., schools. Later he entered Radio and was with stations in Spokane and San Francisco before signing up with the NBC studios in Frisco. Violin, drums, clarinet, saxophone... Mahlon’s musical taste is a wide one. His chief interest and study has been in harmony. “Blue Lover” is his latest brain child. He wrote it in collaboration with Chuck Thode and Larry Yoel, and has edited numerous piano pieces.

* * *

James Knight Garden, formerly KGFJ announcer and heard as guest announcer from several stations, is being heard in playlets from KFT. Looking like a staid and solid business man... gold tooth and all... Garden’s richly dramatic voice is easily recognizable wherever he may speak via Radio.

* * *

Broadcast of Air Races Provides New Problem for Broadcaster KYW

New problems are continually bobbing up for broadcasters. Even pioneer KYW often has its problems in finding the best way to pickup some event never before attempted.

This year’s most difficult was the National Air Races at Chicago. New sound devices, new ways of placing microphones and new everything was the order when plans were made to broadcast the air races.

Although the actual time of broadcast was but a few minutes each “shot” and three or four of these reports per day— for the major events— engineers were on hand at least a week ahead of time trying out various positions of microphones and installing telephone connections. In conjunction with NBC engineers the KYW technical staff finally worked out what was considered the best pickup at the field by those who listened.

NBC engineers stood by with a special short wave broadcast set aboard a small truck, to be used in the event of a smashup.

* * *

Winnie Fields Moore, known as KFT’s nomad novelist, has never visited most of the places she describes on her daily afternoon Radio travelogues. But, she says, “being gifted with a vivid imagination and a student of world countries, many people tell me that I have such an eye for detail that my broadcasts are more vivid and real than it given by one who has actually seen the places described.”

* * *

 Twice a week Charles F. Lindsay, head of the speech education department at Occidental College, Los Angeles, gives a musical reading at KHJ with organ background. He first began to broadcast six years ago... left the field for three or four years... and is now back again with his baritone voice in dramatic readings of high order.

* * *

Mary Pasmore,

KFRV Violinist,

Has Strange Experience

Mary Pasmore, first violinist in KFCR’s prize concert orchestra had an interesting experience when vacationing a year or so ago. Says she:

“One of the most unique concerts I have ever appeared in took place several years ago when my sister and I were on a camping trip in Oregon.

“Passing through an Indian reservation we were persuaded to stay over and give a concert. As our clothes were in a dilapidated condition, we scoured the Indian store for suitable raiment and appeared that night garbed somewhat as follows: my sister in a blouse that had
been laundered in the camp and dried au-natural and soiled knickers, and myself in a black dress borrowed from the storekeeper's wife, who must have weighed 250 pounds.

"Whether the Indians enjoyed the show or not has always been an enigma. They did not, at any time, betray the slightest emotion but listened in absolute and complete silence. There was only an occasional wail from a papoose.

"When it was all over they stalked out without comment. The three white people present, however, told us that they must have liked it or else they would have left the hall in a body before the concert was finished."

* * *

G. Donald Gray, dramatic reader for KPO, is a native of England but has long since been naturalized during his residence in this country. Six feet in height, about 180 pounds, deep set blue eyes, his hair is snow white and has been, he says, since the early twenties.

Mr. Gray does his Radio reading mostly on the afternoon programs although sometimes it is on the evening broadcasts as well. He never wears a hat, is addicted to sports raiment and indulges in horseback riding as a favorite pastime. Often he forsakes the Radio drama to become fourth member in a studio male quartet—The Capers.

Cecil Wright of KFRC
Is Harmonica Devotee

Cecil Wright, of KFRC, calls himself the "Country Boy Entertainer," and everything about him lives up to the name. He says: Having lived in Arkansas and Oklahoma 'most all my life, and mainly in the country, I have had a good deal to do with the type of music I play, although, of course, I do like jazz, too. I can sing and play more than 200 songs and musical numbers from memory and most of these entirely by ear.

Young Wright, twenty-two summers and winters, straps a harmonica in a frame around his neck, places a guitar in his lap and when he isn't singing with guitar accompaniment he blows on the harmonica. Before going West he was with KTHS, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and he has earned his living by singing since he was fifteen. * * *

Bill Sharples, known as "The New Idea Man" (KMIC and KMTR) has moved lodgings over to KTM where he gives an early morning two hour broadcast every day in the week at 7 a.m., Pacific standard time.

* * *

John Te Groen, who worked his way through college by playing the xylophone as a solo instrument and also with hotel orchestras . . . including the Alexandria, where Paul Whiteman got his start . . . is now with KMPC, in Beverly Hills, exclusive neighbor of Los Angeles.

Lean and lanky, with a melancholy demeanor somewhat like an old-fashioned deacon, John plays a mean xylophone; does solo work, too; directs the studio dance group; and even has a string trio which bears his name.

* * *

Arthur Shaw, KTM organist, passed away during the summer months after a long illness. Previous to that he had held the same position at KTAB, Oakland; and while studying in Trinity college, London, took honors in music for three consecutive years.

* * *

They Shake Hands Below
Mike and Herman
of WENR

"Herr-mann" seems to have done something to win plaudits for a change, for here is Mike congratulating him instead of giving it to him hot and heavy.

This is the well-liked comedy team of WENR, Chicago's most popular station according to the recent contest.
What Good Music Has to Offer

By WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

ANY one is at liberty to say, and most people do say at frequent intervals, that we live in a wonderful age. I shall not try to swell the chorus, but content myself with gently murmuring, "How well I know it." Edward Bellamy wrote a book during the last decade of the nineteenth century called "Looking Backward," which depicted an imaginary socialistic state of the year 2000 or thereabouts. One of the blessings to be enjoyed by the lucky inhabitants of this Utopia was music from a central broadcasting station, delivered free to every household, and made available merely by turning a switch. It was a lovely idea, and thousands who read the book during its years of popularity must have wished that they too might go to sleep and wake up in the year 2000 to find a symphony orchestra on tap all day long; but no one ever thought it would come true.

Still it has come true, without our having to wait either for the year 2000 or for a socialistic state. We have Radio broadcasting. To-day the performance of the Philadelphia, or of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, or of the Chicago, or of the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, can be picked up and delivered to you and me, in astonishing fidelity and with effects quite remarkably like the real thing. But what are the millions going to do with all this opportunity to hear the performances of these great organizations? That is what I should like, quite seriously, to know.

All sorts of attempts have been made by broadcasting stations and networks to discover the truth about public taste in the matter of what is called, rather inaccurately, "classical" music. I think that there can be no doubt as to the changes that have taken place in this taste during the last few years. But at the same time, although the American people are taking more kindly each year to music of the more serious kind, there is still an awful amount of ignorance among them on every side of the subject. Of course it is open to any one to say that it is the business neither of me nor of any other person to reproach the American people for preferring dance music and sentimental sloppy songs to the works of the great masters of music. I am quite willing to admit that this is so; but at the same time there is no getting away from the fact that the accomplish-
THE great international yacht race is over. The equally famous cup reposes in the victor’s place of abode. And withal Americans have come to know a certain man not only as a sportsman but as a good sport.

Of course to the lucky ones who have burned hands hauling on main sheet ropes, worn dexterous cleating port and starboard stays, and sweat lustily while breaking out spinnakers it is no news that sail boat racing develops not only yachtsmen but also good sports. Even the best at the game have to be good losers nearly as often as they are good winners, and by the same law of averages America’s percentage of victories might be smaller if the one man who comes over from the other side always met the same opponent. Be that as it may, let the cup rest in all glory with the winner. But regardless of who won, the public’s interest in and sympathies with dramatic Sir Thomas Lipton have grown deeper. So gallant and persevering a challenger—such a distinctive face—has created for us all a memory of a lovable personality. Another “grand old man” has come into his own. Hence it is a real pleasure to give some close-up impressions of the man himself. Here is the story as told by the special representative of Radio Digest who was a member of the official delegation which welcomed Sir Thomas Lipton to the United States:

SIR THOMAS arrived in New York on the Leviathan with a heavy coastal fog as the main reception committee. To be sure the mayor of New York City, “Jimmie” Walker, sent a delegation down the bay under the command of Grover Whalen, New York’s official greeter, along with a ship load of motion picture sound men and their cameras, close to fifty news camera men, reporters on New York papers, and an energetic crew of three Radio operators, with their equipment.

Every one in the wide world knew that Sir Thomas Lipton was arriving in New York harbor, from the instant he stepped from the gangplank of the Leviathan, to the S.S. Macom, (the city’s official welcoming boat) until the time he wearily stepped into an automobile at the Battery on his way uptown to his hotel. One Radio announcer, with the combined stations of the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, the official station of the city of New York.

(Continued on page 89)
University of Washington. For some reason or other, he dropped out of the teaching angle to devote most of his time to Radio although he still gives private lessons in the San Francisco bay district.

* * *

Paul Lanning does some fancy whistling for KFRC's Blue Monday Jamboree and he learned it all in Chicago where he used to live. He left college in the junior year to do some circuit touring for vaudeville and finally landed in San Francisco. In everyday life his business has to do with automobile mechanism so whistling is a hobby. Another hobby is by way of imitating birds and wild game. He is six feet tall, weighs a trifle less than 150 pounds, big brown eyes, black hair, and a toothbrush mustache.

* * *

Kitty Brown, continuity scribe for KGER, is double jointed. How do we know? Well, she took part in a Laurel and Hardy comedy not so long ago. A graduate of the University of Washington, she once wrote a song which was published by a national sorority. Song writer, circus acrobat, radio writer... what will Kitty do next? She is of the buxom type, brunette, weighs 198 on the hoof, starting to lose her girlish figure... only 24 and unmarried.

* * *

Everett Hoagland and his Troubadors once more do the wandering minstrel act. First they were at the Santa Ana, California, station. Then they journeyed to KFWB, in Hollywood, then to KFOX and finally to KGER where they are heard twice nightly playing by remote control from down the beach at Balboa. Hoagland, looking very collegiate, lithe, spritely, trim mustache... has a fine orchestra of collegiate youths and their music is said to be the most popular of any group just outside Los Angeles. In Los Angeles, of course, George Olsen, Ben Bernie, Gus Arnheim and Earl Burtnett all vie for first honors with all rights and privileges pertaining thereto.

* * *

Gasoline Rebellion Launched by WNAJ

Almost from the beginning the federal Radio commission has taken the stand that community broadcast stations perform a valuable service to their listeners. Pertinent to that theory the Gurney seed company, which operates WNAX at Yankton, S. D., decided to take up cudgels against the high price of gasoline, which they considered oppressive to their farmer listeners. This was just one more burden—in fact the proverbial straw.

Mr. D. B. Gurney, president of the company, hired investigators to find out whether the arbitrary price of 21 cents was justified. The reports indicated that it was not. Acting in behalf of his company he thereupon announced to the WNAX listeners that he would bring in good gasoline to sell at a fair price, which was established at 17 cents. After arranging for equipment and his independ-
ent supply he told the listeners they could now buy their gas at the low rate. Almost immediately the old companies cut their rate to meet the broadcaster’s, but the farmers, according to the Gurney announcement, have consistently stood by and many of them drive as far as fifty miles to buy their gasoline supplies from the nearest WNAX gasoline station. This South Dakota station has won two Radio Digest popularity prizes.

Ray Bailey of KMTR
Resembles Whiteman

Ray Bailey, KMTR musical director, says he may look like Paul Whiteman but he’s glad to weigh a hundred pounds less than Paul during the warm summer weather just passed. Ray... with tricky mustache that wiggles from side to side... somewhat pot bellied... sporting flashy neckties... does some violin work for the talkies but is always up at KMTR’s studios by nightfall to direct and rehearse his studio groups and ensembles. By way of hobbies, he has made a special study of sound effects for Radio and has invented several unique devices for this type of work.

The Luboviski trio, famed KNX musical instrumentists, is minus a cellist since Walter V. Fernek resigned in the summer. It is said that a new member will not be picked until the fall months. In the meantime, the violinist and pianist have done solo numbers. Calmon Luboviski, one of the four Luboviski brothers at the station, small in stature, is a master violinist. Claire Mellonino, pianist, is plump, witty and premiere classic pianist of Radio in Hollywood... also the wife of Pierre Mellonino. KNX studio manager.

Gunnar Wiig Makes
Hit as Radio Reporter

“Here is the wind-up... here it comes. Whee—there it goes!” That’s a phrase everybody in Rochester knows even better than most people know “Sho! Sho!” or “‘Tis requested” or “Aint dat sompin!” They have become used to it through hearing Gunnar O. Wiig’s broadcast of the ball games over WHEC in the Kodak city.

Gunnar Wiig has been making Radio history in the northern New York territory and on the Canadian side of the border. He is an enthusiastic Radio reporter. He has the happy faculty of bringing the listener to the game as he sits at home, or in front of the Radio store where the progress of the game is being reported. Mr. Wiig is equally proficient in broadcasting a game from the ticker tape.

His good sportsmanship has created a reputation for himself among the junior element. His voice is something mysterious and wonderful to the young boys who have abandoned the peek-hole in the ball-park fence for the receiving set at home.

Here is evidence which proves beyond a doubt the fact that this reporter’s popularity is grounded the solid hard rock. Not long ago a special day was set apart as Radio Fans’ Day—a special occasion for the setitters to come out and show their appreciation for the free games they had attended by their receivers at home. The occasion was a marked success for it was attended by 15,000 fans.
Willard Robison's

Haunting Harmonies

Spirituals and Blues Songs Turn Dials to Maxwell House Hour from Coast to Coast

A red second hand creeps resolutely past its black brothers on the face of an electrically synchronized clock. The red hand is ticking inevitably toward a program cue in the large studio on the thirteenth floor of the National Broadcasting Company building in New York. In twenty—eighteen—sixteen seconds, says the hand, it will be 9:30 o'clock. Another weekly program of Maxwell House Melodies will be vibrating radio speakers in thousands of homes from coast to coast.

But only one man in the studio is watching the seconds as they vanish toward the "zero" hour. He is the announcer, Alwyn Bach, who listens through his earphones and spares one eye for the lights in his switchboard while he observes the red hand out of the corner of the other.

For everyone else in the studio, there is a more absorbing, vital object of attention. Twenty-three musicians, four young vocalists, half a hundred guests admitted by ticket to this sanctum of sound, are watching a slender, blond young man who is slouched indolently against a grand piano by the conductor's stand. He is Willard Robison, the director, famous exponent of the syncopated spiritual and hauntingly harmonized "blues" song, whose original Deep River Orchestra has been swallowed up in the enlarged Maxwell House ensemble.

The sixteen seconds pass. Lights flash in the switchboard. Bach turns from his announcer's microphone and drops his hand—the gesture signifying "on the air". With the soothing strains of "Peaceful Valley", one of Robison's own compositions, the orchestra begins its program, and the audience relaxes after its expectant wait.

But Robison, the director, becomes...
What Good Music Has to Offer

(Continued from page 68)

Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, were lovers of music and amateur musicians. Gladstone loved music. Balfour played the violin very well. Among the famous Americans of today, one only need mention Edison, General Dawes, Otto Kahn. In New York or Chicago you will find among the audiences which crowd to hear the great symphony orchestras, bankers, clergymen, presidents of great industrial corporations like Charles M. Schwab.

** **

Musicians As Men

There is a notion that only long-haired dreamy eccentrics can either play or compose music. There is no more pestiferously silly notion. Every great composer of great music has been a magnificent mental and spiritual engine, giving forth from his highly specialized brain thoughts too deep and sweet to be uttered in words and visions too profound and rare to be seen by the eye. Such a man (and every great composer has been a man, strange as it may seem) is necessarily strong, mentally and physically. One of the best examples is Brahms, last of the great musical thinkers of the age just past. One sees him in the mind's eye, the stocky sturdgy old bachelor, with the big cigar between his lips, the old black derby on the back of his magnificent head and the long splendid grey beard sweeping over his chest. "There," the people of Vienna might have said as they watched him walking each afternoon down the street from the modest apartment where he had worked all day long composing, writing down, correcting proofs, "there goes a man." And a man he was, every inch of him, a man of immense physical and mental powers, a man who lived life through and through, who was thinker, reader, artist and exponent of masculinity, all rolled into one.

I am going to try during coming months, to introduce as many of my readers as will accompany me to that delectable land of tone which holds for those who have the key to its golden gardens, satisfactions and joys which no pen can describe and no money can buy. Radio broadcasting brings each day to millions at least some examples of great art-music, beautiful in itself and beautifully played. On how many deaf ears is all that beauty wasted! Yet the ears of the deaf can be un-stopped and the magic fairyland be thrown open to each and every one. How many of you will take the journey with me? You will find it interesting and delightful every step of the way.

** **

And This Is How

Happily for us all, Radio broadcasting gives us almost an unlimited amount of opportunity to hear all the best in music. I intend to draw a great deal upon the advance programs of the big broadcasting chains. I shall talk this winter about the symphony concerts which are to be broadcast from New York, about the operas which will also be available and about the many, many chamber music recitals which can be heard from one or another of the better stations almost all the year round. You know, chamber music, that is music in the smaller concerted forms such as trios, quartets, quintets and so on, is really in some ways the loveliest of all music, for it appeals by its own sheer beauty to those who know how to listen to it; nor does it need the noise and bombast of a great orchestral mass to carry it through.

As I said, I am going to carry on these talks with my readers in a genuine effort to bring a great many more of the Radio Digest's family into an understanding communion with great music. As a general rule, I shall divide each month's chat into two parts: one a little talk about music in general or some form of it and the other a short notice of some musical work which one of the big symphony orchestras will be broadcasting. I shall talk about musicians too, as men and as artists, how the musician thinks in terms of tone; and all that sort of thing. I shall do my best to be neither dull nor trivial and hope you will all be pleased.

Johannes Brahms
Achieving Perfection in Informal Entertainment

By Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin
Style Advisor of Columbia Broadcasting System

Interesting hints about arranging parties may be gleaned from this interview with Grace White, dietician and entertainment counsellor of the Radio Home-Makers Club

In the fall a woman's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of entertaining. The heat of summer is gone and we find ourselves energetic once more and eager to display our newly returned abilities. Like as not, new curtains are up, freshly cleaned carpets are down and our homes in general have taken on a more cozy aspect, all of which we are also eager to display. But just as soon as we begin to think of parties, we are burdened with the task of inventing new menus, new games, novel ways of making our parties just a little bit different to make them interesting.

Realizing this, I called on Grace White, the dietician and entertainment genius of the Radio Home-Makers Club, where I was sure I could learn the very newest wrinkles to pass on to you. And I was not disappointed. Here's the result of our conference:

"Entertaining," Miss White said, "must be thought of in two distinct categories—that which we do alone and that which is done with the help of domestics. Servants can easily be dispensed with, as these days of strict immigration laws and high prices have proved. However, I would not advise anyone to give a formal dinner party without the aid of servants."

We both agreed, on the other hand, that delightful, informal dinner parties can be given in even the smallest apartments and that there is no more truly hospitable form of entertaining. Of course, such a party must be small; say four, or at the most six diners. The menu cannot be elaborate. Four courses, consisting of soup or an appetizer, a roast, salad and dessert, are all that can be easily handled alone. And it is quite enough. As a matter of fact, even women who entertain on a grand scale have long since drifted away from the interminable meals of twenty years ago. Our knowledge of calories, vitamins, balanced rations, and the new fashions have shown us the folly of gourmandizing.

An excellent idea for these intimate little dinners is to serve a grill plate for the main course. Sectioned dinner plates—blue plates, as they are called—are invaluable assets to every household. In small apartments where there is no room for large dining tables on which to set innumerable dishes, the grill plate is especially welcome. The meat and vegetables can be arranged on the individual plates in the kitchen and only the gravy, relishes and compote have to be passed, at the table.

Miss White suggests the following menu for a small dinner party. It is easy to prepare and serve and will leave the smallest amount of work to be done after the guests are gone. First, mock or real turtle

A chafing dish supper of rabbit, stuffed olives and coffee before an open fire is a fitting close to a perfect evening.
soup, flavored with sherry, served in cups; for the main course a grill plate consisting of a French lamb chop, fried tomato topped with a large broiled mushroom, mashed potatoes and fresh peas; a salad course of hearts of lettuce with roquefort cheese dressing, and a frozen fruit salad and petit fours for dessert.

The soup can be bought canned or in a glass jar. If it is not already flavored, a small bottle of cooking sherry can be purchased at the same time and added to taste. Remember, cooking sherry is very salty, so proceed with care. Have the soup in the pot ready to heat at the last minute and add the sherry just before serving. The soup, in consomme cups, should be at each place when the guests come to the table. Small, round, salt wafers should be on each bread and butter plate for the soup and salad courses.

The chops and mushrooms can be broiled while the soup is being heated and left in the hot oven while the first course is eaten. The mashed potatoes should be kept hot over a pot of boiling water. The fresh peas, from which the water has been drained, can be kept piping hot in the same way, a generous lump of butter added to them so that they do not dry up. The blue plates standing on top of the oven will be handy and hot when the main course is to be served. After the first course is removed from the table, the blue plates are carefully prepared, garnished with cress or finely chopped parsley. Hot finger rolls should accompany this course.

The hearts of lettuce on individual

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Afternoon bridge is usually followed by tea served in the same room. The table or tea wagon should be prepared beforehand. Dainty sandwiches and small iced cakes are the usual repast.
BEFORE serving the dessert, the table is cleared of everything but glasses and salted nuts. The dessert, which is really a delicious fruit parfait, can be frozen in an electric refrigerator or a regular freezer. It can be placed on the individual plates before going to the table where the small cakes are passed with it. 

If your guests are congenial to one another—and a wise hostess takes great care to invite only those who are—if the table is prettily decorated with gleaming damask, flowers, candles and shining silver and glassware, you can take all the time necessary to prepare each course artistically before bringing it to the table, secure in the knowledge that the diners are having a good time while they are waiting for you.

Just before the dessert is served, the coffee pot, filled beforehand, should be set on the fire. If you have an electric pot it is much cozier to bring it into the livingroom after dinner and let it percolate in there, where the coffee will be served. 

The coffee away from the dining table has a two-fold purpose: first, it gives the hostess a reason for suggesting that the guests leave the table when dinner is over so that she can quickly remove everything to the kitchen to be cleaned up quickly when the guests are gone; second, it is indispensable in continuing the mood of the dinner table. Over a cup of coffee and a cigarette, conversation flows with the same cheerful intimacy that inspires it at the table. Later on, cards may be in order or the radio can be turned on and the carpet rolled back for dancing.

There is no more delightful place to entertain friends than in the intimacy and quiet of the home, but the hostess must lend all of her efforts to make every one feel relaxed and entertained. To do this, it is important first to feel that way yourself. Plan even the smallest party carefully so that you will be unfurled and at ease before your guests. Mix with them. If one seems to be left out of things, draw her into the circle. If discussions get too hot and tempestuous, change the subject discreetly. Never discuss your own worries and cares, and when your guests are comfortable in what they are doing, don’t suggest something else in your anxiety to please.

In the autumn there are many excuses for giving special parties, if one needs any excuse at all. Besides these, there are the little luncheons, afternoon bridges and teas which women love to give,—maybe to honor a visitor or to introduce a new neighbor to your friends, or just to gather some congenial souls together.

First let us think of Hallowe’en, a holiday that inspires us all with the spirit of fun and youth. Though it is to a great extent the children’s day, adults can release their feelings and rollick, too, in an atmosphere of witches, black cats and ghostly “spooky” and mysterious revels.

Grace White told me of an invitation which she received last year to a grown-up Hallowe’en party (grown-ups do have such parties, you know) and which was made of a strip of black paper, 20 inches long and 4 inches wide. The paper was folded up in inch widths and a line of the following invitation was written in each fold in white ink:

(Continued on page 125)
FRANCES INGRAM on

Personality

Beauty Expert Talks
To Women Listeners

(Editor’s Note: Believing that it is impossible for all listeners to hear all programs of merit and believing further that many listeners like to have a written record of certain programs they hear, Radio Digest is planning to print a number of programs, particularly those of a prose nature, in virtually verbatim form.)

MISS INGRAM is as usual in her own studio—a distinctly feminine room done in rose and silver gray. She is busy dictating letters to Marion, her secretary—letters to women all over the country who write to her in response to her radio talks for advice on their complexion troubles.

MARION: There’s one here from Detroit that’s awfully interesting—to me anyway. Here it is.

Dear Miss Ingram:

I have been listening to you every Tuesday morning for the last month. I’m writing to you because you always are so optimistic and so encouraging. I need to be encouraged because I have no job. I did have a pretty good position which I’ve held ever since I was graduated from college two years ago.

I was assistant buyer in the misses’ department in one of the largest department stores here in Detroit. I like my work and I was good at it, but in the past six months three other girls who had not been in the department as long as I were promoted over me. The head of the department never did like me, I know. I went to see her to find out why the other girls had been made buyers while I was still an assistant. The only reason that she gave me was that I lacked personality. She admitted that I was capable, but she said that I didn’t act efficiently and I lacked personality. So I resigned. It’s the unfairest thing I ever heard of.

But since listening to you, I’ve been wondering if maybe my appearance affected my chance of promotion. There’s nothing much the matter with my complexion that I can see although it’s a little dull. I don’t suppose you can tell me how to develop personality, can you, or how to act efficiently? Sincerely yours. —

FRANCES INGRAM: That last sounds like a challenge, doesn’t it, Marion? Of course, I can’t develop her personality for her, but it is possible to tell her how to do it herself. Take this letter to her, please. (Dictation) I know how bitter and discouraged you must feel, and I am glad that you have given me this opportunity to help you, for I think I can. Please don’t allow yourself to think that you cannot alter any aspect of your nature. You can. You become what you think. You know that old saying—“Tell me what you eat and I’ll tell you what you are”—well, this one applies in your case, too—“Tell me what you think and I’ll tell you what you are.” A new paragraph, Marion. You say that the head of your department accuses you of having no personality. We use that expression a lot these days and it isn’t strictly accurate. When we say a person lacks personality, what we mean is that she lacks vivid or attractive personality.

MARION: Most people believe personality is a natural endowment. And you really think that if you don’t have a good personality you can make one?

FRANCES INGRAM: That’s a large order. Personality is hard to define. I’d say that it was that indefinable something that makes a woman radiant, attractive, likeable.

MARION: And you really think that if you don’t have a good personality you can make one?

FRANCES INGRAM: I certainly do. This is an age of self-development—particularly self-development for women. And one of the things women can develop is an attractive personality—as I was about to tell this girl we’re writing to. Let’s see—what had I said last?

MARION: Oh . . . “When we say a person lacks personality, what we mean is that she lacks vivid or attractive personality.”

FRANCES INGRAM: Oh, yes. A new paragraph, please. (Dictation) You can develop a vivid and attractive personality if you really want to. First, as a foundation on which to develop personality, it’s advisable to have perfect health. Occasionally you will find invalids with strong, vibrant personalities, but they are the exception, not the rule. To be radiant, you need splendid health. Too many women are content to spend their lives in a sort of twilight of subnormal vitality. They aren’t really ill, but they aren’t well either. Often this condition is due to the fact that all is not as it should be internally. Lack of internal cleanliness drains animation and makes women look old even when they aren’t. Personally, I am enthusiastic about the saline method for internal use in this connection. (To Marion) Enclose two booklets in this letter, Marion,

(Continued on page 89)
Budget Your Way to Prosperity

The road to happiness and contentment stretches before those who have learned the secret of restrained spending

By Anne B. Lazar

To those impractical souls who reach down in their reticules, handbags or purses to the tune of the alluring shades of hosiery, the bewildering varieties of gloves and other such objects of delight and who find at the end of the week that the money roll needs a substantial breakfast, Ida Bailey Allen recommends the prosaic, but important expedient of a budget.

The budget may be a stern, formal regulation and its object may be to still the ceaseless cravings of the feminine nature, but its mission in the world is a very worthy one. If faithfully obeyed, the budget makes possible the attainment of many things—from that trip to Europe, the hope of which is entertained by every woman, to the complete and harmonious furnishing of a home.

Ida Bailey Allen, founder and president of the Radio Home-Makers Club, gives helpful budget talks and practical advice on the intelligent apportioning of incomes every Tuesday and Wednesday at 9:45 a.m. EST over Radio Station WABC. These bi-weekly Wanamaker programs are very helpful to those who are anxious to clip the ambitious wings of this thing called the dollar, and who need something more practicable than inspired moments to keep bank accounts.

Mrs. Allen has this to say about the subject: "A home organized on a budget basis is a far pleasanter place to live in than one where financial uncertainties are in the air. Rent or mortgage payments are taken care of automatically. Every member of the family is a self-respecting individual, responsible for the spending of a definite share of the common fund. There is no wheeling or complaining. Instead, a loyal spirit of team-work prevails and the family works as a unit."

The effects of budgeting are manifold. It establishes a common interest among the members of the family. It disciplines the wayward taste for gewgaws and novelties of apparel, and it makes possible, as aforementioned, the attainment of higher aims.

But, it may be asked, how can one learn to budget? The only way to learn is to begin. According to Mrs. Allen a family conference should be called first. Calculate the amount you can actually depend upon for your income. Then make a list of the necessary yearly expenses of each member, and apportion them fairly according to the established plan. Some minor adjustments may have to be made here and there, but the fundamentals agreed upon, they should be made to stay.

Mrs. Allen points out the mutual confidence that will thus be established between husband and wife, the manliness it will develop in boys, and the spirit of cooperation which the children will evidence in being actually allowed to cooperate with the grown-ups.

The most practicable way to outline this year's budget is to base it upon the expenses of the previous year. However, on the opposite page is a table to guide you, in the event that you have no knowledge of last year's expenses.

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<tr>
<td>Home</td>
<td>a. Rent</td>
<td>b. Taxes (when not specially provided for)</td>
<td>c. Interest on Mortgage</td>
<td>d. Heating</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>c. Repairs and upkeep of house or apartment</td>
<td>f. Fire insurance (on house itself)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Food</td>
<td>a. Groceries</td>
<td>b. Fruit, and vegetables</td>
<td>d. Dairy products</td>
<td>e. Meat and Fish</td>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
<td>c. Meats and Fish</td>
<td>f. Lunches</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clothing</td>
<td>a. Husband's clothes</td>
<td>b. Wife's clothes</td>
<td></td>
<td>c. Children's clothes, etc.</td>
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Housekeeping
a. Fuel for cooking
b. Ice
c. Light
d. Laundry
e. Household linen, equipment and upkeep
f. Textiles
g. Servants' wages, uniforms, etc.
h. Fire and burglary insurance on furniture
i. Cleaning materials
j. Accident and health insurance
k. Incidentsals

Recreation
a. Vacation and travel
b. Social clubs
c. Gifts
d. Automobile—purchase and upkeep
e. Radio and phonographs
f. Amusements
g. Sports

Health
a. Medical attention
b. Dental attention
c. Medicines, etc.

Education
a. Tuition
b. Books, music, etc.
c. Lectures — cultural clubs
d. Newspapers, periodicals

Personal
a. Carriages (daily)
b. Candy, tobacco, etc.
c. Toiletries
b. First-aid kit
d. Haircuts, shoes, shaves, manicures, etc.
e. Loans
f. Church charity
g. Incidentsals

Using these charts for your guide, apportion your income to the individual needs. Each pay day the first thing to do is to deposit at the bank the amount allotted for saving. Then divide the balance, according to your budget, into the other eight divisions. Money that is not to be used immediately can be kept in a cash box or in a checking account if there is one, until the end of the month when rent, bills, etc., are due. Other sums, such as vacation money, taxes, and the like, which are not to be used for some time, should be put in the savings bank after being credited to the right accounts.

To be sure to get the full benefit from your clothing allowance, each member of the family should make up a list of every sort of necessary article to complete his clothing equipment for the entire year. After each item put down the approximate cost.

Each week the clothing allowance should be put aside until there is enough to buy one or more of the necessary articles. In this way you will sidestep the temptation to allow the gold and silver pieces to dribble away in unnecessary purchases of those enticing lace handkerchiefs, the colorful ties and other objects that attract your gaze when coins jingle in your pocket.

Budgets for single persons include many types—the independent and self-supporting man or woman, the widow, who often is

| Board and Lodging— including lunches and carfare | 55% | $600 | 45% | $100 | $2250 |
| Clothing— including laundry, pressing and repairing | 20% | 240 | 18% | 432 | 900 |
| Advancement and Recreation | 15% | 180 | 15% | 408 | 800 |
| Savings | 10% | 120 | 20% | 480 | 1000 |

100% $1320 100% $2400 $3900

Plan your budget, obey its firm commands. Then worry and sleeplessness, co-partners of unrestrained spending, will be displaced with joy and freedom. Don't give up the battle and don't lose courage, for the errors of the first year will prove to be stepping-stones for next year's progress.

At the end of the year you will experience the unspreakable joy of having money in the bank and of having dissolved little debts which seem so harmless but which gnaw at you like little mice.

Plan a budget, and its stern limitations will prove to be the discipline that so many need.

Budget your way to fascinating trips, to furnishing your home, to accomplishing the many glorious things which you entertain in hope but which you fear are so impossible of realizing, simply because at this moment you have not the means.

The system of budgeting has a far greater sphere of influence than most people suspect. During his presidential term Calvin Coolidge said, "I believe in budgets and I am head of the organization that makes the greatest of all budgets, that of the United States."

This prevents the possibility of Congress having to apologize to veterans of this, that and the other war: "So sorry, Mr. Veteran, don't know how it happened but there just simply isn't enough to go around to you folks."

Through the budget system the butcher, baker and candlestick maker are paid promptly.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>$1800 A YEAR—$150 A MONTH</th>
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<tr>
<td>Savings</td>
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<td>Home</td>
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<td>Food</td>
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<td>Clothing</td>
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<td>Housekeeping</td>
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<td>Personal</td>
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<td>Total for Month</td>
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<th>$2000 A YEAR—$250 A MONTH</th>
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<tr>
<td>Savings</td>
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<td>Home</td>
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<td>Education</td>
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<tr>
<td>Personal</td>
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<td>Total for Month</td>
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Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

Sensible placing of modern equipment saves time and energy and banishes the drudgery of the "good old days"

By Evelyn Gardiner
Director, KDKA Home Forum

The kitchen has at last come into its own. No longer do people think it necessary to have the kitchen in the back part of the house shut off from all the other rooms and a room into which no one outside of the family dare look. Of course many people have for years had a comfortable, convenient kitchen. But too often it is the one room in the house in which little or no effort is put forth to make it attractive. When a housewife spends so much time out of a day in this room, why shouldn't it be the best room in the house? And as the health and comfort and happiness of the entire family rest so largely upon the products of the kitchen it ought to be the best equipped room in the house.

That tired feeling often is the result of the needless steps taken because of unscientific arrangement of the kitchen. Note the convenient placing of equipment in the KDKA Home Forum Test Kitchen.

The tired feeling often is the result of the needless steps taken because of unscientific arrangement of the kitchen. When a housewife spends so much time out of a day in this room, why shouldn't it be the best room in the house? And as the health and comfort and happiness of the entire family rest so largely upon the products of the kitchen it ought to be the best equipped room in the house. How about it? How many agree with me? Is your kitchen convenient?

Some may still cling to the good, old-fashioned kitchen. Habit rules most of us. I heard a woman say recently that she couldn't cook in these new-fangled kitchens, because there wasn't sufficient room. She liked a big kitchen where she would not feel cramped. Yes, I recall the kitchen to which she referred. It was the old-fashioned kind, all right. The stove was on one side of the room near a dark corner. The work table was on another side quite near the stove but miles away from the sink and supply cupboards. The sink was opposite the (Continued on page 118)
Can you find the roosters in this beautiful PEP flock? Look the picture over carefully.

These bright-eyed, alert birds are proud of their red combs and snowy plumage. They are even prouder of the delicately-flavored, fine quality PEP eggs they are "laying for you."

About those roosters, though... that is a little joke. You can't find them... because there aren't any. Roosters are not allowed among the PEP laying flocks.

PEP poultrymen can thus guarantee the infertility of every PEP egg. These infertile eggs are the answer of nature and science to the housewife's desire for a perfect egg. They do not contain the life germ which causes the inferior food quality of fertile eggs.

Every PEP egg tastes just like every other PEP egg—and, oh, how different from ordinary eggs!

Pacific Egg Producers Cooperative, Inc.

San Francisco, New York, Chicago
Seattle, Los Angeles, San Diego, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Panama, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Lima, London, and Glasgow

"The Egg with the Reputation"
David with the Goliath Voice

Announcer Ross at CBS is Poet, Writer, Book Lover and Athlete. An intimate glimpse into his past.

His fluent and vibrant personality cannot be crammed into the confines of a stereotyped category. He is too vital for that. He is a native New Yorker. His manner is typically Continental.

His early days were spent in poverty as a ragged newsboy. For ten years he rose at five o'clock every morning to deliver his papers. The cold, gray dawn always found him singing— to keep up his courage. Now he buys the news from almost every poor vendor he passes on the street.

When he was fourteen he was in love with a girl who lived near the park. She did not know him. On Sunday mornings he would skirt the park, going two miles out of his way, with the rickety baby-carriage that he used to carry the news. This was to avoid the humiliation of being seen by “her.”

The warmth of the school room made it difficult for him to keep awake and his exhausted person often thumbed out quietly in slumber. Once the teacher disturbed his dreams by asking him to spell “field.” Startled, he gasped “F-E-E-L-D.” He considers it one of the darkest moments of his life.

After going through grammar and high school, he matriculated at the College of the City of New York. He later enrolled for an agricultural course in a New Jersey College but this proved distasteful to him. He left.

A scholarly doctor gave him his first insight into the fine and profound when he allowed the eager youth freedom of his large library. Through the same benefactor’s phonograph he was introduced to the best in music.

Became secretary to a Russian Baroness. Once when invited out to a fashionable dinner with her, he proceeded to lift the finger-bowl containing fresh-cut pansies to his lips. He thought it was another extravagant drink of the rich. The Baroness gave him a timely kick in the shin. This wounded his flesh but preserved his table dignity.

One time he sold a batch of epigrams on “Success” and received a dollar and a quarter for them. This was after they had completed the rounds of a dozen publications. Commenting on this he said, “The writer’s failure is the post office’s success.”

Has a fondness for garlic. He relished an excess of that condiment during a meal that preceded his first appearance on the stage with that prominent actress, Eva Davenport. His part called for violent love-making. She almost swooned as he embraced her. At the end of the act he was called to her dressing-room for a severe rebuke and was dismissed with a warning never to eat garlic while an actor. He is glad the microphone has no olfactory nerves. He still likes garlic.

Has written many reviews of books and plays. His poems have appeared in The Nation, The New Republic, The American Caravan and other publications.

He blundered into Radio four years ago. He was in the studios of WGBS when a scarcity of talent resulted in the use of his services as a dramatic reader. Immediately an announcer’s position was offered him. It was accepted without hesitation. Holds hand over ear when announcing. Unconsciously does this when conversing with friends. It is a habit with him.

He is short. Has difficulty reaching microphone, which usually has to be lowered to meet the needs of his stature but his voice has unusual volume and resonance. His hair is chestnut color. It is luxuriant and wavy—the envy of the opposite sex. His mustache is the pride of its owner.

Made a “talkie” short recently. The Klieg lights affected his eyes and he had to remain in a dark room for forty-eight hours.

He is married and has a son and a daughter. He moved his wife with King Solomon’s Song of Songs and still reads her poetry. He claims she is his best friend but, as they have no radio, she is not his severest critic. For the latter he is very grateful indeed.

David, Jr. has been to the studios but once. This caused the father to stutter all over himself. For old felt hats he has a profound attachment, but lacks the courage to wear spats or carry a cane. Always wears soft collars that are several sizes too large—even when in evening dress.

Has a pathetic weakness for fiddlers and cellists who grunt during difficult string passages. Wonders if there was ever a drummer who left home because he had to carry large packages from the store for his mother.

Most of the programs he announces are of the classic and dramatic type. He gives a highly commendable reading of the poem that opens Arabelous each week.

Like every other broadcasting artist, he enjoys reading his fan mail. He is the recipient of many communications from war veterans who remembered him from war days. Once a lady wrote him that, if he were bald, she would lose some of her high esteem for his voice. Now he is certain that his reputation “hangs by a hair” but he is not worried about that.

Browsing among old and rare books is his hobby. He is particularly interested in athletics—especially football.

He is very emotional. When he tells of an incident, it is enacted in voice, expression and gesture for his listeners. He is always himself. If a faint trace of tears are seen in his eyes upon learning of some unfortunate happening—he means it.

He is not an impromptu individual. He thinks and weighs every word. When he speaks it is with considerable nervous energy. Greatly admires anyone who can “Ad Lib” over the air for five minutes.

Life, he believes, is as one fake’s it. He never does.
Creator of the Song Reclaims Little Home He Lost when Hard Times Came a Knockin’ at the Door

By Lester S. Rounds

The “Cottage for Sale” has been taken off the market.

There is an actual building, you know, which formed the inspiration for the song heard over a million loudspeakers. It is decidedly no longer for sale, although doubtless the nation’s Radios will continue to advertise it nightly; nor will it ever, if its present owner has anything to say about it, be placed on the market again.

It is a very pretty cottage, set in a glade in Crestwood, a residential development in Westchester County, New York. Behind it a host of tall trees marches up a steep hill, casting deep, cool shadows; beside it a tiny brook runs, purling a continuous song. It is such a cottage as everyone has visualized at one time or another as the perfect abode.

And now it is the property of Willard Robison, Radio’s latest find. He is heard every Thursday evening over a nationwide NBC network in the Maxwell House Ensemble program, which he directs. He is also, incidentally, the composer of a “Cottage for Sale.” He is highly enthusiastic about Radio, for had it not been for Radio his cottage would still figuratively be on the market.

“A Cottage for Sale” was not the first opus from Robison’s pen. From the age of eleven, when he played—not pounded—a piano in an early nickelodeon, music has been his entire life, and the song hit of the season had many predecessors, none of which seemed to make the slightest dent in the musical consciousness of the American public.

They were written at odd places in the south and southwest, from bits of life Mr. Robison observed while traveling with his Deep River Orchestra. The orchestra, organized long before he reached man’s estate, had made something of a local reputation for him, and there were few major hotels between the Mississippi and the Rockies in which he had not played.

It was in Omaha, Nebraska, that Robison’s feet were set upon the somewhat round-about road to nationwide fame. Paul Whiteman, grand rajah of the orchestra world, heard Robison sing, and was impressed with the deep simplicity, the charm, that marked his talent. He reversed Horace Greeley’s advice.

“Go East, young man, go East,” he told Robison. “New York is looking for talent like yours.”

Robison went East. He packed his trunks and marshalled his family, consisting of beautiful, dark-eyed Mrs. Robison and his little daughter, came to New York, and found his coming premature. Equally premature was Whiteman’s advice, for if the glamorous metropolis of the country was eagerly searching talents like his, it was woefully blind to the existence of the young man who knocked so valiantly at its doors for his great opportunity.

This discovery was not made immediately. Before bringing New York to his feet, he had first to provide for his family, and together he and his young wife scoured the city for the place that was to be their home.

They found it, about fifteen miles outside of the city. It was their idea of the perfect home, and with his family settled in Crestwood, Robison set about cajoling Fame and Prosperity to his fireside. But something went amiss; although he blew his trumpets thrice, the walls of the city failed to crumble. Several published songs made not the slightest impression. Gotham seemed not yet ready for what he had to offer. Failure stared him in the face.

It was a situation which could not continue indefinitely. Any bank-roll will wither away with everything going out and nothing coming in. Inevitably the day came when Robison turned the key in the door of his cottage for the last time and moved to a less expensive apartment in the city—a heartbreaking experience.

The experience made its impression, for his home, his existence, had been (Continued on page 121)
Milton G. Hall of KTRH
Has Had Adventurous Life

Milton G. Hall, Program Supervisor of KTRH, the budding young station of Southern Texas, insists that he should be a very "rustic" farmer, raising the luscious and well known Texas fruit, watermelon...and wending his way to a little brown church on Sundays to meetin'. But he may be spoofing.

Milt Hall is a slender, tall man with quiet eyes (except when he is amused), who has swept through an amazing assortment of experiences which have afforded him a splendid background for his position as program supervisor. A Texan by birth, he has always had that insatiable desire for color and adventure, and has most assuredly succeeded in tasting the spiciest dishes of life's activities.

He has lived the rigid life of the soldier, he has written feverishly to make a midnight deadline, he has bossed roughnecks in the oil fields, he has spanned the skies as an aerial photographer during the war. Now he is responsible for the KTRH programs and this particular task is the one that he enjoys most because it is a happy combination of all the other things he has done.

Brimming with youthful ambition, Milt left Texas for Rochester, New York, where he worked on the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and eventually gravitated into Radio, as manager of WHEC at Rochester and later as commercial manager and announcer of WMKA in Buffalo, New York. Just before returning to Texas, Milt was an announcer and continuity writer at Station WTAM in Cleveland, Ohio.

He is very enthusiastic about KTRH. Outside of his program duties he enjoys broadcasting sports best of all. He likes the crowd's cheering, the quick action of men in the field, whether on the football gridiron, the boxing ring, the baseball diamond or the race tracks. For recreation there is nothing he would rather do than to motor down to a certain little shack on the banks of a nearby lake to fish and swim, and participate in a good old game of quoits.

The inevitable question of an interviewer, "Are you married?" was put to Milt Hall and the answer is "yes," and not so long either. Mrs. Hall, nee Niobe Vitello, is a very attractive young woman, an accomplished pianist doing quite a bit of broadcasting on her own.

* * *

Rolly Wray does many things for KFOX. Sometimes she sits in the office and acts as secretary. Every day she has a twenty minute piano request period. In the evenings she has a girls' trio which does vocal harmony as well as string work. In private life, still in the early twenties, small and diminutive, she is a Brunette, excellent cook, and fashionable enough to believe that woman's place is in the home. Oh what a priceless gift for some world weary bachelor ready to settle down!

* * *

Ray Martinez, KFWB, Trained In Circus

Ray Martinez, rolly-poly conductor of KFWB's concert orchestra, got his start in the circus. In fact, his father owned a circus and side show traveling menagerie and, at the tender age of four, little Ray was a juvenile acrobat. Later he did music studies, studied extensively, concertized a bit and now directs the KFWB musical groups and does a good deal of work for the talkies.

* * *

This summer, for the first time, the San Diego civic symphony was on the air, although the group has been in existence for three summers. KFSD did the broadcast for eight successive Tuesdays with considerable success. It played from the open air pavilion in Balboa Park—famed as the locale for the 1915 exposition.

Like Scotch Jokes?
Listen In On KMPC

Dan Maxwell, billed as "The King of Scotland," does a fifteen minute talkie over KMPC each week day. Robust, sporting a wing-type collar and a pink complexion, Dan does pretty well, thank you. Of course he tells the old wheeze about going back home one summer only to find his brothers wearing whiskers. Dan had gone to America and carried the razor with him.

* * *

Charlie Lindsey now directs two orchestras for KGK, the Cavaliers, which is a dance group, and the Mariners, which is the concert group. Charlie was first director of the KNX musical aggregations when that station opened up six years ago. Married somewhat bald...always good natured...not so very tall.

* * *

Curt Peterson, assistant Eastern program manager for the National Broadcasting Company, was a voice teacher in two fashionable girls' schools for two years before he entered Radio as an announcer. He originally sought a position in Radio just to pass away the summer vacation.

"Will you remember the day...when we were happy in May..." Sigmund Romberg, composer of Maytime, Blossom Time, Student Prince and other beautiful operettas whose music is well known to Radio listeners, will join KFWB in their Sunday night broadcasts.
“Old Timer” Signs Off

Pat Barnes, Famous for Many Radio Characters, Says Farewell to Broadcast Mike

Pat Barnes is a man of “character” to practically all Radio listeners. Some like him best as “Mister Kelley,” the Irishman who recalls the shades of great musicians. Others swear by his “Rookie” episodes, with their five great characters; still others chuckle gleefully over the misadventures of “Abner,” a hoary ancient from the sleepy community of Middlesex, who keeps the town band under his thumb. But none of these, popular as they are, have won the acclaim enjoyed by Pat’s “Old Timer.”

The “Old Timer” is the logical development of Pat’s own Radio career which began on April 25, 1925, incidentally the birthday of Marconi, father of all this giddy broadcasting business.

Pat’s own idea in presenting a Radio program, as he says, “put a thought behind it,” and the “Old Timer” is as full of thoughts as a sieve of holes. Pat began broadcasting the “Old Timer” over WGN, Chicago, shortly after he joined the staff in 1928. There was a “spot” on Sunday at 7 o’clock that had to be plugged, and plugged with something that would be appropriate for early Sunday evening listening. Pat’s original conception was something allegorical—experienced age counselling rash youth—but it came out on the air as the philosophizing, advising, gently humorous “Old Timer,” answering the youthful questions of the irrepressible Pat.

The feature has been occupying twenty minutes and is supposed to take place right in the Radio studio. The Old Timer is a Sunday evening visitor who drops in to see his friend, Pat Barnes, and Pat is always ready with a barrage of questions that starts the Old Timer off on his favorite subject, Humanity and its Foibles. The Old Timer counsels, advises, suggests, or gives examples that will be helpful to everyone in making this high old world a better place in which to live.

Pat had been carrying the idea for the “Old Timer” around in his head before it finally came to light on the radio. Pat, as most listeners know, is a small-town product. He was born in Scrant.

(Continued on page 106)
How do Correll and Godden like Hollywood and what are they doing? Well, to be brief, they haven’t had time to see Hollywood and, secondly, they are working.

Amos ’n’ Andy get up in the morning at six o’clock. This is just about the time the Hollywoodians are turning in for rest . . . some of ’em at least.

A cool shower, brisk rub-down, shave, and by quarter to seven they are having breakfast. This is a light meal for them and is soon over. Seven-thirty sharp brings them over to the RKO studios on Grower Street where the portals open wide to admit them within the sacred precincts of “movie land”.

Just at this time a line is forming in front of the casting office and scores of extras and others line up in their ambition to get into picture work.

But Amos ’n’ Andy walk briskly from their car to the dressing rooms and it takes them an hour and a half to get the make-up on. This, to the uninhibited, may seem like a long time. But it isn’t. The various greases, concoctions and lotions preparatory to putting the actual make-up on takes plenty of time, and especially for film work must the job be thorough and painstaking.

Nine o’clock and all set to go. So far, all of their work has been on the lot and they haven’t found it necessary to go outside on location.

The sound stages take up all of their time until noon. In the day of the silent films ordinarily their work would mean that crowds of studio employees . . . office form, technical men, props force and others . . . would congregate and clan around to watch the proceedings.

But with the advent of the talkies the old order changeth. Only the actual participants get an eyeful and earful of the actual shooting. Once on the sound stage and ready to shoot, the doors are barred and all is silence.

The lights are focused on the scene . . . the microphones, just out of the camera focus, are in perfect working order . . . and the boys go through the motions, and dialogue . . . practice and the finished performance, takes and re-takes.

Correll and Godden, I think, have stood up remarkably well under the obvious strain of their new activity. But the pace is telling. When they get back to the hotel at midnight they are all in. No social activities, no business conferences, in fact, nothing can be allowed to interfere with their present picture work for there aren’t enough hours in the day.

But we left them at noon time. At mid-day the duo takes enough time for another repast . . . not a heavy meal, for the California climate at this time of year is not conducive to heavy stuff. Light meals, dainty sandwiches, nourishing salads, make the best mid-day feast.

A few moments before the performance time everything is quiet. The boys go into the sound booth especially constructed for their work. Nobody can get in there except them. As a matter of fact, no one can even get in the stage room within which is the sound booth.

The reason for this is obvious. Things must not only be quiet from the broadcast angle, but the boys themselves are keyed up to such a pitch, they are a bit self-conscious, too, that the slightest noise would tend to snap them out of character—which would mean a re-take.

So there isn’t a chance of any annoyance or interference when they are doing their stuff. I am told that through all of their work, since creating the Amos ’n’ Andy characters, they have done their Radio act in solitary confinement.

It has often been written that Correll and Godden fairly live the characters which they portray when they are doing the Radio stunt. This is unquestionably true. Great bands of perspiration on their manly brows at the end of their twelve minutes on the air well attest to the seriousness with which they attack each episode.

Out on the West Coast one of the indoor sports, besides listening to the actual Amos ’n’ Andy program, is to put up bets whether the boys will make a mistake in voice. But they never have as yet. I suspect they never will.

This is just another reason for the particular efforts made to keep them in seclusion during the broadcast time. The least sound would unnerve them. As it
Grantland Rice Interviews

Sultan of Swat

Famous Diamond Hero Tells Listeners How He Makes a Baseball Hop Grandstands and Bleacher Walls

There are arguments for and against Thirteen as a lucky number according to Mr. Plummer in his account of the superstitions of the stars. But it sure was a bad date on the calendar when the listeners on August 13th tried to hear Captain Hawks tell about his record breaking flight across the continent on that day when just a few notches further on the dial you could tune in Grantland Rice's interview with Babe Ruth, home run king of American big league baseball.

A great many sporting fans were eager to hear both. A Radio Digest representative, anxious to please the subjects of the great Sultan of Swat, took the interview down in shorthand. Then he got a picture of the Babe, Mr. Rice and Graham McNamee together and here they are for you.

Mr. Rice bronzed and smiling stepped up to the microphone. The Babe was near another mike nearby. Said Mr. Rice:

Rice—For me to try to introduce Babe Ruth would be much like trying to bat for him with the bases full, and four men needed to win the game. But the big fellow is a modest cove and he doesn't want to talk about himself. I will have to tell you that he is now within 17 home runs of his best record—60 in one season—and he'll break this record sure if he doesn't break his neck or back. And knowing the Babe, even that might not stop him. At that I think he has to spend more time with his fountain pen than he does with his bat. He has to answer from 10,000 to 12,000 letters a year and he autographs enough baseballs in the course of a season to pave Texas with horse hide. How many baseballs do you autograph in the course of a season Babe?

Ruth—Too many. I'd say about 18,000. I had to sign 1,000 in Omaha once at one stand and 2,000 in Chicago. But as long as the kids want it, it's O.K. with me until my wrist falls off. You can't be a piker with the kids.

Rice—Babe, I know that a lot of kids, and a few millions who are not kids, would like to know just how you can hit so many home runs? What is the main basis of your home run hitting?

Ruth—First of all I would say that it is the right use of hands and wrists. The wrists play a big part in any sport that calls for club swinging. If they don't work, the shoulders and the body get in too quickly. The body must work with the hands and wrists. It must be back of the blow, not in front of it. I swing all the way through. I start the bat in motion and I let it go. But it is a mistake to try to hit in too much of a hurry. You must take your time—even with a fast one coming up to the plate.

Rice—Do you step into the ball, Babe, as it comes up?

Ruth—I stand at the plate with my back almost to the pitcher. My right shoulder is well around. I am in position then to let my body turn with the swing and not get ahead of the swing.

Rice—Down in Tampa, Babe, I saw you hit a home run in 1919 that was about as long as any I ever saw. What was your longest?

Ruth—Think that Tampa wallop was. It carried 560 feet across a race track beyond the ball park.

Rice—I see Hack Wilson of the Cubs is still chasing you. What do you think of Hack?

Ruth—Hack is a great hitter and a great hustler. He's a short, stocky fellow but he can swing that bat. He knows how to use his hands, wrists and arms.

At the left Grantland Rice stands on deck with Graham McNamee while the Bambino is "at bat" with mike.

(Continued on page 124)
A Master of Dance Rhythm

B. A. Rolfe, Conductor of the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, Makes Millions of People Want to Dance When He Plays

IT'S a long step from backyard trumpet practice to boy soloist with John Philip Sousa and a tour of Europe. And it's a far cry from trumpet soloist to vaudeville and motion picture production.

And there's a big difference between being a movie impresario and leading the "hottest" dance band in Radio.

But B. A. Rolfe took the steps. They were made over a period of many years, but he considers every one a natural move in the progress of modern music.

Today, at fifty-one, Rolfe stands on his conductor's platform looking back at these experiences, and is glad, the while he is injecting a saw, a tin whistle or two pieces of sand paper into the orchestra.

He knows it is the fruits of these experiences which give him courage to introduce jews-harps or other instrumental novelties. No one has ever attempted to keep from Rolfe the fact that it is these novelties which contribute largely toward making the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra outstanding in its field.

In addition to being fifty-one, this master of rhythm is rotund and ruddy. There is a placid light in his eyes and an air of serene assurance about his every movement. There is no regret in his mind for the highlights of the past. He is content with the present and ponders only on the wonders of the future.

"I learned music from the varied career of my early youth. music such as I could have learned in no other way. The most important thing I learned is that humor is the essence of dance music. Dance music is gay without restraint, gay with the humor of the ages. To be good it should invite people to dance, make them want to dance." Rolfe says.

"Rhythm and rhythmic values are my chief study. Unusual rhythms, rhythms growing and forming one out of the other. Rhythm for the dance should be like a rubber ball, bouncing into the air only to fall again, and going on and on. That is dance rhythm."

Rolfe almost never uses a baton in directing his orchestra for its semi-weekly National Broadcasting Company programs. The sweep of a clenched fist—maybe two of them—an upflung finger, or the spread of both hands he considers more expressive than the lifeless wood of a baton.

To watch him at work is to see a calm and peaceful individual revert to a whirling, animated figure with eyes and ears for every note from each of the almost fifty instruments in his band. The most inconspicuous fluter player in the group may suddenly feel the Rolfe eye and see the clenched Rolfe fist urging greater volume in support of the musical saw, at the moment in the solo spot.

Rolfe may throw musical dignity into the scrap heap to gain desired effects, but musical traditions are things not to be tampered with, in his opinion. "Setting the classics to dance rhythm is musical vulgarity, not only in bad taste, but inexcusable," he says.

This fifty-one-year-old leader of NBC dance conductors was an accomplished cornetist when he was seven years old. A son of A. B. Rolfe, himself a noted bandsman, the boy was steeped in music appreciation from his earliest childhood in Brasher Falls, N. Y. At ten he was featured soloist with Sousa's Marine Band, and a year later the young gentle-

man toured Europe as boy trumpet wonder.

Followed several years in school, and the young musician started for New York. But an offer to lead the Lowllie Silver Cornet Band at Lowville, N. Y., presented itself, and the journey toward Broadway was interrupted.

Rolfe eventually reached Broadway, but it was several years later, and he came as a builder of vaudeville productions. With Jesse L. Lasky, a youth from California, he took the conventional song and dance turns of the two-a-day and with tinsel and colored lights and pretty girls converted them into feature presentations.

A venture into the then infant industry of motion picture production followed. Rolfe was sure of the brilliant future ahead, but Lasky was doubtful. The latter thought motion pictures could be made best in his California home, and the pioneers parted, Lasky to produce pictures on the Pacific Coast, Rolfe to produce them in New York.

The latter thrived. His thirty-six pictures a year represented a major portion of the output of the old Metro Company, now the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. Among the stars appearing under his banner were Bushman and Bayne, Harold Lockwood, Viola Dana, Ethel Barrymore, Gloria Swanson, and other popular favorites.

But music again lured and Rolfe turned his back on the motion picture. He tried his hand at vaudeville again, but once more turned to his music. He has been with NBC since 1926. At present his band is heard Thursday and Saturday nights over a hook-up which includes many large and popular stations.
Grand Old Man
Of the Sea
(Continued from page 69)

York, WYNC, and the short wave broad-
cast on Columbia's 2XE, carried the ar-
ival of Lipton to every corner of the earth. Thomas Cowan of WYNC was the an-
nouncer, while the distinguished yachtsman had charge from aboard ship as shown in the photograph.

Sir Thomas, for the first time in his life, was suffering from a bad case of stage fright, and only when Cowan told him that the whole world was listening in, including the folks back in Glasgow; and that his neighbors at Southgate, England, had been waiting all night to hear his voice over the air, did he slowly draw a crumpled piece of paper from an inside pocket, and with the remark that he had prepared a short speech for the Radio, start to read it. He prefaced his remarks by saying, "Tell 'em I won't make a speech 'til after the race ... maybe not then," he added as an after thought.

The passengers on board the Leviathan were cheering and yelling "Good luck, Tommy!" Sir Thomas, though a trifle hard of hearing, stopped his prepared speech for a bit to say "Tommy" sounds better to me than "Sir Thomas,' and I hope the folks back home hear 'em.'" His talk over the air finished, Sir Thomas turned as if to go into the cabin, when he thought of some things he wanted to say, and turning to the mike again, spoke of the first time he arrived as an immigrant at Castle Garden, about 55 years ago, "and now I am being re-
ceived with a band and a reception com-
mittee ... I'm getting to be a real swell." He said that the reason the folks in Boston threw the tea in the harbor was because it was not Lipton's.

When asked if he had ever been taken off the Leviathan before, Sir Thomas quickly replied, "Not by the police."

Sir Thomas, more than 80 years old today, is just as enthusiastic about the winning of cups as ever. In fact he remarked to Mayor Walker later that there is really no use to keep the famous cup in America with nothing to put in it.

One purpose of Sir Thomas in calling on the mayor was to invite him to be his guest during the races off Newport, on board his steam yacht, "The Erin." "I'll put ye up for fifteen pence a day," he said, "bed and breakfast included."

"These are hard times," said the mayor, laughing, "That's a lot of money." "Well, then, even if I am half-Scotch," said Sir Thomas, "I'll knock off the thruppen-
ance and we'll make it an even shillin'."

"I shall be very proud to accept," said Jimmy, "but I'm not a good sailor; how about the weather; can you assure it?" "No, me lad," was the rejoinder, "but we've plenty o' buckets aboard the Erin."

When the name of Lord Dewar came up, Sir Thomas said: "He was a very generous man—for a Scotman. He once sent me a long cable from Africa—he sent it collect—telling me that for three pounds o' my tea he could buy me six wives, and he wanted to know why I should remain a bachelor. I cabled him back—also collect—that I was putting up a number o' three pound packages, ready for an emergency, but he didn't answer."

"How many pounds of tea would it cost to get rid of them after you had 'em?' asked the mayor.

"No wonder it's a great city with a mayor like that," said Sir Thomas, as he moved away. "My heart is sur-
charged with gratitude at the splendidly
generous attitude displayed toward me, who have for some many years been fighting with all the sporting blood I've got, to make the America's Cup away. I have the boat now that I think will do it: I have a great captain and crew; a

Frances Ingram on Personality
(Continued from page 77)

With beautiful skins are women who have character enough and will power enough to cleanse their skins every day.

Frances Ingram: Among my own friends I have found that lack of personality is frequently due to shyness, and that this shyness often shows itself in a very reserved, stand-offish manner. If this is part of your trouble, remember "You can catch more bees with honey than you can with vinegar." I don't mean that you're to be hypocritical. I mean that I think that it would undoubtedly be wise for you to cultivate that very feminine asset—sympathy. Sympathy is in a way only a facet of the imagination. Imagine yourself in the circumstances of others and you will feel sympathetic toward them. So many thousands of girls are living, striving, just as you are. Be sympa-
thetic toward them. In a surprisingly short time you will find that this reach-
ing out of your personality to establish contact with other personalities has ex-
panded yours. And before you know it, you will have developed a personality that is attractive, radiant and glowing. (To Marion.) Speaking of developing, this letter is developing into quite a lengthy one, isn't it, Marion?

Marion: Why . . . . I don't know . . . . I've been so interested that it hasn't seemed long.

Frances Ingram: You've hit on another secret of personality there.

Marion: It . . .

Frances Ingram: Yes. People always like a good listener.
Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

Coincidence! Two big ear specialists, one from the East and one from the West, have complained to Indi-Gest. It seems that their offices are crowded to the doors with a new kind of patient. The symptoms of the disease are large, distended ears, combined with itching palms. So many Radio fans have strained their ears listening for Hits, Quips and Slips that these specialists haven’t time to listen in themselves to compete for that $5.00.

Well, it’s no use anyway. Here’s an old contrib who gathers them in on an R.F.D. route out West—her four good ones take the laurel wreath this month.

FOUR HOT ONES FOR FIVE DOLLARS

A couple of weeks ago there seemed some difficulty in making KOMO connection with “Amos and Andy”. It lasted just long enough to get past the opening strains of the Perfect Song and into the middle of Bill Hay’s Pepsodent remarks. As a result we were informed, (KOMO announcer) “And now, Amos and Andy! (Bill Hay) are the cause of many of our dental troubles.” Ain’t dat sumpin? During a “Jazz vs. The Classics” program—Mr. Average Citizen, “Does this orchestra play Offenbach?” Announcer, “Oh yes, Beethoven, and, often, Bach” During a pipe organ concert by an organist who happens to be a blond, the number “I’d like to be a Gypsy” was announced, and the announcer added, “Gypsies are always brunette, Betty, so you can’t be one until you die (dye)!”

In a “Meet the Folks” program of the Pacific division, N.B.C., Cecil Underwood, announcer, and Mahlon Merrick, orchestra leader, were telling of an embarrassing moment. The orchestra program was coming by remote control, Mr. Underwood in the studio, received a request by telephone for a special dedication, and informed Mr. Merrick, but evidently neither thought of waiting for an appropriate number. Mr. Underwood went to the microphone and said, “The next number is dedicated to Mrs. —— who is today celebrating her sixty-sixth birthday.” And the orchestra played “Just Another Day, Wasted Away!”—Mary E. Hasken, R.F. D. 1, Alderwood Manor, Wash.

XXX!!

(Station WJAY) Heard that perfect Knutt (Heeza) give out to his lady friends, this clever receipt:

“Delicious Custard” 1 cup milk; 2 cups flavoring; 3 eggs; 4 cups cement. Mix altogether and you’ll have the best lil’ custard that ever cussed. — Imp, Grosse Ile, Mich.

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone ached for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $1.00 for second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed. It may be something planned as part of the radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

Even that fancy cement custard sounds pretty good to Indi-Gest. After two weeks of camping out and subsisting on willy and spuds, except when there was an obliging pickeral or bass around, any kind of custard would hit the spot. (Remember, though, it’s dangerous to send custard by mail—doughnuts or cake would be better).

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES IT

Heard on KDKA in the Morning Parade:
Father (to boy friend) What do you mean by bringing my daughter home at this hour? Boy Friend: Listen, I gotta be at work at eight o’clock!

No, of course, he doesn’t catch the worm, he gets it from Pa. And this one is after the wedding:

Wifey: Do you know you talk in your sleep, Henry? Henry: Well, do you begrudge me even those few words?—Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.

DO YOU WANT MORE LIKE THIS?

He is willing to risk his amateur standing, he says, by accepting a check, large, medium, or small (medium it is—$5.00), and says there is more where this came from.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE LANDSCAPE

(With Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

When the frost is on the landscape and the static’s left the air With its harsh, discordant noises that would drown you out for far. Then it truly is a pleasure just to sit and listen in Without any interference from the static’s summer din.

And you hear far out in distance with both voice and music clear Though its many miles a-coming through the still, cold atmosphere. Then the set you thought was hopeless seems to reach out everywhere When the frost is on the landscape and the static’s left the air.

In the still cold nights of winter then your radio gets good As you sit beside the fireplace with its blaze of coal or wood When the smoke from out your chimney goes straight upward in the air Where the bright stars look from heaven with a cold and glittering stare. When you get a distant station then you feel an added thrill That’s a sort of compensation for the dreary winter’s chill And you find a world of pleasure as you snugly nestle there When the frost is on the landscape and the static’s left the air.

Adam P. Nutt(?) from Indiana

During the Hunter Brothers’ endurance flight over Sky Harbor, Harold Faire (C B $) made this slip —

“You have just listened to Casey Jones, who has to his credit 4300 years in the air.”

That would be some record to beat. We wouldn’t wake up every morning, stretch for the paper, and discover that a new crew of aviators had beaten the previous record and were still at it. But just picture Poor Casey at the end of the 4,300! His beard would probably be long enough to use as a rudder. Or perhaps he would be sailing up over Sky Harbor with a white robe, a halo and a harp.
NOW WE COME, AS USUAL—TO RUDY

You men whose girls think Rudy Vallee is wonderful and marvelous, will get a laugh from this radio incident. Every morning except Sunday between 7:00 and 9:00 Chicago time, K.Y.W. presents a program of phonograph records; and during five minute intervals the correct time is given. While listening to this program Tuesday morning, August 5, I heard the following: Rudy Vallee (by phonograph record) was singing “I’m called the song without a name,” and while crooning “I’m—,” the music stopped and the clock in the studio sounded the hour with “cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.”—Rudolph Wilkoszky, 1437 Parnell Street, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

And this one too. However, we don’t know whether to blame it on the golden-haired crooner or not. His fiction is so good that perhaps it was a couple of other guys who sang it.

For several weeks, I understood the last line of the chorus of the Maine Stein Song to be “The college of our hard-boiled days.” It was only a short time ago that I learned it was “The college of our hearts always.” Listen and see if it doesn’t sound so to you!—Mrs. H. A. Dannecker, New Castle, Ind. Box 328.

This next is offered as an antidote to all those whose fingers itch to grab a pen in defense of their idol. Remember now, after this, Indi-Gest doesn’t want a flock of briefs for the defense of the famous culprit.

So Rudy has been dubbed, No singer, no sax player, With an ugly, ugly mug. His picture not fit for the press, Or even for Radio Digest. Oh, Mrs. Johnson, of Jacksonville, Despises poor Rudy with might and will, Altho—’tis within her power, To tune out the Fleischmann hour. Rudy’s music and songs are divine And acclaimed as the best of all time, By listeners-in, far and near. They bring melody and good cheer. A criticism like Mrs. J’s, The public will meet with many “Nay, Nays.”

For Rudy is Rudy, with no competition, May his pictures appear in each “Digest” Edition.


NOT SUCH A TOREADOR

Clem and Harry over the Columbia Broadcasting System:
A would-be hero was proposing when he caught sight of a ferocious bull ap-
proaching. He, taking to his heels, left the feminine half to face the bull. She later reproved him thus:

SHE: I thought you said you loved me so much that you would even face death for me!

HE: Yeah! But that bull was still alive.

We believe all the Middle Western announcers have been in training—swimming, running, hurdlng, learning to take long breaths and get out what they have to say in one spurt, like Floyd Gibbons. Otherwise, things like this wouldn’t happen:

“We shall now become a link in that great chain of the National Broadcasting Company for Amos and Andy.”

Both the quip and the slip come from Juanita Rickey, 6774A Manchester, St. Louis, Mo.

WHOOPS! MY DEAR

It lives, it breathe, it talks—Indi-Gest’s favorite cartoon. Pansy and Abigail, Peter Arno’s Bustle Girls, do their whoops—

ing every night over the C.B.S. net work at 6:45 E.S. Time. (Ye Chief Ed will scold Indi-Gest for lack of editorial im-

partiality but Pansy is Indigest’s light-o-

love.) Here is their picture drawn by their creator, himself: Ain’t they grand?

THIS ONE NEEDS A LICENSE

Last Thursday while listening to the Fleischmann Hour, which was coming from Green Bay, Wis., the announcer was describing the town. He finished up by saying: “Green Bay is in the heart of the fishing country. This is a special hook-up, etc.” It made me think of fish-hooks!—Elizabeth Trayner, Wynnewood, Pa.

Of course, by now you know that we mean a fishing license! Although, perhaps Betty (do they call you that?) doesn’t need one. We’ve never fished in Pennsylvania, but Indi-Gest was surprised to find that New York State allows the ladies to fish for trout, black bass, minnows or sun-fish sans permis-

sion and sans payment of license fee. Then, of course, there are the bigger fish—the poor fish—that they dangle on their hooks unmercifully in every state, waiting for the word to get the license. And they talk about equality of the sexes!

SOMETHING NEW! SCENTOVISION

Talk about television—I have a case of scentovision to report. Here it is: “On Monday evening, August 25, the dial was turned to WENR. The Smith Family soon appeared and of course little “Morry” along with them. Alas for poor Morry! an auto trip that they were taking ended very unhappily for him. While Ed Smith was fixing a flat tire Morry took a stroll, and caught for a pet a black “squirrel” with a white stripe down its back. Poor, ignorant Morry! One learns only by experience! As the story closed and the station was tuned out the scent could actually be smelled in Verona, Wisconsin, and fearing to be laughed at and told it was our imagination nothing was said by anyone. Later we dis-

covered that the twin of Morry’s little black (and white) “squirrel” was in the neighborhood. It had arrived at the same time as did Morry’s—making the story very realistic!”—Dorothy M. Hinrichs, Verona, Wis.

That one from Verona was a mean one—the office boy who slit the envelope, the editor who read it (me, Indi-Gest), the typist who clicked it out with the blue-and-white fingers, the composi-
tor who set it on his little linotype, all had to keep violet-perfumed handker-
chefs to their nasal appendices during their respective duties.
C
certainly enjoy reading the comments
offered by different readers of "The
Radio Digest," which I wouldn't miss
for worlds. A month is so long to wait.

Cannot understand why Lucy Barrett is
so unjustly criticized for her comments
about Amos 'n Andy. Surely she is entitled
to her likes and dislikes, and I myself am not crazy
about them. Everyone—or rather every
radio listener—will have to admit they are
clever, and hard workers. All due respect
to them.

There are certain announcers that I would
rather listen to than any programme—but I
do enjoy Joneyl Johnson's—love Vaughn
DeLeath—and enjoy the Palm Olive pro-
grammes always and numerous others. Tak-
ing it all around, my Radio is a thing of
beauty, but I have no end of patience. The cost of one
is small considering the entertainment one
gets just by electricity (Edison's donation
to the world), and by a twist of the dial.
Long live Radio and the Radio Digest!

—M. C. Roberts, El Paso, Tex.

* * *

** PAGING J. E. FARRELL, RADIO ARTIST **

Would you please give me some infor-
mation concerning the whereabouts of
J. E. Farrell—composer, banjo and guitar
artist of no mean ability.

I used to enjoy his work a lot but have
lost track of him. I am sure he must be
brilliant, but I have no end of patience. Just a note in
your magazine would be sufficient as I have
been getting every copy since first published.

Thanking you, I am sincerely yours—

Dr. W. H. Jeske, Dentist in Charge,
Lincoln State Hospital, Lincoln, Neb.

* * *

** READ THIS, MISS BARRETT! **

Dear Mr. Editor:
The inclosed letter is in answer to one
from Lucy Barrett of Chicago, published
by you in your April issue:

"MY DEAR MISS BARRETT:
In answer to your letter to the
Radio Digest, which was published on page
eighty of the April issue, I would like to
remark that you are getting into pretty
deep water when you attempt to specify
or ridicule the type of people who listen to,
and despise 'n' Andy broadcasting.

Personally, I happen to be an English-
Canadian with a rare English sense of real
humor, which I find indispensable to my
happy existence. And I am sure no one would
consider me an "old fogey!"

So you see I rather resent your insinuating
what type of person I am. I also believe
there are a few other people who consider
themselves reasonably intelligent who listen to
Amos 'n Andy.

Sincerely,

—Winifred M. Barker, 124 Washington
Ave., Glendora, Cal.

* * *

** SHE PLAYS NO FAVORITES **

Until I received the first copy of Radio
Digest I had ever seen, I was always
wondering about my favorites on the air.
Now I need only to get my Digest out and
I have something about a good many of
them. I have all my copies complete. They
make a very "scratching" sort of way.

We haven't really any stations we like
best. Some of course, we like better than
others, but we have no 'best.' WTMJ
WLS, WMAQ, and WBBM all rate the
same.

I have a few favorite artists and an-
nouncers though. Jesse Crawford being
foremost, with Rudy Vallee a close second.

Among announcers, I think Fred Jeske at
WTMJ is one of the best, rating with David
Ross, Frank Knight and Milton J. Cross.

Now—Winifred Barker, 124 Washington
Ave., Glendora, Cal.

* * *
**Listener**

**SEE SEPTEMBER, DOROTHY**

**WE** were introduced to Radio Digest over WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal station, and find it to be just as they represented it. But why is there so little material featuring that station? Your May number gives the chief announcer one line, and other announcers who are but assistants on smaller stations get several. Whose fault is that? Your Wisconsin circulation would show a marked increase if you could get pictures and stories from that splendid station.—Very respectfully—Mrs. Dorothy M. Dawson, Appleton, Wis.

* * *

**WHO IS THIS IRISHMAN?**

**I HAVE** taken Radio Digest since the first monthly number last October and think it is a wonderful magazine. As Radio Digest goes to all parts of the United States, I am wondering if you will publish this letter in V.O.L. In hopes that some one will see it that knows the facts about the following described program.

On the morning of May 21 between 2:30 and 2:45 A.M. Eastern Standard Time, while tuned on 1440 kilocycles, I heard a fine Irish singer just finishing a song. Then he said, "When I first came over from Ireland I stayed around New York for a while. Then I went west and now live on a fine ranch in the Imperial Valley." He went on to say he had been at the Mission and saw "Hello" to Uncle Tom and sing some of the dear old Irish songs. Said he hoped some day to set out at San Pedro and sail back to Ireland. Then he sang, "Where the River Shines" and when the song was nearly ended, WNRC, the station to which I was listening when I first heard the Irish singer, came on again and drowned out the other so I couldn't get any station announcement or any more of the program. If any one sees this that knows what station it came from and who the singer was I will be glad to write to him.—Grace M. Smith, Linden, N. Y.

* * *

**PATIENCE: MORE WILL COME**

**I TAKE** the Radio Digest regularly and we think so much of it we don't see how it could be improved. Only I think you should give us more of WLW's artists—Brook & Ross, Singing Sam Mansfield and Lee—their pictures in the Digest and also stories about them. It is fine for reference when you keep each number on file. Hope this will be of interest to you.

—C. R. Sandy, Winchester, Ind.

* * *

**WHO'S WHO—COMING**

**M Y** first copy of Radio Digest was sent to me by a friend, and I enjoyed it so much that I am a constant reader now. I am busy most of the day playing the keys of my typewriter, and I find it one of the most interesting things yet, to relax in an easy chair in the evening and read about my favorite artists, while I listen to them.

One of the most interesting features of your magazine is, "Who's Who—Broad-casting." At least I enjoyed it more than the other, as it gives one short biographies of the artists and helps one to know them better. I sure did miss it in the July number. Would you please continue to run it in your magazine?

Thanks to the friend who introduced me to the Radio Digest. Much success to the magazine, and I am hoping I shall have the pleasure of reading "Who's Who" in your next issue.—Thelma Chaney, Shawnee, Okla.

* * *

**REBUKING MRS. JOHNSON**

**I READ** in "Voice of the Listener" for August the article by Mrs. Johnson, who thinks Rudy Vallee is terrible and can't stand him. How anyone can help but like Rudy is beyond me. I think he is perfectly wonderful, I have seen his pictures, get his book, and most of his records. As for missing of the "Voice of the Listener," I think it is a most unfortunate mistake. I think Rudy is the very best on the air, bar none. He has a marvelous personality, and most of my friends like him also.

I don't want to slam Coon Sanders' orchestra, but I don't see how anyone can compare the two. They are two entirely different types.

As for confusing Rudy with Will Osborne, any one who hears Rudy regularly knows there is a lot of difference.

I think Radio Digest is very good, as I get it every month and can hardly wait for it to come out.

I hope you publish this in "Voice of the Listener" as I am sure there are many who will agree that Rudy is as near perfect as I think he is. Here's to him—Blanche Boyden, Pasadena, California.

* * *

**ATTENTION OF H. L. MOHLER, GARY, INDIANA**

**NOTICED** you wished Amos 'n' Andy some more. I always hear them at six o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through station CEGW, Toronto.

If this information would be of any value to you, CEGW broadcasts on 4948 K., 100 K.C., and of 5000 W.

More power to Amos 'n' Andy.—H. Hammond, Ont., Can.

* * *

**A BOOST TO THE ROYAL CANADIANS!**

If I can attain the two ends for which this letter has been written, I shall be more than happy. My first desire is to become a member of the V.O.L., and my second is to praise Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians all I can (if that is possible).

In my estimation Guy Lombardo has the best orchestra that has ever been on or off the air. Is there any one who can doubt me? If so, please give me the "lowdown" on any other orchestra who can produce the effects, as this orchestra does, in the arrangement of "When The Organ Plays at Twilight." What orchestra is there that is so original and versatile in all of their arrangements?

Nothing can induce me to ever miss any of their programs. Parties, theatres, all things are turned down if they mean missing these two hours. However, at the end of the half-hour I feel more than amply repaid.

All this may seem like a lot of talk, but I mean every word. This orchestra deserves all the boasting and praise possible, so come on all you Royal Canadian Fans, let us hear from you and be thankful for a real orchestra.—Lorraine Brunner, 4210 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

**WE ENJOY every copy of your Radio Digest. It is just "chuck full" of interest—nothing better! We are fans of Amos 'n' Andy. I am your interested reader—Mrs. R. E. Sanders, Carterville, Mo.

* * *

**THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS**

**I WISH to** voice my appreciation of the August number of Radio Digest. The articles are interesting—especially the one by Phil Cook and John S. Young. I also enjoyed the good pictures in the rotogravure section.

I am glad that a regular part of the magazine was devoted to the articles appearing on the chain programs, as I am more familiar with them. When I bought the June Radio Digest I was rather disappointed in so much space was given to programs and artists of stations which it is impossible for a Chicagoan to tune in. Since reading the August Digest, I have decided to become a regular reader, however. I hope to find interesting articles soon in the "Voice of the Listener" about Jessica Dragone and Guy Lombardo.

Mrs. Johnson of Florida, bets that everyone is tired of Rudy Vallee. I am afraid she is wrong, as five members of our family, including two brothers, enjoy his programs. Mrs. Johnson, in her preference for Vincent Lopez and Coon Sanders orchestra, seems to forget that they invariably play the numbers that Mr. Vallee has made most popular. I have even heard, at times, a singer in the Lopez band whose style is reminiscent of Rudy. However, I think it is unfair of you to say that "Rudy Vallee is needless, judging by his obvious popularity."—M. G., Chicago.

* * *

**"HURRAH FOR VALLEE"**

**I WAS** reading Voice of the Listener, and saw an article about Rudy Vallee, which pleased me very much because I feel exactly the same way as Mrs. Verna Geldman. The glancing over some other articles I read another entitled "All Fed-Up on Vallee." This was too much for me, because I am for Rudy in any way. I always listen to him over the Radio. One of the main reasons why I buy Radio Digest is because I find interesting pictures and articles of Rudy.

I think it is bad enough to think what Mrs. Johnson wrote to be published. Any time I hear Rudy's name I am right there, ready to fight for him if necessary. He is wonderful. Every sensible person would say so too.—Virginia Jackson, Little Rock, Arkansas.

* * *

**SHE CRIES "MORE ABOUT RUDY"**

**H AVE been** taking this magazine for some months now, and I think it is great. I just find one fault with it. I do wish you could possibly put more in about Rudy Vallee. He certainly is wonderful and I have never missed a broadcast. I would like to read more about him and see more of his pictures.

Hoping that you will grant this request I remain, a sincere fan.—Betty Prior, 274 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.
The Tube and Its Work

O

N APRIL 10, 1912 a new giant ocean liner left Southampton, England, on its maiden trip across the Atlantic. As it slowly moved from its pier the passengers, flushed with excitement, lined the deck rails waving to friends and relatives on the dock. No one realized the tragedy that lurked in those last farewells. But a few days later, when the Carpathia whose radio operator had picked up the distress call from the Titanic, with the result that the Carpathia's course was immediately altered and she headed under full pressure, to the help of the passengers on the stricken liner.

T

HE name of the liner was the Titanic and many will recall the horror of its sinking. The saving of over 700 lives was a tribute to radio, for it was the "wireless" that enabled the Titanic to send its message of distress fifty-eight miles across the ocean to the Carpathia.

The disaster marks, in some ways, a turning point in radio's career. The Titanic's radio equipment was useful over distances up to about 400 or 500 miles. Today passenger liners are equipped with transmitters that can span the ocean. It was not long after the Titanic sinking that a government ice patrol was formed to guard the shipping lanes against the dangers of icebergs, and maritime radio was placed under government supervision.

But consider the developments that have taken place in the eighteen years that have elapsed since 1912. In back of all that development is the tube, first invented in 1904 by Dr. James Ambrose Fleming and then greatly improved by the addition of material to prevent accidents to factory workers, to detect fire and automatically sound fire alarms, to automatically turn on electric signs at dusk. Such is the work of the tube, the device which during a court trial some years ago was termed by the District Attorney: "A piece of glass—without merit."

But to-day a million dollar industry has been built on his idea.
During the week of July 28, 1930 television was made part of the regular theatre program at the Coliseum, London, the system used being that developed by the Baird Television Corp. On the program the event was listed as, "Television; the Baird English Invention" and it proved to be the most interesting item in the program. The demonstration was a part of the show for the entire week and its use as a regular feature of the Coliseum's program marks an important event in the history of the science.

At the theatre the television images appeared on a screen measuring five feet high and two feet wide. Various well-known figures in English public life took part in the "act". Their faces were televised at the offices of the Baird Television Corp. located a short distance from the theatre, the signals being transmitted by radio to the Coliseum. The screen consisted of a large number of tiny lamps arranged in rows, the total number of lamps being about 2700. These lamps glowed dim and bright in accordance with the television signals and in this way an image of the person being televised was "painted" on the screen. The radio transmitter used to send the signals from the Baird offices to the theatre operated on a wavelength of 362 meters and its power was 2 kilowatts.

Since this demonstration was undertaken as part of a regular theatre program, the factor of prime interest is the public's reaction to the show. In this connection we purchased a number of English newspapers containing reviews of the demonstration, and the comments of the various reviewers are interesting and important, as they reflect the attitude of the theatre-goer to television. Some excerpts from these reviews are given in the following paragraphs. The reader will appreciate that space is not available to print these reviews in full. We have endeavored, therefore, to pick out some of the more important statements and these will be found sufficient to give a good idea of how the demonstration impressed these reviewers.

The August 3rd edition of the Sunday Times (London) stated, "By far the most interesting thing in last week's programme at the Coliseum was the seventh item, "Television; the Baird English Invention" ... The experiment so successfully undertaken at the Coliseum is not essentially miraculous; it is exactly what one has long expected. It ought not be necessary to state that the experiment is as yet in a stage which can only be called wildly experimental. The pictures thrown on the Coliseum screen were blotched, smudged, and unflattering to their originals ... But this was only to be expected, and they are very foolish people who will pretend that television cannot be perfected ..."

In the Daily Express of July 29th we read, "Television advanced a long way yesterday, when J. L. Baird's invention formed part of the ordinary Coliseum program ... Television obviously has a long way to go, but it proved last night that its young Scottish inventor has got something which will soon arrest the attention of the world".

From the Daily Herald of July 29th, "Of course the invention is still very imperfect, but it is good enough to show (Continued on page 115)
Radio “Police” Station

IF WE were to closely study a map of the United States we would find that Grand Island, Nebr., is located at the geographical center of the country. This spot has therefore been chosen for the location of the Federal Radio Commission’s “police” station to daily check and report on the radio transmissions from all American stations, ashore and afloat.

Radio stations of every kind are licensed by the Federal Radio Commission to operate on a certain frequency or wavelength. If they stray from their assigned frequency they are almost certain to cause interference with some other station and it will be the task of this centrally located monitoring station to immediately report to the Federal Radio Commission at Washington any station that is not operating on its assigned frequency. In the broadcasting band considerable difficulty has been experienced from improper station operation. The fact that the monitoring station will continually be checking the transmissions from all broadcasting stations will, it is hoped, cause station operators to exercise the greatest care in making certain that their station is always operating on its assigned frequency.

Many of the large modern broadcasting stations are held on their correct frequency by means of a small thin piece of quartz crystal. Twenty years ago scientists had to delve through ancient, dusty, unused text books to find what little was known about piezo-electricity, which simply means electricity produced by pressure. These old text books said that if certain crystals (quartz for example) are squeezed that a small amount of electricity was developed on their surface; the amount of electricity so produced was so small that engineers must have laughed at the idea of putting it to any practical use. Yet to-day these very crystals are used to control the thousands of watts of power developed by a broadcasting station. Not all stations use crystal control however and it is these transmitters, especially, that tend to wander over into some other station’s channel. As a result, interference is produced and listeners within the range of the station hear a continuous melancholy whistle, varying slightly in pitch from minute to minute, and well calculated to drive sensitive persons crazy. It is this type of interference that accurate frequency control will eliminate, providing for clear reception.

The station at Grand Island will check all types of transmitting stations, including all government stations on land and sea, television, phonoradio, amateur, aircraft, experimental, and broadcasting stations.

The “Stenode Radiostat”

IN ENGLAND remarkable claims have been made for a new radio receiving system, designed by Dr. J. G. T. Robinson, and known as the Stenode Radiostat. With this system it is claimed that radio broadcasting stations need be separated by only one kilocycle—one-hundred the present separation—and yet each station may be tuned-in without interference from another station operating on an adjacent channel, and without loss in quality of reproduction. If this is true it means that ten times as many stations can be placed on the air without causing interference, than is possible using present methods.

It is too early to give any definite opinions regarding the claims for the system. If it does work it certainly means that our present theories regarding radio transmission and reception must be revised—but theory has gone wrong, and it might be wrong again. Current theory states that when a broadcasting station is transmitting a program, music for example, “side-bands” are produced whose transmission and reception are essential if high quality reproduction is to be obtained; and it follows that if the side-bands are gradually eliminated we would first lose the high notes, then the middle register, then the bass notes and finally we would hear nothing at all—though the musicians kept sawing and thumping at their instruments and the tubes at the transmitter kept pushing “juice” into the antenna! In other words the side-bands are the conveyors of the music and even their partial elimination will lower the quality of the reproduction. These side-bands have the effect of “spreading” the wave transmitted by a station and it is for this reason that all broadcasting stations are separated by ten kilocycles to permit this spreading effect to take place without causing interference.

The claim for the Stenode Radiostat system that it can separate stations only one kilocycle apart implies that this “spreading-out” effect does not take place, that side-bands therefore do not exist—or at least that they are not necessary for satisfactory reproduction.

Such a claim is altogether in disagreement with present theories, in disagreement with engineers in all countries who have the task of allocating radio stations, in disagreement with radio set designing engineers who work day and night to produce receivers that will pass all the side bands, in disagreement with all engineers who have worked on the problem of television and realize that the task of satisfactorily receiving all the side bands is one of the major problems hindering the realization of television.

Although the claims of very great selectivity without loss of quality have been made for the Stenode Radiostat system it is unfortunate that these claims have not been substantiated (so far as we know) by any definite laboratory tests. Such tests are not difficult to make and would prove conclusively whether the claims made for the system are true. Until such tests are made and definite quantitative figures are published it is not possible (or fair to its designer) to discuss in detail the merits of the system.
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Syracuse, C.
Boston, Eau C., Woodside, Detroit, Dayton, Detroit, Milwaukee, Cumberland, C.
Toccoa, CNRE, Saskatoon.
Cleveland, CNRW, C.
Worcester, WWAE

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 484.6m, 600w, 500w. CPBG, 34. John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.6kc, 50w.
CPA - CKOW-CNRT, Toronto, Ontario, 340.9m, 500w, 250w.
CPGF, Montreal, P. Q., 191.3m, 1030kc, 15w.
CPGC, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 250m, 930kc, 25w.
CPGC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 484.6m, 600w, 500w.
CPQ, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CPCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 50w.
CPD, Charlottetown, P. E., L., 312.5m, 960kc, 50w.
CPDC, Fredericton, N. B., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CPGC - CNRS, Saskatoon, 329.5m, 910kc, 500w.
CPFR-CJBC, King York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CPUE, Bryton, Ont., 267.9m, 712kc, 500w.

WJW ... 920 kc.
WLM ... 950 kc.
WABU ... 1170 kc.
WABU ... 1170 kc.
WNYC ... 1050 kc.
WRL ... Woodlade, N. Y.
WWA ... Wheeling, W. Va.
WXE ... Detroit, Mich.

Chicago, Ill., 517.2m, 800kc, 50w.
CHQ, Eau Claire, Wis., 517.2m, 800kc, 50w.
CHM, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 500w, 100w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 500kc, 100w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880 kc, 100w.
CHW-CNPR, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 50w.
CHW, Chilliwack, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 724kc, 50w.
CHYA, CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 800 kc, 50w.
CHCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 500kc, 50w.
CHJ-JCHA, Calgary, Alta., 414.6m, 600kc, 50w.
CHG-CNRL, London, Ont., 278.1m, 910kc, 500w.
CHJX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CHJS, Saskatoon, Sask., 379.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CHJC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CHJR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CHRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500w, 599.6kc, 50w.
CHW, Flaming, Sask., 500w, 599.6kc, 50w.
CHCR, Winnipeg, Man., 256m, 1711kc, 50w.
CKAG-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 340.9m, 880 kc, 50w.
CKCD-CILS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729 kc, 500w.
CKVY, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.

Comparatively few women's voices are really adaptable to broadcasting no matter what culture and training is back of them. In the above picture may be seen four women who have been able to blend their voices in harmony for Radio listeners so that they have become known from coast to coast. They are the Aerial Four of KJH, Los Angeles. Many letters have been received from listeners along the Atlantic seaboard stating that they had been heard from the City of the Angels.
**Chain Calendar Features**

*See index of wave lengths and kilocycles on page 104*

**Sunday**

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific Time Schedule

- **THE BALLADERS**
  - 9:00 a.m. - 9:00
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

- **MORNING MAIL**
  - 9:30 a.m. - 9:30
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

- **THE COLUMBUS EDUCATIONAL FEATURES**
  - 10:30 a.m. - 10:30
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

- **JUBILEE HOMESTYLE**
  - 11:00 a.m. - 11:00
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

- **THE MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND**
  - 11:30 a.m. - 12:00
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

- **THE FRIENDLY HOUR**
  - 6:00 p.m. - 6:00
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

- **KALTENDORF EDITS THE NEWS**
  - 7:30 p.m. - 7:30
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

- **JESSE CRAWFORD**
  - 8:45 p.m. - 8:45
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

**Eastern Central Mountain Pacific**

- **MAJESTIC THEATRE OF THE AIR**
  - 7:00 p.m. - 8:00
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

**Monday**

- **THE QUAKER CRACKELS**
  - 6:00 a.m. - 6:30
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

- **THE HEADLINERS**
  - 6:15 a.m. - 6:15
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
  - WFCO-WBIZ

- **MORNING DEVOTIONS**
  - 6:15 a.m. - 6:15
  - WBZ-WBIZ
  - WHA-WBIZ
  - WMOR-WBIM
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Stanley Matted in the Children's Corner CBS Monday 10:30 a.m. EST
### NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

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or dance tune that he chose to conduct. That Herbert was a genius goes without saying. He never stole a melody, consciously or unconsciously, and he never repeated himself. At the same time his compositions have a definite character, a certain something that makes them instantly recognizable.

He worked hard. His day started early. During his last years at Lake Placid I was with him. Long before anyone else in the house was awake he was up and was strolling around the grounds. After a long walk, he would return to the house and have breakfast. Then he would go to work.

He worked alone. Members of the family and close friends were forbidden to enter the room in which he was composing. There was a piano in that room and occasionally one could hear the strains of a melody being born. Most of his music, however, came from his head and went on paper before it was played. He didn't get his melodies by fingering piano keys; they first came from his mind.

He worked from breakfast until lunch and, next to walking, that was his favorite recreation.

He never played golf and he hated cards. He considered the latter a waste of time.

After his swim came dinner. Then a few hours more of work and he was ready for conversation. The day always ended with conversation—preferably accompanied by liquid refreshments. He disapproved of prohibition and predicted that dire things would result from it. How right he was still is a matter of general argument.

I have seen few men with a memory for music that equaled Herbert's. When he conducted his orchestra at Willow Grove in Philadelphia he never used a score unless he was conducting a selection for the first time. He knew perfectly all the intricacies of the most complicated scores. Once he heard a composition he never forgot it and, if asked to play any part of anything he had ever written, he could do it instantly.

He was fond of children and dogs. He did not like cats.

"Cats are treacherous," he used to say to me. One of his favorite anecdotes concerned a serenade that drove away the family cat. He enjoyed telling it.

February 1 was the day of his birth. A number of years ago the Twenty-second Regiment band decided to serenade him on his birthday at his home on Park Avenue. The band gathered in the street in front of his home. It was so cold that the valves on the brass instruments froze and the serenade was impossible from the street. The band crowded into the lobby of the house in which he was living, and struck up a Herbert march.
vent right through a pane of glass and was never seen again. As he had never liked the cat and had only permitted it to stay around because Mrs. Herbert liked it, he considered the serenade a complete success.

Herbert was the most genial and generous man I have ever known. On the other hand, at times, he displayed considerable temper. If things did not go right, he was difficult to pacify. Yet every man in the orchestra adored him, and they would sit patiently until his composure returned. A few minutes later he would be apologizing for his outburst.

He was always "the old man" to his musicians. Even to men twenty and thirty years older, he was "the old man." Yet, when they addressed him face to face, he was always "Mr. Herbert."

He enjoyed his audiences and always played up to them. He was a great showman and had an Irish accent that he used before an audience.

HE CONSIDERED that his greatest light opera was "Eileen," an operetta set in his native Ireland and composed in a distinctly Irish vein, but with all original themes. He was most proud of his grand opera "Natoma."

"The Irish Rhapsody" was a favorite composition, but he did not claim credit for it, as the composition was based on Irish folklore. While it was Herbert who collected and arranged the themes to the point where he was the actual composer of the selection, he always pointed out that he was merely the arranger.

Herbert was meticulous in his dress and was a strict observer of all conventions. He had but one peculiarity: he always wore a green knitted tie excepting when in full dress. When conducting a concert he worked so hard that he invariably found it necessary to slip out during intermission and make a complete change of dress clothes.

He was a great admirer of the Viennese tradition in music. During his youth he played first 'cello in an orchestra directed by Johann Strauss.

He was an incurable optimist. No matter what he was composing, he was sure it would be a success. His "Red Mill", one of his most famous operettas, opened in Rochester. It was branded a failure. However, Herbert insisted that it was a good production. The following week it opened in Buffalo, where it was heralded as a great success. It eventually became one of the biggest hits that Herbert ever had.

His best known selection, perhaps, is "Kiss Me Again" from "Mademoiselle Modiste." The number was added after the show had opened. For some time Fritz Scheff, star of the production, refused to sing it. It wasn't suited to her voice, she said. Herbert finally prevailed upon her to try it. Since that time "Kiss Me Again" and Fritz Scheff have been synonymous.

Victor Herbert died all too soon. He could have given much to Radio broadcasting. He would have liked broadcasting for he liked anything that gave him a vast audience. He would have fitted well into broadcasting, for he had the ability necessary to meet the insatiable demand of the Radio public for more and better music.

I believe that the greatest tribute paid Victor Herbert is the enthusiastic response of Radio listeners to all his compositions and their oft-repeated requests for "more Victor Herbert."

"Old Timer" Signs Off

(Continued from page 85)

thon, Pa., and shortly after his birth, his family moved to a still smaller town, the town of Middlesex in the "Abner" series. It was in Sharon that he came into contact, as a boy, with a garrulous old Irishman, who seemed the embodiment of wit, humor and aged wisdom.

LISTENERS who have missed the Old Timer since Pat's departure from WGN will be interested in learning that he contemplates resuming the dialogues in a new recorded program.

Pat first sprang into prominence back in 1926 when he rolled up sufficient votes to take second place and win the silver cup in the Radio Digest's contest to find the most popular announcer. In 1927 he came back to win first place and the gold cup. He has been on the air nearly 20,000 hours. He came to Radio after a successful career as a playwright and actor in his own show, "A Buck on Leave," which he first produced before the A. E. F. in France, and then sent on a highly successful tour of this country.

Pat had this to say about his departure from WGN: "I had some reason to believe that my efforts at WHT were appreciated by the Radio audience, but I never knew how widespread popularity could be until I joined Station WGN. Its tremendous audience took me to its heart at once.

"I left with the deepest of regrets. If you've stood on the sidelines like I have and wondered about WGN's never-failing popularity, you will understand it only by becoming a part of its organization and coming into contact with the men who direct its programs. Where most Radio stations depend on the inspirations of one man or a small group, WGN can boast of a staff that is the equal of any in the country."
might bring. He had made the broadcasters a promise that he would speak before the microphone. It was the breaking of his faith with them that made him regret the occurrence, unintentional as it was.

His consideration for a visible audience was evidenced at the formal opening of the Ohio river’s newly-dredged deep-water channel. A heavy rain was falling when the President’s party, on board the Steamer Greenbrier, arrived at Louisville. In fact the rain had accompanied the steamer on her entire trip up the river. Mr. Hoover was scheduled to speak from the deck of the Greenbrier as soon as she docked. His address was to be broadcast and the Radio engineers were waiting to bring the microphones and their communication wires aboard.

On the docks and river bank many crowds were standing in the cold penetrating rain. Umbrellas afforded but little protection against the elements. Dry feet were at a premium. Even the weather was adding its bit toward making the channel which was about to be dedicated an inch or two deeper than specified by the navy engineers.

Rather than expose these people to further discomfort, with the possibilities of an aftermath of illness, the President requested that the exercises be transferred to an interior location. Arrangements were made immediately for the ceremony to take place that evening in the American Legion auditorium in Louisville. The crowd was dismissed. The time for the broadcast was shifted accordingly.

The weather was still extremely moist when the time came to start the sheltered ceremony that evening. For this reason the huge hall was filled to about one third of its capacity. It was a dismal failure as a public appearance for the President but a tremendous success as a Radio broadcast. Those who ordinarily would have been present remained with their feet in front of the well known fireside and their ears in front of the equally well known loud-speakers.

Because of this unsatisfactory ending to a scheduled ceremony Mr. Hoover decided to make all future speeches, whenever possible, from the White House by Radio. Had this procedure been followed at the dedication of the Ohio river deep-water channel the rain-water interference would not have made necessary a last minute change in the arrangements. That part of the program which included the President’s address would have been a Radio broadcast only. Not a personal appearance. It was his presence on board the steamer which brought out thousands of eager spectators to stand in the downpour. To Mr. Hoover this seemed an unnecessary exposure now that Radio has become an institution in the American home. When that same Radio made it possible to adjust the volume so that the President’s first words will not be lost to the listeners while the operators are seeking to find the proper level for his voice.

During the last presidential campaign the Republican party made eight national broadcasts. Mr. Hoover took part in two of these.

The President is certain that Radio, more than any other one medium, was responsible for the exceptionally large vote cast on election day. The Radio made it possible to place before an interested public a clear understanding of the issues at stake. It awakened a desire in the listener to take a personal part in deciding these issues. And as the years go on Mr. Hoover is of the opinion that Radio, more and more, will become a recognized factor in deciding international as well as national political issues.

The broadcasting of the the daily doings at the Disarmament conference in London unquestionably served its purpose in clarifying that particular international problem in the public mind. That it was instrumental in forcing the ratification and signing of the pact in this country assuredly is true. Expressions of people from all parts of the country gave Congress its cue to act. The will of the majority governed America’s final decision. And Radio played a vital part in creating this will of the majority.

It seems strange that after having been commercialized for eight years, an industry could become as important as Radio without giving us something more than a general idea as to just how far reaching it really was. Although everyone respected its powerful influence no attempt to obtain any real statistical data about the ears of Radio until this spring. All broadcasting stations were known but the number of receiving sets and their geographical distribution was a matter of conjecture. The federal Radio commission wanted first hand information. So did the heads of other governmental departments. To this end the director of census added the inquiries concerning receiving sets and potential listeners to the 1930 questionnaire.

How many receiving sets are there in the White House? Seven or eight, I am told.

Is the President a frequent listener to air programs? Yes, indeed.

His favorite programs are speeches of a political or an educational nature. He enjoys the news flashes, too. He is an appreciative listener to programs of good music. All in all, he seems typically American in his choice of programs.

Mr. Hoover is strongly interested in the
development of future programs along educational lines. At no time in the history of the world has the public been privileged to enjoy the advantages of an institution equal to Radio as a distributor of knowledge. This public includes the layman of any age. That the Radio of the future will become the "college of the air" as well as a carrier of diverse entertainment features is the fervent hope of our Chief Executive.

The President never has been a believer in censorship. His policy toward those who have sought to bring about legislative censorship of Radio programs has been "thumbs down." He feels and always has felt that the broadcaster has too much at stake to jeopardize his own reputation and that of his station by permitting objectionable programs to reach the air. There always will be self appointed reformers, usually with a personal grievance, ready to claim that they have heard and material offensive to their sensitive ears. However, the Radio Commission reports that few such complaints are received today.

THE future of Radio as a carrier of commercial and personal messages internationally is of tremendous interest to our President. In February of this year Mr. Hoover exchanged greetings with President Ibanez of Chile to formally open the radio-telegram system now in operation between the United States and that far away republic. Two months later he extended the greetings of our country to the Presidents of both Chile and Uruguay at the inauguration of radiophone service to South America.

Oh, yes. There is another reason for the President's interest in Radio. A purely personal one. You see, a young gentleman by the name of Herbert Hoover, Jr., holds the position of director of Radio operations with the Western Airway Express. It is only natural that a son's vocation engage the attention of his father.

Beyond the question of a doubt President Hoover is radio-minded.

(For the cooperation received when gathering material for this article, Mr. Hobart wishes to express his appreciation to K. H. Berkley, manager WRC; George Hicks, NBC announcer; Jack Norton, CBS engineer; also those to whom credit has been extended in the text.)

Gene Rouse, chief announcer of KYW, Chicago, claims a record as the result of his five years and five months of service for the Herald and Examiner in broadcasting 5,000,000 words of news. This, according to some statistical demon, is the equivalent of one hundred average length novels. Twenty-one days of steady reading, twenty-four hours a day, would be consumed by an average person in reading these volumes. Some record!

Jerry Buckley, Radio's First Martyr

(Continued from page 25)

him joy, he was shot down in the lobby of the hotel where he had been making his home during the campaign. He had lived there because of the many threats against his life; he wanted to go on living until his work was done.

WHEN news of his death found its way throughout the city the people refused to believe Jerry had been killed. As one man expressed himself: "It just couldn't be possible." But when the newspapers came out with the story there was no doubting.

A few days later came the funeral; a quiet morning, a darkened home. Suddenly came cars by the thousands, mostly cheap and battered little cars—the motive power of the Common Herd. Trucks, delivery wagons, a coal cart, patient children, overalled men who were tired from long walks clear across the city—men who had not worked in a long time and to whom carfare meant a fortune—all had come to bow at the bier of their friend.

There were far more dresses of calico than silk; more faces lined with care than bright with success; more hands blackened by toil than fresh with leisure.

Thirty thousand men, women and children came, passed through the darkened house, and out again into the drear realities of life.

"His voice seemed to rest me so when I'd come home from work," a woman sobbed. A man behind her crossed himself.

"I'd have gone crazy this spring—with no work or nothing—if I hadn't listened to him," a man said brokenly. "He made me think there was somebody who cared for me."

And so they came—and went—back into life. And those who carried Jerry to his grave were judges and men who had worked with their hands, believers and non-believers. The services were military and in charge of the Spanish-American War Veterans.

And another—from a member of the Common Herd:

"These days, I hardly know how to act when 6 o'clock comes. I feel as if I had lost a loving friend. Jerry Buckley was the only man in Detroit who was so strong for the common people. Will these people forget him. They will not. There will always be a memory of him, our friend. May God rest his soul in heaven."

The Isle O' Blues—an Oasis in a Desert

While cruising over the wave lengths, we find the Isle O' Blues in a bay of the raging seas of dance music, standing out, verdant and fertile, as a sort of haven for those who are weary of the cut and dried jazz the Radio carries so much and so often. If we stop off at this little island we are greeted warmly by thirteen unsuperstitious men of whom Lloyd Huntley is king and leader.

In other words, Lloyd Huntley's Isle O' Blues Orchestra, numbering thirteen talented musicians, is a panacea for those who like dance music and yet weary of the commonplace. Lloyd Huntley, himself, the young maestro of this gathering, went to Colgate five years and received two degrees there before he came to the conclusion that music was to make him fame and fortune in the world. His orchestra is the outgrowth of a band he organized when he was struggling as an undergraduate to meet his college expenses. And his present popularity can also be termed as an outgrowth of these same first years which brought him so many successful intercollegiate engagements that at one time he made the purchase of two specially built Cadillacs to carry his orchestra hither and yon to the parties at which their auspices were demanded.

The Isle o' Blues, at one time playing in the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany, N. Y., broadcast over WGY, keyed to the National Broadcasting Chain. That is one of the things that caused all of the trouble last New Year's Eve. Lloyd Huntley was delighting the dancers at the College Inn, whose programs were broadcast over WBBM early this year. Another ch'rin wanted him for its programs. The result is already known. National Broadcasting placed Huntley on their Dancing Across the Continent program.
The Langthwaite Pearls

(Continued from page 29)

had this money and your personal jewelry in the jewel-case?" I inquired. "Was it before or after you missed it?"

"Oh, as we were walking across to the hotel," she replied, "I said to him that I hoped Antoinette and the jewel-case would be all right and mentioned what was in it."

"Didn't Captain Molesworth think it a dangerous thing to risk valuable property in that way?" I asked.

"No; he said Antoinette was not likely to let anybody rob her."

"By the way," I said, "did Antoinette see you with Captain Molesworth?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "She met us in the booking-hall at King's Cross."

"This is a rather delicate question, Lady Langthwaite," I said, "but it is easily answered. Was this maid of yours in your confidence?"

"No!" she replied promptly. "She knew nothing."

"And suspected nothing?" I suggested.

"I do not see why she should," replied Lady Langthwaite.

"During the time you were in the hotel at King's Cross did Captain Molesworth ever leave you, Lady Langthwaite?"

"I left him for a little while to send a telegram," she replied.

"How long?" I asked.

"A quarter of an hour," she said, staring at me. Then suddenly bursting out, she exclaimed, almost angrily: "Why do you ask these questions about Captain Molesworth? What has he got to do with it?"

"Those are questions which you must not ask me, Lady Langthwaite," I answered. "Let us forget that you asked them. One more, and I have done. You, of course, lunched with Captain Molesworth in a private room at the hotel. Now, after you entered that room, did you leave him alone in it?"

She stared at me more wonderingly than ever.

"Yes, for a few minutes," she answered.

"That was before he went out?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, half peevishly. I rose from my desk.

"Very good, Lady Langthwaite," I said.

"That is all we can do at present. Your object is to recover the jewel-case and to avoid all knowledge of its loss coming to the ears of Lord Langthwaite."

"Yes,—oh, yes!" she exclaimed.

"And yet," I said, "if your original plans had been carried out, Lady Langthwaite, the Earl would have heard of his loss in,—less pleasant fashion."

She hung her head at that and said nothing.

"I am to understand, I suppose, that the original plans will now be altered, or postponed?" I asked, regarding her keenly.

"Oh!" she burst out. "I don't know what to say! I am so stunned, so miserable! Everything has gone wrong. Even if I were to go and tell Lord Langthwaite, I am frightened to death of doing so—he has so often been angry with me for allowing Antoinette to take charge of the jewel-case, and only last week I promised that I would never allow it out of my sight."

"Aha!" I said. "I see—I see! Well, now, Lady Langthwaite, be guided by me. Where are your trunks? In the left luggage office at King's Cross? Very good,—now go there, collect them, and drive to some hotel and remain there until you hear from me this evening—and in the meantime see no one, not even Captain Molesworth. What hotel will you go to?"

"I will go to Claridge's," she answered. "But,—why may I not see Captain Molesworth? He will be anxious to know the result of my interview with you."

"I will inform him of that myself," I said. "Leave all to me, Lady Langthwaite,—go to Claridge's and remain in absolute quiet until I call this evening. I hope and I believe,—I shall be able to relieve your anxiety in some way. But you must obey my wishes."

She hesitated a little, but finally promised to do what I wished. I took her downstairs, and put her into a cab for King's Cross. And that done, I went back to await the wire from Saxontowe, and to reckon up the precise value of the information I had received from my foolish client.

Captain Molesworth! Well that gentleman was known to me. I know nothing of an absolutely criminal nature against him, but I did know that he was on his last legs from a financial point of view, and that the country was getting a bit too hot for him. A friend of mine, engaged in similar pursuits to my own, had told me only a few days before this adventure that Captain Molesworth was very much in Queer Street; and could it be possible that at such a juncture he was going to saddle himself with all the trouble which would necessarily arise from running away with a young peeress, the wife of a famous nobleman? My own opinion was, therefore, that ready money the Countess of Langthwaite could get together.

Naturally, I had formed a conclusion while Lady Langthwaite was with me. That conclusion may seem a very obvious one, but obvious conclusions are usually safe ones. I believed that Molesworth had gone off with Antoinette and the jewel-case. It seemed to me that it came to this: he had known that his cousin would carry a considerable sum in cash and in jewels with her; he had found out that all this wealth was in the jewel-case left with the maid. Leaving Lady Langthwaite in the hotel he had gone back to the station and arranged matters with Mademoiselle Antoinette, who had forthwith taken her departure. Packing his cousin off to me, where he knew she would be engaged for some little time, he had repaired to the Frenchwoman and they were now no doubt in the first stages of a flight.

Such was my theory, and I think most people would have formed it on the facts. Obviously, with such a theory, I must seek Captain Molesworth.

But first I wanted the telegram from Saxontowe.

It came soon after four o'clock. The five thousand pounds had been paid to Lady Langthwaite in fifty notes of one hundred pounds each, the numbers of which were given in the telegram.

I had my own idea as to the precise value of this telegram. I put it into my pocket-book and went off to the Bank of England.

That solemn establishment was already closed, of course, but I had means of entrance to its high places. And within a very short time I discovered that Lady Langthwaite's notes had been exchanged for gold at the West-end branch of the Bank of England at ten minutes past three,—just about five minutes after the time at which the Countess began to unfold her woes to me in Jermyn Street.

I suddenly saw what I conceived to be the true light on this matter. Molesworth, when he left Lady Langthwaite at the hotel on the pretext of sending a telegram, must have gone straight to Antoinette, procured the jewel-case on some pretext, abstracted the notes, and returned the jewel-case to the maid. This upset my first theory, but it was obviously more correct, this second one. But if it was,—where was Antoinette?

To convince myself that it really was Molesworth who had dealt with the notes I sent to the West-end branch where they had been exchanged for gold, taking with me from Threadneedle Street certain credentials which immediately procured me the presence of the agent. His staff was still on hand, and I had no difficulty in getting the information I wanted. The notes had been brought to the bank by a commissionaire, who, assisted by the driver of a taxi-cab, had carried away the gold in a strong leather bag. The clerk who had dealt with the matter gave me a description of the commissionaire, and in less than half-an-
hour I ran him to earth outside a famous restaurant in the St. James's district. And then I found that it was certainly Captain Molesworth who had dealt with the five thousand pounds' worth of notes. He was well-known to the commissaire, whose return from the bank he had awaited at the St. James's Street end of Jermyn Street. A cool customer, I thought, to carry on his operations under the unconscious nose and eyes of his beautiful and much-dupered cousin!

A MAN cannot conveniently carry five thousand pounds of gold about him, much as most of us would cheerfully do so for the mere possession of it. What had Molesworth done with this gold? Why had he been in such haste to change the notes? I learnt from the commissaire (who was communicative enough when I disclosed my identity) that he had gone off in the very taxi-cab that had brought the gold from the bank. And the commissaire added that he knew the driver of that cab very well by sight; and that he was bound to come back to a stand in St. James's Street, sooner or later.

As luck would have it, the driver came back while the commissaire and I were talking. Questioned, he made no objection to giving me the information I wanted. He had driven Molesworth to a certain well-known bureau de change, had helped him to carry the gold inside, had been paid off, and had left him. How long since was that? Oh, well, about two fares since. It would be about half-past three, he said, when he set Molesworth down. I glanced at my watch: it was now well past five o'clock.

I told this man to drive me to the bureau de change. There I met distinct opposition, a direct rebut. They showed me, not quite metaphorically either, the door. I was in a vexatious plight.

I WALKED out into a by-street, wondering what to do. I felt confident as to what Molesworth had done. He had changed that gold into Continental paper money—most likely French banknotes. He would be off to the Continent. But when, where, and how? He was scarcely likely to go openly from Charing Cross or Victoria, or any of the London stations, for he would know that sooner or later suspicion must fall upon him. For it seemed to me that the position was now clear—the theft was Molesworth, and the loss of the five thousand pounds was a mere fleæ-bite compared with the loss of the famous Langthwaite pearls.

But where was that Frenchwoman—Antoinette? Was she in it, or was she out of it? Well. Molesworth was certainly in it, and I must go for him. I jumped into the car, and bade the driver take me to Claridge's Hotel.

I purposely assumed a very solemn and serious expression of countenance as I was shown into Lady Langthwaite's sitting-room.

As the door was closed behind me she came forward with eager eyes.

"You have heard something?" she exclaimed. "You have discovered something!"

"Yes, Lady Langthwaite," I replied at last. "Yes—I have heard something and discovered something. Please sit down and hear what I have to say. My news is very serious."

"You have heard of Antoinette?" she said, sinking into an easy chair and regarding me with a tense expression.

"No," I said. "I have heard nothing of Antoinette, Lady Langthwaite. But I have discovered who abstracted the banknotes from your jewel-case this afternoon—have discovered it with ridiculous ease."

"Yes! Yes!" she exclaimed. "Who was it?"

I watched her keenly for a few seconds and then decided to tell her the truth straight out.

"Captain Molesworth," I answered abruptly, keeping my eyes on her.

If I had any doubts as to the Countess of Langthwaite's possession of spirit I had none now. She turned pale, flushed crimson, turned pale again, and leaning to her feet clenched her fists and looked at me as if she would have given her the greatest pleasure to drive a dagger through my heart.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed. "How dare you? This is unbearable, this—"

"Lady Langthwaite," I said quietly, "the bank-notes which you obtained at the bank, that afternoon at the Northumberland Bank yesterday, and brought in your jewel-case to King's Cross this morning, were exchanged for gold by Captain Molesworth at the West-end branch of the Bank of England soon after three o'clock this afternoon. That, unpleasant as it may sound or be, is the truth."

She went paler and paler as I spoke, and once I thought she would have fallen in a faint; instead, she sat down, clasped her hands tightly together between her knees and rocked herself to and fro.

"He may not have meant—" she began hopefully.

"Don't try to excuse him, Lady Langthwaite," I said. "The whole affair was well planned. Now answer me one or two questions. This—this elopement was doubtless arranged while your cousin was staying at Langthwaite?"

She nodded sullenly.

"Did he ask you what money you could bring away with you?" I went on. "Yes, because he had so little," she answered. "We meant to realize on my jewels."

"And on the pearls?" I suggested.

"No! No!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, no! I was mad to bring them—I meant to send them back."

"I'm afraid that is too late," I said rising. "Now, Lady Langthwaite, let me give you the soundest advice you could possibly hear from anyone. Go and tell your husband everything. Then we can put the police on this man's track."

She stood tapping her foot on the hearth-rug, and staring at me out of her great frightened eyes. And I saw the exact moment wherein to play my great card had come.

"My own impression," I said, half-carelessly, "is that Mademoiselle Antoinette is with your cousin. Tell Lord Langthwaite the whole truth, and let us set the police to work. They cannot have got far in so short a time."

I saw a dull flush creep into her eyes and her hands clenched themselves.

"Please go away," she said, in a half-choked voice. "Come back in—in two hours. I will decide on what to do by then. I must have time to think."

She closed the door on me herself, and I heard her footsteps.

It seemed to me that that decision could only take one form. With those pearls missing the Earl must be informed of what had happened—and his wife must be the one to tell him.

I returned to my office as soon as I had dined. Killingsley was the most obliging of clerks; he never went away as long as there was a chance of my wanting him. Now, as I entered, he handed me a sealed letter which was addressed in an unfamiliar writing.

"This was brought by special messenger an hour ago, sir," he said.

I carried the letter into my private room and cut it open. I drew from it a sheet of note-paper destitute of any address—the communication upon it was hastily written in pencil. I glanced first at the end and saw that the letter was merely initialed. The initials were "G. M."

"Captain Guy Molesworth," I said to myself, spreading the sheet out. "Now for some more light—or darkness."

DEAR Sir," ran this precious epistle, "I sent my cousin to you this afternoon in relation to the loss of her jewel-case at King's Cross Station somewhat earlier. As I don't wish her to remain in suspense longer than is necessary I write to you as to what I know of this affair. You will kindly communicate to Lady Langthwaite what I have to say.

"I may as well be brutally frank, and confess that when my cousin told me of the existence of the five thousand pounds in notes in her jewel-case. I made a very hasty alteration of my plans. It had been my original plan to obtain the five thousand pounds from her this evening; her remark that the sum was in the jewel-case left in the maid's custody, showed me a better way, and also a way which would not involve Lady Langthwaite any further with me.

"On entering the private room at the hotel to lunch, my cousin left me for a few moments. She also left, lying under her hand-bag, a bunch of keys, one of which I knew was that of the jewel-case. I took the keys, made an excuse
to her when she returned, and went back to the station. The maid, who knew me very well, made no objection when I said that her mistress wanted the jewel-case. She handed it over at once, and I carried it to the hotel, possessed myself of the notes, and took the case back to Antoinette. I saw Antoinette then pass into the refreshment-room carrying the jewel-case with her.

"When Lady Langthwaite and I went to the station after lunch, we found that Antoinette had disappeared. I immediately saw that it would be very awkward for me to join in any search for her. My own object was attained, and after sending my cousin to you, I set about my own business.

"That business is now finished, and I am off. I may as well tell you that it would be as impossible to track her, or to find me, as to resuscitate Queen Anne. My plans are perfected. I shall never be seen again; I am starting a new life. But I want you to let my cousin know that wherever they may have got to I did not appropriate her jewels. All I wanted was the five thousand pounds. With that I shall make myself a man again.

"That's all—except that I hope Antoinette and the jewel-case will come to hand. I understand that it only contained my cousin's personal adornments—what a catastrophe if the celebrated Langthwaite pearls had been in it!"

"G. M."

I folded this communication into its cover, and having looked at my watch, departed for Claridge's. The two hours stipulated for by Lady Langthwaite had gone by, and I was prepared to give her my final advice.

The letter from Molesworth I regarded as a bluff—the most impudent bluff I had ever known of. Did he really think that I was to be taken in by it?

I was admitted at once to Lady Langthwaite. It seemed to me that she had been through a scene with herself: she was very pale and her eyes were unnaturally bright. I lost no time in handing her Molesworth's letter. She read it through, and handed it back to me without comment but with trembling hand.

"Well?" she said.

"Lady Langthwaite," I replied, "there is only one thing to do. Lord Langthwaite must be informed of what has happened. You must inform him yourself in your own way. I have no doubt whatever that Molesworth and your maid were in collusion, and that they met after he left you. The police must be employed, and in order that they may be called upon you must tell your husband of what has happened."

"Then I shall have to tell him—everything," she said. "And that will mean—oh, I don't know what it will mean! I have been a fool, and now—"

"Pardon me," I said, "but I don't know that everything need be told. It was natural for you to travel to London; it was natural that your cousin should meet you. If he and the maid were in collu-
sion, what better proof of your innocence can you have? And again—"

"Well, my dear," he said pleasantly, "as I was passing I thought I would call in and ask if you intend staying here or coming round to Berkeley Square. I see, however, that you are engaged with Mr. Campenhaye—I know you by sight Mr. Campenhaye, as I do by reputation—and I have no doubt it is an important business. Eh, my dear?"

I bowed to Lord Langthwaite and turned to his wife. She had flushed a little, but she regarded her husband steadily. And with a sudden resolve she came straight to the point.

"William!" she said. "I have lost my jewel-case."

The Earl gave a start of surprise.

"Ah!" he exclaimed.

"It is all my fault," she said. "I—I broke my promise to you. I let Antoinette carry it."

"Ah!" again exclaimed the Earl.

"Antoinette has disappeared with it," continued Lady Langthwaite. "And, William—the family pearls were in the jewel-case."

The Earl had turned his back upon me and his wife, and appeared to be studying a picture on the wall. It seemed a long, long time before he faced Lady Langthwaite again.

"You have no doubt suffered greatly because of this?" he said.

She flashed a quick look at him.

"I have been—miserably contrite!" she answered.

I could swear that the Earl's eye twinkled as he regarded her.

"When children say that they are really sorry and have suffered," he said, "the only thing to do is—to forgive them. So we will go home, and see if we cannot find Antoinette and the missing jewel-case."

The Countess looked at him quickly. So did I. The Earl chuckled dryly.

"The fact is," he said, giving me an arch look, "Antoinette and the jewel-case are at Berkeley Square—safe. You see, I happened to go to King's Cross to meet a friend this afternoon, and I encountered M'am'selle Antoinette strolling out of the refreshment-room with the jewel-case, and as I remembered your promise, my dear, and my warning, I determined to give you a sharp lesson. So I bundled Antoinette into my car without ceremony. She and the jewel-case are quite in safe keeping. Now put your things on and we will go to them."

The Countess left the room in a great hurry, and the Earl turned to me.

"You can keep secrets, Mr. Campenhaye," he said, "so I'll tell you an interesting one. My wife thinks that the real Langthwaite pearls are in that case. They are not. What is in there is a magnificent imitation set, which only certain experts could tell not to be the real ones. I keep that set down at Langthwaite. But the real ones—ah, they are safely locked up in the vaults of the Bank of England."

Horoscope of Floyd Gibbons

Reveals high lights of his career to date. You will be interested in a forecast of his activities in the near future as revealed by the stars.

Evangeline Adams, famous astrologer, will present this fascinating life chart of this great journalist and international adventurer in the November issue of Radio Digest

Before I could proceed further there came sounds outside the door; a deep voice said "This room?" the door opened, and a tall man walked in.

The Earl of Langthwaite. It was said that the Earl had a reputation for cynical humor which was really not ill-natured. He smiled now as he nodded to his astonished wife and looked rather slyly at me.
escape from the web of circumstances?

The arrests and trials went ever forward. On June 15th two Catos and one Fortune were condemned to be hanged and a Ben and a Quack to be burned to death. On this same day five Spanish slaves were brought to trial and they complained, through an interpreter, Mr. Gomez: "since Mary Burton was the only white evidence against them and they could speak only in a tongue she could not understand, how could she tell what passed between them?"

But the court suspected that the masters of the slaves had put them up to this clever fetch.

Mary Burton came into court and swore that Antonio had spoken to her often in English and said that "while the New York negroes killed one, the Spaniards could kill twenty."

The masters of these slaves came into court and swore to their good characters. Mr. Delancey took his oath that her man Antonio had frozen his feet at his farm and could not walk at the time of the plot. A surgeon testified that he had dressed the man's feet.

None the less, the jury found all the Spaniards guilty, though out of courtesy to their masters they were sentenced merely to be hanged.

To encourage the slower-witted slaves, a proclamation was issued now, offering mercy to each and every one who confessed and discovered other guilty ones. This sent all the negroes scurrying to change their pleas from "Not Guilty!" to "Guilty!" and new names began to tumble from their scatterbrains. The judges felt the need of speed for the summer was coming on apace and the fetid jail grew ominous as the source of a plague more dangerous than the fire. The gentlemen of the bar were invited to divide up the negroes in batches for simultaneous confession.

Again the lawyers sacrificed themselves for the town and devoted weary hours to transcribing the maunderings of fear-maddened zanies. But not one lawyer sacrificed himself for the cause of truth; not one threw down his quill and cried:

"I will record no more of this poor witto's nightmares of fright. The plot is disproved of itself. The town was to be burned at night, yet all the fires occurred by day, a week apart, and all of them were easily quenched."

The trials went on and the flesh-burnings made such a stench that the citizens found them hard to endure. The slaves must have found them still harder.

On the fourth day of July, a date that meant nothing then, as the negro Ward's Will was broiling and even as the flames purled about him, he set his back to the stake, lifted a brown leg and laid it on the fire, and introduced a novelty.

He cried out that Kane and Kelly, two white soldiers at the fort, had part in the conspiracy. He was one of the more boisterous slaves and he may have risen to the sublimity of a posthumous ironic revenge. If so, it was because he knew his masters better than they knew themselves. These Irish names suggested both discontent in an English garrison and papistry. And papistry was the utmost possible rallying cry for prejudice.

The judges turned to the inexhaustible Mary Burton and she took the hint. She remembered for the first time that Kane had been present at the grand councils of the damned.

She brought in also a solemn young scholar named John Ury, who had never been to the tavern until after the Hughsons were jailed and it had been taken over by a man named Campbell.

Of course Ury was arrested and though he swore he had never met Mary, she answered him doggedly and told of prayers he had held among the negroes. She swore he had heard confessions, too, and had promised the blacks absolution for their sins. He had even told Mary that, no matter what her sin might be, he could redeem her; and had offered her silken gowns if she would take part in the plot to destroy the English and let in the Catholic Spanish and French.

The town, jaded with the incense of smoked negroes, rejoiced in a new wrath. The evil of all evils was at work and the powers of hell were leagued against them under the archfiends of Popery. Once a man was accused of papistry anything inhuman or superhuman could be believed of him, except a decent motive.

The shoddy taproom of the dead Hughsons grew and grew into an anteroom of Rome. Black masses were held there; orgies of ritualistic worship; renewals of all the old fires and slaughters that had seared themselves on Protestant memory.

The clamor often arises and is especially loud today, that crime increases because the courts are slow and lax, too careful of the rights of the accused, too deliberate in execution and too hospitalable to appeal.

Let those who raise this bloody cry read in Judge Hirshman's book "The New York Conspiracy" what happens when the courts are quick and eager to condemn, impatient of the defendant's ruses, swift to avenge and deaf to appeal. For there is no room here to recount the climbing fire of persecution, the glutony for blood increasing to delirium until the judges were but manacles in ermine.

As the fire in His Majesty's House ran here and there, flung blazing embers across wide spaces and started new fires, so the ferocity of the citizens mounted and leapt across the barriers of reason to flare up in unexpected corners and spread thence to the most unforeseen destructions.

And over all, like a mad priestess of cannibalistic savages, towered little Mary Burton, pouring forth her cursed accusations, pointing this way and that; now breaking back to girlhood and weeping that all she said was lies and everybody hated her; now frothing at the mouth with new deliriums.

Beneath her deadly finger the people cowered, white and black. The negroes bubbled and squeaked in an orgiastic fugue "Not me! but him! I didn't want to! He made me! Don't burn me! Oh Gawd, don't chain me up and blister my poor hide! Take him! or her! or them! but not me! not me! not me!"

And the judges and the jurors sat high, catching the very spittle of rables, and writing it down as evidence, pointing out this and that and those for the throating rope or the red-hot chain.

The documents carried the majestic words "The King against Ellison's Jamaica, and Meyer Cohen's Windsor and Murray's Jack" "The King against Bound's Jasper and Duane's Prince and Bosch's Francis" "The King against Mrs. Carpenter's Albany and Marston's Scotland and Burk's Sarah and the negro doctor Harry" "The King against Quamino and forty-one other negroes."

The 18th of July was a gala day. Othello was hanged, along with Venture, Frank, Gallaway and Walter's Quack who had been heard to laugh.

"Fortune behaved at the gallows like a mountebank's fool, jumped off the cart several times with the halter about his neck as if sporting with death.

But Doctor Harry even in the lighted pile averred that "he knew nothing of the plot, though if he did he would discover it to save his soul."

On August 15th a Spanish negro Juan de Sylva was hanged, "neatly dressed in white shirt, jacket, drawers and stockings, behaved decently, prayed in Spanish, kissed a crucifix, insisting on his innocence to the last."

The judges were wearying of hanging
and cooking negroes. They released a few for want of "evidence" just to show that the word was still in use. But they loaded the ships with the rest, sending them out shackled to a more degraded slavery in Hispaniola, Madeira, Curacao, St. Thomas.

The lust of the city now was for the blood of Catholics. Kane the soldier from Athlone in Ireland swore that he knew none of the conspirators, but confronted by Mary Burton, changed his tune and dragged in other soldiers and "the priest, the little man" and a peddler who was arrested and "trembled and cried, but denied."

Mary Burton began to pour forth none but white names now, soldiers, a dancing master, another dancing master.

Sarah Hudson was condemned to hang and repented, condemned again and repented, and finally confessed what she was desired to confess, recanted it all and re-confessed it. She dragged in poor John Ury's name and made him out a mixture of priest and demon.

John Ury asked to be confronted by Mary Burton and Sarah Hudson and his questions and her answers prove, to one who reads today, their perjury. But he was found guilty of the capital offense of "being an ecclesiastical person made by authority pretended from the See of Rome" and of coming into New York province and celebrating masses.

This was enough and he was sentenced to be hanged, and in spite of a most beautiful and heart-breaking plea, which may still be read, his young neck was stretched from the gibbet. He had devoted his final hours to the composition of a farewell address exquisitely worded and thorough. He left it for his epitaph and repeated somewhat of the substance of it before he was turned off.

It began: "Fellow Christians. I am now going to suffer a death attended with ignominy and pain; but it is the cup that my heavenly Father has put into my hand and I drink it with pleasure; it is the cross of my dear Redeemer. I bear it with alacrity, knowing that all that live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution...

"I am to appear before an awful and tremendous God, a being of infinite purity and unerring justice, a God who by no means will clear the guilty; in the presence of this God, I lift up my hands and solemnly protest that I am innocent of what is laid to my charge: I appeal to the great God for my non-knowledge of Hennin, his wife, or the creature that was hanged with them; I never saw them living, dying or dead; nor never had I any knowledge or confederacy with white or black as to any plot; and upon the memorials of the body and blood of my dearest Lord, in the creatures of bread and wine, I protest that the witnesses are perjured; I never knew the perjured witnesses, but at my trial."

He went on to deny that he believed it in the power of man to pardon sin, and accounted the pretence of it the unpardonable sin against the Holy Spirit. He called upon the sinners who watched him die to take thought for their own souls and repent before it was too late.

"In fine, I depart this waste, this howling wilderness, with a mind serene, free from all malice, with a forgiving spirit, hoping and praying that Jesus will convince, conquer and enlighten my murderers' souls, that they may publicly confess their horrid wickedness before God and the world."

The result of his eloquence was that the judges still believed what Mary Burton said of him, denounced him as a fiend who debauched slaves to his hellish purposes, and concluded that, while Mary Burton might have exceeded the bounds of truth at times and was probably tampered with towards the last, "but for her, next under the interposition of divine providence, this city would in all probability have been laid waste in ashes."

They resolved that "we ought once a year at least to pay our tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the Divine Being, that through his merciful providence and infinite goodness, caused this inhuman horrible enterprise to be detected and so many of the wicked instruments of it to be brought to justice, though we have not been able entirely to unravel the mystery of this iniquity; for it was a dark design, and the veil is in some measure still upon it."

The bulk of the townspeople were now fagged out with the whole dreary business. The cynics grew bolder and it was time for a new fashion.

Weariness rather than justice or mercy led the justices at last to give over the burnings and hangings and transportations. There were further alarms and excitements but they were merely flickers in the ashes and the Hughsons and Peggy and John Ury were the only white folk put to death. Only thirteen negroes were baked and only seventeen turned off the cart.

On September 2, the Common Council voted that Mary Burton, "the evidence who detected the conspirators" should have her hundred pounds minus nineteen pounds paid "for the freedom and other necessaries to and for the use of said Mary."

And now the maid of sweet sixteen, rich beyond all her dreams, had only to wait for the final reward of her grisly drudgery. The townspeople had no gratitude for their little savior and she was as lonely as Judas with his thirty pieces of silver. But she hugged her eighty-one pounds to her lonely breast and waited for Tom Wilson to return and help her move a home. She had prayed that he would come home penniless so that she might lift him from despair to luxury.

But sailors take a deal of waiting for; and the blacks and whites in town glared at her with equal spite now that she was no longer either a terror or a guardian angel. So she retreated to Long Island to watch for the mast of the Flamborough.

She chanced that the ship stole in at dusk one night and Tom Wilson went aboard in haste to seek her at Hughson's tavern. He found new names and faces there and learned in a few appalling hours what devastation had been wrought by the little harmaid.

He had run away from her pitiful helpfulness in tears and remembered her as a child afraid and alone. He came back to find her pictured as a gory harpy dripping with the blood of wretches who had done her no harm. Because of her, the jails had been crammed with frightened innocents; the gallows had been festooned with jumping-jacks that had been men and women; because of her that luckless thirteen had watched their own flesh sputter and fry.

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JOHN GARLAND
THE DELIVERER
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
A love story
that will bring a tear
to your eyes and put a song
in your heart.

There is drama and heroic
endeavor in this story. Also
a love that is tender and true.
There is a bit of sadness and
a great deal of sunshine.

Don't miss this story
by a great writer in
NOVEMBER
RADIO DIGEST
There was a smell of smoke and of carrión about her, and he thought of her with all the loathing he had acquired for the stoo-pigeon, the snitch, the renegade. He had been a thief and had feared the gallowses and despised the sneaks who betrayed their fellows with an utter abomination. And his sweet-heart had sent men and women to the gallowses and the transport ships in droves!

The alehouse keeper Campbell gave him a copy of John Ury's outcry from the grave. It bewitched him with its patheos, its unbearable pity.

The next day Mary Burton in the prettiest clothes she could buy came over to town to find him. She came soon enough on his trail and traced him all too easily by the hideous things he had said of her. His words were repeated to her with no softening and no more pity than she had shown.

When she found him at last by the waterside near a ship where a Flamborough small-boat was moored, he was fighting a squad of sailors who were dragging him back to the ship. He was fighting them with maniac ferocity, but they held him till he caught sight of Mary. Then he stood fast till she ran to him crying:

"Tom, Tom! my darling! I'm free. I'm rich! We can be married. See all the money I have now."

For a moment a look came into his eyes that made his captors grip him with frenzy and brace themselves against his plunge. But there was so much to say that there was nothing to say. His eyes blazed with an ire that burned them out. His nostrils flared with loathing.

Then he seemed to understand that it was only fear that could have dragged the poor, pink, shy, tremulous thing through the depthmost hell she had travelled—some hurricane of frightfulness that had tossed her as his ship had been flung at the gale's mercy through no fault of its helpless captain.

He was only a boy and she was only a girl and the world had never given them anything but the worst of it. His eyes filled with tears for her and for himself. He put forth his hands so gently that his friends forbore to restrain him.

And Mary ran into his arms.

When they had ceased to weep together, the sailors had left them and they began to laugh the curious foolish sweet laughter that follows upon tears.

He had a moment's nobility. He seized the money from her hands and flung it into the bay.

But the gesture exhausted his heroism, and he dived in after it and came up with it, dripping and sobered, and greatly in need of warmth.

He handed her her treasure with a silly snicker: "God knows we've earned it!" They embraced once more.

ways into the dungeon-like organ room, the mighty notes of the organ itself, all contributed to give the experience impressiveness. "She can't possibly be as little and child-like as that picture," I told myself.

But she was. "Little Organ Annie," one of her fans named her, and little she is. An absurdly childish figure sitting perched high on the organ bench, her arms and legs stretched out in almost acrobatic positions as she reached for hand and foot pedals and worked the various stops.

It was still her rehearsal time. After a smiling greeting she went on with her playing, working out the combinations that give such richness to her playing. A chubby-faced organ boy was taking her directions. "Number four, add bass to the pedal. Number five, take off solo. Mary I have the four foot piccolo. Take off the sixteen foot tuba." The organ boy would go behind the organ and do various mysterious things to a board covered with what looked like rows and rows of little safety pins. It was Greek to me but I suppose the above-mentioned bass, solo, piccolo, and tubas were properly added and subtracted.

The Ann continued playing, the shutters of the organ room opening and shutting. I could see the rows of pipes which were producing music at Ann's direction.

Every night Ann's Midnight Melodies come over WABC closing the day's broadcasting for the Columbia System. Then there are her concerts during the day. She gives twelve programs a week.

She was married, for instance, on June 28, 1906. (But look at her picture, and see just like her picture, too, and see if you think it can be true.) She doesn't remember that far back, of course, but she says her family told her that the first step she ever took was in the direction of her sister's piano.

She was only eleven when she made her first public appearance, playing a Mozart concerto with an orchestra. She studied music both in Omaha and in New York with the Damrosch School of Music.

The organ intrigued her and she started out to make herself an accomplished organist. When her family moved to Los Angeles she applied for a position in one of the city's movie theatres, and despite the fact that she had never played a Wurlitzer before, obtained, and more important kept, the position.

Her most difficult position, Ann told me, was playing in a pre-view picture theatre. Without knowing anything about the film she had to play appropriate music. This was where her marvelous memory stood her in good stead.

For Ann, "Go west, young man," was changed into "Go east, young woman." She came to New York, and through Paramount had an introduction to Columbia. Columbia, knowing a good thing when it saw it, or heard it, signed her on for twelve programs a week.

Esther Leaf, Ann's sister, is also a very talented organist, and substitutes for her during her vacations.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, They're married, so we can put their names together. And you may hear them every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock over the Columbia network in the Blackstone program—two stage people who have gone over to Radio. And do they regret the footlights. Well, they've named themselves Springfield, "Dunrovin."

"Oh," says Julia, "to be able to stop living in suitcases."

"Oh," says Frank, "to be able to send the laundry out and have it come back before we leave."

Not that they don't like the stage, but they like Radio more. Radio lets them eat their cake and have it too. They can sing and act and still have their own hearth fire.

They live in Springfield, only three and a half hours from New York by the Boston Post Road. When they are through with their program they get in their car and are home by one o'clock. "Yes," says Julia "we're home. And there we stay for the rest of the week. We don't have to pack and unpack trunks and suitcases. They can talk about Radio bringing back the American home, that the family now gathers around the loud speaker, instead of going in various directions, but it's also making possible a home for the people who are broadcasting. And at the same time we reach a vaster audience than we ever could from the stage. And then," with a glance around the studio, "it's so much like a big family down here. So friendly."

Both Julia and Frank have had many years of stage experience. Julia, having an actor father, found it easy to make her debut at fourteen. Frank, after graduating as an electrical engineer, made straight for the vaudeville stage. In "Tangerine" Julia teamed up with Frank, and they liked the combination so well they decided to make it permanent. As husband and wife they have played in "Moonlight," "No, No, Nanette, "Queen High," and "Oh, Kay."

Julia is small and blonde and exotic looking. Frank is tall and brown and "outdoorsy." Both please the eye.
Have You Heard
Zaro Agha?
(Continued from page 49)

Of the eleven wives who succeeded each other in the life of Zaro there were born twenty-nine sons and seven daughters. His oldest son, Estref, by his first wife died in Bitlis in 1900 at the age of 101. Osman, a son by his fifth wife died in Bitlis at the age of 97. Zaro was 91 when his last child was born.

“I have seen twelve sultans come and go in Turkey,” said Zaro through his interpreter. “The first was Ahmid and I remember him from the time I was a boy of 12.”

“You were quite a fighter in your youth?” I inquired.

“Yes, yes, yes,” or the equivalent for that word he nodded when my question had been repeated to him. “I was in six wars. I helped drive Napoleon out of Egypt—that was a very savage war.”

“Some luck, and by the grace of Allah,” he muttered.

“Did you ever see Napoleon in person?”

“No.”

“Ever wounded in battle?”

“Bulla! Bulla! Bulla!” At least that is how it sounded to me. He tapped his right ankle with his long fingers, then he tapped vigorously on his right leg, just above the knee. I asked about his weapons. He went through as fine a pantomime as ever I saw, showing me how he poured powder into a barrel of an old musket, pounded it down with a ramrod, then aimed, crooking his forefinger to indicate the movement of the hammer as he fired.

“Ever been sick?”

“In a hospital 26 days from a wound,” said the interpreter.

It was in 1877 that Turkey declared war on her old enemy, Russia. Now that he had achieved some fame as a centenarian Zaro was looked upon as patriarch, Ahmid explained. I turned a little away to look at the slim young Turk who sat on the edge of one of the narrow beds.

“He enlisted at 103. Very good effect on young men to fight for their country. He rides a horse—a cavalryman. I hear much about that. I am very proud of him.”

I felt an impelling look as one often will under an intense gaze. Zaro was studying me intently through half closed lids while his grandson talked.

“He seems alert,” I said.

“We just returned from a trip to Washington and down to the Virginia country home of John Armstrong Chaloner. Zaro was guest of honor at a garden party. He also was entertained by the Turkish ambassador at Washing-
ton, D. C. But he is not at all fatigued.”

“He is active—”

“Quite. He becomes restless if he has to sit too long and will exercise by walking up and down in the hall.”

“How about his food?”

“He touches no red meat. He eats fruit and vegetables mostly. Now he has taken a great desire for apple pie, which he tasted for the first time since coming to this country.”

“What would be his typical diet for a day?”

“For breakfast he would have fruit salad, oatmeal, stewed prunes and buttered toast. Water would be his drink—never any liquors. At noon he will have some string beans, spinach, green peas—and possibly a little fish. For dinner he will have some pea soup, or chicken soup, French pastry, apple pie and a glass of milk.”

“How about his teeth?”

“Oh, he has just been fitted out with new teeth by a New York dentist. Dr. Julius Sheinman. It is his third set. This is guaranteed for 75 years to come, then he is coming back for a new set. He is quite serious about it. He enjoys life—likes good clothes and always takes pleasure in meeting new friends.”

“Still a ladies’ man?”

“In one way, perhaps. He has always been highly respectful of women, was way in advance of his times as regards higher recognition for them. Kemal Pasha is a man after his own heart for his attitude toward the women of Turkey, and he is glad to be alive to see his country advance with civilization. Kemal Pasha gives him a banquet each year. He is also frequently feted by other dignitaries of the nation.”

I could not tell whether Zaro was able to follow any of our conversation. But I imagined there was a slight flicker of his heavy lids at the mention of the word ladies. He ejaculated a few short words. Assim stopped over and put a hand on his shoulder and there followed a brief conversation that was entirely Turkish to me. Then the interpreter turned to me.

“He says that he danced with some of the ladies while he was in Washington. As I stated, he was the guest of the Turkish Ambassador, Ahmet Muhtar Bey.”

I asked about his hours of sleep.

“Zaro usually goes to bed about 10 at night and is up at 5:30 in the morning. Sometimes he will drowse for half an hour in the afternoon. You asked if he was ever sick—I forgot to mention that he was a bit seasick during the 21 days he was on the voyage here.”

I looked at the old man. Something interested him from the window. It was time to give a man with 156 years behind him a little rest. As I got up to leave he stood up and gave me another salute. Just imagine—156 years old! You were lucky if you heard him on your Radio.

Television in the Theatre
(Continued from page 95)

that within ten years television will be as accepted as telephoning . . . In the center of a dark curtain you see a small frame of light. Into the frame comes a human face. Flickers pass across it so marked that one almost has the impression that it is seen through the slats of a Venetian blind; and it sways up and down like the waves of the sea . . . Nevertheless it is undoubtedly somebody. You could probably recognize the person if a near relation . . . Altogether, a memorable event and the Coliseum is playing its part in the making of scientific history.”

In all of these reviews we find several common thoughts. First, that the demonstration was viewed with much interest by the public; secondly, that the demonstration was looked upon as an experiment; thirdly, that the images were not “perfect”.

Without pretending to have a passport into the sanctums of the Baird company we feel that it is probably true that these tests were undertaken in part at least, to show what could be done in the transmission and reception of television images from an ordinary broadcasting station. They do not represent the best results in television that can be obtained, for if the transmissions were made using short waves, where broad channels are available, much better quality of reproduction could have been obtained.

Such demonstrations, imperfect as they are, always are a part of the history of the development of any new device. When the talkies started but a comparatively short while ago someone referred to the quality of the reproduction as resembling, “the bellowing of sealions”, but to-day that appellation would be entirely undeserved. The development of television may be slow, it may be rapid, but it will certainly advance and demonstrations similar to that given at the Coliseum will form part of that growth. The Baird Television Corp. deserves much credit for having undertaken this important demonstration.

To Broadcast Football

Followers of pigskin clashes will be glad to hear that there is plenty of entertainment in store for them at the hands of Graham McNamee and William Munday, the Georgia Dragoons of NBC plans to paint action pictures of two games every Saturday during the entire season, with the aid of these two words painters. A novel feature of the broadcasts is designed for the fair sex exclusively. Miss Carmen Ogden of Rochester will describe the smart costumes appearing at each stadium, down to the last button.
The Pickards
(Continued from page 30)

material" are folksongs, negro songs, steamboat songs and old hymn tunes. Characteristically, he accompanies himself on the fiddle, varying that frequently with the banjo, guitar, jews-harp or harmonica.

"A few weeks ago," Dad explained to me recently in his pleasantly indolent drawl, "we got a letter from Mr. Henry Ford's right hand man at Detroit to come out and give a personal appearance before some of the Ford employees. That was easily arranged under the good "artist service" arrangement we have been able to make with NBC. And we gave a pretty good performance, too, if I do say so myself, as shouldn't. While we were playing away there for a number of the employees, a slender quiet man slipped into the room. I noticed my wife, who was playing the piano, began to get a little nervous and then I glanced up. It was old Henry Ford himself! and he was listening with a smile on his face as wide as Lake Michigan, and (you know he's crazy about those early American songs!) his foot was tapping out the time on the floor and his head was swinging to the time of the music! Yes, sir!

I MIGHT have been scared under other conditions—playing before the richest man in America right there in his own domain. But do you know I wasn't scared a bit at all. It seemed the most natural thing in the world! He got so interested I thought he was going to dance, but he didn't! He just stood there, as interested a listener as the Pickards ever had. And then just as we were playing that famous old reel-tune Sourwood Mountain... You know how it goes—

"I got a gal on Sourwood Mountain
Dun' diddle di do, diddle diddle dee!"

blamed if he didn't jerk a little jews-harp out of his pocket and play with us! And he could play, too! Just as natural as could be! It's a fact, or I hope I may never!

"It was worth the trip out there to Detroit just to see Henry Ford standing there in his office playing that jews-harp and keeping time to Sourwood Mountain. He came over and talked to us afterwards and said some mighty nice things about what we played.

"Did we like him? Yes sir, he's simply fine—the most pleasant spoken, most modest man you'd find in ten states! I swear he reminded me of the old-time southern gentleman that I used to know down in Tennessee...

"I am mighty glad of the opportunity to play and sing these old ballads and folk-songs. I feel that we are doing something worth while, for we are helping to preserve something very sweet and fine which otherwise would be lost. The favorites among the old ballads are Barbara Allen (twelve different versions to that song!) Red River Valley, Kitty Wells, the Little Rosewood Casket, Sourwood Mountain, Preggy Went A-Courting. Then there's a bunch of old negro songs that are favor-

In NOVEMBER
RADIO DIGEST

the story of a Radio City

The greatest cultural center of modern times is being planned for New York. It will cost $250,000,000. It will be a city of wonders. The next issue of Radio Digest will describe in detail the many marvels this great Radio Center is to contain. Don't miss this number.

Radio Music Practical Aid to Study

College students can study better when they are listening to Radio music while going over their books, according to tests completed at the University of Minnesota by two experimenters in psychology in cooperation with KSTP.

Two sophomore students, James Copeland and Robert McBrady, conducting experiments in psychology with varied groups, found that students can accomplish more, and are less distracted when they are listening to Radio music than under normal conditions.

In conducting these experiments, the subjects were given several groups of problems in mathematics to solve under varied conditions. When a thrilling story was put on the air the students had difficulty in concentrating on their work and solved fewer problems, but when jazz selections were played, experimenters expecting the same results, were surprised when they found that more problems had been solved while the music was played than when conditions were quiet.

In attempting to account for this unusual result, one of the experimenters said he thought it was due to "practice effect". "The student may have been distracted by the music but tened himself and concentrated on his work in order to combat the distraction," the experimenter said. Because of this the experimenter believed that the subject used greater effort than he normally would, thus increasing the total number of problems he was able to work in a limited time.
popular contralto studies the program she is to sing, decides its general mood, and then selects a pair of earrings to harmonize with that mood.

Alwyn Bach, 1930 diction award winner, always announces with his left hand in his trousers pocket. More of a habit than a superstition, though, he claims, and explains that it makes him feel at ease and as if he were talking to people he knew extremely well.

**Marcella Shields** always carries a handkerchief she has embroidered herself. Practical-minded Marcella claims this trait acts as a reminder that she can do things, and reassures her...
stove across the large room and far away from the supply cupboards, dish cupboards, table and stove. Another work table was near the third wall and two doors, but there was nothing else. The dish and supply cupboards were close to the dining-room door but were a long distance from the stove, sink and tables. As the room was quite large it meant walking countless steps to do any little task in the kitchen. But this woman liked space, light and air and plenty of room in which to move around. She also found that this large room was a sort of gathering-place for all the family and for neighbors as well who often dropped in while she was cooking in the morning.

DO YOU think such a kitchen ideal? And yet in a small, compact kitchen where one could reach stove, refrigerator, table and cupboard in a few steps, this old-fashioned housekeeper was lost. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that the refrigerator in this old-fashioned kitchen was placed on the back porch. This made additional steps necessary. When I hear or think of the good old days, I am often reminded of Edgar Guest's poem called—When Mother Cooked With Wood. Do you too miss the rare old days? But then Edgar Guest himself did not have to cook on the old wood range.

What makes a kitchen convenient? Size is one consideration. A small kitchen is much more efficient than a large one. If your family is of average size, you will find that a kitchen 8 by 12, 9 by 11, 11 by 11, or 10 by 12 is large enough. The size will depend upon the kind of fuel used. If you use a gas or an electric range it need not be as large as if you used a coal or wood range. Not only does the range require more space but there must be a place to store the fuel. And then furniture may be placed closer to the gas and electric ranges than to the others. Our Test Kitchen is long and narrow. This is a very convenient size as it is compact and it saves unnecessary steps. After size the next considerations planning a convenient kitchen are light and ventilation. It certainly is not healthy or wise to work in a hot, poorly ventilated, poorly lighted kitchen. How can you feel fit at the end of a day if you have worked under such circumstances?

THEN the floor and walls are important because of the care they require. I wish you were all as fortunate as we are here in the KDKA Home Forum Test Kitchen. The walls and floor of the kitchen are made of tile, the most sanitary and most easily cleaned material. This white tile covers the floor and walls nearly to the ceiling. Of course this is not always possible in a home. The next best material is linoleum because it can be washed easily. Avoid wood as it is difficult to clean and usually absorbs grease unless treated with hot linseed oil. Then there are composition materials made of asbestos, cement or rubber which are applied to the floor the same as cement. Walls should be of such material that they may be washed frequently and easily.

What pieces of equipment shall we have in our kitchen? What piece seems to you the most valuable? To the woman who does her own cooking, the range is the most valuable piece of furniture not only in the kitchen but in the whole house. When you think of the time spent using this range, it is only right that it should be of the very best kind of material and just the size to fit your needs. Of course at the KDKA Home Forum we think that there is nothing quite as fine as our new electric automatic range. I do wish you could all see it and cook on it. It is a joy and comfort. When a dish is put into the oven we can go about our other work and forget it. If you were in another part of the house the alarm would tell you when to take out the food. The guess work and uncertainty are eliminated when cooking with this range. As our range has a heat regulator we know that the food will not be spoiled by incorrect or changing temperature. There are many fine features about it which save the housewife's time and energy.

THE next important piece of equipment is the refrigerator, and, of course, there is nothing better to keep food at the exact temperature than an electric refrigerator. We are mighty proud of our refrigerator. It has a temperature-selector which may be set to give different temperatures for various purposes. The motor runs very silently and is an enclosed one. The refrigerator stands on legs thus facilitating cleaning. It is easily cared for and it keeps the food in excellent condition.

The third important piece of equipment in my opinion, is the electric mixer. Of all of the large pieces these three, range, refrigerator and electric mixer, are, I believe, indispensable to the housewife. The heavy beating, whipping, stirring, mixing, chopping, slicing, grinding and countless other tasks taken from the weary shoulders of the housewife and she is thus enabled to enjoy housekeeping and homemaking, instead of feeling the usual fatigue.

Why should we be tired at the end of a day's housework? Surveys indicate that the housewife spends 1,125 hours each year (over three hours a day), in cooking and baking and it is generally agreed that she is entitled to some energy-saving devices.

To return to the electric mixer let me say that it may be bought with or without all of the extra pieces of equipment, and as many parts as necessary may be purchased. The beater is essential, as it mixes cakes, mashes potatoes, and creams butter, cheese and sugar and other things. The whip is also necessary as it beats cream, mayonnaise, eggs,meringues, boiled frothings, etc. Two mixing bowls come with the electric mixer. There are many other pieces, such as the dough hook, pouring chute, hot water jacket, vegetable slicer, ice cream freezer, slicer plate, ice chipper, food chopper, colander, sieve and roller, fruit juice extractor, coffee and cereal grinder and oil dropper for making mayonnaise. This equipment may be used with a kitchen cabinet or its own cabinet which has a white enamel top and cupboard space for many of the small pieces.

The whole thing takes up very little space and is a wonderful time and energy saver. Who is there who would not consider cooking a joy if such a servant were at hand?

Of course you must have a cabinet in your kitchen and, if possible, this should be one that is built-in. There are many excellent cabinets on the market which meet every need, but if one is in the process of building a house, I would suggest that the cabinet be built at the same time in order that it may be used to the best advantage. Economy of time and space is thereby effected. Instead of having the cabinet protrude into the room, it may be set back, leaving an even working surface. You will want space for food supplies, working top space, a place for dishes, a compartment for cleaning supplies, and room for linen, cutlery and pots and pans. Wood cabinets are easily cared for if they are finished in enamel but the metal cabinets are more sanitary, although noisier.

We have considered the four biggest pieces of kitchen equipment, the range, the refrigerator, the Kitchen Aid, and the cabinet. No doubt, you will want a worktable and one on which supplies may be laid while you are working at the cabinet. An enamel-top one is very easily cared for and it looks clean and attractive. If your space is small, one with drop leaves is handy. A chair is necessary, in the kitchen, not for visitors but for the housewife who may wish to rest between her labors. More chairs invite loitering and we are usually too busy in the kitchen to visit. A stool and stepladder combination is very handy to have, especially if you
are small and cannot reach the top shelves of your cupboards and cabinet.

One article so often overlooked in the kitchen is a bookshelf of some kind. This is the housewife's workshop, so why not have all of the tools within reach? A built-in bookshelf and desk combination is the best. Have shelves above for books and magazines and a drop-leaf which will form the top of a desk when it is down. Here the family meals may be planned, the bills filed, checks made out, market lists compiled and other similar tasks cared for. Such a place is as necessary to the housewife as it is to her husband at his office. The kitchen is your workshop just as the office is your husband's workshop.

Have your tools suit your needs. It is very handy to sit at my desk in the Test Kitchen and answer the telephone without getting up, typewrite, reach for something from the bookshelf or files and even turn around on my leather upholstered swinging chair and be able to reach the range. But what does the housewife generally do? The desk may be in the living room, the telephone on the stair landing, the drawers, cupboards and all of them at a long distance from the range or cabinet where she is working. Think of the steps saved to have things within easy reach.

The sink is another important and very necessary piece of equipment in the kitchen. One with a double drainboard and garbage-pan attached to it is very convenient. Be sure that your sink is at the right height for you to do your work with as little back strain as possible. Sinks are generally too low.

Now that we have selected the biggest pieces of kitchen equipment, namely, the range, refrigerator, cabinet, sink, Kitchen Aid, bookshelves and table, how shall we place them? Work out a plan in your kitchen that is the most convenient one for you. In the beginning of this article we described an old-fashioned and very inconvenient arrangement of a large kitchen. Think over the tasks which have been pointed out, especially those which require the equipment to be placed closely together. Examine the arrangement of the equipment in the illustration of the KDKA Test Kitchen. You will note that the range is placed near the window where the housekeeper may receive good light and air. The ventilator in the window keeps the air circulating and prevents a draught on the food in the oven. The cabinet is between the range and refrigerator. Pans, kettles, utensils, and food may be reached in a very few steps.

WHETHER or not our lists would be similar, let us consider some of the materials of which our kitchen utensils are made. Shall we buy aluminum, tin or other ware for a cake or a muffin pan? How shall we decide which is best? Is there any best?

We mentioned before the fact that construction is important to consider. By this we mean the size, shape, material, type of construction, and general durability. For instance, if you are buying a knife you want to be sure that the handle is long enough for the required purpose. How is it fastened to the blade? Is it fastened so that it will be sanitary? For example, if the handle is of wood, is one end open to allow food to enter? Of what material is the handle made? Will it give good service?

Or you might be buying a cover for a pan. Will it suit your purpose? Has it a well constructed handle? Can it be easily cleaned?

Efficiency is next in importance to the construction of utensils. The tool must fit the job. If you want something done daintily, you use a small utensil. An egg beater or knife should save your time and labor and not increase it.

We want our kitchen utensils to wear a long time so that it will not be necessary to replace them too often. Think of this when you are buying a "bargain." Is it really cheap, in price alone, or is it also cheap in construction? Although we should not expect an endless life from any utensil we should expect a reasonable term of service. To check up on the wearing qualities of various utensils, keep a household record book and record the name of the utensil, the time purchased, the name of the store and the price. In this way you are able to test the service of the different makes. Consider the use given by the utensils as well as the care which they received.

Have you thought about selecting your utensils on the basis of the temperature to which they must be subjected in the kitchen? Some materials will stand a higher temperature than others.

BESIDES convenience in the use of your kitchen utensils, we should think of the convenience of their placing. Do you jumble everything in a drawer? Or do you have a place for each item? Hooks, shelves and drawers in convenient places will greatly aid the housekeeper. Place those things which you use while working at the stove on a shelf over it and on hooks beneath. This is more convenient than the lower cupboard of a cabinet across the room. Divide the drawers of your cabinet into sections to be used for different utensils. There are other things we need by the sink. Place them on a shelf near the sink and on hooks beneath the shelf. You may think a kitchen looks better with no pots, pans or spoons visible. But let us think of the convenience first of all.

The satisfaction with which the owner enjoys the kitchen is due to the wisdom with which the equipment is bought and the judgment with which it is arranged.

Lindbergh Tells The World

(Continued from page 18) the maps and charts he had made for us. Food was forgotten as we tried to picture him over the course, and the remarkable thing about it all was that subsequently events proved that he had scarcely deviated in the least, and passed within 50 miles of the point over the British Isles indicated on the chart.

"His return is unforgettable history. "His mother told me he was so well guarded in New York that when she slipped out of the apartment to go on a shopping tour and telephoned the apartment later from a Fifth Avenue store to speak to her son she was told that 'Mrs. Lindbergh is still in the room with her son' and therefore the request must be from a fraudulent person. She had considerable trouble to prove her identity."

There were countless letters of proposal from infatuated girls. Two young women walked 35 miles and slept in the corridor of a hotel where he was stopping in Portland, Ore., to make sure they would not miss seeing him when he left.

* * *

What was that? Baby Wee—Shh—
he's off to a new flight through the realm of Dreamland.

(See Lindbergh's Message on Page 128)
yet, I like the White Chip better but maybe you can suggest something. Broadcast Manor wouldn't be so bad.

I DON'T believe Mr. D. saw my name on any society page lately. Not since I was expelled from the Social Register for conduct unbecoming a member of the four hundred. But of course it isn't really the four hundred. There must be about (ten thousand names. That makes it all the more cruel to be expelled. Anybody's likely to figure that he has a chance if they are going to pile up a list like that. In fact this business about exclusiveness is very much over-rated. The Social Register cannot expect to make itself exclusive just by throwing me out.

Anyhow I am still a prominent club man. That is I am a joiner. Whenever anybody in this organization says, "I think if I make a special point of it I might get you in," I say "Sure." I love belonging to things. Right now I am in ten different organizations and I am not counting the two where I am suspended. That is not on account of any unworthy conduct on my part. It is just for non-payment of dues. An oversight, so to speak.

I like secret grips and badges and hatbands. In fact I am wearing three hatbands this Summer. The other seven clubs haven't got any hatbands. I have only one hat and so I have to wear the three bands one on top of each other. If I am in Club A, I show the colors of Club B, because the people around must know that I belong to Club A or I wouldn't be in there. I wear the Club A band when I go to Club C. It keeps my fingers all cut up getting the pins out...

I am afraid that some of these exclusive clubs aren't really so very exclusive. There is one where my father put me up for membership when I was five years old. That sounded exciting and romantic. I felt, "If I ever get in there I will really be a society man." And I would like to be a society man—if you can do it by shaving every other day and never leading any coalitions. I haven't even seen any coalitions. I have read about them in papers a lot but I can't quite figure out what happens. Where does the coalition leader lead them? Does it mean that if he walks on his hands everybody in the ball room has to do the same thing? Even being in the Social Register—for one year—never got me into any coalition.

I MIGHT interrupt right here to say that this is going to go on about like this for the rest of the fifteen minutes but that I am going to close the week tomorrow by doing a serious talk on unemployment. At least that is my plan. No guarantee goes with it.

I was talking about being put up for membership in an exclusive club when I was five years old. As a child I pictured it as being ever so swanky and a little mysterious. Some nights my father did not come home to dinner. He would phone and say he was going to stay at the club. And when you are a child a place where you can stay up and away from home until ten or eleven the clock at night seems pretty dazzling. And so for more than twenty-five years I waited to get elected to this club. And finally, in a moment of absent mindedness, the membership took me in. A good many very old gentlemen kept dying and they had to take somebody in.

BUT we haven't got as many old gentlemen as some of the clubs in New York. Just after the war a young French officer came over here and a friend put him up for two weeks at a club that nobody is likely to get in until he is seventy. I do not know whether that is a rule or just a custom. The young French officer went there for lunch twice and then fled to Paris. When his American friend arrived in Paris the next summer the Frenchman sent him a note. He said, "I was very kind of you to put me up at your club. I want to square the obligation. I will take you to the tomb of Napoleon."

And we have romantic legends about our club too. Way back in the gay nineties a prominent member drove up to the door in a hansom cab. And because he had been dining he decided that it would be a good thing to take the horse out of the shafts and ride him right into the club. But the veteran doorman, he is still there, barred the way. "What is the matter, Charles," said the distinguished clubman. "Why are you stopping me. I am a member of this club."

"Yes, sir," said the doorman with rare presence of mind, "but your horse is not."

I have a pretty strong inferiority complex and what with all these legends about this club and the fact that I had been waiting twenty-eight years I was excited when I got the notice that I hadn't been blackballed. I decided that I would go down and walk around the exclusive premises and that probably from this time on I would have a civil word for no man but just go through the world giving people the stony stare and saying "Oh really!"

Unfortunately at the desk somebody gave me a book containing a list of members. It was about as big as a volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—from Ab to Booh. That gave me, as you might say, pause. "Can we be," I thought, "so terribly exclusive, when according to this book there are something like ten thousand members. Is there enough blueblood to go that far round."

BUT I did go up to take a Turkish bath. I was rather figuring that maybe they would have rose petals in the pool. They did not. It was just like any other Turkish bath. In the cubicle next to me there was another aristocrat getting ready for the plunge. And as he took his shirt off—maybe it was two shirts—I observed that across his chest was tattooed an American flag, three green serpents and a large pink heart pierced by an arrow which had a tag on it. This tag was inscribed in rather gaudy purple tattooing. That seemed to me the one false touch. Just that extra bit of ostentation a gentleman should avoid. Black tattooing or red tattooing—oh, yes—but not purple. The label was entirely simple and inoffensive. It merely spelled out "Genevieve." That is a nice quiet name. His devotion did him much credit. After all with the start he had it might have been Cherie, or Fifi or even Little Egypt. Just the same I couldn't help looking at the flag and the snakes and the arrow and thinking, "Is this the exclusive and aristocratic and high toned club that I have been waiting to get into all my life?" I imagine society is like that. If I were in the society pages every day it would all be just so much dust and ashes to me. But now—say Mr. D are you sure it was me, and what was the date and what newspaper. There wasn't any photograph, there?

I GUESS blue blood is just about the same as any other sort of blood. I don't believe a radical has to say that every rich man is a deep dyed villain. I am a radical but I don't think that. The sort of Utopia I think about and dream about is one where nobody is barred. Anybody can join, anybody can help everybody can hang around. I don't think the Brotherhood of Man is just an empty phrase. It does mean something and that something is as wide and as deep as God's mercy. If all men were created free and equal—all men that has got to mean all—let us start right now to get them on that basis.

* * *

A veteran actor, is Charles B. Hamlin, cast as "The Old Settler" in WMJ's Sunday evening "Now and Then" program, a feature contrasting life twenty-five years ago with that now.
A "Cottage for Sale"

(Continued from page 63)

centered in the little cottage. To Robison the four words, "a cottage for sale", told as graphic a story of human tragedy as an entire book-full of words. And, since he expresses himself with notes rather than words, he wrote a song about it.

The song was wistful and haunting and strangely melancholic. There were no words to it, but the melody was written around the four words "a cottage for sale". He put it away and forgot about it, and took up his labors where he had left off.

He turned to Radio, to which he was no newcomer. He had been the pianist in the old Night Hawk gang from Kansas City, once the goal of ear-phones all over the country. So he reorganized his Deep River Orchestra, and played programs of the better kind of popular music, injecting his own material on every program.

Needing fresh material, he dug out his wordless melody, and gave it to Larry Conley, song writer, to whom he explained his feeling about the poignancy in a cottage for sale. Conley took the song, created an imaginary unfortunate love story, and handed back the song as we know it now.

It was published, without any great expectations. And then, unexpectedly, sales hit 10,000. Radio orchestras started playing it. Sales passed 20,000, bounded up to 30,000, reached the 50,000 mark. Royalties started getting fat. Sales reached 90,000. Robison made his first appearance on a nationally sponsored program. Sales passed 125,000, and Robison was achieving real Radio recognition. He was given a contract to appear on the Maxwell House program, one of the oldest and best-known on the air. His ideas, musically sound, were to be given free play in the program he was to direct.

His place in Radio was made. Thousands of letters were received congratulating him on this or that phase of the program. The Warner studios signed a three-year contract with him to write songs for the talkies. Early in September he started a contract with Radio-Keith-Orpheum theatres. His song, musically inferior to other opuses of his entirely unknown, had something that appealed to the public, and was making a fortune for him.

A short time ago a very important real estate transaction took place in Crestwood, in Westchester. The owner of a pretty little cottage was surprised to receive an offer from the same man who had accepted just half as much for the same house only a few short years before. The deal was made gladly.

To-day little Miss Robison takes her dolls canoing in the little brook along-side the house, while Mrs. Robison fusses around the fire-place in the living room. There also may be found the somewhat battered piano on which the young musician composes his songs.

And not so long ago, on a Thursday night Maxwell House program, Willard Robison himself sang the plaintive words of "A Cottage For Sale" in honor of the sale of the 200,000th copy. At the conclusion of the program he turned to the writer and said, his hand resting affectionately on his special microphone; "You know, Radio's a wonderful thing . . ."

Marcella

(Continued from page 63)

well-known program. "Kassels in the Air" broadcast every Monday night from the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Kassel is not what one might term a law-breaker, but it does seem as if he has annihilated the law of gravitation in keeping his castles in the air. He is the composer of such popular songs as "Around the Corner" and "Doodle de Doo."

Isn't it just like Floyd Gibbons to have chosen Washington, D. C., for a birth-place, L. O. F.? It evidenced a great deal of foresight, it seems to me. No wonder he is on speaking terms with Presidents, Congressmen, Senators and the like. And it was on July 16th, 1887. We have no history book available to see what other great happenings fell on that date, but we are sure that all other events faded into insignificance with the appearance of Floyd Gibbons on terra firma. And now for a little disappointment. He has been married! That's the way it was put by our adviser. I queried, "But is he married?" "He has been married", was the kind but firm reply. So use your judgment, L. O. F. As far as I am concerned, that settles the question in my mind.

It will do your heart good, Joseph B., to refer to the January issue of Radio Digest, for there is just one grand big write-up of Little Jack Little. It begins on page 9, continues on page 104, and then intrudes for more than a column on page 105. Think of it—just two and a half pages of "the greatest piano player on the air", and a full page on page 8 of that edition. And if you will turn to the rotogravure section of this magazine, you will find your favorite artist seated at the piano, surrounded by the admiring staff of WLW. You see, Radio Digest catches great broadcasting artists in its nose sooner or later.

It seems as if the story of Arabesque in the September issue was written especially for you, Mrs. F. E. O. And Reynold Evans takes the part of Achmed.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—Letter asking about Blue Steele. Come home to Marcella and read: Blue Steele, of all things, is on his way to California—that is on August 2nd he was on his way—he's most likely there now—to make a picture with Charles Farrell. Texas is his 'one home, don't you know, and hob-nobbing with cowboys is probably his specialty. Eddie UUt ran into Blue Steele at Amarillo, Texas, and that is why we all know now about the picture with Charles Farrell. And here's a little something about Eddie himself. He is a versatile recitationist and is broadcasting over Station WDAG, in Amarillo, and loves to talk to children. I'm sure that the children love to listen to you. Mr. UUt. and hope you will continue in your fine work. Do you think you can send along a picture for this "column"? Thank you.

Once upon a time a very gentle woman was captured by a very great big monster. True, she put herself in the way of being captured, for she knew that in this new captivity she would neither hunger nor thirst. This lovely lady had a young son and they had both been traversing the desert of human longing for a long time. When they finally came to a spring, they found this monster who demanded in exchange for food and water interesting stories to fascinate him and his "boy, He.

The heroine of this short tale is Yolande Langworthy, well-known author of "Arabesque". The figurative, benevolent monster—the Columbia Broadcasting System. Now, all of the facts about Miss Langworthy's future work have not been revealed, but I have gleaned this much—that a very substantial offer of gold has been made to Miss Langworthy to adapt her stories to the talking films. I don't know how many bushels of gold and silver will be measured out by this very large picture company, but it will be enough so that Miss Langworthy and her boy will never have to cross the desert again.
Lindbergh Honors Radio

(Continued from page 19)

The National Broadcasting Company with Columbia participated in broadcasting the evening address. The actual speech was delivered from Studio Six on the 22nd floor of 485 Madison Avenue, headquarters of WABC, and was carried by telephone to the main office of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company at 24 Walker Street. From that point it was relayed to the main office of the National Broadcasting Company at 711 Fifth Avenue and thence to the transmitting stations WEAF, WJZ and approximately seventy stations on the National Broadcasting chain. The hookup in the United States, which was the largest in point of the number of stations broadcasting ever accorded to a studio feature, was distributed as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Stations</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Columbia</td>
<td>74 stations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National</td>
<td>(red and blue networks) 70 stations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>144 stations</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In addition to these, a London broadcast was arranged for a network of twenty-one stations affiliated with the British Broadcasting Corporation and through that corporation arrangements had been made to rebroadcast in Sweden over the Radiojenny, Stockholm station. Interest in Sweden was particularly keen because of the fact that Colonel Lindbergh's father was a native of Sweden and in that country America's "Lone Eagle" is still regarded as one of Sweden's sons.

Three short wave stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company also carried the speech, an advance copy of which had been sent to Germany for reading through stations of the Reichs Rundfunk Gesellschaft, the German broadcasting organization. A station in Sydney, Australia, planned to pick up and rebroadcast the National transmission.

The National Broadcasting Company's short wave stations are W3XAL, Bound Brook, N. J., W8XK, Pittsburgh, Pa., and W2XAD, Schenectady, N. Y.

Attempts have been made to estimate the potential Radio audience of this hookup. It is probable with so notable a speaker before the microphone that the listeners numbered between 75,000,000 and 100,000,000, including those in remote parts of the world who picked up the address by short wave transmission.

The mechanical alignment whereby the broadcast was sent abroad makes an interesting story in itself. Picked up at the A. T. & T. office in New York, it was amplified and sent over a direct circuit to one of that company's Radio telephone transmitting stations. The A. T. & T. has two of these stations—long wave at Rocky Point, L. I., and short wave at Lawrenceville, N. J., and uses whichever one is most suitable under the prevailing atmospheric conditions. Rocky Point broadcasts on a wave length of about 5,000 meters and Lawrenceville on a short wave between 14 and 33 meters.

At the telephone company's Radio station the voice currents are amplified millions of times and "blended" with a high voltage current, powerful enough to bridge the gap to England. Colonel Lindbergh's words were picked up on the other side by one of the receiving stations of the British Post Office which operates the telephone system of Great Britain—either the long wave station at Cupar, Scotland, or the short wave station at Balloch, England. These receiving stations again amplify the voice currents, attenuated, so poor that the British Broadcasting Corporation could not rebroadcast the speech to its listeners. The reason the broadcast failed was heavy static occasioned by intense electrical storms at some point in the Atlantic. This is a somewhat rare occurrence and was the first time an international broadcast had been completely silenced by weather conditions.

Colonel Lindbergh's first Radio talk accordingly was heard by a comparatively small audience in the studio of WABC, a few short wave receivers in the United States and on ships at sea, and a vast audience in South America and Australia.

He expressed regret that the afternoon European broadcast had failed and seemed pleased when officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System invited him to speak to the British audience on another occasion. Phonographic records of the speech were made and rushed the following day by mail steamer to London, where they were available for rebroadcasting.

The second broadcast made six hours later from the same studio was a complete success. The National Broadcasting Company added its contribution to the happy occasion by assigning Gene Mulholland of its staff to be present and extend his capable services in making Col. Lindbergh's address a memorable one. This address was transmitted to Radio listeners in this country over the usual long wave networks and virtually monopolized the air. The newspapers of the country in the main carried front page accounts of the broadcast the next day.

Colonel Lindbergh, who is as much a public idol now as he was three years ago, found crowds of admirers gathered at the studio for both appearances, and police lines were formed to make a lane for him and his party from the studio entrance to his automobile. The distinguished aviator was accompanied by Mrs. Lindbergh, Col. Henry Breckinridge, his friend and attorney, Mrs. Breckinridge and Miss Nancy Guggenheim, a daughter of Harry T. Guggenheim, Ambassador to Cuba.

His speech had been written by him in advance and copies had been sent to all newspapers for publication immediately after the broadcast. It was about 1,200 words in length and with the studio announcements, effectively made by Frank Knight, required ten minutes for presentation. Colonel Lindbergh spoke into two microphones, a precaution in case of mechanical defect interfering with either one. He declined to sit at a table and broadcast, preferring to stand for his address.

Both times an audience of about a dozen people was in the studio. Colonel Lindbergh, although a novice at broad-
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must have many more trained men. Most of those now employed are untrained—
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have to give up your present job—you learn quickly and thoroughly—just
a little time needed at home—earn an extra $10 to $20 per week in spare
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helps you on to success. The big R. T. I. Radio Opportunity book explains
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ON THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS IN RADIO, TELEVISION, AND TALKING PICTURES
Lindbergh Honors Radio

(Continued from page 122)

casting, spoke in a well modulated voice. His words came over the air distinctly with proper pauses for emphasis and the even tone that is one of the requisites of a broadcasting voice.

Prior to the address, photographs were made of him standing in front of the microphone and these were rushed in response to a demand by special service to newspapers in all parts of the world, in itself an indication of the tremendous interest in everything that America's most famous young man does.

The talk in the evening once over, his own natural liking for mechanics, the scientific curiosity in him, made him ask questions. Anxious to inspect the various pieces of apparatus, particularly did the master control fascinate him—the meaning of the various dials. Reluctant, at last, however, he had to bring his casual inspection to a close, but not before he had assured the officials he would come back again, perhaps many times, to learn completely all the secrets still undisclosed.

Voices from Across the Sea

(Continued from page 57)

proved a good prophet. France and Italy soon proclaimed their refusal to make it a quintuple pact.

So it remains for my scholarly friend and colleague, Cesar Saerchinger, whom I left in charge of Columbia's European interests and who is now its general representative “over there,” to magnetize Bernard Shaw to the microphone. Whenever that happens, Radio will register a new high.

Viscount Cecil's was the only address not devoted to the naval conference. He delivered an eloquent 15-minute address on the occasion of the national memorial services in honor of the late Chief Justice Taft, including a moving tribute to Mr. Tait's services in behalf of world peace. The Chief Justice's family directed Columbia to inform Lord Cecil that nothing said on the occasion of Mr. Tait's passing had moved them more profoundly than his broadcast from London, delivered at 12:30 P.M., American time with complete clarity.

NEVER in the history of international relations—of course, not at all over the air—has so eminent a galaxy of personages addressed themselves within a brief span of time to a subject engrossing the world's attention. Here were the two chief actors in the naval drama at London—Stimson and MacDonald—communing by word of mouth directly into the ears of uncountable American hearers. MacDonald, speaking from Chequers, chose his Columbia broadcast on March 9th for the occasion of the first important, decisive announcement of the whole Conference, i.e., Britain's refusal to give France "military guarantees." That utterance marked the turning-point in affairs at London, the beginning of the end of the Five-Power negotiations and the paving of the way to purely Three-Power arrangements.

The Department of State, both in London and at Washington, caused to be issued regularly under its official auspices all copies of speeches broadcast by members of the delegation. Those utterances became part of the official history of the Conference of 1930. They are prima facie evidence of the importance with which statesmanship dignifies this new means of enlightening public opinion and solidifying international friendships—this magic medium of the microphone and the short-wave which has become its equally magical and reliable handmaiden.

Grantland Rice Interviews Sultan of Swat

(Continued from page 87)

If he passes me I'll be the first to send him a stick of dynamite.

RICE—Just why are there so many more home run hitters today than there were in the "good old days" of baseball?

RUTH—The game's different. In the old days pitchers could doctor the ball and make it dance in the air. I'll give you another example. In the old days they only used five or six balls during a game. Now they use from 45 to 50 so you are always hitting at a new, white ball that is harder to throw. As a result about everybody is gripping the bat down by the end of the handle and taking his full cut. They are swinging from the ground at everything that comes up to the plate where most of them used to grip the bat well up and chop or punch. I'd say that was the main reason.

RICE—Do you ever get tired of baseball, Babe?

RUTH—No. I play about 180 games a season, counting all the exhibition games. But I get a big kick out of every game I play in.

RICE—Who was the fastest pitcher you ever faced?

RUTH—Walter Johnson. He was the fastest of them all in his day and don't let anybody tell you different. He could make that baseball look like a golf ball shot from a gun.

RICE—Who is the best young ball player developed in the big leagues this year?

RUTH—Lopez, the Brooklyn catcher. He's a star in every way and he's been a big factor in keeping Brooklyn up.
Achieving Perfection in Informal Entertainment

(Continued from page 76)

Now what on earth
Do you suppose
Is it this
Little folder?
Just keep right on
And you'll find out
Early, dear.
Minute older.
A few more turns
And then you'll know—
I hope that you're excited.
We entertain
On Halloween
And this means
You're Invited.

Name
Date
Place

Such a novel invitation prepares your guests for an equally novel evening, and they must not be disappointed.

On the evening of the party when the guests arrive they are confronted by a large placard hanging just inside the entrance door which reads: "SILENCE. DO NOT SPEAK TO ANYONE AFTER PASSING THIS SIGN." Have a large cardboard hand pointing in the direction the guests are to take to leave their wraps. On one door hang a sign for the ladies and on another door one for the men. In each room there are a pile of sheets and over it place a sign ordering each guest to wrap himself in one. Nearby have a pile of black masks, one for each guest, and on a dressing table some grease paint, powder and rouge. A large sign reading: "DISGUISE YOURSELF AS COMPLETELY AS POSSIBLE AND THEN GATHER IN THE LIVINGROOM" should hang in a conspicuous place in each dressing room.

The livingroom should be decorated in keeping with the spirit of Halloween and dimly lighted with candles and mystic blue lights obtained by burning wood alcohol in brass bowls. Have the necessary card tables set up with a sign on each reading: "ONE WORD BEFORE 9:30 WILL COST YOU YOUR FORTUNE. BE SEATED. IF YOU CAN'T DEMONSTRATE YOUR BIDS WITHOUT TALKING, WRITE THEM ON THE BACKS OF SCORE SHEETS. BEGIN TO PLAY AT THE CHIME OF THE BELLS."

When the tables are filled, give the signal to start playing with a raucous cow bell or an alarm clock. A heap of fun will ensue when the players try to invent signals to signify their bids. If anyone speaks, he loses ten points from his score each time—the host quietly marking down these penalties.

By the time the alarm clock rings at the time signified to break silence (one hour after the playing starts), everyone will be dying to talk and the success of the party will be assured.

A simple buffet supper of assorted sandwiches, olives and pickles, doughnuts, cheese bits, apples, raisins, nuts, cider and hot coffee can be served at midnight. Or, if something more elaborate is desired, the dining table should be amusingly decorated and a course supper of creamed tomato soup in cups, ham and sweetbread patties, and hot pumpkin pie with cheese might be served.

If you do not care to play bridge, a hundred other ideas for Halloween can be thought up. Unconventionality should be the keynote of the evening and everything should be conducted in an unusual manner. Costumes are always fun and there is no better time to give a costume party. An "old clothes" party, a "baby" party, a "literary character" party can be

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be counted among the many suggestions that mean no extra expense for your guests. Fortune telling is an indispensable feature of the evening and many ideas for mystic readings of the future can be found in entertainment books at the public library.

Another unusual party for the fall suggested by Miss White is a football dinner. This should be given following a football game, of course, and lucky, indeed, is the hostess who can count one of the players among her guests. Someone who stayed at home—mother, usually—should have the dinner ready when the football enthusiasts arrive, ravenous and exuberant after hours in the open air.

The dining table should be decorated with the colors of the home team, or both, if any rooters from the other side are to be present. Chrysanthemums and autumn leaves banked in a low mass in the center of the table make a beautiful center piece. Miniature footballs holding phlox in attractive favors, hearty dinner, as elaborate as the hostess wishes to make it, will surely be relished. An ambitions dinner would be cream of celery soup, shrimp, lobster and oysters, creamed in patty shells, roast turkey with chestnut dressing, mashed potatoes and turnips, cranberry sauce, endive salad with French dressing, and hot mince and pumpkin pies. After such a hearty meal the guests will be glad to sit quietly over a cup of good hot coffee in the living room before starting bridge or dancing. During the coffee it would be a fitting climax to the football game to start an old-fashioned “sing” ending with the college songs of both teams.

Thanksgiving parties are usually family affairs. Decorations and menus, too, follow a time-honored tradition. But after Thanksgiving dinner is over—preferably in the middle of the day so that the home-maker can have time to rest and relax before evening—a good idea is for the older members of the family to meet at one home for a quiet evening of conversation or cards and the younger ones to meet at another house for an evening of old-fashioned games, and marshmallow roast, popping corn, and the like. After the hearty turkey dinner of the middle of the day, no one will want much in the way of supper. A buffet holding doughnuts, cheese tidbits, apples, nuts, raisins, and cider will be all any one will want.

LUNCHEONS, teas and bridge parties are among the most delightful forms of informal entertainment for women. The wise luncheon hostess will prepare a simple meal, keeping in mind the level of her guests. Heavy luncheons make us dull and sleepy, whereas a light, appetizing repast puts us in an expansive frame of mind.

A cream soup, a main dish of some broiled fish and green peas, and a light dessert such as prune whip, constitute the sort of meal women enjoy. This should be served on a colorful and gay table with a low bowl of fresh flowers in the center, plates for the more fashionable crossed runners, freshly polished silver, gleaming glass, colorful china. Candles should never be on the table at lunch time or at any time before nightfall, for that matter. And paper napkins should only be used at large buffet parties or at late night suppers.

Luncheon should be taken leisurely, for the real purpose of it is talk—the exchange of ideas and news, civic discussions, the theatre, books, club news, fashion news—the things in which women are interested and not the petty affairs of the day, nor the gossip uninhibited men suspect us of. The tactful hostess will always lead the conversation away from dangerous personalities. Luncheons served at one usually end about three, giving the hostess time to clear everything up and rest a while before starting dinner.

Afternoon bridge, to which guests are usually invited at about two-thirty, is usually followed by tea served in the same room. The hostess should have her tea wagon prepared beforehand—with cups and saucers, plates, tea napkins, spoons and forks, tea pot, tea cannister, the pot for boiling water, sugar, cream and lemon. It is quite fashionable nowadays to have a trouble compartment dish containing cloves and candied cherries on the tea tray for those who like their tea with an exotic flavor. Colored pieces of sugar in the shapes of diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs are also amusing novelties. Dainty sandwiches cut in odd shapes and small iced cakes are the usual tea-time repast.

While the players are adding their scores and settling up, the hostess makes the tea at the wagon and one of the guests, chosen beforehand, passes the refreshments to the guests. Bridge should stop not later than five o’clock, giving an hour for the enjoyment of the tea before the guests take their leave at six.

Probably the most intimate and jolly form of entertainment is the late supper party. After the theatre, lecture or club meeting, for instance, it is fun to invite people to your home for a midnight bite. Everyone is in an expansive mood and just physically tired enough to want to sit quietly and talk of cabbages and kings. This is Grace White’s favorite kind of party and she told me that she never lets a chafing dish recipe escape her shears. She keeps a special scrapbook in which she pastes suggestions for midnight snacks.

Two things are indispensable for midnight parties: a chafing dish and the ability to make extra-good coffee.

** **

If you have any questions about entertaining that are bothering you or if you’d like to have some help with a party which you’re planning, write to me care of Radio Digest and I’ll be glad to help you out. You can also get lots of new ideas about entertaining and every other phase of home-making from the morning broadcasts by the Radio Home-Makers Club. These are given every weekday except Saturday between ten A.M. and noon over the Columbia Broadcasting network.

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Miscellaneous


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WALTON PLACE—Just off Michigan Ave.

J. I. McDonnell, Manager

126
Amos 'n' Andy in Hollywood
(Continued from page 86)

is, they use their Amos 'n' Andy tones, snap into Van Porter and the Kingfish and others, in rapid succession and never miss out.

When the afternoon performance is over, they go right back to work on their sound stage and keep it up until six o'clock. This gives them an hour and a half and, since taking off make-up is quicker than putting it on, in this time they can change attire and have their next meal, a bit more substantial than the other repasts.

Mostly they are still in the studio lot. But sometimes they dash back to the hotel, though not often. Comes seventy-three and they repeat the episode for the benefit of the western audience.

That accounts pretty well for their time. But wait, for they are not through. From then on until midnight they work on future adventures of Amos 'n' Andy, and rehearse tomorrow's Radio act. This takes an hour or two, and the rest of the time is spent in practising their dialogue for the next day's picture work.

So far as the listening public is concerned, there's a second's delay in switching from Chicago to Hollywood for the act. But the Radio officials, at the first, had a couple of fits because in the switching process there is an interval of two seconds between Bill Hay's "And here they are," to the time Amos 'n' Andy begin to expostulate.

But this two seconds interval is absolutely necessary to make all the plug-ins for the affair. Not being too technically minded, I never catch the fact that there is a second interval, and I don't think the audience does either.

SO THERE, you have a pretty accurate picture of what Amos 'n' Andy have been doing during the summer months.

Do they like Hollywood? Well, they just know the route from the hotel to RKO's lot. Over towards the mountains they can see the hillside homes and colorful street lights at midnight as they wend their way back to rest after the day's activity.

But the pace is a terrific one. Sometimes they dash out at eleven o'clock and get an extra hour of sleep. Once in a while they sneak in fifteen minutes more during the morning.

But the boys are punctual and never miss out on the work schedule. They will be glad when it is all over and the rush subsides. Over at the studio they tell me the picture will be released about the middle of October.

So perhaps by the time you are reading this you will have a chance to see their initial talkie effort. I think it will not be their last.

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National Radio Institute, Dept. OLQ, Washington, D. C.

Mail coupon TODAY!
THROUGHOUT history the progress of civilization has been dependent upon the development of transportation. Centuries ago men found they could live better by engaging in trade with one another. They discovered that an article which was plentiful in one locality was often scarce and in great demand in another. It became apparent that life could be made simpler and more worth while by trading the surplus of a district suited to agriculture for that of a natural manufacturing community. As methods of transportation improved it was found impossible for the individual or the community to remain completely independent of other individuals and communities. Contact with foreign countries brought about an intellectual development together with the commercial. Men became no longer content with the bare necessities of existence and the luxuries of ancient commerce grew into the everyday necessities of a more modern world. The intercourse which sprang up as a result was responsible for the banding together of larger and larger communities under one central government and eventually brought about the comparatively high standard of living.

EVERY great advance in transportation has forecast a greater unity in world government. Directly or indirectly, whether by peaceful negotiation or by warfare, the demands of commerce have made it both impossible and undesirable for an entirely independent community to exist permanently. Thousands of years ago it was found advisable to form local organizations to regulate trade. The development of shipping and foreign commerce caused the adoption of a central government by groups of communities for advantages in trading with foreign countries. Transoceanic traffic with its worldwide commerce brought about the necessity of international regulation and agreement. In every instance the advantages of cooperation and exchange broke down the barriers of sectionalism.

Foreign relations were originally greatly hampered by artificial obstacles imposed in the form of local tolls and taxes. Communities were fearful lest their neighbors obtain some advantage in trade. Better transportation brought intercourse and mutual understanding and gradually caused the local taxes to be removed, thereby greatly stimulating internal business. Wherever new methods of transportation brought people in contact with one another and made it possible through cooperation for them to obtain a better living with less effort, artificial obstacles gave way before the advantages of trade.

The Twentieth Century brings a third dimension in transportation to a world which has not yet had time to become accustomed to the more recent developments of the steamship and the railroad. The airplane and the airship are placing time and distance on a new scale of relativity. Aviation as it is today is having a worldwide effect on communication. If we attempt to envision what it will be after a century of modern scientific development it is difficult to find precedent for what it may bring to civilization.

Aviation has not gripped the imagination of the world solely because man has at last found a way of flying. Its fascination lies far more in the changes it is bringing about in existing methods and policies. Possibly the most important effect will be on international relations. When measured in hours of flying time the great distances of the old world no longer exist. Nations and races are not separated by the traditional obstacles of earthbound travel. There are no inland cities of the air and no natural obstructions to its commerce.

The last few years have seen the extension of airlines over every continent. The next few will bring transoceanic routes to unite these continental services into a network covering the entire world. To realize the full significance of this development, however, it must be considered as a part of the whole system of modern transportation. For unless some radical scientific discovery revolutionizes our present aircraft we cannot compete with ships and railroads in the movement of most articles of commerce. The airplane augments rather than replaces ground transport. Its mission is to simplify intercourse between countries by rapid transportation of passengers and documents; to bring us in closer contact with other people and to facilitate the negotiations necessary for mutual understanding and trade.

If we accept the principle that life today is preferable to that of ancient times then it is logical to assume that any future improvement in transportation will result in a corresponding advance in methods of living. As people grow accustomed to flying a new sense of distance will develop and foreign countries will not seem so far away. Men instinctively judge the distance of places by their accessibility. In consequence we have formed many false impressions of geography. Aviation will replace these old ideas with a true order of location. The ease of travel between Canada, Mexico and the United States, for instance, will undoubtedly bring about still closer cooperation between them. Even today there is a well established airway between North and South America. It is no longer a difficult feat to fly between the two continents and as flying activity increases there will be a regular traffic of aircraft north and south through the Isthmus of Panama and the West Indies. The Western Hemisphere is by no means unique in aeronautical development. European airlines have been equally active in their extension through Asia and Africa.

Our present aircraft we cannot compete with ships and railroads in the movement of most articles of commerce. The airplane augments rather than replaces ground transport. Its mission is to simplify intercourse between countries by rapid transportation of passengers and documents; to bring us in closer contact with other people and to facilitate the negotiations necessary for mutual understanding and trade.

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Occupation
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In the luxury-accustomed days of the Old South, many a Tennessee gentleman, journeying from Nashville on the river steamboat, would take along his own chef who would supplement the ship's bill-of-fare with numerous epicurean delicacies. And so, tempting "private dishes" were climaxed off with "private coffee," the same rich and smooth coffee which at the old Maxwell House was winning praise from all the South.

So rare and mellow was this full-flavored coffee, countless Southern men and women not only served it in their own homes, and took it on their travels, but often dispatched a precious pound or two to some appreciative friend in the North. Thus gradually the fragrant goodness of the coffee of the old Maxwell House became known in districts far from Dixie.

Today you can enjoy this same famous blend of choicest coffees. You will find it exceedingly rare and mellow. Rich and full bodied. Smooth and satisfying, with a fragrance that provides an alluring background to wonderfully blended flavor. That is why this inimitable coffee has become inimitably popular. Why not try it for breakfast tomorrow—you run no risk of disappointment, for if you are not fully satisfied, your money will gladly be returned.

Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N. Y. C. over the National Broadcasting coast-to-coast hook-up.

You will be delighted also, with Maxwell House Tea

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