

AMOS and ANDY—ON the AIR
Radio Digest

April

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Cents

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NBC, N. Y.

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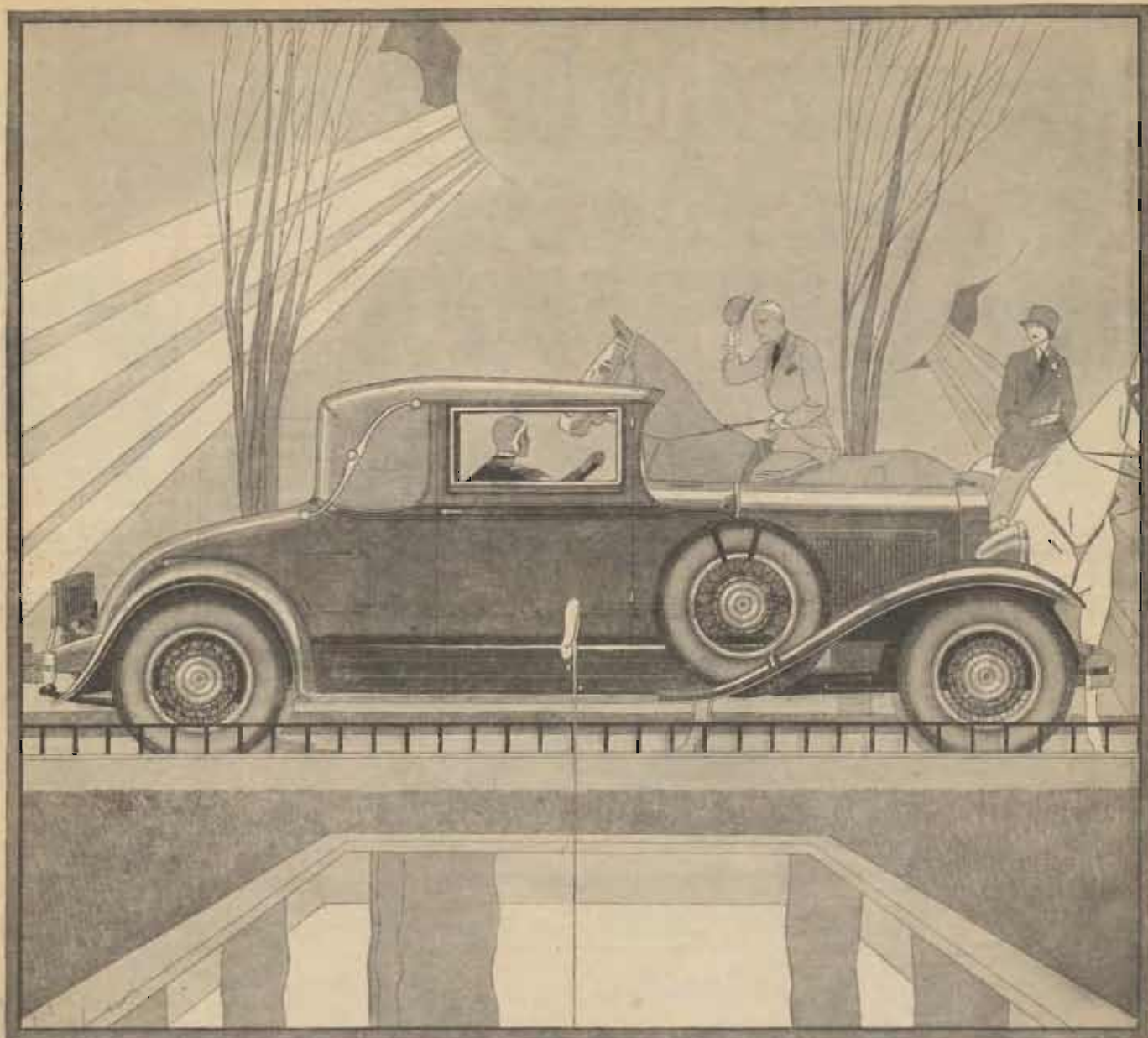
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Radio Digest

E. C. RAYNER,
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Harold P. Brown,
Editor

April, 1930

CONTENTS

SPECIAL ARTICLES

VINCENT LOPEZ—Renowned orchestra leader seeks life philosophy in the stars.
AMOS AND ANDY ON THE AIR—A visit to the Fresh Air Taxi Company.
WILFRED GLENN—Role of Operatic Sea Captain wins over career on briny deep.
RADIO RACKETS—Local stations face onslaughts of racketeers.
HENRY BURBIG—Author of *De Willage* Chastnat rates *Big Time* as Radio comedian.
ALBUM—The Fair of the Air.
CAREERS FOR WOMEN IN RADIO—Many real opportunities exist in field.
HOMES TREND TOWARD ELEGANCE—Houses now reflect new Princess mode.
MOTHER OF SEVEN GIVES ADVICE—Mrs. Reilly rebels against "synthetic child raising."

P. H. Dixon 9
 Mark Quest 10
Illustrated by Edward Ryan
 Jean Campbell 18
 Harry Mack 19
 Albert Edson Bobo 25
 26
 Marie K. Neff 50
 54
 Mrs. John S. Reilly 78

FICTION

THE SUCKER—A jolly prospector finds gold and starts to "have himself a time."
THIRTEEN AND ONE—Fatal lure of the Nonita Opal draws its meshes closer.
ARABESQUE—From the episode *Orchids*, as presented by the CBS.
WHO KILLED LEON DUBRONSKY?—The Violinist of KHOL is found murdered. Can you solve the mystery? It may mean money to you.
NEW LAWS FOR OLD—Conquering hardships of open trail, a brave man makes new laws to win his bride.
OUT OF THE BLUE—It looked like the finish, but sometimes sand burrs are mightier than bullets.

Lowell Otus Reese 16
Illustrated by Charles J. McCarthy
 Jackson Gregory 20
Illustrated by Dudley Glynn Summers
 Yolande Langworthy 32
 David B. Hampton 34
Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers
 Rupert Hughes 40
Illustrated by Dudley Glynn Summers
 Will Payne 44
Illustrated by Robert Johnston

STATION FEATURES

INTIMATE GOSSIPY NEWS BITS—What the stations and entertainers are doing. 58
SYNCOATING OLD MASTERS—Paul Specht jumps from small band to *Big Time* and *Talkies*.
SINGING TOWER HEARD BY NATION—Famous Bok Carillon put on the air by WFLA.
POLICE MOTTO IS SERVICE—St. Joseph force treats woes of all broadcasts over KFEQ.
KVOO TO RESCUE IN MINE DISASTER—Tulsa station raises entire Red Cross quota in 72 hours.
RADIO SAVES COLLEGE TRADITION—KOMO goes to school to put on historic ceremony.
GUITAR LOOMS AS MIKE FAVORITE—Fretted instruments broadcast best, CHML finds.
CHAIN CALENDAR FEATURES 81

K. W. Stowman 61
 W. Walter Tison 65
 Ada Lyon 68
 Dianne Dix 72
 Donald Burchard 74
 Arthur Rutledge 77
 81



PAULINE LOGSDON is a true daughter of the Lone Star state, qualified to tame bucking bronchos or ride wild steers. But it took the music director of KTH, Los Angeles, to discover her pure lyric voice and dedicate her to American Radio.



MUSICAL Interpretations at 3:30 on Friday afternoons have won a large host of friends for WGHP, Detroit. Helene Wyhan, studio pianist, is the artist responsible for their success. She can make a concert grand stand on its hind legs or roll over.



ORDINARILY it takes Margaret Schilling many months to complete a coast to coast vaudeville tour; but she sang in every city in the country and half way 'round the world in a fraction of a second recently as guest artist of Radio Keith on NBC.



GRACE HYDE, famous in New York and London society, has become so enthusiastic over Radio she has joined the Columbia staff and has her own half-hour program every Wednesday afternoon at 2. She will play a leading part in Ziegfeld's *Ming Toy*.

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Forty-one Nominations Received for DIAMOND AWARD

Long Shots and Favorites Entered as America's Most Popular Program Race Starts With a Bang

THEY'RE OFF! How that cry rings in your ears when the barrier rises and the thoroughbreds are away on the first stretch. The field is hunched—the favorites and the long shots are making a real race of it.

With less than one week elapsed since the Diamond Award Contest for America's Most Popular Program was announced, more than forty-one entries have already been received. Friends and backers of favorite Radio artists from every corner of the United States are already rallying to the support of their friends of the air.

Every indication points to the liveliest and most spirited contest ever sponsored by Radio Digest. It is, of course, too early to hazard even a wild guess as to who will be leading when the contestants enter the home stretch, but the letters accompanying nomination ballots carry such a spirit of loyal enthusiasm that the race is bound to be close.

Speaking of long shots, many a dark horse has already shown up in this Diamond Award Contest and the Big Shots generally thought of as national favorites are going to have to look to their laurels.

Radio listeners and readers of Radio Digest are going to decide just what program is the most popular in this country. By means of their ballots they will confer on some one program, organization or artist the title of AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM. To this program, chosen by popular vote, will be presented the RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD, emblazoned with the name of the winner, a truly enviable recognition and honor.

Five GOLD AWARDS of similar design will be presented to each of the runners-up in the various sections of the country in recognition of being voted the East's Most Popular Program; the South's Most Popular Program; the Middle West's Most Popular Program; the West's Most Popular Program; and, finally, the Far West's Most Popular Program.

IT IS by no means the program, organization or artist of the biggest and most powerful station that may claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Although carried to every corner of the continent by a powerful transmitter, or by miles of land wires, and generally conceded to be widely popular, a program may not have the genuine appeal and whole-hearted friendly support that another program from a smaller station boasts. Radio Digest is interested in finding the program that has the staunchest friends, friends who are enough interested in their favorite entertainer to stand up and fight for his honor and success.

Every broadcasting station has an individuality built up by the characteristics of the personalities heard through its channel. It may be a large station or a small station. There is always that SOMETHING that gives that station popularity, and it is invariably some one program, or group of programs. No individual in the world can tell with any degree of accuracy how any particular program rates with its listeners. Only in a comparison as indicated in a contest such as Radio Digest sponsors in the Diamond Meritum Award Contest do the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice, and

thereby prove its popularity over others in America.

Do YOU have a favorite program? One that you prefer to listen to above all others?

Is there some one program, organization or artist that always holds you—a certain place on your dials that is notched for particular hours of enjoyment? Here is a chance for you to show your appreciation for all the pleasure this artist or group has given you.

All that is necessary for you to do to place your favorite Radio program, organization or artist in nomination in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest is to clip the nomination and coupon ballot at the bottom of this page and mail it to Radio Digest. This places your favorite in nomination and adds the first rung in the ladder of success that will lead to the world-wide recognition accorded by the Diamond Meritum Award.

"I SURE hope that I may be the first to nominate Joe O'Toole of WJAY," writes Stuart Grant, of Columbus, Ohio. "I may be as Scotch as they make 'em, but this Irishman gives me a kick. And all the girls I know, from fourteen to forty, swear by him. He certainly deserves the Diamond Award, and here is my vote, but again my Scotch instinct comes to the front, and I am saving the coupons so they will count for more in the end."

From Rockford, Illinois, Carl Brodin enthuses: "The Mello-tone Quartet of KFLV always catches my dials when I am searching for the best. Here's my nomination and you can look for the rest of the coupons when the contest closes. Believe me, I'm going to do my best to round up a lot of votes for this program."

"Enclosed find my nomination for Amos 'n' Andy, the best of them all. I may be just one of the 'Hundred Thousand' but at least I am doing my bit, as I know thousands all over the nation will," writes Mrs. Louis Waltz, of Los Angeles.

"I think W. K. Henderson should be acclaimed the most popular in your contest. He is not only sending out plenty of entertainment over the air but he is doing our country a world of good in his spirited fight against monopolies," acclaims Floyd Wertz, South Bend, Indiana.

"Henry Field, of Shenandoah, is the man who gives the greatest service, the best entertainment and the finest of everything. Here's my boost for KFNF, and may Henry win the Diamond Award," says Fred Huebsch, of McGregor, Iowa.

And so the letters come. This is going to be one HOT race. Anyone who thinks the days are past when Radio fans write letters is due for the surprise of his life. A glance at the day's mail in this contest will open his eyes. This is a wonderful opportunity for you to speak a good word for your favorite and help place him in a commanding position in this contest.

If you don't find your favorite in the nomination list on page 118 of this issue, clip out the coupon at the bottom of this page, then enclose it with the corresponding coupon which counts as one ballot. If you are a real fan you will speak about the contest to some of your listening friends.

(Rules and regulations on page 99)

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) _____

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Signed _____

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City _____

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Do You Follow Amos and Andy?

Can You Write Dialogue?

\$200 In Prizes

for Best Ten Minute Dialogues
Utilizing Characters of
Amos and Andy

AMOS AND ANDY have to write a ten-minute go every day for six days a week. They have scored tremendously. But if you should take down their dialogue you probably would be surprised to see that after all it is the way they say their lines more than what they say that makes them so interesting.

Radio Digest believes that there are many readers of this magazine who could write good Amos and Andy dialogue. It is willing to pay money to prove this theory.

Therefore, the following prizes will be offered for the best ten-minute dialogue utilizing the characters of Amos and Andy, or any of the other characters identified with their daily entertainment.

FIRST PRIZE

\$100 for the best dialogue of 1,000 words or not more than 1,500 words.

SECOND PRIZE

\$50 for the second best dialogue of 1,000 words and not more than 1,500 words.

THIRD PRIZE

\$25 for the third best dialogue of 1,000 words and not more than 1,500 words.

FOURTH PRIZE

\$15 for the fourth best dialogue of 1,000 words and not more than 1,500 words.

FIFTH PRIZE

\$10 for the fifth best dialogue of 1,000 words and not more than 1,500 words.

Where manuscripts are considered of equal merit for the same prize, duplicate awards of the prize will be made.

The judges will consist of an impartial committee selected by the publisher of Radio Digest and the decision of the award committee will be final.

This contest will end May 5, 1930. All dialogues must be in the mail and postmarked not later than midnight of May 5, 1930.

Send in your manuscript early. Write on one side of the paper. You may use typewriter or longhand.

Radio Digest reserves the right to use any or all manuscripts submitted for publication, with suitable compensation.

Listen to Amos and Andy tonight. Note the words they use. Think of the situation they have described and use your imagination. Your dialogue must present an original situation. Try it tonight. You'll be surprised how easy the ideas will come.

Make Sure of YOUR MAY RADIO DIGEST

Thousands were disappointed last month in finding their newsstands completely **SOLD OUT** of Radio Digest

The Great May Number

will be packed from cover to cover with the New Stories and New Pictures of Your Favorite Radio Artists.

AMOS 'N' ANDY

Rise to New Heights. New Pictures. New Stories. New Facts about them.

GUY LOMBARDO

Intimate story of this famous maestro who captured America with a small band of Royal Canadians.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Brilliant short story, "The Turning Wheel," with threads that reach from Old England to New England and back again.

PARADE OF THE STATIONS

Closeup flashes of interesting bits from broadcast studios across the American continent.

FAIR OF THE AIR

Portraits of the feminine celebrities pleasing to see as well as to hear.

RADIOGRAPHS

Jean Campbell will continue her visits into the homes of national stars and tell you about their private lives.

MARCELLA

With her answers to the questions of the fans is always of special interest to the feminine listeners.

BROADCAST DRAMA

Fictionized features of some of the leading productions from the key stations.

RADIO HUMOR

Four pages of picked wit and comedy gleaned from the studios of the nation. Comic pictures.

GALAXY OF RADIO ARTICLES BY WELL KNOWN WRITERS

This is just a smattering of the many interesting features coming in that **SUPER-UN-ABRIDGED**

MAY RADIO DIGEST

At All Newsstands

Advance Tips

HOW opulent is the air with May-time treasure. The eyes float in billows of flowers, the nostrils ache with sweet scented apple blossoms, and the ears tingle with glorious music that seems to tumble from the bursting clouds. Your daily routine may not permit you to physically participate in the unfolding of spring but you can take your Radio Digest, turn on the set and enjoy the richest part of the treasure that is on the air. The pictures and the stories make human and lovable that which you hear from the sky.

You will find here in May a delightful story by E. Phillips Oppenheim that starts out with the thoughts and aspirations of a boy and a girl who have climbed a little hill to rest. "Her back was against the trunk of an ancient oak. Her companion was stretched upon the ground by her side with his head in her lap." And you'll be very keen to learn whether, after all that happens, they finally marry. It will give you something serious to think about, too.

Do you believe that an opal can actually bring bad-luck? Probably not. But there are many respectable and apparently sane people who have their misgivings about these beautiful stones. And the opal that once belonged to Nonius of the old Roman Senate carried a bloody record. Read what happened in the lonely storm-bound house at Lake Tahoe in Jackson Gregory's Thirteen and One, and the discovery of the Nonius Opal there, as related in this issue of Radio Digest.

REMEMBER Doty Hobart telling you how Cliquot Eskimos pull the rosin string tied to a tin can to make their dogs bark for you? Mr. Hobart is an old time Radio production manager. He has been taking a little vacation on the farm up in Westchester on the Hudson but he came back a couple of days ago and has been dusting off his typewriter. We hope whatever comes forth will be ready for that May issue. He said not a word of what it will be, but it will be good.

We think some of Floyd Gibbons' broadcasts would make good reading for the millions of fans who tune him in on every occasion. We have been after him for them but he is holding out for putting them in book form. Maybe if we could show him a bunch of letters asking for them in Radio Digest it would help. Now, would you? Thanks.

Don Becker, the brains of the Lavender knitwork of the Irrational Broadcasting company, is getting funnier and funnier. We have one of his very funniest skits for the May Radio Digest, which will have other exceptional humorous contributions to make it, all in all, the best grin twister of the month.

AND, of course, you will get another closeup squint at the great Radio favorites—Amos 'n' Andy! Folks just pester the life out of us for more about Amos 'n' Andy. Well, that's what we're here for.

Across the Desk

SINCE it has become the fashion to equip many of the more luxurious motor cars with high powered Radio receivers, one newspaper columnist has propounded a serious question. He wants to know what would happen in a traffic jam on Fifth avenue if all the cars had Radios and all the Radios were going full volume at the same time.

Gene Arnold, one of the greatest Radio showmen in the business, was particularly interested in the recent Radio Digest Short Go program contest. He believes the great mass of the listeners insist on variety. Eventually the big part of the day's schedule will be made up of fifteen-minute programs. There will be considerably more Short Go features put on by the same sponsors daily instead of half-hour and full hour programs put on once a week. One of the current outstanding examples of variety arrangement is the Henry George program on Monday night. It presents a series of "One Minute Dramas" and the flashy diversion is delightful. The Collier Hour on Sunday nights also presents a great variety of snappy diversions. But these are all stepping-stones to the ultimate idea.

THERE are other and more deadly rackets and racketeers than those discussed by Harry Mack of WNJ in this issue of Radio Digest. He might have mentioned the leech who has been the bane of Chicago broadcasters. This little Napoleon of the orchestras put his thumb down on the Old Fiddlers' contests, so long a feature of one of the big agricultural stations. He kicked the Old Fiddlers out. And while he was at it he ordered that this same station could not broadcast a band concert which it had proposed to bring in from a school in a neighboring city unless the station hired another band, man for boy, to sit idle in the studio while the school band put on its concert. There's a racket as is a racket. This same racketeer was one of those arrested last summer after a pipe organ had been set on fire apparently because the owner could no longer afford to hire an organist and had defied orders from the racketeer not to run an electric piano. Radio Digest is for union labor, is printed by union printers, believes in the cause, but has no use for racketeers who ride both the unions and the employers, the self respecting musician and the hard working broadcaster.

It is interesting to note that the greatest of motion picture classics furnished the theme song for the now outstanding favorite Radio program, Amos 'n' Andy. The Perfect Song, from the Birth of a Nation—a title that few could remember—is scarcely recognized anywhere today, although it was on every tongue shortly before our entry into the World War. Such is fame in Shadowland! And such is Radio!

Eventually there must come some distinctive technique to get humor through to the listener. Much of it falls terribly flat the way it is now presented. When Radio finds its funny bone there will be a big boom in general interest. Will it be a new kind of comedy or will it be a new way of presenting the old tried reliable repertoire? One evening we listened to a pick-up from a picture theatre. It was an eccentric Oriental selection with tom-tom and gong effects. They were in such a ludicrous juxtaposition as to be indescribably funny. Not a word was spoken, but the sound effect was a scream! Why? Who can say? Perhaps the answer might lead to the unknown technique of getting comedy into the Radio program with a way of its own.

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Have One Left

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Soap and Hope

By Meredith Nicholson

MAN CAN never be displaced as the most wonderful machine ever fashioned.

No programme of conservation or increased industrial production is complete that fails to take into the reckoning the physical and nervous power of man. All other economic factors are subordinate to him. He is entitled not only to just reward for his labor, but to opportunity and means for rest and recuperation.

A nation wastes itself that does not conserve its man power. The sound political and spiritual health of America depends upon the physical well-being of all the people. Healthy minds in sound bodies are essential to the nation's prosperity and happiness. The morbid and defective are a burden and a menace.

No testimony is more convincing as to a community's enlightenment and progress than its care for the public health, combined with generous provision for recreation.

Romance and adventure offer no nobler pages than the records of the scientists who have battled against filth and pestilence and taught men how to live. Fitting was the burial of the late Major-General Gorgas to the grieving of the bugles. He was a saviour and helper of mankind. His memory will be perpetuated in the health and well-being of generations that may never know their debt to the great sanitarian.

The American Red Cross turns with characteristic energy from its heroic service to humanity in the black trial of war to the needs of thousands of American homes that cry for sunlight and the scrubbing brush and instruction in the preparation of nourishing and harmonious foods.

Soap and hope! With this slogan doctors and nurses are already searching out the dark places, teaching the primary laws of sanitation and demonstrating methods of wholesome living. The Red Cross appeals to young women who would truly serve America in time of peace to enlist under its banner in this new field of social service.

The plight of the lonely cabin in the hills is as poignant in its appeal as that of the city slum. Wherever there is misery and helplessness and hopelessness there is work to be done.

The labors of the Red Cross to raise the standard of living in the homes of the lowly have an important place in the movement for the more thorough Americanization of America.



VINCENT LOPEZ, outwardly sophisticated leader of famous orchestras and idol of the nation, is, in fact, almost naïve at times. Lopez is in search of a workable philosophy of life, and believes he has found it in stars. P. H. Dixon reveals that and many other intimate little sidelights about this inimitable musician.

It's Hard Work to Play Well

VINCENT LOPEZ Puts His Men Through Difficult

Rehearsals to Obtain Desired Results—a Pen

Picture of First Radio Idol

By P. H. Dixon

VINCENT LOPEZ looks sophisticated. He dresses immaculately, has a patent-leather finish on his hair and, on occasions, can look very, very bored with it all. He conducts his band every night in one of the most exclusive hotels in New York City and his associates include the leaders of Manhattan's ultra-smart group.

But Lopez isn't sophisticated, not in the ordinary sense, that is. In fact, he is almost naive at times, especially when he hears in a casual conversation some reference to an unusual philosophy or to a different school of thought. His curiosity along certain lines is almost scholarly and his mental reactions at times are startlingly original. An interesting person is Lopez, and not an easy one to understand.

The orchestra leader, ranked among the greatest in the country and known to Radio listeners everywhere through his programs broadcast by the National Broadcasting company, makes good copy for the conventional interviewer. He has opinions that are quotable on every subject under the sun. His life story is colorful, including as it does his early struggles with music, his first steps in the direction of the priesthood and his rise from an obscure piano player to the front rank of the jazz maestros. But this story has to do with another side of Lopez. The story, perhaps, will reflect a part of his soul.

BUT before we look underneath the highly polished exterior of the man to find out what he thinks about and what his philosophies are, we had best watch the man in action.

His actual contacts with the public take up a relatively small percentage of his working hours. He conducts his orchestra at the St. Regis hotel during the dinner hour and then again for several hours around midnight. Once a week he directs the Pure Oil program in the NBC studios just across the street from the hotel. His other broadcasts are in conjunction with his regular evening program of dance music.

He is seen by his public as a suave, smiling young man who gracefully waves a slender baton. Dancers and diners see more of his face than do the men in his orchestra, for Lopez, to the casual observer, doesn't work very hard at the job of conducting. He sways slightly from the hips when he conducts and he is never awkward in his movements.

The casual observer is badly fooled, however, if he thinks Lopez isn't on the job. Let him change from a casual observer to an attentive listener and he will discover why Lopez is one of the best dance band leaders in the country. Let him begin his listening early in the evening before Lopez arrives to take the baton. He hears a good jazz orchestra, but it is just another orchestra. If he listens with his eyes closed he will note a sudden and subtle change in the music. Each division of the orchestra, heretofore scarcely noticeable in the general effect, makes its own personality felt. The listener is conscious of the wood-winds and of the brasses. The piano takes on a new meaning. The strings work wonders with the melody while the percussion—and Lopez uses the double bass for percussion effects—reminds one that after all the music is for dancing. This change means that Lopez is conducting.

What has happened? Lopez himself doesn't know. It is, perhaps, a certain "lift" that his presence gives the musicians. It might be explained by the fact that his men are anxious to please him, but that explanation fails when it is noticed that the change does not take place until he actually starts to con-

duct. He can sit at a table and watch his men and yet they fail to put the added "something" into the music that makes it a little bit different from anything else.

IT ALL seems to indicate that a good band leader must have something more than a keen sense of rhythm and a good musical education.

So much for the Lopez seen by the public. Hide behind a curtain in a Radio studio during a rehearsal and you get a different picture. The leader works with his coat off and he wears suspenders. He no longer is suave and smiling. Instead he is curt and very much concerned with his players.

There is no doubt as to who is running the rehearsal. The heated arguments between the musician and the conductor, so often a feature of rehearsals behind closed doors, just don't happen. The musicians pay Lopez the tribute of admitting he knows his job.

He takes his men through a number, part of the time conducting from his stand and part of the time walking about the orchestra making a suggestion here and a correction there. If he wants a certain effect and can't explain it in words, he sits down at the piano and explains it musically.

He works his men hard, for he demands the nearest they can give to perfection. It is not unusual to rehearse a five-minute selection for more than an hour. If the men do a good job, he tells them so. If they don't, he tells them so, and in no uncertain terms.

His day sometimes begins at eight o'clock in the morning, especially if he is making phonograph records. His day never ends before three o'clock in the morning.

He is not athletic, although he apparently has abundant vitality. He plays golf occasionally, but only when he has time to spare. He likes the country, but doesn't see much of it. He does like to work.

His life history, which has been written time and time again, can be summarized here. He was born in Brooklyn. His father was Portuguese and his mother Spanish. Both were musicians, and good ones. He learned to play the piano when he was four years old and made his first public appearance when he was six, playing "Chopsticks." The priesthood was selected as a career. It took three years to prove that music and not theology interested him. Even then his parents refused to surrender him to what they considered a hard and exacting life. So he took a business course. He became secretary to the head of a large firm, but he wanted music.

He got it by playing in a cheap cabaret at night. His father found out where he was spending his evenings and protested. Lopez ran away from home. He took any musical job he could find and waited on tables if it was necessary to hold a job as a pianist. Tom Rooney, actor, takes credit for discovering Lopez when the young man was directing a small orchestra in a night club. The result was four years of musical comedy work.

HE STARTED broadcasting in 1921 at the old WJZ studio in Newark. He has been on the air continually since that time. He has made concert and vaudeville tours. He has had his own night clubs. In his brief career he has made and lost several small fortunes. He is making another now. An out-

(Continued on page 112)

“LOPEZ! It is really Lopez!” And there followed a patter of clapping hands. It was such a little while ago. Somebody had conceived the idea of a Radio ball at one of the fashionable hotels in Chicago. Chain broadcasting was unknown. They were to dance to Lopez through WEAF, New York. Nonsense! . . . A hush over the happy, swaying, gliding throng. Crackling, roaring, then a faint swish of music. Swept by invisible eddies of force, the sound grew! “Lopez!” shouted a voice in the balcony. “Lopez speaking!” echoed a voice from the Radio. Such a thrill! It tingled to the tip of every restless toe. How many, many feet have danced to Lopez by Radio since that night! Vincent Lopez was one of the first Idols of the Air. He is still enthroned.

AMOS and ANDY

*Interrogator Visits Fresh Air Taxi Cab Office in Harlem
—Finds President Busy Directing Labors of Chief
Chauffeur—Madame Queen Passes By*

By Mark Quest

Illustrations by Edward Ryan

"**N**OW THAT you have interviewed Amos and Andy, *in person*, told about their private lives, and even the little Baby Amos," sighed Marcella as she opened up a fresh batch of letters, "I do hope you

will have a moment or two to help me answer some of these innumerable questions from the fans. And, by the way, what was it that made Amos laugh on New Year's night? You know you promised to explain that."

"Why did Amos laugh on New Year's night? Let's face the cruel facts together, Marcella: why did he laugh?" I asked. "He laughed because something struck him as funny."

"Well, what was it?"

"That is one of the particulars we may as well forget."

"But you can't do that. You promised to explain—a promise is a promise."

"Marcella, you don't know how you embarrass me. I am trying to be patient. I confess I don't know why he laughed. He just did. I'm sorry; I cannot tell you why."

"How are you going to explain that to the readers?"

"That is just another of life's inexplicable mysteries. It is doomed to remain so, unless Amos changes his mind and decides to give us the true answer. The world must go on and on and we may never, never know. Anyhow, I have many other things to worry about."

"But I'd like to know—"

"Please, Marcella, imagine my difficulties. I have to interview the Kingfish yet."

"The Kingfish!" she exclaimed, "why you have already told us the Kingfish is just another voice spoken by Amos."

"You are entirely wrong, Marcella, the Kingfish and Amos are entirely distinct and separate identities. What I did say was that the voice of Amos and the voice of the Kingfish both come from the vocal organs of Freeman F. Gosden. And that the voice of Andy comes from the mouth of Charles J. Correll. These two gentlemen live in Chicago and make their studio appearances at WMAQ of the Chicago Daily News, where they have an agreement to present a program twice a day, six days a week for fifty-two weeks for the Pepsodent tooth paste company. And this program goes from coast-to-coast through forty stations over the National Broadcasting company network. The Pepsodent company pays them \$100,000 a year, so you can see they are not exactly as indigent as they appear in their sketches. Besides that, they have other incomes from theatre bookings and miscellaneous sources. Please keep these facts in mind, Marcella."

"**B**UT WHAT do you mean, Mark, by saying you are going to interview the Kingfish?" Marcella persisted.

"Ah! Now we are getting down to brass rivets. We know that Mr. Correll and Mr. Gosden write the material for their skits themselves and that they live in Chicago. But the Radio listeners are anxious to know more about these persons,

Amos and Andy, whom they hear on the air, and who live in New York. They only hear the dialogue and the very brief introduction by Bill Hay. What they want is to get the dope right from some person who goes to see where Amos and Andy hang out on 134th street in Harlem, the New York Negro district. They want to get a direct view of the scene. So that's why I am going to go and look up the Amos and Andy we hear on the air."

"But, don't be silly, there is no real Amos and Andy—"

"My task is hard enough," I replied with some exasperation,

"without your imposing any supposititious obstacles in my way. Who told you there was no real Amos and Andy on 134th street in Harlem, New York? As a matter of fact, I happen to know there are several. And I am going to see a couple of them."

"And I suppose you will see the dog, too?"

"Check, and double check, Marcella."



Sad was the day when
Ruby Taylor kissed
Amos good-bye.

SO HERE we are on 134th street on the Dark side of New York on a balmy afternoon of the early spring. All Ethiopia is abroad. Dusky citizens of various ages and shades of complexions are strolling over the sun warmed pavements just for the joy of being out of doors. I think we are now getting into the neighborhood where we may find—what's that?

"Clunk! Clinkity-clink! There it is now. Old Man Trouble on Wheels—the Neanderthal of automobiles, a survival of the Tin Age. You couldn't mistake it. Nor could you mistake the dusky, kinky-haired, young industrialist lamming away at the battered rim flattened out on the pavement. Fresh air taxicab—heavens, yes; fresh air everywhere but in the tires! What a wreck! Splintered windshield, cross-eyed lensless lamps, fenders tied on with hay wire, a dragging running board, one rear axle jacked up on a carpenter's saw horse, and a rubber patchwork of tire and casing on the sidewalk near the belabored rim.

"Wool! Woo-oo-OOF!" Discovered! A bedraggled young pup has spotted me, announced himself, and is now sniffing curiously at my knees.

"Heah, doggie. Don't be afcared. Mistah. He won't bite."

"Are you sure?" I asked, pretending to be a bit frightened.

"No, no, no—he wouldn't hurt a flea."

"No personal allusions, I'm sure," Mark rejoined politely. "He might if he could catch one, tho'." This was from the

inevitable partner. It was Andy himself who appeared in the doorway of the little paint-peeled office building which I now observed for the first time. The front had once been a canary yellow. There was a black signboard with red letters announcing The Fresh Air Taxicab Co., Inc. over the door. The window was dusty and a rag had been stuffed into a broken pane. Andy himself leaned against the jamb, his intended derby aslant over one brow and the frayed remains of a half-burned cigar protruding from one corner of his mouth. He looked at me reflectively.

"Is you-all lookin' for a taxicab?" he asked.

"That depends," I answered, "on the ventilation of the vehicle."

"De what?" Andy shoved his hat back.

"THE CURSE of the modern taxicab," I explained, "is that it lacks a sufficient cubical content of wholesome atmosphere. It is a germ trap contrived to contaminate any normal human being compelled to breathe through its bacilli-infested interior. I have heard on the Radio of two bright young colored taxicabbers who specialize in Fresh Air Taxicabs—"

"You means de Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated; of which, I, Andrew Brown, is de president and Amos Jones de chief chauffeur?" asked Andy.

"Let me see, where have I heard those names before?" I asked with a finger to my brow.

"Brown and Jones?" asked Amos.

"Both names sound familiar, but I was wondering particularly about Amos and Andy."

"Das what we is on de Radio," Andy explained.

"On the Radio, exactly," I was jubilant. "The Radio must have been a great thing for your business. Why millions of people are listening to you every night. I suppose you will soon be establishing branches in the other cities?"

"Mistah, heah is de branch, de trunk, de root an' de bark of our business," said Amos pointing to the relic I well knew was their main stock in trade—and the dog.

"Do you mean to tell me that all this broadcasting has not helped to build up your business?" I asked.

"It maybe help de Kingfish say,"

said Amos, "but we ain't neevah got nuthin' to show how much—jes' a lot of letters but nobody evah say they is comin' to ride in de Fresh Air Taxicab because of de Radio, less 'an it be you."

"That seems incredible!" I expostulated.

"IT'S JES' like I say to Amos," observed Andy, slowly ambling himself out to the curb and bracing himself against a pole. "De main trouble is dat we ain't never tol' folks where we is. I spects if they knowed where we is dey could run us to death."

"It must cost you a lot of money putting on two programs every day."

"Well, it don't zactly cost us no money," said Amos.

"Oh, do you mean to tell me they advertise your taxicab business all over the country for nothing?"

"De Pepsodent people pays de bills," said Amos.

"You don't have to pay anything—the Pepsodent people pay everything?"

"Yeah, das it," Andy agreed. "Why dey even pays us mo' dan we makes outta de taxicab business."

"Then your broadcasting isn't a total loss?"

"No, sah, we ain't losin' nothin' by it," Amos admitted. He was now busy stretching the tire over the rim. An old

white haired darkey and several urchins had begun to gather around. Andy was annoyed.

"Uncle Jimmy," he turned to the white haired old man who leaned on a cane, "is all dese kids youahs?"

"No, no, Andy, all my chilluns has growed up and got dey own chilluns now."

"Den I want's all you kids not kin to Uncle Jimmy to beat it," said Andy, scowling and bugging out his eyes toward one little tot in kinky braids. "Dis ain't no free show. Go on befoah I calls de cop. You is blockin' de sidewalk."

"Why must you worry de pore little kids," Amos sympathized. "What's dey goin' to do? Don't you reckon dey has to play some place?"

"Woof! Woof!" Even the dog turned on Andy, who grunted and sauntered back to the doorway of the little office, where he resumed his rest against the door jamb.

"One of these days you may find a little gal climbin' up on yo' knee, Andy, an' callin' you pappy, den you'll feel different," hinted Uncle Jimmy.

But Andy didn't hear that. His eye had wandered to a small group of women talking in front of the shop next door.

Amos gave me a respectful wink.

"Das right," he said. "Look at 'im! He gone clean up to hebben cause he see Madame Queen gabbin' wid de preacher's wife. Tha's she, de plump one wid de green hat and de red shawl, turnin' dis way. She lookin' faw Andy cause she go by heah ever' day dis time and Andy stan' dere in de door or by de pole waitin' faw to see her. You mus' see. He salutes her like a sojer 'steal a liftin' his hat clean off his haid."

IT WAS a sight. Andy seemed completely hypnotized as the lady called Madame Queen swished toward us. She beamed at him. Andy smiled. Two great fingers touched the rim of his rusty old derby and shoved it back on his head about a quarter of an inch. The lady dropped a momentary glance on Amos and the briefest possible nod, then floated on Amos put his foot inside the rim and gave the tire a tug with a flat piece of steel. "Andy sho' am crazy 'bout dat woman." He was

chuckling. "He talk about her in his sleep."

"Amos, will you quit messin' in my private affairs? Dis ain't none o' yo' business, an' I ask you now to keep yo' mouf shut." Andy shoved his hat down to where it had been before Madame Queen had passed, bit off the end of his cigar stub and blew it from his lips vehemently.

"We hear so much about Madame Queen on the Radio," I ventured, "may I presume to ask if she has said the little word yet?"

"Well, I reckon dat is about as pussone! a question as you could ask, Mistah, but I's heah to say I ain't zactly asked her yit." Andy was still glowering at Amos for bringing the subject up. But Amos gave the tire a final heave into the rim and grinned toward me.

"Don't you git mad with me, Andy, cause I ain't told how you all is waitin' faw de Kingfish to declare dividdends on yo' delayed payments to de bank. An' maybe Madame Queen might be thinkin' de same thing 'bout her money you got her to invest wid de Kingfish."

This was powder to the flame. Although he remained glued to the doorjamb, Andy pulled his hat still lower on his brow and bit more off the end of the unlighted cigar butt to be hot from his teeth. Words almost failed him, but he said:



"Reckon we bettah ask de new brudder to join de Home Bank," said the Kingfish.



"Amos, I has asked you like a gen'leman to min' yo' own business. Has I got to come ovah thah an' bust yo' in de nose to splain what I means?"

"Reckon yo' ain't goin' to bust me in de nose, Andy. El yo' husted me in de nose ever' time you say yo' was goin' to I wouldn't have no nose left—an'—an'—yo' wouldn't have nothin' left but you nose. I reckon dat would keep right on goin' atah all de rest of yo' is gone."

"Woof!" The little dog bristled at Amos' side, Andy grunted and walked into the office, slamming the door behind him.

"I likes to tease Andy 'bout de Madame Queen cause he got so much to say 'bout gettin' mixed up wid women and lettin' 'em mess up yo' life faw yo'. He's goin' to fall sumpin' awful

an' I reckon Madame Queen goin' make a little lamb outta him." Amos was now sweating over a bicycle pump. I would soon discover whether this outlaw from the junk yard would really go.

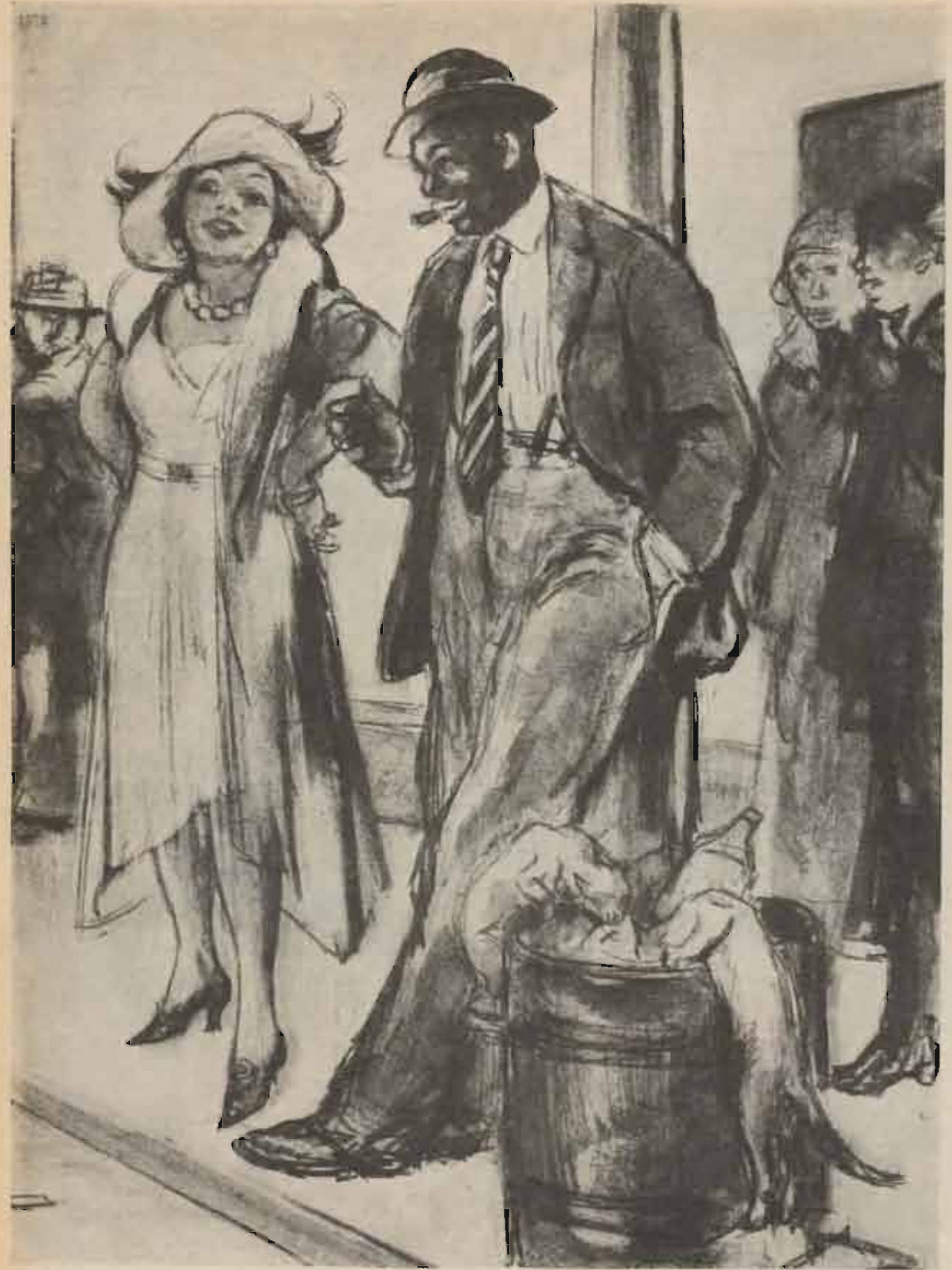
"How is the Kingfish making out with his bank?" I asked.

"I don't hear much about it any mo' since I done tell 'em to leave me alone."

"I would like to see the Kingfish—and talk to him," I remarked.

"Better not let him see yo' first and begin de talkin' hisself less yo' got yo' watch an' chain padlocked an' all yo' spare change sewed up in yo' pocket. Causa when he gets through talkin' he'll have all yo' has in his own pockets."

"Oh, really, I don't believe the Kingfish can be as bad or as



When Madame Queen greeted Andy she gave Amos a passing glance. But Amos was sadly dreaming of Ruby far away in Chicago.

GOOD as all that, Amos."

By this time the young man was putting the rim on the wheel. He paused from a final kick to straighten it into place. His eyes opened wide, then he bent to the business of screwing on the nuts with redoubled energy. Under his breath I could hear him muttering, "Awa—awa!" He refrained from further speech until I asked him if he still had his money in the big bank.

"Mistah," he asked, all his gathering suspicions culminating into this one thought, "did de Kingfish send yo' to talk to me 'bout gettin' my money into any new mess he thinks up?"

"Certainly not, Amos, I have never seen the Kingfish, but I should like to. And I'll take my chance on what he can talk me out of."

"What is it yo' want with us?"

"Oh, I simply go around talking to the different people we hear on the Radio. Then I write up what they say, and how they look, for the listeners to read in my magazine. A lot of people want to know about you boys, so I came here to find out—to get the general background, you know."

"De background? We ain't got no backyard. It's all built up clean to de alley. Dav why I must fix de car heah, less we take it to de Millers garage."

"Oh, that's alright, Amos. I don't mean your backyard. I simply mean your surroundings—the circumstances to fill in the picture you create by what you say on the air. It must be an awful nuisance to get ready and go down to the National."

(Continued on page 94)

Additional Facts in the Private Life of AMOS and ANDY

LILLIAN, Mrs. Freeman F. Gosden's housemaid, is the queen bee among the colored citizenry of the near South Side in Chicago. She is typical of all southern domestics. Doubtless, the famous head of the household finds new words and inspiration for his darky dialect from hearing her talk. Ruby Taylor's Aunt Lillian in New York is named for the Lillian in the Gosden household.

"She likes to listen to the Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts," said Mrs. Gosden, "and when Amos feels bad about having to part with Ruby, it all affects Lillian true to life."

Although Mrs. Gosden did not say so, it probably gives Amos a vivid picture of the situation to imagine Lillian listening and sympathizing in reality. It helps make the situation ideal for him to imagine her before the microphone or sitting back in the shadows of the Gosden living room with tears rolling down her cheeks at the thought of the thwarted ambitions of the two young colored folks so anxious to marry.

When Lillian goes to visit her friends on the South Side it means a party for all the neighbors to gather 'round and hear just what Amos is like when he is somebody else than the Amos they hear on the air.

Mr. Gosden enjoys a good meal—and he likes nothing better than chicken when it is prepared Southern style. Lillian knows how to prepare a chicken to perfection, according to Mrs. Gosden, "but there was a time or two when the Amos 'n' Andy program came into the house just at dinner time, and Lillian forgot about her chicken until a scorching smoke wafted in from the kitchen and we discovered that the chicken had come to a crisp brown that was just a little too brown to be palatable."

MRS. GOSDEN is very practical and little Freeman, Jr., who is just about two years old, as you read these lines, absorbs her most devoted motherly attention. Lillian is not asked to give much of her time to this curly headed mite. She prepares the food—and it must be just so—then Mrs. Gosden feeds it to the little fellow herself. She puts a row of dishes in front of him on his high chair.

"This?" He shakes his head.

"Try some of this," a little more firmly.

"Ahh—" he points a chubby little finger at a dish which heretofore has been despised. It's spinach. He gets a mouthful and surprise of surprises—he likes it!

He is just beginning to talk. A great many people have asked whether he starts talking the famous Amos dialect. Not yet—he doesn't. But give him time.

There are so many listeners who accept Amos and Andy as living personalities that even the slightest appeal for any little human necessity brings the most astonishing mail. Once when Amos regretted the loss of some buttons from his shirt he received thousands of buttons from the fans—enough to start a small button store. And when it was announced he was engaged to Ruby Taylor and he figured on getting an engagement ring, there were approximately 300 rings sent to him—mostly of the ten cent store variety.

Every mail brings offers of assistance to help Andy figure out his income tax. (To figure out the actual income tax of Correll and Gosden probably is no small task for anybody, considering the money from their various enterprises.) They have been provided with everything from buttons, typewriters, cakes, rubber shoe laces, up to genuine "Fresh Air" taxicabs: "Don't the boys get bored with the idea of having to prepare a new skit every day?" Mrs. Gosden was asked.

"I don't think so," she answered. "The characters have become so real to them they go on with a situation just about as you can imagine two such characters would under the circumstances. They never depend on anyone else writing their dialog. They couldn't. It wouldn't be the real Amos 'n' Andy—and they probably would find themselves just reading the lines instead of living them as they do now."

"It must take a great deal of time to prepare suitable manuscript for a daily broadcast of from 1,500 to 1,800 words?"

"Sometimes it does—but not usually. They keep in close touch with people. They go into the picture shows a great deal, they have gone to as many as four or five shows a day. And again you are just as apt to find them over in some dental emporium on Madison street watching a free extraction for a curious crowd. They don't go and merely watch reactions of the people but try to feel the reactions themselves, enjoying the shocks and thrills and humor the same as the people who may be standing or sitting all around



When Amos 'n' Andy take off their black masks and become Freeman F. Gosden (left) and Charles J. Correll, then you see two smiling young gentlemen without care or worry.

them. They study life from life itself wherever it may be."

PRACTICALLY every broadcast you ever heard has been carefully read and rehearsed no matter how extemporaneous it may sound. But this does not apply to the Amos 'n' Andy episodes. They are written in advance, but never rehearsed. Once the conversation begins it goes through with the spontaneity of natural sequence.

The theme song for the nightly episodes has a great deal to do with creating the atmosphere that surrounds the pair. Ordinarily a blackface character is introduced with jazz, blue tones or negro spirituals. Amos 'n' Andy are introduced by that plaintive refrain from the Birth of the Nation called "The Perfect Song." What a climax for this bit of old lace from that masterpiece of the greatest genius in the history of motion pictures, David Wark Griffith! Joseph Galliechio, director of the WMAQ orchestra, leads the trio in this beautiful presentation. His exquisitely toned violin was made by Joseph Gagliano over 200 years ago.

Sometimes the question has been asked as to what would happen should either one of the boys be taken ill or suffer from an accident that would prevent them from taking part in one of their scheduled programs.

There is no official answer to this question, although it has been suggested that inasmuch as the two characters have in the past made records of their skits which were put on the air from thirty or forty stations they might have a few unused emergency records available for that purpose. With modern recording facilities brought to the high degree of a



fifteen-minute program on one disc; as developed by the talking pictures, these facilities could very readily be submitted in an emergency.

LAST summer Amos 'n' Andy withdrew all the cash reserve of the Fresh Air Taxicab Co., Incorporated, and bought themselves some new clothes and tickets for points West. They visited the towns where the broadcast programs had been put on from the record syndicate sent by the Chicago Daily News. In every city they were met by the police and others. Yes, even the mayors came down to see them and make them feel at home with specially lettered and decorated fresh-air cabs as may be seen in the above pictures.

In Kansas City the streets were roped off and they were escorted through the city like a couple of trans-Atlantic fliers. They were voted the most popular entertainers on the air in a contest conducted by the Kansas City Star and WDAF.

The two upper pictures were taken in San Francisco, the one to the right shows Mayor Rolfe presenting Andy with a "bouquet."

Correll could earn a good living as a hooper on the vaudeville stage if he had to. He plays the piano when they are on the air as Correll and Gosden. M. Q.



Some day the worm will turn—Amos will take that broom away from Andy and give him a good dusting with it.

The SUCKER'S REVENGE

Old Jap Gideon Pops Out of His Bedraggled Cocoon and Flutters Forth With a Fat Roll to Tempt Two Misguided Confidence Men

EVER since he took fifteen thousand dollars out of a slate pocket up on Grasshopper creek, everybody on Humpback Mountain had been wondering what old Jap Gideon would do with it. Nor had this lively curiosity stopped on Humpback; it had traveled across the canyon of the Trinity and stirred up Peppertree.

Morris, the storekeeper. He was a wizened little old man, his face a forest of short whiskers, grayish, but tobacco-yellowed where they retreated into the sunken cavity where but two teeth remained.

"Ain't no use tryin' to influence me, judge!" said old Jap stubbornly. "All my life I been wantin' to travel—and now



"Goodby, boys," he called back. "I'll prob'ly write you a letter from Honolulu."

In the summertime Peppertree was a village of three or four dozen old-fashioned houses that sprawled lazily across yellow ridges and torn gulches, for once the place had been a famous mining camp. It was the middle of January now and the mountains were covered by a deep blanket of snow. The air was filled with heavy flakes that came down through a mysterious hush that was more striking than noise. Inside the store a dozen whistling mountain men sat about the stove listening appreciatively, for old Jap Gideon was swinging on his ancient packbag, meanwhile arguing vehemently with Judge Hopper and Tom

"I'm goin' to do it! Yes sir, for once in my life I'm goin' to wear a clean collar and white pants—"

"White pants!" guffawed Morris the storekeeper. "Why say, if you start out in white pants you'll freeze your tail off—"

"I'M GOIN' where it's warm enough to travel round in my shirt-tail if I want to!" retorted old Jap with asperity. He took the short stemmed cob pipe from his pocket, rammed it full of tobacco and inserted the yellow stem in the sunken place among the yellow whiskers, regarding the crowd of loafers

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

Illustrations by Chas. J. McCarthy

belligerently. "Yes sir! A feller with fifteen thousand dollars can do anything he likes! You fellers like to know where I'm goin'? I'm goin' round the world! Clean round the damn' thing and come home from the other side of ole Humpback! First off, I'll stop in Honolulu—"

The storekeeper interrupted with another coarse burst of raucous laughter. "Fine chance!" he said. "You'll never be able to get a bookin' on no Honolulu steamer! Why, it takes months—"

"I got one already!" grinned Uncle Jap triumphantly. "I been correspondin' with them steamer people for three months and they got me all fixed up! All I got to do is get down to San Francisco. Nothin' much to carry but my fifteen thousand dollars—"

"But Uncle Jap," broke in Judge Hopper, dismayed, "you can't possibly mean to carry all that money on you?"

"Why not?" demanded old Jap with fresh obstinacy. "Any

law ag'in it? Didn't I get that fifteen thousand dollars legal? You bet! Dug her out of the slate after lookin' for her forty-fifty years—You bet I'm takin' her along. All in thousand dollar bills! Them bills will keep me feelin' rich and noble, knowin' they're there. And when I slap down a thousand dollar bill under some hotel-keeper's nose—"

"NOW listen, Jap!" Judge Hopper was so much in earnest that his fat face began to sweat. "You listen to my advice, Jap. Nobody ever carries that much money on his person! Why, say—somebody is sure to take it away from you—"

"Hey?" said old Jap Gideon with dangerous truculence. He was noted for his short temper and his tobacco-stained whiskers began to quiver with rage. "Who'll do it, you reckon? Hey? And what'll I be doin' while he's ransackin' me for that fifteen thousand dollars? Say, judge, I been takin' care of myself for a good many years and nobody ever saw me layin' down meek and submissive while some feller prowled round through my pants! Besides, I got ole Bloody Mary along with me—"

He opened his vest and disclosed a huge revolver nestling beneath his skinny arm. The weapon advertised itself as the identical one that Noah carried off the Ark.

"She ain't a late model," he confessed. "But she makes more noise than a crack of thunder and she throws a chunk of lead bigger'n a squash!" He went outside, stepped into his ski leathers and started away in the falling snow. "Good-by, boys," he called back. "I'll prob'ly write you a letter from Honolulu."

The crowd of men had poured out of the store and stood watching old Jap Gideon starting round the world with fifteen thousand dollars in currency hidden some-where upon his bony old body. Judge Hopper sighed.

"Well," he said, "the poor old chap will lose that fifteen thousand, sure!"

"Ain't a doubt about that," agreed Tom Morris. "He's so simple-minded. He'll tell everybody he's got it, of course."

"Of course." The fat judge sighed again. "But maybe he'll have fifteen thousand dollars' worth of fun, at that," he said. "I wish I could go round the world too!"

"Listen!" said the storekeeper. Old Jap had disappeared in the smother of falling snow, but they could hear him singing as he went. Back through the veil of whiteness came his rosy voice, cracked but exultant—

"I had a gal in old Shy-ante. But she ran away with a travelin' man. I'll roam this world till I meet with him. And I'll hang his hide on a juniper limb—"

11

MR. JAMES GOSSOP was agitated. It was apparent by the anxious look in his hard, black eyes and the perspiration that rolled over his blue-black jowls as he hurried along Market street, in San Francisco. Nor did his agitation decrease when he turned down Third street toward Howard. He was a short, stocky man with a close-cropped bullet head, short, bristling black moustache and thick fingers, spatulate and hard. He gnawed savagely upon a black cigar and at the corner of Third and Howard he bumped squarely into Mr. Fletcher Bryson.

"Hello, Jim!" greeted Bryson, and grinned, the grin of a pleased wolf. He was a thin, anemic young man with pale eyes, pale skin and pale hair that fell forward from beneath a cap and lay listlessly upon his inadequate forehead. He had long, white fingers that twitched nervously and a cigarette clung to his thin lower lip. "Just get down from Portland?"

Gossop nodded, gasping for breath. He took the hard derby from his buller head and mopped his brow. "Say, listen, guy!" he panted. "I been all over town lookin' for you. Say, I got (Continued on page 20)



GO EAST with Your VOICE

Wilfred Glenn Reverses Horace Greeley's Famous Advice to Ambitious Young Men

By JEAN CAMPBELL

WILFRED GLENN, "The old sea dog" . . . who has deserted the fog horn for the Radio microphone, sat squat-fashion upon a great bear rug in the midst of his studio-ala-ship-salon. Surrounded by sea-faring treasures is he, binoculars, miniature models of all of the ships that he, himself, has sailed o'er the seven seas (as the guest of a treasure hunting captain). All made by his own hand, and only with the aid of a whittle knife, a bit of cedar wood, a few strips of ship-canvas and some waxed string of lasting strength.

We were in the midst of New York City, and not even a-sail on the Hudson, but no one would have guessed that from the atmosphere, once the sea-dog's studio door was closed upon us.

"And so you want my advice to young men, since mine has been, you flatter me a meritorious, and yet, a quite venture-some career? Very well, madam! (in grave basso).

"Horace Greeley, you know him? Well, he advised all young men, blonds, brunettes, tall, short, pale, ruddy complexioned, strong muscled or weak of spine . . . all and sundry . . . provided only that they were seeking at his hands the way toward fame and fortune.

"Go West Young Man, Go West!"

"And the sad part about it all is that most of them went. I should know? Hundreds of tenderfeet showed up at my father's ranch in California during my eighteen years there . . . only to break down under the strenuous life and become neither broncho busters, cattle-herders, fence-riders, fruit-growers or anything else but, upon occasion, nice little chore boys about the house, whom father half-adopted, if I happened to like them, so that I should have company on the ranch and stop talking about running away to sea.

"Just to admit that the adopting of tendfoot playmates failed to work, after a time, let me remind you that shortly after my eighteenth birthday I did finally run away from the ranch and shipped for Alaska.

"Another confession, that ought to fit right in here, is that I really was right in running away from the ranch, as even father afterward conceded, because, in a measure, so far as ranch work was concerned, I was something of a tenderfoot myself. My sole contribution to the herding of the cattle being a yodel song that I used to sing to Bessie, the bell-cow, when nothing else in the world would enrapture her into the corral to stand pat for the evening-milking.

THE ONLY harm that was done by my running away, at just that time, was the great disappointment that came to me after I had set sail and found that the life of a sea-faring fisherman is not one for fancy fingernails. Up to this time I had really been undecided as to whether I wanted to be a Columbus or a Caruso. I decided after a hectic voyage and many months of hand-corning work, in favor of a sea-captain's role in grand opera, instead of its prototype on the wide open and wind blown sea.

"There and then, or that is after I had induced the encouragement of my ship-mates by singing them to sleep every night and drowning out, quite easily, Father Neptune's worst roars, I struck shore and took up the problem of just where to begin my career with the idea that I had found my forte at last and that what I wanted was fame and fortune.

"Here, we come to the time when I first heard of our old friend Horace Greeley. Having been born in the West and experienced, in sympathy, something of the hardships of young men who had earnestly heeded his advice . . . I set out to disparage him by taking a train East as soon as father would loosen up with the fare.

"And now, like unto Horace, I am wont at times to forget that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. But, if you seriously must ask me for advice to young men seeking fame and fortune . . . mine is, provided they are singers or otherwise theatrically inclined:

"COME EAST, YOUNG MAN, COME EAST."

"After my ambition to become a sea captain had fagged I set out for New York, dreaming of the great day when I should sing at the Metropolitan opera house. Many long months of study antedated my first trip East. Dad wanted to be sure that I was in earnest this time, and that there was no doubt of my vocal ability. Of course, I set out finally with the idea that I should 'take New York by storm,' almost overnight. All



Many months of hard, grinding work before the mast decided the question of a career for Wilfred Glenn. A sea captain's role in opera appeared far more desirable than its prototype on the briny deep.

youngsters starting out have that notion, no matter what sort of a career they are sailing toward; they always think it easy at the start.

"Well, my debut at the Metropolitan was, perhaps, a bit ill-timed and too hurried, just because of this youthful self-assurance. At any event, as has 'oft been told against me, nothing came of it except that it taught me a great lesson, Metropolitan opera stars are just not made overnight, no matter what the press agents may have to say to the contrary.

"It has been well remembered, that debut. I appeared, cocksure, upon the vast stage, scarcely seeing, in the dimmed auditorium, the director and others who were there to hear me. How many were there? Who were they? I did not know and did not care! Not until, in the midst of my song, I caught the eye of one gentleman, and recognized him as the singer who had made famous that particular song which I had had the nerve to select for my audition. It was a hard song to sing . . . and there sat he who sang it as no one else could or ever did. That, my dear young lady, was too much even for such a courageous youth as myself. I just wilted almost before I had begun to sing, yet I screwed up my courage in a devil-may-care fashion near the last stanza and roared it into the very rafters.

"**T**HANK you, kindly," said the great director. "I passed that out onto Broadway, the thoroughfare of bright lights and broken hearts. My friend who had come to be my unpaid 'claque,' or 'applauder' at all of my renditions, because he truly believed in me, waxed funny for the first time in his life when he saw my solemn face in the sunlight and offered the

(Continued on page 104)

"Turbulent Twenties" Develop

RADIO RACKETS

*Broadcasters Meet Many Racketeers from Hard Boiled
"Business Agents" to Crooked Salesmen*

By Harry Mack

Studio Director, WNJ, Newark, N. J.

OUT of the "Turbulent Twenties" has come a whole grist of new words for the English language, and an even larger grist of old words with new meanings. The argot of the underworld has seeped into the language of the street, the home and even regular social parlance. Conspicuous, above the babble, do we hear the word "racketeer." There are racketeers in every line. Radio broadcasting has met its racketeer in one form or another, from the hard boiled self-styled business agent to high pressure salesmen for worthless investments.

Ultimately John J. Public pays the bills although incidental and unwitting agents of the racketeers must suffer heartache, humiliation and loss of prestige. It is the local broadcasting station that faces the most determined onslaught of the Radio racketeer. The more powerful and better financially entrenched organizations are by no means immune but they are able to pursue their way along an established line. The local station, which is recognized by the Federal Radio commission as highly important in the national Radio scheme, often is faced by the most difficult financial problems in order to survive. It is tempted to accept almost any kind of a proffered hand that looks like help.

A racketeering crew moves into the area of the small station and opens up a proposition for a local beauty contest. Everything looks open and above board. Their method is quite simple, a studiously spread network of salesmen over the territory, with its ballyhoo of streamers announcing the contest, its tons of votes, its announced prizes, ranging from a very grand piano to a Radio, a fur coat or even an automobile.

MERCHANTS are given an allowance of this printed literature according to the amount invested, and no sum is too small, no business too insignificant, even the lowly hot dog stand being solicited. For which outlay, respective wares, phone numbers, and other information relevant and otherwise is tossed out over the air. Between phonograph records which bear no relation to the commodity, announcements are made in a language which emerges from the studio crucible. Etched along such artistic lines "At this time ladies and gentlemen, we wish to, etc." "Don't forget the name and address which we repeat for your convenience;" "And may we call your attention to the A. B. C. store," etc., etc., it is little wonder that the return to the advertiser is practically nil.

Though the mill grinds slowly and few repeaters are picked up, still the mill grinds surely, taking in by sheer force of its sales dynamics more and more anxious fodder. A productive percentage of "perfect taps" always appears amongst the haul—thanks to these the game becomes worth while, the racketeers become "dough heavy," as they term it, and, having brought the station in quite a budget in a short time, are able to cement their hold on the broadcaster. They have been able to "cover the nut" in short order. A "perfect tap" by the way is a buyer who has been taken in three times and made to like it (after which he never comes back.) A station thus paying expenses is referred to as "covering the nut."

Such contests as the above are generally conducted by a

band of roving arabs, salesmen who, having been through the game and found it an interesting and a fairly remunerative one, are satisfied with the return. Hyenas, turned loose in a verdant arcadia where the pickings are always good.

However, like ships that pass in the night, the contest closes in a shroud of mystery—the piano, the fur coat, the automobile become as mythical as a morning fog before the sun of reality, and the beauty or the popular lady who has worked so assiduously to head the list wonders why the sudden puncture of her little vanity balloon. Hindmost, come the devil and the dealer. The little band of racketeers has gone to new pastures.

SOMETIMES an outsider is able cleverly to put it over on a station. He approaches the powers that be, and says that he wants to put on a foreign hour, a Polish or Russian program—he has lots of fine talent available, knows the local foreign colony and lacks only the time for a couple of test programs to fill the station's coffers with the much sought mazama.

More often than not the gent succeeds, and after listening to a program of a none too exacting nature, it is learned that the foreign language carried paid propaganda for which the racketeering entrepreneur did actually collect. He had made it his party, bowed suavely and promised something better next week. Even the names of Bible societies have been exploited in this kind of a racket, peddling their wares on a head of precious time donated for reading the Word in tongues understandable to the stranger within our gates.

Another of the rackets favored, one which has as many Goldberg variations as a theme of Bach, is for the salesman of a broadcasting unit to phone a number of prominent firms of Fifth Avenue calibre. The conversation is to the effect that his station has been designated by an "authorized listening commission" to test the reception, the wants and the reactions of the listening public, and that the "commission" has mentioned the particular firm as the kind which it is thought ought to be on such a program. In nine cases out of ten the firm, susceptible to such signal attention, is interested, and the attitude of the salesman calling on it is one of sycophantic servility if it readily capitulates, of surly overbearing if the firm seeks to delve for details. Programs of major importance, planned especially for the occasion, are promised, but when the thing is launched, Mr. Client hears only an announcement sandwiched in between indifferent shop records of an Eight Avenue quality. He remonstrates, telephones, writes, blusters but attrition and passing the buck wear him down until his contract has expired. Out goes another victim to the racket.

A VARIATION of this indoor sport is to invite a prominent man to speak over the air "at no cost whatsoever for the time." He is, however, presented with a bill to cover all sorts of imaginary expenses, such as license fees, incidentals and whatever comes to the racketeer's mind. Rather than make any fuss, the gentleman digs to the tune of the hold up, which little theme becomes the funeral march of another victim's Radio experience.

Sometimes the trick takes another form. A racketeering station with a subsidiary will deliberately switch transmitters—sending out over the smaller unit the programs paid for on the larger one—this in order to popularize the reception of the smaller and gain for it advantages of federal privileges and the like. Of course this is a deliberate steal, but clients being none the wiser, pay the checks and wonder why John Jacoby and Mary Morton do not write in for a copy or a sample.

Every known manner of tying up individuals, firms, groups, etc., is tried—the Woman's hour, the Dish a Day Period, the Radio Club, membership \$1.00 a year, for which you may have samples and receipts and advice, anything from Little Livers to Corn Cutters. Sometimes the dollars that come in fail of acknowledgment and are followed up by belligerent ladies, more intent on cure than on the return of their coin, but I have never known a case where one of the girls carried the

(Continued on page 110)



Harry Mack

THIRTEEN and ONE

*Into the House That Twice Has Seen Double
Murder Under the Spell of the Great Opal, There
Evolves a Discovery and New Dangers*

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

MR. 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, of San Francisco. Paul Savoy, traveler and student of *genus homo*, had been the first to arrive at the great lodge. And before the host had come with the jeweler he had made the slight and somewhat 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. He was a skilled physician. 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 luggage of Laufer-Hirth, and there seemed to be considerable of it. An East Indian, known as Nemo, entered as the other guests were gathering around the dining table. He had a fellow countryman for an assistant. This individual seemed as mysterious as his master—a condensed giant.

Savoy counted noses and by including the two Filipino servants there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.

Paul Savoy . . .
had gone off to his
room trailing the
blue curtains after
him.



"But what of that?" demanded Laufer-Hirth, who had been accused of superstition.

IT WAS known this huge log house had a history. The great opal known as the Nonius, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought here long ago by a thievish merchant for the consideration of the builder of the house, a man by the name of Thruff Wilczyzinski. The merchant had been accompanied by an unknown foreigner.

"That night," said Mr. Parks in relating the tale to his guests, "double murder was committed right here. The jewel merchant and the foreigner were stabbed to death. The supposed Nonius Opal in a little wine-red silk-covered case, vanished. And our friend Wilczyzinski disappeared immediately after, a raving maniac."

Dicks, apparently, considered the story for the most part a fairy yarn.

Savoy again referred to the superstition that attaches to the opal. But presently they came to the nub of the matter as to why they had been assembled.

"I suggest that we resume this matter tomorrow," suggested Mr. Nemo. "It grows late; some of us have traveled far in the storm—"

"By all means," agreed Mr. Parks. "But I have a certain confession to make. We are to discuss important business here tomorrow. I cannot remain entirely on the sidelines when the battle begins. There are in this room certain valuables which we'll not specify right now. For my part there is this." He flipped open a packet from which he had just removed a rubber band, and disclosed a stack of yellow bank notes. "A cool million dollars there, gentlemen."

He invited others who had treasure to put it with his in the safe, and said in conclusion: "I am afraid that there is in the house right now a very dangerous man, who would stop at nothing—nothing—to achieve what he is here to do." The jeweler accompanied them to the safe in the living room. From there Parks and the detective retired to their private rooms, which adjoined.

Thirty minutes later there was a high strangled cry, out of which only the one word, "Murder," could be understood. A rush about from door to door by the startled guests ended in the room where Parks and Dicks had retired. They found Parks stretched out on the floor half way between the bedroom and the bathroom, dead, a knife sticking in his breast. And a moment later Dicks was found also stabbed to death in one of the great chairs.

Dr. Andregg started to leave the body of the host to examine Dicks when he spied a small bright object on the floor near the outstretched hands. As he was the first of others who also saw it, he was the first to snatch it up.

Captain Temple stepped into the room and insisted that immediate search should be made for the murderer. But even as they were about to start, there echoed through the house a resounding boom. It had come from the room with the safe. The explosion had blown off the door of the great steel box and a hole through the wall.

After a brief inspection of the damage here and a short consultation as to what should be done the guests trailed back to the room of death. Arriving there they were again shocked to discover that both bodies had disappeared. This startling fact was too much for Will Little. He screamed and fainted.

As the searchers broke into separate groups, Paul Savoy found himself beside Laufer-Hirth, whom he had known for many years.

"**D**O YOU know," said Paul Savoy in his dreamy, faraway fashion, characteristic of his peculiar mental activity. "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!"

"Ah," said Laufer-Hirth with small interest.

"Exactly," ran on Savoy in the same tone which was at

With lamp and candle Captain Temple, Blount and Nemo . . . prowled by the hour seeking some little neglected sign which might give them a hint.

since sleepy and abstracted. He fell to pulling at his long, slender fingers and finally wound up gazing moodily at the single ring, a glorious star sapphire, which he always wore. "The mind of man, you see, is potentially a machine of unlimited power. To the mind of man, properly attuned, wisely operated, no desideratum is denied. It is the lover—of wisdom—who laughs at locksmiths. It need balk at nothing—nothing!"

The two men were alone in the living room before a comfortable fire. Hours had passed since that terrible moment when the cry of murder burst upon them. The house for a little while had been like a great witch's cauldron seething with all the constituents of horror.

When they had carried the unconscious Will Little down stairs they were met by Amos Laufer-Hirth with word that the telephone was useless, line dead. No use trying to re-establish any connection with the outside world tonight; they wondered if even when daylight came there would be any chance of a man finding his way out to any point of contact with other men. Instead of abating, the storm raged on to new heights; by now the lake would be a place where it was doubtful if any boat could survive, and the sleigh track back to Truckee obliterated.

They bore Will Little off to bed and left Laufer-Hirth with him. And, with the secretary returning to consciousness, Laufer-Hirth had his hands full.

"Shell shock, that sort of thing," the jeweler explained later when he had rejoined Savoy. "Thought he'd go mad, swear I did. Sleep now; drunk as a lord. Poured hot whiskey down him—and he's not used to it—until it was a wonder how much the man could hold."

NOT EVEN then had the house quieted. They trudged back and forth, up and down, hushed men, stony-eyed. They hunted the vanished bodies in all places, possible or impossible, on which they could stumble. They tried to seek outside, under the windows, through the yard. A flashlight was brought into service; it made its narrow pathway across



fresh mounds of snow—and then the flashlight failed them. It was an old affair, found in a table drawer in the library, its batteries exhausted.

With lamp and candle certain of their lumber, Captain Temple, Sergeant Tom Blount and Mr. Nemo seeming most insistent, prowled by the hour seeking some little neglected sign which might give them a hint. The two rooms which were to have been slept in by Mainwaring Parks and Detective Dicks were gone over again and again. Blood on the floor in the bathroom, and the blood-stained knife; a blood spot in the chair where Dicks had been found and on the upholstery of the chair back a fresh tear as though the murderous instrument which had struck him down had fallen with such force as to rip into the chair back as well. Beyond that—nothing.

Nor did the small room adjoining the library, the room of the wrecked safe, escape investigation. The place was a vortex of wreckage. One wall was demolished so that a great yaw-

ing hole looked into the library on the adjacent floor where books had been hurled about by the violence of the explosion. After hours of vain search and vainer asking of questions, the house grew as quiet as the mad elements of the storm-driven night allowed. There was nothing to do but wait until morning, they agreed, and separated to the privacy of their own rooms.

BUT AMOS LAUFER-HIRTH could not abide solitude, and the company of the unconscious but gasping Will Little was even more unbearable; and Paul Savoy elected to lie sunk deep in a chair before the living room fireplace. Besides all this, the two had known each other many years.

"I'd like sometime to plumb the depths of you, my friend," said Savoy thoughtfully. "You with your bald superstitions, your abnormal reaction to the spoken word. I've a yacht idling just now in San Francisco Bay, when we get out of this come away with me for a six months' voyage. The bright places of the Orient—and a truer glimpse into the inner soul of Amos Laufer-Hirth."

"Ah; when we get out of this! A man can't count over-much on his tomorrows, can he? Think of poor Parks—Dicks, too. A fine, upstanding man, that."

"Any premonitions, Amos?"

"Confound you, Savoy! You're up to something. You mean something by that! What is it, man? Put a name to it. You know something!"

"I know just this, to begin with: There are a lot of questions—major questions, I mean—and who's to answer the first of them!"

"Oh, questions!" Laufer-Hirth settled back in disgust. "My God, I could ask a hundred!"

I REFERRED to major questions. Here, as elsewhere, one may do a bit of segregating. There are the essential considerations and those others which, though intriguing, may be set to one side as constituting what we may be able to catalogue as contributory factors.

"I can't see what earthly good—"

"Here goes, then: Who killed Parks and the detective? How explain the two vanishing bodies? Why was the safe blown? For the million, or for something else? Whose voice had it been that had called out? Was Parks killed first? What instrument had killed Dicks? Who was it who snatched up the poker? And where is it now? Why were the two bodies, at some considerable risk, removed? Where have the bodies been conveyed? Mr. Nemo had said at the dinner table that he wanted to talk with both Parks and another man; what other man? Who, exactly, is Mr. Nemo? Why had Parks brought a detective here with him? Why was the knife pulled out and left lying on the bathroom floor? What was that broad black band about Parks' body, so clearly to be seen as he lay in blood-soaked night dress? A money belt? Whom did Parks have in mind when he said that a dangerous man was in the house? What had he wanted to talk with Dicks about? Who, and what is Andregg? Why those subtle, yet noticeable changes in the man? What small object was that lying near Parks' body upon which Andregg pounced so eagerly? Why did he seem strangely calmer, instead of more highly nervous, after the double tragedy? Was the double crime the act of one man alone? Who was the first man to rush into the room upstairs? Had any one man been there already when the others came bursting in? Was the murderer a madman?"

"There is one question which I can answer," remarked Laufer-Hirth when Savoy paused. "It's about the black band you glimpsed through poor old Parks' pyjamas. About six months ago, Parks and I, returning to San Francisco from the East, shared the same drawing room from Chicago. One night I saw that black band as we were getting ready for bed. He noticed that I saw it and, though he said nothing at the time,

he did explain its reason and importance later."

"Some sort of money belt?"

"No. He laughed sort of, shamefacedly when he told me. Called it his life protector. Poor devil. Little good it did him."

"I don't understand," said Savoy sharply.

"You wouldn't. Parks, too, had his superstitions, if you like to call them that. It was not the band itself, but certain talismanic stones sewed into it. You know something of the breastplates worn by high-priests in ancient times? They were supposed to be of various but always mighty powers. He had secured certain ecclesiastically historic stones trailing legends back to biblical times, and wore them in his own type of 'breastplate' day and night."

"So," murmured Savoy, "one question is answered."

"Though what earthly good comes from answering it, I fail to observe," Laufer-Hirth snorted.

"Another interesting point," Savoy remarked. "In the little room where the explosion was, papers were littered everywhere. On one sheet on the floor I noticed a little pinch of sand—"

"Ah, a pinch of sand," jeered Laufer-Hirth.

"Why not?" replied Savoy imperturbably. "It may indicate that this was an outside job, the safe-blower just coming up from the sandy beach. Or it might point to the fact that—"

"That the Filipino house boys didn't take the trouble to dust carefully. Significant, that?"

"Did you ever note, Amos, how a man when he's perplexed and trying to think hard, has a way of rubbing that part of his forehead directly above his nose?"

Laufer-Hirth snorted. Savoy resumed gravely.

THAT'S where, say some, the Pineal Eye is. The location of a sixth sense. It's nothing of the kind. It is, however, the outer wall of an extremely wonderful cabinet. Just inside



here," and his sensitive finger ends indicated the spot, "is what, in the parlance of photography, we may term the dark room of the brain. Now, the servants of the brain, eye, ear, nostril, tactile nerve ends, are the busiest little chaps in the world. They're always at their tasks, clicking away like so many little camera-hands, taking pictures of anything and everything. The busy brain has always time to receive the bundles of film and stacks of plates which they keep handing in to him. He conveys them into the dark room. There they are developed, printed, sorted and put away. Indexed, too. Instinctively the thinker knows that he has all sorts of odds and ends stuck away there, with just the thin wall of the frontal bone between them and the light of day. That's why, when he ponders, he keeps rapping away at his skull as though knocking for admission at a door."

Laufer-Hirth blinked at him.



"The Opal of Nonius, my friends," he explained soberly, and the glorious stone shone up in their astonished eyes. There was a great craning of necks . . ."

"You are mad!"

"The details of tonight's horror lie just now all in confusion, higgledy-piggledy, worse than meamoggles. They constitute, if you like, a jumble yet, nevertheless, a cipher. And it becomes platitudinous to remark, my dear Amos, that no cipher is conceivable which the human brain cannot decide."

Laufer-Hirth relaxed, having heard what impressed him as a ridiculous explanation, and puffed out his cheeks.

"I appose, with that heat of yours, you can figure all this out?"

Savoy spoke so coolly, with such calm assurance.

"I can and I will."

Laufer-Hirth lifted one eyebrow, his head cocked to the side

"Exactly how and where does your Serene Potency expect to set about this simple little task?"

Savoy's abstracted gaze was drawn back to the star sapphire on his finger.

"I'd like about a hundred yards of violet-blue cloth. Velvet, or some such fabric."

No, he wasn't jesting. Laufer-Hirth acquitted him of so vile a tendency on such a night, in such a house as this.

VIOLET-BLUE, he scoffed half angrily since his friend baffled him and so irritated him. "To drape, no doubt, over that little secret cabinet where the brain's photographers are hopping about with their films and plates."

"You come close to it, scoffer; closer than you know."

"It strikes me," grunted Laufer-Hirth, staring steadily at him all the while, "that the drapes in this room—"

Savoy, having looked up sharply, came to his feet with a bound.

"Why, you're right! You're an observing old hound, Amos. I'm going to rip them down—poor old Parks wouldn't mind; cart 'em off to my room—"

"You're in earnest then! Well—what clue do you start on first?"

"No, no! You don't understand." He put his face into his hands and stood thus a moment. When he dropped his hands an excited light blazed in his eyes.

"That sort of thing, man, is the wrong way to go about getting anywhere. Hunting clues—bah! That's what Temple is harrying himself about."

"But whoever got anywhere without clues?"

"Don't be a fool! That sort of stuff's all poppycock. It will do to talk about, that's all. If a man gets anywhere in such an investigation as I've got ahead of me, it's in spite of so-called

clues." I said bah once; I say it again. Bah!"

"You're mad!"

"I answered that once for you!" snapped Paul Savoy, becoming as sharp now as the cutting edge of a whetted knife. "Too many clues, I tell you only thwart and lead astray. Think, man! Fully half of them prove to have been dropped by chance; they lead anywhere, nowhere. The other half, if left by your murderer, are left on purpose. Thus, amn up, and you'll find that at least seventy-five per cent of your clues lead you up blind alleys."

"But somebody—"

"Or some thing!" jeered Savoy, suddenly seeming to grow irritable. "Opal, madman or evil spirit!"

SAVOY turned to him with so queer a smile, if smile it was, that the other could make nothing of it.

"You've already shown what an observing brute you are."

(Continued on page 63)



Cooney and Joe are just like a couple of small boys displaying the wonderful contents of their pockets when they talk about their orchestra. Left in the center is Joe Sanders, with Carle-

ton Coon. The other boys are, starting at the left, F. S. Pope, Russ Stout, Rex Downing, Floyd Estep, Joe Richolson, Elmer Krebs, John Thiell, and Harold Thiell, all Nighthawks.

Cooney and Joe Hard Workers

Original Nighthawks of Kansas City Fame Headliners
on The Air Today—Talkies no Lure, Says Sanders

By Anne Steward

RIPLEY, in his "Believe It Or Not" feature, said that Joe Sanders holds the strike out record of the world in baseball. Believe it or not, Joe Sanders would not part with that little newspaper clipping of Ripley's for any amount of money that might be offered him. It states that Sanders struck out twenty-seven times in nine innings, but I cannot say if he was at bat or pitching. The fact that Mr. Sanders refused a National League Baseball contract to start a long career as brilliant composer of modern music and co-owner of one of the most popular orchestras in America, leads me to believe that he was pitching at the time the record was made.

Cooney and Joe are the Rowdy Boys of Radio, the Bad Boys of Music and the nicest men one would care to meet. They like it to be said of them that they are of the people, by the people and for the people, which dispels the idea that they are high hat. Really they are no more than grown up kids. When I went to interview them, I had a list of questions to ask. Before I could ask even the first, they ran away with my efforts to find something out about them.

I found out more than I can ever remember, but chiefly that I was powerless, as the rest of the nation has proven, to do anything but like them. No wonder they get so many requests for their Radio appearances. Undoubtedly they would be delighted if someone could devise a plan whereby one ten-piece orchestra can answer over three requests a minute.

Perhaps that is an item for Ripley. "Believe it or not, Cooney and Joe recently received five hundred telegrams in two hours and fifteen minutes." Part proof lies in the fact that not long ago the orchestra had a special Western Union ticker put on the stand beside Sanders, so that their telegrams might come in on a direct wire.

"When did you and Mr. Coon first meet?" I asked Mr. Sanders, the Joe of the team.

"Oh, during the war," he answered. "I had a small band at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, and on my Christmas furlough I stopped in a music store to get some new pieces. Cooney was there and we met, that's all."

"So it was in a music store that the Original Nighthawks originated," I remarked.

"Oh, no." And Mr. Sanders laughed. Indeed he laughs all of the time. "You see after the war, Cooney and I got together with a little five-piece band and also with a few more bands under our control. Cooney had played in orchestras before. Well, after we got our start in Kansas City, WDAF signed us up for the first Radio club on the air.

A LOT of people will remember that old Nighthawk Club. We were playing in the Neuhlebach Hotel at the time—and—well, we were known as the Original Nighthawks. Of course we were the only Nighthawks until we left WDAF, but after someone took our place, we were the original ones. You know how it is, that was our name and we just carried it along with us." Mr. Sanders looked around him nervously and began again.

"We came to Chicago about five winters ago under the exclusive management of the Music Corporation of America and played two winters at the Congress hotel. Since then we have been here at the Blackhawk cafe. By the way, so many people want to know why we don't go to New York. I wish you'd tell them that the real reason is that we like Chicago, and Chicagoans have been so good to us that we don't want to go away. The pleasantest part of our career has been made so because of Chicago and the Blackhawk. Of course WGN deserves a large share of the praise."

"Do you really like Chicago?"

(Continued on page 106)

Vell ef It Aindt

H. BURBIG!

AUTHOR of De Willage

*Chastnot Rates Big Time as
Broadcast Comedian*

By Albert Edson Bobo

IT IS a little after 8:30 o'clock and the popular CeCo Couriers' program is on the air over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting system. The quartet has just finished its rendition of a current Broadway song-hit. As the announcer steps up to the microphone and starts to speak, a familiar voice chirps up:

"Hello, Mr Broken-wire. It's a werry werry nice evening, ain't it?"

"Why, it's Henry Burbig," chuckles Announcer Norman Brokenshire, and then the fun is on. And what fun it is for the Radio audience, who applaud to the tune of the largest batch of fan mail received by any one Radio artist before the public today.

To meet Henry Burbig "off the air" one would never recognize the creator of "Levy at the Bat," "Dangerous Jake the Jew," "De Willage Chastnot," and the numerous other parodies which have made CeCo's entertainer one of the outstanding "air" comedians of the day. Of medium stature, well-built, with beaming eyes, wavy black hair and an always smiling countenance, one might mistake him for the leading man, rather than the clown of the show.

But Burbig's aim in life is to make people laugh. His career as an entertainer dates back to the time when he was a mere boy entertaining friends and relatives with his comic recitations and impersonations. So clever were some of his antics that they attracted the attention of a friend who was then playing in vaudeville. He arranged for young Henry to meet his manager, who after hearing the boy at once offered him a booking on one of the small-time variety circuits. The youngster seized the opportunity to go on the stage and for many years he trod the boards doing both Hebrew and blackface comedian roles.

ABOUT eight years ago Burbig left the theatre to take a position as chief physical instructor at the Hotel McAlpin in New York City. He had always been interested in athletics and the job seemed to offer an excellent opportunity for recreation after the many years of knocking about in vaudeville. Though seemingly it marked his exit from the field of entertainment, it was virtually his entrance into a more successful career in that field, for at the hotel he met Snodden Weir, then announcer of Station WMCA, which had its studios atop the McAlpin. Weir soon realized that the new physical instructor had unusual talent and he finally persuaded him to go on the air over the local New York station. And so Henry Burbig made his debut as a Radio entertainer, delighting the comparatively small listening audience with something Radio had lacked up to that time—humor.

Soon after the inception of the Columbia Broadcasting system, the new "air" comedian made his first appearance over a large network of stations. He took part in several, what are known as "sustaining" programs, and when the Warner Brothers inaugurated their famous Vitaphone Jubilee Hours they gave him a chance to take part in two of the broadcasts. It was in these Vitaphone Jubilee Hours that Burbig got his first real break in Radio, for while playing in them he came to the attention of Doty Hobart, a man well-known to readers of Radio Digest for his pen sketches of famous persons before the "mike." Hobart was on the lookout for some real talent, and when he heard Vitaphone's guest artist burlesque "Paul Revere's Ride" and several of his other early successes, he realized at once that here was a "find." It is Doty Hobart to whom Henry Burbig gives full credit for his sensational rise to stardom in Radioland.

WHEN the Radio tube manufacturers of Providence, Rhode Island, decided to use the air as a medium of advertising they wanted to feature someone "different" in their programs. Burbig was brought to their attention and they arranged to give him an opportunity to take part in their initial program. At the completion of the broadcast it was announced that a copy of the burlesqued poem which the guest artist had recited could be obtained by writing to the sponsors or to the station through which the program had been heard. Then Henry



Henry Burbig closes one eye in a ponderous wink as he reads a few ribtickling jingles from his "Leetle Ferry Jeengles" as published in "Leffing Ges."

Burbig came into his own! The letters literally poured in, and it was not long before he was receiving more fan mail than any of his fellow Radio artists. Finally, CeCo decided that their specialty artist was a little too clever to lose to any one else, so they offered him a "big time" contract to appear on their programs exclusively. Thus Henry Burbig became one of the first Radio artists to broadcast under the "exclusive" class, a distinction which he still enjoys today.

The life of a Radio entertainer is not such an easy one, even though he has to be on the air but four minutes a week. It might not be so bad if he did not have to write his own material, but of course Burbig does. In fact, it is his clever original burlesques of great poems, personages and moments in history that have made him so very popular.

IT WAS the desire to possess the words of these comic translations that brought forth and still commands such a heavy fan mail, and many homes throughout the land today boast copies of "Boots, De Old Cluzz Poem" and other recitations which CeCo's exclusive artist has broadcast in the past.

About a year ago Burbig decided to enter the "Literary Hall of Fame" and he had published a small volume which he entitled *Leffing Ges*. The book contains, to quote the author, "sturries, pomes end ferry tails" and is illustrated with pen and ink sketches by his friend Jeff Sparks, now production man for the Columbia system. The book has had a remarkable sale and is now in its thirteenth printing. In addition to many of the burlesques which have been heard over the air, it contains a number of clever parodies which the Radio audience has never heard. What more fitting climax to the story of a man who has dedicated his life to humor than a brief bit of that humor? The following are excerpts from his "Leetle Ferry Jeengles" as published in "Leffing Ges":

Mary hed ah leetle lemb whose fleas
was white like snow;
End everywhere dot Mary vent
de fleas was sure to go.
She took de fleas to school vun day
end gave dam lots of traing;
Mary owns ah flea-circus now—
de monee dot she's coiming.

Leetle Jakey Rosenbloom set in de leeving room
Eeting some motziss end harring,
He stock in his fork end took out some pork
End ate it end sad: "Vot I'm careing!"



VENIDA JONES takes this smile with her when she sits down at the KWK piano, St. Louis, and then she weaves it into the music as her fingers ripple over the keys. That's why an ordinary piano seems extraordinary at her touch.



JESSICA DRAGONETTE, the incomparable, is rarely seen garbed other than in the conventional; but she still remains the idol of millions of fans whether she appears a la Spanish Fandango or as a Chinese Mandarin—her voice is always Jessica's.



VIRGINIA FLOHRI, who is featured at KFI, Los Angeles, as an operatic soprano, is disclosed here as a happy combination of the intellectual and artistic type. She puts human feeling in some of the hard old classics and listeners like them.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S appreciation for music, her personal charm, as screen star and entertainer, and her normal reactions to all sorts of entertaining features led to her selection for tests as to values of various forms of Radio programs.



RUBY JONES, WJR crooner and band leader at 18, had to make her way in the musical profession on her own. Her father, a musician, did not want her to follow in his steps. But at 12 she was leading an orchestra and is now a WJR headliner.



*C*ELLA BRANZ is the young contralto heard with the Roxy Gang, and who has been the object of much curiosity among Radio listeners. Her voice is another one of those rare finds so peculiarly adapted to the microphone.

ARABESQUE

Letter from a Fan

"Oh Marcella! I would love to meet Yolande Langworthy face to face and tell her how wonderful I think her play Arabesque is. I would not miss it for anything."—
Mary Evelyn Kohler,
Tonawanda, N. Y.

And here is a story, Mary Evelyn, fictionized from one of Miss Langworthy's Radio plays, with apologies for changing the plot a trifle.



Yolande
Langworthy.

FROM THE
EPISODE

ORCHIDS

by

YOLANDE
LANGWORTHY

AND
PRESENTED BY

The Columbia Broadcasting
System

MIGHTY and mysterious was the blue-eyed Abdullah who had come from across the sands with many horsemen and guns of English make. There were certain chieftains who secretly suspected he was an infidel and a traitor. And yet the English had demanded his capture alive at an unbelievable ransom. Now he had come to the village of Akaar, pitched his camp near the edge of the stream that trickled from the ancient well on the edge of the desert. He had paid his respects to Achmed whose father, and whose father's father had ruled this tribe. For a hundred years they had settled down and established a town that now knew no other rule than the will of Achmed. Abdullah had been expected. He was royally entertained and now he paced at the flap of Achmed's tent, his face overcast with some deep, unspoken wish.

If there was fear in Achmed's heart for this roving warrior he did not betray it.

"Let my right hand be stricken from me if I have offended thee," he said, "but trouble hangs round thy neck, mighty chieftain, and I would bring you peace."

"A tent is your home and yet it is far famed as a fortified palace, even as your valor in war is known among the desert tribes."

"Is it of war you have come to speak, Pasha?"

"My tongue may speak of war but, Achmed, my heart is concerned otherwise. When last I had the great honor and the never-to-be-forgotten pleasure of being your guest some months ago there was a dancing girl—"

The benign smile of the courteous host vanished leaving his lips drawn tightly shut and his features coldly immobile. Abdullah continued:

"She was good to look upon, Achmed, of beautiful form, very unusually dark, and lithe but with dignity that bespoke other blood than the Gypsy."

"You speak of Zuweida—she is Gypsy, all Gypsy, I assure you, Abdullah."

"I only saw her eyes. She was very modest. May I ask whence she came?"

NOW Achmed began to show a slight moisture on his forehead. This mysterious Abdullah—how much did he know? One word from him and a savage army could utterly destroy the village. Zuweida, the name he had given her, would some day bring a handsome ransom or a fortune in the slave market.

"The mighty Abdullah is weary from his long travels. The sun has blazed down with devastating heat upon his head. He surely is not interested in my humble slave, this Zuweida." Achmed beamed once more but there was something ominous in the gleam of his white teeth between lips that twitched nervously.

"Tonight we are to be entertained by this English vagabond—"

"English vagabond, what English vagabond? I did not hear—" demanded Abdullah with some exclamation of surprise which he immediately subdued to an expression of casual interest.

"Who or what he is I do not know. He and his equally vile comrade—I believe they are both English—attend the camels of my caravan. Our scouts brought them in famished and half dead from the desert."

"He was crazy when I saw him. He did not know his name unless the sounds he uttered over and over again like 'June—June' and 'Orchids' had to do with his name. They had escaped from some brigands. I am told he has now made himself presentable and will tell his story by pantomime and words of the English tongue in a simple kind of festival in my garden this evening. If you can understand English, you will know all about him and perhaps may be good enough to tell me."

Abdullah pondered in silence. Presently he asked:

"Will the dancing girl Zuweida be there?"

"I had not intended it so but if the great Abdullah desires then so shall it be."

"May I bring some of my head men?"

"If it is the custom—" Achmed considered a sarcastic reply and then thought better of it. "Certainly, mighty chieftain, I shall be more than honored."

"Allah bless thee, Pasha, for it is dull in a pitched camp and they are brave and honorable fellows."

AS ABDULLAH slipped through the gate of a stone wall he caught the eye of a loungee from his own camp. It was particularly noticeable that he scratched his left elbow with his hand in passing. But scarcely had he entered his tent than the loungee presented himself to the outer guard and was admitted.

The guest accepted a cigarette and a light from Abdullah and stretched himself out on a rug.

"What did you discover?" asked the chief.

"Many things," answered the other. Their tones were low though not so low but they might be heard by prying ears beyond their view.

"The women?"

"Both English. The gossips tell many stories of how they came. None seem true. Only in this do they agree that one day the two women appeared on the streets of the village and were taken to Achmed's household where they have remained for the most part completely hidden. There is talk that they are being held for great ransom and only Achmed knows who they are and who brought them here."

"And those other two—the English vagabonds—who are they?"

"The tramps who are attending the camels?"

"Yes."

"I heard only a little about them. They were not visible today. Perhaps tomorrow I will see them for there is no escape through the desert."

"You will see them tonight."

"What do you mean?"

"Get the stalwarts together. We are to be guests of Achmed at a garden theatre before sunset where the Englishmen are to tell their story in English and pantomime. And . . . Zuweida, as this English beauty is called, will dance . . . there may be fighting."

ACHMED'S garden was the chief pride of his heart. He did not often share its pleasures with his fellow tribesmen. The superstitious believed it to be enchanted for there were foreign shrubs and flowers of most glorious design within its lofty walls. There was a canopied roof over a circular pool. Plump bodied palms of stunted growth formed a natural pergola on either side. A crescent shaped plaza spread like an apron before the pool. Above, at the top of a grassy terrace, Achmed and his few select friends would loll leisurely and watch the dancing maidens, their bodies glistening as they splashed in and out of the pool.

But no maidens were present when Abdullah and his men passed through the portals this early evening. The long shadows of the froned palms cast fantastic designs over the Oriental stage which was empty. Achmed looked displeased

as the moment arrived when the English vagabond and his promised entertainment did not show on the scene. Then he was surprised by voices from the rear. He saw a strange figure dressed as his own gardener talking to a white robed man of reddish beard and long tawny hair. Both men were tall and stood like kings—far different than the disheveled half-raving maniacs who had been caught barely alive on the burning desert a few weeks previously. The gardener was speaking.

"Why do you wander in my flower garden?"

"Oh thou master of this mystic garden behold in me a disillusioned soul. I seek some one thing that is beautiful and true. Perhaps a flower—"

"You did well to come to my garden, Weary Soul of Earth. Behold the sweet glory of these many flowers. They are the goodly thoughts of passing souls who must come this way from earth ere they reach the Gate of Tears. The noble thoughts they have left with me I have blown into these lovely blossoms—true and beautiful as were the thoughts from which they sprung."

Slowly the gardener and the white robed figure strolled from shrub to shrub. Achmed stared agape. Abdullah alone seemed to comprehend.

"Thoughts of mortals turned to flowers?" The gardener smiled in solemn acquiescence.

"When the soul, leaving its mortal clay, comes through the

(Continued on page 123)



Abdullah could not be intrigued by other ravishing beauties of Achmed's household.

WHO KILLED LEON DUBRONSKY of KHOL?

Body of Radio Violinist
Found in His Locked
Room. How Would
You Solve This
Crime?

By
David B. Hampton

Illustration by
Harley Ennis Stivers

**\$100
REWARD
FOR
THE
KILLER**

"Glory be to God, he's
been murr-rr-dered!"
shrieked Mrs. Conway.
Sprawled on the floor
before them lay the
body of a man, his
clothing matted with
blood.

*Harley
Ennis
Stivers*

IT WAS Mrs. Conway herself who called the Hollywood police station and asked for help. You would not have expected it from the ample bodied, fiery eyed woman. When Mrs. Conway was concerned it usually became the other fellow who shouted for help.

"Go see what the woman wants," ordered Sergt. Joe Nelson to Smiling Pat Donovan. "She's in a rage about something. I can't make it out, but it must be a tough one."

Up Hollywood boulevard over the short side street into Garland avenue it took but a minute to go with the flivver. Donovan parked the car in the driveway of an old fashioned, three story house, half hidden behind a small forest of tall pines. He mounted the rickety steps and rang the bell. No answer. He pounded on the, rickety door with his heavy fist. It opened.

A woman with a red mop of hair, bloodshot eyes, out thrust chin and arms akimbo glared at him questioningly.

"It's Mrs. Conway, I'm lookin' for," said Pat.
"You're spakin' to her. I should think it was time you was arrivin'. Come with me." She turned to the dim interior and Pat with his customary smile followed her. He ignored the truculence of her manner and held his tongue.

Up two flights of creaking stairs he tramped in her wake, noting the scanty furnishing and threadbare carpets. The air was foul. He wondered why the windows were not open. At the top of the second flight Mrs. Conway paused before the first door.

"IN THERE!" she said between gasps, for the climb had fatigued her. "Something's quare about the man who has that room. Sure, I ain't seen hide nor hair of him since Tuesday night, now come Thursday mornin'. For all the rappin' I've done there's narry a sound. 'What's up?' thinks I. An' the more I thinks about it the more I feel that it's quare, indade. So would you be pushin' open the door yourself an' see if he's there or what in all blazes is the matter?" Pat's smile broadened into a grin. He took the knob in his hand, turned it, pushed—but the door held. The lock had been turned. He asked Mrs. Conway for her pass key. She gave it to him. He tried that, but the key would not enter the hole because of a key already there from the other side.

"I could have told ye that much," said Mrs. Conway, "but ye might as well be findin' out for yourself."

Now Donovan could easily have pushed the door from its hinges with his brawny shoulder but he courted no argument with Mrs. Conway and instead asked her for a hairpin with which he presently manipulated the key so that they heard it fall on the bare boards within the room. In a moment the door was unlocked and he offered Mrs. Conway precedence into the room. She promptly declined the courtesy.

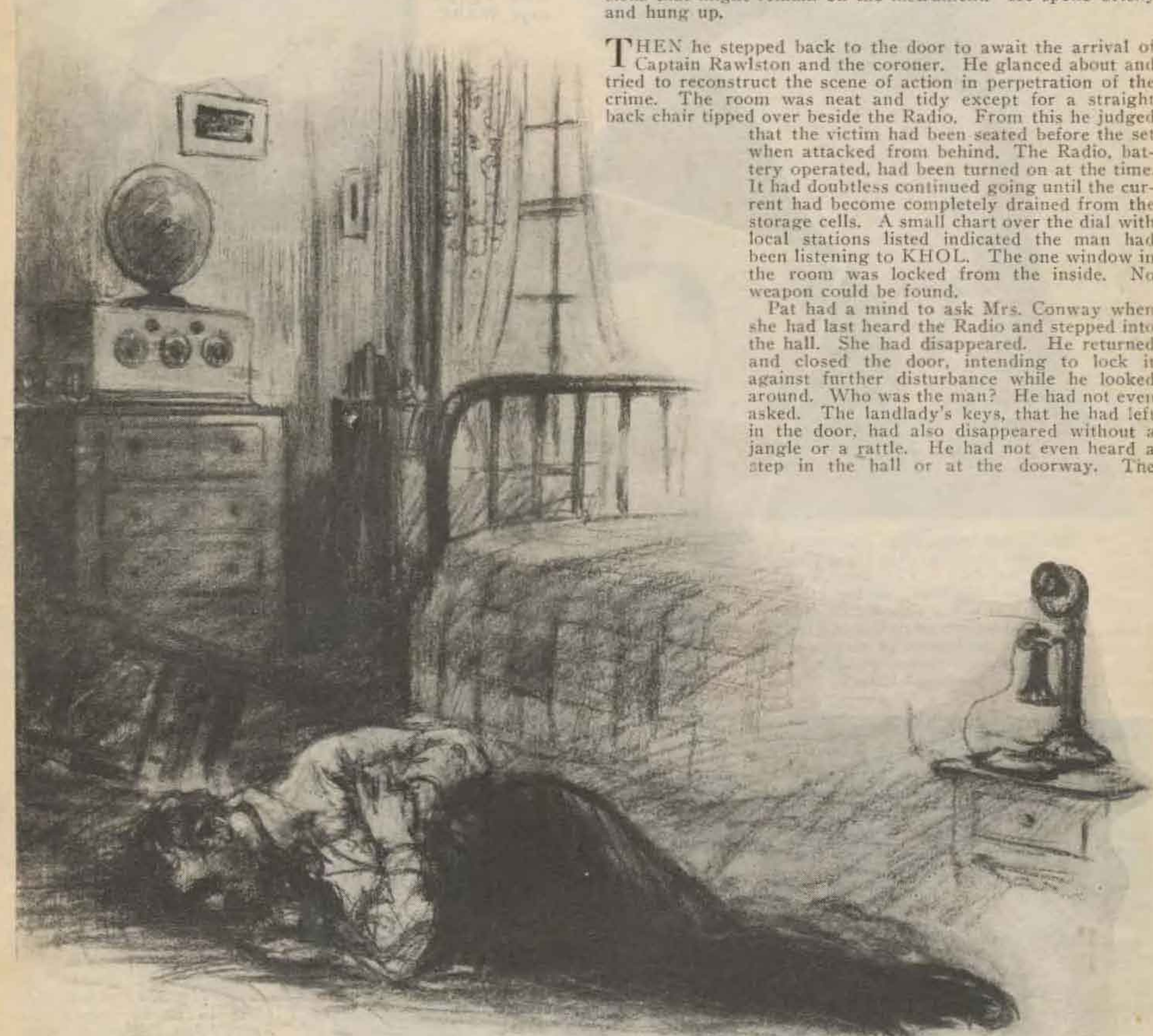
"Very well," he grinned even more broadly. "Get ready for the spooks."

He pushed the door open with a sudden thrust. His eyes popped open suddenly wide, the grin vanished, and from the

around and drew her to a chair at the further end of the hall. His first inclination was to call headquarters, but he decided to make a brief preliminary examination of the situation for his report. Apparently the body had lain thus for many hours. The face was buried in a full beard. The hair was long and wavy. Pat jotted into his notebook the fact that the body was clothed in a loose white silk shirt, brown trousers and black flowing tie. These sketchy details attended to, he stepped to the phone at the head of the bed, careful not to disturb anything, and lifted the receiver with his handkerchief over his finger tips to preserve any important impressions that might remain on the instrument. He spoke briefly and hung up.

THEN he stepped back to the door to await the arrival of Captain Rawlston and the coroner. He glanced about and tried to reconstruct the scene of action in perpetration of the crime. The room was neat and tidy except for a straight back chair tipped over beside the Radio. From this he judged that the victim had been seated before the set when attacked from behind. The Radio, battery operated, had been turned on at the time. It had doubtless continued going until the current had become completely drained from the storage cells. A small chart over the dial with local stations listed indicated the man had been listening to KHOL. The one window in the room was locked from the inside. No weapon could be found.

Pat had a mind to ask Mrs. Conway when she had last heard the Radio and stepped into the hall. She had disappeared. He returned and closed the door, intending to lock it against further disturbance while he looked around. Who was the man? He had not even asked. The landlady's keys, that he had left in the door, had also disappeared without a jangle or a rattle. He had not even heard a step in the hall or at the doorway. The



depths of his broad chest there welled an explosive grunt of astonishment. Behind him Mrs. Conway gasped and whistled in a quick catch of her breath.

"Glory be to God, he's been murr-rr-dered!" she shrieked. She lunged back against the stair rail and gripped the newel between her two fat hands.

Sprawled on the floor before them lay the body of a man. His clothing was matted with dried blood. He had fallen on his right side. Both hands clutched at a great red splotch around his heart.

Mrs. Conway was now demanding attention. Pat swung

stiffing atmosphere was giving him the creeps. He picked up the key set that had fallen on the floor from the inside. There were two keys besides the one to the room. One was small enough to fit a mailbox, the other a Yale. He carefully took the house key between thumb and finger and locked the door.

Tramping down the stairs he came to an open door on the first floor and entered. This was Mrs. Conway's room and his presence startled her. She gripped the arms of her chair and turned her head with a sudden jerk.

"Good Lord, you scared me!" she exclaimed. "Now why
(Continued on page 104)



Every human being has a story under his skin. Fannie Hurst writes stories, novels, photoplays and talks over WABC.



There are even more charming pictures of delectable Mary Nolan than this. You hear her between rhythms during the Paul Whiteman concert on the Old Gold program. She is perhaps better known to you as a screen artist. Remember her in the Shanghai Lady?

"Riddle and Grin" and you never will sin—maybe, say Clem Dacey and Harry Hosford, and they present Bennie, Cock of the Keys, at WLS, Chicago to study that age-old riddle, "Why does a chicken cross the road?" But Bennie is more interested in the riddle as to whether there are any bugs in the microphone.



Studio gang pictures are rarely identified when they come to Radio Digest, but KFRC, San Francisco, sends this along with notation: Left to right rear: Marta, Norman Nielson, Cal Pearce, Pedro, Edna Fischer, Gypsy and Al Pearce. Front, center: Harry "Mac" McClintock and Cotton Bond.



Skirts will be extreme silhouette and consist mainly of thin grass strands extending below the knees in Honolulu this Spring. Beads will be popular for bodice material and steel guitars will be worn as shown above by Mrs. Roy Peeper at Waiuwaiu, Columbus, O.

Our Knickerbocker reporter states that Miss Fannie Brice and Henry Burbig, well known Big-Timers of the Columbia Circuit have taken up Shakespearean roles and are Romeoing and Julietting with great success. Severe disturbances are reported at Stratford-on-Avon cemetery.



Little Helen Morgan has just jumped down from the piano to give you the once over before going on with her Majestic crooning at Columbia.

Hal Roach and His Gangsters are at it again in Hollywood. Big Mike has been summoned to take them for a ride on the M-G-M hour (CBS).





Penrod (Howard Miller, NBC), what are you winking for? Ah ha! Firewater!



Clara Cowan Abram, soprano audition winner at WAIU, Columbus.



Sometimes you hear the real thing like this fire truck making a run down Market street in San Francisco and taking the air over the NBC network. Frank Cotier's boys (below) are looking forward for another night like this for real water effects (KSTP).



Majestic Ruth Etting climbed to fame by Radio (CBS).





Mme. Elizabeth Ivanova, formerly of the Imperial Opera Company, Petrograd; now with KNX, Los Angeles.



Out of the realm of fantasy comes Ronet, the singing slave, who helps in Nisely Dream Shop, WLW, in trading songs for worn-out dreams.



Kay, Steve, Teen and Peto, the Krazy Rhythm Klowns of KSTP, St. Paul, who perform musical summersaults and crack the snappy slap stick of the air.

"Oh, Em, ain't nature grand?" "Not so grand as you are, Clem." "Oh, Em, Oh! Oh! I—, I—." And things like that intrigue Em and Clem of KFOX.



Katherine Tift Jones, who is equally at home as entertainer for the social elect or NBC delineator of darky dialect.



NEW LAWS for OLD

OUT OF THE WELTER OF CHOLERA AND ON
THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT FLOWERED
A ROMANCE IN VIOLATION OF THE CODE

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

ALICE GAMMELL was the tenth daughter of a twentieth child and her lot, cast in a shabby little town in Pike County, Illinois, seemed particularly hard as stories of gold and easy wealth came floating back from California.

Finally Tom Gammell yielded to his wife's importunities, gave up his job as pilot of a steamboat and, accompanied by most of the rest of the village, set out in a fleet of prairie schooners for the "Promised Land."

Across the first miles in Missouri they flew as briskly as the March wind. But there were so many miles. Presently a new word drove out the bugleword that had mustered this vast host. They forgot to talk of gold ahead. They talked of cholera alongside. At last, one dreary day Tom Gammell was laid low by the dread plague.

Tortured to desperate measures, Alice rode miles ahead to bring back a Doctor Birney. But to no avail. Fight as they would, first Tom, and then many others of the small party were lost and placed in shallow graves. Alice herself was touched by the disease, but after a period of rest gathered the remnants of the little band together and started on again. Doctor Birney, returned from helping others, was more than kind, aiding the stricken woman in a thousand ways.

ALICE had inherited five yoke of oxen, two yoke of cows, Tom's wagon and a gold miner's equipment. The other widows and widowers had their own difficulties multiplied by their loss and could give her no aid.

So Doctor Birney asked if he might not ride with her in her wagon. He said that he was tired of muleback and she recognized the chivalry under the crude pretense of selfishness. So a new companion shared the front seat of the wagon with her as they rejoined the unending river of souls flowing along the trail.

The Doctor knew nothing of the complex art of handling oxen, but he overplayed his ignorance a trifle and by sheer gawkiness compelled her dreary heart to helpless laughter.

She was ashamed of her smiles and Tom's living brother scowled at her for her flippancy, and her shallow disloyalty to her husband.

One of her own half brothers suggested that she had better marry the doctor as soon as she could. She flamed up at this and imputed it to Esek's eagerness to be rid of any responsibility for her.

But as they rode on and on and she learned how big was the heart of the big-framed friend at her side, her soul felt its first throb of love. She wondered at the sweet pain of it. She had thought she had fathomed all the meanings of love. She had known courtship and passion and marriage, and widowhood; yet she had evidently known something that was not really

love but only its shoddy imitation.

The jostling of the wagon flung her against Doctor Birney and he was courteous but not gallant. They rode through twilights and sometimes by moonlight, but he never hinted at a caress. At night she slept almost as close to him as Ruth to Boaz, but he gave no hint of knowing or caring that she was more than another teamster.



"Mother Damnable" soon convinced Edie the East was more to her liking.

SHE found her heart less angry with futile coquetry than sullen with jealousy of some unknown woman with whom he kept perfect faith. One day she could not keep from twitting him with her theory, that a woman is the mother of everything.

"What's she like, doctor?"
"What's who like, Mrs. Gammell?"

"The girl you left behind. The woman you love so well back there in Ohio—the one you left your heart with."

"My heart is right here in this wagon, ma'am. It don't love any woman back East or on West."

She was afraid to ask more and yet she took both flattery and fear from his dark answer. There must be some woman in the shadow of his past; she herself might be the woman in the sunshine of the future.

She was more tormented than Bluebeard's final wife, for Doctor Birney gave her no key, and the closet of his secrets was not visible.

One night by the campfire she saw him writing in his diary, and she grew audacious enough to say:

"I dare you to let me read your diary."

He seemed confused and reluctant; then he looked into her eyes with a ransacking curiosity; but after a long hesitation, he handed her the leather covered brochure and said:

"I don't write very good. I'm a worse author than I

am a doctor, but you are welcome to any news you find."

She wished she had not been so grossly inquisitive and wondered whether it would be more insulting to read the book or to return it unread. She ventured to turn to the first page in a desperate hope that it would begin with his broken love affair. But all she found was this:

"April 9, 1850. Left home for California. Passed through Norwalk. Took the cars to Sandusky. Saw a large eagle on the prairie. Passage, 75 cents. Dinner, and horsefeed, 75 cents.

"April 20. Left Cincinnati at 4 o'clock on board the Natchez."

"April 21. Arrived at Louisville at 10. Saw James Porter, the Kentucky giant, 7½ feet."

"May 16. Crossed the Missouri river at Saint Joseph. Passed the snake's den."

"May 20. No timber. Passed some new grass."

"May 21. Was called to visit three cases of cholera. One died, a man, leaving a wife and child, from Illinois,

poor. He lived seven hours after being taken. No wood or water secured."

"May 22. Rainy. Traveled for miles and came to wood and water in plenty. Fleming and Curtis taken with the cholera. Wake all night. Called upon to see a man with cholera, who died soon after."

"May 23. Curtis and Fleming better, but not able to start in the morning. Heard wolves during the night."

"May 24. Started early. Curtis and Fleming pretty comfortable. Camped at Blue River. One grave, child 11 years old. Forded the stream. Got my medicines wet."

"May 26. Had catfish for breakfast."

"May 27. Saw an antelope."

"May 29. Water scarce and poor. Took sick with the cholera. No one meddled or took any notice of it but George Mason."

"May 30. Feel better."



So he and his legally unattainable bride drove off in shameless pride of love.

SHE let a few pages whir past accounts of "innumerable hosts of immigrants," and heavy rains all night and all day and rainy gales at night. She understood how much labor and anguish he compressed in his ungifted phrases.

"June 4. Camped without a spark of fire or warm supper, with our clothes as wet as water. A man died of the cholera in sight of us. I was called to see him, but too late."

"June 5. It rains yet. Have a bad headache; take a blue pill."

"June 6. One death, a Missourian—from cholera. Go eighteen miles. Pass four graves in one place. Two more of the same train are ready to die. Earn \$2.50. Left Krill with a dying friend."

"June 7. Start late. Find plenty of doctoring to do. Stop at noon to attend some persons sick with cholera. One was dead before I got there, and six died before the next morning. They paid me \$8.75. Some of the deceased were named Thomas Gammell and Jacob Gammell and old Mrs. Broshears, a relative of the bereaved widow of Thomas Gammell. We are 85 or 90 miles west of Fort Kearney."

It startled her eyes to find her own name there and she read the next entry with hunger for a word of tenderness; a little

warmth had crept in:

"June 8. Left the camp of distress in the open prairie at half past 4 in the morning. The widow was ill both in body and mind. I gave them slight encouragement by promising to return and assist them along. I overtook our company at noon twenty miles away. Went back and met the others in trouble enough. I traveled with them until night. Again overtook our company three miles ahead. Made my arrangements to be ready to shift my duds to the widow's wagon."

She smiled at the blunt words for the noble service and the romantic beginning of the mysterious companionship. He was a poor hand at dramatic narrative. But then a great novelist would have been of no use at all.

She read on with eagerness to see if there were some hint of love or longing. But it was cold prose written with a dejected pencil.

"June 9. Started off in good season. Went twenty miles.

Encamped on a creek. Wolves very noisy, keeping us awake all night."

He and she were "us." That was all. She remembered that it was not the wolves alone that kept her awake. She found nothing more poetic than such things as these—horrible hours of toil and pain memorialized in a dull word.

"July 2. Feed poor, water a little touched with alkali."

"July 5. Dragged the team through sand eight miles to Devil's Gate."

"July 6. Oxen sick; vomiting like dogs. Old Nig looks bad. Got better towards night."

... Discovered a party of Indians coming upon us. Prepared for an attack. After viewing us carefully they left us for good. . . . Kept guard for fear of Mormons. . . . Left Sweetwater and traveled over the ragged mountains twenty miles. I was well worn out as well as the team from watching at night. . . . Found ice in the water bucket. . . . Traveled all day and night. Dust from one to twelve inches deep. Went over a tremendous mountain. . . . Left camp after throwing Lion and doctoring his foot, which Mrs. Gammell, Jake and myself did alone."

THIS was her first appearance by name. Yet she knew that he had thought of her, cared for her with the tenderness of a dumb Romeo. She skimmed the pages with a speed the utter opposite of the slow torment of their travel:

"July 28. Was called to see a sick pa-poose. . . .

Traveled eighteen miles. Oh, God! the mosquitoes. Sick all day and under the influence of calomel. . . . Started late on Lion's account. Drove two miles and he gave up the ghost. We then harnessed Nigger in the lead. . . . Nigger died. . . . Salmon Falls, bought salmon of the Indians. This place is delightful. The wild geese are about as tame as the natives. . . . Plenty of rattlesnakes. . . . Am nearly sick, but no one knows it but myself. . . . Geared the wagon shorter. Threw overboard some of our load. Started with Brandy in Sally's place. . . . Left this morning a distressed family without team or money and nearly sick from trouble. . . . Left Brand and Polly to die on the road. . . . Cut off more of the wagon bed and brought the wheels closer together. . . . Mrs. G. drove the cattle and let me take a nap in her bed. . . . Made a yoke of an old axle."



"What do I do now, honey" queried Doctor Birney, as he faced the intruder.
"Break his face!" said Alice.

There was more of the same, but never a word of such yearning as women love to inspire, never a hint of her beauty, his growing need of her, only the chronicle of such matters of fact as filled the days with hardship and robbed the nights of refreshment.

The cholera had been left behind them but the mountains and the jade of toil and the death of faithful animals, the collapse of equipment and of patience made every day a new disease.

Families were quarreling from sheer weariness of the same drawn faces. Friends were parting for no better reason than that they had drained their p-
ficiencies. Here and there poor frayed souls had gone violently insane or had left from cliffs or shot themselves rather than add more straws of adversity to their galled backs.

Doctor Birney had paid his companion no tribute of literature, but he had given her his toil, his tenderness, his company. Why did he say nothing of love?

Her half brother Esek was pondering the same problem. One day he put it crassly enough to Alice:

"Say, Allus, has the Doc popped the question yet?"

She answered him only with a glare. He retorted:

"Well, if he's honest and you're decent he'd better speak up or git out. Ever'body's talkin' about you two always together."

"Ever'body had better mind their own business. If I choose to have a friend, I'd like to know who's got anything to say about it?"

"Well, I have for one! And I'm goin' to say it, too."

"If you dare!"

He snorted at her menace, and turned aside. Later, he and the Doctor went out together in search of strayed cattle; they came back separately in a mood that she read with alarm.

Esek passed her and tossed her a contemptuous word. "Just as I thought! He's been makin' a fool of you. He's got a wife back East. I told him to pick up his sticks and vamoose. We don't want him around us no longer."

ALICE was suffocated with anger at Esek and with dismay at his news. The doctor came close on the heels of Esek and asked for a word with her. She dropped to the ground trembling, and he sank cross-legged at her side; talked to her in a low and solemn strain.

"Esek asked me a question he had no right to ask. But you had. I been tryin' weeks to tell you a lot of things but I couldn't somehow; one was how much I love you, and one was why I never told you so and another was why I couldn't ask you to marry me.

"But you see, honey—excuse me, it slipped out, kind of —"

THE gold fever give me the excuse. I told her I was on my way, and she told the neighbors I was goin' to send for her as soon as I made a strike. I see myself!

"Well, I left her the farm and my bank account—money enough to keep her for life. I took along just enough to buy me a mule and keep me from starvin'. I swore I'd never look at her or a patient again.

"I broke the last part of my vow but the first part holds. And then I found you on the road. And I loved you the minute I laid eyes on you. You were scared to death but you hung on to that horse. You couldn't ride but you did. I tried to save your husband for you, but I couldn't. And I couldn't keep from turnin' back to you.



"We dis-own you" was the only fare-well they gave the twain that could neither be united nor parted.

you see—well, when I first set up practice in Ohio, I came along just as an old doctor laid down in his own private graveyard and I come into a lot of patients right off. I made a lot of money—for a doctor—and collected some of it, too.

"Well, I met up with a pretty little armful of a woman, with a scared look in her eyes and a kiss-me-quick look around the mouth.

"Well, some women have a way of pushin' themselves into a man's arms and wringin' a proposal out of him before he knows what's wrong. That's what Edie did to me. She laid her face up against me and had me namin' the day before I could tell her I didn't want to get married for years yet, and then not to her.

"Then she yanked me to church and into the home she'd picked out and rented for me. Well, it comes hard for me to say anything against a woman, particularly my wife. But you got a right to know the truth.

"Well, Edie was one of those skin-deep beauties. A Dead Sea Apple is what she is. Peach-down outside, and inside, gall and wormwood. Pink and silky outside and, inside, miser and a nagger and a blood-suckin' leech. If I went to see a poor patient that couldn't pay, she jumped me for neglectin' her, but she wanted me to bleed the well-to-do patients whether they had anything the matter of 'em or not. She tried to make me operate on folks that were all right, because I could charge 'em more.

"Well, things went on that way till I was all wore out—nothin' but fault-findin' and greed at home; and, outside, nothin' but sick folks talkin' about their aches and pains.

"I was making seads of money and Edie was savin' it all. When an aunt of mine left me a farm, Edie made me put it in her name. By-and-by I begun to feel that I'd either have to run off or commit murder. I told Edie I wished she'd get herself a divorce. It would 'a' been easy enough. In Indiana they give divorces for anything and no delay. But she turned on me like a tiger. She said she was Mrs. Birney and Mrs. Birney she would remain till I died. She thought divorces were a scandal and a disgrace. I tried to bluff her and told her I'd make her divorce me. But she just laughed. She said I couldn't do anything short of killin' her to get my freedom. She don't like men and she would just as soon I up and left her. And finally I did.

"I tried to keep off the subject of love, although my heart was achin' for you till I nearly died. I've never laid hands on you, have I? but I've had to set each hand to holdin' the other back to keep from grabbin' you—but, well, I'd better not talk about that.

"Anyway, I couldn't seem to break away from you though I've tried a million times. And now your low-down brother has dragged the truth out of me, and I don't know what to do. I love you, Alice. You're the only thing I ever loved. But I can't marry you, because I'm not free. And I can't get free. So what am I goin' to do, honey? If you'll say you don't love me, that will settle it, and I'll go my way and leave you. If you don't want me to go, all hell can't drive me off. You tell me what to do. Just say the word."

She said the word, "I love you," and laid her lips on his. He groaned aloud and caught her in his arms and smothered her in his breast until the infuriated Esek came forward and tapped him on the shoulder. Then he turned round to face the glare of outraged virtue from a Mrs. Grundy, six feet tall and in whiskers.

"Say, say!" Esek thundered. "You leave my sister loose, or I'll break your face."

Dr. Birney turned to Alice and said:

"What do I do now, honey?"

"Break his face," said Alice.

The Doctor drove his fist into Esek's beard and teeth and Esek measured off exactly six feet on the ground. He got up and Dr. Birney sent him back to verify the measurement.

Then Mrs. Esek came flying up and she was not so easy to handle. But Alice took her by the shoulders and, with the strength of two arms that had been sawing at the bits of hard-mouthed horses for months, shook her half-sister-in-law till her teeth rattled.

There was such a hubbub that the savage Indians gathered to see the pale-faced squaws in mutual destruction. They were bitterly disappointed when the white men, dreading a civil war, called for peace and held a conference.

IT WAS quiet but bitter. Everybody reviled Dr. Birney and begged Alice to give up the doctor, especially as he announced that he would not even seek for gold in California.

(Continued on page 110)

IT LOOKED LIKE THE FINISH WHEN— AN AIRPLANE HUMMED OUT of the BLUE

*But Sometimes Sand Burrs
Are Mightier Than Bullets*

By Will Payne

Illustrations by Robert Johnston

SHORTLY after one o'clock in the morning train number ninety-six was held up at Apaloosa Junction, thirty-six miles south of Bocaganza, and its mail car robbed of four registered pouches. The two railway mail clerks were struck over the head with a slung shot, one of them dangerously hurt. The other was able to report that one robber was thickset, with heavy shoulders, the index finger of his left hand missing. There was no description of the three other robbers, all four having been masked.

Apaloosa Junction contains only fifteen hundred inhabitants, and this night train would not make it a stopping point except that it is the connection with a line to the east. There were only three persons near the little pine station, besides train crew and robbers, when the hold-up occurred. And naturally there was confusion. A wakeful woman soon reported having seen a black touring car, containing four men, going north on the main trunk highway immediately after the hold-up.

Alarms were sent out over the telephone. Some time was lost in trying to get Sheriff O'Brien at Bocaganza, who was out of town that night. Nearly an hour after the robbery Deputy Sheriff Thomas Mullens was aroused and told what had happened. He pulled a pair of trousers over his night-shirt, got a hat and his revolver and ran out of doors. Deputy Mullens lived in a cottage in the northwest part of town, and he ran east toward the main north and south brick highway, which became Central avenue as it passed through the town. As well as he could calculate from the brief telephone talk, if the robber's car held to the main north road it was most likely that it would already have passed through Bocaganza, for the distance was only thirty-six miles and they would probably drive fast.

So calculating, Deputy Mullens, running, started across a north and south thoroughfare, two blocks west of Central avenue, known as Tangarine street, and fairly ran into a black touring car containing four men, going north at a moderate pace, with only its dimmer lights burning. The car was opposite him almost as soon as he saw it and he had only a vague impression of two men in the front seat.

He shouted, "Hey! Stop!"

INSTANTLY the driver put on power and the machine shot away. The deputy fired at the rear wheel and hit it, so that the speeding machine swerved sharply as the tire exploded and nearly went into the ditch. The driver kept it on the road, however. The two men on the rear seat turned, rising to their knees. The electric street lamp suspended over the middle of the road at the crossing brought them out clearly. They both shot at once. The range was short, but the car was bumping on a flat tire. Deputy Mullens heard the whistle of the bullets: close, but missing. He himself, standing under the electric light, made as good a target as one could wish—except for the motion of the car. Other shots immediately followed the first—automatics. Deputy Mullens fired again. The man on his side made a convulsive movement and would have fallen off the seat but that the other man caught him. The car was going at top speed then, and getting into the dark beyond the circle of rays shed by the street light. The deputy did not attempt to shoot again but ran for a telephone to give the alarm farther north.

But Apaloosa was trying to use the long distance wires; the night service at the telephone exchanges was poor. There was an exasperating delay in getting the next town north,

nine miles distant. The robber car, in fact, got away.

BEN BODET was spending a winter vacation at Bocaganza, which is a county seat, its two story red brick court house with a yellow dome fronting a flowery little park. On the third day following the robbery Bodet dropped into the sheriff's office there for a chat with a new friend Deputy Sheriff Thomas Mullens. Since the episode in which their acquaintance began, ten days before this, a warm regard had subsisted between the detective and the undersized, wiry peace officer whose red mustache was too large for so meager a face and whose clothes were merely clothes. The robbery was mentioned casually.

"I bet they took the Barlow road four miles north of here," said Sheriff O'Brien. "It's a poor road—some of it just wagon trail through the woods. But there's nobody along the way and after sixteen miles they'd strike good brick again. Leaving the main north and south road put everybody off the trail. They'd get to Barlow, probably, before three o'clock and have three hours and a half before daylight. That'd put 'em a hundred and thirty or forty miles north where they'd have a choice of roads."

Deputy Mullens, looking grave and tugging at his over-large mustache, remarked:

"Well, sir, I'm afraid they left a man along the way. Been expectin' to hear of his bein' found in the brush somewhere. . . . 'Taint what I believe in—pluggin' a man that way. I never shot a man—bad—but once before in my life. I aimed for his right shoulder, but the car was jouncin' up and down. Guess I hit him too low." He looked earnestly at Bodet as he offered his justification. "Doggone! The two of 'em was pumpin' lead at me with automatics. If their car hadn't been jouncin' that way they'd a made a sieve of me. 'Taint what I believe in but I don't see how I could a helped it."

Bodet and the sheriff reassured him.

AHIGH, humming sound came through the open west windows and Bodet glanced upward at the great man made dragon fly sailing in the blue two thousand feet above the sea. Such a metallic song in the air was common there where three planes did a thriving trade treating guests at the big hotel and occupants of the winter cottages to aerial joyrides at a dollar a minute. Yet the machine in the sky teased the detective's imagination.

"Sort of humiliating," he commented grumpily. "My profession ought to be using every invention. Airplanes are as common as pins now; but I've never yet seen a chance to use one professionally—mind too old-fashioned, maybe; don't think airplanes; think sidebar buggies."

"We get into ruts. My profession isn't as bad as most others—lawyers and doctors, for example. They think the old stuff over and over again because they deal with the old stuff over and over again—one case of tonsillitis or of replevin just like another. My trade, anyhow, is never twice alike—never know where or how it's going to hit you. To keep out of ruts. There's nothing whatever that there's not some way out of if only you think fast enough and straight enough."

Deputy Mullens, in loyal and boundless admiration for the speaker, sagely wagged his head and remarked, as though he were delivering an important opinion, "Well, sir, I s'pose that's so—to keep a-thinkin' all the time . . ."

He was interrupted by the swift opening of the door and a

citizen rushed in, bursting with indignation, to demand the protection of the law.

The substance of his statement was that a cottage adjoined his orange grove, its garage abutting on the boundary line. This afternoon he and his wife had been picking oranges. They saw a man come from the cottage and disappear in the garage. As he did not appear again they supposed he was overhauling the car. An hour or so later, from her stepladder beneath a tree, his wife saw another man go from the cottage to the garage. After another half hour or so she went over to the dividing line and peered into the garage. The second man was standing just inside the garage door taking a drink out of a bottle. Seeing a lady peering at him, he addressed her in outrageous and intolerable language. She retreated a little way and made an indignant reply, strong in the consciousness that she was on her own premises and that drink under almost all circumstances, was contraband. The citizen himself, naturally indignant at this verbal assault upon his wife, ran over there. But the man continued to blackguard both citizen and wife. The citizen ran for his automobile, to come to town for a warrant and the sheriff.

THE COMPLAINANT was of a leathery leanness, with a scant yellowish beard. His speech was tumultuous and sputtering with wrath, his voice high and bleating.

"I told him I'd have him in jail in half an hour, and I will, too!" he cried. "They're blacklegs! They's something queer about that cottage next me, too, Mr. Sheriff. I been going to speak to you about it. Some men got it. They come and go—sneakin' I'd call it. Window shades all pulled down. Sometimes ain't anybody in sight there for a week at a stretch. I bet they're a gang of whisky runners! I bet you'll find liquor there. This first fella that come to the garage—freckled, sandy complexioned fella—he's been there before. I bet he's a whisky runner. But this drunken brute I ain't ever seen there before. I want a warrant for him—for that miserable way he talked to my wife and me. We was on our own premises! I'll show him!"

The patient sheriff led the orange grower across the corridor to the office of the county judge before whom warrants might be sworn out, and Deputy Mullens explained to Bodet:

"Name's Allen. He's got a little orange grove five miles up the coast. He's a prejudiced kind of man—hates booze worse'n rattlesnakes, and his wife hates it worse'n he does. But they're good citizens when they're lettin' their neighbors alone."

This outraged and sputtering citizen amused Bodet, who had a hobby for observing people as other men have hobbies for collecting stamps or butterflies. "Take me along with you," he suggested on an incidental impulse.

THE WARRANTS being duly issued, Mr. Allen, visibly swelling with righteous satisfaction in the impending retribution, led the way in his hard used automobile, Bodet and Mullens following in the deputy's equally battered little machine.

They drove north along a brick road parallel to the beach and some distance from it. Leaving town, between the road and the beach, there were winter cottages with flower gardens—growing more scattered and less pretentious. Then there were some stretches of unbroken land and, at intervals, small orange groves. Off at that side lay the white sand beach and twinkling blue gulf, under a genial sun. On the other side of the road the land was mostly wild, bearing mast-like pines and an undergrowth of palmetto.

Allen's five acre orange grove came out to the road. His house, however, was at the farther end, facing the beach. Adjoining lay the premises of whose inmate he complained—a plain one story brown cottage about half way between road and beach, standing on flat, sandy ground planted with hibiscus, camphor trees and oleanders, both cottage and grounds looking in an unkempt state. The little brown shed of a garage, abutting on Allen's line, was nearer to the road than the cottage itself.

Allen stopped on the road in front of his grove and gave Deputy Mullens final instructions with a relish of coming vengeance:

"This cutthroat you're after is a heavy-set fella and kind of round shouldered. He's got black hair and his jaw sticks out." He thrust his own lower jaw forward to indicate an oversized chin.

Neither Bodet nor Mullens had the least idea that the affair in hand was anything more than one of the commonest of a peace officer's experiences—the arrest of a rowdy who might perhaps be somewhat intoxicated.

THE LITTLE deputy hopped out of the car in front of the cottage and started briskly along the weedy, grassy shell walk that led to the veranda. Bodet got out also, to stretch his legs two minutes and indulge his hobby of looking around an unfamiliar scene. He left the shell path, however, and strolled over to the garage at the left—aimlessly and idly. One leaf of the garage door stood open and he glanced in at a black touring car. His idling glance showed merely that somebody had been adjusting the engine and had left one side of the hood up. He had no interest in it and turned to survey Mr. Allen's carefully cultivated orange grove. As he stepped something pricked his ankle sharply. Looking down he perceived that the grounds were in a neglected state indeed; sand-burs were driving out the grass. A big one with needle points had caught in his sock, pricking the skin. He picked it off. A dozen or so of its fellows were sticking to the bottoms of his trouser legs; but he could pick them off when he got back in the car.



Standing under the electric light he made as good a target as one could wish.



He waggled the slung shot slightly and said: "I'll show these birds something." The deep smolder in his one open eye, going back to the ape, promised appeasement to his brother's ghost.

Meanwhile Deputy Mullens crossed the veranda and knocked briskly at the front door. After a moment he knocked more loudly. He had noticed that the shades at the front windows of the cottage were pulled down; but as the car was in the garage there must be somebody about. He rattled the knob and gave the door a kick by way of emphasis.

A LANK and sallow person with high cheek bones, small eyes set wide apart and very faintly marked eyebrows, his hair receding to a brush line midway of his head, opened the door. Mullens promptly put his foot and leg in the open door, saying, "Deputy sheriff, warrant." The lank man then let him come in.

Mullens stepped into a living room, scantily furnished and dim in spite of the brilliant sunshine out doors, for the front window shade was quite down and that at the south window was up only a few inches. He saw another man with freckled face and sandy complexion, but not the man he wanted.

"Got a John Doe warrant here for a man with a big jaw and black hair," he explained.

"He ain't here," said the one who had admitted him. "Started to town fifteen minutes ago to see a lawyer. You must a passed him."

"Gone to town!" Mullens repeated innocently. "Maybe I can pick him up there."

"You'll find him if you look," replied the sallow man, who was also sullen. "He picked up a ride out there on the road fifteen minutes ago."

"All right; I'll go back," said the deputy cheerfully.

All the while he had been taking stock of his surroundings. That open door yonder no doubt gave to the dining room. But this closed door almost at his back ought to open to a bedroom. With hardly a pause he went on, "But first I'll take a look here."

Spry as a weazel, he wheeled, grasped the knob and had the door open before an outreached hand could detain him. He bolted into the bedroom—or rather, figuratively, into a thickset man with heavy shoulders, oversized jaw and black hair, who exhaled an odor of alcohol. The man seized his right arm.

UP TO the instant of bolting into the bedroom, Deputy Mullens had not the least notion that he was facing anything more than the arrest of a rowdy who was charged with the misdemeanor of using profane and obscene language. But the man who held his right arm in a mighty grasp was one of the men who had been shooting at him from the back seat of an automobile three nights before—the one whom he had not hit. The recognition was mutual. For the tick of a clock Mullens gaped, and a smolder came into the deep-set eyes of the other. Unfortunately the deputy's pistol was in his right hand hip pocket. But besides having the agility of a weazel, Mullens had that animal's uncalculating valor. The man who held him stood six feet to his five feet seven inches, and weighed, perhaps, two hundred pounds to his hundred and thirty-five. All the same he let fly his left fist, which might have earned honors in the lightweight class, catching the man in the eye with a blow that jarred him on his heavy feet but did not loosen his hold on the deputy's arm. Then there was



something in the man's right hand. It came down over Mullens' eye, stunning him and felling him to the floor.

He was aware of being kicked savagely along the floor with a heavy foot. His revolver was taken away. The other two men were interfering, saying, "Cut it out now, Bat! We gotta get the other one."

He heard a voice saying, "He's the man that shot Bull." He thought his ribs caved in from that kick, and all became dim.

A MINUTE or so later the tank and sallow man stepped to the veranda and beckoned to Bodet. Quite unsuspecting, the detective approached the cottage. The man said, "Your partner wants you." Bodet walked through the front door and looked at the muzzle of an automatic pistol in the hand of a freckled man with sandy hair. The sallow man at his back was saying, "Stick up your mitts." A third man was over by the table in the center of the room. There was nothing to be done but obey the command. He was unarmed anyway. His hands went up.

The sallow man at his back was searching him for a weapon. Then he saw his friend, Deputy Mullens, lying on the floor across the sill of the door to the bedroom, face down, blood running freely over his cheek and forehead. Bodet thought he might already be dead. There are sights which whistle discretion down the wind and call up a primal urge to fight at any cost. The detective's usually cool mind turned red; so he smiled and said cheerfully:

"You can't get away with it! Not in a hundred years!"

He turned his smile to the man in the center of the room who was half sitting on the cheap library table there—heavy, big shouldered, swarthy, with an over-developed jaw. His paw

held a black and bulbous object which Bodet identified as a slung shot—a ball of lead, lightly padded and covered with a coarse netting, having a pliable rubber handle; an implement used by thugs, one blow being usually sufficient to stun a person.

NO DOUBT the man at the table had been drinking—the alcoholic flame increasing his natural ruthlessness and drugging such few inhibitions to violence as he normally possessed. Yet he seemed, for all practical purposes, in full possession of his faculties. His right eye was half closed, a little trickle of blood running from it and a red discoloration showing. Bodet thought his valiant little friend had at least got in one blow and smiled more broadly. Red-minded, he added:

"You were a fool to hit him. You can't get away with it."

The man at the table regarded the speaker with a deep-set smoldering eye. The speaker was trifling with a situation which he did not understand. By way of sweeping aside all that trifling, the man said:

"He killed my brother."

It sounded cool, and he spoke in such a full bodied voice as one would expect from a full bodied man; but the words were instantly followed by a thin, high, tittering laugh—a sound singularly incongruous and gruesome coming from his deep chest. The detective's hardened nerves prickled and he instantly comprehended the situation.

Undoubtedly the robbers—knowing that alarms would be sent out along the main north and south brick highway which they would be expected to follow—had picked out this retreat quite near at hand, with which at least one of them, the sandy one, was familiar. No doubt they had expected to lie by here for a day or two until the hue and cry in that region died down. But they had met Deputy Mullens and one of them would not go on.

BODET remembered Allen's saying that the sandy man had spent quite a while in the garage that afternoon—tuning up and overhauling the car. Probably then they intended going on that night. This swarthy man's indiscretion in cursing the inquisitive lady next door had brought trouble. Perhaps they hadn't taken Allen's threat to bring an officer with due seriousness. Perhaps it had taken some time to finish up the car and prepare for flight. Perhaps they had counted on bluffing the local officer, if one appeared—naturally preferring to start after dark rather than in broad daylight. Perhaps they had thought it would take Allen considerably longer to get back with an officer. At any rate, Mullens had come in untimely. Recognition had followed.

That much Bodet perceived as a matter of course. Meanwhile the sandy man had gone into the bedroom, stepping over Mullens' prostrate figure. He was returning now with a cord and Bodet understood that they meant to bind him. They were three to one; resistance was useless. He submitted to having his arms pulled behind him and tied at the wrists. Meanwhile he did not hold his tongue.

"You can't get away with it," he repeated cheerfully. "If you've got any sense you'll know that. There'll be a posse out after you before you've gone a mile. I might show you a way out if you're sensible. I'm not in business for my health any more'n you are. Guess nobody'll look out for me if I don't. A deputy sheriff gets two thousand a year"—he threw out the figure at random—"and no thanks from anybody. If the hooze runners and bootleggers weren't pretty thick around here—and reasonable—I wouldn't keep this job overnight."

HE WAS merely throwing out bait at random. But he saw that the suggestion of a bribe made an impression. The sallow man and the sandy one looked at each other; and eyed him for a moment, questioning, suspicious. Obviously they were none too well pleased with their situation.

The man at the table spoke up: "We hurried Bull out in the bay. There's room for two." Again he gave the high, tittering laugh.

Partly, Bodet thought, he might be bluffing. But partly, no doubt, rage and alcohol had sunk him to a baboon stage, free of all civilized inhibitions; and he wanted Bodet to look at him in his naked, murderous obscenity—a gorilla grinning as it rends a limb. There was a dead pall of anxiety in the detective's mind—wondering if the little deputy were already dead, or how badly he was hurt. He replied cheerfully:

"All right. Go ahead. Kill us both. You don't stand any more show of getting away than a rabbit in a wire cage. The

(Continued on page 114)

RADIOGRAPHS

*Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio
Family of New York's Great Key Stations*

By JEAN CAMPBELL

MILES of land wires and ether waves bring you the voices and personalities of Radio entertainers from the key stations of the great chain broadcasting systems. Often you wonder what these people are like, what they do when not in the studio. Jean Campbell knows them intimately—ask her about them.

CAROLINE ANDREWS can remember when, at the age of six, she one day climbed to the top of her actress mother's trunk, and suddenly startled all of the members of the Andrews opera company, owned by her father, by singing, along with the star out front, the jewel song from Faust.

The star, who was her mother, heard this unasked-for accompaniment, quite clearly, and so did the audience. But no harm was done, because, by that time, the town-folk where the Andrews were playing, in traveling repertoire engagements, had become quite as fond of Andrews' little daughter as they long had of her parents, yearly recalled to the same engagements throughout the Middle West and the South.

Caroline's family fostered love and understanding of operatic music, stood for the highest renditions of such music, and themselves played and sang such music to the country-folk who could not come to New York to hear it. They loved their work, and they prospered in it. And yet, strangely, just as soon as Caroline began to show talent for singing and keen interest in a career similar to their own, her parents all but frantically "folded their tents like the Arabs" and silently retired to a fruit ranch in Oregon, never again to tour the country nor to entertain for their daughter in the atmosphere that had created her own longing for an operatic career.

Caroline says, "Father and mother just did not want me to go through the hardships that had been theirs in rising to the pinnacle of their success. Besides, they had made much money, for traveling stage folk, and they wanted to retire and rear me in an environment befitting a young lady daughter who did not need to work for a living."

"A foolish notion, as they now agree, since, being their daughter, I could not be happy unless I were busy all the time. And being busy means engaged in the two things they both loved best, music, operatic study and singing, and for avocation, horticulture, and growing prize-winning fruit—pears preferred!"

"And, so, today that's just what I am engaged in—while mother and father are content to watch the pears, and work the restful ranch, while I carry on their former operatic work in a new field."

"Incidentally, this new field, Radio, is devoid of every one of those hardships of professional life that had caused my parents to fear my entrance upon it. And, also, incidentally, when old friends of the Andrews Opera company look askance at my desertion of the operatic stage and all but say to me that I have sold my birthright for a microphone, I

promptly answer them, 'but what a wonderful thing is that microphone.'

"Most artists are in Radio to make a living. Of course I, too, make a living from it, but I am in it for more than that—its lure for me is that I cannot yet conceive of its being quite real, and cannot be anything else but awed by its great possibilities for bringing a musical education as thorough as it is unique into the homes of the many in this nation who could not otherwise en-



Caroline Andrews

joy music's broad and beneficial influence.

"I could never desert the Radio for the stage because I know what the Radio can and does do for great masses of culture longing people. And to be permitted to perform for them through the medium of Radio is, to me, at once an awe inspiring privilege, as well as the greatest pleasure that I know anything about."

Caroline was born near Minneapolis, Minn., while her father's opera company was staging an engagement there. Her lullabies were the arias of the Italian masters. Her nursery rhymes were converted from operatic scores.

When the Andrews family folded their tents, as it were, and retired to their Oregon pear orchards, to save daughter Caroline from the lure of the operatic stage, it just naturally happened that Madame Andrews, the prima donna mother, could not quite forget to practice her arias as she worked about the ranch home nor her father forget to try his voice in the open air of the orchards. And, so, wee Caroline, just as naturally—although both parents seemed unaware of it—kept right on learning at the orchard home quite as much about the opera, its arias and its music, as she might ever have learned from these same well versed parents had they all remained members of the one-time An-

draws Opera company.

It was Caroline's favorite aunt who first awoke the Andrews to the realization that their little daughter had acquired all of the essentials of a promising operatic career, and that she had inherited a voice that should not be denied further study and a chance to express itself.

Said the aunt, who held the authority of one who long had been a vocal teacher of operatic stars yearly graduating to the stage of the grand opera:

"Why, it's a shame not to teach that child the latest and best methods of singing.

"Well, I suppose it wouldn't do any harm, if she would be satisfied with a few lessons so as just to sing for her friends, and for us—" parried her mother.

"All right, but remember, auntie, you're not to encourage her to become a professional musician, an operatic or concert singer. Any notions of that sort and your singing lessons will stop. If you'll just teach her parlor singing, well you can take her for a visit to New York sometime, and teach her along with your other pupils, since she would be under your chaperonage and guardianship."

And so, when school was over for Caroline, a young lady who did not intend to sell her birthright for anything less than a microphone followed an indulgent, yet wise, aunt to New York. With this aunt, one of the leading vocal teachers of America, Caroline has made her home and lived a happy and successful life, only occasionally going home to the pear ranch to see what the orchard holds that may have prize-winning quality. And to be told just how proud of their opera-singing daughter mother and father Andrews now are.

Strangely Caroline's first success came in light opera, not grand opera. And little by little, she evinced a greater interest in lighter toles. She left "Robin-hood," for the musical comedy, "Sunshine," and after that came the crowning engagement of her short stage career, in which she was prima donna in "The Student Prince." Roxy, the great showman, heard her sing this role, and instantly nick-named her "the lark." Soon as possible, he appropriated her services, and she sang at the Capitol theatre for him, under the stage title of "The Lark," until the National Broadcasting company talent scouts discovered her and claimed her for Radio . . . then and there—and forever after (says Caroline).

OLIVE PALMER—down in old Kentucky they call her Miss Virginia Rae. There, natives of Louisville, her home town, discreetly point her out as she passes by, and with pardonable pride remind one that, aside from being widely heralded as one of the outstanding stars of the Radio firmament, she is even more widely heralded at home as a youthful direct descendent of Edgar Allan Poe, who has shown undeniable signs of hav-

ing inherited much of his poetic genius.

Having heard all of this long ago about Olive (nee Virginia Rae) ye Radiographer quite recently pleaded, begged and bewitched for a sample of some of her latter day song lyrics. She sent them. And they are beautiful. Some of them, notably a Lullaby, dedicated to her mother; a Romance, dedicated to her long time friend and admiring compatriot Graham McNamee, and a more lively lyric entitled "Hi-bo,"—you've all heard her sing on special programs of the Palmolive Radio hours. Doubtless, however, you did not guess that the dainty little star was composer as well as singer of these and many other lyrics that she sings.

In sending these songs to us she penned a self-effacing note, so typical of the shy character that she is, in which she said among other things:

"It must have been a moment of weakness when I promised to send you these songs. However, I'm keeping my word. But don't, please, get the notion that I am particularly proud of them or that I think they have any real poetic value. I just don't think that at all. I simply love to write lyrics of a more or less romantic nature, it's an avocation and a happy hobby with me, and at times it comes in handy when I need a special song number that is exclusively mine to introduce on a special program. That's all it means to me."

That's the right attitude for talent to take. And just because it is Olive's attitude we wish to proclaim with the great gusto and pride of a discoverer that this blushing reticent child has shown in her lyric song compositions startling evidence of having truly shared some of the native poetic ability of her great ancestral prototype, the illustrious Edgar Allan Poe.

Olive began her musical career at a Louisville church concert at which she attracted unending interest in an infantile song debut at the age of five; becoming later a Southern belle, whose family by tradition naturally looked askance at her first overtures toward an operatic career. Needless to say, Olive early overcame these family traditions, for today her performances show every evidence of unusual vocal education. This began, she says, shortly after her graduation from a southern finishing school for young ladies of social register parentage who, as debutantes, must grace drawing rooms, dinner dances, and carry on at pet charity events.

Incongruous as it sounds, none of this strictly social and certainly non-professional preparation for life was wasted upon Olive, who did not elect to live that sort of life. On the contrary, one notices at a glance the value that she has gotten out of this sort of background. There is her graceful carriage; her poise of mind and body; her well selected phraseology in conversing upon the most casual topics of the day; her well modulated, restful speaking voice, and, above all, the fact that this admirable first impression which he invariably makes upon all who meet her is a genuine and unconscious effect of which Olive is totally unaware. In other words, in her undeniable refinement of approach Oliver Palmer is no poser, she is rather

just a perfectly polished feminine gem.

Another thing about Olive that calls forth admiration, while watching her rehearse and perform her Radio programs, is her complete lack of that well known "temperament."

Anent temperamental outbursts Olive expresses herself thus: "Such vagaries of high strung artists have neither time nor place for employment in the microphone world.

"Radio program rehearsals and broadcasts are held of necessity with that prompt precision, stop-watch regularity of performance, and routine drill, noted

allied to just one program, that of the Palmolive hour. Her salary naturally mounts to figures that places it among the highest, making it unnecessary for her to seek to earn elsewhere from singing engagements, although she is constantly sought and sometimes loaned for occasional concert work that will not conflict with her weekly Radio program. Although she holds this enviable exclusive position, none need think that she does not work hard to keep fit, even to the point of sacrificing much pleasurable entertainment to being always at her best when facing the microphone.

Olive Palmer is noted for having developed a rare degree of personal technique in mastering the mechanical difficulties faced by every artist who faces the microphone. At the outset of her Radio career, coming, as she did, from the operatic stage, she sensed that in this new medium she had touch to conquer, and that without the inspiration formerly gained from the stage with its scenic and lighting effects, its great company of other artists, and its visible, encouragingly applauding audiences.

Divested of all of these appearances to art, Olive would not return to the operatic stage today. In Radio, she realizes and will tell you, she has lost no artistic opportunity and has gained much in artistic advancement, not possible to the stage with its limitations of performance and prescribed audience.

When her unseen audience hears her they instinctively must realize that she still continues to "act" her roles, to feel them, in order to get them over—just as she got them over from the stage. This applies, in her case, to her rendition of even the simplest songs. Those privileged to sit in at one of her performances know that she both dresses and acts her part, just as she would were she upon the concert or operatic stage.

All the thought and effort that Olive gives to her work precludes any other serious hobby, other than her insatiable interest in all things musical, and in the avocation of her lyric song writing. Despite this seriousness, she gives the appearance of a dainty, little dark haired, dark eyed, rosy cheeked and sprightly child.

Her daytime and evening clothes are chosen with an eye for refinement and simplicity. She is either smartly attired in tailor-mades, or languorously swathed in soft flowing silken drapery. There is an absence of haubles and trinkets, and a crispness about her manner and movements that betoken an intelligent, keenly alive and alert mind and body.

To keep step with many rehearsals, vocal lessons, which have never stopped, song writing sessions and other things of educational value and professional interest, Olive spends much of her time at her in-town studio, a delightful workshop affair. When leisure is possible to her—which is seldom—she opens the hospitable doors of a colonial country home to her many friends.

If time permits, and a vacation of any great length is promised her, then Olive buys a ticket for Louisville, and delights in renewing girlhood friendships, cailing upon girlhood chums, being utterly spoiled and constantly "little girlied" by an over-fond mother.



Olive Palmer

nowhere else except at a military post. There is no indulgent audience awaiting in its seats for the late arrival on the stage of a temperamental star, too sure of her power over her select following. But there is, unseen but not unheard from, a greater and better audience awaiting the best and the most prompt performance of which any given star is capable.

"Although this vast audience, exacting to a degree, is not taxed any admission fee other than the purchase and maintenance of a receiving set, stars of Radioland, temperamentally inclined or otherwise, have learned to respect this audience for regarding the theatre-of-the-air as their very own, and for demanding, when they tune in expecting their favorite star's performance, to get what they want when they want it."

Anyone knowing the serious outlook of Olive Palmer upon her chosen work must realize that that quality of discernment has, perhaps, more than anything else, her talent being granted, put her just where she is, professionally, today. She is an "exclusive" performer, being

Real Career Is Open to Women

GIRLS Prominent Since the Kept Pace with Developments: Exist in Commercial

By Marie

THERE is no woman suffrage on the air—men announcers rule the waves," so spake a Radio authority recently. Unfortunately, for excitement seekers, announcing only was being discussed. But so far as the other interesting departments of the industry are concerned—well, that's different. In fact, women have been prominently identified with Radio almost since its inception.

Back in the early days a woman operator would frequently be seen at the transmitter of merchant marine vessels, being there quite often as the result of her father's having command of the vessel but nevertheless due to merit also.

The World War saw women in a new role. They became sufficiently interested in the rudiments of Radio to make a study of it, consequently, graduates of electrical courses were employed at the Marconi plant, Roselle park, New Jersey, as testers of transmitting as well as receiving apparatus.

The post of gain control operator has been held by women. The first requisite of this post is an understanding of the science of balancing the human voice as well as the tonal collections of musical notes of orchestras and symphonies by man's mechanism. It is not only the reducing of the attributes of tone to their simplest conception but also rectifying the



Madame Frances Alda, above, is prima donna with the Metropolitan company and has been heard often over the air.



Jane Addams, left, has many times taken advantage of Radio opportunities, while Dolores Cassinelli makes her career.



in Departments of Radio Field

Early Days and They Have Many Interesting Possibilities and Production Work

K. Neff

weaker ones; the raising or lowering of the voice as the case may require. Little did the Radio fans of a particular Chicago station realize that the perfectly balanced tones they received from their loud speaker were due to the daintly manicured, yet deft fingers of a woman chain control operator.

TO appreciate the part women play in this game one has only to turn the pages of Radio Digest. We find them in many capacities—entertainers, hostesses, continuity writers, announcers, program and station directors, as well as executives and part owners in a number of stations.

The stage of the air offers as varied artistry as the legitimate stage. The theatre of the ether has its tragedians and its queens of the comique; its opera singer as well as its musical comedy peccers.

It is surprising to note how many of the popular Radio stars are products of the theatrical atmosphere, being born in it, and yet, after winning fame on the visible stage have been so fascinated by that of the invisible that many have been known to desert the eye for the ear.

Jessica Dragonnette, lyric soprano of the National Broadcasting company, came to Radio by way of the (Continued on page 114)



Pattie Field, first woman to hold a vice-consularship in the U. S. Foreign Service, deserted that career for a post with the NBC.



The voice of immortal Schumann-Heink is familiar to every Radio listener. Ruth Hanna McCormick, right, is on the air at frequent intervals.



MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

CORNHUSKINGS and log rollings, mountains and pine covered hills, lazy carefree days in a tiny town on the banks of the Cumberland river, way down in Tennessee . . . Those were the good old days, and not so old either, that Dad Pickard was telling me about. I was thrilled to hear him talking about these things, for now I knew that the Pickard family was an honest-to-goodness backwoods, Old South, family simply passing on to us those same "hill billy" songs that they used to sing at "socials" where they danced the old square dances.

When you get back into that little hill town of Ashland City, with its five hundred population, where the Pickard family lived for so long, you don't find much in the way of ready-made entertainment—"We always made our own," said Dad Pickard in his slow, soft-spoken way. "One of my happiest memories" and here he shook an enthusiastic finger at me, "is going out into the kitchen after a cornhusking and seeing the table loaded down with cold turnips, beaten biscuits, apples and cornbread. There was plenty of cider, too. We had to have that. And when we had socials or gatherings of any sort they always got Obe and Lila Mae (that's Mamma and Dad y'know) to do the entertaining."

Then Dad left the little town and became a traveling salesman, covering most of the towns through the South. Saturday nights found him, those weeks when he couldn't get back to his family, visiting Radio stations, and sometimes, just for fun and nothing else, Dad did a little fiddling before the mike. "That was the way it all started," said Dad. "I sort of got used to the mike, and into the spirit of the thing. But Mamma is the one that's really responsible for all of us going into this thing in real earnest. I gave up my job and we all piled into the car and started out on a "vacation." We called it that, for we weren't too serious about this thing. But I'll never forget how sorry I felt for Mamma when she was urging me to let my good job go. Anyway, it all turned out all right . . . We made our way East, with broadcasts on the way, but ended up at the New York studios of NBC. We had an audition and were signed up right away. We were all so surprised we didn't know what to make of it, and I guess we were a funny looking bunch, right from the country with the hayseeds in our hair.

"Mamma, with her piano playing, is the one that holds us together and makes our program," Dad assured me. "And little Ann! I'm certainly proud of my baby. That little darling can sing. And she's studying dancing too. Ruth is seventeen and Bub twenty-one, and Phaney who's fourteen, is the only one that's not here with us. He's attending Webb's school down near Nashville. We like it here in Chicago but it will never be real home. We have two homes, all furnished just as we left them, one in Nashville and one back in Ashland City, and that will always be home."

About programs in foreign languages—three of my good friends have rushed to my aid, and here's what they say.

WCDA in New York specializes in foreign programs, Italian, Spanish, Polish, etc. They are on the air Tuesday and Thursday from 6 to 9 p. m., Saturday and Sunday, from 9 to 12 m., and Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 12 n. to 4:30 p. m.

German and Scandinavian programs, a voice from Loway City informs me, can be heard from St. Olaf's College at Northfield, Minn., Radio station WCAL. These are religious programs. I don't know just the hours of broadcasting but probably they could be easily located by a little tuning in.

Other religious programs in foreign languages can be heard from WMBI, Chicago, at 7 a. m. every day, 10:30 a. m. every day except Wednesday, 10 a. m. on Wednesday, 12:30 on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 1 p. m. Tuesday and Thursday, 3 p. m. every day except Sunday when the hour is changed to 4 p. m., 10:30 p. m. Tuesday, and 12 midnight on Saturday.



The man in the mask, still mysterious, WPEN's Mystery Announcer, Hi-Pressure Charley and the horse Charley—they're lots of fun.

Here is the Mystery Announcer at WPEN, B.H.I., but alas, alack, he still is the MYSTERY Announcer. He's terribly shy and though he has a voice that simply makes women his slaves, as indicated by his fan mail, he is terrified and will run miles if a woman so much as comes near him. I was able to squeeze out a little information about him and found that long years ago he was a merchant marine wireless operator. During the war he was chief Radio engineer, and after it had charge of the Radio department at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, then he became operator at WCAU. At this point in his life he felt he'd had enough Radio—but not so. He was installed as instructor in the R. C. A.

Institute and from thence to WPEN. As I was saying, the ladies seem to love him and send him cakes, candies, toys and what not. For instance, he gets pounds and pounds of sugar for his "Charley Horse" who is one of the principals in the early morning program. And isn't he a darling pony?

Did you know, Rhea, that Johanna Grosse' name in Hungarian is Nagy Janka, and that she was born in Hungary? She was something of an infant prodigy, beginning the study of music at the age of six and playing in concerts by the time she was nine. When she was eleven she and her mother and brother started for America.

On the way over she and another passenger entertained on the ship with piano duets, an exciting, thrilling experience for Johanna. But there was a big disappointment in store for her. Someone had told the little Johanna that in America people walked upside down, and she tells of how her entire party yelled and carried on at the sight of a cow or a cat, because they had been told these animals had six legs.

After her first year in Cincinnati she left her name and address with a theatre manager. Some time later she was called upon to play the theatre organ and gradually positions and salaries started to improve. The first weekly stipend was \$18, but now it is quite a problem in division to discover what part that is of her present weekly income. She dedicated the organ at WLW and was staff organist there for four years, and when WTAM's mighty new organ was installed last October it was Johanna that dedicated it.

She is a glowing, wholesome type, five feet five inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, and is a diver of some skill. And girls, you'll like to know that she dresses true to type and has a wardrobe consisting of more than 100 knitted dresses, the work of her mother. Budapest, she thinks, is the most beautiful city in the world, but she plans to spend her life in her adopted country which has given her so much happiness and prosperity.

Haven't room for the picture of little Bobby Nickola this month, Mrs. Brown, but I know you'll love it and I promise it for next time. He is a remarkable child and can sing just about anything. He is only three years old and out of the hundred or so youngsters that come to WJAY each week little Bobby is the star. Joe O'Toole tells me that "He's a cold little monkey, never smiles, and getting him to talk is like getting fifteen cents from John D. The kid is really the talk of the town."

GENE and GLENN, everybody listen please, specially those 36 people I've had questions from. CAN BE HEARD FROM WTAM EVERY MORNING FROM 6:30 to 8:00. And Gene and Glenn are the team now. Jack is indefinitely off the air and Ford is taking a prolonged vacation, so I don't



know whether it will ever turn into a quartet or not.

Have a little story for you, Alice, about Glenn. He was born in Pontiac, Illinois. Assisting the fate that was to form the team of Ford and Glenn, the Rowells took little Glenn to St. Louis at the age of eight and started him out in school and in the study of music, for which he displayed exceptional talent. His first public appearance was made as a boy soprano in the Christian Church of Pontiac, where he sang "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam" with "much expression and soulful feeling" according to local critics.

You were rig. I, Lola, Ed McConnell is the son of the Rev. Lincoln McConnell. He gets lots of fan mail and I guess he deserves it for he's an entirely lovable sort of person. I'm still chuckling about this letter I had from him the other day, and I'd never feel right about it if I didn't share it with you and the others, so here 'tis:

"Where was I born? Why, in Atlanta, Georgia, January 12, 1892. But don't laugh; worse things have befallen the town. Sherman once went through there and they still have a week of Grand Opera each year.

"College? Sure; lots of 'em. In fact all of 'em. As quickly as I would matriculate in one college they would decide that probably some other college needed me worse. Got as far as third year. Would have graduated but ran out of colleges before I got to it. Specialized in football, baseball, coeds and poker.

"Politics? Not since 1928. I ain't got no party no more.

"Married? Sometimes I have reason to believe so. My wife, at times, is positive of it.

"Children? Not yet. But I find myself becoming very much interested in baby cribs, toothng rattles and sich things lately. (Picture of Ed Jr. for future edition upon request.)

Don't ask me no more questions, I'm tired, and besides that I'm busy. I got to find somebody who will go over to the office and bring me my pay check."

Franklin Wintker popular announcer for Smile Awhile Time every day from 6 to 9 a. m. at WLS, has left the station to return to KUGA, the University station at Fayetteville, Arkansas. Of course the people at WLS are sorry to see him go, but evidently the lure of the South was too much, so all we can do is extend our very best wishes.

Everybody at KYW had to buy a new hat on February third. I won't say just why, but of course you've heard of that memorable night of February first when KYW's new 50,000 watt station was inaugurated. The room at the Congress hotel which used to be the old KYW studio was the scene of both sober and jolly celebration.

Most of the people who have been important in making KYW history were either at the NBC studios, which were used for the occasion, or at the Congress to gather around the loud speaker to hear the first gala program.

Just before ten o'clock the old voice of KYW ceased. There was a moment of complete silence, then the new voice was heard when Maurie Wetzel announced in solemn tones—"This is the voice of KYW's new 50,000 watt station."

As I was saying, almost all the big shots of KYW, Westinghouse and the Herald-Examiner were present. Barney

McCarvel, was a very busy man serving as chief of the reception staff.

Ed Mattson was also kept pretty busy for a good share of the evening acting as shepherd for little flocks who were trying to find their way about the Congress. It seemed that the elevator boys at the Congress had their controls notched for the eleventh and thirteenth floors.

Parker Wheatly acted as master of ceremonies for Ben Bernie. Parker was very anxious for all of his friends to meet him so took them one by one away from the scene of KYW festivity into the Balloon room to be presented to the great King Ben.

Kay Ronayne, an old KYW favorite was back, and of course there were many, many others.

There was loads of good food and everybody seems to sum it up as "a great party."

You shock me, Ruth, how could you think it! No two people could be more different than Everett Mitchell and Little Joe Warner. I'm just wondering where you got the idea. Incidentally, thanks for your nice long letter and the helpful information.

Had a long gossip letter from Bob Martin, that busy young man who conducts the Imperial Hawaiians down at WSM in Nashville. I'll pass a little of it along to you: "Every Tuesday evening at six p. m. our good friend 'the Solemn ol' Judge' (Hay) will tell you that we're right on the job and rarin' to go. We might add, although we shouldn't tell tales out of school, that when the gang is hittin' on all six on some red-hot scintillating strummin' even the staid and solemn judge has been known to desert his favorite arm-chair to cut a few capers—we mean he 'picks 'em up and lays 'em down,' particularly on that grand old classic—Saint Louis Blues. And for the benefit of the fair sex we give the following information—we have some very eligible bachelors in the bunch (names furnished on request) so girls, there's still some time to line up your prospects before leap year!" Jack White, who plays some solos on his steel guitar or uke, is making quite a stir as a composer. Bob tells me, and they have been using quite a few of his songs. Perhaps you've heard and liked his "Love Songs of Hawaii" or "Sleepy Time" and didn't know the composer.

Help! Help! Where are Ed and Mom, who used to be at WJAX? Help!

Register—TEETH! I wonder what on earth Edward Jardon was thinking of when the photographer snapped this one. Of course, Ed really has nice teeth, but I for one don't like to see a picture of a man like—well, like this of Eddy Jardon. Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that Mr. Jardon is really very nice looking. And he's tremendously popular out in Hollywood, too. His job is to sing tenor exclusively for KEWB, and he is one of the best at it. They do say his fan mail averages more than 200 letters a day. Yes'm, son of THE Dorothy Jardon of Grand Opera and concert fame.

Heard from our good old friends John and Ned the other day. Remember, they were formerly at KOIL and used to be the Monomotor Twins? Then they traveled all over and we couldn't keep our finger on them at all. Now they really

have settled down and are broadcasting from the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company. John is spending a lot of his time hunting and fishing, while Ned goes in pretty strong for golf and tennis.

Here's your Arkansas Woodchopper, Imogene. He's to be heard regularly over WLS now but came from KMBC in Kansas City where he was quite a favorite. He's just a youngster of 21 or 22 and used to call the cows home on a farm down in Johnson County down in Missouri. And you were right about his name. It is Luther Ossenbrink. You really ought to drop in to the Barn Dance some Saturday evening and see him in action.



Sad as it may seem, Mrs. Ruth, the "Hired Hand" at WRAP down at Fort Worth is a very reticent fellow. In fact he seems loath to tell us anything about himself. But just the same I do know that his name is Harold Hough and that he is one of the big guns on the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram. Just now he's taking a vacation from mike, "resting his tonsils," as he says. Once in a while he loses to Mr. Temptation and goes back to the studio for a program or two. Hope he comes back to stay, don't you?

"Et tu, Brute?" or something like that (my Latin seems to have gone the way of other college larnin') used to be one of the familiar phrases to Jack Zaller. Howcum? Well, to make a long story short, you see it's this way, Jack used to "hit the boards" as the intimated say, in stock and Shakespeare repertory. But, like many another good man, friend mike called and he forsook that career for one on the air. Now he's leading juvenile of the Crosley Players, the dramatic group who stage Radio dramas at WLW.

The California cheer leaders, Ruth L., are off the air. They have gone to Ohio and have settled down to a business career. Ellen Rose Dickey has been in New York but is back at WLS and you can hear her Saturday nights at 6:15, Happy Thought Time. Harold Safford, formerly of WLS, is a department manager now, working for Sears Roebuck. And Ralph W. Emerson, staff organist at WLS—what shall I tell you about him? He is married—married one of his pupils, Elsie Mae Look, who is an accomplished musician and is Mr. Emerson's substitute at WLS. You see Mr. Emerson is also staff organist at the Chicago Stadium, so that takes him away from WLS sometimes, but Elsie Mae always conveniently fills the bill. Pretty good little partnership stunt, don't you think?

Steve Cisler, chief announcer and master of ceremonies at the National Barn Dance of WLS, has accomplished something. He has just received his A. B. from the School of Journalism at Northwestern university. Steve also attended the University of Arkansas and the University of Minnesota. And all during this period of getting educated Steve has been making a place for himself in Radio. And the good word is that he intends to continue in this field.

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.



Homes Show Trend To ELEGANCE

HOUSES No Longer Strictly
Tailored—Now Reflect New
Princess Mode, *WBAL*
Designer Reveals

The following is a typical broadcast from the studios of *WBAL* by the head of the Department of Interior Decoration at *Hutzler Brothers* company, Baltimore.

PERHAPS it is the Princess mode in dress, with the long sweeping line, which has given a decided trend toward elegance in decoration this year. For it would seem entirely out of key for a hostess to move around a house as severely tailored as houses have been for the past few years. So the thing to do is to give her a proper and equally lovely background for her more elegant wardrobe.

Georgian architecture, which is so popular, is a perfect setting for these more luxurious materials, furniture and accessories. The arched windows in their perfect proportion could not be more appropriately treated than in a lovely silk damask, with sheer misty-like celanese voile for glass curtains. Or what is nicer for an old Virginia sofa than a piece of rich red brocade finished in antique brass tacks. Just a step back to crinoline days are the delightful little Chelsea figures which so quaintly adorned our grandmother's mantelpiece and are just as nice today if rightfully used.

Let's consider windows first and their many and varied treatments. There are so many materials on the market it is often very difficult to decide which would be most pleasing in each particular case. Damask is one of the oldest and yet one of the most interesting, it seems to me, of all drapery fabrics, with its design either in two-tone effect or sometimes several colors which stand out slightly against the background. There are all qualities and kinds of damask, the most inexpensive at present are of rayon and cotton, rayon and linen, silk and linen, and the more expensive ones are all silk. Any of these drape nicely.

Then there is a material called antique satin which has been woven to give the appearance of age, with colorings duly

subdued and pleasing. Another material which has come largely into prominence is silk or rayon rep, a material which gives the appearance of a plain ribbed surface and comes in a wide variety of color. The shiki reps have a sort of pebbly surface which gives them a very interesting texture. Taffeta has also come into its own again, both in rayon and in all silk. The moire taffeta, with its water mark design, is particularly smart this season, being used for overhangings and bedspreads as well.

THE embroidered taffetas, with their sprays of pastel flowers scattered over the background, are very luxurious and quite pleasing bedroom materials. For glass curtains, celanese voile seems to have first place, so sheer in its texture that it seems to radiate sunshine and light rather than to keep it out as do so many winter curtains. Marquisette and flit net are as usual quite good, but not quite so soft as the silkier materials. For draw curtains, if you feel you need a little more privacy than the sheer glass curtains afford, a material called tissue gauze is just the thing you want. Of rayon texture, this gauze is with just enough body if properly made and tape weighted in the hems, to work beautifully on a track with pulleys to draw. This type curtain if used under our drapes of damask, satin, or rep, gives quite a finished and luxurious window treatment for a room. But if you want something just a little heavier and a little more opaque for your draw curtains, then the casement cloth is the thing you need. And this no longer comes in the conventional ecru or tan color, but in warm shades of gold, soft green and many other shades which will tone in nicely with your color scheme.

The question of just the style of hangings, valance, and tie backs for each room, is very often a problem. The style of your hangings depend a great deal upon the architectural features of the room itself. If the ceilings are extremely

high and the windows large you can stand rather a deep valance, and by deep, I mean between fifteen and eighteen inches, and the style can be either festooned and caught with sways at the side, pinch pleated, or with material stretched perfectly taut on buckram, and perhaps slightly shaped or scalloped at the bottom to soften the line.

But if your ceilings are not unusually high, then I would suggest straight hangings at the side, hung under a four-inch wooden cornice which can be finished to match the woodwork or done in a contrasting shade, or gilded. This cornice covers the headings in your curtains and gives a nice finish to the window. Or if you like a simpler treatment, head and pinch pleat your overhangings which should each be fifty inches in width, fasten them together in the center, and tie them back to the sides with either bands of the same material, silk cord tie backs in self-tone or contrasting color, or yet a very pleasing effect may be gained by using a spray of metal leaves finished in dull gold.

ONE'S hangings should, if possible, come to the floor. They are much more formal this way than just coming to the bottom of the apron, and most windows, unless they are very high from the floor and are deeply recessed, can stand this. But in your window treatment, don't forget that it is very easy to make your hangings too elaborate, and that a feeling of elegance can be gotten through lovely materials rather than overdrawing the windows themselves.

Floors also have taken on a more luxurious feeling. One of the smartest things is to use carpet completely covering your floors from baseboard to baseboard. Plain broadlooms, Wiltons, and Chenilles come in soft rich colors which give a note of elegance that you miss in bare floors. On top of this, scattered Orientals give a note of interest and design which is very often needed in a room.

(Continued on page 122)



Walls of warm yellow with hangings of deep green make the living room at the left altogether charming. Curtains are of antique satin, with the glass curtains of celanese, the same shade as the walls. The floor is covered with a broadloom Wilton, with small Orientals scattered over it. The dining room at the right shows the simple elegance which is the keynote of home furnishing this season. The walls are done in luscious-gray tones, the furniture is mahogany, Sheraton type.

Columbia Comics



PECULIAR EFFECT WHEN YOUR HOST TUNES IN ON 40 FATHOM TRAWLERS' AFTER DINNER

PAUL WHITEMAN COUGHS DURING HIS BROADCAST!

CAST OF "TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES" LOSE THEIR MANUSCRIPT!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

FREDDIE RICH OF COLUMBIA TRIES TO BORROW \$2.!

Eye Is Quicker Than Ear

Spanish Artist's
Flash Facial
of Air



Here's Harry Green, monologist et al. who probably will never live down the reputation of his Kibitzer role. Perhaps he doesn't want to.

Frederick William Wile has been discoursing from "deah ol' Lunnon" on the Five-Power Naval conference, and his remarks have reached every corner of the U. S. A., via Radio. Morsey is even on knee breeches and wig as a costume when he returns.

Avers Caricaturist Cugat

Visual Impressions
Characteristics
Notables



Harry Richman, night club entrepreneur and boy friend of Clara Bow, is often heard over the air in his own right, recently with Paul Whiteman.

Jesse Crawford, alias the Poet of the Organ, has a weakness for zippy bow ties and a miniature sage brush mustachio. With the deft touch of an artist, he lightly fingers the keys and brilliant melody pours forth.

Intimate Gossipy News Bits

For You, Mr. Radio Fan

FROM the four corners of the continent news of Radio personalities is gathered and edited for you, Mr. Radio Digest Reader. In these pages is crammed gossip, intimate little stories of what broadcasting stations and artists are doing, on and off the air. If you don't find your favorites represented, ask them why. We want the cooperation of every Radio listener, and every broadcaster in editing these pages.

Study British Methods

BRITISH methods and Radio-dramatic technique are being studied by officials and staff members of the National Broadcasting company. Radio listeners, too, are sharing in this example of broadcasting work from across the seas, for Cecil Lewis, former manager of programs of the British Broadcasting corporation, is directing and producing a series of Radio plays through the NBC. Lewis is spending several months in New York, studying American methods and adding his own knowledge gained during eight years in broadcasting to that already acquired by American program-makers. "The British and American methods of production differ widely in several respects," says Mr. Lewis.

"In America the time schedule seems to govern broadcasting. Over there it isn't so important. If a play runs an hour and ten minutes it doesn't matter. In America, where you plan and make contracts for programs months in advance, the Radio production seemingly is limited to not more than an hour on the air and must be timed to fit the schedule.

"Another difference I have noted is that in America actors, orchestras, ensembles and sound effects are concentrated in one studio. In the BBC headquarters four and five studios are frequently used. Actors will be in one studio, a mob in another, an orchestra in a third, a choir in a fourth and sound effects in the fifth. The director or producer of the program never sees what is going on in these studios. Instead he sits in a remote cubby-hole, earphones strapped to his head and, working at a complicated control panel, blends the sound output of the various studios into an intelligible pattern that is the program.

"I marvel at the ability of American actors to work with an orchestra playing in the same room and with other noises that would upset the British Radio thespians."

Lewis believes that the day of glory for the Radio producer and the Radio writer of dramatic material is just dawning.

"Radio drama is standing on its own legs as an art," he says. "Its progress in the few short years of its existence has been marvelous and is unequalled by any other field of entertainment."

Chester Frost Has "Bug"

CHESTER FROST, production man for the Columbia Broadcasting system, has at last succumbed to an interviewer. Having been associated with Radio since 1907, and having been everything from a ship's operator to having his own experimental broadcasting station, Frost has a mighty interesting tale to spin.

Four Corners of the Continent Send of What Broadcasting Friends of Do at Work and at Play With

"Before Whiteman was ever heard of," began Frost, "I was experimenting with the boys up there in Beverly, Mass. We had a club and picked code messages with our hand-made instruments from ships at sea and the Pacific coast. When KDKA began in Pittsburgh with their voice transmission broadcasts we small boys were thrilled. This was in 1921.

"At once we saw the future of Radio and I applied to Washington for permission to set up an experimental station of my own. We set up a 200-meter outfit in my home on Buss street in Beverly and from there picked up and communicated with other experimenters as far west as Catalina Islands. With this I decided to broadcast regularly myself.

"Among my many friends I found a sufficient number to organize an orchestra. After weeks of rehearsing we went on the air over my little transmitter. Public esteem increased. Radio leaped forward and before I knew it Frost's Bostonians were known throughout New England.

"This was the impetus which carried us from Canada to the Bahamas. Meanwhile we were broadcasting over WGY, WJZ, WEEL, WBZ and WBZA and I was performing all the offices known to Radio. I was musician, script writer, hand leader, engineer, producer and announcer.

"One day," Frost went on, "I was stopping in a downtown New York hotel across from the old Piccadilly Rentelex-

vous." Hearing the strains of a beautiful 'sax' drifting through the canyon of Forty-sixth street, I made inquiries regarding its source and soon found myself confronted with one of America's present-day outstanding stars, Rudy Vallee.

"Rudy hadn't been heard from then. He was just a member of a band and when I suggested that he join the 'Bostonians' he jumped at the opportunity.

"I guess I have the Radio 'bug,'" surmised Frost. "When it comes to arranging and producing a broadcast my veins tingle enthusiastically and when the Columbia Broadcasting system beckoned to me I answered."

Frost probably has the widest scope of friends in the entertainment world. His personal publicity books show intimacy with stars of the ether, stage and screen, the names of whom comprise the "Who's Who" of the amusement industry. And the most remarkable thing of all is, he's only thirty-five years of age.

Where East Greets West

RUDYARD KIPLING to the contrary, East IS meeting West. Perhaps greeting would be a better word than meeting, for it is in the form of a Radio program over the NBC, and the title of this Wednesday evening broadcast is East of Cairo.

Although generally fictional, these weekly dramas contain considerable

from Studios Near and Far

Cheery Stories, Serious and Humorous Big and Small Stations Like to What They Plan for Future

truth, for Raymond Scudder, author, spent four years wandering about the Far East taking life as he found it, working on newspapers in Shanghai, laboring in coastwise steamers and at any other tasks which he chanced to find.

The musical background is directed by Sven Von Hallberg, whose adventures in the Near East are stranger than fiction. Von Hallberg collected a great number of oriental melodies peculiar to the northern fringe of the Sahara and to Arabia. Many of these have been heard in his Sunday afternoon NBC program entitled, "Echoes of the Orient." Others will be presented for the first time during the "East of Cairo" programs.

The story tells of two young Americans suffering from a chronic case of wanderlust. Bruce Lytton and Jack McGregor begin a hit-or-miss journey, intending to see the world, with no preconceived itinerary or plans.

Miss Cohan, Jr., on Air

GEORGETTE COHAN, daughter of the illustrious George M. Cohan, was recently featured in Dave Ehnman's Show Folks over the Columbia system.

The story of the playlet that day dealt with true events in her life. One of them was the fact that when she was marooned in Europe, during the great war, her dad heard that she was entertaining the wounded soldiers in hospitals and

decided to send her a "prop" for the act. The "prop" was a ukulele. Up to that time no ukulele had ever been heard in England.

When he decided to send it to her, he learned there was an embargo on musical instruments. He finally managed to obtain special permission to send her the "uke" as a needed "prop," and it arrived on a dreadnaught. The same "uke" which George M. Cohan sent her—the first uke in England—was the "uke" Georgette played in Show Folks recently.

Mildred Hunt Returns

MILDRED HUNT, one of Radio's earliest contralto crooners, has renewed her acquaintance with the microphone following an absence of six months. Her program, called "Broadcasting Broadway," features hits from Broadway musical comedies and light operas, both past and present, and is heard through a wide network of stations associated with the National Broadcasting company each Friday night.

Co-starring with Miss Hunt in her new Radio vehicle is a galaxy of broadcasting celebrities, including Erva Giles, contralto; Robert Simmons, tenor, and a concert orchestra under the direction of Harold Sanford.

During her absence from the micro-



Eda Bueller, violinist of KGU, is always a big drawing card at the Hawaiian station. She learned her fiddle at the Vienna conservatory.

phone Miss Hunt toured the Radio-Keith-Orpheum circuit from coast-to-coast. During her vaudeville tour, the artist was headlined on the bills as "Radio's Sweetheart."

CBS Hires Edwin Cohan

EDWIN K. COHAN, one of Radio's best known engineers and a pioneer in his field, is the new technical supervisor of WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system. About a year ago a well known New York Radio critic wrote the following about Mr. Cohan: "During his year and a half on the 'board' from which Columbia system broadcasts have originated at WOR, Cohan has had but forty seconds off the air, a record most remarkable, since he has at times jumped to a studio to fill in on a program. Credit for much of WOR's smoothness in transmission must be given Mr. Cohan."

The Penrod Hour club has been organized at Harrison, N. Y., according to a letter received by the NBC. The club, composed of boys and girls of the ages of Penrod, Sam Williams and Marjorie, Booth Tarkington's famous characters, meets every Sunday night to listen to the broadcasts of the Penrod stories.

The NBC has received requests from school teachers for printed copies of the broadcasts of Cook's Travelogues. They are wanted to stimulate children in the study of geography.

Radio listeners sometimes misunderstand things. Said a letter received recently by the NBC: "Was informed that among the different lines of business announced over your station, there are professional marriage or match makers. If this is true would you be kind enough to let me know their addresses, as I am greatly interested." The answer plead not guilty.



Business gets more democratic every day. Look over this group of page boys of the NBC, and if you can find one who seems to be afraid of M. H. Aylesworth, president, you have unusual eyesight.



Even their smiles register sunshine, and why shouldn't they? This is the Sunshine Quartet featured by Roxy and His Gang on the Monday evening broadcast over the NBC chain hookup.



"At the Baldwin, Charles Naegele." This young American pianist is always welcome when he appears before the mike.

Will Leaps to Limelight

THE rise to fame of Will Osborne, now heard on a number of Columbia programs, has been rapid. He is the originator of the slow dance tempo and the popular type of crooning for which he is famous.

Osborne is a Canadian by birth and began his musical career at the age of eight. In his early youth he played the piano and drums so well that he won a place in the St. Andrews College orchestra in Toronto. He liked music so well that he decided to make it his life's work and organized his own orchestra while still in his teens. Shortly afterwards, Osborne came to New York and it was not long before he was on the air over a local city station. At that time he introduced the slow rhythm and crooning style, the first singer to present this style over the air. However, in the long run Osborne proved that his was the original style and gradually built up a tremendous following.

Will Osborne has been heard in the Herbert Diamond Entertainers and Vini hours over WABC. Several months ago he was signed up as an exclusive artist by the Columbia Artists' bureau, a division of the Columbia Broadcasting system. He has recently concluded engagements at the new Fox theatre in Brooklyn and the Palace theatre in New York City. Several of his dance programs of late have been routed over a nation-wide network of the Columbia system.

As to fan mail, thousands upon thousands of letters—love letters, letters of simple commendation and highly appreciative letters—flow in from the four corners of the continent week after week without any letup.

Will Osborne has a following that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the Gulf to Hudson bay.

Reds Force Leon to U. S.

LEON TUMARKIN, the pianist who has been heard in the Baldwin hour, was born in Alexandrovsky, Russia, 1904, the son of a prosperous mine owner. At the outbreak of the Revolution, however, the Tumarkins lost all their property and migrated to the United States.

When they reached here young Leon went to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston to study the piano. He was awarded a scholarship with

Hans Ebell. Later he came to New York to study with Alexander Siloti, both privately and at the Juilliard Musical foundation to which he had won a scholarship. During the past season Tumarkin has held the position of assistant teacher at the Juilliard Musical foundation.

Madame Fernanda Doria, another Baldwin star, is a mezzo-soprano, and was born in San Francisco, California. Her ancestors have lived in this country for the past three generations and she has six separate racial strains in her blood, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch and Irish. Her early vocal studies were pursued in San Francisco and her more advanced work in New York City.

Her career was launched when she sang for four months with a society organized in Mexico City to celebrate the centennial of Mexico's independence. Returning to the United States she sang for a season with the Chicago Civic Opera company before leaving for Europe, where she sang concerts in London and Paris and opera in Italy. Mme. Doria returned to the United States this season to fill several concert engagements and sing as guest artist with the Philadelphia Civic Opera company.

Career Starts in Church

TOMMY WEIR, Irish-American tenor, with Major Edward Bowes' Capitol "Family," although a native of Fall River, Mass., received most of his musical education in Rochester, N. Y., where he eventually started his career as a church singer and later on was frequently heard in concert and over the air.

After a course of private study he finally competed in the Rochester Music World competition and won a scholarship which entitled him to an operatic course at the Eastman school of Music in that city, where he studied for two years. Before this he had had the invaluable training of Herbert C. Leach, well-known coach and favorite of Martinelli and other famous opera stars. After becoming noted in church and concert work he joined the then famous "Primrose Minstrels," a group of 115 artists, and was their tenor soloist from 1909 to 1916. At the conclusion of this engagement he became the tenor soloist of the A. G. Fields minstrels, migrating from this engagement into vaudeville where he appeared in a ballad repertory for several years.

Eight years ago he retired from the active musical field, but occasionally sang over the air. His voice reproduced so perfectly that he was soon in great demand and sang over stations from Rochester, Buffalo and Syracuse. His broadcasting led to an offer from New York where he sang over WEAJ on the Hoover hour for a period of fourteen weeks. Through his popularity over the air he was requisitioned to record for Columbia, Edison, Brunswick and other reproducing companies. Mr. Weir has composed many ballads, two of the best known being "I Sorter Miss You" and "Sleepy Hollow."

Nice words for Milton J. Cross, NBC medal winning announcer: "Will you kindly tell Mr. Cross that never having seen him I don't know whether he is a 'thing of beauty' but he is a 'joy forever'."

Dwight Norris, formerly of the Hauff-Metzger, Inc., advertising agency, is the latest addition to the NBC sales department. Norris, now a resident of Forest Hills, formerly lived in Kansas City.

Have Banquet at Home

A BANQUET every night except Saturday and Sunday. And you don't have to dress for it either. That's the program offered by the American Home Banquet hour, via the NBC.

The first departure from precedent in the new series is that instead of weekly presentations, the Home Banquets will be heard for a half hour every night except Saturday and Sunday. This alone places the sponsor, the American Radiator company, at the head of the list of buyers of evening broadcasting time, for in addition to the two and a half hours a week to be devoted to the new feature, the same organization in association with the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing company, sponsors the Radio adaptations of the Puccini operas, heard once a month.

The program itself, though simple in its appeal, requires more than a sentence of description. It is designed as a "banquet" for Radio listeners everywhere and has been so planned that it may be listened to while members of a group are at the supper or dinner table. The continuity and music are designed to create the illusion that the listener is actually at the banquet. Radio reincarnation of famous personages, brought to the banquet table on their birthdays, will be a feature of the half hour programs. Then through an imaginary device, listeners will apparently be taken into homes where they are not listening through the medium of brief dramatic sketches. Vocal and instrumental offerings by widely known Radio artists will be woven into the program pattern.

Jolly Bill to the Rescue

THIS is a story of a little girl who was ill and of a telephone operator who was helpful and of a mother who remembered.

Several days ago Miss Sue Kilkenny, early morning PBX operator at the National Broadcasting Company, received a call from the mother. "My little girl is very sick. I think it would do her good if Jolly Bill were to mention her name in his morning broadcast. Could you arrange it?" the mother asked.

Time was short, but Miss Kilkenny located the Radio artist and the sick girl was greeted during the Jolly Bill and Jane program.

Two days later the telephone operator received a note from the mother. "My little girl is very much better, and I think the thrill of hearing her name on the air is partly responsible," the letter said.



Wayne King, maestro of the dance, directed the orchestra formerly heard on the Sonatron programs, Columbia Broadcasting feature.

PAUL SPECHT
*Jumps from Small
 Hoosier Band to Big Time
 Leader of 42 Orchestras
 and Now to Talkie Land*

Syncopating Old Masters

Uncovers Big Time

By Kenneth W. Stowman



The singing of Elsie Craft Hurley, soprano, is one of the reasons so many Baltimoreans keep their sets tuned to WCAO's channel.

Don Martin Gassed on Winter Trip to WBBG

ALTHOUGH Don Morton is a comparatively recent addition to the staff of WNBH, he is no stranger to the mike, and is not likely to forget some of his early experiences in "airing his stuff."

Back in the dim days, when Radio was new, Don and his gang of entertainers, made regular trips from Plymouth, Mass., to Mattapoisett where WBBG, (the forerunner of WNBH) was located, and put on a series of Radio dramas. One night, the gang travelled in a hired car, and when arriving at the station, two of the women were found unconscious, it didn't seem like much of a joke. A defective heater and carbon monoxide gas were the principal causes of the difficulty, and all members of the company were more or less "under the weather" which, strange to say, was the title of the Radio drama scheduled to present that night.

The play was broadcast, but under difficulties, one lady being unable to take her part, and another reading her lines from a reclining position on a couch which was hastily moved into the studio. However, the old slogan of the theatre, "The show must go on" was applied to Radio drama as well, and most of the listening audience didn't know anything was wrong.

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, city of history and witches, is on the air. Through broadcasts of concerts provided by a trust fund established fifty years ago that historic city is being put on the air by WNAC. The concerts are put on from a hall on the site of the house in which Alexander Graham Bell lived from 1873 to 1876, and just around the corner from the place where Henry Batchelder, on Feb. 12, 1877, as a reporter for a Boston newspaper, sent the first news story ever received over the telephone.

AMERICA has a music of its own. Syncopated classical music is recognized the world over as being a distinctly American type of music. And now this same American music is heard over WCAU and the Columbia system from the Hotel Clinton, New York.

Five years ago Paul Specht, leader and owner of a large string of orchestras in America and Europe, hit on the idea of syncopating old Masterpieces of Chopin, Rubenstein, and arias of operas.

At that time he was playing with a small orchestra in an Indiana town. One day his cellist showed him how well he could play a banjo; he strummed the melody in F, by Rubenstein. Specht picked up his ears. They incorporated the idea in their dance numbers. The *Literati*, among whom was George Ade, went wild over the new kind of music; the college boys clamored for more. With this encouragement Specht went to New York, and became a success over night.

Since then he has taken his orchestras across the ocean eighteen times to play in London, Berlin, Paris and all over the continent. He has had as many as forty-two orchestras at one time. His original orchestra or one of his units has played on nearly every Radio station in the United States.

It was he who started the idea of rhythmic symphonic syncopation, soon afterwards copied by Paul Whiteman, Lopez, and all the rest of the orchestra leaders.

Specht was born of Pennsylvania Dutch stock in Sinking Springs, Pa. His father, a musician, too, has been engaged in training the choir and band of the countryside. It was in the band that Specht got his early musical training.

Paul Specht believes that syncopated classical music is a fine education for the young people of America who have little or no training in music.

Through the syncopation of them, the classics are broadcast over WCAU and associated stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System, throughout the entire country which otherwise would know little about them. Through syncopation the masterpieces familiar only to those who have studied music are made more colorful and interesting and popular to the general public.

In 1926 he went before Congress and made a gallant plea in behalf of American musicians who go abroad and run afoul of the iron-bound English laws; every American musician should be everlastingly grateful to him for his stand on that occasion.

His letterheads bear a bar of music and a woodpecker, a somewhat cryptic inscription which is easily translated into "Paul Woodpecker" when you remember that "woodpecker" is "Specht" in German.

"It has been interesting to watch the development of a passion for truly modern but not unworthy music spring to life in that old country overseas, which usually is not credited with being musical at all, as are certain other European countries, for instance, Germany and Italy. But good things musical are coming out of England presently. There is a passion there for music now," said Paul Specht.



William Fay came to Rochester in August of 1928 as program director of WHAM. He is now general manager of the station, succeeding Adolph B. Chamberlain. Fay was formerly associated with WGY.

"Sir Oswald Stoll, under whose management my orchestra appeared in London for a time, was impressed by the discovery that syncopation is not necessarily jazz. He invited a famous clergyman, expert in music, to come to the theatre and listen.

"I had the thought that this expert would rap me after the performance. But when he came back to see me it was to voice approval of American jazz. 'I came here to get material on which to base a statement to my congregation about the horrors of American jazz,' said he. 'Instead I shall tell them and shall write to the newspapers that those who condemn jazz as inartistic confuse the word classical with the word artistic. Jazz is not classical, one must admit, but all the better for us that we moderns have produced something so artistic.'

"He directed my attention to the fact that the difference between some of the tempos in Bach's music and my own seemed to him to be that the great Bach's was a form employing counterpoint, fugue with a dash of Wagner, while mine might be better compared to a sort of fiery Brahms and Liszt in their more fiery moments with the addition of regular rhythm.

"And this is the new form of dance music that is rapidly displacing typical Tin Pan Alley jazz—cheap and tawdry."

And now Paul S. has joined the colony of movie artists by signing a sound film contract with George Batcheller of the Chesterfield Productions, to appear in the big independent feature picture entitled "Love at First Sight," which will be filmed in New York City. Several of Specht's boys now appearing in his original orchestra at the Hotel Governor Clinton, New York City, whose music is currently heard over the Radio on the Columbia Chain network, will also be featured in singing hits.



The "Big Three" guiding the destinies of WOR. From left to right you see, Alfred J. McCosker, director; Leonard E. L. Cox, the program manager, and George Shackley, musical director of the station.

New Blood Putting on New Stunts Over WNJ

NEW blood at WNJ is doing some real work in imaginative program construction, according to reports from the Eastern district. George Rosenberg, formerly of WMCA and WFCH is the general manager in charge of sales work, Harry Mack, from the same stations, is studio director, with Emmet Gaffney as his assistant. Sam Barnowitz is chief announcer and publicity director.

Barnowitz, who has been associated with WNJ for three years, is presenting a new feature in the WNJ players, a dramatic organization composed of local talent. Under his direction the station's foreign programs are emphasized, a Polish, Lithuanian and Italian hour being booked. "Our programs are designed to run the gamut from high-brow to jazz," says Barnowitz.

Westell Gordon, lyric tenor cellist and composer, a featured artist with Major Edward Bowes Capitol Family, is the son of a London publisher and bookseller who was an intimate friend of William Gladstone, the English statesman. Young Gordon inherited his

musical talent from his mother who was both a pianist and singer. He was soloist in the choir of St. Georges, Bloomsbury, London, and also played the pipe organ when he was a boy. He studied organ when he was a boy.

Euripides to the Rescue

ONE morning as the Sunrise Hour at WAAM was progressing in the usual manner, Allen Premselaar, who directs and announces the program, found that a record which was to be played immediately could not be found. The time had to be filled quickly in order to save what would otherwise be an awkward delay. In something of a panic, Al yelled to the operator, "For goodness sake say something!"

Operator Milt Ravich immediately fell into the spirit of the thing and assuming a dinky dialect, which he does very well, told several jokes.

To carry it out Al found it necessary to get a name for the operator. Of course, all this took place in a very few seconds, but our announcer having the night before discussed Greek drama, quite mechanically thought of the name and it is still used—Euripides.

Catholic Program from WCAO Sets Mark

A RELIGIOUS program which has created considerable interest among Baltimore Radio listeners is the Catholic Radio hour, broadcast weekly on Sunday evenings from WCAO. These broadcasts mark the first time the Catholic church in the Maryland diocese has used Radio broadcasting to disseminate Catholic doctrine. They are conducted under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. Archbishop Michael J. Curley is honorary president of the committee in charge of Radio broadcasting.

An unusual feature of the program is the answering of questions pertaining to the Catholic faith submitted by listeners. Each Sunday all questions received during the past week are discussed and answered on the air. Questions have been submitted by both Catholics and non-Catholics. This feature has proved of benefit in promoting a wider understanding of the Catholic church and in settling many controversial questions concerned with its teachings.

The list of speakers includes many prominent Catholic scholars and theologians. Among those who have been heard are: Rev. George E. Johnson, D.D., of the Department of Education of the Catholic University; Rev. J. Tracy Langan, S.J.; Rev. Ignatius Smith, O.P.; and Rev. J. Fulton Sheen.

The hour was inaugurated last Fall by the Rt. Rev. John M. McNamara, Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore. Music is furnished by the full regular choirs of the various Catholic churches of the city of Baltimore.

Formerly of WBT, Charlotte, N. C., "Lonesome Luke," piano rattler and crooner, extraordinary, is now heard regularly from WNBH, New Bedford, Mass., and is creating no small stir in the whaling city. He is a regular Thursday night feature, and is aided and abetted by the jolly station announcer, Don Morton.

HARRY RESER and his Clicquot Club Eskimos, an organization made nationally famous by Radio, are sewing additional service stripes on their furry garments. The reason is that the Eskimos have signed a new contract and will be heard for another year through the NBC system. The Eskimos, now among the real veterans on the air, made their first appearance in December, 1925. They have never missed a week before the mike.



When the "Old Folks" gather around the melodeon at WBAL, this quartet is prominent. Left to right: Walter N. Linthicum, S. Broughton Fall, John Nilbourn and Maud Albert.

WEDH Manager Looks Back on 2 Years Growth

By Morrie King

WHEN one reaches a reminiscent mood it generally brings many unpleasant occurrences to mind, but as WEDH, the Erie, Pennsylvania, station marks its second anniversary I cannot help but feel that the past two years have been the most pleasant period of my life.

As manager of this station I can frankly state that our existence has not been a bed of roses by any means—on the contrary, we have found many obstacles in our path which have retarded our progress. In fact, had it not been for the splendid loyalty of our listening friends the station would not be where it is today.

Great plans are formulated for the future, and the splendid progress we have made in improving the quality of our programs will be continued and enhanced. In this great credit is due to the staff of the station. Each and every member has put in double time with the single idea of bettering WEDH.

Plans are under way to increase our power, add new equipment and build new and larger studios. With the continued support of our listeners I expect great things in the years to come.



Not just sky-gazing. Frances Doherr, (pointing), director and manager of WCAE, and Lora McClelland, studio hostess, are discussing the new location of the WCAE apparatus, recently moved.

Rev. Churchill Seeks to Christianize World

THERE is one difference, at least, between Billy Sunday and the Rev. Clinton H. Churchill. Billy's mission is to evangelize America, while the Reverend Mr. Churchill seeks to instill a virile Christianity in all English speaking parts of the globe.

For two and one-half years Churchill served his Radio audience with only one station, WKBW, which is now the key station of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation. The Columbia Broadcasting system officials heard the program and decided to make it a regular Sunday night feature over their network. And so, when the Reverend Mr. Churchill steps into his pulpit of a Sunday night he is speaking to a potential audience of eighty millions in this country alone. Canada also hears the program, while the rest of the globe listens through the short wave station W2XE of New York City.

The newspapers have given the "Back Home Pastor" the title of "The World's Evangelist." Besides his evangelical work, Mr. Churchill is executive vice president of the Buffalo Broadcasting company, which operates four stations in Buffalo.



RADIO eventually may accomplish what linguists have been trying to bring about for years—the use of an international language, George C. Dworshak, advertising director of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation, predicted in a recent luncheon club address.

The world is being besieged by English broadcasts from several quarters of the globe, the speaker pointed out, and through a gradual process of absorption all non-English speaking peoples within the various circles of the broadcasts may soon come to use the language.

'Possum Makes Banquet on Kitchen Supplies

POSSUMS are queer little fellows. The other day Don Carney, the "Uncle Don" of the WOR Children's Program, received a baby 'possum as a gift from an admirer. Now, Don lives in one of those newfangled apartments where all the lights hug the ceilings and walls. There being no elaborate Nineteenth century chandelier, Master 'Possum had no swing from which to hang himself by his prehensile tail while sleeping, so it was necessary to find a temporary home for the new addition to Don's family of many pets.

A brave fellow, Arthur O. Bryan, one of the announcers of WOR, volunteered to mother the young animal at his suburban home at Nutley, N. J., until such time that Don learns how to bring up baby 'possums properly by corresponding with a farmer of the Middle West who raises these North American marsupials.

When Mr. Bryan arrived home with an air-punched cardboard box the women were out winning bridge prizes, which are never as good as those which they give. He was tired and went to bed, leaving a note saying: "See me about package on table—do not open!"

Early, very early, the next morning, he was awakened by piercing screams from the women of the house. He jumped out of bed and dashed downstairs. The dear girls were huddled together in a corner of the dining room pointing to the pantry.

The empty cardboard box lay on the floor mutilated at one end. The opossum had escaped into the pantry.

Ah, the power of the smell of food! And what food! Ketchup! Horse radish! Peanut butter! With his strong, grasping little feet, the opossum was able to manipulate the loose lids of the already used bottles, and had not only eaten his fill, but the red, grey and brown evidence was smeared all over the pantry.

But what was that long stream of white coming from an upset blue bottle? Milk of magnesia! You may laugh, but

a mere licking up of some of that is probably what saved the little fellow's life.

Mr. Bryan found him asleep on the top shelf behind a carton of dog biscuits—Master 'Possum did not deign to touch these, they were only dog biscuits. His bed was the symmetrically arched surface of six empty preserve jars and his long hairless tail was tightly wrapped around the end one. He was awakened by Mr. Bryan, who carried him by his rear extremity and installed him temporarily in an empty chicken house.

Sets Song Speed Record

WHAT is claimed as a record in speed production of a song was hung up at Westinghouse station WBZ. It all happened quite casually, too.

Forrest W. Williams, Boston composer, was in the studio discussing with Malcolm L. MacCormack, announcer, the program at 3 o'clock upon which the latter was to appear as a guest soloist. It was then 2 o'clock.

"Why don't you sing something new?" Williams asked.

"What can I sing?" demanded MacCormack.

"Ah, I will write you a new song!" declared the composer.

It happened just like that. And one hour later as MacCormack stepped to the microphone he held the words and music of a brand new song, "The Captain of the Grenadiers."

The song had been composed, scored, rehearsed and was being broadcast—all within the space of 60 fleeting minutes.

PROGRAMS emanating from stations in Boston and Providence are now being heard from Bangor, Maine. Programs of the Columbia Broadcasting system are also featured by the Maine station. WLBZ is one of two broadcasting stations operated in the state of Maine. The linking of the Bangor broadcaster with WNAC of Boston and WEAN and the CBS grew out of requests from the residents of Maine for better Radio service.



The Pfohl Family Ensemble of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, after winning high honors at Boston Festival of the National Federation of Music clubs, went on the air to broadcast from WBZ-WBZA

Iula Reminisces on His Early Radio Days

SEVEN years ago (that makes this story begin way back in 1922) the word "Radio" was just beginning to come into common usage and broadcasting stations were few and far between. So few and far between were they, in fact, that the idea of Radio broadcasting in terms of home entertainment was as yet to become a definite reality in every day lives of the people.



And it's a long, long trail that Radio broadcasting has traveled from Then to Now, according to Felice Iula, Orchestral Arranger and one of the conductors at WBAL, and who is one of the

pioneers in broadcasting work. Baltimore, which has a number of "firsts" to its credit, was among the first cities in this country to visualize Radio and its mighty possibilities; consequently, not long after the first broadcasting station in the United States was established in Pittsburgh, there came on the air in Maryland's metropolis a broadcasting station whose call letters were WEAR, and it was over this old station (no longer in existence) that Felice Iula, at that time conductor of one of the largest theatrical orchestras in this city, did his early broadcasting work. Looking back on those old days of broadcasting and comparing them with the modern methods of today, Mr. Iula finds a very amusing experience.

"It was really very funny," he said, reminiscantly. "And when I look back on those days I have to laugh, and I wonder how in the world we ever got over. We used to broadcast a ten-minute program between intermissions at our theater and as the broadcasting was done from a room (no one now would think of calling such a place a 'studio') that was just a couple of blocks from the theater, we used to rush up to the station, play for ten minutes, then rush back in time for our next appearance in the theater.

"There were twenty-two men in this orchestra and I used to have to conduct the Radio programs from the window sill and hold my music in one hand while I conducted, the studio being too small for music stands and men, too. And in-

stead of a microphone we played into a big horn which was in the center of the room and around which we used to group ourselves as best we could.

"I can see those twenty-two men now huddled around that horn, sitting on boxes or anything that was handy, while they put on the air what was one of the first orchestral programs ever to be broadcast as a regular feature from any station, the majority of programs at that time being canned music. There wasn't room for many music stands, so about five or six musicians managed somehow to read their notes from one stand; and I'm telling you there wasn't much elbow room for playing, either.

"But it was great fun and we did it solely for the fun and glory in it—the glory sometimes being emphasized by fan letters which came from outside the city, something which in those days was considered an achievement in Radio. Radio broadcasting surely has traveled some since those days when horns were used instead of microphones and when other methods were just as crude."

Station WNAC, Boston, offers one of the few, if not the only program broadcast by an American station entirely in a foreign language. This is the Banca Commerciale Italiana period of Italian Classics Wednesday evenings.



The trio composed of Johnny and Frankie Marvin and Lucian Spriggs is heard at frequent intervals from WNBO at Washington, Pa.

Carl Schroeder Joins WFBL Studio Staff

THE latest addition to the staff of WFBL, Syracuse, N. Y., is Carl G. Schroeder. Mr. Schroeder has rejoined the staff of WFBL after an absence of two years. He returned from WJR, in the Fisher Building, Detroit, recently, to resume duty at the WFBL mike.

Schroeder has been engaged in Radio announcing for over four years. His first experience, however, dates back to 1922 when he faced a microphone for the first time at WFAB, one of the pioneer stations of central New York. Later, at the completion of his schooling he joined the staff of WSYR, Syracuse, where he became familiar with the rudiments of Radio announcing. Mr. Schroeder first became affiliated with WFBL in August, 1927.

He is one of the youngest announcers on the air today, and for his years has had a world of experience. Besides the usual studio programs, Mr. Schroeder has announced many unusual and novel broadcasts both from WFBL and other stations. He announced numerous programs from Crouse College of Fine Arts, Syracuse University. As for a hobby, Carl prefers football announcing as his Radio hobby. His voice is of a mellow bass quality, having been trained in Syracuse. However, it is quite flexible, for he manages to adapt his voice to the occasion, whether it be a symphony, church service, dance program or some special "pick-up."

Artist Once Tool Expert

IT IS hard to believe that Miss Florrie Bishop Bowering, whose delectable cooking talks are a Thursday morning feature of Station WTIC, was once considered an expert on mining machinery, hammer rock drills and other very un-domestic implements. Such is the truth, however, according to a recently published interview of her.

"She isn't a rock-drillish sort of person at all, but a very feminine, lovable and gay little lady," the interview says. "It was with considerable relish that she turned her attention toward things domestic, and went to work for a manufacturer of domestic electric equipment. And now, from an ideal home-at-the-factory testing laboratory, she conducts cooking schools and teaches the gospel of cookery by Radio."

FAMOUS
Bok Carillon
 in "Sunshine
 Land" Put on
 Air by WFLA

HEARD By Nation

Singing Tower Voice Is

By W. Walter Tison



Spangler's Trio, of WRVA, are exponents of Old Time dance music. Otherwise known as "Old Virginia Fiddlers," this trio made up of David Pearson, J. W. Spangler and Scott Peck has won wide recognition. Dad Spangler himself is a champion in the Southland.

Piedmont Station Goes on in Self-Broadcast

By Harvey Aberhold

STATION WFLI broadcasting a bit of news about itself.

I am named for my owner, Toccoa Falls Institute. This school is a Bible school in the foothills of Georgia. It is an interdenominational school whose organizer is Dr. R. A. Forrest.

I am a very unusual station. I send forth each day a program of sacred music which no other station does. On Sunday some person gives the Sunday school lesson which is sent out to gladden the hearts of those confined to their homes.

I have my home in the smallest town known to have a broadcasting station in the United States. My people are very proud of me here and I receive many telephone calls and letters and telegrams about my good programs. Of course, some one occasionally does not like me, but there is not anything that every one agrees on.

Besides my sacred hour each day except Sunday, I send out from one to three hours of popular and classical music.

I am operating on fourteen hundred and fifty kilocycles with only two hundred fifty watts to work on. On test

programs I have been heard as far as New York and Chicago. I think this is wonderful for a little fellow. I hope soon to be a big fellow and have one thousand watts.

My announcer has made me famous for miles around with his quaint saying, which he gives a ring no one else can equal. This is it, as best it can be in writing: "You are listening to Radio Station WFLI in the Good Ole Piedmont Section of Dixie."

THE violin used by Fredric Fradkin, noted violinist, who appeared as guest artist with the Roxy Symphony orchestra, is an historic Stradivarius from the Hill collection of London and estimated to be worth \$30,000. The instrument is considered by experts to be the finest yellow specimen in existence and photographs of it are in almost every museum in the world. It dates back to 1701, the beginning of "the Golden Period" for the noted violin maker, during which time Stradivari made his best instruments. Numerous offers have been received by Fradkin to sell his violin, including an offer from Henry Ford, who desired it for his collection of antiques, but the violinist prefers to keep it, realizing that its tone would be impossible to duplicate. Fradkin is the only American violinist to receive a first prize given by the French government.

A TRIP to the "Land of Sunshine" is not complete to the newcomer until a pilgrimage has been made to the now famous Singing Tower of Mountain Lake at Lake Wales, Florida. However, it was left for Station WFLA to carry the clear tones of the tower to millions who will never see Florida and its everlasting Springtime and Sunshine.

By reference to any Radio map of Florida you will note that Lake Wales is located almost in the center of the state, far removed from broadcasting stations as a whole. In fact, it has been said on good authority that, while the tower was under construction, it was thought that the ringing of the bells would be heard over many miles, which, when the tower was completed, did not materialize. This fact alone seems to have persuaded the late Mr. Bok to allow the stations of the country to make an attempt to relay the "Singing Tower" to the public. First came the combined forces of the National Broadcasting company, who handled the hookup on a national scale over many stations. A few weeks later, when the memory of the first broadcast was beginning to dim, broadcasting was again discussed, and it was decided to allow local stations the privilege of handling the events. It was then that WFLA and WSUN were called upon to become the outlet station for the Singing Tower.

To broadcast the deep rich tones of the tower seems to the average layman a very easy task; however, to the broadcast engineers assigned this duty from WFLA it was plain at the outset that such was not the case, nor did the station have the equipment outlay of the NBC to attempt such a feat. Days were spent in sounding the various bells, while Radio engineers made comparisons and measurements for their own records. It was during these tests that it was discovered that the ringing of the bells produced a strong signal to the heavens which had a tendency to reflect back about a thousand feet from the tower and which carried only part of the original tonal effects.

So it was decided not to attempt to utilize an outside pick-up microphone, but to stick to the tower, placing the microphones in carefully selected spots especially acoustically treated. The first microphone was placed on a high pole some twenty-five feet above the tower. The second microphone was placed below the bells and the third at the console of the chimes in the control room from which point all announcing was made.

Everything was ready and the control operator pronounced the usual "ready," meaning, of course, that the lines to the station were in operation. The first program brought much favorable comment, which led to other programs, and today the Singing Tower is considered a part of the regular offering of the station, coming, of course, at designated periods, but not on a weekly basis, owing to the schedule at the tower itself, which is seasonal in its changes.

When listening in on the broadcast of the Singing Tower it is easier to understand one of the famous inscriptions on the tower: "I come here to find myself. It is so easy to get lost in the world."



On the air waves carried by WJAX come tuneful syncopations and melodies furnished by this Hotel Carling orchestra. Clyde Gardner, holding the violin, is the leader.

Blue Grass School Puts on Varied Programs

AN INTERESTING cross-section of general education can be obtained by listening to the Radio programs coming from the University of Kentucky studios of WHAS this spring. Each college of the university is making its contribution, most of the talks being given at the noon period from 12:45 to 1 p. m. (CST). This hour may be changed toward the beginning of the summer, however.

The ordinary business man should be interested in the programs of the College

of Commerce. Both farmers and their wives are especially held in mind in the Monday, Wednesday and Friday hours of the College of Agriculture. Students and those scientifically minded will be interested in the talks on botany, bacteriology, astronomy and geology, while those with more aesthetic tendencies will enjoy the modern drama talks by the English department.

The College of Law is responsible for discussions on legal problems that concern laymen. The musical organizations, including the philharmonic orchestra, the bands, glee club, brass quartette and woodwind ensemble are heard each Wednesday night at 10:30.

There are two studios at the University of Kentucky, a small one used for the noon programs, and a larger studio used for big musical groups. Wires carry the programs to the main studios of WHAS at Louisville.

Salmagundi is Menu at WCOA Festivities

WHEN February third rolled around in Pensacola, Florida, much jollification was in order and loud and tuneful emanations were tuned in all over the country from WCOA. The occasion was the celebration of the fourth birthday of that municipal station.

Starting at five o'clock in the afternoon with an instrumental trio playing dinner music, a widely varied program carried on until the wee sma' hours of the morning—at least three o'clock.

After half an hour of the dinner music Johnnie Frenkel himself, director of WCOA, alias "The Breezy Boy from the Gulf," went on the air with Sybil McNair, "Princess of the Air." Quite by way of contrast the next event on the evening's entertainment was a half hour by the 13th Coast Artillery band, followed in turn by Nip and Tuck, darky delineators.

By midnight practically the entire gamut of entertainment had been run and the real whooperdoo started. "Birthday Frolic—Salmagundi" was its title, and it included just about everybody on the staff. The Rainbow Entertainers, Hawaiian Melody Duo, Varsity Eight and Their Music, Sybil McNair, and Johnnie Frenkel all "just breezed along."

It was quite a party, take it from the thousands who listened and wrote, wired and phoned their congratulations and appreciation.



Clearwater, Florida, is a lively broadcasting center and one of the liveliest and most popular of the WFLA entertainers is this Blanche McMullen, soprano.



"Down in the Old Magnolia State" at WCOA this little lady holds forth as accompanist, pianist and soloist. Her name is Inez Mann—brunette and effervescent.

Game Chief is Heard at WBRC Regularly

MORE hunting and fishing and at the same time an increase in wild life form the theme of the discussion presented by I. T. Quinn, former president of the International Association of Game and Fish commissioners, from WBRC twice each month. Since 1922 he has been a state official in Alabama, being at the head of the department of game and fisheries. His keen interest and study of wild life have given him a store of information which is sought after by sportsmen and sports-women. Commissioner Quinn takes a great interest in explaining the game laws of various sections of the country. It is quite necessary for hunters to be familiar with them due to their strict enforcement. Mr. Quinn's books and stories have been welcomed in America and twenty-four foreign countries. The Alabama Deep Sea and Surf Fishing Rodeo held last year under the supervision of his department over a three day period in August attracted people from more than twenty states.



Columbia Adds No. 73

NUMBER 73 was added to the Columbia Broadcasting system network last February. The new station, WGST, which is operated by the Southern Broadcasting company on 500 watts and a frequency of 800 kilocycles for its owners, Georgia Institute of Technology, is located at Atlanta, Ga. A. S. Foster, president, has been associated with Radio in the South for the past ten years. The rest of the personnel has all been active in broadcasting for a number of years.

No matter how important the broadcast, the doors to the NBC studios from which it goes on the air can never be locked. This is not a superstition but a fire regulation. In order to keep "crashers" out of the studios—and Radio has its crashers—every door is guarded. Signs also advise passers-by that the studio is not open to visitors.



The Singing Tower at Lake Wales, Florida, heard regularly over WFLA. At the base of the tower lies the body of Edward Bok, creator of the sanctuary of which the tower is a part.

Voice of WDOD Goes Out From Famed Peak

FROM the peak of historic Lookout Mountain the voice of WDOD, 1,000 watts strong, goes out to all the Southland. Over ten miles from the studios in Chattanooga, Tennessee, the transmitter is on Nature's Roof Garden, 2,300 feet above sea level.

With this increased power and a clear wave length, WDOD is adequately prepared to serve a population of over 1,500,000 people within a radius of 150 miles, according to Frank S. Lane, station director. Mr. Lane is also the authority for the statement that his station, because of its central location, is serving the entire South.

Founded in 1905, WDOD has shown a normal, healthy growth over the four year period. It is operated by the Chattanooga Radio company.

Dolores Cassinelli, NBC soprano, is quite upset. Because she's gorgeous looking, she has been referred to in a number of newspapers as a "Spanish beauty." She's really Italian. According to Miss Cassinelli she has received dozens of letters from Italian friends. "It must be the Dolores that fools them," she said. "The Cassinelli part is Italian."



No, not a snow scene from the Far North—just a jolly February day down in Birmingham, Alabama, in the Sunny South. Herb Grieb, the intended victim, doesn't seem particularly chagrined at his impending fate at the hands of Walter Campbell and a couple of other WAP! staff members. That's Orville Irwin standing aloofly to one side.

Police Adopt Service as Motto

By Ada Lyon

IT IS generally conceded that "Service" should be the keynote of every store and every hotel, but Police Chief Earl Matthews, of St. Joseph, Mo., is convinced that it should be equally the ideal of any police department, and especially of his. So he is the father confessor for all who elect to burden him with their troubles. His aids are instructed to answer every demand, no matter how trivial, made upon the department.

It is part of his rule of service to the public that he and members of his staff give weekly programs over KFEQ, instructing his thousands of hearers how to protect their children, their homes and their property. They sing and play, punctuating the programs with brief passages of sage advice.

Scarcely a day passes but visitors come to tell the chief all their woes. These often prove invaluable clues later when more serious trouble develops. A wife comes to tell her side of a quarrel and then the husband comes to tell his. One woman telephoned that she was going to have a party the next night and was afraid her husband, who had been drunk and had been beating her, would break up the party. The chief told her not to worry and kept the husband safe at the police station during the festivities.

Marital woes are many. One wife came in the day after Christmas to tell Chief Matthews of the outrageous behavior of her husband.

"We have been married twenty years and he's never yet given me a Christmas present, but believe me, he's going to give me one next year," she said, without revealing just how she was going to effect so tardy a reformation.

Another wife complained that "the only thing my husband ever brought home to the family was smallpox."

If a dog barks so loud and so long that an exasperated neighbor is driven to desperation and calls the police, cycle cops arrive speedily and reason with the offending canine's owner. The owner pays more attention to the uniform than



Police Chief Earl Matthews of St. Joseph, Mo., as he looked when being interviewed for *Radin Digest*.

ST. JOSEPH Force Treats Woes of All Broadcasts Weekly Program Over KFEQ



What harmony these boys trick from their guitars! They're the Strolling Guitarists of WLS; Jim Holstein, standing, and Bob Panole.

he did to the complaint of uncongenial neighbors and so peace is restored to the vicinity. The dog hears, vicariously, the voice of the law and obeys, withholding his howls.

"It is very unusual if a criminal over thirty is brought here. Nowadays it's the boys, with seldom an old-timer. The really big criminals are kids," says Chief Earl Matthews. "The men of an age where they used to be high-class burglars are petty larceny thieves and don't amount to much. Ten years ago, the safe blowers used to be 40 to 50 years old, but no longer, they are all young men.

"What has caused the change? I don't think it's prohibition, though many people say so. I think it is due to the automobile more than to anything else. A boy must have a car to take his girl riding, even if he has to steal it. Then he has to rob a filling station to keep it running. Years ago, we had simpler, less expensive pleasures with less speed than the boys today demand, and there was less crime then."

Kids Like St. Louis Cops

BIG blue-coated police of St. Louis have found out that the 100,000 school children no longer fear them.

For several years the city police department has been broadcasting reports and sponsoring the school children's programs over WIL. The direct cause of interest shown in Radio broadcasting, by Chief Gerk dates back three years to a time when the fact was impressed upon him that nearly all school children were

afraid of policemen.

Since that time a warm friendship has developed between children and the cop, all because of the Radio programs in which both mingled. They are sponsored by the police department and are to be continued indefinitely over Station WIL.



Ukelele Twins, Kenny Ferguson and Bob Long, may well be called old timers, for they made their first appearance on the air via WADC in the Fall of 1925.

Feels 35 as He Marks Sixty-Sixth Birthday

"SIXTY-SIX years of age, but only 35 years old," is the way Dad Haskins styles it. And to see him cut up around the studio of WADC, you would say he was only 25. His recent birthday swamped the station with greeting cards from 14 states from his appreciative listeners.

Dad Haskins and His Hicktown String Band are regular studio features and fixtures at the Akron station. His was the second organization to broadcast over the station when it first went on the air early in 1925 and he has been a regular weekly feature since, specializing in old time numbers and occasionally cutting loose on a popular tune.

In all his playing he has never arranged a program. He opens with "Harmony Rag" and from then on it's up to his loyal listeners, and he has a multitude of them. "Little Brown Jug" always leads the request list, and when you hear him sing it over the air, it's hard to believe that the "Little Brown Jug" is not right handy, while he sings the number. Dad received his musical education tooting whistles for crossings in his younger days as a railroad engineer. He plays guitar with his band, which is composed (strange as it may seem) of a peppy bunch of boys, all in their twenty's. They are heard every Friday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock over WADC.

Average 10,700 Letters Ask Fans Not to Write

ONE for the book! When have you heard a request NOT to write at the end of a broadcast program? Not once in a Blue Moon does a station or program feel called on to call off a flood of mail from listeners.

Al and Pete on the Martha Washington program of WBBM forced such an announcement when the volume of mail they received mounted to the impressive figure of 86,000 letters for an eight week period.

One week early in February brought 10,928 letters, making a total of over 97,000 in nine weeks, or an average of over 10,700 letters per program one one-half hour per week. It was then that the audience was asked not to write. During the program forty-three states, Canada and Porto Rico were heard from

Two of three masters of song and nonsense, Gene and Glenn, have set up headquarters in Cleveland. At least they are there now. Marcella says that Ford is taking a little vacation from the air. At any rate he's not with his old teammates at WTAM.



by mail, not including telegrams or phone messages.

This program put on by Al and Pete is called "Try to Stump Us." Listeners are invited to write in the title of any popular song that has been popular. If Al and Pete can sing or play any part of the requested number, they receive a vote. If they are stumped the person requesting the song receives a box of candy and the public receives a vote. The score is given at the end of each program.

Raise \$16,500 for Relief

FARM Radio listeners, rallying to the aid of the destitute Indiana and Illinois flood districts recently, poured more than \$16,500 into WLS, the Prairie Farmer station, Chicago, within less than a week after the first plea for funds had been broadcast.

Thirty-three states, represented by more than 4,000 individual contributors, responded to the WLS drive. Donations ranging from ten cents, sent in by children, to checks of \$200 and over, pledged by wealthy listeners and corporations, swelled the total. The average contribution to the drive has been estimated at \$3.50. Many contributions were first wired or phoned to the station.

The amount for the Indiana and Illinois flood relief work that WLS raised boosts the total sum of money raised by the station, since it first devoted its facilities to relief work of a regional or

national character in 1925, to more than \$351,000.

Marathon at WHBY Fete

WHEW! What a job that was—and what a program! When WHBY celebrated the initiation of its new full time license in February the boys up in Green Bay certainly knocked 'em for a row.

Twenty-four hours on the air—that's quite a marathon, but not unprecedented. But here IS one for the book, one announcer worked that entire trick at WHBY. Maybe it's been done before, but the records at hand don't show it. Hats off to that man!

Seems like 'most every talented person in the vicinity of Green Bay must have been on that program, as more than 400 individual artists were scheduled. Even the Wisconsin State Prison did its share, sending its band and quartet, under guard.

Big Mail Swamps WLS

UPSETTING the idea that people do not write as frequently to Radio stations nowadays as in the years past is the comparison between the mail totals of 1925, 1927 and 1929 with the receipts for January, 1930, at WLS. During the first month of the new year WLS received more than 117,847 letters.

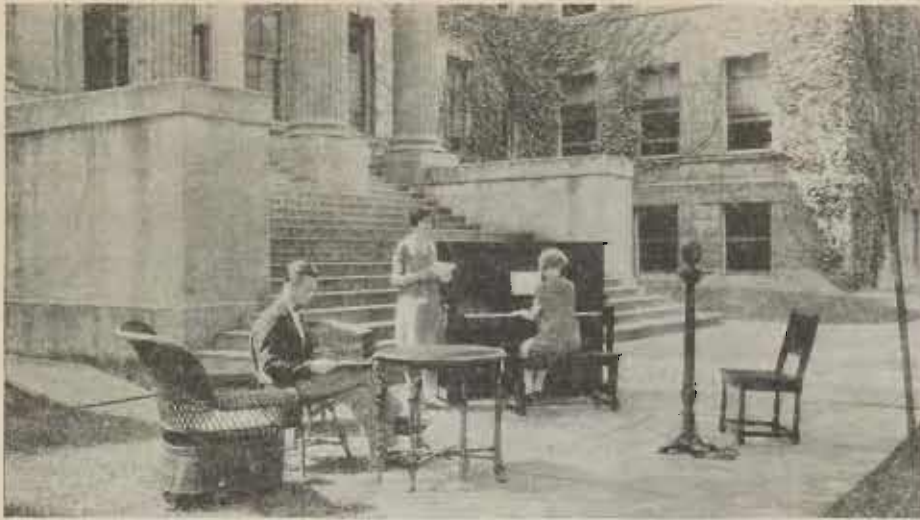
The year 1929 brought 414,000 individual pieces of mail to the Chicago station; 205,625 letters came in 1927, and in 1925, the first full year of the station's operation, 125,217 letters were received.

The record total of January, 1930, came in at an average of more than 29,400 letters a week, the peak figure coming the week of January 20 when 35,147 pieces were received. Every state in the Union was represented in the report. A curious feature of Radio transmission was illustrated by the larger amount of mail received from such distant states as Pennsylvania and New York than from Illinois' next door neighbor, Iowa.

SOME of the equipment used in the first broadcast of WIL eight years ago was exhibited in a slot February 9, commemorating what is said to be the first professional broadcast made in St. Louis. When this first program went on the air the station's call letters were WEB, later changed to WIL. More than 200 people took part in the celebration, including entertainers prominent throughout the Middle West, and some of those who were in front of the microphone eight years ago.



A musician with four hobbies, selling, collecting hardware, mechanical work and electrical fixings, Henry C. Woempner, musical director of KSTP and first flutist with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, is a busy man. Here he is surrounded by work shop equipment, at work on a musical score.



On a pleasant day many of the programs at WSUI are moved bodily outdoors to the open air studio on the University of Iowa campus, in one of the quadrangles.

Iowa Broadcasts Sports, Educational Features

“OUT where the tall corn grows,” is the battle cry of the University of Iowa. From Station WSUI the ringing echoes of this song are heard when the pigskin is on the gridiron, and when the Hawkeye warriors scramble on the basketball floor. At other times the farthest reaches of cultural education and entertainment are broadcast from the University of Iowa station.

The first Radio program went forth from Iowa City during the year 1919 under the call letters 9YA. Later a larger transmitter was installed and the call letters changed to WHAA. Soon after the present 500-watt station was installed in 1923 the call was again changed to the present WSUI, and plans carried to completion for a big time program of varied services for people of the Middle West.

As the station is owned and operated by the State University its facilities for educational broadcasting are superior to most stations. The programs, therefore, stress this important feature, but also include entertainment provided by outstanding musicians at the University. The broadcasting of all university athletic events is an important part of the schedule, and all hotels and theaters in Iowa City are equipped for broadcasting.

Grandmas Show Flappers

THREE foxy grandmas, whose combined ages total nearly 200 years and who have organized a vocal trio to “show up” the modern flappers, have joined the entertainment staff of KSTP. Their Radio debut was a conspicuous success, as the mailman discovered. They are all past sixty—and then some—and have been singing all their lives.

They find it difficult to sing the modern jazz tunes and prefer selections such as “Love’s Old Sweet Song” and other old-time melodies. In their opening program they match the modern blues singer by presenting their own song, “We are Three Foxy Grandmas.”

The KSTP Grandma trio is the only one of its kind in the country, so far as the grandmas themselves have been able to ascertain. The trio includes Mrs. Mathea Lund, first soprano; Mrs. Josephine Nash, mezzo-soprano, and Mrs. Blanche J. Schaller, contralto. Mrs. Lund calls on her mother, Mrs. Caroline Hartrick, who is 87 years old and a great-grandmother, to assist in entertainments which they present at various places. Mrs. Hartrick has a fine coloratura soprano voice and is still studying music. Bernice Lund, daughter of Mrs. Lund, is an accomplished pianist and violinist. Mrs. Schaller has eight grandchildren, the youngest of whom is seven months old.

Morning Parade Catches Milwaukee Early Bird

“THE early bird catches the worm.” With this time-worn adage in mind WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal station, inaugurated “The Morning Parade,” a march program heard from 7 to 7:45 a. m. every week-day except Sunday. Believed by WTMJ to be the only actual orchestral presentation at such an early hour in the morning by any station of the Middle West, this is a semi-commercial program of an essentially masculine character.

A crack studio band, organized especially for the purpose, plays marches exclusively. A catchy march was written for the program by WTMJ’s musical director and opens and closes the program every day.

The march program appeals to men of the family, who find this an easy way to “wake up” in the morning. Many of them now do their setting up exercises to the tune of the march opener, shower and shave to “The Stars and Stripes Forever,” eat their grapefruit to “Billboard March,” and peck at “the little woman’s” cheek in fond farewell as the closing number goes on the air. As a convenience, and to assure punctuality, time signals sound every five minutes during the program.

During the entire Morning Parade the music is continuous. The drums keep rolling during the few seconds required between numbers. Being the drummer for this WTMJ program is a real task, for the poor man never gets a let-up during the entire forty-five minutes. At the end of that time he is ready to drop his sticks and slump wearily to the floor, to be borne tenderly away by sympathetic brothers of the band.

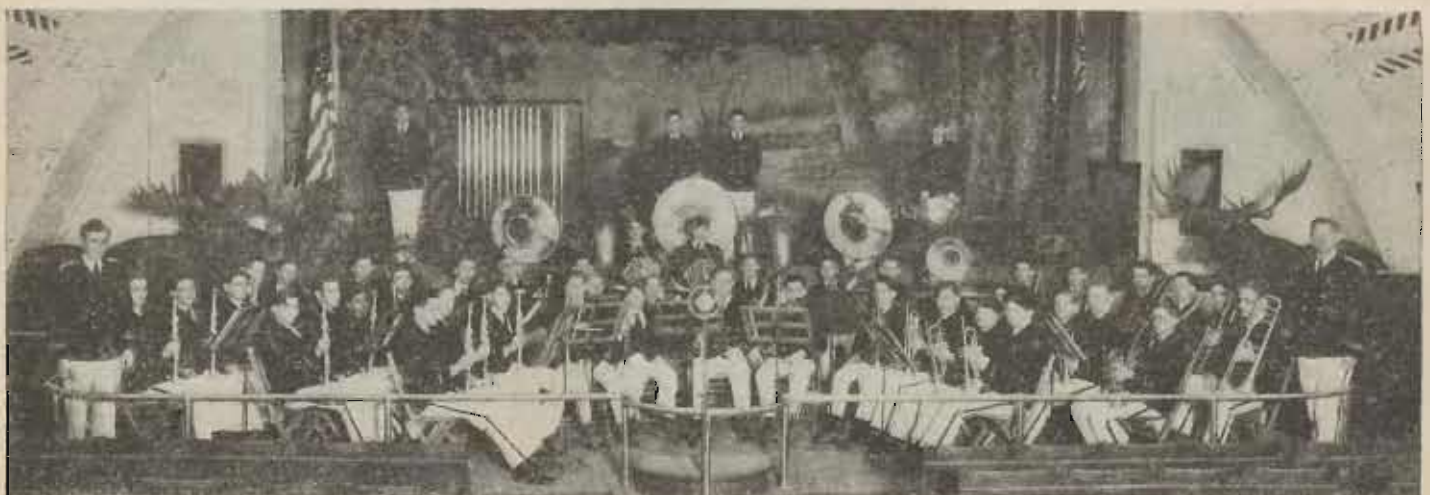
Although the hour is designed to please the men of the household it has its feminine followers, too. Many women enjoy tuning in on the stirring marches while setting the breakfast table and preparing the food.

* * *

For many months Agnes Steurman has been featured in piano recitals from WIL. She is well known as a pianist in St. Louis. Her selections are usually directed toward the light and popular numbers.

* * *

A new sketch presented by old WIL favorites, Bobby Harnes and his partner, promises to develop into a real feature, according to news from St. Louis. They present the amusing problems of newlyweds each evening at 6:30.



This concert band is the cause of a great volume of fan mail being sent to the Mooseheart studios of WJJD after the Thursday evening broadcasts. It is made up entirely of boys at the institution.

Hoosier Floods Find WGBF Right on Job

ALWAYS alert to be of a civic and community service, Radio station WGBF, at Evansville, Ind., in the heart of the Tri-State area of the White, Wash and Ohio river valleys, fulfilled its position as a public utility when the rivers mentioned went on a flood rampage in January. With the first startling rise of the rivers, two members of the staff of WGBF were dispatched to the danger point and remained on the scene until the crisis had been reached. Hourly reports were furnished the station by wire and telephone and flashed over WGBF as warnings to the residents in the vicinity affected and to give information to anxious relatives and friends.

When several of the levees were threatened, the representatives of the broadcasting station remained on duty to be of service if needed and to flash warnings to those whose homes would be swept by the raging waters. These reports were broadcast regularly before the other mediums of publicity had knowledge of the seriousness of the situation.

The close contact maintained by the station enabled the officials and directors to know every condition. With the arrival of H. B. Williamson, a worker for the National Red Cross and a hurried survey of the territory inundated by the flood waters, it was realized that outside assistance would be needed to afford sufficient relief to those driven from their homes.

WGBF carried this information to the Evansville Chapter of the Red Cross on Saturday, January 18, and on the following Sunday the station went on the air with a relief program to raise funds. Before the close of the day, six truck loads of clothing and staple foodstuffs not only had been pledged but were stored in every available corner of the studios. In addition cash pledges had passed the \$3,000 mark.

Another relief program was broadcast on the following Tuesday and soon more than \$7,000 had been paid into the Red Cross in response to these programs. This money was promptly put to work.



Big High Chief Moguls of the Voice of the Forest City, Rockford, Illinois, Wesley W. Wilcox (left) and Peter McArthur are both well known in concert and light opera fields.

Letters Show Music at KFLV Well Liked

APPECIATION of the work KFLV is doing in its specialized musical programs is being expressed daily in letters received from many states, including Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Maine, Massachusetts, New York, California, Rhode Island, Michigan, Vermont and points in Canada, including Nova Scotia, according to word from Wesley Wilcox, music director of the Rockford station.

Included in the musical programs are the semi-popular, the classics, and the popular melodies. The vocalists include many prominent concert and recital singers, vocal ensembles, and also soloists and duos in popular ballad numbers.

Light opera, folk songs, and heart songs are woven into delightful continuities that are meeting with hearty approval. Dramatic performances include not only short playlets, but also a weekly feature, "The Romance of Jack and Jerry," concerning the experiences of a young college man and a girl.

"Maggie Murphy's Home," a comedy feature, is presented nightly and is bringing in quite a bit of fan mail, according to Mr. Wilcox.

WHBU Owned by Bank

ONE of the three bank owned Radio stations in America, WHBU, is also in the heart of basketball crazy Indiana, at Anderson.



For very excellent reasons the combination of the good old cage sport and banking seems to work quite well and A. L. McKee, manager and chief director of the station, is kept on the jump most of

the time, hopping from duties at the bank, to the gym floor.

Starting as a "little fellow" in August of 1921, WHBU was operated by the Rivera Theater-Bing Radio shop until the Citizens Bank took it over in 1927. At that time the transmitter was modernized and the studio placed in the lobby of the bank. In November of 1928 the power was increased to 100 watts. Later the studios were moved to the Anderson Elks club.

WHBU, according to the records of the United States Post Office Department, was the first broadcaster to sponsor a "Mail Early Campaign," under the direction of the postmasters of Madison county.

CINCINNATI is a dancing town. That's one reason why WLW listeners boast of the good dance music they hear from the Crosley station. Famous leaders whose music has set WLW to tapping in the past few months has been played by Henry Thies, Bernie Cummins, Charlie Davis, Charlie Dornberger, and Paul Specht.

Raising figs and chickens and blisters on his piano-sensitive hands finally proved too much for Fred Roeber, and he trekked back to Cincinnati from his ranch in the Sacramento valley, California. Home again at WLW he plays with several orchestras and has a solo each Monday and Wednesday with the Matinee players.

What kind of a hat to wear with a spruce green gown, the latest decrees from fashion headquarters in Paris, selecting costume accessories for countless women, all this is but a part of the work handled by Suzanne, fashion observer for WLW, who answers questions every Sunday night.



One, two, three, four, yep, there're nine of 'em. All Rhythm Kings who entertain nightly from WTAD.

KVOO Friends to Rescue in MINE DISASTER

Voice of Tulsa Fills Entire Red Cross Quota to Aid Families of
McAlester Miners—Announcers Work 20-Hour Trick.

By Dianne Dix

THE power of Radio to bring immediate aid in emergencies was recently illustrated when KVOO, the "Voice of Oklahoma," at Tulsa, turned its facilities over to broadcasting the appeal of the American Red Cross for relief for the families of fifty-six miners killed in a disaster at McAlester, Oklahoma, just before Christmas.

Two of KVOO's announcers, Gordon Hittenmark and Tom Noel, worked without relief for twenty hours broadcasting the appeal. The total sum asked by the Red Cross for the McAlester relief was \$35,000. Within seventy-two hours after the appeal was first broadcast KVOO had received in actual cash and checks \$34,600. Thirty-six states, Honolulu and Canada responded.

An unusual feature of this Radio success was the response of members of KVOO's ABC Safety Club, of which Tom Noel, or "Hippo" is the daily star for the children. KVOO's studios were crowded with small children bringing their pennies to "Hippo" to help the McAlester children. Some brought their banks into the studios and asked "Hippo" to break them.

Peter Biljo, of Russian music fame, brought his favorite Samovar to the studios of CBS the other night only to have a clumsy visitor kick its top off—and right in front of everybody, too!



"We ain't takin' much along with us to de Paw Paw Islands. Jest a few clos and a little grub an' ma ol' razor," Honeyboy (left) explained as he and Sassafras, KSAT detectives with the Black Panther Detective agency, took off for the Paw Paws to hunt the lost diamond mine. The pilot is Andy Burke of the S. A. T.

Peter got mad and then said, "Oh, well, I'll bring another here next week!"

Young and Old Listen to WNAX Aunt Esther

ESTHER SMITH, broadcasting over Station WNAX of the House of Guerny at Yankton, South Dakota, has worked herself into the hearts of thousands of children. She is their "Aunt Esther," and though most of them have never seen her, they have come to know her voice and have pictured her in their minds.

But Aunt Esther is not only popular with the children. A good many grown-ups listen to her programs in the morning and are always glad to hear her voice raised to song during the Reverend Cleveland's service, and in solo at other hours of the day.

Esther was born at Bridgewater, South Dakota, a little town about fifty miles straight west of Sioux Falls, in 1908. That makes your Aunt Esther just out of the teens, and it is no wonder that she strikes such a responsive chord in the hearts of the children.

When she was ten years old, Esther's folks moved to Parker, South Dakota, and of course, she trailed along. Parker proved congenial to the Smith family and here Esther romped through the



Harmonica Twins, even if they aren't brothers, Charles and Babe are "the real stuff," according to the Rolling Stone of WBBZ, who first saw their possibilities and put them on the air.

grades and into high school. High school days matured a voice that is now known so well in the West. High school glee clubs found her clear alto a necessity and her solo work as first alto for the glee club and the First Presbyterian church of Parker was well received by the people of the community.

On December 13, 1926, she, with her two brothers, were invited to perform over station WNAX at Yankton, South Dakota. Esther played the standard guitar and her brothers the steel guitar and banjo. They spent two weeks at Yankton and on her first attempt at solo work, rendering "Rock Me to Sleep in an Old Rocking Chair," she was called back for three encores.

WNAX recognized the possibilities of that voice and on February 23, 1927, she returned as a regular member of the staff.

And there, folks, you have your Aunt Esther, the children's friend and favorite, and one of the popular entertainers from WNAX.

WHEN Baylor University, the oldest institution of higher education in Texas, observed its eighty-fifth birthday, a special Founders' Day program was put on from WACO, at Waco, Texas.

The program featured the Baylor band and some of the University's best vocalists, as well as messages by President S. P. Brooks and Vice President J. F. Kimball.

Chartered by the Republic of Texas February 1, 1845, Baylor has trained nearly 40,000 young men and women since that time, according to University officials. President Brooks in his Radio message outlined the recent progress made by the institution. He laid particular emphasis on Waco hall, the \$400,000 auditorium contributed by the citizens of Waco, to be dedicated at the commencement exercises next month.

LAST February WJAG and the Norfolk Daily News opened its sixth annual Radio and telegraph school. Instruction is given in the Morse code. It is expected that more than a thousand diplomas will be granted this Spring when the class ends. Graduates are now scattered all over the world.

Honeyboy and Pal Off to Lost Diamond Mine

HONEYBOY and Sassafras, detectives well known to Radio listeners the country over through their adventuring over KSAT, are going to live "close to Nature" when they get down to the Paw Paw islands, according to statements given out to the press immediately before their departure in search of the lost diamond mine.

Honeyboy and Sassafras, who have been working on the case of the lost diamond mine for several weeks, to the amusement of thousands of listeners who tune in on their skit at 7:49 each evening, last week hopped off from the airport at Fort Worth, Texas, flying to San Francisco. From Frisco they were scheduled to take a boat down through the Panama Har Canal to the Paw Paw Islands, situated somewhere between the Tee-Hec and the Ho-Ho Islands. They can't be exactly sure where, because the Black Wizard has the map.

They're going to live close to nature down there, all right, they assured newspaper reporters, and are consequently not taking much "grub" along. They're not taking too many clothes either, since it is a tropical country. But Sassafras is taking along his fancy check suit, new gray derby and red striped spats. And Honeyboy doesn't feel that the return to Nature necessitates throwing away his old razor, his "weapon o' wah." He's got that along in his old gunny sack.

Baggage carried by Honeyboy and Sassafras—or more precisely, by Honeyboy, because Sassafras "don't do no baggage totin'"—consisted of two grips, a big canvas bag, a gunny sack, and a big thermos jug, contents unknown. Here's where your guess comes in.

Honeyboy and Sassafras were not certain, when they embarked upon their journey, about what they would find down in the Paw Paw islands. It is rumored though, Honeyboy said, that the people had cannibalistic inclinations and it is certain that down there somewhere are two deadly Flapper-bugs. "Takes some mighty brave men to go down there," they assured their interviewers.

They are going to bring back, they said, loads of diamonds—enough to cover the comely Peaches, the "girl friend," and her whole Black Kitten Cafe with them.

"Let you know by Radio how we're gettin' along," they promised as they stepped into the plane to begin their journey.

* * *

Walter Kingsford, now playing on Broadway in "The Criminal Code," frequently appears in two dramatic performances in an evening. One is in the Broadway theatre and the other is in the NBC studios in one of the Soconyland Sketches.



A jolly lot of air and airs—the Shumate Brothers, masters of syncopation take the air from KMA. Here they are, Don, Paul, Lewis and Raymond, with a stack of instruments potent with possibilities.

Harmonica Twins Toot "Mean" on French Harp

ONE day the Rolling Stone was sitting in the studio of WBBZ down in Ponca City, Okla., wondering what he was going to do to fill the place of Harmonica Joe who had just been called home, when in walked two boys carrying what looked like a "piccolo case."

"Mr. Harvey," says one of them, "I wonder if we could play over this station?" You know sometimes when folks come in and ask to play, the man who runs the station wishes that he could ask them to play—golf or something else nice and healthful and far away. But the Rolling Stone has learned that you can't always tell by the thickness of the skin which way a grapefruit will squirt, so he says to the boys with "piccolo-looking cases," "Well, boys, what are your names?"

And one of the lads spoke up, "I am Charles and this is Babe, we belong to the Westgate Family in Blackwell, Oklahoma, and we play anything that is written for the French Harp." Just then an older man darkened the doorway and the young lad added, "This is father who taught us to play the harmonica." So then they opened the "piccolo cases" and there were four French Harps about

a foot long each, and say! Did those boys play! Standard overtures, hymns, jazz, fox trots and anything that was requested.

If there were more boys who could really play the harmonica it wouldn't be long before this instrument would take its own with the other recognized instruments of the better orchestras, opines the Rolling Stone.

"Just to straighten out a few things, the lowdown is that the Harmonica Twins aren't twins at all," says Rolling Stone Harvey. "In fact the relationship of the two boys is rather mixed up in my own mind, but it seems that Charles' father is Babe's brother, which makes the twins nephew and uncle, but the way these boys toot a mean tune makes the father, brother, nephew and uncle all one."

Ex-Gobs Behind KDRL

FROM the geographical center of North America, at Devils Lake, North Dakota, KDRL sends out programs that are a service to the great agricultural community of the Northwest. The station is operated by two ex-Gobs, veterans of the Great War. Harold Serungard is the owner and Bert Wick the operator and chief announcer.

For the most part KDRL confines its activities to daylight broadcasting. During the Winter months studio programs are put on each Monday evening, and during the Summer evening programs of the popular band concerts are presented.

The morning hours are devoted largely to recorded programs, market reports, and other similar services. Changing weather conditions and forecasts, information vital to a farming community such as that served by KDRL, is featured at noon. Musical entertainment and news flashes are put on the air in the afternoon.

On the air for something over five years, the Devils Lake station presented its first program January 25, 1925. The original power of five watts was soon increased to the present fifteen watts.



Dave and Manny, the acrobatic songsters of WDAY, at Fargo, in North Dakota, have built a tremendous following for themselves. They are the featured artists on WDAY's Maple Leaf Hour.

Radio Saves College Tradition

Illness of Aged Professor Threatens to Halt Ceremony at U. of W., But KOMO Goes to School

By Donald Burchard



No need to tell Hugh Barrett Dobbs to look pleasant, for he's signing a three year contract which will pay him \$250,000 for his work in charge of the Shell Oil company's Radio broadcasts from KPO at San Francisco over the NBC system. His yearly salary, greater than that of the President of the United States, is said to be the highest ever paid a Radio personality. With him in the picture, standing, is E. H. Sanders, advertising manager of the Shell company.

Screech of Frisco Fire Truck Helps Whoopee

LIKE the famous shot that echoed round the world and the gentlemen who fired it, Jack Smith, red-headed driver of San Francisco Fire-truck No. 1, gave no thought to attendant publicity when he piloted his screeching hook and ladder wagon past an NBC microphone New Year's Eve.

Like the revolutionary farmers, Smith's "shot" was heard around the world—but sooner—for the NBC microphone carried the resounding clang of the fire-truck to the stations of the nationwide network and out into the world simultaneously through a group of short wave stations tied in for the New Year's Eve jamboree.

"It's no little distinction for No. 1, this being the first fire-truck ever to broadcast through a national Radio hook-up," Smith beams, "much less to know that folk in Australia, darkest Africa, the Orient and Europe heard us by short-wave."

The unpremeditated broadcast by the

fire department came during the National Broadcasting Company's New Year's Eve program, "Dancing Across the Continent," and occurred at 12:03 o'clock, Pacific Standard Time.

Jack Keough, San Francisco announcer, had just climbed out on a broad marquee overhanging world-famed Market street and set his microphone to record San Francisco's welcome to 1930. Clang came the fire-bells from the station at the U. S. Mint, a half block away, and with siren screeching the great truck rattled past the crowded corner and careened down Market street, completing the carnival picture of merrymaking.

The alarm came from Box 17, Kearney and Pacific streets, the center of San Francisco's Barbary Coast, long since dead but vivid still in memory.

And after all that—what with Neil Beggs, squad man, all dressed up in his new "made for every possible exigency" gas mask—there wasn't any fire. Somebody—probably the youth who was sentenced this week to six months in jail for turning in fourteen false-alarms as a New Year's Eve prank—was just having a little fun.

WHEN the apple cart of tradition threatened to upset and spill the entire freshman class at the University of Washington, Radio came to the rescue and KOMO went to college. Just what degree is to be conferred on the Seattle station for this educational venture has not been revealed.

For the past fifteen years freshmen of the University of Washington have gathered on the steps of Meany hall at the beginning of the school year to be officially launched into their college careers by that well-known keeper of traditions, Prof. Edmond S. Meany.

But this year an automobile accident prevented Professor Meany from assembling the yearlings as usual. There could be no substitute for the beloved professor, all agreed on that. The personality of this veteran educator who has watched the University of Washington grow from a territorial institution with a handful of students to an enrollment of more than 7,000 was absolutely essential to the carrying out of the tradition, all agreed.

After long consultation it was evident that but one solution was possible. Throngs of University students besieged KOMO to come to the rescue and provide the connecting link between Professor Meany at his bedside in a Seattle hospital and the student body on the steps of the building which bears the professor's name, Meany hall.

So it came to pass that thousands of Northwest listeners went to college with KOMO and listened to the impressive ceremony: the address by the president of the student body, the address by the president of the University, and finally the somewhat husky voice of Professor Meany from his bedside slowly intoning the solemn words of the Ephobic oath, an oath of allegiance to the Alma Mater, then the students of the University repeating it phrase by phrase, with bared heads and right arm raised to the sky—"... as I revere the God of my fathers I call upon him to witness my intent."

Staff All Avid Mat Fans

“THERE! He's got a Half-Nelson on him—he's going over—he's going—” but at this point Jack Rutledge, sports announcer for KMO loses his voice in his excitement and has to pause for a moment while he turns the mike over to one of his pals of the studio who is right beside him in the press row.

For, let it be known that the KMO gang is enthusiastic about the wrestling matches put on in Tacoma every Tuesday evening. Besides Jack Rutledge, you are pretty sure to find a large percentage of the studio staff at the ringside.

Among those who like to dodge the husky wrestlers as they tumble over the ropes into the laps of the press row are Jane Morse, blues singer; Helms and Harkins, whose other name is The Tuneful Two, and Carl Haymond, station manager.

Frank Geiger, Big Baptist basso, Elk Mason, Kiwanian and Uplifter, is quite a fun maker over KNX. But it's a different story when he's off the air. He's a funeral director in his spare moments.



Modern Melodists, these boys call themselves. Mahlon Merrick is the director and Jean Wakefield the soloist. This band is heard every day over KFRC from the San Francisco studios.

Curiosity Points Way to Fame for Lem & Lufe

“REMEMBER that first time you boys went on the air? Ha! ha!” The question wasn't a funny one for Arnold Maguire and Tommy Monroe, veteran Pacific coast funmakers.

Here is the story, according to Maguire. “One afternoon, seven years ago, when the total number of broadcast stations could be counted on two hands, Tommy and I strolled into the studio of a San Francisco station merely to satisfy our curiosity as to what a broadcaster looked like. We were there at the invitation of a friend of mine who at that time was the station manager, announcer and operator all in one. During the course of the program he asked us if we would like to step up to the “mike” and tell a few jokes or stories. The idea sounded like a lot of fun, so after a hurried rehearsal, up we stepped.

“Then the fun began. We had prepared a short impromptu sketch interspersed with a few sure-fire “gags” which we thought were funny. But when we stepped up to that cold, expressionless microphone which had neither a sense of humor nor a slight reassuring smile, we knew without a doubt that as Radio comedians we were a dismal flop. Mike

fright almost made us quit right in the middle of our sketch, but through some act of Providence we were given the power to stick it out. We left the studio that day firmly resolved never to return.

“The following day, however, brought renewed hope and determination. We received a call from the announcer that several listeners had phoned the station requesting our reappearance. What a surprise! Evidently somebody thought we were funny. That was hard to believe. It didn't take long for us to realize that Radio artists can't judge their audiences simply by looking at the microphone.

“A short time later we conceived the characters of ‘Lem and Lufe,’ and as such have been on the air ever since. We took the names from two colored boys who live in Cochran, Georgia, and were known to my partner, Tommy Monroe. Their proper names are Lemuel and Lafayette, but are known to their friends and the townspeople as Lem and Lufe.”

As a regular feature of the KFRC Jamboree they are delighting Radio audiences over the entire Pacific coast. They will soon be heard nightly over the entire country through a series of recorded programs which are now in preparation. They were featured in vaudeville before entering Radio.

Whole Family Listens Buttercream “Goes On”

EVERY Monday night at 7 o'clock hundreds of children and grown-ups anxiously await the familiar school bell which opens the famous Buttercream School at KFOX in Long Beach. At the sound of the bell, the Buttercream Kids come running over the hill and begin the school session singing their version of the immortal School Days.

The teacher of this school is good natured, in fact, that is the only kind they would dare to have with such pupils as Tadpole Washington Jones, the mischievous but lovable kid whose pranks keep the teacher in hot water; Percy Prunes, whose “lovely poems” are always an inspiration; Molly and her riddles, and Izzy, Freckles, Pollywog, Pansy, and Violet.

This program has been on the air every Monday night at 7 o'clock for over three years, and has grown to be one of the best loved programs on the Pacific Coast. Nearly every child and grown up, too, can tell you all about their Pals, the Buttercream Kids from KFOX.

The lovable character of Seth Parker is familiar to Pacific Coast Radio audiences through the presentation of Seth Parker's Singing School over KFOX in Long Beach every Wednesday night from 5 to 8:30. Seth Parker has become one of Radio's own favorite characters, and thousands of people anxiously look forward to the time on Wednesday evening when KFOX adjusts controls for Jonesport, Maine, to the home of Seth Parker, where the Singing School is held with Seth in personal charge.

Gus Mack, “The Funny Paper Man,” who reads the comics to the youngsters every Sunday morning at 8:30, knows his stuff indeed. “My best qualification,” says Gus, “is that I've read the funnies to my own children for a few years.”

Gerald King, manager of KFWD, has issued a “thumbs down” ultimatum against fortune-tellers, crystal-gazers, and such ilk. “We have no place on KFWD programs for such hokum,” says Manager King.

Prof. Edmond S. Meany of the University of Washington from his cot in the hospital administered the pledge of loyalty to the freshman class gathered on the University campus.



Friend of Lincoln Gives Gettysburg Address

COMMANDER John C. Chapman, 85-year-old Civil War veteran, who knew Abraham Lincoln personally, was heard from KPO February 12th in a reading of the famous Emancipator's Gettysburg address.

Chapman, who is Commander of the George H. Thomas Post, No. 2, Grand Army of The Republic and Senior Vice Commander of the G. A. R., Department of California and Nevada, knew Lincoln intimately, as he himself says, "I knew him from the top of his tall narrow plug hat to the soles of his large square toed boots. It was also my privilege to hear him when he made the Gettysburg Address."

And, says this leader of 31 members of the George H. Thomas Post, an organization which once numbered its membership in the thousands, "I have delivered his Gettysburg Address in all parts of the United States and on Lincoln's birthday. I wanted to be able to recite it over KPO so that my Comrades all up and down the Pacific coast will be able to celebrate with us. "Dobbsie" has made it possible for me to read it to his many thousands of listeners."

Chapman was born in Newport, Rhode Island, September 21, 1845. When the Civil War broke out he was attending high school at Cincinnati, Ohio. With three others he ran away and joined the Union forces; all the others were killed in action. After serving several months in the Army, under Generals Burnside and Lew Wallace, Chapman joined the Navy and served with the fleets on the Gulf, and on the Mississippi, Red, Black and Ouchitaw rivers, serving with such famous admirals as Farragut, Porter and Sam P. Lee.

Although he was in many engagements, except for a few flesh wounds Chapman came through practically unscathed. On one occasion he narrowly escaped death when a bullet aimed at his heart imbedded itself in a memorandum book in his pocket.

Chapman, who is 85 years young, boasts of 27 perfect teeth which he says he uses to chew hickory nuts. His marriage to Adellia Bell Walling, a southern belle, was one of the Maryland's social events following the Civil War. Two daughters, Mrs. Maud Stoudt and Mrs.



A personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, Commander John C. Chapman of the G. A. R., was present when the Great Emancipator made the historic Gettysburg Address. Commander Chapman read the Address from KPO on Lincoln's Birthday celebration.

Emma Keating, reside here in San Francisco bay cities. At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Stoudt of 2870 Harrison street, San Francisco, Chapman spends his spare moments—he has very few because he is one of the most active workers of the G. A. R. and leads the fights for veteran welfare—with his two grandsons and four granddaughters.

June Nearly Stranded on Prize Hawaii Trip

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

WHEN KNX opened up in Hollywood some five and a half years ago to do business as a regularly qualified broadcaster, June Pursell wandered into the studio and began to croon a few assorted songs of the day. Welford Beaton (brother of Columnist K. C. B.), who is now editor of a Hollywood magazine, was then announcer.

June has been lots of places these few years—vaudeville and what not, but she always finds the way safely back to her home port, KNX. But never was she happier than when she recently returned from an Hawaiian trip.

It seems as though a Radio magazine now defunct, sent June to the islands as some sort of a contest prize winner. But only the tickets were forthcoming.

Poor unsuspecting June. There she was on the briny deep with a long roll of steamboat script but no ready cash for hotel and meals in Honolulu.

Rudolfo Salinas and his energetic Serenaders have bumped into Radio work with a vengeance. They are here to stay, and how.

Not so long ago they played at Agua Caliente, pleasure resort on the other side of the border, where thousands of fans heard them in the hotel and gambling casino as the group paraded

around in costume and serenaded those whose pins were too wobbly for a speedy getaway.

Airplanes often took them to KGB, San Diego, and KTM, Los Angeles, for Radio concerts. Their work at Agua Caliente had made for them a host of friends and the broadcast augmented that number by the thousands.

At the time this is being written they are making some evening appearances both for KTM and KNX, and also on a Sunday park board program from Westlake park.

The park gag is quite an outdoor idea in southern California. In the pavilion by the lakeside, the entertainers perform Sunday afternoon for the edification of those seated 'round about. A public address system carries the music to a dozen other parks and out into Radioland via KNX's pet wave length which shakes a mean antenna.

Besides the regularly scheduled features, fans can often also hear sundry outside noises—ducks quacking cheerfully, delightful street car gongs, munching of peanuts in increasing crescendo, and even the wailing up and down the scale by babes in arms.

RADIO broadcasting is growing more rapidly possibly than any other business of public service in America today. Stations starting out five or six years ago have grown until today they are big business interests rendering perhaps the greatest entertainment service of all entertainment enterprises.

One of the San Francisco Bay stations which has kept pace with the times is KFWM. Starting as a 100-watter a little over six years, the station was devoted largely to religious and educational features.

During the ensuing years new equipment was added, and finally last year KFWM progressed more than during all the rest of its existence.



She's always happy, that's what everyone says of Ina Mitchell Butler, soprano soloist on the staff of KFWM at Hollywood.

Guitar Looms as Mike Favorite

FRETTED instruments such as used by Waddington Venetian orchestra of CHML at Hamilton, Ontario, give fresh, clear, distinctive coloring to broadcast lacking in some other instruments, says Rutledge.

By Arthur H. Rutledge

BBROADCASTING is an elusive and difficult art and many highly placed concert artists, both vocal and instrumental, fail to register over the air. This is usually due to the unsuitability of that particular voice or instrument, and not to the lack of artistry of the performer in question.

This brings up the question of the most suitable vehicle for Radio work. Of all the various families of instruments I would unhesitatingly choose the fretted or plectral family, the clear-cut tone quality of which comes over the air fresh and clear, with a delightful sweetness.

Back through musical history the guitar looms as one of the most favored of all instruments. Not only beloved by the great masters, it has also been cherished as a constant companion to the wandering bard and strolling minstrel. Today the guitar stands at the zenith of its popularity, owing to its incomparable Radio voice. The banjo also, through the same sources, has lifted itself to the head of the class.

Imagine the effect then of a full, complete and perfectly balanced orchestra of fretted instruments with the softer woodwinds for additional coloring, bells and effects to supply atmosphere. Such a one is the Waddington Venetian orchestra of Hamilton, Ontario, favorite artists over CHML. Mandolins form the principal body of the ensemble, tenor mandolas, mando-cellos and mando-bass complete the plectral quartet, while guitars, banjos, flute and clarinets each add their own individual coloring. The finishing touch to this delightful tone scheme is the small harp, the loveliest of all embellishing instruments.

Here is music with a tang, snap and beauty that is distinctively individual. The Waddington Venetian orchestra has been the subject of complimentary articles in music journals of both America and England. It is said to be the largest such organization in the Dominion. A demonstration recital in Toronto aroused great interest, as did an earlier appear-



The Melrose Harmony Girls go out on the air from the Winnipeg studios of CJRW and the short wave station VE9CL. Reading from left to right, you see Clara Leckie, Evelyn Wildgoose and Edith Leckie.

ance on the stage at the Niagara District Radio show. In concert performances the orchestra presents a delightful picture in its Gypsy costume.



Mandolins form the principal body of this ensemble, known as the Waddington Venetian orchestra. Attired in their colorful Gypsy costumes they make a pretty picture when broadcasting over CHML.

Ask Radio for Crime War

RADIO may be employed as a means of combating crime in Winnipeg, if a plan worked out by Chief Constable Chris H. Newton is adopted by the police commission. The chief has three separate suggestions for the commission's approval.

First, he would employ Radio to supplement the present signal system which is operated from central headquarters; second, additional scout or patrol cars would be put into operation; and, third, bungalow sub-police stations would be located at several different points within the city limits.

Under the proposed suggestions, Chief Newton believes, greatly increased police protection could be afforded the city. It is pointed out that Radio has been used successfully in police work in the United States and in many European cities.

"Sunday at Seth Parker's," one of the most popular of the NBC features, has been dramatized for amateur use, according to Phillips H. Lord, who is Seth Parker himself.

M*R*S. REILLY *Rebels*
Against Talk of "Syn-
thetic" Raising of Children—
Talks to Mothers From WOR

By Mrs. John S. Reilly

WE MOTHERS of today find ourselves in rather an unpleasant situation. All the scientific world seems to be grimly united against us, proclaiming in one voice our unfitness for the job of bringing up our children and suavely suggesting that they can do it much better for us and that we should, for the good of our children, quite willingly give them up to so-called experts who can raise them far better than we.

Wouldn't it make your blood boil?

Actually, I didn't realize this sinister state of affairs for quite a while. I suppose I was too busy getting my family of seven safely started to worry about what other people thought of my methods. After a bit I began to have occasional breathing spells and a little time to listen to these rumors which were flying about among the mothers of my acquaintance. At first I was inclined to laugh it all off as so much nonsense, but after a bit the seriousness of the whole thing dawned on me, and I was forced willy-nilly to accept the fact that there really was a concerted attack upon parenthood.

We were being told with no mincing of words that mothers as an institution had outgrown their usefulness—that they didn't know what it was all about and that the sooner their children were removed from their baleful influence the better! Every vitamin in my system rose up in rebellion!

In my spare moments around the house I had tried to help mothers a bit by writing a book telling them how and what I had learned about cooking for children. I took all the foods that the best baby doctors prescribe and told how to prepare and cook them in words of one syllable so that even a mother as ignorant as I was with my first baby could understand. I knew quite enough about the miseries an inexperienced mother goes through to sympathize and understand—and so "How to Cook for Children" was written to try to make things easier for Mrs. Average Mother.

You can imagine then how I felt—me with my seven—when this business about nursery schools being better places than homes and mothers being the wrong companions for their offspring began to penetrate into my consciousness. Here I was chock full of experience and working hard to pass it on to other mothers so that they might be helped to bring up their children right at home—and here was Modern Science getting nosy and insinuating itself into our homes to find out what we were doing, only to condemn us whole-heartedly and to try taking our children away from us.

IN JUSTICE to these scientific people, I suppose it must be said that they are well-intentioned—it's in their minds that they're doing a great service to the race and they just don't think far enough to realize that while they may be helping individual children tremendously, they're actually going far toward breaking down one of the stoutest pillars of the race—namely, the Family. It makes one think of the certain place that is said to be paved with

MOTHER OF 7 GIVES PARENTS Advice



The mother of such a family as this certainly should be well qualified to give common-sense advice on raising children. And this is only six-sevenths of the family of Mrs. John S. Reilly, who broadcasts from WOR. Number seven was born a little less than a year ago, so he didn't get in on this picture.

good intentions!

I never realized how strong my own feelings were about mothers making a home for their children and raising them to the best of their ability themselves until I understood home—and mother in it—to be really challenged and attacked. Then I got so permanently hot under the collar as to sally forth and tell the world my sensations on the subject, and to explain clearly how these modern ideas looked from where I stood.

I'm a pretty busy person—let there be no doubt about that—and it took a very important matter to jar me out of my rut and my routine and send me forth as a crusader for mothers. Time

is one of the things I just naturally haven't got. My children have all the time that was meant for me, and it takes a bit of doing to pry me away from home. You can appreciate then the extent of my rebellion and realize how truly stirred I was when I undertook the job of combatting this hydra-headed monster which you might call "Modern Child Psychology"—if you wanted to be polite about the names you were calling it.

Now there are two ways of "Telling the World"—there's writing down what you feel, which helps a lot and reaches loads of people and relieves your own feelings, and there's that method par-ex-

(Continued on page 120)

Voice of the Listener

Helped in Early Days

I WISH to congratulate you upon the present fine magazine. I will never forget when, in the first of 1922, I bought one of the first Radio receivers that came to this city, and my experience with it would fill a book if I had a sufficient vocabulary. I wanted some instructions, but was told by the seller there were none. "Just sit down and turn the dials, you can't hurt it," and the most that anyone did was to overload the tubes and call the thing a failure. So I had to make it my duty to learn something about my \$250 investment, and bought everything that had Radio printed on it, which did not profit me much until, in Utica, N. Y., one day, I passed a cigar store that had a Radio Digest hanging in the window. I lost no time in getting that, the last one they had. It saved the day for Radio and me. No one here had ever seen the Radio Digest, and I sent to you for more copies, and finally the newsdealer could get them. I will always carry in my mind the page or two of "How to tune your Radio." Then there came several Radio publications, including "The Wireless Age," but they all failed to remain in the field, with the exception of your paper of a few pages, which was in rags before I had loaned it to all that I wanted to see it. Then came the numerous changes, and look what it is now; and may it continue to prosper, as we listeners like to hear of and see the people behind the mike, and I might say, with the exception of a year or two of illness, I have bought the Radio Digest or have been a subscriber, and also sent it to a friend as a Christmas present.—Mrs. Senior Mitchell, 9 Webster St., Little Falls, N. Y.

Cheers for Smith Family

I am a regular reader of Radio Digest. Buy one as soon as the new copy is issued, and I want to say that everyone that owns a Radio ought to read the magazine, if he or she really wants to enjoy his Radio. I also look forward to every new issue with great anticipation to see whose pictures are in it, and articles on the various artists and stations, and then I usually tune in the stations and then I look up the artists, whose pictures appear in the Radio Digest. I enjoy the Radio much more in this manner. Certainly would appreciate if the artists from station WENR would appear in the next issue, the Smith Family especially. Well, all in all, they are great. I enjoy the program every Wednesday. The dials of my Radio don't move far from WENR on Wednesday at 9 p. m., and I often have big crowds listening in. Mary and Bob is another feature which is very enjoyable, and I bet at times there are thousands and thousands of women, especially, crying at one time over the sad story while the broadcasting is going on. I enjoy the "Voice of Listeners," and am saving my votes. Best wishes and good luck to the magazine and the Radio fans.—Mrs. F. C. Kalles, 400 E. Waco St., Ennis, Texas.

Time Leads Enchantment

I, too, agree with our old-timer from Mississippi, that the "good old days" of Radio were the best—but that is because of the enchantment of distance—just like the picture of our mothers before their locks were frosted is the sweetest. I think I read the first issue of the Digest, but I had no desire to preserve the copies and have them bound for permanent library reference, as is the case with the present magazine in its one, artistic form. Radioland is a wonderful realm, and peopled by a rapidly-growing world of most interesting souls. I am old-fashioned enough to feel it to be one of the modern miracles, perhaps the greatest. Its progress cannot be blocked, and no one can foresee its destiny when television becomes a household fact. By the way, I was fortunate enough to be appearing on the program of KFI on that New Year occasion when they brought in the first long distance program, and the elation of the studio staff may be imagined. On the same night Marion Nixon, one of the Wampas baby stars, made her debut on the air.—Thomas Elinore Lucy, Alton, Ill.

Strong for Local Station

We folks who listen to and enjoy the splendid programs that are now on the air should be more free in our expressions as to likes and dislikes, but we like to follow the law of the least resistance, and, unless it is convenient to write a card or letter, we just don't do it. When we consider the remarkable stride made by Radio, both in the receiving and broadcasting, it is truly wonderful. The programs, as a whole,

are very fine, but, unless we watch our step, the chain stations will be the Cears of the Air. I like WLW best, because they still keep enough of their program free from chain programs to give us variety and purely local Cincinnati programs. The stations, which are almost entirely chain programs are almost entirely submerged, and listeners do not think of the program as from the local station, but rather as from the New York studio of the chain broadcasting. I do not approve of the language used at times by Mr. Henderson at KWKH, but his language should be censored and not his station closed. We must remember this is SUPPOSED to be a free country. Our press often prints the same language, but it sounds worse when spoken than when read.—Clair W. Garner, Bradenton, Fla.

From Good Old Days

We think the Radio Digest is sure O. K. We have been taking it from the time we purchased our first Radio. There is sure some difference between those first issues and the February, 1930, issue we just received. We would sure have some battle with our newsdealer if he forgot to save our Radio Digest. Personally, I think the November issue the best ever. I sure liked it with all the stations listed in one book. It is so handy, and the extra log space we used to list our favorite programs. Hope there is another soon. I don't like my Radio piled up with call books. We have our pet kick, also. If the Federal Radio commission would only visit us some evening and just listen for awhile. We get Amos and Andy on KDKA and settle down to enjoy the evening. Then WDC, on our side, and WCFL, on the other, decide to meet in the middle and crowd KDKA off the air. WLS comes in on KWKH. Then the battle between KYW and KTHS for No. 31 on our dial, which is where KTHS has a right to come in. And so on through the night it's the same story. I am sure if Mr. Riley was home during their visit they would all agree that Mr. W. K. Henderson of KWKH has a lot to learn when it comes to strong language. But we have this to be thankful for: While the Radio reception is getting worse and worse, the Radio Digest grows bigger and better. Hoping it keeps growing.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Riley, 826 N. Broadway, Havana, Ill.

Digest Lag Helped

Just a few lines to tell you how much I like your Radio Digest magazine. Recently I constructed a five-tube set, and, after many hours of work, I got the set to operate with satisfactory results. I tuned many nearby stations, such as WWJ, WJR of Detroit, WLW, Cincinnati, and WTAM at Cleveland. The station which I was "shining" for was KWKH at Shreveport, La. I wanted to listen to Mr. Henderson, who is a speaker against chain stores. I had heard a great deal about this station KWKH, but I had never received them over my set. I tried to get them, but could not. I had the dials on every number, but I did not know what wave length they broadcast on. So immediately I got a Radio log recently published in your Radio Digest, and I looked up Station KWKH and found that it broadcasts on a close wave-length with WLS. I tuned WLS and then tried to get KWKH, and after a little tuning I had KWKH, a station I had longed to get. If I had not had a Radio Digest near my Radio work bench I probably would never have got KWKH. From that time till the present date I have always kept a Radio Digest log near my work bench. And I think all people tuning or constructing different sets should keep one of these Radio Logs near by.—F. A. Kerhany, Blissfield, Mich.

You May Have Heard WCFL

I have been told to write you for the information I desire. I received call letters KUKU, Voice of Inspiration at 970kc, Wed., Jan. 13th, at 8:30 p. m. I would like to know where this program came from.—Edward Safelett, 63 Galen St., S. Milwaukee.

Wishes Have Been Noted

I do enjoy and have taken for years—old weekly—your Radio Digest, continue to think it the best there is in Radio. But do wish more news related to our West. That you would again add the old "Official Wave Length" in call department, and if possible include in each the easily gotten foreign stations—and we all wish for a map sometime. That you would again add

the "Song Hits." That you would include CBS programs. The daily chain is a great help, though not often including KGO or KFI, though I have to get the Chicago Civic Opera direct from KDKA, I would rather have more musical Radio-artist information and pictures (Billy Jones—Ernie Hare) than stories. And on DX hunting we do need the call often—an often half hour wait—anyway these are all my desires, and in meantime am delighted with it as it is. Best of success and good luck! Half blind, hence pencil and need of Radio.—Mrs. I. C. Healy, 457 Bermuda Ave., Ocean Beach, Calif.

Page 38, January Issue

Enclosed ballots in Popular Station contest, I enjoy your magazine, have had the last two copies. Could you give a special article on "Cheerio" from Station WFAF and associated stations every morning at 7:30 Central Standard Time? I assure you it would be a great attraction, for so many wish to know who he is, etc. and so on. If you cannot give a special article right now, let "Marcella" answer in her column. We enjoyed Amos 'n' Andy so much, that is really why I bought the last two issues. They are the most popular entertainers on the air. I only wish my local station, WAPI, could arrange to broadcast their feature. Tell us more about the larger stations and their artists and announcers, as we all love a peep behind the scenes. Wishing you all success.—Mrs. S. P. Wynns, 2014 Easley Ave., Easley, Birmingham, Ala.

Wants Local Performers

First, I am going to tell you that I think the Radio Digest is just what listeners have been wanting, and I do enjoy it, and look forward to it. In the February issue some listener writes, "Who cares for local programs?" Well, I, for one, wish to firmly state that, although I enjoy some of the chain programs, it is the local programs of WMAQ which has made this my favorite station, and there is no chain program on the air (and I have heard them all) which I would not gladly forego for one of the Three Doctors programs, and I do not know of any announcer I like better than Bill Hay. Also Amos and Andy were what she calls local programs at one time, I am certainly not against chain broadcasts, but I do think that it is the personalities of your local performers that make your favorite station. I should be a most unhappy person if WMAQ should become a station to broadcast only chain programs, because those who wish chain programs can get them elsewhere, but I want the voices of the local performers, and may they never be taken away.—Mrs. Carl Anderson, Moline, Ill.

One by One They Come

In the February Radio Digest I see you have a picture of the announcing staff of WCAP. I would like to see a picture of Columbia staff of WABC—Frank Knight, David Ross, and others—if possible. If you have published one please let me know what month, as I just started to take Radio Digest in January. Thanking you kindly. Yours truly—Miss M. Doyle, 67 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio.

Something for Everyone

I am a recent subscriber to your wonderful magazine, and eagerly and impatiently await its arrival each month. I have enjoyed my Radio much more since reading the Digest and becoming better acquainted with the different artists and announcers. How about giving us a write up of that interesting "Something for Every One" program from WABC—Mr. Nitzger, in particular? He makes his announcing very appealing to many of his admirers' way down here in "Disio." Also his picture.—Mrs. Walton Lee, Como, Miss.

Better and Better

Just keep up the good work. Radio Digest seems to improve every month. I wouldn't miss a copy. Please credit my notes to WLW. I'm sure it is the most popular and best station on the air.—Mrs. Lewis Forney, Lucasville, Ohio, Route 1.

Good Old St. Nick

One of my Xmas gifts was a year's subscription to your magazine, and I consider it the best gift of all. I surely do enjoy it. It fills a long-felt want among Radio fans. I am hoping sometime to find within its pages a good picture of Collier's "sweetheart girl" and her name, and

something about her; also more about "Uncle Henry" and "Mr. Editor." Also would very much like to see a picture of Frank Knight of CBS and the others who take part in "Arabesque." Have enjoyed every article and picture in the last five issues, and go through every number, not once, but many times. I also pass them on to my friends. Here's good luck to you from a sincere Digest fan.—Mrs. H. R. Esselstyn, Boulder, Colo.

Can You Help Mr. Weiss?

We are just organizing a Radio club in Chinoak to eliminate Radio interference. We would greatly appreciate any advice that you would give us as how to go about it and what set would be the most satisfactory in detecting radio interference. Thanking you for this favor, I remain, J. W. Weiss, Chinoak, Mont.

Lost Money for These Boys

Wish you could get the announcers to say "WOWO," etc., right after each piece, same as WJR. I have listened to some "hoob" asking for donations and announcing "next piece will be" for over 15 minutes, but no station letters. Lost Money on his part.—W. C. Newton, D. C., 66 Curtis St., St. Thomas.

Trouble Probably in Your Set

Am having trouble in separating WTAM, Cleveland, from WBT, Charlotte, N. C., and sometimes even a third station "cuts" in. Could you give any suggestions on what could be done about the interference. I am pleased with the Digest, especially the "Private Life of Amos 'n' Andy." Please enter me as a member of the V. O. L. club.—John Michler, Coplay, Pa.

DX'er Applauds Log

I sure enjoy your Voice of the Listener column, and have enjoyed your Radio magazine since the first issue. I sure like DXing, as I have received 267 stations throughout the world; 176 verified foreign stations, 591 verified in United States—every state in the Union—and 100 stations not verified. Your book is a great help for DX'ers with its up-to-date log book, with latest changes. Cannot wait until I receive the March issue.—Joseph Baskys, Chicago, Ill.

Personal Auditions Are Granted

I am a reader of the Radio Digest and have often wondered if you could give me a bit of information which would prove valuable to me. I would appreciate it very much. Do you know if unknown artists ever get a chance to perform over the Radio, or, must they have someone to speak for them? I am a singer and have written for auditions to numerous stations, but do not even receive an answer. I presume they are all very busy, which I guess you are, also. I pray I am not taking up too much of your time, for I most say you put out an interesting magazine. In your February issue you suggest the readers writing in to you telling what they think should be written in the columns. I think it would be interesting to relate how some of the artists attained their goal, not just a mere outline of how they passed from one success to another. For instance, Olive Palmer's little sketch—how she sang over the telephone to a director located at the opposite coast, and was engaged. It is easy for someone to climb, once they have attained a few rungs of the ladder. Folks are also interested in how they attained the bottom rung.—Pauline M. Courtney, Trenton, N. J.

Long Live "Indi-Gest"

Regarding the reopening of our old Indi-Gest column, I am very much in favor of this feature being revived. No doubt the majority, or I believe all, of the old readers who remember it so well, would voice my sentiments also; and it would be something new for those who at that time knew neither Radio nor the Digest.

Those who contributed in the old days knew each other after a fashion. For instance, Miss Rheta Sheldon and I knew each other well enough (via Indi-Gest) to indulge in a little poetic discussion of one another's graces and shortcomings, and others praised or criticized still others. The items and quips supplied by its conductor were interesting and amusing also. I believe that a column of such light reading is an asset to any magazine. Even our newspapers, full of the serious news of the day, believe in this theory, and print the light matter supplied by the various columnists, O. G. McIntyre, Casey and others. As I go about town I note little things, small, unimportant happenings, peculiarly worded or spelled signs, etc., and in writing my folks in Boston I string a lot of this together for my own and their amusement, and they get quick a kick out of that sort of letter.

Just before starting this letter I was listening to KLZ here in Denver, and heard him spread-

ing the gospel of "Radio Digest" over the air. His mention of the Amos 'n' Andy articles alone should interest many new listeners.

As one writer to V. O. L. said: "The Digest is all dressed up now," but perhaps when "our column" returns, and they see the names of contributors whose stuff they used to read and enjoy, and many of whom will be heard from again, they will realize that it is the same old R. D. after all; improved in appearance, grown up in the past few years, but still the same, with the same heart, light and carefree—"The Indi-Gest Column"—with a place in it for all who care to come in; a welcome abode to old timers and newcomers all.—Geo. Donaghy, 1143 Larimer St., Denver, Colo.

Try an Audition

Would like to know how to get into Radio. I'm a violinist, playing 14 years.—John Michler, Coplay, Pa.

It would be a good idea to first find some nearby station or stations and secure an audition test. If you pass that it is up to you.

Doesn't Like Amos 'n' Andy

After seeing so much about Amos 'n' Andy in the January issue of Radio Digest, I was more than surprised to see five more pages devoted to them in the February issue. I was just disgusted.

I have not noticed any other Radio stars being written up quite so much, and there are plenty more worthy of publicity than those two "hick hams." They are not even funny and their poor attempts to talk like darkeys are laughable. They evidently have never heard southern negroes talk or they would not have the nerve to broadcast their puny efforts in this direction.

I have been in public places when they have been broadcast and was very much amused to notice the type of people who were listening with enjoyment—all the old fogies in the place and people who wouldn't have the sense to appreciate real humor.

So, Mr. Editor, please don't waste any more good space on such a pair.—Lucy Barrett, Chicago.

A Real Veteran Drummer

Just a line or so to let you know that I purchased one of your Radio Digests from a newsstand and I'm well pleased with it and the information I got from its pages. I'm pretty much interested in the Radio, for a man of my age, but I'm a lover of good music, and the peppy side of life. I was born in the year 1847. I learned to play the snare drum at the age of 12 years and I became a real expert as a snare drummer; it seemed to be a second nature to me. I had no one to instruct or teach me even the rudimentary part of the drum. So you see I'm a self-made drummer. I played the drum during the Lincoln and Douglas presidential campaign for the marching clubs of those stirring days of 1860. Two years later, Aug. 25, 1862, I enlisted at Leona, Ill., to serve my country as a drummer for three years or during the war, which ended April, 1865. I still retain the title of being the major or best snare drummer of the army of the Cumberland. I also claim the title of being the best snare drummer in this or in any other land for a man of my age. I'm now in my 82nd year and I can play the '64 roll as easy and smooth as it can be played. I can play with any sort of a musical organization. I have 70 years of experience. I sure would like to prove my skill as snare drummer at some nearby Radio station.—Capt. W. H. H. Baker, 816 61st St., Valley Junction, Iowa.

Why not try an audition at one of your nearby stations. They will be glad to give you a chance if you appear in person.

The Ax, Mr. Commissioner!

As a reader of your very fine magazine, I would like to express, through the medium of its pages, what I believe to be, not only my opinion, but also that of the majority of the Radio set owners in the United States, in regard to the overcrowding of wavelengths.

No matter where dials are set, a whistle is caused by stations being too closely allocated.

Does this tend to help the Radio fans to enjoy the programs to the fullest? No.

Half of the fading and so-called "static" is to my mind, caused by this overcrowding.

Can anything be done about it? I see no reason why there can't. There are somewhere in the neighborhood of 700 stations in the United States and Canada.

On the wavelength of 2280 meters, or 1310 kilocycles, there are listed 53 stations. Rather crowded, don't you think?

Now, why not "swing the ax" on some of these stations. Instead of 700 stations, cut the number to around 500.

By doing this you will find that radio interest will double, and that fans everywhere will be satisfied.—James J. Quinlan, 12 Spring St., Pease Dale, R. I.

Contest Letters

WLW Pleases Him Best

For some time we had quite a time deciding which station was our favorite. There are several stations we like, when we can get them. Finally we made up our minds that WLW, Cincinnati, was the best all-around station on the air for several reasons. Chief among them is that in the four years we have been tuning them in we have never caught WLW running all over the air, crowding everybody else out. And no other station interferes much with them. So, for those reasons and the following: Clear reception, musical tone, service, all-day broadcast, square dealing, educational and interesting subjects, and variety of good music, and not all chain programs, we rate WLW the world's best.—William Riley and Family, 836 N. Broadway, Havana, Ill.

Votes for W. K. Henderson

I think W. K. Henderson and his station KWKH should be acclaimed the most popular station on the air today, because he is not only sending out plenty of entertainment over the air but he is doing our country a world of good in his spirited fight against the chain store system.—Floyd Wernitz, 1150 Diamond Avenue, South Bend, Indiana.

Old-Time Music at KFKB

I have not found a station that composes its programs of the old-time pieces of music that are old but not forgotten, and that is why I wish to nominate and vote for Station KFKB of Milford, Kan., and congratulate them on their programs.—Howard L. Cassat, Salida, Colo.

Enclosed find four coupon ballots numbered 1 to 4, which please credit to station KOIN, Portland, Ore.—Mrs. C. A. Teller, Buxton, Ore.

A WENR Enthusiast

I just got a February issue of Radio Digest, the first I have ever seen. I saw in it about the contest for your favorite Radio station. I am sending in the nomination slip for WENR, the best station on the air. I think it is wonderful, as it tries to please everybody. It has the minstrel show that people like so well. The Smile club on Sunday afternoons that Everett Mitchell shut-ins love so well.—Jean McKenzie, Elizabeth, Illinois.

KFI for Local Programs

Enclosed please find ballots which credit to one of the most popular stations on the Pacific Coast, KFI. I have tuned in on KFI for four years every day. Always received the best—all five talent. The announcers are perfect. Their eastern broadcasts are most wonderful. I am a fan of the deepest dye. Have owned six radios and gone all over the world. Distance is what I crave. But, for home talent, give me KFI, when I am not on the air in Japan or some other out of the way place. Was down to JOAR at 2:30 a. m. the other night and 6KW, Cuba. Lots of fun getting in new stations.—Jennie Whitfield, Box 61, Fontana, Calif.

WLS His "Only One"

As I see it, there is only one station to vote for once you have been listening in on them, so I want to cast my vote in favor of WLS, The Prairie Farmer Station, Chicago. Their programs are always of the best and it seems that the whole studio force is doing their work with a spirit different from any other station; in short, they seem to act human and make you feel you are right there with them. Last, but not least, their drives for funds at Christmas time and during the recent Illinois and Indiana flood disaster certainly is setting a fine example for other stations to follow. More power to WLS, and here is hoping they win.—C. W. Peterson, Yellow Lake, Wis.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Chain Calendar Features

Sunday

Eastern 9 a.m.		Central 8	Mountain 7	Pacific 6
The Balladgers.				
Meters	Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-600kc)	Call	Meters	Call
300	1000	WTO	508.2	300
454.3	600	WEAF		WOW

12:30 p.m.		11:00	10:30	9:30
The Nomads.				
Meters	Key Station—WJZ (1294.5m-760kc)	Call	Meters	Call
231.1	1350	KWK	315.6	250
252.8	1000	WBAL	304.3	700

1 p.m.		12 n.	11 a.m.	10 a.m.
National Light Opera.				
Meters	Key Station—WJZ (1294.5m-760kc)	Call	Meters	Call
255.4	1460	KSTP	312.5	900
272.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950
284.2	1200	WEBC	306	820
285.3	1130	KSL	309.8	750
292.8	1000	WBAL	423.3	700

Troika Bell		1	12 n.	11
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-600kc)				
Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters
357.1	1130	KSL	441	600
299.8	1000	WOC	454.2	900
325.9	950	WWJ	545.1	700
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550
344.6	850	WLS		WGR

2		1	12 n.	11
Roxy Symphony Concert.				
Meters	Key Station—WJZ (1294.5m-760kc)	Call	Meters	Call
235.4	1400	KSTP	315.6	950
234.2	1200	WEBC	304.5	750
252.8	1000	WBAL	309.8	750
285.3	1020	KYW	423.3	700
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680
305.9	960	WBZA	493.0	620
312.5	900	KDKA	508.2	500
		CKGW		WTAA

3		2	1	12 n.
Chicago Symphony Orchestra.				
Meters	Key Station—Chicago Studios	Call	Meters	Call
295.4	1460	KSTP	483.6	620
234.2	1200	WEBC	491.2	610
292.8	1000	WOC	508.2	500
309.8	750	WTR	545.1	550
416.4	720	WGN		KSD

3 p.m.		2	1	12 n.
Symphonic Hour.				
Meters	Key Station—WABC (1248.6-600)	Call	Meters	Call
49.2	61.20	W2XK	267.7	1120
204	1470	KFBW	275.1	1090
209.7	1400	WLP	315.6	950
212.8	1410	WBCN	322.4	930
215.7	1300	WTK	333.1	900
215.7	1300	KFPY	348.6	860
215.8	1300	KLRA	370.2	810
221.7	1340	WSPD	384.4	780
227.1	1320	WADC	394.5	750
231.6	1300	WTR	441	620
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	600
232.4	1290	KOYL	486.2	600
234.2	1280	WDDO	499.2	600
238	1260	KOIL	499.7	600
238	1260	WGRW	516.9	580
241.8	1240	WGHF	521	570
243.3	1238	WNAK	535.4	560
246.3	1170	WFAO	545.1	550
258.3	1180	WOWO		WKRK

4		3	2	1
Cathedral Hour.				
Meters	Key Station—W2XK (49.2-61.20), WABC (1248.6-600)	Call	Meters	Call
294	1470	WKRW	275.1	1090
212.8	1410	WBCN	315.6	950
215.7	1300	WTK	319	940
215.8	1300	KLRA	333.1	900
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860
238	1260	KOIL	370.2	810
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780
241.8	1240	WGHF	447.5	670
243.3	1238	WJAX	442.5	650
246.3	1170	WNAK	499.7	600
252.8	1170	WJAX	499.7	600
258.3	1180	WOWO	545.1	550
267.7	1120	WISN		WKRK

5 p.m.		4	3	2
McKesson News Reel of the Air.				
Meters	Key Station—W2XK (49.2-61.20), WABC (1248.6-600)	Call	Meters	Call
49.2	61.20	W2XK	267.7	1120
201.2	1460	WJAX	258.3	1140
204	1470	WKRW	275.1	1090
209.7	1400	KFPY	275.1	1090
209.8	440	WHEB	288.3	1040
212.8	960	KMBC	319	940
215.7	1300	KLRA	322.4	930
215.7	1300	WTK	333.1	900
221.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900
227.1	1320	KVI	333.1	900
227.1	1320	KFPY	348.6	860
231.6	1300	KFH	370.2	810
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780
234.2	1280	KOYL	442.5	650
234.2	1280	WDDO	475.9	600
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610
238	1260	KOIL	497.7	600
241.8	1240	WGHF	526	570
243.3	1238	WJAX	535.4	560
246.3	1170	WNAK	545.1	550

8:30		8:30	4:30	3:30
Old Company's Songbook.				
Meters	Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-600kc)	Call	Meters	Call
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	500
319	940	WVNH	516.8	590
335.0	900	WJAX	536	560
379.7	790	WVY	545.1	550
454.3	600	WEAF		WGR

7		6	5	4
Durant Heroes of the World.				
Meters	Key Station—WABC (1248.6-600)	Call	Meters	Call
206.8	1450	WFC	280.2	1070
225.4	1320	WMSH	299.8	1000
227.1	1320	WMSH	299.8	1000
234.2	1200	WEBC	312.5	950
238	1260	WOC	322.4	930
243.3	1150	WQAI	319	940
263	1140	KVOI	325.9	920
263	1140	WAFI	325.9	920
270.1	1110	WRVA	333.1	900
272.5	1080	WBT	333.1	900

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 April:

Sunday
Atwater Kent Hour
Arabesque

Monday
Empire Builders
General Motors Family Party

Tuesday
American School of the Air
Around the World with Libby

Wednesday
Floyd Gibbons
Grand Opera Concert

Thursday
RCA Victor Hour
True Detective Mysteries

Friday
Music Appreciation Hour
Brown-Bilt Footlights

Saturday
B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky
Strike Orchestra
Nit-Wit Hour

Eastern 7 p.m.		Central 6	Mountain 5	Pacific 4
Durant Heroes of the World.				
Meters	Key Station—WABC (1248.6-600)	Call	Meters	Call
336.9	800	WJAX	461.6	620
344.8	870	WLSH	461.6	620
361.2	830	KGA	491.5	610
365.8	820	WNAS	506.3	580
379.5	790	WGY	516.7	580
384.4	780	WMC	525.4	560
405.2	740	WSD	533.4	540
440.5	680	WPT	545.1	520
454.3	660	WEAF	545.1	520

7:30 p.m.		6:30	5:30	4:30
Major Bowes Family.				
Meters	Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-600kc)	Call	Meters	Call
205.5	1460	KSTP	322.4	930
206.8	1450	WFC	331.1	920
225.4	1320	WMSH	336.9	890
227.1	1320	WMSH	336.9	890
236.1	1270	WDX	379.5	780
245.6	1230	WCAE	384.4	780
252	1190	WQAI	405.2	740
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610
288.3	1040	KTHS	506.2	580
294.8	1000	WVY	525.4	560
315.0	950	WRC	545.1	520

8:15 p.m.		7:15	6:15	5:15
Edna Jetrich Melodians.				
Meters	Key Station—WJZ (1294.5m-760kc)	Call	Meters	Call
202.7	1400	WCKY	325.9	920
205.4	1400	KSTP	325.9	920
221.2	1350	KWK	331.1	900
227.1	1320	WMSH	361.2	830
236.1	1270	WDX	379.5	780
236.1	1270	WDX	379.5	780
243.3	1230	WNAS	405.2	740
252	1190	WQAI	405.2	740
267.7	1150	WHAM	461.6	620
268.3	1130	KSL	428.7	700
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620
305.9	960	KDKA	499.7	600
312.5	900	CKGW	533.4	540

La Palina Rhapsodizers.		Key Station—W2XK (49.2-61.20), WABC (1248.6-600)
Meters	Call	Meters
223.7	1340	WSPD
227.1	1320	WADC
232.4	1290	WJAS
238	1260	KOIL
243.3	1238	WJAX
243.3	1238	WJAX
246.3	1170	WNAK
252.8	1150	WVY
257.7	1120	WISN

8:15 p.m.		7:15	6:15	5:15
Collier's Radio Hour.				
Meters	Key Station—WJZ (1294.5m-760kc)	Call	Meters	Call
202.7	1400	WCKY	325.9	920
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830
245.8	1220	WREN	394.3	760
267.7	1150	WHAM	428.7	700
267.7	1150	WHAM	428.7	700
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620
305.9	960	KDKA	499.7	600

Eastern 8:30 a.m.		Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	Pacific 5:30
Chase and Sanborn Choral Orchestra.				
Meters	Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-600kc)	Call	Meters	Call
206.8	1450	WFC	344.1	870
227.1	1320	WMSH	355.5	820
234.2	1200	WEBC	374.8	800
245.6	1130	WCAE	379.5	790
252	1100	WQAI	384.4	780
263.2	1140	KVOI	405.2	740
272.5	1080	WBT	423.3	700
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610
299.8	1000	WBT	499.7	600
312.5	960	CKGW	508	



Perhaps Wiktor Labunski is seeking inspiration to pass on to his audience on the Sunday night at the Baldwin hour, NBC feature.

Eastern 10:45		Central 9:45		Mountain 8:45		Pacific 7:45	
Sunday at Seth Parker's Key Station—WEAF (434.3m-600kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
208.8	1450	WFLC	333.1	900	WJAX		
245.6	1225	WYAE	361	820	KOA		
251.8	820	WHAS	370.5	790	WGV		
272.8	1000	WRC	380	790	KGO		
315.6	950	WIC	385	780	WMC		
319	840	WVSB	398.2	790	WQW		
321.9	920	WWJ	399	790	WYCI		
326	920	KPRC	425.4	960	WIOD		
331.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR		
11:00 Luxurious Time Key Station—WJZ (394.5-540)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
243.8	1220	WREN	395.9	900	KDKA		
362.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ		
362.8	990	WBZ					
11:45 Armchair Quartet Key Station—WJZ							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
221.1	1350	KWK	315.0	900			
245.6	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ		
305.9	990	KDKA					

Eastern 12:45 p.m.		Central 11:45 a.m.		Mountain 10:45		Pacific 9:45	
National Farm and Home Hour Key Station—WJZ (394.5-540)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY		
221.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX		
232.2	1200	WVSB	340	770	KFAR		
236.1	1200	WIDR	361.2	830	KOA		
243.8	1220	WREN	365.9	820	WHAS		
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WTAA		
267.7	1050	WHAM	375	800	WDFP		
303	1140	KVOD	384.4	780	WMC		
310.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ		
317.4	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJH		
325.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSE		
333.9	1020	KYWK	408.3	700	WLV		
341.9	1020	KEKX	440.9	680	WTFP		
349.8	1000	WHD	461.8	650	WSM		
362.8	990	WBZ	483.6	630	WTMJ		
362.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WVBC		
365.6	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WQW		
375.9	960	WRC	525.4	560	WIOD		
377.2	920	KPRC					
7 The President Program, Amos 'n' Andy Key Station—WJZ (394.5-540)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.7	1480	WKY	305.9	900	KDKA		
230	1200	WJAX	315.9	900	WRC		
267.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ		
270	1150	WRVA	399.8	750	WJH		
272.6	1080	WBT	434.8	600	WQW		
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WTFP		
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WHD		
8 Rex and His Gang Key Station—WJZ (394.5-540)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	900	CKGW		
232.2	1200	WVSB	324.5	740	WJZ		
241.8	1270	WIDR	405.2	740	WJH		
262	1150	WHAM	440.9	680	WTFP		
302.8	990	WBZ	461.8	650	WSM		
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WHD		
9 The Voice of Firestone Key Station—WEAF (434.3m-600kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX		
206.4	1450	WVSB	333.1	900	WKY		
225.4	1220	WYAE	336.9	890	WTAR		
227.1	1220	WVSB	355.6	820	WHAS		
234.2	1200	WVSB	370.5	790	WYCI		
241.8	1200	WVSB	384.4	780	WQW		
262	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WJH		
267.7	1140	KVOD	414.3	690	WEAF		
267.7	1140	KVOD	461.8	650	WSM		
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	630	WTMJ		
272.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WVBC		
283.9	1020	KYWK	508.2	590	WQW		
283.9	1020	KYWK	508.2	590	WQW		
312.5	960	CKGW	516.9	580	WTAR		
312.5	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WVBC		
317.4	1080	WFSB	538.4	550	WQW		
325.8	920	KPRC	545.1	530	KVOD		
325.8	920	KPRC	545.1	530	WGR		

Monday

10 a.m.		8		7	
Ida Bailey Allen (National Radio Home Makers Club) Key Station—WABC (424.5-600)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
211.2	1290	WTK	275.1	1050	KMOX
221.2	1200	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1220	WABC	333.1	900	WFB
232.4	1200	WYAE	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1200	KOO	370.2	810	WXXD
241.8	1200	WCHP	384.4	780	WEAW
243.8	1220	WYAE	389.4	770	WDRM
256.3	1170	WCAU	425.4	830	WMAJ
258	1170	WQW	490.7	600	WYAE
274.8	1120	WYAE	545.1	550	WGR
11:15 a.m. Radio Household Institute Key Station—WEAF (434.3m-600)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WQW
245.6	1220	WYAE	454.3	660	WEAF
290.2	1020	WTAM	483.6	630	WTMJ
291.9	1020	KYWK	508.2	590	WQW
311.6	960	WRC	516.9	580	WTAR
319	940	WCHS	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WVJ	545.1	550	WGR
356.9	890	WYAE	545.1	550	WGR
374.8	860	WSAI			
12 n. Columbia Review Key Station—WABC (424.5-600)					
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
40.2	6120	WXYL	315.6	950	KMBC
209.7	1430	WHD	333.1	900	WFB
115.8	1390	KTRA	333.1	900	WMAK
227.1	1220	WABC	370.2	810	WXXD
232.4	1200	WYAE	384.4	780	WEAW
238	1200	KOO	475.4	830	WMAJ
241.8	1220	WYAE	491.5	610	WVBC
241.8	1220	WYAE	491.5	610	WVBC
258.5	1160	WQW	526	570	WGR

Eastern 8:30		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Ipsa Transmitters and Instant Showers Alternate Weeks Key Station—WJZ (394.5-540)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
227.1	1200	KWK	245.8	1220	WREN		
234.2	1200	WVSB	252	1190	WOAI		
270.1	1110	WRVA	305.7	1100	WYAE		
272.8	1080	WBT	364.4	790	WMC		
288.3	1040	KTHS	380.4	770	KFAR		
293.9	1020	KYWK	394.5	760	WJZ		
302.8	960	WRC	392.8	750	WJR		
305.2	960	WBZA	405.2	740	WSB		
305.9	960	WBZA	428.3	730	WYAE		
325.8	920	KPRC	461.8	650	WSM		
331.1	900	WKY	483.6	630	WTMJ		
331.1	900	WJAX	535.4	520	WIOD		
8:30 Coco Counters Key Station—WABC (424.5-600)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1440	WHEC	315.6	950	KMBC		
211.2	1290	WTK	333.1	900	WFB		
221.2	1200	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK		
227.1	1220	WABC	370.2	810	WXXD		
232.4	1200	WYAE	384.4	780	WEAW		
238	1200	KOO	422.3	710	WDR		
238	1200	WCHP	447.3	670	WMAO		
241.8	1220	WYAE	475.4	830	WMAJ		
243.8	1200	WVSB	490.7	600	WYAE		
256.3	1170	WQW	545.1	550	WGR		
275.1	1090	KMOX					
8:30 A and P Gypsies Key Station—WEAF (434.3m-600)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
225.4	1200	WYAE	491.5	610	WVBC		
245.6	1220	WYAE	499.7	600	WYAE		
261.9	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WQW		
315.6	960	WRC	508.2	590	WQW		
319	940	WCHS	505.2	590	WJH		
325.9	920	WVJ	516.9	580	WTAR		
326.9	890	WYAE	535.4	560	WVBC		
331.1	900	WYAE	545.1	550	KSD		
454.3	600	WEAF					
9 p.m. Physical Culture Magazine Hour Key Station—WABC (424.5-600)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
211.2	1290	WTK	275.1	1050	KMOX		
221.2	1200	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC		
227.1	1220	WABC	333.1	900	WFB		
232.4	1200	WYAE	352.3	860	WEAF		
238	1200	KOO	384.4	780	WEAW		
241.8	1200	WCHP	422.3	710	WDR		
241.8	1200	WCHP	447.3	670	WMAO		
243.8	1220	WYAE	475.4	830	WMAJ		
243.8	1220	WYAE	490.7	600	WYAE		
256.3	1170	WQW	545.1	550	WGR		
9:30 General Motors Family Party Key Station—WEAF (434.3m-600)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC		
225.4	1280	WYAE	405.8	740	WSB		
333.1	900	WYAE	416.4	720	WGN		
245.6	1220	WYAE	440.9	680	KPO		
252	1190	WOAI	452.3	660	WEAF		
265.3	1130	KSL	461.8	650	WSM		
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI		

Tuesday

Eastern 8:30 a.m.			Central 7:30			Mountain 6:30			Pacific 5:30		
Cheerio.											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)											
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
302.1	1460	WCKY	338.9	960	WJAR	279.5	790	WGY	258.5	1160	WOMO
275.4	1040	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY	279.5	790	WGY	258.5	1160	WOMO
234.2	1290	WFBZ	405.2	740	WBL	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
248.6	1230	WVAE	405.2	740	WBL	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
278.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WFAE	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
277.5	1080	WBT	461.6	620	WTMJ	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
280.2	1070	WTAM	471.5	610	WDAF	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
299.4	1000	WOG	499.7	600	WTHC	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFLI	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
315.6	950	WB	508.2	590	WFLI	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
325.9	920	WWJ	538.4	560	WFI	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR
331.1	900	WJAX	543.1	550	WGR	312.8	950	KMBR	312.8	950	KMBR

10			9			8			7		
Ida Baileer Allen.											
Key Station—WXXE (48.3m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)											
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG
215.2	1390	WBK	273.1	1080	KMOX	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG
221.1	1360	WSPD	312.8	950	KMBR	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG
227.1	1320	WADC	331.1	900	WFBZ	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.9	860	WAG	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG
238	1260	KOH	384.4	780	WEAN	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WIBM	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG
241.8	1240	WGHP	454.3	640	WAG	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG
243.8	1230	WSAI	461.6	620	WMAI	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO	204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWG

11:15			10:15			9:15			8:15		
Radio Household Institute.											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)											
205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY
245.0	1230	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY
280.3	1070	WTAM	461.6	620	WTMJ	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY
299.8	1000	WOG	499.7	600	WTHC	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY
312.6	950	WB	508.2	590	WFLI	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY
325.9	920	WVI	535.4	560	WLIY	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY
336.9	890	WJAR	543.1	550	KSD	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY
374.8	800	WSAI	543.1	550	WGR	205.4	1460	KSTP	279.5	790	WGY

12 n.			11			10			9		
Columbia Review.											
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)											
49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
215.7	1390	WBK	384.4	790	WEAN	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	391.4	760	KTI	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
227.1	1320	WADC	425.9	630	WMAI	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
234.9	1290	WJAS	491.5	610	WFAE	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KPRC	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
243.9	1230	WJAX	499.7	600	WMT	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WVIC	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
319	940	KMBR	526	570	WBNB	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
323	930	WDBJ	536	570	WVNU	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
333	900	KHI	536	560	KLZ	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO
333.1	900	WFLI	545	550	WKRC	49.2	6120	WXXE	379.2	810	WCCO

12:45 p.m.			11:45 a.m.			10:45			9:45		
National Farm and Home Hour.											
Key Station—WJZ (294.5-760)											
205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	KWK	331.1	900	WJAX	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
234.2	1280	WFBZ	340	770	KFAB	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
236.7	1270	WTAX	361.2	830	KDA	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
245.8	1230	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WDAI	374.8	800	WFAE	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WDAF	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
263	1140	KVGO	384.4	780	WMC	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	750	WZ	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
277.5	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WTR	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
282.8	1060	WVAL	405	740	WSR	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	720	WLW	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
294.1	1020	KFKX	449.9	680	WPTT	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
302.8	990	WIZ	483.0	620	WDAF	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
305.9	980	WFLA	491.1	610	WTV	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD	205.4	1460	KSTP	331.1	900	WKY

4:30			3:30			2:30			1:30		
Auction Bridge Game—Milton C. Work.											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)											
224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
245.8	1220	WCAE	326.9	890	WJAR	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
263	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAE	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
267	1140	KVGO	379.5	790	WGY	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
272.4	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WBL	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
280.2	1070	WTAM	416.4	720	WGN	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
282.8	1060	WTHC	461.3	690	WSM	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
286.2	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
294.8	1000	WPC	508.2	590	WFLI	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
315.6	950	WB	508.2	590	WTV	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
326	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
329.9	920	WVI	535.4	560	WLIY	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
335.9	900	WJAR	543.1	550	KSD	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY
333.1	900	WJAX	543.1	550	WGR	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	WKY

7:00			6			5			4		
Voters Service.											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)											
224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
227.1	1320	WMBB	365.6	820	WHAS	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
234.2	1280	WEDC	374.8	800	WFAE	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
277.5	1080	WBT	405.2	740	WBL	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
280.2	1070	WTAM	416.4	720	WPTT	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
282.8	1060	WTHC	461.3	690	KGW	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
286.2	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
294.8	1000	WPC	508.2	590	KHO	224.4	1330	WSAI	331.1	900	KOA
315.6	950	WB	508.2	590</							



Here is the man who has probably trained more players for theatre pipe organs than any other man. He is Lew White, heard in weekly recitals over the NBC on Wednesday nights at 11 o'clock (EST).

Eastern 11		Central 10		Mountain 9		Pacific 8	
Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call
345.8	1270 WREN	305.9	980 KDKA				
350.7	1120 WJAM	304.5	750 WIZ				
302.8	980 WBZ	299.5	750 WJR				
302.8	980 WBZA	336	570 WIDR				
11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Precedent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station Chicago Station							
305.4	1460 KSTP	361.2	830 KOA				
322.1	1320 KWAK	362.4	830 WFLA				
327.1	1320 WSMB	374.8	830 WFAA				
326.1	1270 WIDX	379.5	790 KGO				
334.2	1280 WIBC	384.4	780 WMC				
345.8	1230 WREN	405.2	740 WSB				
352	1150 WQAI	447.5	670 WMAQ				
355.3	1120 KSL	467.3	650 WABC				
352.9	1020 KYW	483.5	620 WTMJ				
399.8	1000 KECA	483.6	620 KGW				
385.9	920 KPBC	491.5	610 WDAF				
325.9	920 KOMO	508.2	590 KHQ				
333.1	900 WKY						

Wednesday

Eastern 10 a.m.		Central 9		Mountain 8		Pacific 7	
Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call
245.6	1220 WCAE	24.8	800 WSAI				
280.2	1070 WTAM	129.5	790 WGY				
293.9	1020 KYW	154.3	660 WFAF				
292.8	1000 WIDR	493.7	580 WVIC				
315.6	950 WRC	508.2	580 WSEL				
319	940 WSSH	516.8	580 WTAI				
325.9	920 WWI	535.4	560 WPI				
336.9	890 WJAN	545.1	550 WGR				
Ida Bailey Allen							
Key Station—WJZ (49.2m-6120kc) WADC (348.5-660)							
215.7	1360 WKH	238.5	1120 WJWO				
233.7	1340 WSPD	262.9	1120 WISN				
327.1	1320 WADC	275.2	1090 KMGX				
232.4	1280 WJAS	315.6	950 KMBR				
238	1260 KOHL	333.1	900 WFBT				
238	1260 WLHW	333.1	900 WMAK				
239.9	1250 WFTM	348.6	860 WABC				
341.8	1240 WGHF	384.4	780 WEAN				
343.9	1230 WFTM	389.4	770 WBRM				
345.6	1220 WCAU	475.9	630 WMAL				
356.3	1170 WCAU	545.1	550 WKRC				
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45							
Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.							
Key Station—WJZ (49.2m-6120kc) WADC (348.5-660)							
222.1	1350 KWK	305.9	860 KDKA				
227.1	1320 WSMH	365.6	820 WHAS				
245.8	1230 WREN	384.4	780 WMC				
260.7	1150 WJAM	394.5	760 WJZ				
263	1140 WAP	397.8	750 WJR				
282.8	1060 WJAL	405.2	740 WSB				
283	1020 KFXX	428.3	700 WLW				
302.8	940 WBZ	461.2	650 WSM				
302.8	940 WBZA						
312.9	900 WJZ						
312.9	900 KOMO						
11:15 10:15 9:15 8:15							
Radio Household Institute.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
305.4	1460 KSTP	331.1	920 WTAX				
324.2	1280 WIBC	365.4	820 WHAS				
345.6	1220 WCAE	374.8	800 WSAI				
352	1150 WQAI	379.5	790 WGY				
353	1140 WJAS	384.4	780 WMC				
370.3	1110 WJVA	405.2	740 WSB				
380.2	1080 WBT	454.3	660 WFAF				
380.2	1080 WTAM	461.2	650 WSM				
388.3	1040 KTHS	463.6	620 WTMJ				
393.9	1020 KFXX	491.5	610 WDAF				
399.8	1000 WHO	508.2	580 WELI				
415.6	950 WRC	516.9	560 WTAG				
419	940 WSSH	535.4	540 WLTV				
425.9	920 WWI	545.1	530 KSD				
425.9	920 KPBC	545.1	530 WGR				

Eastern 8:30		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call
49.2	6120 WKX	238	1280 WLBW				
204	1470 WKBW	238	1280 WLBW				
215.7	1350 WHK	258.5	1160 WQWO				
222.7	1340 WSPD	275.1	1090 KMOX				
227.1	1320 WADC	315.6	950 KMBR				
232.4	1280 WJAS	348.2	860 WABC				
241.8	1240 WGHF	384.4	780 WEAN				
245.8	1230 WREN	408.2	640 WJAN				
256.3	1170 WCAU	475.9	630 WMAL				
333.1	900 WFBT	497.7	600 WCAO				
Eveready Program.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
295.4	1460 KSTP	379.5	790 WGY				
324.2	1280 WIBC	384.4	780 WMC				
345.6	1220 WCAE	405.2	740 WSB				
352	1150 WQAI	416.4	720 WGN				
353	1140 WJAS	454.3	660 WFAF				
363	1140 WAP	461.2	650 WSM				
380.2	1070 WTAM	491.5	610 WDAF				
399.8	1000 WHO	508.2	580 WELI				
415.6	950 WRC	535.4	540 WLTV				
425.9	920 WWI	545.1	530 KSD				
425.9	920 KPBC	545.1	530 WGR				

Eastern 8:30		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call
222.1	1350 KWK	305.2	850 KOA				
227.1	1320 WSMH	365.6	820 WHAS				
245.8	1230 WREN	379.5	790 KGO				
260.7	1150 WJAM	394.4	780 WMC				
263	1130 KSL	397.8	750 WJR				
282.8	1060 WJAL	398.4	750 WJZ				
283	1020 KFXX	405.2	740 WSB				
292.9	1020 KYW	405.2	740 WSB				
298.8	1000 KECA	428.3	700 WLW				
302.8	990 WBZ	461.2	650 WSM				
302.8	990 WBZA	483.6	620 KGW				
302.8	990 KDKA	508.2	580 WKRC				
312.9	920 KOMO						
312.9	920 KOMO						

Eastern 8:30		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call
222.1	1350 KWK	305.2	850 KOA				
227.1	1320 WSMH	365.6	820 WHAS				
245.8	1230 WREN	379.5	790 KGO				
260.7	1150 WJAM	394.4	780 WMC				
263	1130 KSL	397.8	750 WJR				
282.8	1060 WJAL	398.4	750 WJZ				
283	1020 KFXX	405.2	740 WSB				
292.9	1020 KYW	405.2	740 WSB				
298.8	1000 KECA	428.3	700 WLW				
302.8	990 WBZ	461.2	650 WSM				
302.8	990 WBZA	483.6	620 KGW				
302.8	990 KDKA	508.2	580 WKRC				
312.9	920 KOMO						
312.9	920 KOMO						

Eastern 8:30		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call
295.4	1460 KSTP	379.5	790 WGY				
324.2	1280 WIBC	384.4	780 WMC				
345.6	1220 WCAE	405.2	740 WSB				
352	1150 WQAI	416.4	720 WGN				
353	1140 WJAS	454.3	660 WFAF				
363	1140 WAP	461.2	650 WSM				
380.2	1070 WTAM	491.5	610 WDAF				
399.8	1000 WHO	508.2	580 WELI				
415.6	950 WRC	535.4	540 WLTV				
425.9	920 WWI	545.1	530 KSD				
425.9	920 KPBC	545.1	530 WGR				

Eastern 10:30 p.m.		Central 9:30		Mountain 8:30		Pacific 7:30	
Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call	Meters	Call
205.4	1460 KSTP	335.9	890 WJAR				
206.8	1450 WFTC	361.2	830 KOA				
228.4	1320 WSMB	365.6	820 WHAS				
227.1	1320 WSMH	379.5	790 WGY				
234.2	1280 WIBC	379.5	790 KGO				
241.8	1240 WGHF	394.4	780 WMC				
252	1190 WQAI	405.2	740 WSB				
263	1140 WAP	454.3	660 WFAF				
263	1140 WAP	461.2	650 WSM				
263.3	1130 KSL	463.6	620 KGW				
276.1	1110 WJVA	483.6	620 WTMJ				
277.6	1100 WBT	491.5	610 WDAF				
288.3	1040 KTHS	491.5	610 WDAF				
299.8	1000 WHO	508.2	580 WELI				
315.6	950 WRC	535.4	540 WLTV				
319	940 WSSH	535.4	540 WLTV				
325.9	920 WWI	545.1	530 KSD				
325.9	920 KPBC	545.1	530 WGR				
333.1	900 WKY						
333.1	900 WJAX						



This is the first picture taken of Hugo Mariani, famous orchestra conductor, with his beloved beard. He conducts the Firestone orchestra over the NBC each Monday evening at 8 o'clock (EST).



One of America's widest known musicians, Erno Rapee, is credited with a large share of the credit for the NBC symphony orchestra heard on Wednesday evenings.

Eastern 12 a.m.		Central 11	
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Eastern 9:00		Central 8:00		Mountain 7:00		Pacific 8:00	
Halsey, Stuart Program.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
305.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY	315.7	1390
325.4	1330	WSAI	385.8	690	WJAS	325.4	1390
327.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO	315.6	1390
345.8	1230	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY	315.6	1390
352.0	1190	WDAI	384.4	740	WMC	315.6	1390
363.0	1140	KVQQ	405.2	740	WLB	315.6	1390
383.8	1070	KSL	374.8	690	CKGW	315.6	1390
370.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM	315.6	1390
377.6	1080	WJIT	468.5	640	KFI	315.6	1390
393.9	1020	KYV	483.6	620	KGW	315.6	1390
399.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ	315.6	1390
415.6	940	WRC	508.2	590	KJHO	315.6	1390
428.3	900	WFSH	528.2	590	WEEL	315.6	1390
435.9	880	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW	315.6	1390
437.9	870	KPRV	516.9	580	WTAG	315.6	1390
441.1	860	WVJ	535.4	560	WLIT	315.6	1390
443.1	850	WJAX	545.1	550	WJRK	315.6	1390
448.0	830	WJAX	545.1	550	KND	315.6	1390

8:30		8:30		7:30		6:30	
Palmetive Hour.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
305.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY	315.7	1390
325.4	1330	WSAI	385.8	690	WJAS	325.4	1390
327.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO	315.6	1390
345.8	1230	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY	315.6	1390
352.0	1190	WDAI	384.4	740	WMC	315.6	1390
363.0	1140	KVQQ	405.2	740	WLB	315.6	1390
383.8	1070	KSL	374.8	690	CKGW	315.6	1390
370.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM	315.6	1390
377.6	1080	WJIT	468.5	640	KFI	315.6	1390
393.9	1020	KYV	483.6	620	KGW	315.6	1390
399.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ	315.6	1390
415.6	940	WRC	508.2	590	KJHO	315.6	1390
428.3	900	WFSH	528.2	590	WEEL	315.6	1390
435.9	880	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW	315.6	1390
437.9	870	KPRV	516.9	580	WTAG	315.6	1390
441.1	860	WVJ	535.4	560	WLIT	315.6	1390
443.1	850	WJAX	545.1	550	WJRK	315.6	1390
448.0	830	WJAX	545.1	550	KND	315.6	1390

9:30		8:30		7:30		6:30	
La Palina Smoker.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-600kc)							
215.7	1390	WHK	273.1	1090	KMOX	288.5	1160
227.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC	288.5	1160
227.1	1320	WADC	331.1	900	WFBI	288.5	1160
237.4	1290	KUL	333.1	880	WMAK	288.5	1160
238.1	1280	KOHL	370.7	810	WCOY	288.5	1160
238.1	1260	WLHW	384.4	780	WEAN	288.5	1160
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ	288.5	1160
243.8	1230	WNAJ	475.9	630	WMAL	288.5	1160
256.5	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO	288.5	1160
258.2	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC	288.5	1160
267.7	1120	WISS					

10:00		9:00		8:00		7:00	
Philo Hour.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-600kc)							
291.2	1470	WJAX	388.5	1040	KFLD	302.1	1460
301.3	1400	WLAC	315.7	960	KFRD	302.1	1460
304.1	1470	KFTF	315.6	950	KMBC	302.1	1460
308.3	1440	WJOC	322.4	930	WBRC	302.1	1460
315.8	1390	KJRA	322.4	930	WDRJ	302.1	1460
321.3	1340	WTK	333.1	900	KJH	302.1	1460
323.2	1340	WJHP	333.1	900	WJBL	302.1	1460
323.7	1340	WSPD	370.7	810	WMAK	302.1	1460
327.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WLAN	302.1	1460
332.4	1290	WJAS	385.8	740	WTAR	302.1	1460
333.6	1290	KJSA	391	740	KJCH	302.1	1460
337.6	1260	KJL	411	700	KKAC	302.1	1460
338.4	1260	WDDP	447.5	670	WMAQ	302.1	1460
338.2	1250	WJGU	475.9	630	WMAL	302.1	1460
338	1250	KOHL	492	610	KTRC	302.1	1460
338	1250	WLHW	499.7	600	WJAO	302.1	1460
343.8	1230	WJHM	500	600	WJRC	302.1	1460
341.9	1230	WNAJ	516.9	580	WJRW	302.1	1460
356.5	1170	WJAO	526	570	KKA	302.1	1460
358.2	1160	WOWO	536	560	WVNC	302.1	1460
367.7	1120	WISS	536	560	KLZ	302.1	1460
372.1	1090	KMOX	545	550	WKRC	302.1	1460



This sedate looking gentleman is none other than Leon Gordoo, international painter of beautiful women, who broadcasts through the NBC & Fink Serenade, through the NBC system of a Thursday evening.

Eastern 10:30		Central 9:30		Mountain 8:30		Pacific 7:30	
Floyd Gibbons.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
282.8	1660	WTIC	328.9	920	WWT	282.8	1660
245.8	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR	245.8	1220
259.1	1180	WJH	414.4	860	WGN	259.1	1180
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	KSD	315.6	950

11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Grand Opera Concert.							
Key Station—WXE (492.3m-620kc) WABC (348.6-600)							
204	1470	WKRW	315.6	950	KMBC	204	1470
215.7	1390	WHK	325.4	920	WDRJ	215.7	1390
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBI	223.7	1340
227.1	1320	WADC	348.5	860	WDRJ	227.1	1320
235.4	1260	WJAS	370.7	810	WCOY	235.4	1260
238	1260	WLHW	384.4	780	WEAN	238	1260
238	1260	KOHL	389.4	770	WDRM	238	1260
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ	241.8	1240
243.8	1230	WNAJ	475.9	630	WMAL	243.8	1230
254	1160	WJGU	499.7	610	WFSN	254	1160
257.7	1130	WJSA	499.7	600	WCAO	257.7	1130
275.1	1090	KMOX	545.1	550	WEBC	275.1	1090

11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Hank Kimpton's Show Boat.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-600kc)							
204	1470	WKRW	315.6	950	WCAU	204	1470
215.7	1390	WHK	325.4	920	WJRW	215.7	1390
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	KMOX	223.7	1340
227.1	1320	WADC	348.5	860	KMBC	227.1	1320
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.7	810	WFBI	232.4	1290
238	1260	KOHL	389.4	770	WMAK	238	1260
238	1260	WLHW	384.4	780	WCOY	238	1260
243.8	1230	WNAJ	475.9	630	WMAQ	243.8	1230
254	1160	WJGU	499.7	610	WFSN	254	1160
257.7	1130	WJSA	499.7	600	WCAO	257.7	1130

11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Longine's Correct Time.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-600kc)							
204.8	1470	WKRW	315.6	950	KDKA	204.8	1470
260.7	1130	WHAM	364.3	790	WJZ	260.7	1130
302.8	990	WJZ	399.8	750	WJR	302.8	990
302.8	990	WJZ	399.8	750	WJZ	302.8	990

11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Pepodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—Chicago Studios							
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	205.4	1460
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS	222.1	1350
227.1	1320	WSMH	374.8	800	WFAX	227.1	1320
234.2	1280	WEBR	379.5	790	KGO	234.2	1280
236.1	1270	WTIX	384.4	780	WJRC	236.1	1270
238.1	1260	WRN	405.2	740	WBR	238.1	1260
252	1180	WQAI	447.5	670	WMAQ	252	1180
267.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM	267.2	1130
283.9	1020	KYV	483.6	620	KGW	283.9	1020
299.8	1000	KDA	483.6	620	WTMJ	299.8	1000
325.1	920	KPRC	491.3	610	WDAF	325.1	920
335.9	870	KJND	508.2	590	KHQ	335.9	870
333.1	900	WKY				333.1	900

10:00		9:00		8:00		7:00	
Chero.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
202.1	1460	WCKY	379.5	790	WGY	202.1	1460
205.4	1460	KSTP	405.2	740	WSR	205.4	1460
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPPT	245.8	1220
262.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF	262.0	1140
277.6	1080	WPT	483.6	620	WTMT	277.6	1080
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WDAF	280.2	1070
295.8	1000	WRC	508.2	590	WTIC	295.8	1000
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEL	315.6	950
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW	319	940
325.6	920	KPRV	516.9	580	WTAG	325.6	920
335.9	870	WVJ	535.4	560	WJHO	335.9	870
335.9	870						



Starboud Jack Oakie, who can act, sing, and play almost any musical instrument, has been heard on the CBS Paramount-Public hour of a Saturday night.

Eastern 11:30		Central 10:30		Mountain 9:30		Pacific 8:30	
Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Stations—Chicago studios							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
201.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	301.4	830
112.1	1350	KWK	365.4	820	WHAS	277.6	1000
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA	277.6	1000
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO	277.6	1000
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC	277.6	1000
245.8	1220	WFLN	405.2	740	WSB	277.6	1000
352.7	1190	WYAI	442.5	650	WMAO	277.6	1000
365.2	1130	KSL	451.3	650	WSM	277.6	1000
283.9	1020	KYW	463.6	620	WTMJ	277.6	1000
290.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW	277.6	1000
315.3	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF	277.6	1000
323.9	950	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ	277.6	1000
333.1	900	WKY					

Saturday

Eastern 9:45 a.m.		Central 9:45		Mountain 8:45		Pacific 8:45	
Tower Health Exercises. Key Stations—WEAF (454.3-600kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
245.8	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WFLI	344.6	870
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR		
454.3	660	WEAF					

Morning Devotions. Key Stations—WEAF (454.3-600kc)					
202.7	1460	WCKY	345	870	WLF
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS
277.6	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WPTT
315.3	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF
319	940	WYSH	508.2	590	WYV
336	920	WWI	538	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

Chorus. Key Stations—WEAF (454.3-600kc)					
201.4	1460	WCKY	325.9	820	KPHC
208.4	1400	KSTP	366	820	WHAS
333.1	900	WJAX	379.5	790	WGY
245.8	1220	WCAE	405	740	WSB
252.1	1190	WAA	410.9	690	WPTT
261	1180	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WYAI
280.4	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WTIC
290.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WYV
312.6	960	CRGW	508.2	590	WYV
315.3	950	WRC	515.9	580	WYV
319	940	WYSH	538	560	WYV
325.9	920	WWI	545.1	550	WYV

Radio Household Institute. Key Stations—WEAF (454.3-600kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	236.1	890	WJAR
225.2	1390	WSMB	265.6	820	WHAS
234.2	1320	WCAE	274.8	820	WFAA
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WFI
252.1	1190	WAA	384.4	780	WMC
261	1180	KVQO	404.2	740	WSB
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
280.3	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM
280.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KPEX	491.5	610	WYAI
297.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WYV
319	940	WYSH	516.9	580	WYV
325.9	920	WWI	538	560	WYV
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WYV

National Farm and Home Hour. Key Stations—WJZ (394.5-700kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	236.1	1270	WTDX
225.2	1390	KWK	245.9	1220	WHEN
234.2	1320	WSMB	252.1	1190	WHIS
245.8	1220	WCAE	265.6	1180	WHAM
252.1	1190	WEBC	263.2	1140	KVQO

Eastern 12:45 p.m.		Central 11:45 a.m.		Mountain 10:45		Pacific 9:45	
National Farm and Home Hour. Key Stations—WJZ (394.5-700kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	236.1	890	WJAR	205.4	1460
225.2	1390	KWK	245.9	820	WHAS	205.4	1460
234.2	1320	WSMB	252.1	790	WRC	205.4	1460
245.8	1220	WCAE	265.6	750	WIZ	205.4	1460
252.1	1190	WAA	274.8	740	WIR	205.4	1460
261	1180	KVQO	289.5	730	WSB	205.4	1460
263.2	1140	WAPI	309.5	700	WLV	205.4	1460
280.3	1070	WTAM	329.5	680	WPTT	205.4	1460
280.3	1040	KTHS	349.5	650	WSMI	205.4	1460
293.9	1020	KPEX	369.5	640	KFI	205.4	1460
297.8	1000	WOC	389.5	610	KGW	205.4	1460
315.6	950	WRC	409.5	580	WDAF	205.4	1460
319	940	WYSH	429.5	560	WOW	205.4	1460
325.9	920	WWI	449.5	530	KHQ	205.4	1460
333.1	900	WJAX	469.5	500		205.4	1460

The Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Stations—WJZ (394.5-700kc)					
202.7	1480	WCKY	203.9	900	KDRA
236	1360	WJAX	212.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1190	WHAM	215.6	950	WRC
270	1120	WRVA	244.5	760	WIZ
277.6	1080	WBT	266.8	730	WIR
312.9	990	WIZ	280.9	680	WPTT
312.8	990	WIZ	335.4	560	WYV

Lauderdale Lyrics. Key Stations—WEAF (454.3-600kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	311.1	900	WKY
225.4	1390	WCAE	326.9	890	WJAR
237.1	1320	WSMB	344.6	870	WLS
230.5	1300	WTDX	361.2	830	KVQ
234.2	1290	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS
233.1	1280	WJAX	374.8	800	WYV
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY
252	1190	WAA	384.4	780	WMC
263	1140	WAPI	405.2	740	WSB
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ
277.6	1080	WBT	491.5	610	WYAI
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WYV
290.8	1020	WOC	508.2	590	WYV
315.6	950	WRC	516.9	580	WYV
319	940	WYSH	535.4	560	WYV
325.9	920	WWI	545.1	550	WYV
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WYV

Nit-Wit Hour. Key Stations—WABC (348.6m-800kc)					
201.2	1490	WLAJ	267.7	1130	WISN
204	1470	WKWB	215.5	950	KMBC
215.7	1390	WHK	222.4	920	WDBJ
215.2	1340	KFPY	204.5	760	KVI
232.4	1290	WTAS	409.7	600	WREC
234.2	1280	WTOH	409.7	600	WCAD
238	1260	KOHL	526	570	WWNC
238	1260	WLDW	535.4	560	KLZ
243.8	1230	WPHM	545.1	550	WKRC
250.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	

General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons). Key Stations—WEAF (454.3-600kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	810	KOA
225.4	1390	WCAE	365.6	820	WHAS
237.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WRAP
234.2	1290	WEBC	379.5	790	WGY
233.1	1280	WJAX	384.4	780	WMC
252	1190	WAA	405.2	740	WSB
254.1	1180	WCAE	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KFI
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW
290.8	1000	WOC	491.5	610	WDAF
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC
319	940	WYSH	508.2	590	KHO
325.9	920	WWI	508.2	590	WYV
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WYV
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550	WGR

Around the Sazanov. Key Stations—WABC (348.6m-800kc)					
204	1470	WKWB	241.8	1240	WGHP
215.7	1390	WHK	243.8	1230	WNAC
223.7	1340	WSPD	256.3	1170	WCAU
230.4	1290	WJAS	275.1	1090	WMOX
238	1260	WLDW	278.5	1140	WOWO
			267.2	1120	WBSN



Harry Green, who played the title role in the screen production of Kibitzer was heard in a humorous monologue one Saturday night on the Paramount-Public hour over the Columbia Broadcasting system.



Giving the business man a look-in is Merle Thorpe's job. He conducted the Business World programs over the NBC on Saturday nights.

Eastern 9:30		Central 8:30		Mountain 7:30		Pacific 6:30	
Around The Sazanov—WABC (348.6m-800kc) Key Stations—WABC (348.6m-800kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
315.6	950	KMBC	475.9	630	WMAL	315.6	950
333.1	900	WYV	397.7	670	WCAO	315.6	950
348.6	860	WABL	545.1	550	WEAN	315.6	950
370.2	810	WCOO	545.1	550	WKRC	315.6	950
447.3	670	WMAQ				315.6	950

R. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra. Key Stations—WEAF (454.3-600kc)					
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800	WBAP
206.8	1450	WPTT	379.5	790	KGW
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
233.1	1280	WJAX	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
252	1190	WAA	440.9	680	KPO
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTT
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	468.2	640	KFI
282.9					

John and Ned Work as THEY PLAY ON SUNNY BEACH

HARMONY OIL TWINS of KOIL fame are now heard over big hookup from the Golden Gate headquarters of the NBC, Pacific Division. Remember how two girls brought them together? And they're still going strong.

By Madonna M. Todd

PICTURE John and Ned, Radio favorites the last four years, and now NBC headliners in the West, sunning themselves on a California beach—loafing against the sand-dunes that slope gently back from the Pacific ocean a mile from the Golden Gate.

That's where you'd find the boys almost any day now—so that's where we went to look for them even though it did mean a ride of around five miles.

And they did look so contented.

John wore a bright red bathing suit—a striped affair with black trunks. Ned was a bit more conservative. They lay on an Indian blanket littered with papers and held down at one corner by a portable typewriter from which a half typed page projected.

"All is not play that appears so," they chorused. "We're writing continuity."

Which goes to show that the NBC harmony singers work while playing, just as they play while they work in the studios.

"There's nothing like beach air and breakers to afford inspiration," Ned offered. "We work out here every day that it's warm enough, and that's most days now."

John and Ned do a lot of hiking along the beach, too. John says it's so Ned can keep his youthful figure, but that can't be true, for both young men are athletic and it's going to be a long time before either is "fat and forty."

John and Ned signed up with the National Broadcasting company in San Francisco last September. Ever since, they've been kept busy. They can be heard regularly Tuesday and Friday nights, between 8:45 and 9:30 o'clock, P. S. T., and on Sunday afternoon. They've already built up a big following along the Pacific coast, repeating their performance in the East a few years ago.

WHICH reminds one that John and Ned sang their way to fame almost over night. In fact, a night at the Orpheum theatre was responsible.

John and Ned heard Van and Schenck singing that naughty Panama Mamma one night and on their way home Panama Mamma kept them humming and whistling. Suddenly, they hit upon a harmony. It wasn't long until the audience of KOIL, Council Bluffs, Iowa, was hearing a couple of hometown boys almost every night.

Just because John and Ned lived in the Middle West, don't think they were farmers.

"We were business men," as John says, "of the first water."

John, whose last name is Wolfe, was traffic manager for a grain company in Omaha, Nebr., and Ned—whom nobody ever thinks of calling Mr. Tollinger these days—was a commercial artist working for a Council Bluffs theater.

The boys were schoolmates before, but John, being a senior, wasn't impressed with Ned as a frosh even though he was a member of the High School Glee club.

How did they get together?

"Women—were responsible," John and Ned admit.

"We were courting a couple of nice girls who were chums and they happened to ask us out to their house the same night," says Ned. "We started singing together around the



"We just take our guitar—John's—into the studio and begin having a good time," say John and Ned of their harmony work over the NBC.

old square piano. Then came the Panama Mamma episode and we headed for KOIL for an audition."

John and Ned are grateful to the studio manager there. He gave them encouragement when they had their first case of mike-fright and sent them off with a smile when they started on their first nation-wide tour as Oil Twins.

During that nation-wide tour, John and Ned made personal appearances at various Radio stations. Four years they traveled about. Twice they found themselves in California and San Francisco where Jimmie Rolph told them about his city hall dome being higher than the dome of the United States capitol at Washington.

"And weren't we the impressed Radio performers!" John and Ned chorus. "We were so impressed that we came right back to the West coast the first time we had a chance and—well, boys, here we are."

WORKING in the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company, John and Ned harmonize for the audience of the entire Pacific network. Tuesday and Friday nights they follow the famous 'A' os 'n' Andy. That's a big job, but their fan mail prove that John and Ned fill the order well.

Some time ago, these genial showmen introduced Little Mary to their Radio friends. Little Mary is one of those six-year-olds found in every neighborhood the country over.

(Continued on page 94)

Eskimo Leads a Tough Life

*Clicquot Band Music
Hotter Than Its Suits*

THE hardest thing about being a Clicquot Club Eskimo is the suit, according to Harry Reser, leader of the Radio-renowned group of entertainers which is heard weekly through the National Broadcasting company system.

The remark came as Reser ruefully surveyed a bill for "re-upholstering" the garments. "As a matter of fact our music is much hotter than the synthetic fur suits," the leader admitted, as he told of an attempt on the part of a group of New England girls to "borrow" the clothing for an ice carnival.

The ease with which the additional talent was found when the orchestra was expanded recently, however, belies the fact that there is anything hard about an "Eskimo's" life. And this despite the fact every member of the group is a feature artist, with vocal ability and capable of playing several instruments.

One unit of eleven members, under the direction of Peter Van Steeden, tours constantly, making public appearances in various portions of the United States. The bulk of the group, however, remains in New York playing to millions by broadcasting regularly through an NBC network.

Reser led his Eskimos to fame through the NBC broadcasts and their popularity became so great and public appearance demands so insistent that the touring group had to be selected from the original orchestra.

Reser himself is regarded as the final authority on banjo music transcription and is considered the leading banjo virtuoso of the world. He learned to play the instrument after taking one to a southern resort for a season "to make his equipment seem larger."

At that time he was devoting himself exclusively to an energetic piano and the banjo reposed comfortably on its top during most of the season. After he mastered the instrument he found it more in demand than the several other instruments he played and he concentrated on his development.



HARRY RESER, above, and his Clicquot Club Eskimos, who are heard over the NBC system.



The Sucker's Revenge

(Continued from page 17)

a mess of duck soup and it's just your dish—you bein' the best dip on the Pacific Coast! Say, listen, Fletch—

"I'm listenin'!" said the pickpocket, still smiling cynically.

"Comin' down from Portland," said Gossop, "they was an old hick got on the train at Red Bluff and sat down beside me; see? Him and me got to talkin' and—they ain't another one like him in the whole world! Absolutely! Fletch, he told me everything; what his great-great-grandfather's name was and what he'd had for breakfast, where he lived—everything. And by the time we'd reached the ferry he was callin' me Jim and beggin' me to come up and see him on Grasshopper creek! Innocent as a ten-year-old! Tell anybody anything! Fletch, I know it don't sound reasonable, but that old gander's got fifteen thousand dollars hid in his rags! In currency, Fletch—in currency!"

"HE HE HE!" sniggered Bryson. "Quit your kiddin'!" "I ain't kiddin'!" insisted Gossop with such terrible earnestness that Bryson was impressed. "Say, listen: This old bird's been spending his whole life in the high weeds somewhere, livin' on bear meat and holin' up in the winter like a woodchuck. Innocent, I tell you! Innocent as a young canary!"

"How'd he get fifteen grand?" demanded Bryson, still skeptical, but beginning to believe.

"He told me that, too," said Gossop. "Last fall he dug a pocket out of the ground—"

"What's a pocket?" Bryson was becoming interested.

"I don't know exactly, but it's a place where the gold in a ledge has got bunched or something—anyway, that's the way they find it sometimes and this old hick—Love of Pete, here he comes!"

No, Solomon in all his glory would have looked like a faded onion alongside Uncle Jap Gideon. On the old man's head was a jaunty traveling cap, the prevailing color of which was green. His body was clothed in startling checks and on his feet were yellow shoes that squeaked. From the



Solomon in all his glory would have looked like a faded onion alongside Uncle Jap Gideon.

sunken place in the middle of the short, tangled jungle of whiskers protruded an amber cigarette holder nearly a foot long and a silk handkerchief, yellow and gold, peeped mischievously from the breast pocket of his coat. The coat had a belt. In his claw-like hand he carried a light cane.

UNCLE JAP was delighted to meet Mr. Gossop again. It was evident in the wide grin that parted the yellow jungle and displayed his two remaining teeth. "I'm mighty glad to see you again, Jim!" he said as they shook hands. "San Francisco's a mighty lonesome town when you don't know anybody to talk to!"

"Ain't it the truth!" agreed Mr. Gossop warmly. "Fletch, I want you to meet my friend Mr. Gideon. A rich minin' man from up north a-ways. He's on his way round the world and he's carryin' fifteen thousand dollars along to blow in on the trip."

"It must be grand to be rich!" sighed Bryson, while his practiced eyes ran over the old man's shrunken body. "Well, it's the smart guys that get it!"

Jap Gideon was tremendously flattered. He took the astonishing cigarette holder delicately between two gnarled fingers and blew a cloud of perfumed smoke toward the roof-tops. As he did this, Mr. Gossop for the first time noticed a number of packages which the old man carried under his arm.

"I bet you been stockin' up for the trip!" he chuckled slyly, and dug old Jap in the ribs. "You rich men are mighty particular about your booze, so I hear."

"No," grinned old Jap, "This here ain't booze. It's seasick remedies. You see, before I left Peppertree I went to see Doc Howard and Doc told me a lot of things that was good for seasickness. This here's them." He pulled from his pocket a watch half as large as a summer squash and glanced at it. "I got to be movin'," he said briskly. "Lots of things to do this evenin', for I'm sailin' tomorrow forenoon, you know. Say, you boys come and have supper with me at my hotel."

BUT HERE he met with singular reluctance. Nothing, in fact, would have suited Gossop and Bryson better, but they had a certain reputation in San Francisco—especially in police circles. And to have been seen in company with Jap Gideon, just before the old man lost his money—well, there would have been embarrassment later on. "Mighty sorry," said Gossop. "We got a dinner engagement."

The old prospector started away and Bryson leaned close to Gossop's ear. "Make a date!" he whispered savagely. "Don't lose him—make a date, you boob!"

Gossop hurried after the disappearing figure in the absurd clothes. "Hey, Jap!" he called. And as he came up—"How about a little drink with us first? Me and Fletch, we know a place—"

Old Jap was desolated, but he was forced to decline. "I dassen't do it, Jim!" he said wistfully. "Doc Howard he cautioned me special about takin' any whiskey the day before goin' on the water. Doc said seasickness was bad enough; but if I took a drink it'd maybe kill me deader'n hell! But you boys'll be down to the boat to see me off?"

"Sure—sure!" said Gossop, casting about wildly for a new inspiration. "How about a show, after supper?" he suggested. "Fletch and me—we know where there's a hot one—"

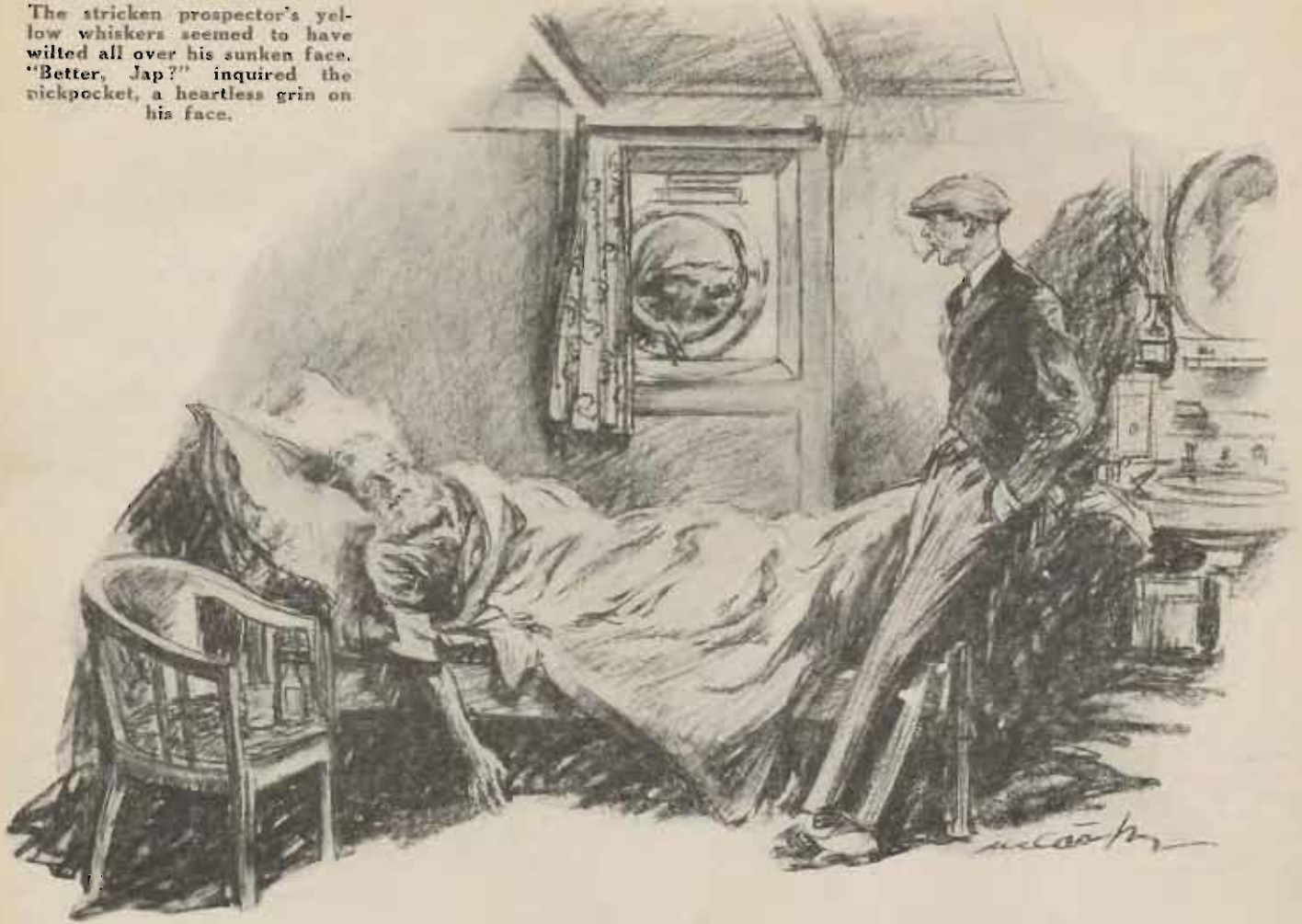
Old Jap declined this friendly invitation also, though it was apparent he was mortified and ashamed. "Fact is," he confessed, "I promised Doc Howard I'd go to bed right after I'd had my supper. And I never yet went back on a promise. Doc said the night air was bad for seasickness. Besides, I got one of my thousand dollar bills busted today and it'll take me maybe an hour or two to count my change. But I'll see you boys tomorrow," he said cheerfully as he turned to go. "Down to the boat."

BEFORE the two conspirators could think up another expedition their quarry was lost in the crowd. They slipped away to a quiet place and held a council. The situation was desperate, for the old man was to sail at ten o'clock next morning.

True, they might lift his wealth as he was passing up the gangplank, but this was uncertain. Bryson was undoubtedly the best pickpocket on the Pacific Coast, even as Gossop had said. But what if the old man carried those fourteen remaining bills in his heavy new shoes? Manifestly, so Bryson pointed out, even an artist in his line could not be expected to perform miracles. Nor could he throw Jap Gideon down and pull off his shoes. What then?

In the end it became plainly evident that in order to make the matter sure they would be compelled to go to Honolulu with their prospective victim. Fourteen thousand dollars was too large a stake to risk on a brief few moments while they carried the old man's suitcase up the gangplank. Arose then the matter of bookings. The travel was heavy and usually the boats were sold out weeks ahead. However, they recalled that frequently tickets were handed in at the last moment by travelers who had at the eleventh hour decided to postpone the trip. To Gossop, therefore, was given the task of hanting the steamer office and watching for returned tickets; Bryson

The stricken prospector's yellow whiskers seemed to have wilted all over his sunken face. "Better, Jap?" inquired the pickpocket, a heartless grin on his face.



was to keep in touch with the old man and exhaust every possibility in the endeavor to get that fourteen thousand dollars before the steamer sailed.

"Do your best, Fletch!" implored Mr. Gossop, as they parted. "It ought to be easy to get the roll off a turkey-faced old sap that ain't got sense enough to get out of the way of a street-car! I don't want to go to Honolulu, Fletch! I'm a rotten sailor!"

III

IT WAS the evening of the first day out and the Farallones were fading into the gray haze that hid the California coast. In his cabin Mr. Gossop lay and moaned feebly. Bryson came and sat beside the sufferer. "How's everything, guy?" he grinned.

"Throw that cigaret out of the porthole!" wailed Gossop, and closed his eyes. Bryson smoked serenely on.

"This is the way she lies," announced the pickpocket. "In the room across the corridor there's nearly fifteen thousand dollars, beggin' us to take it! But we don't dare take it while we're aboard ship. No place to make a getaway, and, besides, it would start something. So we've just got to let things ride till we get off the boat. But the important thing right now is to find where he carries it, see? Then the rest will be easy. Once we find where he parks that roll, it'll be like takin' a bone from a sick pup." He reflected, smoking and looking absently through the porthole.

"Another important thing," he resumed, "is to sidestep this old hick the moment we reach Honolulu. Nobody must see him with us. We don't know him at all; see? Then we'll get him out in the dark somewhere and pull the regular stuff."

Gossop struggled for strength to help plan. "We got to work fast when we get ashore, Fletch," he said, weakly, but with great earnestness. "Remember, we only got a week to pull this thing off in. Our return tickets are for the next boat and if we don't use 'em, there's no tellin' when we'll be able to book again. Can't expect luck to break twice like it did this time. Landin' two tickets at the last minute!"

BRYSON nodded, but did not speak. Presently he stole across the corridor into the cabin where old Jap Gideon was emulating Mr. Gossop. The stricken prospector did not even open his eyes. His yellow whiskers seemed to have

wilted all over his sunken face and one bony arm hung over the side of the berth like a piece of frayed rope. "Better, Jap?" inquired Bryson. The tone was kindly, but a heartless grin was on the pickpocket's pallid face and his cigarette dangled indifferently.

"Worse!" whispered Jap Gideon, without opening his eyes. "I reckon I'm dyin', Fletch!"

"Oh, no, you ain't!" Bryson assured him cheerfully. He sat down on the edge of the berth and his long, white fingers began to creep like questing snakes. "Here—I'm going to give you a rubdown. Best thing in the world for seasickness. I used to be a doctor." He rang for a steward and ordered hot water. He then proceeded to give the old man a brisk massage and Jap Gideon was too weak and sick to object.

"What's this thing?" demanded Bryson, as he opened the collar of Jap's shirt. It was a small bag of evil-smelling stuff tied about the old man's neck by a string.

"Asafetida!" gagged Jap Gideon. "I heard somewhere that asafetida was good for seasickness and I thought I'd try it."

The cigarette quivered spasmodically upon the thin bloodless lips, but there was no other sign of amusement on Bryson's face. He began rubbing the bony chest skillfully, his small, furtive eyes running over the patient's body, flitting along the walls and coming back again.

"Misery ain't in my chest!" quavered old Jap, peevishly. "It's lower down, mostly."

"SURE—sure!" Still working with professional briskness, Bryson transferred his ministrations to the afflicted stomach. "Hey!" he ejaculated, "What's this one—another asafetida remedy?"

Old Jap hesitated and the ghost of a sick grin appeared on his whiskered face. "No," he said, sheepishly. "That's a porous plaster. I thought that remedy up myself. Seemed to me it'd give my stummick so much to think about it'd forget to be seasick!"

Bryson grinned and presently made more discoveries; a great smear of iodine painted across the stomach about the plaster; a bit of copper wire twisted about the old man's waist, from which dangled a bear's tooth with a hole drilled in it. "That's an Injun remedy," explained Jap weakly, "to keep off devils. It may work with Injuns," he moaned, "but hung onto a white man it's a plumb failure!"

But Bryson was not listening, for now his whole mind was concentrated upon the practice of his profession. The hot water came and the steward withdrew. Bryson dipped a towel in the steaming water, folded it with his long, incredibly deft fingers into a compress and pressed it down firmly upon the sick man's eyes.

"Now," he commanded with authority, "try to go to sleep. I'll stick around a while and be quiet. Sleep's the best thing for you now; see? Leave the compress on your eyes."

He arose and closed the door noiselessly, jamming it with a suitcase. He was alone with poor old Jap Gideon and nearly fifteen thousand dollars.

However, when he reentered Gossop's cabin half an hour later, his thin, white face was twisted with wrath and bitter disappointment. "No luck!" he whispered. "I been all over that old hick, Jim, and all I found was a bunch of sea-sick remedies. He's got 'em hung all over him like a Christmas tree! I went through every square inch of his stuff, too, and it wasn't there."

"It's got to be some place!" said Gossop, striving desperately to throw off his terrible nausea and meet the situation. "I'm sure he's got it with him."

"YES," agreed Bryson, "we know he's got it with him, but where? It might be hid in his bed somewhere—I didn't dare roll him about—but it don't seem reasonable that he'd hide it in the bed, either."

"Ain't he got a dollar on him?"

"Oh, sure," said Bryson. "I found four-five hundred in small stuff, but I didn't dare lift that. We'll get it later, of course. Say, I got an idea. He might have left the big roll with the purser."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Gossop. "I been too sick to think. Of course he left it with the purser."

Bryson turned this idea over in his mind. "I suppose so," he admitted. "Still, it don't somehow seem like that old hick to do that—Tell you: We'll let it ride till we start into the harbor at Honolulu. Always an excited crowd at the rail—and you could nearly pull the shirt off a man without him noticing it. That's the play!" he continued, brightening. "If he left it with the purser, why he'll get it as soon as we start into the harbor, of course. We'll crowd him close at the rail and you keep him steamed up while I go over him. Why, say, maybe I can lift it off him before we reach the pier, even!"

"Attaboy!" applauded Gossop and was immediately seized by a fresh paroxysm of nausea.

IV

AS A MALADY, seasickness is peculiarly perverse. Today it seems to you a degree more hideous than death itself; three days later it is something to jest about.

Old Jap Gideon came awake one morning to feel the ship rocking gently in the lap of a benevolent swell. He peeped through the porthole and saw lights; thousands of lights, twinkling along a vague shore, and one great light that winked slyly at him from a bold headland that lifted into the soft gloom of early morning. Full of excitement, he slid out of bed and dressed, then went on deck. An amorous breeze vamped him lingeringly; a soft, warm breeze, and out of the east that he had left a week before, a new day was creeping up.

And then suddenly the day was there and he saw a city hiding itself among innumerable green trees. Everywhere was green; and above the greenness that was Honolulu, many flags of red, white and blue fluttered joyously. Rising above and

back of the town was a cone-shaped mountain, flattened at the top, resembling a giant cup cake that had been spanked on the top with a shingle. Beyond this mountain a range loomed yet higher and a gay little mist cloud trailed across it.

The ship began to move into the harbor and other passengers came to lean over the rail. Bryson and Gossop appeared and joined old Jap Gideon, one on either side, jammed close against him. Gossop began to talk; and as he talked, furtive fingers explored the old prospector's body, working deftly and with incredible lightness of tentative cobwebs. Old Jap did not feel them, but chattered on excitedly.

"I BET you'll stay and settle down in Honolulu, Jap!" Gossop chuckled and dug his elbow into the prospector's ribs. "Marry a Hawaiian girl and live on poi and learn to play the ukulele!" Over the old man's head Bryson shot a disappointed look and shook his head, but Jap Gideon did not see it. The old fellow was leaning far over the rail, watching the diving boys chasing nickels in the brown water. The swimmers looked and swam like seals. The vessel nosed up to the pier and stopped. Immediately the great shed covering the pier was thunderous with music as the Hawaiian band played Aloha Oe.

Old Jap's eyes filled and his sunken lips trembled so violently that the astonishing cigarette holder jiggled in the midst of his stained whiskers. He straightened proudly, conscious of the fact that at last he was dressed like an aristocrat. True, the white flannel trousers did not fit him and the white collar was set off by a flaming crimson tie, but no matter. He was a man of wealth, about to go ashore on a tropical isle. He turned to address a remark to Mr. Gossop, but Mr. Gossop was not there. Neither was Mr. Bryson there.

Suddenly the old man noticed that the gangplank was in place and the passengers streaming down upon the pier. Among the foremost he thought he recognized his two friends, though he could not be sure. The band was playing Na Lei o Hawaii and he skittered away to his cabin, collected his meager belongings and hurried down the gangplank and through the lane in the crowd, looking for Jim and Fletch. But they were nowhere visible.

FOR a moment the old man felt hurt and disappointed at this unaccountable behavior of his friends, but the band broke into a lively quickstep and he marched uptown to the lift of it, his chin high and the smoke rising in a cloud from the midst of his jungle of whiskers. A taxi driver got him and drove him as a matter of course to the Alexander Young Hotel and he went in, sure that he would find Jim and Fletch there. But he was disappointed again. His room was a palatial thing; wide windows opening upon the sea and land, with a great vessel moving along the skyline; Diamond Head thrusting its gray point against the sky. Old Jap lit another cigarette, put his feet upon the sill and sighed. He was a wealthy traveler, and all this magnificence was his. If only Judge Hopper and Tom Morris could see him now!

But the old man could not long be quiet. Presently he went downstairs again and walked across the lobby with squeaky shoes, feeling rich and wonderful. He went out upon Bishop Street, swinging his cane idly, looking still for Jim and Fletch. All afternoon he quested about the city, ranging from the Palace grounds to Liliha Street, where the races of the whole Pacific are jumbled to-

gether. He climbed Punchbowl and walked across the summit, which had been spanked flat with a gigantic shingle. From that lofty place he looked down until the sun dropped lower and lower and at last sank into a vast desert of flaming gold.

The old man went back to his hotel, tired, but still thirsting for more adventure. It had been a perfect day, and yet a vague disappointment continued to disturb the peace that was in his simple soul. He wished that Jim and Fletch could have been with him. Funny what had become of Jim and Fletch. Presently he swaggered into the hotel cafe and ordered ham and eggs.

AND AS he was finishing his ham and eggs, far out in an obscure quarter of Honolulu Gossop and Bryson were rehearsing their plan of campaign, conversing in low, guarded tones.

"It can't fail!" asserted Gossop confidently. "It ain't probable that he's lost that roll yet, so we can count it ours. Say, you got it straight, ain't you Fletch? Here—I'll go over it again, slow and careful. Listen good:

"You're to go straight to Kapiolani park and tuck yourself away in that place we spotted this afternoon. It'll be dark as a pocket by the time you get there. Nobody about the place, either; nobody at all. I'll come out a little later and steer the old sap past you; see? You're wearin' a handkerchief over your face and you step out and sock him on the gourd; see? When he wakes up his wad is gone and you're gone. But me, I'm still there. I'm layin' on the ground beside him, dazed and groanin'. I been socked and robbed too; get me? He'll never suspect either one of us. Never in the world!"

"It's copper-riveted!" declared Bryson enthusiastically. "It can't flop!" His small, pale eyes glittered with the ferocious look of a beast of prey. "Go ahead, Jim. I got it."

Gossop moved to the wall telephone and took down the receiver, calling the Alexander Young Hotel. "Mr. Gideon, please," he requested. There was a short wait, then he spoke again.

"Hello! Zis you, Jap? . . . Yeah, this is Jim . . . Whazzat? . . . Sure! Mighty sorry we missed you at the pier. Big crowd, you know. . . . Fletch? Oh, Fletch had to go out of town on business. Me? I'm all alone and don't know nobody—say, listen, Jap—I know where there's a hula dance bein' pulled off to-night—steel guitars and everything. Say, you come out and go along with me; hey? . . . No, I can't get down to the hotel. Business. I'm out here at Waikiki—Tell you: I'll meet you at the Kapiolani park entrance at nine o'clock sharp. How's that? . . . Fine! Say, listen: You take the Waikiki car on King Street, right at the corner of the hotel. Conductor'll tell you when you get to Kapiolani; see? Remember, Jap—Waikiki car on King Street. . . . Attaboy! G'by, Jap."

GOSSOP hung up the receiver softly and turned, his blue-black face cleft by a wide grin that showed all his big yellow teeth. "He fell, all right!" he announced exultingly. "You better fade now, Fletch, and be ready to do your stuff."

"Don't you worry about me and my stuff!" said Bryson, licking his thin, cruel lips expectantly and fingering the heavy sandbag in his coat pocket. "You get him there, that's all!"

"Sock him good!" entreated Gossop. "You got to keep in mind that nearly fifteen thousand dollars depends on that one sock! Besides, this old dried shrimp packs a gum ball as long as a telephone

pole. Don't take no chances."

The two men slipped out into the gathering darkness and made their way to King Street, by way of a street little used by whites. A Kaimuki car was passing and they let it go by, waiting for the Waikiki car which followed soon after.

Half an hour later, full of ham and eggs and eager expectation, old Jap Gideon emerged from the hotel and hurried down Bishop Street to King. The day had indeed been perfect and the night promised much. A car came clanging down King Street and old Jap broke into a run. A taxi driven by a Japanese nearly ran him down as he dashed across King Street, but he caught the car.

Who Is the Sucker?

IS IT Jap Gideon, the naive, trusting old prospector, or one of the pair of sneaking crooks from Frisco that wins in this lively hunt for a \$15,000 stake? Don't miss the second and concluding chapter of this exciting story by Lowell Otus Reese in the great May Radio Digest.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 23)

he said, indicating the blue drapes at the windows. "Suppose I reveal yourself to you, while, incidentally, testing a part of my theory? Your little brain-photographers have been mightily busy. Now, I'm going to make them stand and deliver. Shut your eyes, Amos; put a hand over them. Make your busy brain a blank, as far as is possible. Now, transport yourself back into the room where the safe is. Manage to see it, will you? Your greedy eyes bored into every corner when we first went in there. (You saw the pinch of sand, too; but you were too busy noticing general havoc to give much attention to other details.) Ignore the safe now, in this mental journeying we are making. Turn to the table in the far corner; a litter, there, eh? Little odds and ends, all negligible! Can you visualize it? Try again; a bit of color there, wasn't there? No, not violet-blue. Another soft, pleasing shade. What was it, Amos? Just peeping out, a corner you know, from under a loose sheet of paper. A little—"

Laufer-Hirth's eyes flew wide open, his jaw dropped.

"I—I did see that! I hardly noticed—"

He spun about agilely and ran from the room. Savoy, tense and motionless, his eyes eager, the abiding place of quick hope yet of misty doubting, waited. With a rush Laufer-Hirth came back. In his hand was a small wine-red silken case, very dusty, flicked with cobwebs. His hands were trembling as he snatched the thing open.

"The Opal!" he gasped. "The Opal of Nonius."

Swift relief shone in Savoy's eyes now. "Ah! I thought so!" he sighed.

SIX MEN sat down to breakfast at the table about which ten had dined the night before. They were Captain Temple and the sergeant, Mr. Nemo and his man Mohun, Laufer-Hirth and Andregg, Laufer-Hirth's secretary, Will Little, was sleeping; "dead drunk and dead to the world," his employer reported. Paul Savoy, long before this hour of officially opening a new and utterly dreary day, had gone off to his room.

Andregg had moved his seat, the rest dropping naturally to the places they had occupied at dinner. He quitted his

former chair at the foot to take that of Mainwaring Parks at the head. It is doubtful if he meant actually to do what the action indicated, yet perhaps subconsciously he felt the duty of host shifted to his thin nervous shoulders. Temple's hard eyes stabbed at him when he took the chair which all had thought to leave vacant. For some moments Andregg appeared utterly unaware of the captain's obvious animosity. When it was forced upon his attention he at first responded to it with a high indifference. But as the hour progressed and Temple continued to single him out across the coffee cups, Andregg's own eyes began to glitter wickedly and thin pinkish-red spots stood out in his cadaverous cheeks.

Laufer-Hirth, failing to see how any possible good could come from any two of this enforcedly sequestered company evincing the abhorning impulse to be at each other's throats, but glimpsing instead every likelihood of further and unnecessary catastrophe, threw his own portly bulk into the breach. Every man's soul had been flicked on the raw; it would be so simple to dance along like so many storm-driven dead leaves into some mad whirlwind of unthinkable violence.

Laufer-Hirth related to them Paul Savoy's interest in the phenomenon and of their investigation.

"SAVOY, if you want to hear from me," said the captain washishly, "is either a long-eared jackass or—"

He bit his words off there but something of his meaning spilled over into the silence which followed them.

Mr. Nemo said quietly, looking very grave, "what of the bodies? Did someone carry them away? Or am I to understand, gentlemen, that this is merely a house of vanishing things?"

The two Filipinos, giving every indication of the most acute nervousness while they served from the kitchen, always managing to keep close together, both going when one was needed to bring in a single dish, stared and looked wildly at each other.

"What do you know about this, Andregg?" Temple demanded curtly, suddenly.

"Nothing," said Andregg.

It was the first time the two had addressed each other and in their tones was all the gentle forbearance of two strange dogs about to fly at each other's throats. Already were fangs bared.

"No? You know nothing, eh?" sneered the captain. He had leaned forward half across the table, seeming to strain to the breaking point some invisible leash. Now he settled back loosely in his chair, but the bright, suspicious hardness in his eyes was as marked as ever, as he cried hotly: "There is one thing you do know! What was it that you were in such a hurry to pick up from the floor by Parks' body? Oh, we all saw you! Saw how you couldn't jam it in your pocket fast enough. What was it?"

ANDREGG flushed up; pinkish-red spots grew scarlet now. For a moment he seemed at a loss for words; he swallowed once or twice as though with difficulty. But in the end he answered coolly and steadily enough.

"It was something of mine. That's all. Nobody's business but mine."

"Everything that has happened in this house is everybody's business now," said Temple. "You, Andregg, are no more above suspicion than the rest of us. If you want to act like that—"

"What do you mean?" cried Andregg wildly. "That I killed them?" A shudder shook him. "You mean that I could have

sneaked upstairs and stabbed Parks and hammered Dicks over the head? How could I have done it? Would they have just sat and waited for it? You're crazy!"

"Someone did it—"

Again it was Laufer-Hirth who interposed.

"There may be something that we can do, if we all keep our heads. You, Captain Temple, with both a military record and no doubt a greater unrecorded experience among such odd happenings as fall to the lot of all great explorers, must realize the value of self-discipline. I don't mean to preach, you know; but then I am older than the rest of you."

"Right you are," admitted Temple with far greater readiness than had been expected. "And now, gentlemen, what say you, since we're all gathered here except for Savoy and Will Little, that we indulge for the first time in a few frank words?"

"I don't understand, for one," said Laufer-Hirth, wrinkling his brow. "Why shouldn't we be frank and above board? In what have we been anything other?"

"Take yourself for example and begin with, Laufer-Hirth," said Temple bluntly. "What have you got in your pocket that you haven't shown us?"

Amazement stamped itself on Laufer-Hirth's face. His thoughts leaped to the opal in the old wine-red silken case.

"How did you know?" he gasped.

"WHY SHOULDN'T I know?"

What mystery has been made about it? He seemed puzzled at the other's expression and words. "What, man, are we here for? Why did Parks have his pockets stuffed with ready money? Weren't you, and Savoy, too, here to do business with Mr. Nemo, if that business could be satisfactorily done? Did you come with empty pockets? Of course not; not even I did that. And what I bear, though of course not to be mentioned in the same breath as Mr. Nemo's property, is not exactly to be sneezed at."

"Oh," said Laufer-Hirth understanding. "So you didn't know! And, before we continue with what I now see you have in mind, suppose I show you?"

He drew it from his pocket and put it with gentle lingering fingers upon the tablecloth.

"The Opal of Nonius, my friends," he explained soberly, and the glorious stone shone up into their astonished eyes.

There was a great craning of necks, a simultaneous stretching out of eager hands. As their mutterings of incredulity grew modified to sharp interrogation, he explained, telling just how and when he had found the jewel and what part Paul Savoy had played in its discovery. As a part of his tale he included a sketch of Savoy's odd theory of the workshop of the brain. To this they listened with varying interest, Captain Temple scoffing loudly while Mr. Nemo nodded swift approval.

"Savoy's a dilettante, a faddist and a fool," snapped the captain sweepingly.

"He is, I understand, a multi-millionaire?" suggested Mr. Nemo softly.

"Inherited millions, then," said Temple scornfully.

"Made over ten millions on his own at one coup in the Street," Laufer-Hirth reminded him.

"Fool's luck. He'd lose it next time— Look at him now! Off in his room, swathed in violet-blue window drapes! Dodging all common sense clues, afraid they'll mislead him, trying to come at anything with his eyes glued on his infernal star-sapphire. Self-hypnosis is the trick such creatures are adepts at."

"He sent me, straight as a string, to the Opal of Nonius!" remonstrated Laufer-Hirth.

TEMPLE could only shrug. Again they bent over the legended stone paying its incomparable loveliness for the most part that rarest tribute of breathless silence. In the end Mr. Nemo it was who asked.

"What's to be done with it just now?"

"You keep it for the present, Laufer-Hirth," answered Temple readily enough. "It'll be as safe with you as with anyone. If anything at all is safe in this damned house," he broke out with a hint of nerves. "And if you aren't afraid, Laufer-Hirth," he added with a grunt.

"Afraid? Afraid of what?"

"Of a slit throat, if you want plain words." Laufer-Hirth quite plainly did not want plain words and shivered slightly. Captain Temple ran on hurriedly: "We're no such fools, are we, as to count this murderous business at an end? That is, of course, unless every man-jack of us is on his guard. And even then—"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Nemo softly.

"Laufer-Hirth with his unexpected Opal merely interrupted what we were getting at," explained Temple. "When I said he hadn't opened up with what he had on him, I didn't, of course, refer to the Opal. He brought up something else from the city, didn't he? And so did I bring something, and though it's not in the same class as what Mr. Nemo carries, yet it's no negligible paper of pins. There's been many a throat cut for less. Whether it's in my pocket now or whether I've secreted it somewhere, doesn't signify at the moment. You all know what it is and how I came by it; you know it's for sale at a price. And you know that it's nothing more or less than the Seal of Napoleon."

Both Mr. Nemo and Laufer-Hirth nodded; to be sure they knew. Mr. Nemo's shadow, the squat giant Mohun, and Captain Temple's retainer merely watched. As for Andregg, he appeared uninterested.

"MERELY a carnelian seal," continued the captain, "but a thing which I fancy would be eagerly sought by collectors, since it is known to have been worn by Napoleon himself, by Napoleon III and last of all, by the ill-starred Prince Imperial. After it vanished on a certain day in Zulu-land, no one knows its adventures—excepting your most obedient servant." He made them a haughty bow, at once ironic and savage. "What you do not know, I think, is that attached to the seal by a later owner is an unusually fine diamond."

Laufer-Hirth's eyes were sparkling.

"A rare possession, Captain Temple, and I congratulate you on your ownership of it. Of course Parks explained that you were bringing it with you; I need not say that in that fact alone I had a high incentive to make this unhappy trip. I'd have gone as willingly ten thousand miles to look upon it, even if—ah—if I had had no thought of—of discussing its value with you, you know."

Temple nodded curtly.

"Its intrinsic value, to be sure, is less than the thing you brought with you; far, far, very far less than that which Mr. Nemo has with him."

"I think, gentlemen," said Mr. Nemo, gently smoothing the finest wrinkle out of the tablecloth, "that it would be best if, as Captain Temple suggests, we treat one another with utter frankness." He raised a pair of just now childishly innocent eyes. "When I spoke my mind at the table last night, inviting postponement of any business at this time, it was with the thought of explaining first to our lamented host, then to you others, that for certain personal reasons I found

it advisable to come on here without the object which I had intended to bring. In short, I mean that I did not see fit to bring with me the Flower of Heaven."

They stared at him so swiftly and boldly, then withdrew their eyes so hastily that Mr. Nemo must have been a much stupider man than he appeared to be not to recognize the fact that, to a man, they held he lied.

"HERE comes Savoy," cried Laufer-Hirth quite unnecessarily and in a voice raised as though to the deaf, so eager was he to welcome any interruption. "What's the word, Savoy?"

"And how's the Big Brain idea working out?" demanded Temple.

For an instant Savoy ignored him, asking who had a cigarette.

"Haven't had a smoke for hours," he explained, dropping into his chair. He looked pale and gaunt, his eyes unnaturally brilliant. "So Amos has been mistating my theories, eh?" he said then, coolly impersonal toward the captain. "I tried to explain to him how the brain is really a wonderful machine. Of course, there's always something required beside the machinery," he amended with a hint of a ghostly smile. "Take for instance the finest aeroplane motor ever devised and put a year old baby at the controls, and nothing very much happens! But connect it up with a man who understands the thing, and look out for speed, endurance, power, smooth-running perfection and enormous accomplishment."

"Exactly," said Mr. Nemo, leaning forward and smiling his appreciation. "And may one ask, Mr. Savoy, if your work during the night has been prolific of any result?"

"I am only at the beginning," returned the other, accepting the coffee put before him by the Filipinos. "I read the guest book, to begin with. You see—"

"I seem to see," said Temple, all mock humility, "that we are actually concerned with the crime itself and what has happened subsequently, that is from the first second following the act—"

"All wrong, I am afraid, Captain. Should not our concern in such a case as this always be with what happened before? For events before point to the crime, while subsequent happenings—here I include what are so ridiculously known as 'clues'—are more than likely to point away from it."

Mr. Nemo for once was insistent.

"You have made progress, then?"

"I think that I may say, I have," Savoy retorted. "Mental fingers, so to speak, begin to point. At present, though of course I admit it is too early to be sure of anything, they point to one man."

"And may one ask?" purred Mr. Nemo.

"It's peculiar," sighed Savoy. "Rather odd but—thus far I am forced to admit that everything points to—me!—May I have the salt, Amos?"

Who killed Parks?

Who killed Dicks?

Savoy has just begun his inquiry. Read the ingenious details of events that follow this most engrossing tale of *Thirteen and One in the May Radio Digest*.

John and Ned at NBC

(Continued from page 88)

Just a little busybody who spreads news of the family's last differences, mother's age, and the size of dad's weekly stipend.

Ned is little Mary Smith. Recently Mary had her big scene of the season.

"Little Bennie," another mythical juvenile, boldly entered the studio and tried to "date her." Little Bennie, by the way, is the 225-pound Bennie Walker, editor of the *Woman's Magazine of the Air*.

John and Ned tell with pride of their first "big smash into print."

"It was in the *Radio Digest* late in 1926," says John. "We certainly did put that in our scrapbook—our first scrapbook."

Here one learns that Ned is the librarian for John and Ned, Inc. He has four neatly bound volumes which tell an entertaining and a graphic story of their wanderings.

"What do you picture as you work before the microphone?" we asked John and Ned. "We know some artists vision mother knitting, while others see the wife and baby, and somebody else works to a dearest friend."

"We don't have mental pictures any more," Ned becomes spokesman.

"We just take our—John's—guitar into the studio and begin having a good time—we get a great kick out of working ourselves and we just hope that our feeling is communicated to our audience."

Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 13)

Broadcasting studios every day. Do you drive your fresh air cab down there?"

"Sometimes we goes down theah, but mostways de talk goes out from de office. Dey simply opens up the mikerphone on de desk and folks listens us in to whoevah happens to be theah."

"When are you and Ruby Taylor going to get married?"

"Das what I wanta know, mos' likely mo'n you do. Mistah. It seems 'cme it ain't nevah goin' be."

"Her Aunt Lilly live near here?"

"Yas, sah, not so very far."

"I'd like to see Ruby sometime, Amos."

"Jes' lak me."

"I think she must be a pretty fine girl to make you so fond of her."

"Dere ain't nevah was no gal lak Ruby Taylor. I knows dat much. I ain't nevah goin' fawgit how she look when she say good-bye to me—so sweet."

T-rrrrrr-ing! We could hear the phone ring through the door. And Andy answered:

"Hul-lo! Hul-lo, Kingfish . . .

beat yo' come on ovah heah yo'self . . .

yeah . . . yeah, he still heah . . .

Amos talkin' to him out on de sidewalk . . .

I dunno, mebbe he got some money . . . Uh-huh . . . Sho!

Sho! . . . He say he wants to meet yo' . . .

take him where? . . . Oh, yes, to meet de bidders of de lodge . . .

No, I wouldn't do that, Kingfish; he ain't goin' to hurt nobody . . .

Oh, no . . . You all come on ovah heah . . .

Yeah . . . Good-bye."

Amos seemed to relax a trifle as he looked up at me with a grin.

"I reckon yo' hear what he say, huh?"

"Nothing the matter with my ears, Amos; I just couldn't help it. Looks like I am going to meet the Kingfish."

"I gives you fair warning, Mistah, you look out faw de Kingfish."

BE SURE to read in the May issue of *Radio Digest* what happens when Mark Quest meets the Kingfish. Will the Kingfish take him in? And what do they do at the lodge? You will also meet the Madame Queen. Are Andy's intentions strictly honorable?

Who's Who In Broadcasting

SCHINDLER, Willard, Baritone, National Broadcasting Company.
Schlegel, George, Operator-Announcer, WJUN.
Schmidt, Louise, KSTP, 9-year-old girl trumpet player. Learned to play by listening to phonograph records. Popular with juvenile listeners of KSTP. Received favorable comment from John Phillip Sousa recently.
Schmidt, Peter, Band Director, Clarinet, WGY.
Schmidt, Ray, Sports Review, Announcer KWK.
Schneller, John K., Announcer, KEX.
Schoelwer, Eddie, Pianist, one of the Baby Grand Twins, Big Crows of the Four K Safety Club, WSAE.
Schoening, Virginia, Assistant Librarian, KSTP.
Schoetgen, Dora, Pianist in Schoetgen Trio, KSTP.
Schofield, Mrs. Henry, Soprano, WLAC.
Schoffs, Tom, Announcer, KMDC.
Schoop, Dorothea, Harpsichord Accompanist, KOW.
Schramm, Sarah, Pianist, WFLA.
Schroeder, Carl G., Announcer, WPHL. One of the youngest announcers on the air. Hobby is football announcing. Bass soloist on all types of programs.
Schroeder, Leon, Baritone, KVOO.
Schuck, Mrs. J. G., Pianist, WFLA.
Schultz, E. E., Director of Setting-Up Exercises at WLW.
Schuk, Bob, Announcer and studio operator at WDAY. A student at North Dakota Agricultural college.
Schutt, Arthur, Pianist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Schwab, May Deshaem, Soprano, KPO.
Schwartz, "Bill," Jr., Soloist and Member of Vanderbilt University Football Squad, WLAC.
Schwartz, Jean Taradash, Violinist, WLAC.
Schwartz, Victor, KSTP, Violinist.
Schwarzman, Arthur, Pianist, NBC, San Francisco studios. Heard during the coast-to-coast broadcasts of the Pacific Vagabonds and Pacific Little Symphony programs every Wednesday and Friday.
Schwedding, Al, Operator, is the veteran operator, having joined WLW more than five years ago.
Scott, Geraldine, (Gerry—The Little Girl from the Raw Valley). This versatile blue-eyed star of Radio possesses a lovely contralto voice. She is the featured soloist on the Women's Forum Hour each day of the week except Sunday. She is a graduate of Washburn College, member of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority, has studied all her life with the best voice teachers in the Middle West; won the State Atwater Audition contest, and has won many local voice contests. Geraldine Scott is a Topeka girl and comes to WLW's staff from the Earl May Radio station, KMA, at Rhonoadash, Iowa, where she was the featured soloist for some time.
Scott, Ivy, Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.
Scott, Joe, WERC.
Scott, Fern, Staff Accompanist, WGN.
Seagle, John, Baritone, NBC, New York.
Seale, Walter B., Baritone, WGAN.
Searle, Don, Announcer, Station Manager, KOIL.
Sears, Sally, Sally is a young girl with just the same problems and perplexities as every other member of her sex. From her voluminous scrap book she brings the Chicago Daily News feminine listeners a half hour specially for themselves each morning except Sunday from 11 to 11:30 o'clock, Chicago time. Sally tells how to build a home, furnish it and conduct it harmoniously, gives the latest hints on styles and charm and adds music and historical background of many present day customs and costumes for color.
Seaver, Oliver A., Pianist and Organist, WFLA.
Sebel, Frances, Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.
Seddon, Tommy, KSTP, Harp and cello soloist, member National Battery Symphony orchestra.
Seeley, Margaret Calhoun, Pianist, WLAC.
Segal, Sam, KSTP, Drums, National Battery Symphony orchestra.
Seigel, Harry, Violinist, WIBC.
Seixas, Dr. P. M., Setting-Up Exercises, KNS.
Sellinger, Henry, Program Director of Station WGN and Manager-in-Chief of its numerous musical activities. His Drake Concert ensemble is a pioneer radio orchestra, having broadcast over WDAP (later WGN) back in 1923. He is known as the Phantom Violin, WGN.
Sell, Vic, KSTP, Trumpet, National Battery Symphony orchestra.
Selph, Orvis M., Chief Operator, Announcer on Sunday Services, WRVA.
Serouder, Alexander, Assistant Conductor, Columbia Symphony Orchestra.
Semple, Tom, Sketch Entertainer, WLAC.
Serafino, Bertha, Popular Pianist, KPIM.

Serenaders, NBC, New York.
Serlis, Olga, Pianist, NBC, New York.
Serunghard, Harold, Announcer, Engineer, KDHL, Former U. S. Navy operator-electrician.
Seven Aces, "All Eleven of 'Em," KOA.
Sexton, Tom, Manager, KPHD. With the station for three years, one of the sponsors of the Twilight symphony.
Seymour, I. J., Announcer, WCCO.
Shackelford, Mrs. Mae, Soprano, WAPL.
Shadypick, E. Joseph, Violinist, WCCO.
Shaffer, George, Saxophonist, KVOO.
Shaffer, Rachel Watson, Soprano, KVOO.
Shannon, Cecil, Vagabond Tenor, Program Director, Announcer, WBBZ.
Shannon, Jack, NBC, New York. Creator of The Gospelers. Born in Coventry, Conn., he left home at the age of 15. Worked as a bellhop, was a professional boxer, studied voice for a number of years, married Josephine Beckman of Omaha and went to New York in 1916 with a government job. After the war did a stretch of randoeville work, then had a run of musical comedy. Conceived The Gospelers at WABC, later transferring to WEAF (April 4, 1928). Appears with Marie Stoddard, who is Mrs. Flynn. Both frequently carry on as two or more characters.



Gospelers at WABC, later transferring to WEAF (April 4, 1928). Appears with Marie Stoddard, who is Mrs. Flynn. Both frequently carry on as two or more characters.

Shannon, John Finley, Pianist, WRM.
Shannon, Mrs. Marguerite, Pianist, WLAC.
Shannon, Ray, Tenor, WDAP.
Shapiro, Leon, Violinist, WDBO.
Shurman, Mrs. Olive, Woman's Hour, WJB.
Sharpe, John, Chief Operator, CFRB.
Sharpless, S. F., KSTP, Imitator and Whistler.
Shaver's Jubilee Singers, WLS.
Shaw, Dudley, General Manager, KEJF.
Shaw, Dudley, "The Third Hand," Director, Chief Announcer, KEJF.
Shaw, Elliot, Baritone, NBC, New York.
Shaw, R. M., "Father Time," Office Manager, KEJF.
Shean, Jack, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.
Shearer, Charles, Studio Director, Announcer, CFRB.
Shea's Stage Band, Alex. Hyatt Director, WMAK.
Shea's Symphony Orchestra, WMAK.
Sheehan, Bartholomew, Announcer, WLWL.
Shelden, Chet, Orchestra, KFHL.
Shell, Fred, Cellist, KOMO.
Shelton, Marie Bess, Soprano, WLAC.
Shepard, John, President, WNAC.
Shepard, Jr., John, President, Treasurer, WNAC.
Shepard, John, 3rd, Executive in Charge, WNAC.
Shepherd, G. O., President, General Manager, Citizen Broadcasting Co., Inc., owners and operators of Station WWNC, Asheville, N. C. Serves also as Chief Announcer and Station Director. Came into Radio from the advertising business. Operated advertising agency which handled several commercial continuity programs. Got interested in Radio as a listener and fan away back yonder when listening had to be done with headphones. "Programs came hard in them days"—diathermy would heat a station with phones, work all gadgets carefully to get best volume and least static, then switch to speaker horn. Maybe it was good. Maybe not. Radio listening first as a hobby, then as a business—and he began the South's first Radio column—three times a week, then daily, headed "Down the Airway" by "Station GOSH." This "station" having no transmitter, with call letters gained from combining three initials and second letter of last name, "broadcast" for several years in Asheville Times. Then switched to daily Radio chatter column and review of stations heard, in Asheville Citizen. Was South's first Radio editor to be sent by paper to a Radio show. Took over Station WWNC on lease, operated for four months, then formed corporation which is affiliated with Asheville's morning newspaper, the Asheville Citizen. Station brought out of "average station" class into one of nation's most popular—and gaining favor every day. Originated "Laughing" program, "Band Parade" and was first in South to use continuity for Radio broadcasting.
Sher, Lou, Blues Singer, KWK.
Sherdross, Ted, Announcer, WOW.
Sheridan, Maude, Contralto, WFLA.
Sheridan Sisters, Popular Vocal Team, Contralto and Soprano, WFLA.
Sherman, Joe, Banjoist, KGW.



Sherman, Bansom, The third of WMAQ's three "plus dees" of humor, hoikum and harmony. Bansom can sing and play as well as clown and mirth and melody are his particular fortes. In one of his few serious moments he even can announce in an almost dignified manner. He and Russell Pratt add the Saturday night song cycle to the many other weekly programs they present The Daily News fans.
Sherr, Norm, Pianist, WGER.
Sherris, Marley, Announcer, Bass, Baritone, Reader, NBC, New York.
Sherris, Marley R., Announcer. Born in Toronto, Canada, June 23, 1884. Studied piano and singing in the Toronto Conservatory of Music and in Chicago. He made appearances all through Canada and the Western States. Finally studied in London, England, and returned to New York, National Broadcasting Company.
Shields, Lynton J., President, National Battery Broadcasting Company, owners and operators of KSTP. Mr. Shields, an outstanding leader in civic and business affairs of the Twin Cities and the Northwest for many years, is the originator and principal owner of KSTP. His great interest in radio development is evidenced by his efforts in establishing KSTP, March, 1928, and immediately employing a full-time 35-piece symphony orchestra and other talent to provide highest quality entertainment for Northwest Radio listeners.
Shields, Mrs. E. P., Contralto, KTHS.
Shippee, Max E., Bullad Singer, WDAP.
Shirk, Kenneth G., Technical Staff, KOIL.
Shirley, Ruth, Coloratura Soprano, WBUN.
Shoffner, Charles P., Weekly Talks, WFL.
Sholes, Maxwell, KSTP, Member St. Paul Players and KSTP Players.
Shope, Henry, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.
ShoHiff, Jack, Operator, WDAP.
Shreffler, Boyd, and His Merrymakers, WDBW. Boyd and his band were formerly with the Jayhawk and Novelty Theaters of Topeka. Maude is pianist for the band and their music is really "up town."
Shriner, Paul Adams, Pianist, KVOO.
Shroeder, Leon, Baritone, KVOO.
Shuck, Mrs. J. G., President Tuesday Morning Music Club, WFLA.
Shumate Brothers, KMA.
Shurtz, E. Judson, Baritone, WOC.
Shyman, Abe, Concert Pianist and member of the Studio Orchestra at WJJD, Chicago.
Siellans, Male Quartet, WOC.
Siekinger, Hodel, Pianist, WDAC.
Sidentunen, H. W., Announcer, KFEQ.
Sigler, Mose, Novelty Entertainer. Voice and Guitar, WERC.
Silberstein, Herbert, Violinist, WOC.
Silverton, Edna, Director of the Crosley Woman's Hour of WLW. Is a graduate of Ohio State and has a number of original stories and poems to her credit.
Silvestre, Emilio, Saxophone Soloist and member of the Studio Orchestra at WJJD, Chicago.
Simmons, Bertha, Popular Singer, KFDM.
Simmons, C. J., Staff Announcer for KFDM at Galveston. Is a newcomer to the ranks of Radio broadcasting, but during the short time he has been connected with KFDM he has won considerable popularity through his unique manner of handling sport events and the informal type of studio programs. His microphone name is "Ace" Simmons, which is carried over from the days when he was active in Uncle Sam's air forces.
Simmons, Georgia, Creator of the Radio "Mammy", based on programs from the NBC San Francisco studios. Miss Simmons also writes Radio comedy-dramas about the Southern folk with whom she grew up on a Georgia plantation.
Simmons, Robert, Tenor, NBC, New York.
Simms, Lee, Pianist, NBC, Chicago.
Simon, Harry, Director of the KFRC Dance Orchestra, Formerly Director at The Ambassador, Ltd., Melbourne, Australia, KFRC.
Simonds, Harold, Baritone and Announcer, WFL.
Simonds, Raymond, Leader of Whiting's Quintet, Male, WENI.
Simons, George, Tenor, Announcer, WMAQ.
Simons, Mildred, Announcer, WCCO.
Simpleton Pitts, Conducts the Early Bird program from 7-8 a. m. daily. When "Simp" wears his other uniform he is known as Mirena Upton, Announcer par excellence, KFRC.
Simpson, Marjorie, Staff contralto, has a rich broadcasting voice.
Simpson, Pauline, Pianist, KTHS.
Sims, Oliver, Harmonica Player. Director of String Band, WERC.



Shular, Postley, Announcer, WOR.
 Singler, Frank, Announcer, NBC, New York.
 Singleton, Harold, Baritone, WHAM.
 Sinn, J. E., "The Boss," KSO.
 Skjinner, Ben, Tenor, NBC, New York.
 Skjinner, Eula, Soprano, WLAC.
 Skliffety, Frank, Pianist, WHAM.
 Slagle, George, Operator, Announcer, WSUN.
 Slipey, Peggy, Blues Singer, KMOX.
 Slinimon, Wesley, Baritone, KFOA.
 Sloan, George K., Operator, WDAF.
 Sloan, John, Scottish Tenor, former pupil of D. M. McKay London Royal Academy of Music and London Royal College of Music, also K. Warren K. Hays of the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Ill. This young Scotsman came to this country from Glasgow, Scotland in August, 1924, and since that time has traveled extensively throughout the Northern, Eastern and Southern states, also parts of Canada, with concert companies under the management of the Redpath Chautauqua and Lyceum Bureau of Chicago, Ill. Mr. Sloan also sang as first tenor in the WJAZ male quartet and Light Opera Company from Oat station in Chicago. He is now singing tenor with the popular harmony team "Johanna and Eddie" as of KMA Showandoh fame, now known as the Happy Sunshine Coffee Boys of WNAJ at Yankton, South Dakota, where he also assists as an announcer.



Small, Edward, Tenor, NBC, New York.
 Smathers, Mrs. J. R., Soprano, WFLA.
 Smiley, Robert, Announcer, KPRC.
 Smith, Amy L., Pianist, KWE.
 Smith, Anna Mary, Soprano, KVOO.
 Smith, Arthur, Fiddle, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.
 Smith, Beasley, and His Orchestra, WSM.
 Smith, Mrs. Brentley, Soprano, WLAC.
 Smith Brothers, Popular Songs, NBC, New York. William Hillpot and Harold Lambert.
 Smith, Clyde H., Manager, Commercial Department, WWNC.
 Smith, E. R., Blues Singer, Black Face Comedian, WBRB.
 Smith, Earl, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.
 Smith, George, Announcer, Director, WJAZ.
 Smith, Harold Osbourne, Organist, WHAM.
 Smith, Homer, Tenor, NBC, New York.
 Smith, Howard C., Announcer and Director of Montgomery studios, WAPI.
 Smith, Lee O., Announcer, Director, KPDM.
 Smith, Madge, Hawaiian Music, WJHL.
 Smith, M. G., Fiddle, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.
 Smith, Mrs. Quentin M., Soprano, WLAC.
 Smith, S. E., Control Operator, WJJD, Chicago.
 Smith, Sax and His Cavaliers, Dance Orchestra, WHAM.
 Smith, Vernon H., "Big," Announcer, WHEN.
 Smith, W. M., Banjoist, WLAC.
 Smith, Z. Franco, Tenor Soloist, KSTP.
 Snel, George D., Technician-Announcer, KDTL.

Sol-A-Bar Gardens Orchestra, WDAF.
 Snyder, G. M., Assistant Operator, KHQ.
 Snyder, Reed, Announcer, WOC.
 Snyder, Ruth, Indigo Blues Singer, WBRB.
 Sobey, Roy, Vocalist, KYA.
 Sodbusters, Illinois, Jess DeLoitte's bunch on the WLS Merry-Go-Round, Banjos or guitars all speak with pep. All the farms outside Chicago.

Sodero, Cesare, Maestro, Opera Presentations, National Broadcasting Company.
 Sorenfield, Helene, Mezzo-Soprano, WLAC.
 Soreno Hotel Ensemble, Louis Baer, Director, WSUN.

Southern Melody Boys, WFLA.
 Southern Plantation Singers, WFLA.
 Southern Ramblers, Orchestra under the direction of William Yeager, WLAC.
 South Sea Islanders, NBC, New York.
 Soverby, Katherine, Soprano, WAPI.

Spalding, Albert, Violinist, CBS. Born in Chicago, studied in Italy and with Lefort in Paris, where he made his concert debut. Has composed several songs and arranged orchestrations. Appeared with New York symphony.
 Spalding, Marguerite, Junior Soprano, WFLA.
 Spangenberg, Myrtle, Soprano Soloist, WTMJ. Helped to rock the Radio Cruise in Milwaukee. Single, blue eyes, golden hair, five feet five. Hobbies are music of all kinds, fan mail and dancing.

Spano's Barito Quartet, Group of Italian Musicians, WAPI.
 Spaulding, Harold, NBC tenor at San Francisco.

Spaulding, Margaret, Soprano, WFLA.
 Spaulding, Burton, Banjo Player, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.
 Spears, Kenneth, KSTP, Viola and Banjo, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
 Speer, Wanda, Soprano, KVOO.
 Spencer, Sarah Alice, Pianist, Vocalist, WBRB.

Spencer Trio, Kendallworth Inn, WWNC.
 Spencer, Virginia, has a very original style of playing the piano which keeps her solos much in demand. She also sings, and plays the violin. She was pursuing a business career before she entered the professional musical field upon joining KPRC.

Spies, Byron, Reads the Mail Bag at Topsy Turvy Time each afternoon over WMAQ at 7:15 o'clock.

Spooner, Mrs. Morris, Soprano, WSUN.
 Springtime Sirenders, WFLA.
 Spross, Charles Gilbert, Organist, Composer and Pianist, Director of Many Programs, WGY.

Squires, Eddie, Studio Director, WSUN.
 Stafford Sisters, Novelty Harmony Team, KFOA.

Stalson, Alpha, Executive secretary of Topsy Turvy Time, WMAQ's club for boys and girls.

Stamp, James, KSTP, Trumpet, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
 Stanbury, Douglas, Baritone, NBC, New York, Standard Symphony Orchestra, KFO.

Stanton, Andrew T., Announcer of WCAU. Joined the staff of WCAU two years ago. Before coming to Philadelphia he had worked on the staff of several Chicago and New York Stations. He covers all the leading sports events of the city and is a Victor Recording tenor.

Stanton, Harry, NBC basso at San Francisco.
 Starr, Margaret, Staff Organist, WTMJ. Gets more fan mail than any other person at this Milwaukee station. Born in Oklahoma City, studied piano in Europe. Petite, weighing 95 pounds, long black hair, big black eyes, single, and just 21.

Star's Novelty Trio, WDAF.
 Steele, Fred, Tenor, WBRB.
 Steele, Hubert & Lee, known as the Varsity Boys. Real trouper, having had years of experience in old time minstrel, WHRC.

Stefan, Karl, Chief Announcer, Norfolk Daily News Radio station WJAG, located at Norfolk, Neb. Known over the country via Radio as "The Printer's Devil." Been announcing continuously since 1922. World traveler interpreter, saw service with constabulary in Philippine Islands, Associated Press telegrapher, newspaper correspondent, etc. Radio record featuring among first world's series baseball games, giving good pictures simultaneously as results come over wire; organizer of what is believed to be the only and largest radio family in the world, etc.

Steffan, Olga, Contralto, KPO.
 Stein, John, Baritone, Director of Stein Mixed Quartet, WADC.

Steinbach, Charles, Born and raised in Yankton, South Dakota, was drummer with the Mikota dance and concert orchestra for 22 years. Played in the Yankton Municipal Band for the past thirty years. He became associated with WNAJ as a regular member of the staff in December, 1927, and since that time has played drums with various orchestras from that station, among them being the Concert and Popular Orchestras, which won the National Radio Digest Popularity Contest in 1929, also Happy Jack's Old Timers, The Sunshine Favorites, and the German Band. Mr. Steinbach also features xylophone and vibraphone solos.

Steitz, J. Bide, Director-Announcer, WWNC.
 Stern, Samuel Maurice, Cellist, WHAL. Comes from the middle west, having been born on a Kansas farm. His musical talent, however, took him to Chicago where he received his early musical training. Later he toured the country as a member of several nationally known musical organizations, finally coming to Baltimore. He has been a member of the staff of WHAL for over three years and appears regularly as a member of the WHAL Ensemble, the WHAL Spring Quartet, "The Calverters," and also is often heard as a soloist and in obligato work.

Stevens, Les and His Orchestra, NBC New York.
 Stevens, Robert, Tenor, NBC New York.
 Steward, Caldwell, Basso, WBRB.

Stewart, Kathleen, Accompanist, Pianist. Has been with the National Broadcasting Company Three Years.

Siles, Jane Harris, Contralto, KPLV.
 Siles, Orson, Director, WOW.
 Simon, Lawrence W., Chief Engineer, KVOO.
 Siring, Jean, Pianist, WOW.

Stockdale, Earl, KSTP, Member Male Quartet, National Male Four.
 Stocks, Vesta, Xylophonist, WAPI.
 Stoddard, Marie, NBC, New York, Mrs. Flynn of the Coopers. Has starred in Broadway productions and appeared with Charlie Chaplin.

Stoess, William C., Musical Director of the Crosby station, WLW-WBAL. He has a permanent staff of orchestra and a calling list that includes all members of the Cincinnati Symphony as well as every other expert instrumentalist in Cincinnati. He makes up the programs for sixteen orchestra concerts every week in addition to supervising their direction and the presentation of a number of other orchestras which come into the stations as complete units under their own directors. In his "Spare Time" he presents the Miniatures of the Masters series of musical history talks on WLW at 4:00 P. M. five days a week, plays the solo violin, and announces.

Stokowski, Leopold, Conductor Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The third conductor of this orchestra, the others being Fritz Schell, from 1900 to 1908, and Carl Fehlig, 1907 to 1912. Stokowski, born of a Polish father and an Irish mother, and educated in Queen's college, Oxford, has had much to do with the sensational success of the orchestra in recent years. His first musical position in the United States was that of organist and choir-master at St. Bartholomew's church in New York City. He resigned to go to Europe to conduct a number of the leading orchestras there. His success was almost immediate and he was engaged to conduct an orchestra in Cincinnati, from where he went to Philadelphia.



Stollrow, Edward, KSTP, Viola, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
 Stone, Mildred, Staff Artist, WPAW.
 Stone, Ralph K., Director, WPAW.
 Stone, Warren L., Basso, WSUN.
 Stoner, Marjorie, Contralto, WSUN.
 Stockey, Charles, Assistant Director of WLS. Takes charge of day and farm programs. Announcer, Graduated from U. of Ill. Married, and has two boys.

Stopp, Gerald, Radio Dramatic Director and producer, National Broadcasting Company.
 Storey, Lucille, Pianist, WFLA.
 Storey, Marshall, Leader, Hawaiian Beach-combers, KSTP.

Stott, Bill, Popular Soloist, WJJD, Chicago.
 Stowman, Kenneth W., Publicity Director, WCAU.

Stratner, Ted, Boy Pianist and Orchestra Leader, KMOX. Began his Radio career at the age of 12 by playing solos on children's programs. The following year he organized a Junior orchestra of ten boys. Now in high school. Pupil of Albert Wegman of St. Louis.

Strakht, Charlie's Orchestra, NBC, Chicago.
 Straka, Emil, KSTP, First Viola, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
 Straker, Mrs. Emily, KSTP, Character Actress, Member Advisory Board, KMOX Players.

Streater, Ted, Boy Pianist, KMOX.
 Striel, Robert, Announcer, WMAK.
 Stringer, Mrs. John A., Contralto, WSUN.
 String, Pickers, Hawaiian Instrumental, WJJD.
 Strolling Guitarists, two guitars on WLS. Music from Naxos or blues from St. Louis. Both from Hawaii.

Strout, Everett M., KSTP, Chief of Traffic Department, Benoit Control Supervisor.
 Stuart, E. D., Operator, WBAF.

Stubbs, Williams, Baritone, WFLA.
 Stucky, Lou, Contralto, WFLA.
 Studduth, Nauffel, Classical Pianist, WBRB.
 Sullivan, Jerry, Director of WBRB. Who does not remember WQL Chicago. Yes, that was Jerry Sullivan, and he has just announcing way back when. At the present time he is putting WBRB on the Radio map. When his cheery voice is absent from the station, he is away singing in yuletide.

Stucky, Jerry is one of the best of Blues singers, and has written songs of his own.
 Summer, Everett, Tenor, WSUN.
 Sumner, William, Pianist, KVOO.

Sunderman, Lloyd, Bass Soloist, KSTP.
 Sunny Jim and His Dandies, WDAF.
 Sunny Tennessee Quartet, This quartet, which is very popular throughout the middle section of the United States, will be heard over WLAC each Saturday evening throughout the coming fall and winter season. It is composed of the following members: Mrs. Herman Myatt, Soprano; Eva Thompson Jones, Contralto; Harry Walters, Bass; George Nevin, Tenor, Louis Shultz, Accompanist, WLAC.

Superior, Fred, Lyric Tenor, RWK.
 Sutcliffe, Lillian, Assistant to Sales Manager, KSTP.

Sutherland, George, WLW Announcer, deserted the management of small Radio stations for the experience to be gained working for the station that claims to be the most independent.
 Sutherland, George L., Jr., WPTF's Manager. Has announced the past from WJZ, WDBA, WBRB, WSEA.

Sutaff, Helen, Contralto Soloist, KSTP.
 Sutton, Violetta Boswell, Assistant Supervisor of Literary Research, WBAL. From the newspaper and advertising fields, Miss Sutton came into radio work, joining the staff of WBAL a year ago. Prior to coming to Baltimore she had served on the Sunday Editorial Staff of one of Philadelphia's largest newspapers, and as copy writer in the Advertising Departments of leading firms in Newark, N. J., and in Washington, D. C. Miss Sutton has traveled extensively and was the originator of a series of travel talks which were broadcast over WBAL last season and which took listeners on the famous Mediterranean cruise. She assists in writing continuity and program annotations at this station and she also does considerable research work. She is a native of Philadelphia.



the presentation of a number of other orchestras which come into the stations as complete units under their own directors. In his "Spare Time" he presents the Miniatures of the Masters series of musical history talks on WLW at 4:00 P. M. five days a week, plays the solo violin, and announces.

Swanson, Helen, Office Manager and Secretary to the Manager, KSTP.
Swanson, Nels, Bass Soloist, KSTP.
Swartzwood, H. M., Announcer, KEX.
Sweet, Hazel, Violinist Ensemble, WBRC.
Sweeney, Mrs. Louis, Whistler, WLAC.
Sweeney, Robert, Bass, WFLA.
Sweetser, Norman, Announcer-Baritone, NBC, New York.

Swenson, Nels, KSTP, Bass soloist, Member National Male Four. Closing 18th year as concert singer. Numerous tours Orpheum and Keith circuits. Has entertained on both WEAP and WJZ.

Svedlow, Lew, Trumpet, Jules Harburieux' KYW orchestra. Born in Riga, Russia (now Latvia), in 1903. Came to America in 1912 and studied music in this country with Edward B. Svedlow, distinguished first trumpet with the Chicago Symphony orchestra. A few of the famous orchestras he has played with in theatre, cafe and radio are Gus C. Edwards, Benny Meroff, and Jules Harburieux, not to forget his five seasons with the Chicago Civic orchestra. He declares he's happy though married and his hobby is walking the floor with baby, then trying to find the studio next day in time to play the Murrinmaker's matinee.

Sykes, Lewellyn, Pianist, WJBY.
Symphonie Male Quartet, WADC.

TABOR, Dean, Announcer, WORC.
Taggart, Dorothy, Soprano, Office Assistant, KOMO.

Talbot, Bryce, Baritone, Character Singer. Known for his Gilbert & Sullivan and musical comedy programs, WGN.

Talbot, Freeman, Announcer - Director KOA. The friendly atmosphere at KOA, Denver, is for the most part due to the genial disposition of Mr. Talbot, the Director. He is, also, one of those announcers who has broadcasted everything and from every place. He has broadcast from the depths of mines and from the tops of mountains. He also directs

the KOA Minstrels which have been winning so many Radio laurels the last few years; also with the KOA Light Opera Co. and the Arcadians Mixed Quartet. The Radio Redies, one of the biggest Radio productions in the last few years, was also directed by Mr. Talbot. He manages to infuse some of the western atmosphere into the station. All the programs have a distinct individuality.

Tall, Broughton, Supervisor of Literary Research, WBAL. A college man who has realized the many opportunities opened by the comparatively new field of Radio broadcasting work. Mr. Tall has always done literary work, having a number of plays and one-act sketches to his credit. Following his Columbia University days he joined the staff of one of Baltimore's leading newspapers as dramatic critic; he is now dramatic correspondent for several newspapers and magazines in addition to handling and supervising the Literary Research work for this station, a job to which he devotes the major portion of his time. Mr. Tall was the author of the Musical Scenarios which were broadcast with such success from this station a short while ago, and he writes the continuity and annotations for many of this station's outstanding features.

Tall, S. Broughton, Head of Musical and Literary Department. He is author of the "Musical Memories," WBAL.

Tank, Herbert F., Engineer, WWJ.
Tanksley, Louise, Contralto, WLAC.

Tanner, Earle, Staff Tenor and Announcer, KYW-KPKX. Native of Mt. Vernon, Ill. Came to Chicago in 1926 to study art. Did so at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts for four years and under Andrew Tyles. Didn't work at it very long, but decided to study singing in December, 1926, and did so. Worked for Public Theatres in 1925 and 1926 throughout the South and was put into an Orpheum Circuit. Did show that toured both the Keith and Orpheum Circuits. Last September went South and worked for Public again, also sang over WJAX in Jacksonville, Fla. Came to Chicago in December and went to work for KYW, which station I first sang over in 1922. Have been staff tenor and announcer for KYW since March. Tanner, Elmo, the "other" member of the "Tune Peddlers" at KYW. Fred Ross plays and sings to complete the team. Elmo heads from the southland, is "hitched," and admits both.

Tanner, Pearl King, NBC Actress at San Francisco.

Tarbell, Madge, the Girl Baritone, KSTP.
Tate, Mary Ellen, Blues Singer and Jazz Pianist, WBRC.

Taylor, Allen, Announcer, KWIL.
Taylor, Bernice, Dramatic Soprano, KYW.
Taylor, Frank, Popular Pianist, KOIN.
Taylor, Gail, NBC Soprano at San Francisco.
Taylor, Glenhall, Pianist, Program Director, KTAR. Veteran of seven years, composer of popular song hits.

Taylor, Lee, Announcer, KDYL.
Taylor, Rose, Accompanist, WDAF.
Taylor, Victor, Jovial Announcer, WSPD.
Teegarden, Lewis, Chief Announcer, KEX.

Teel, Ivey, Dramatic Reader, WOC.

Teel, John, NBC Baritone at San Francisco.

Teeter, Kenneth, Baritone, KOIN.

Teget, Leona, Flower and Domestic Science Talks, KMA.

Teich, Larry, WTML Sports Announcer and Head of the Milwaukee Journal, Secretary Hawkins Club for youngsters, which holds daily Radio meetings over WTML.

Temple, O. D., Tenor, WOW.

Tennison, Jusita, Soprano, the Original "all-around musical athlete." She has had an excellent musical education, is an experienced concert and operatic singer, but is not reluctant to do a popular number now and then.

Tepley, John, Bass, KOMO.

Teschler, Marion, Clarinet and Saxophone, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

Tews, Jack, KSTP, Typist Player and College Entertainer.

Thuden, Zena Gale, Staff Pianist and Accompanist. Composer and Member of Pinellas County System of Schools, WFLA.

The Musketeers Male Quartet, consisting of John Coolidge, first tenor; Jas. F. Breitwieser, second tenor; D. K. Howell, first bass, and H. T. Smith, second bass, are a new feature over Station KMOX, and will be heard over that station each Monday evening from 6:30 to 7:00 P. M., beginning November 11. This well-known quartet have been featured over WGN, Chicago and KWK, St. Louis.

Thiele, Elsie, Soprano, Columbia Broadcasting System.
Third Infantry Band, Carl Dillon, Conductor, WCCO.

Thomas, Bob, Sports Announcer, KWK.
Thomas, Dolph, Chief Announcer, Studio Director, Baritone, KOIN.

Thomas, Fred, NBC Actor, San Francisco.
Thomas, Har, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.

Thomas, John Clare, Musical Director Ephant Southern College, Associated with WBRC.
Thomas, Lloyd C., Commercial Manager of Westinghouse Stations. His early experience in Radio was secured at KPKX.

Thompson, Billy, Baritone, KVOO.
Thompson, Donald, Announcer, KPO.
Thompson, Fagan, Baritone, WLAC.
Thompson, Lloyd, KSTP, Cheer Leader, University of Minnesota, features on College Football.

Thompson, L. W., Saxophone, KVOO.
Thompson, Mac, Soprano, KPRC.
Thompson, R. Lee, Violinist, WADC.
Thompson, Ruth, Contralto, WBUN Quintet.
Thorgersen, Edward, Announcer, Pianist, Engineer, National Broadcasting Company.
Thornton, Henry, Organist, WOW.

Thorwald, John, Director-Announcer, WRR.
Three Doctors—WMAQ's three doctors, specialists in humor, harmony and hokeyum, are Russell Pratt, Hanson Sherman and Joe Rudolph.

Three Fox Grandmas, KSTP Harmony Trio, sing both popular and old-time melodies. Combined ages total nearly 300 years. Mix Mattie Lind, first soprano; Mrs. Josephine Nash, mezzo-soprano; Mrs. Blanche J. Schaller, contralto.

Three Hired Men, Willy, Louie and Sammie, all of WLS. One short, one halfway, and one tall—plus a guitar. Sing a little bit of everything. From Sweden. Right names: Bill Hongland, Dave Pearson, Eric Anderson.

Thron, Ludwig, Drums, WDAF.
Thunisch, Elmer, Sunday Organist, WGY.
Tille, the Toller, Singer and Entertainer, KPRC.

Tison, James F., Operator, WFLA.
Tison, J. Boykin, Chief Operator, WFLA.

Tison, W. Walter, Director-Announcer. This genial Director of WFLA is a native Floridian, born in the northern part of the state during the Spanish-American War. He specialized in Radio at Harvard University. Mr. Tison brings to the microphones the wealth of his experiences as Radio operator, both during the World War and afterwards. Naturally enough his first experience in voice transmission was with the American destroyers. Evidently his tone quality was good even in those days. After he left the U. S. Shipping Board, he belonged to the staff of WSB, and when the 300-watt equipment of this station was sold to Clearwater he took charge of it.

Itzhak, Peter, Baritone Soloist, Russian Arts Troupe, Dancers, Musicians and Vocalists, KSTP.

Tobin, Carl, Tenor Balladist, KTAR.
Todd, Rev. John, Sunday Morning Service, WMA.

Tofall, John, Accordionist, Pacific Coast Networks, National Broadcasting Company.

Toffoli, John, Featured Accordion Player, NBC, San Francisco Studios.

Tolbach, Laurence, NBC Actor at San Francisco.

Tolman, Clarence, Cow Boy Tenor, KPO. Learned to sing the cattle out of their wildness and amuse the coyotes as he hit the trail up in the Idaho hills. Finally landed on Broadway, starting in Schubert productions until he went West and signed up with KPO.

Tom and Jerry, Bob Lee, Ethel Warner, WRR.
Tom, Joe and Jack, Minstrel Men, WSM.
Tone, William, Trombonist, Melophonist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
Topping, John D., Publicity Director, WWNC.
Torrey, Mrs. J. D., Pianist, WSM.

Totten, Hal, Sport Announcer. When the football season or the baseball comes around, the Daily News station, WMAQ, calls upon Hal Totten to do the announcing and for the season he leaves his editorial desk. Fans think no one can announce these two sports like Hal. As most of his five years of newspaper work has been spent writing sport copy,

it is not queer that he should qualify in this capacity. He remembers football announcing when the Radio reporter faced a milk exposed to all sorts of weather and often the reception was spoiled by rain. Of course, now the announcers sit tranquilly behind glass and report each play undisturbed by the weather.

Totty, W. L., Banjoist, Barn Dance Entertainer, WSM.

Traband, Mrs. Clifford, Soprano, KVOO.
Tramont, Charles, Announcer, NBC, New York.

Trapp, Merrill, Rhythmic Ditties, Red-Hot Jazz, Syncopated Ditties, Announcer, WTML.

Trask, George, Stringed Instruments, South Sea Islanders, NBC, New York.

Trautner, Elsa Behlmer, Soprano, KPO.

Travers, Geraldine Rhodes, Contralto Soloist, WHAM.

Travers, Linus, Production Manager at WNAC. Is a Brown university graduate and one of the vital cogs in the success of WNAC and WRAN. In his hands is entrusted the various programs which go on the air, the majority of which come from his pen. As a continuity writer he has few, if any, peers. Linus' career has been brief in Radio, but his future appears exceptionally bright. He is in his early 20's and probably one of the youngest Radio associates in the country entrusted with so much responsibility.

Treadway, Al, Announcer at WBRC since 1928.

Recently he has composed two selections, "Waiting and Longing" and "Just One More Time." Al has a keen insight on human nature and has developed the Easy Hour and the Sunshine Special. He is known to the listeners as Al, Dr. Easy, and Uncle Happy. He is a quick thinker and has a keen sense of humor. His work on the Mid-Nite Hi-Lite program beginning at 12 o'clock on Saturday night has been outstanding.

Treble Clef Ensemble, KSTP, Mrs. J. H. Tucker, Director and Accompanist; Miss Gertrude Gray Smith and Madeline James, First Sopranos; Mrs. J. E. White and Miss Irma Mell, Second Sopranos; Mrs. Walter Homes and Mrs. G. Gardner Stable, Alto, all Members of the Schubert Club, a musical organization in St. Paul.

Tremaine, Howard, Character Actor, KSTP Players.

Trenton, Anna, Home Economics Authority, WBAL. Was born in the hills of Tennessee and received her technical training from the George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville. Did extension work in the schools of her native state and in North Carolina prior to coming to Baltimore as Director of the Bureau of Home Economics for a large public utilities corporation. Now broadcasts the WBAL Radio Cookery lessons and household talks once a week, during which brides and older housewives are given some timely suggestions on how to keep their husbands satisfied.

Trensdale, Mrs. Gauding, Pianist, WLAC.
Truthful, James, causes more laughs with his whopping big stories heard over WIBW, following the Kansas Farmer Old Time Orchestra, than any other single entertainer. In real life he is J. M. Tark, manager of the Copper Clubs. He is in height about 7 feet, and possesses a sense of humor which endears him to the hearts of his Radio audience.

Tschantz, Gladys Myers, Soprano, WADC.
Tucker, Bobby, Juvenile Concert Pianist, WFLA.

Tucker, Tommy, Entertainer, Ukalele Artist, WAAY.

Tu-ber, Mrs. J. H., Contralto Soloist, KSTP.

Tully, Dorothy, Soprano Soloist, WHAM.

Tulsa Community Chorus, KVOO.

Tulsa Symphony Male Quartet, KVDO.

Tulsa Symphony Orchestra, KVOO.

Tunkle, Eph, Pianist and Composer, WBRC.

Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the May Radio Digest. The number of Radio entertainers has grown so appreciably it would take too much space out of one magazine to print the complete list. But you can keep each issue with the succeeding installments until you have the whole list of Who's Who in Radio complete.



Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency, Wave Length and Operation Hours
Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths and State
and City Index Tables on Pages 100 to 103

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
 KDB..... Santa Barbara, Calif.
 KDKA..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 KDYL..... Devils Lake, N. D.
 KDYL..... Salt Lake City, Utah
 KECA..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KEJK..... Beverly Hills, Calif.
 KELW..... Burbank, Calif.
 KEX..... Portland, Ore.
 KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.
 KFBB..... Great Falls, Mont.
 KFBB..... Sacramento, Calif.
 KFBL..... Everett, Wash.
 KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.
 KFDY..... Brookings, S. D.
 KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
 KFEO..... St. Joseph, Mo.
 KFOH..... Boone, Ia.
 KGH..... Wichita, Kans.
 KPHA..... Gunnison, Colo.
 KPL..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KPFI..... Portland, Ore.
 KPIO..... Spokane, Wash.
 KPIU..... Juneau, Alaska
 KPFI..... Fond du Lac, Wis.
 KPFB..... Marshalltown, Ia.
 KPFB..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KPFI..... Astoria, Ore.
 KPFM..... Grand Forks, N. D.
 KPIJ..... Portland, Ore.
 KPIJ..... Fort Dodge, Ia.
 KPIJ..... Fort Worth, Tex.
 KPKA..... Greeley, Colo.
 KPFB..... Milford, Kans.
 KPBU..... Lawrence, Kans.
 KPFX..... Chicago, Ill.
 KPFX..... Kirksville, Mo.
 KPFL..... Rockford, Ill.
 KPFL..... Gulfstream, Tex.
 KPFX..... Northfield, Minn.
 KPFX..... Shenandoah, Va.
 KPFX..... Lincoln, Neb.
 KPFX..... Long Beach, Calif.
 KPFI..... Dublin, Texas
 KPFX..... Greenville, Texas
 KPFX..... Wilton Springs, Ark.
 KPFX..... Spokane, Wash.
 KPFX..... Kirkwood, Mo.
 KPFX..... Anchorage, Alaska
 KPFX..... Italy City, Calif.
 KPFX..... Seattle, Wash.
 KPFX..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KPFX..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KPFX..... Columbia, Mo.
 KPFX..... San Diego, Calif.
 KPFX..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KPFX..... Galveston, Tex.
 KPFX..... Colorado Springs, Colo.
 KPFX..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KPFX..... Denver, Colo.
 KPFX..... Culter City, Calif.
 KPFX..... Cape Girardeau, Mo.
 KPFX..... Hollywood, Calif.
 KPFX..... Ontario, Calif.
 KPFX..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KPFX..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KPFX..... Oakland, Calif.
 KPFX..... Idaho
 KPFX..... Denver, Colo.
 KPFX..... Edgewater, Colo.
 KPFX..... San Bernardino, Calif.
 KPFX..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KPFX..... Flagstaff, Ariz.
 KPFX..... Abilene, Tex.
 KPFX..... Bismarck, N. D.
 KGA..... Spokane, Wash.
 KGAR..... Tucson, Ariz.
 KGB..... San Diego, Calif.
 KGB..... Ketchikan, Alaska
 KGBX..... St. Joseph, Mo.
 KGBZ..... York, Neb.
 KGC..... Decatur, Iowa
 KGEI..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGCN..... Concordia, Kan.
 KGCN..... Watertown, S. D.
 KGU..... Mandan, N. D.
 KGCX..... Weta, Mont.
 KGD..... Dell Rapids, S. D.
 KGD..... Fergus Falls, Minn.
 KGD..... Stockton, Calif.
 KGD..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGDY..... Oldham, S. D.
 KGEF..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGEK..... Yuma, Colo.
 KGER..... Long Beach, Calif.
 KGEW..... Ft. Morgan, Colo.
 KGEZ..... Kallispell, Mont.
 KGEF..... Alys, Okla.
 KGEF..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KGEF..... Corpus Christi, Tex.
 KGEF..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGFK..... Hallock, Minn.

KGFL..... Vaton, N. Mex.
 KGFW..... Ravenna, Neb.
 KGFN..... Pierre, S. D.
 KGGC..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KGGF..... Picher, Okla.
 KGGN..... Albuquerque, N. M.
 KGH..... Honolulu, Hawaii
 KGH..... Misoula, Mont.
 KGH..... Pueblo, Colo.
 KGH..... McGehee, Ark.
 KGH..... Little Rock, Ark.
 KGH..... Billings, Mont.
 KGH..... Twin Falls, Idaho
 KGH..... Butte, Mont.
 KGH..... Trinidad, Colo.
 KGH..... Las Vegas, Nev.
 KGH..... Little Rock, Ark.
 KGH..... Brownwood, Tex.
 KGH..... San Angelo, Tex.
 KGH..... Wichita Falls, Tex.
 KGH..... Sand Point, Idaho
 KGH..... Oakland, Calif.
 KGH..... Amarillo, Tex.
 KGH..... Honolulu, Hawaii
 KGH..... Portland, Ore.
 KGH..... Lacey, Wash.
 KGH..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGH..... Spokane, Wash.
 KGH..... Red Oak, Ia.
 KGH..... Idaho Falls, Idaho
 KGH..... Boise, Idaho
 KGH..... Yakima, Wash.
 KGH..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KGH..... Seattle, Wash.
 KGH..... Hlythville, Ark.
 KGH..... Ogden, Utah
 KGH..... Little Rock, Ark.
 KGH..... Oakland, Calif.
 KGH..... Denver, Colo.
 KGH..... Oakland, Calif.
 KGH..... Denver, Colo.
 KGH..... Shenandoah, Va.
 KGH..... Kansas City, Mo.
 KGH..... Medford, Ore.
 KGH..... Ingleside, Calif.
 KGH..... Fresno, Calif.
 KGH..... Clay Center, Neb.
 KGH..... Tacoma, Wash.
 KGH..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KGH..... Hollywood, Calif.
 KGH..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGH..... Denver, Colo.
 KGH..... Corvallis, Ore.
 KGH..... State College, N. C.
 KGH..... Chickasha, Okla.
 KGH..... Reno, Nev.
 KGH..... Council Bluffs, Ia.
 KGH..... Portland, Ore.
 KGH..... Seattle, Wash.
 KGH..... Seattle, Wash.
 KGH..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGH..... Marshfield, Ore.
 KGH..... Eugene, Ore.
 KGH..... Phoenix, Ariz.
 KGH..... Seattle, Wash.
 KGH..... Prescott, Ariz.
 KGH..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KGH..... Denver, Colo.
 KGH..... Pasadena, Calif.
 KGH..... Weathtech, Wash.
 KGH..... Houston, Tex.
 KGH..... Pasadena, Calif.
 KGH..... Westminster, Calif.
 KGH..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 KGH..... San Jose, Calif.
 KGH..... Berkeley, Calif.
 KGH..... Santa Ana, Calif.
 KGH..... Harlingen, Tex.
 KGH..... Dallas, Tex.
 KGH..... Shreveport, La.
 KGH..... Seattle, Wash.
 KGH..... Manhattan, Kans.
 KGH..... Fort Worth, Tex.
 KGH..... Sioux City, Ia.
 KGH..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KGH..... Pocatello, Idaho
 KGH..... Salt Lake City, Utah
 KGH..... Santa Maria, Calif.
 KGH..... Clarinda, Ia.
 KGH..... Sioux Falls, S. D.
 KGH..... St. Paul, Minn.
 KGH..... Oakland, Calif.
 KGH..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGH..... Phoenix, Ariz.
 KGH..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGH..... Portland, Ore.
 KGH..... Shreveport, La.
 KGH..... Hot Springs, Ark.
 KGH..... Richmond, Texas.
 KGH..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGH..... Muscatine, Ia.
 KGH..... Austin, Texas
 KGH..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGH..... Shreveport, La.
 KGH..... El Paso, Texas
 KGH..... Houston, Texas

KTV..... Seattle, Wash.
 KUJ..... Long View, Wash.
 KUOA..... Fayetteville, Ark.
 KUSD..... Vermillion, S. D.
 KUT..... Austin, Tex.
 KVI..... Tacoma, Wash.
 KVI..... Seattle, Wash.
 KVOA..... Tucson, Ariz.
 KVOO..... Tulsa, Okla.
 KWB..... Bellingham, Wash.
 KWB..... Portland, Ore.
 KWB..... Cedar Rapids, Iowa
 KWEA..... Shreveport, La.
 KWEA..... Stockton, Calif.
 KWFJ..... Portland, Ore.
 KWK..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KWK..... Kansas City, Mo.
 KWK..... Shreveport, La.
 KWK..... Decatur, Iowa
 KWC..... Pullman, Wash.
 KWC..... Brownsville, Tex.
 KWWO..... Laramie, Wyo.
 KXA..... Seattle, Wash.
 KXI..... Portland, Ore.
 KXI..... El Centro, Calif.
 KXRO..... Aberdeen, Wash.
 KYA..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KYW..... Chicago, Ill.
 KZIH..... Manila, P. I.
 KZKZ..... Manila, P. I.
 KZM..... Hayward, Calif.
 KZRM..... Manila, P. I.

W

NAA..... Arlington, Va.
 WAAP..... Chicago, Ill.
 WAAM..... Newark, N. J.
 WAAT..... Jersey City, N. J.
 WAAW..... Omaha, Neb.
 WABC..... New York City
 WABI..... Bangor, Me.
 WABO..... Rochester, N. Y.
 WABY..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WABZ..... New Orleans, La.
 WADC..... Akron, Ohio
 WAFB..... Detroit, Mich.
 WAGM..... Royal Oak, Mich.
 WAHU..... Columbus, Ohio
 WAPI..... Birmingham, Ala.
 WASH..... Grand Rapids, Mich.
 WBA..... West Lafayette, Ind.
 WBAK..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 WBAL..... Baltimore, Md.
 WBAP..... Fort Worth, Tex.
 WBAN..... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WBBC..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WBBL..... Richmond, N. Y.
 WBMM..... Chicago, Ill.
 WBRR..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WBRY..... Norfolk, Va.
 WBRY..... Charleston, S. C.
 WBZZ..... Ponca City, Okla.
 WBZM..... Bay City, Mich.
 WBZS..... Boston, Mass.
 WBMS..... Hackensack, N. J.
 WRNY..... New York City
 WRBO..... New York City
 WRBO..... Terre Haute, Ind.
 WRBC..... Birmingham, Ala.
 WRBE..... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WRBL..... Tilton, N. H.
 WRBS..... Wellesley, Mass.
 WBT..... Charlotte, N. C.
 WBZ..... Springfield, Mass.
 WBZA..... Boston, Mass.
 WCB..... Allentown, Pa.
 WCAO..... St. Paul, Minn.
 WCAE..... Canton, N. Y.
 WCAE..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WCAH..... Columbus, Ohio
 WCAI..... Lincoln, Neb.
 WCAJ..... Northfield, Minn.
 WCAK..... Camden, N. J.
 WCAO..... Baltimore, Md.
 WCAP..... Asbury Park, N. J.
 WCAT..... Rapid City, S. D.
 WCAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WCAZ..... Burlington, Vt.
 WCAZ..... Carthage, Ill.
 WCB..... Allentown, Pa.
 WCBM..... Zion, Ill.
 WCBM..... Baltimore, Md.
 WCBM..... Springfield, Ill.
 WCCO..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WCCO..... New York City
 WCFE..... Chicago, Ill.
 WCGY..... Coney Island, N. Y.
 WCKY..... Corning, Ky.
 WCLB..... Long Beach, N. Y.
 WCLG..... Kenosha, Wis.
 WCLS..... Kofert, Ill.
 WCMA..... Culver, Ind.

WCOA..... Pensacola, Fla.
 WCOE..... Meridian, Miss.
 WCOH..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 WCOH..... Greenville, N. Y.
 WCRW..... Chicago, Ill.
 WCSR..... Portland, Me.
 WCSO..... Springfield, Ohio
 WDAE..... Tampa, Fla.
 WDAE..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WDAE..... Amarillo, Tex.
 WDAH..... El Paso, Tex.
 WDAY..... Fargo, N. D.
 WDBI..... Roanoke, Va.
 WDRO..... Orlando, Fla.
 WDEL..... Wilmington, Del.
 WDEI..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WDDO..... Chattanooga, Tenn.
 WDRS..... New Haven, Conn.
 WDSU..... New Orleans, La.
 WDWL..... Cranston, R. I.
 WDWL..... Tunica, Ill.
 WEAF..... New York City
 WEAL..... Ithaca, N. Y.
 WEAN..... Providence, R. I.
 WEAO..... Columbus, O.
 WEAR..... Cleveland, Ohio
 WEBC..... Duluth, Minn.
 WEBS..... Cambridge, O.
 WEBD..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 WEBR..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WEBW..... Beloit, Wis.
 WEDC..... Chicago, Ill.
 WEDH..... Erie, Pa.
 WEEI..... Boston, Mass.
 WEHS..... Evanston, Ill.
 WELK..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WEMC..... Herron Springs, Mich.
 WENR..... Chicago, Ill.
 WEPS..... Gloucester, Mass.
 WEVD..... Woodhaven, N. Y.
 WEW..... St. Louis, Mo.
 WFAN..... Dallas, Tex.
 WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WFAN..... Kansasville, Ind.
 WFBC..... Cincinnati, O.
 WFBI..... Collegeville, Minn.
 WFBL..... Syracuse, N. Y.
 WFBR..... Indianapolis, Ind.
 WFBR..... Baltimore, Md.
 WFDE..... Flint, Mich.
 WFGF..... Allentown, Pa.
 WFI..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WFIW..... Hopkinsville, Ky.
 WFIC..... Akron, O.
 WFKD..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WFLA..... Clearwater, Fla.
 WFLA..... Lancaster, Pa.
 WGBB..... Freeport, N. Y.
 WGBB..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WGBF..... Evansville, Ind.
 WGBT..... Scranton, Pa.
 WGBS..... New York City
 WGBM..... Gulfport, Miss.
 WGPC..... Newark, N. J.
 WGES..... Chicago, Ill.
 WGH..... Newport News, Va.
 WGH..... Detroit, Mich.
 WGL..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 WGM..... St. Paul, Minn.
 WGN..... Chicago, Ill.
 WGR..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WGST..... Savannah, Ga.
 WGST..... Atlanta, Ga.
 WGW..... Schenectady, N. Y.
 WHA..... Madison, Wis.
 WHAD..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WHAM..... Rochester, N. Y.
 WHAP..... New York City
 WHAS..... Louisville, Ky.
 WHAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WHAZ..... Troy, N. Y.
 WHB..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WHBC..... Canton, Ohio
 WHBD..... Mount Orah, O.
 WHBF..... Rock Island, Ill.
 WHBL..... Shreveport, La.
 WHBQ..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WHBB..... Anderson, Ind.
 WHBW..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WHBY..... West DePer, Wis.
 WHDF..... Calumet, Mich.
 WHDH..... Gloucester, Mass.
 WHDI..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WHDI..... Tupper Lake, N. Y.
 WHDC..... Rochester, N. Y.
 WHFC..... Cicero, Ill.
 WHIS..... Bluefield, W. Va.
 WHK..... Cleveland, O.
 WHN..... New York City
 WHO..... Des Moines, Ia.
 WHR..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 WHPP..... Englewood Cliffs, N. J.
 WIA..... Ottumwa, Ia.
 WIBA..... Madison, Wis.
 WIBG..... Elkins Park, Pa.

WIBM..... Jackson, Mich.
 WIBO..... Chicago, Ill.
 WIBR..... Steubenville, Ohio
 WIBS..... Elizabeth, N. J.
 WIBU..... Poynteth, Wis.
 WIBW..... Topeka, Kan.
 WIBX..... Utica, N. Y.
 WICC..... Bridgeport, Conn.
 WIL..... St. Louis, Mo.
 WILL..... Urbana, Ill.
 WILM..... Wilmington, Del.
 WINR..... Bay Shore, N. Y.
 WIOD..... Miami Beach, Fla.
 WIP..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WIJAC..... Johnstown, Pa.
 WIAD..... Waco, Tex.
 WIAG..... Norfolk, Neb.
 WIAR..... Providence, R. I.
 WIAS..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WIAX..... Marion, Ind.
 WIAN..... Jacksonville, Fla.
 WIAY..... Cleveland, O.
 WIJZ..... Chicago, Ill.
 WIBC..... La Salle, Ill.
 WIBK..... Red Bank, N. J.
 WIBK..... Ypsilanti, Mich.
 WIBL..... Decatur, Mich.
 WIBL..... New Orleans, La.
 WIBL..... Chicago, Ill.
 WIBU..... Lewisburg, Pa.
 WIBW..... New Orleans, La.
 WIBY..... Gadsden, Ala.
 WIDW..... Emory, Va.
 WIDX..... Jackson, Miss.
 WITD..... Chicago, Ill.
 WTKS..... Gary, Ind.
 WJRH..... Detroit, Mich.
 WJTV..... Washington, D. C.
 WJW..... Mansfield, Ohio
 WJZ..... New York City
 WKAO..... San Juan, Porto Rico
 WKAR..... E. Lansing, Mich.
 WKAR..... Lacombe, Ill.
 WKBB..... Joliet, Ill.
 WKBC..... Birmingham, Ala.
 WKBE..... Webster, Mass.
 WKBF..... Indianapolis, Ind.
 WKBB..... La Crosse, Wis.
 WKBI..... Chicago, Ill.
 WKBN..... Youngstown, O.
 WKBO..... Jersey City, N. J.
 WKBP..... Battle Creek, Mich.
 WKBO..... New York City
 WKBS..... Galesburg, Ill.
 WKBB..... Connersville, Ind.
 WKBB..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WKBB..... Livingston, Mich.
 WKBN..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WKIC..... Lancaster, Pa.
 WKBC..... Cincinnati, O.
 WKY..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 WLAC..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WLAP..... Louisville, Ky.
 WLB..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WLB..... Muncie, Ind.
 WLB..... Kansas City, Kan.
 WLB..... Petersburg, Va.
 WLB..... Stevens Point, Wis.
 WLB..... Oil City, Pa.
 WLB..... Long Island, N. Y.
 WLB..... Bangor, Me.
 WLCL..... Ithaca, N. Y.
 WLFX..... Lexington, Mass.
 WLEY..... Lexington, Mass.
 WLIT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WLOE..... Boston, Mass.
 WLS..... Chicago, Ill.
 WLSI..... Providence, R. I.
 WLTH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WLW..... Cincinnati, O.
 WLW..... New York City
 WMAA..... Syracuse, N. Y.
 WMAF..... Dartmouth, Mass.
 WMAK..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WMAI..... Washington, D. C.
 WMAN..... Columbus, Ohio
 WMAJ..... Chicago, Ill.
 WMAJ..... St. Louis, Mo.
 WMAZ..... Macon, Ga.
 WMBR..... Newport, R. I.
 WMBD..... Detroit, Mich.
 WMBD..... Peoria, Ill.
 WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
 WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
 WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
 WMBJ..... Willingburg, Pa.
 WMBL..... Lakeland, Fla.
 WMBM..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WMBW..... Auburn, N. Y.
 WMBQ..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
 WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WMCA..... New York City
 WMES..... Boston, Mass.

WMMN.....Fairmont, W. Va.	WRAX.....Philadelphia, Pa.	WWNC.....Asheville, N. C.	WCJB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m,	CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m,
WMPC.....Lapeer, Mich.	WRBC.....Valparaiso, Ind.	WWRL.....Woodside, N. Y.	340kc, 50w.	540kc, 50w.
WMBJ.....Jamaica, N. Y.	WRBI.....Tilton, Ga.	WWVA.....Wheeling, W. Va.	CJCT-CHCA, Calgary, Alta.,	CEY - CNRW, Winnipeg,
WMSG.....New York City	WRBT.....Hattiesburg, Miss.		434.9m, 600kc, 500w.	Man., 284.5m, 780kc, 5000f.
WMT.....Waterloo, Ia.	WRBU.....Columbus, Ga.		CHG-CNRL, London, Ont.,	CNRA, Moncton, N. B.,
WNAJ.....Boston, Mass.	WRBQ.....Greenville, Miss.		329.7m, 910kc, 500w.	455.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
WNAD.....Norman, Okla.	WRBT.....Wilmington, N. C.		CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 676.2m,	CNRD, Red Deer, Alta.,
WNAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.	WRBU.....Gastonia, N. C.		629.9kc, 500w.	357.7m, 940kc, 500w.
WNAX.....Yankee, S. D.	WRBZ.....Washington, D. C.		CHS, Saskatoon, Sask.,	CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m,
WNBZ.....Binghamton, N. Y.	WRFB.....Memphis, Tenn.		329.7m, 910kc, 250w.	599.6kc, 500w.
WNBH.....New Bedford, Mass.	WRFB.....Lawrence, Kans.		CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta.,	CNRV, Vancouver, B. C.,
WNBK.....Knoxville, Tenn.	WRFB.....Minneapolis, Minn.		367.5m, 1135kc, 50w.	291.5m, 1030kc, 300w.
WNBQ.....Washington, Pa.	WRFB.....Racine, Wis.		CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.,	
WNBW.....Memphis, Tenn.	WRFB.....Hamilton, Ohio		291.5m, 1030kc, 50w.	
WNBX.....Carmichael, Pa.	WRFB.....New York City		CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask.,	
WNBZ.....Springfield, Va.	WRFB.....Dallas, Tex.		510m, 599.6kc, 500w.	
WNL.....Sarasota, N. Y.	WRFB.....Gainesville, Fla.		CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 300m,	
WNL1.....Newark, N. J.	WRVA.....Richmond, Va.		599.6kc, 500w.	
WNL2.....Knoxville, Tenn.	WSAI.....Cincinnati, Ohio		CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 23.6m,	
WNL3.....Greenboro, N. C.	WSAI.....Grove City, Pa.		117.6kc, 300w.	
WNL4.....New York City	WSAN.....Allentown, Pa.		CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q.,	
WNL5.....San Antonio, Tex.	WSAR.....Fall River, Mass.		411m, 729.9kc, 800w.	
WNL6.....Lawrenceburg, Tenn.	WSAZ.....Huntington, W. Va.		CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C.,	
WNL7.....Fremont, N. J.	WSB.....Atlanta, Ga.		411m, 729.9kc, 50w.	
WNL8.....Union City, Tenn.	WSBC.....Chicago, Ill.		CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,	
WNL9.....Charleston, W. Va.	WSBT.....So. Bend, Ind.		800kc, 50w.	
WNL10.....Davenport, Ia.	WSBD.....Brooklyn, N. Y.		Toronto, Ont., 517.2m,	
WNL11.....Paterson, N. J.	WSEA.....Portsmouth, N. V.		590.4kc, 500w.	
WNL12.....Ames, Ia.	WSEH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.		CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 37.1m,	
WNL13.....Beacon, N. Y.	WSIS.....Sarasota, Fla.		889.9kc, 100w.	
WNL14.....Washington, D. C.	WSIX.....Springfield, Tenn.		CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m,	
WNL15.....Manitowish, Wis.	WSM.....Nashville, Tenn.		1010kc, 50w.	
WNL16.....Grand Rapids, Mich.	WSMB.....New Orleans, La.		CKCV-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q.,	
WNL17.....Bristol, Va.	WSMD.....Salisbury, Md.		340.9m, 800kc, 50w.	
WNL18.....Kansas City, Mo.	WSMK.....Dayton, Ohio		CKCF, Vancouver, B. C.,	
WNL19.....Newark, N. J.	WSOA.....Chicago, Ill.		411m, 729.9kc, 50w.	
WNL20.....Worcester, Mass.	WSPD.....Toledo, Ohio		CKIC, Wallville, N. S.,	
WNL21.....Chicago, Ill.	WSSH.....Boston, Mass.		522.6m, 933kc, 50w.	
WNL22.....Jefferson City, Mo.	WSUL.....Iowa City, Iowa		CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont.,	
WNL23.....New York City	WSUN.....St. Petersburg, Fla.		444.8m, 690kc, 500w.	
WNL24.....Omaha, Neb.	WSVS.....Buffalo, N. Y.		CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer,	
WNL25.....Fl. Wayne, Ind.	WSYR.....Syracuse, N. Y.		Alta., 257.1m, 840kc, 1000w.	
WNL26.....Pittsford, N. Y.	WTAD.....Quebec, Ill.		CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m,	
WNL27.....Atlantic City, N. J.	WTAG.....Worcester, Mass.		1210kc, 50w.	
WNL28.....Patsburg, N. Y.	WTAM.....Cleveland, Ohio		CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.,	
WNL29.....Norfolk, Va.	WTAP.....Evan Claire, Wis.		411m, 729.9kc, 50w.	
WNL30.....State College, Pa.	WTAR.....Norfolk, Va.		CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.,	
WNL31.....Philadelphia, Pa.	WTAW.....College Station, Tex.		517.2m, 580.4kc, 300w.	
WNL32.....Raleigh, N. C.	WTAX.....Streator, Ill.		CKOC, Hamilton, Ont.,	
WNL33.....Miami, Fla.	WTBO.....Cumberland, Md.		340.9m, 800kc, 50w.	
WNL34.....Scranton, Pa.	WTFC.....Toccoa, Ga.		CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m,	
WNL35.....Palladeo, N. J.	WTIC.....Hartford, Conn.		1210kc, 50w.	
WNL36.....Utica, Miss.	WTMJ.....Milwaukee, Wis.		CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m,	
WNL37.....Weirton, W. Va.	WTNT.....Nashville, Tenn.		1130kc, 50w.	
WNL38.....La Porte, Ind.	WTQC.....Savannah, Ga.		CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m,	
WNL39.....Eric, Pa.	WWAK.....Hammond, Ind.		1010kc, 50w.	
WNL40.....Reading, Pa.	WWJ.....Detroit, Mich.		CKUA, Edmonton, Alta.,	
	WWL.....New Orleans, La.		517.2m, 580.4kc, 300w.	
			CKWX, Vancouver, B. C.,	
			411m, 729.9kc, 50w.	

Canada

Cuba

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM 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, 1938, and ends at midnight, September 23, 1939. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 23, 1939.

2. 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 paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. 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.

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.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct..... \$4.00 150 votes

2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 8.00 325 votes

3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 12.00 500 votes

4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 16.00 750 votes

5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year; and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 20.00 1,000 votes

10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 3-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 40.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut,

New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise 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 comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, 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 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 Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, 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 districts and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

An was just an until...



FOR years we are 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 selfsame 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 . . . 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.

"from Contented Cows"



Cornstarch Puddings

<p>CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE 2 tbsp. cornstarch (3 tbsp. for molding), ¼ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 ½ cups cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 ½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla.</p>	<p>Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with ¼ cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation Milk which has been diluted and scalded without of water. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer; flavor; chill. Serves 5.</p>
<p>BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM 2 tbsp. cornstarch, ¼ cup brown sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, ½ cup chopped dates, ¼ cup chopped nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla.</p>	<p>Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 5.</p>
<p>CHERRY PUDDING ¼ cup cornstarch, ¼ cup sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ¼ tsp. vanilla, 2 tbsp. cherry juice, ½ cup sliced maraschino cherries, ½ cup coconut, 2 egg whites.</p>	<p>Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, coconut, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 6.</p>



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 finest 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!

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New Mexico

Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Albuquerque	KGGM	241.4	1,200
Alamogordo	KGFL	216.4	1,275
State College	KOB	254.1	1,100

New York

Amherst	WKBB	294	1,470
Auburn	WMB	214.3	1,370
Bay Shore	WNR	247.3	1,210
Binghamton	WNEB	199.9	1,000
Brooklyn	WIBC	214.2	1,400
	WLTH	214.2	1,400
	WMBQ	199.9	1,000
	WSGH-WSDA	214.2	1,400
Buffalo	WEHR	228.0	1,310
	WGR	545.1	550
	WKBW	204	1,470
	WKEN	294.3	1,040
	WMAK	332.1	900
	WYS	217.9	1,275
Canton	WCAD	245.6	1,200
Cazenovia	WMAC	526	570
Coney Island	WCCU	214.2	1,400
Freeport	WGBB	247.4	1,210
Ithaca	WEAI	226.1	1,275
	WLIC	247.4	1,210
Jamaica	WMBJ	211.1	1,420
Jonestown	WOCL	247.4	1,210
Long Beach	WCLB	199.9	1,000
Long Island	WLBB	199.9	1,000
New York City	WABC-WBOQ	348.6	800
	WBNY	222.1	1,350
	WCDA	221.1	1,350
	WEAF	454.3	600
	WGBS	499.7	600
	WHAP	230.1	1,300
	WHN	236.3	1,010
	WJZ	344.3	700
	WKBB	332.1	1,350
	WLWL	272.6	1,100
	WMCA	526	570
	WMSC	222.1	1,300
	WNYC	526	570
	WQY	383.3	1,130
	WQAO	296.9	1,010
	WRNY	264.9	1,010
Poughkeepsie	WPOE	211.1	1,420
Roughneck	WROG	248.4	900
Rochester	WRAM	281.7	1,370
	WABO	268.2	1,440
	WNSB	199.9	1,000
	WBBR	230.6	1,300
	WBZ	232.4	1,290
	WGY	379.5	700
Saratoga Lake	WCHH	247.4	1,210
Schrotonady	WFB	330.7	700
Sa. Yonkers	WYR	526	570
Syracuse	WHAX	230.4	1,300
Troy	WHAX	230.4	1,300
Utica	WHX	248.0	1,300
Woodhaven	WEVD	230.6	1,300
Woodside	WRFL	199.9	1,000

North Carolina

Ashville	WWNC	526	600
Charlotte	WBT	277.6	4,000
Gastonia	WRDU	247.4	1,210
Greensboro	WNBC	296.2	1,410
Raleigh	WRD	216.5	1,370
Wilmington	WRBT	216.5	1,370

North Dakota

Bismarck	KFYR	545.1	550
Devils Lake	KDLR	247.4	1,210
Fargo	WDAY	219	940
Grand Forks	KJJB	216.5	1,370
Minot	KCCU	249.9	1,200
Minot, N. D.	KLPM	211.3	1,420

Ohio

Akron	WADC	227.1	1,100
	WJIC	284.4	1,420
Bellfontaine	WHBE	216.5	1,370
Cambridge	WBEE	247.4	1,210
Canton	WHBC	248.9	1,200
Cincinnati	WTRE	248.9	1,200
	WKRC	545.1	550
	WLW	426.3	700
	WUAB	225.4	1,350
Cleveland	WEAR	290.2	1,070
	WHK	215.7	1,390
	WJAY	481.5	610
	WTAM	290.2	1,070
Columbus	WAHU	464.5	640
	WCAB	299.7	1,420
	WJAO	526	570
	WMAN	247.4	1,210
Dayton	WBMK	217.3	1,380
Hamilton	WRK	226.9	1,310
Mansfield	WJW	247.4	1,210
Middletown	WSRO	211.1	1,420
Springfield	WCLD	296.2	1,450
Steubenville	WBR	211.1	1,420
Toledo	WSPD	241.4	1,240
Youngstown	WKHN	526	570

Oklahoma

Alva	KGFF	211.1	1,420
Chickasha	KOCW	214.2	1,400
Ed	KCHC	216.5	1,370
Norman	WNAD	296.3	1,070
Oklahoma City	KFTZ	228.3	1,470
	KCFG	216.5	1,370
	WKY	331.1	900
Picher	KGGF	296.9	1,070
Ponca City	WBBZ	248.9	1,200
Tulsa	KVOO	281	1,140

Oregon

Astoria	KFJC	216.5	1,370
Corvallis	KOAC	345.1	550
Exeter	KOBE	211.1	1,420
Marshfield	KODS	216.5	1,370
Medford	KMED	228.3	1,470
Portland	KEX	254.1	1,100
	KFIP	211.1	1,420
	KFJR	230.6	1,300
	KGW	481.6	620
	KOIN	319	940
	KYBR	228.4	1,390
	KVEP	199.9	1,000
	KWJ	282.6	1,060
	KXL	211.1	1,420

Pennsylvania

Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Allentown	WCBA	296.2	1,460
	WBA	296.2	1,460
Altoona	WTBO	1,210	100
Carlisle	WNIW	249.9	1,200
Elek's Park	WIBG	322.4	900
Erle	WEDH	211.1	1,420
	WRAK	218.8	1,370
Frankford	WFKD	226.9	1,310
Grove City	WBAJ	228.3	1,310
Harrisburg	WBAK	290.7	1,430
	WCOD	248.9	1,200
	WHP	209.7	1,430
Johnstown	WJAC	226.9	1,310
Lancaster	WGL	226.9	1,310
Lewisburg	WKJE	249.9	1,200
Oil City	WJBU	247.4	1,210
Philadelphia	WLWB	238	1,260
	WCAU	256.3	1,170
	WELK	216.5	1,370
	WFAN	481.5	610
	WFI	535.4	500
	WHBW	199.9	1,000
	WIP	491.5	610
	WLIT	535.4	500
	WNAT	228.3	1,310
	WPNP	199.9	1,000
	WRAX	292.3	1,620
	KDKA	305.3	800
	KOV	217.3	1,300
	WVAE	247.4	1,220
	WJAJ	222.4	1,280
	WMBJ	199.9	1,000
	WRAW	228.3	1,310
Reading	WGBI	340.7	800
Scranton	WQAN	340.7	800
State College	WPSC	243.6	1,230
Washington	WNBW	249.9	1,200
	WBN	226.3	1,310
Willow Grove	WALK	199.9	1,000

Texas

Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Ablene	KFYD	211.1	1,420
Anarillo	KGBS	212.6	1,410
	WDAG	212.6	1,410
Beaumont	KFDM	535.4	560
Brownsville	KWVG	238	1,280
Brownwood	KGRB	199.9	1,000
College Station	KRHH	267.7	1,320
	WTAW	228.3	1,310
Corpus Christi	KGFI	199.9	1,000
Dallas	KRLD	280.3	1,040
	WFAA	274.8	800
	WRR	224.2	1,290
Dublin	KTHL	228.3	1,310
El Paso	WDAH-KTSM	225.5	1,310
Fort Worth	KFJZ	216.5	1,370
	KSAT	241.0	1,240
	WBAP	374.8	800
	KFLX	247.8	1,210
	KTHL	232.4	1,290
Greenwood	KTFM	216.5	1,370
Harlingen	KRGV	230	1,250
Houston	KPRC	323.0	820
	KTUE	211.1	1,420
	KGHH	199.9	1,000
	KGXL	216.5	1,370
	KTHL	199.9	1,000
San Antonio	KGGI	216.5	1,370
	KONO	216.5	1,370
	KTAP	211.1	1,420
	KTSA	212.4	1,280
	WOAI	252	1,180
Waco	WJAD	241.0	1,240
Wichita Falls	KGKO	526	570

Utah

Salt Lake City	KDYL	232.4	1,290
	KSL	263.2	1,130

Vermont

Burlington	WCAX	248.9	1,200
Springfield	WNBX	248.9	1,200

Virginia

Mt. Vernon Hills	WJSP	295.4	1,460
Newport News	WGH	228.3	1,310
Norfolk	WFOR	384.4	700
	WPOB	384.4	700
	WTAR	384.4	700
Petersburg	WLBG	248.9	1,200
Richmond	WRBL	216.5	1,370
	WMBG	247.8	1,210
	WRVA	270.1	1,110
	WTAZ	247.8	1,210
Romoke	WDBJ	322.4	820
	WRFX	322.4	820

Washington

Aberdeen	KXRO	211.1	1,420
Bellingham	KVOS	248.9	1,200
Everett	KFBL	216.5	1,370
Lucy	KGY	248.9	1,200
Longview	KUJ	199.9	1,000
Pullman	KWSC	245.5	1,220
Seattle	KFWO	211.1	1,420
	KJR	398.1	970
	KCP	211.1	1,420
	KOL	236.1	1,270
	KOMO	325.3	920
	KPCB	247.5	1,210
	KRAC	267.7	1,120
	KTW	236.1	1,260
	KVL	216.5	1,370
	KXA	526	570
Spokane	KFFO	243.8	1,210
	KFPY	222.7	1,340
	KLA	204	1,470
	KHQ	508.2	500
Tacoma	KMO	246.6	800
	KVI	394.5	700
Wenatchee	KPO	247.5	1,210
Yakima	KIT	228.3	1,310

West Virginia

Charleston	WOBU	514.9	500
Fairmont	WMMN	326.9	800
Huntington	WSAZ	514.9	500
Martinsburg	WORB	211.1	1,420
Wheeling	WWVA	258.5	1,180

Wisconsin

Bellevue	WEDW	545.1	550
East Troy	WTAG	225.4	1,320
Fond du Lac	KFIZ	211.1	1,420
Kenosha	WGLD	249.9	1,200
La Crosse	WLBH	217.3	1,380
Madison	WHA	319	940
	WISN	247.5	1,210
Manitowish	WOMT	547.8	1,210
Milwaukee	WHAD	267.7	1,120
	WISN	267.7	1,120
	WTMJ	482.6	620
Portville	WIBU	228.3	1,310
Racine	WRJN	216.5	1,370

Go East With Your Voice

(Continued from page 18)

most facetious bit of consolation combined with criticism I have ever heard. "Glenn," said he, "that was the loudest noise I ever heard in any theatre."

"No one could blame me for accepting the first opportunity to forget that debut by taking a prolonged vacation from the scene of my defeat—for defeat it was to me, since nothing ever came of it by way of an engagement. So, once again, in company with some adventurous friends, I set forth on the sea for a part in the Gold rush to Alaska.

"There I learned to fight blizzards, starvation, and many other things besides the native cold. But I have never regretted that experience, and several years of hard work at the fisheries of the Pacific coast, where I determined to start a bank roll that would see me clear through the training I should need before crashing the stage doors again.

"Nor, would I lack now the thrills, relived in memory, that were mine, from day to day, as a young prospector in Mexico. There I am sure I should have found my pot of gold if only some bandits hadn't invaded the territory just at that time and threatened to knife all who remained on their claims.

"I was past twenty when I again became reassured about the voice and my ability to put it over, and again in the hands of a good teacher I assailed New York, contenting myself at first with a few small concerts in what might be called suburban fields.

"All went well after that . . . and engagements kept rapidly moving me on while I kept up my vocal lessons between times. Now that the wind of cocksureness which was unfair to my first audience of the Metropolitan, as well as to myself, had been taken out of my sails, as it were, I found that New York was appreciative and kind to real and unassuming effort. And I began to realize that some of Broadway's broken hearts are first bent by the foolish self-will of the tyro who expects too much of himself and others, and that much too soon.

"My first important public appearance was at the Worcester, Mass., festival. There I really felt, for the first time, the thrill of genuine approval. After that came concerts from coast-to-coast. And just about the time that I was again thinking of that stage door at the Metropolitan, with no misgiving, along came a friend who somehow just wished me into Radio . . . or Radio into me. For I've never regretted finding my new medium. Incidentally, I don't know any other singer who regrets adoption of Radio as his theatre either.

"The friend who inveigled me into Radio was none other than one of the well-known brothers Shannon. Taking me in as a member of the Shannon Four Quartet they made, with me, their Radio debut which, for them, but crowned their already renowned efforts as phonograph recording artists."

THUS we met, with gratitude, in Wilfred Glenn, another greatly admired artist who is sincerely indebted to Radio for the opportunities that have been his. And with his audiences we are truly grateful that he did reverse the Horace Greely maxim in order to make good, as he has so undeniably done, and still is doing.

None will regret that the boy born on the California ranch came East to seek his fame and fortune, both of which he has achieved in a large measure as bass soloist of concert fame, and as a member

of the Revellers quartet and the Seiberling Singers quartet.

Glenn is, today, one of the best known and most popular singers to be heard over the National Broadcasting company networks. And just because he is such a likable, whole-hearted and hearty individual, it seems regrettable, at times, that his great audiences who write bagfuls of fan letters to him after each and every performance, cannot, really, see and know the man and artist better.

With wind-blown, curly brown hair, heavy eyebrows, deep-set searching-through-you-eyes,—he shows all the earmarks of the adventurous life that he led as a boy trying to find his true place in the world, and going it, with the best of brave men, through those somewhat harrowing experiences of his days in Alaskan gold fields, Pacific-Northwest fisheries, and Mexican handit-ridden claims.

One of timid soul might regret these experiences for him. But Glenn, himself, does not regret them, nor need he. For, in bucking against just this sort of thing, he probably discovered or generated within himself, that grave courage that sent him right back to New York after a first defeat, to tackle the game of the theatrical world again and win.

Without this sort of courage to face defeat and try and try again he could not possibly be known to all of us today as one of Radioland's outstanding finds.

Glenn is remembered for his splendid work with the original Eveready quartet, which popular singing group has recently been abandoned. His basso profundo, yet sympathetic, voice has been heard with the Revellers for nearly five years. And everyone recognizes him at once when that wonderfully pleasing high-class Seiberling Singers program goes on the air every Thursday night at 9:30 New York time.

Although it can honestly be said that he certainly does not look it . . . we have the knowledge, undeniable and undenied, that Glenn has just passed his fortieth birthday.

He has a practice studio in New York proper. There he and the boys of the Seiberling group foregather for rehearsals and tryouts of new arrangements from the pen of their wonderful accompanist-arranger, Frank Black, whom Glenn, together with his fellows of the Seiberling group, Elliot Shaw, Lewis James and James Melton, credits with praise for every successful rendition that is theirs, since it is Black who harmonizes them so ably.

Glenn's home, where his recreation hours are watched over with great care, is in one of the suburbs of New York, and far from the madding crowd. Now that we know that he has reared a tall

son, now matriculating in college, and a lovely daughter, just about to graduate from high school, we appreciate his thoughtfulness in making a home for them surrounded by great gardens, in small simulation of the ranch where he was reared.

This colorful person with that rugged air about him has nothing to say as to what his young son shall or shall not do for a livelihood. He has his own heritage of youthful experiences and being, himself, a successful result of them, and not a failure because of them, we make bold to guess, that whenever son is ready to start out on his own, father will be there with a pat on the back, a hearty hand shake . . . at least a small grub stake . . . and a "God Bless You, My Son!"

No, we didn't ask about son's future. When we had got that far in our calculations, that young person put in his appearance. And it being one of our embarrassing moments, because we had been discussing him with his dad, we closed the interview and left them in a discussion about the next prom at college.

Who Killed Dubronsky?

(Continued from page 35)

come around botherin' a poor old woman? What do you want with me?"

Donovan wondered at her ugly behavior.

"I'd like to know the name of the murdered man and any other information you can give," he asked quietly.

"Go get your information," she snapped. "I don't know nothin' about him."

"As the landlady here you surely can tell me the man's name?"

"His name was Leon Dubronsky."

"Do you know any relatives to notify?" asked Donovan as he wrote the name in his book.

He continued with the routine of questions and the more he asked the more cantankerous and disagreeable she became. He wondered the reason for this.

And then the coroner came. Fingerprint records were made of articles about the room. The doctor made a minute examination of the body. He established the time of death as forty-four hours previously, or about 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening. The clenched fists showed a little finger missing from the left hand. It had been recently severed but there was no evidence as to what had become of it. He discovered eight stab wounds such as might have been administered by a butcher knife. Three gashes were in or near the heart; the other five lashed into the neck, thigh and abdomen. The pockets revealed nothing significant in the way of clues—a fountain pen, cheap lead pencil, six dollars in miscellaneous currency and a soiled handkerchief.

"**N**OW IT looks to me like an inside job," said Captain Rawlston, who had been taking note of these things with Donovan, "and I think you'd better have a talk with everybody in the place. Call me up at 5 o'clock and let me know how it stands. I'll leave Chivers and McNulty here to keep an eye on things while you look around. Remember, I want to hear from you at 5 o'clock."

"Yes, sir," said Pat, touching his cap. He jotted down another bit from the telephone pad—"Hollywood 1001"—this he discovered was the number of Radio Station KHOL. He found Mrs. Conway still in the chair in the room where he had left her. She was even more sullen. He juggled the information from her that Dubronsky had been a violin

Make a Date With Jean Campbell in the MAY Radio Digest

JOIN this intrepid young Journalist in her round of the homes of the Great Radio Stars. Know and understand them better when you hear them on the air.

Jean is getting some first hand information for you right now from a home in which you are bound to be especially interested. Remember, it's in the

MAY Radio Digest

soloist at KHOL and played there three times a week. He was reserved, had little to say with others in the house and kept mostly to himself. Oh, yes, he received an occasional letter postmarked Dallas, Texas. The envelopes or contents were never seen again.

Donovan learned that there were only two other rooms rented. One was to a man and his wife on the second floor. Both had been traveling in the East on a vacation trip. A girl lived in another room on the third floor. And thither Pat proceeded to continue his investigation.

The wisp of a dark eyed beauty that opened the door took Pat slightly off his feet as he accepted an invitation to enter.

"I'm really sorry to intrude," he apologized, "but it's my duty to ask you everything you can possibly tell me about the—"

"You mean the accident next door," she finished for him. "Mrs. Conway told me about it. I got her a glass of water and helped her down to her room. It's terrible. I can't realize it yet."

She looked sixteen, no more, and Pat was falling fast. She was such a contrast to Mrs. Conway. Of course, she had known Mr. Dubronsky. She was pianist at KHOL, naturally she would know him. She had heard him speak of coming from Texas, where he had played in the picture theatres. Tears of resentment welled into her eyes when Donovan put the question flat as to whether she had been Dubronsky's sweetheart. She admitted Dubronsky had invited her to dine out with him; in fact, he had become a sort of pest about it.

"And eventually, I became almost afraid of him," she concluded.

"Why?" asked Donovan.

"He was sort of crazy, one of those kind who never would take 'no' for an answer. He was so persistent that in order to avoid a scene I sometimes permitted him to come in here and visit. Then he'd sit where you are and stare at me, and mutter like, 'some men get all the breaks.' So silly!"

"What did he mean by 'some men'?"

"I suppose he meant my husband," I'll explain: My husband and I aren't living together because we can't agree. He is too jealous and objects to my working and being with other men in my work at the studio. We broke up about two months ago and I rented this room. He is very violent and has made all kinds of dire threats unless I return."

"Just let me know," said Pat with a ruck back of his ribs that yearned to battle anything that could threaten such loveliness.

SHE smiled an appreciation for his implied challenge, and then she talked more freely. Tiny invisible threads tightened about smiling Pat's heart. His eyes softened. He discovered suddenly the conversation had wandered completely away from the subject of the crime.

"Sure now," he said abruptly, "but let's get back to the murder."

Her face clouded. She scowled and shuddered.

"Oh, don't say that word," she begged, "it sounds awful. Let's say 'accident.'"

"When did you see Dubronsky last?" he went on.

"Last Monday night. We had dinner together, then came right home."

"You didn't go to a show or anywhere else, are you sure?"

"Oh, no. I was afraid to. My husband might have been watching and he hated Mr. Dubronsky. He came in and found him here one time and lifted the poor fellow bodily and threw him out in the hall. When he gets mad he is like a maniac."

It was obvious the girl was pointing the finger of suspicion in no uncertain direction. Donovan wanted to believe she was entirely sincere. But—he rubbed a reflective forefinger back of his right ear.

"Now where could I be locating your husband?" he asked.

"Oh, officer, please don't go to see him," she pleaded as great tears again welled into her glorious eyes and rolled down her cheeks. "He'll be wild when he hears I was talking about him."

"There now, Miss, don't worry. He'll never know you ever said a word about him. I would have to see him anyway, eventually, you know."

"Oh, please don't go—"

"Now what the devil are ye doin' to make the poor darlin' cry," rasped the irritating voice of Mrs. Conway, who had come up from behind. She pulled the girl into her arms as she sank on the couch offering her motherly comfort. When she learned that Pat was seeking the address of the girl's husband and the girl was withholding the information, she recoiled, exclaiming:

"Phwatt! You refuse to give the cop that beast's address? Sure, darlin', ya must be kiddin'. Mr. Donovan, put this down in that book. Ye'll find the man, Trueward, this little lady's husband, at 1473 San Monica boulevard. 'Tis a butcher shop he has there an' he lives upstairs."

With that Mrs. Conway gave the girl a friendly pat on the shoulder.

"An' why are ye always tryin' to protect a man that should be horsewhipped? Did ya tell Mr. Donovan about the quarrel ya had with Dubronsky on the night he was killed?"

"Oh, no, I had no quarrel with Mr. Dubronsky that night," the girl denied with speedy emphasis.

"Sure ya did," Mrs. Conway promptly rejoined, "I heard ya down in my own room." Pat felt and hoped that Mrs. Conway lied, and probably for a purpose.

"No, Mrs. Conway, that was Monday night, I'm sure," insisted Mrs. Trueward.

"Darlin', yer wrong, 'cause ya'll be rememberin' I went up to the Egyptian on Monday night and asked ya to go along with me."

To all appearances the younger woman now sat at the edge of an inward panic as she realized that Mrs. Conway would have it no other way.

"I'd advise for you to tell only the truth," said Pat.

"Perhaps Mrs. Conway is right," she agreed. An ivory white pallor spread slowly over her face. "It must have been Tuesday and not Monday night that I had dinner with him."

"Were you in his room—that night?" Pat continued.

"Certainly she was," Mrs. Conway vouched.

"Oh, no, no, no I was not," cried Mrs. Trueward, "I broke away from him and went to my own room."

"But how can ya prove that?" queried Mrs. Conway.

"And where, I should like to know, were you all this time?" Pat demanded sharply as he turned with a sudden penetrating look on the overhearing landlady.

"As I have been tellin' ya, I was in me own room all the time," she snapped.

"And I might ask the same of you. How are you going to prove that?" Pat rejoined.

HERE was a muddle Donovan decided to leave for a short time in the hope that eventualities would afford some reasonable hypothesis.

News of the murder created a sensa-

tion at KHOL. No motive for the crime seemed apparent. Robert Lambert, the manager, said that Dubronsky had been on the air at three as usual on Tuesday afternoon, and there was nothing unusual in his appearance or demeanor. He always had been a reserved individual with no intimates so far as could be ascertained by other members of the staff. Paul Hillyer, announcer, recalled that Dubronsky had called up on Tuesday night with a request for the orchestra to play "Just a Memory." Hillyer then summoned his assistant, Lawrence Palmer, who remembered the incident and said that Dubronsky had called back again as late as 10 o'clock on Tuesday night.

This Donovan considered an important development, but he must hurry on to question Trueward, the butcher, before making his report to the captain at 5 o'clock. The place was easily located on San Monica boulevard.

Stepping up to the meat counter he confronted a man of medium height with curly brown hair who awaited his order. This man had the coldest gray eyes and hardest mouth of any man Pat had ever met. Donovan asked for some lamb chops.

"Lamb chops, hell!" smiled the butcher. "You want to talk to me about the murder, don't you?"

"Right—and to the point!" Pat responded promptly, his mind hunting for a clew as to the man's prescience. Trueward answered this question with equal frankness before it was asked.

"My wife just phoned and said you were coming out," he said. "I'll be glad to tell you anything I know. Come to the back room."

They were seated in a little private office and Pat approached the subject by telling about the murder.

"Oh, I heard all that over the phone," said Trueward with a slight note of impatience. "Why did you come here? What do you want with me?"

"What do you know about the man Dubronsky?"

"I knew him slightly and hated him for the dirty snake that he was. My wife thinks I'm a brute, but she's a sweet kid and I love her to death. I hate to see her associating with skunks like Dubronsky. One night I had to come to her rescue and threw him out of her apartment." He sat now calm and confident, picking his teeth as he talked.

••HE WAS killed night before last shortly after I saw them at a table in John's. I sat at the counter." Trueward spoke with the utmost apparent candor. "Dubronsky didn't see me, but she did, and I fancied there was some sort of an appeal for help in her eyes as she glanced toward me. I couldn't decide what to do, as I was half afraid I would knock this hyena's block off the next time I came in contact with him. You see I had warned him to lay off the missus."

"Well, they came out of the restaurant and I followed them to the rooming house. I waited around outside about fifteen minutes, then went in to see whether she needed my help. The outside door was unlocked. I knocked on the door to her room. She didn't answer. So I went to Dubronsky's door. Just as I got there out come Mrs. Conway. She was surprised and peevish to see me. She said Dubronsky wasn't in, but was still out eating. When I told her I had seen the two of them come in together just a few minutes before she said I was crazy and ordered me out of the house."

"What was she doing in his room then?" asked Donovan.

I asked her that and she said she had gone in to answer the phone."

"Did you go to his room finally?"

"Do you know Mrs. Conway?" Truewald asked in the same tone Pat had used. "Say, she just bore down on me and pushed me down stairs and clear out of the house and stood there on the porch until I walked away."

"What did you do then?" Pat resumed.

"I went to the Iris theatre, saw a movie, and then came on home."

"Have you anyone that can vouch for your statements?"

"No," Truewald replied with a thoughtful shake of his head, "Mrs. Conway was the only one I had any word with, as I have explained."

"You don't happen to come from Texas, do you?" asked Donovan.

"No, I'm from Montana, but my wife's brother lives in Texas. He is kept busy in Dallas, although he had planned coming here this summer. Her people are all musicians. He plays a saxophone in a dance orchestra down there."

Truewald's frank answers and ready explanation for everything was the greatest puzzle to Donovan. In fact, the whole situation had him in a whirl. He admitted this to Chief Rawlston at 5 o'clock and suggested that they call in Professor Marsby, the scientific detective, to unravel the psychological aspects and by due process bring the guilty person to justice.

"Not yet," said the captain, "suppose you give it another try tomorrow yourself."

RADIO DIGEST will pay \$100 for the most perfect answer in accord with the author's conception as to "Who Killed Leon Dubronsky?" Write your theory in 500 words or less and send it to the Contest Editor of Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. If there are more than one of the contest theories considered of equal merit, duplicate prizes of the same amount will be awarded. The contest will end on midnight of May 1, 1930. No theories postmarked after that date will be considered.

Win \$100 Reward

Here are some of the significant facts jotted down in Donovan's notebook:

Motive—Jealousy? Revenge? Self defense?

Suspects—Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Truewald, Mr. Truewald, Brother of Mrs. T. or some other unmentioned individual.

What reason for Mrs. Conway's hostile attitude?

Why did she try to throw suspicion on the girl?

Why did the girl try to throw suspicion on her husband?

What became of the missing finger?

Why were so many wounds inflicted?

What significance attaches to weapon used?

What became of the weapon?

Why did the girl telephone her husband?

What was Mrs. Conway in Dubronsky's room for when Truewald arrived?

Where was the girl at the time of the crime?

Why was Dubronsky so reticent about his past?

How could the room have been locked from the inside?

Study these questions carefully, work out your theory, write it but keep it within 500 words, and try for the \$100 to put with your vacation money. Remember, the contest closes May 1st. The final chapter will appear in the Radio Digest with the awards in the hands of the winner not later than July 1, 1930.

Cooney and Joe, Nighthawks

(Continued from page 34)

Mr. Sanders' bright, lively eyes fairly sparkled. "Love it," and he does. "Say, by the way, Cooney is modest, you know. He probably wouldn't tell you that he played on the All Valley football team at Kansas university. He was an athlete, too." To myself I pictured the busy Carleton Coon manning the drums in the orchestra. I cannot see that he has given up his athletic career as yet.

"You play the piano very well, don't you, Mr. Sanders?" I asked.

"I wouldn't say exactly that. I studied piano and I've played for ten years. Used to sing oratorios, and also in a male quartet. I was in Chautauqua for a while, too. I really wanted to play baseball, but my family wanted me to keep on with music and I did. I'm still a baseball fan, though." Then he showed me a finger that had been badly knocked around in a baseball game. He is proud of that, too.

"Will anything take you away from your orchestra work?"

"Maybe. If I can become a nationally known song writer, I'll get out of the orchestra, I think. That's my ambition, to be a famous song writer."

"Aren't you famous now?"

"As a song writer? I'm only beginning in that. I'll have to do much better before I get what I'm aiming at. You see, since the talking movies have taken over the music publishing houses, it's harder to get songs published. I still write, of course, but it isn't so easy to make a success. I write all the arrangements for the orchestra and in between times I write a song. That keeps me with pen and paper about six hours a day. You know, it always amuses me when people say we have a snap. They don't consider that we do about ten hours of preparatory work on every record we turn out. That same record runs three minutes. Then we practice the new pieces, too. That takes times." Mr. Sanders looked weary when he considered the work he does.

"DON'T YOU get dreadfully tired of the endless amount of routine?"

"Yes, we do. But, I tell you, the things we hear from our listeners puts new pep in us. Lots of folks think it's cheap publicity when they hear that we help to make sick people well. You know, sickness lots of times is hopelessness and a sick state of mind. When someone hears their name over the Radio—well, it's a thrill. It's something to wait for and plan on. We know that and give all of our attention to the requests of the sick people who write us.

Lots of the letters are pathetic, but they make us work just that much harder. I have a letter from some little girls in ward twenty-eight of a tubercular hospital. They all signed their names to the letter and they wouldn't let any of the other wards have anything to do

with it. I'm going to frame that letter, it's one of my treasures." Modestly Mr. Sanders admitted that he had sent flowers to the ward. He thought it would cheer them up a little.

"Do you read all of the letters you get, Mr. Sanders?"

"Every one. Of course we can't expect to answer them. A few we do answer, but that is very seldom. I never pay any attention to the would-be composers. I feel sorry for them and I would like to be able to help them, but that would be a life work in itself. Poor kids. It's a long, hard climb. I wish they'd realize that." Mr. Sanders glanced at his watch and indicated that there was something on his mind. I was conscious of a number of people clamoring for his attention. He smiled at them and returned to the business of being interviewed.

"Have you ever played on the stage?"

"Surely. We played seventy-two consecutive weeks at the Newman theater in Kansas City. I think we did about the first presentation work that was done in moving picture houses."

"Do you like playing from the stage?"

"Deliver me!" That was all he said, but Joe Sanders' eyes were fervent with dread.

Knowing he wanted to get away, I rushed a few more questions. "Who does the singing in your orchestra, Mr. Sanders?"

"Cooney and I. We switch around."

"BY THE way what was the biggest song hit you ever wrote?"

"Beloved." It's funny about that song. It came out and sold itself. It was just what we call a natural. I wrote it and published it and everybody liked it. Don't know why. I've written better songs, but you can never tell what the people will like."

"Would you like to go into the movies?"

"Never. How can anyone expect an orchestra leader, or a drummer, or a pianist to become a movie actor over night? It can't be done. I'd rather sit down and knock off a few songs for a living. We don't want to get into the movies at all!"

"Is there anything else you would like me to put into this interview for you, Mr. Sanders?"

"I don't know. I guess you know we give WGN our undying gratitude for their co-operation. We try to answer all the Radio requests we get. We try not to give our friends the impression that we are high hat. Oh, and I don't know that it matters, but I was born in a hotel and have lived in hotels all my life. That might explain something."

"Where was the hotel?"

"Kansas. Cooney was born in Rochester, Minnesota." I thanked him. "Not at all. And say—" He leaned over and whispered in my ear. I don't know whether what Joe Sanders told me was a secret or not. If it was supposed to be, I can't keep it. The Original Nighthawks have just completed ten new recordings for Victor which will be released soon.

If you have ever seen a small boy display the wonderful contents of his capacious pockets, you have seen Cooney and Joe talk about their orchestra. Their enthusiasm is real, and their interest is bottomless. No wonder Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawks are considered by many the most popular broadcasting orchestra in the middle west. But Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders work hard for their popularity. Their worries and trials outnumber those of many of Chicago's business men, and the good they do is proportionate, probably.

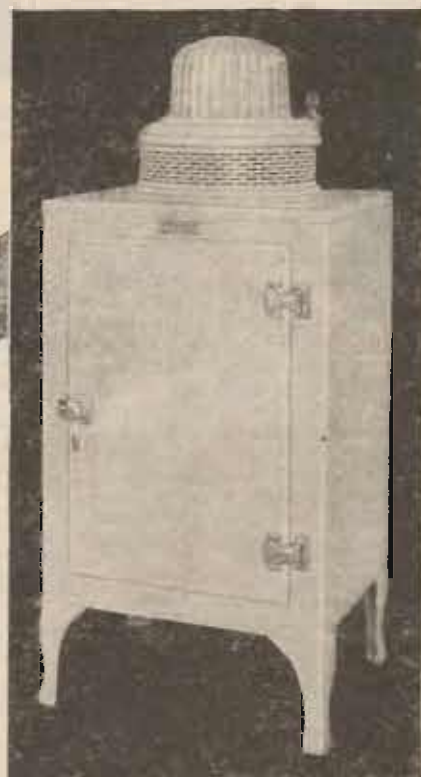
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| 2. Hermetically sealed, accessible mechanism | 10. Roomy, convenient food compartment |
| 3. Greater refrigerating capacity | 11. Constant, healthful low temperature |
| 4. Forced circulation of cooling air | 12. Plugs into light socket—simply as a lamp |
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Town Baritone Is Title Boasted by Doblin of Station WNYC

By Eric H. Palmer

YOU'VE all heard about the town crier. In the old days Father Knickerbocker bossed one around, but nowadays, if the city's virtues are to be blazoned or the men and women in the big news are to be officially greeted, "Jimmy" Walker of the radiant personality takes care of responsibilities himself. However, New York boasts of something new, made possible by this hectic Radio age—and that is a town baritone—unofficially—of course, but just the same he's there to soothe in song just as Walker brings smiles with forensic honey.

Frank C. Doblin, protegee of the great Victor Maurel of Metropolitan fame, is the man of parts—and high notes—in question. He has sung for the taxpayers and out-of-towners since the earliest days of WNYC, the municipality's own transmitter. No more fitting choice could be made, write the fans, because when he is not pursuing his musical hobbies Mr. Doblin follows his vocation of tailor de luxe for the society folks in



Frank Doblin

Brooklyn, the largest borough in the Greater City. However, Mr. Doblin gained fame in the musical world long before his association with his brothers in keeping Brooklyn's leading citizens garbed correctly, for he sang in opera abroad and in this country, with particularly striking success in "Pagliacci" and "Hansel and Gretel."

There is nothing of the New Yorkese tinge to the highly-trained Doblin accents. He sings in German, French, and Italian as well as in English. Week after week he displays an amazing repertoire. Hundreds of programs have been given by Mr. Doblin, as his contribution to civic service, and everyone has been different.

"I'm wondering how it's possible myself," he muses.

"Of course, I have sung that 'Prologue' to 'Pagliacci' more than once," he smiles. "But I've done that not only because it is so popular, but due to the fact that it was written at the instigation of Victor Maurel, who originated the role. It seems so long ago, my association with him. Later I studied with Jeannette Hughman of the Royal Opera Co., Berlin. My granduncle, Heinrich Doblin, was a great actor in Germany. My uncle, the late Charles Dickson, wrote many plays and won fame as an actor, playing with Booth and Barrett. He was a leading light comedian of his day. It's in the family, I guess."

IN civil life, as in war, everyone must do his bit, contends Doblin, and his gift of song has enthused millions. The city pays no artists, but those who regularly appear before the microphone in the Municipal Building are of the highest artistic standing. Thus the call upon Mr. Doblin's services, throughout the year, is not only an acknowledgement of the public reaction, but a critical appreciation of his attainments.

"There's something more to civic service than just paying taxes," he holds. "Everyone should be vitally interested



Here is a recent picture of the far-famed Roxy Male Quartet. The personnel includes, from left to right, Frank Mellor and John Young, tenors, George Reardon, baritone, and Frederick Thomas, basso.

in the city's affairs. I'm happy in helping out in my own way."

So Mr. Doblin to a certain extent, by dint of his veteran association with WNYC, is "The Voice of New York." Hardly a day passes when someone does not openly compliment him. He admits there are a few who contend that he should sing in nothing but English, but he believes that New York's mixed population—if no other reason governs—justifies a program in diversified languages. Mrs. Doblin arranges the request numbers, of which there are many—and he always responds to each call.

As an indication of the baritone's interesting civic contribution, as contrasted with a Board of Estimate calendar, may be listed the following selections from recent Doblin concerts at WNYC: "Mephistopheles Serenade" from "Faust" (Gounod), "Quand'ero Paggio," from "Falstaff," the "Evening Star" of "Tannhauser," the inevitable "Toreadore" from "Carmen," "Ich Liebe Dich (Grieg)," "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" (Tschaiikowsky), "En Dieu Lien" (Delbruck), "Chanson de Florian" (Godard), "Hindus Love Chant," "Torno Sorriento," "Ohn Ben Tornato Amore" (Roxas), "Lolita" (Peccia), "Serenade" (Tosti), "Hats off to the Stoker" (Arundale), "Sea Fever" (Ireland), "Love, to hear you Singing" and "Love's Garden of Roses" (Wood), "Homeward to You" and "Sea Rapture" (Coates), "Desert Song" and "Blue Heaven" (Romberg), "Trees" (Rossbach), and "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" (Sargent).

Mr. Doblin declares he knows what "microphone fright" is—"the way you feel just a minute before starting to sing."

"And it's easier than making speeches," he avers.

Brilliant phrasing characterizes the amazingly flexible voice of Mr. Doblin.

Of course, he's the most immaculately dressed baritone—as Walker is the leader in sartorial style of mayors—not only for New York but in the world.

The attention of the NBC has been called to a New Yorker whose initials spell W.E.A.F. He is William Edward Anthony Flanagan, employed by the Minnesota Atlantic Transit Company of 233 Broadway.

Singer Uses Hand as Sounding Board

USING his hand as a sounding board, James Melton, tenor on the Seiberling programs, carefully measures his voice as he stands before the microphone. A recognized master of broadcasting technique, Melton has succeeded in overcoming many of the difficulties that have confronted artists and acoustical experts.

"In broadcasting, even more than in singing from the concert stage," Mr. Melton explains, "it is imperative that the performer have perfect control of his voice volume. He must know just how his voice is carrying to the microphone and how it sounds to other people in the room. In other words, he must listen to himself."

"By holding a hand to the back of the ear it is possible to judge the volume of the human voice with an amazing degree of accuracy. Try it yourself and see—not only does the hand form a 'human sounding board' that gives you a clearer impression of your own voice, but the sensory nerves also pick up the sound wave vibrations, just as they are conveyed to your listeners. Thus the hand enables us to judge, as we stand before the mike, just how our voices are going over the air, and to control them accordingly."

DURING the past year the National Broadcasting company has added fourteen stations to its national network, including one Canadian station, bringing the total to 73 associated broadcasters. The gross revenues of the NBC are placed at fifteen million dollars, with no net profits.

With a personnel increased to 917, as compared to 558 in 1928, NBC also added sixty hours of programs a week. Fifty-four hundred miles of wire were added to the system, bringing the total to 32,500 miles of wire lines. The fan mail totalled more than one million letters.

The President of the United States spoke thirteen times through a national network. There were twenty-seven addresses by cabinet members, twenty-eight senators were heard and 12 members of the lower house were on the air.

An was just an until...



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Cornstarch Puddings

<p>CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE 2 tbsp. cornstarch (3 tbsp. for molding), ¼ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla.</p>	<p>Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with ½ cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation which has been diluted and scalded without oil water. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly—till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer; flavor; chill. Serves 5.</p>
<p>BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM 2 tbsp. cornstarch, ¼ cup brown sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbs. butter, ½ cup chopped dates, ¼ cup chopped nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla.</p>	<p>Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 5.</p>
<p>CHERRY PUDDING ¼ cup cornstarch, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ¼ tsp. vanilla, 2 tbs. cherry juice, ½ cup sliced maraschino cherries, ½ cup coconut, 2 egg whites.</p>	<p>Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, coconut, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 6.</p>



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New Laws for Old

(Continued from page 43)

but would turn off toward Oregon. Even he advised Alice to give him up and save herself from gossip and social exile. She found herself alone in her opinion that she should cleave to her lover in spite of every argument. She cast the deciding vote unanimously in favor of her own opinion. She chose a familiar fragrant phrase for her decision.

"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

The others fell back in awe of an authority which they recognized vaguely as Biblical, though they did not know it well enough to know that Alice, like Shakespeare's devil, was diverting Scripture to her own purposes.

As for Dr. Birney, he made her his Scripture and cried out in an agony of joy at her devotion.

So he and his legally unattainable bride drove off toward the northwest in shameless pride of love. And the disgraced and disgusted family turned southward toward the golden stores of California.

"We disown you," was the only farewell they gave the twain that could neither be united nor parted.

The gold-seekers sought in vain for gold. They just missed it everywhere they peered and poked. And, finally, they came to their senses a little before they came to the end of their funds and starvation; they resolved to go North to Oregon where farms and orchards beckoned them to use such learning as they had acquired in Illinois.

When they arrived, anxious and penniless and friendless, whom should they see but Alice riding in state in a carriage? She did not see them, and they averted their gaze from her. But Esek demanded of a man who had lifted his hat to her in payment for a smile.

"Who's all that?"

"That's the wife of one of our leading citizens, Judge Birney," he said and passed on. Esek and the others exchanged glances of understanding and sneered together.

"Wife! humph! Judge! humph!"

As Alice's carriage drew up to the curb and she stepped out to enter the city's biggest shop, she caught sight of her old companions, huddled like a familiar pack of coyotes, snarling but afraid to attack. She came to them at once with a confidence and a cheerfulness that added further insult to the injury she had done them in discarding their advice.

She held out both of her graceful hands, but neither of them was accepted by the tight-fisted, tight-hearted group. Esek snapped at her:

"So you pass as his wife up here! And he calls himself a judge!"

"Oh, but I am his wife and he is a judge. Ask anybody."

"How come?" gasped Esek.

"Well, you see," she laughed, "we lived apart, hoping against hope that something would happen. And it did."

"His wife up and died, eh?"

"SUCH women never die. That woman never did anybody a favor. David wrote and pleaded with her to divorce him for desertion. But she wrote him that she wouldn't. She wrote him, in fact, that she would start West and claim her rights as soon as she could sell the farm."

"Then what did you do?" Esek puzzled. "Did you poison her on the way?"

"I'd have been glad to, but—well, you see this big territory of Oregon was so big they decided to split it in two. So they called a convention to make the

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answers to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who is known as "The Original Radio Girl?"
2. What announcer has been adjudged the best by the American Academy of Arts and Letters?
3. What society deb is now telling women "What to Wear and Where to Wear It" on a chain feature?
4. Who is the well-known ukulele player with a predilection for large black and white checks in knickers?
5. What famous young woman organist was born in Hungary?
6. Who is "the solemn ole judge"?
7. What popular Chicago announcer recently married a New York society girl?
8. What is the real name of "Bob" of the famous "Mary and Bob" team?
9. In what domestic art is Colin O'More particularly skilled?
10. In what artistic field did Dolores Cassinelli gain fame before she turned to Radio?
11. Who is considered the "dean of all sports announcers"?
12. Who is known as "the original Roxy girl"?

Answers to questions in March issue:

1. Lois Bennett. 2. Jessica Dragonette. 3. Breslav, Silezia. 4. Olive Shea. 5. Yes, but the marriage was annulled. 6. Olive Palmer. 7. Earrings. 8. Bill Hay. 9. Mildred Hunt. 10. Frances Kennedy. 11. Irma Glenn. 12. Graham McNamee.

laws and things. My husband was elected to the very first legislature and the very first thing he did was to put in a law about divorces. And then he put in a bill divorcing him from that old cat in Ohio. And the other legislators did everything he wanted and so the legislature divorced him and the first judge appointed married us. Now he's a judge and if any of you want to get married, he'll oblige you just as he saved you from cholera. We're as happy as nobody ever was before. The Doctor is the biggest, noblest man in the Territory."

They stood dumb as the cattle they had sold to pay their fare to Oregon. Esek's wife was the first to find her tongue.

"But what becomes of—of his other wife?"

"His ex-wife you mean," said Alice. "Oh, we've provided for her. We're going down to the dock to meet her when she arrives by steamer—tomorrow probably. She's come such a long way to get the bad news, that I want to break it as gently as I can. That's why I'm going shopping for the prettiest clothes in the West."

The perfection of Alice's revenge was the privilege of emptying whole buckets of coals of fire on the heads of the indignant, indigent pack that had gone through infernal torments with her, only to desert her when she needed their love. She and the Judge provided for their

entertainment, secured for them vast tracts of free land and set their feet on the road to riches.

The world was so wide out there that it had no room for many of the East's most sacred scruples. It was so new, that it created its own ethics, its own laws, its own traditions.

When Mrs. Birney from Ohio stepped off the boat, she was greeted with Pacific effusiveness by her beaming husband and his radiant bride. He offered her his extra elbow to cling to when she heard the staggering truth. She needed his support for the first shock of learning that she was a grass-widow and not the mate of a great leader of men.

There was no hotel in town as yet, but there was a boarding house run by a virago known as "Mother Damnable." It pleased Alice who was known as "Mrs. Judge Birney" to pit these two vixens against one another.

There was a mob at the dock to see Judge and Mrs. Birney greeting the lady from Ohio, and it pleased the Judge to entertain his fellow citizens with a spectacle he had promised them in the barber shop where he said:

"Fix me up in your best style, Jim. I'm going to give the people here a sight they never had before and may never have again. I'm going to show them a man walking up the street with a wife on each arm."

But he and Alice knew that he had never had and never would have more than one wife in his heart. And no one enjoyed the procession more than she. No one was more dismayed than the severed partner from Ohio, unless it was "Mother Damnable" when she glared into the glare of her new boarder. It was not long before the landlady convinced Edie that the East was more to her liking.

When Alice was ninety she used to ride out on a horse to lay flowers on the tomb of her eminent husband. The mighty city of Seattle had grown up about her and her husband had won fame and wealth there before he died at sixty-five. It comforted Alice to sit at the foot of his monument and muse upon the days when men were men and love could make new laws to undo the cruelties of old.

Radio Rackets

(Continued from page 19)

matter further after a bit of balm by the stayslick, bespatted founder of the club.

Medical societies are kept on their toes combating rackets inimical to the public health. Backed by their prestige and recognized good standing their's is not so difficult a business once they are able to localize an offense. But quack medical racketeering is such a profitable game that it persists, popping up in one direction after it has been effectively throttled in another.

Miraculous contraptions of magnetic properties, capable of curing everything from humions to baldness are described at length, and free twenty-four hour trial is such a cogent selling point that the leads are numerous enough. So profitable is this business, that the territory is farmed out by zones, and the privilege of selling the cure-all is let at a tremendous figure.

The weaknesses and vanity of human beings have been made the special study of racketeers, judging from the numerous salons and parlours of one kind or another that flourish everywhere.

THE hair restoring parlors, which represent the masculine side of the picture would doubtless have faded out



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THE ROAD OF TRAVEL LUXURY

of the panorama long ago, were it not for the fact that the old boys are ashamed to let anybody know the manner in which they have been trying to rejuvenate. Still they go on hoping and the racketeers go on advertising—hair grown on billiard balls, or your money back. A charming race in which the winner is always one and the same. Then there is the new form of insurance for next to nothing a day, which has begun to spring up and which, by constant repetition, insures its victims.

That the Radio and rum have a natural affinity there is no doubt, as witness a recent discovery and raid in a Jersey city where there was a complete sending outfit and an enormous booty uncovered. Be it said in favor of the rummies, however, that they are the frankest people in the world since they openly make their propositions for sending messages, and find no fault if such business, however lucrative to the station, is refused.

A psychiatrist of the calibre of Dr. Joseph Collins would find a fertile field inside the studios—one that would yield many specimen butterflies for classification and pinning to his exhibit board. Of the politics, intrigues, ambitions, hopes and fears inside four walls it is hardly necessary to relate.

METHODS of using Radio neophytes to advantage may vary, but they are mostly alike and are about as follows: If an individual or group get by the imposing ordeal known as an "audition," a glib picture of Radio possibilities is painted, a promise of free publicity made, and permission obtained to use their service for a "test" program.

The artist is told that the contract is ready to be signed, that the client wants just the kind of entertainment he is able to give; that all is needed to put the thing over is one performance, after which he, the artist, will be "sitting pretty" for some time to come. Being somewhat new to the game he soon learns the truth of the verbal part of this promise. The artist agrees to perform, the studio arranger collects, and pockets all he reasonably can after splitting with those who are able to horn in for a share.

In time the newcomer grows wise, two or three such experiences putting him on his guard, since no definite answer is ever received as to the result of such maiden efforts. His Radio education has begun; he approaches the studio always on the defensive and readily acquires the language of the racketeer.

He is now ready for the next step of his education—a pay basis, "low pitch." That is, he must work for next to nothing, grinding out his wares, sometimes, as in the case of a band, for several hours on end. This he does, not so much for the stipend he gets, as to demonstrate that he wants to get ahead and is willing to cooperate with the station in putting over the client.

Of course where such dealings are carried on, they generally become, not only the warning buzz, but the final sting as well, by which time the artist is able to talk turkey on equal terms with the racketeers. Sometimes a more susceptible victim will venture even beyond this stage and allow himself to be promoted regardless, but this post-graduate stage always hastens his evolution and arrays him against such tactics.

SOME studio manipulators are not above playing performers against each other, or giving preference to their particular cronies, even when there is much better talent available, but of course the truth comes out in the end, by which time another new school of fish are in sight and the canny studio

juggler is able to point smilingly and say—

"Take, eat and be content,
These fishes in your stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled Ram
To save the blood of Abraham."

Free-lancing salesmen, whose territory is uncharted by the station, and who forage in anybody's pasture, is a source of constant bickering and annoyance to those who have to do with the management of a station. This class of salesman deems it sufficient simply to have called on a firm, whereupon such a prospective client is his property for life. If, six months later another salesman contacts the same client there is not only the devil to pay, but the two salesmen as well. Under such conditions, where such bolshevik methods obtain, the commission is generally split, the lion's share going to the individual whose accounts bring in the most income to the station—for the time being.

The above are a few of the rackets that have come under my own personal observation, but a racketeer has assured me that this is only a Mother Goose edition, at the same time being unwilling to divulge the "secrets of his trade." In extenuation he said that many of the smaller local units are endeavoring to purge themselves of such rackets, necessarily winking at a few of the lesser ones, and heroically refusing to bow to the more brazen and profitable temptations. That the game of Radio will ultimately shake off all these racketeers there is no doubt, and perhaps the actual rackets will disappear long before interior politics, though it is hoped that these too will go out by the same door, and that a strong, firm and clean policy will solve the problem. The fault has been largely chargeable to the locals who, not hesitating to put over something which they did not take time to investigate, lost for them their standing and prestige. Until a station is able to stand pat, and definitely refuse to racketeer, making of itself a workshop for the good of its listeners, assuming full responsibility for every statement that goes out over its wave, then, and only then, will it begin to pay its expenses, to establish its prestige and gain for itself the respect and even the affection of the people.

It's Work to Play Well

(Continued from page 9)

standing "name" in the music world, he apparently is as popular today as he ever was, and he has been popular for more than ten years.

Now to look underneath the surface and bring out a few things about Lopez that haven't been written. It is necessary for the writer to bring himself into the text in order to do this.

I first met Lopez when I was assigned to interview him in connection with a new series of broadcasts almost a year ago. I had watched him direct in the NBC studios, had seen him in his club and had certain opinions about him. I went, expecting to get a conventional interview and possibly two or three hundred words of copy.

Lopez was having lunch in a quiet little restaurant on Broadway when I found him. Rather, there was lunch in front of him and he was talking. I remember that he let three cups of coffee get stone cold while he talked. It took but a few moments to get the answers to the questions I asked and then the interviewer became the interviewed.

Lopez was deep in a discussion of numerology and astrology and kindred subjects. The band leader, it developed, was intensely interested in these things and had begun to believe in them. He

selected me to prove a point because he had not met me before and knew nothing of my history. Scribbling rapidly on a paper napkin, he combined numerology and astrology and then did what was a very creditable job of psycho-analysis. Some of the things he said about me weren't exactly complimentary but they were true. It was impressive and I saw the possibilities of a good story in it. Lopez requested that nothing be written about it.

"IT'S TOO complicated to explain," he said. "It's too complicated to make my belief in it sound reasonable without pages and pages of comment. People will get the wrong impression and I'm not anxious to be thought a nut."

May it be here recorded that no one at the table thought of Lopez as a "nut" and even the scoffers were puzzled by his uncanny ability to analyze character.

Recently I spent several hours with Lopez in the hotel club room where he conducts his band. I had seen him and talked to him briefly on several occasions since the luncheon meeting, but only for a few moments at a time.

Lopez was tired out and apparently had a bad cold coming on. He was in that condition which makes men rather dull and not very agreeable companions at a supper table. We talked about his orchestra and other things. The young lady who was with me had been coached for the occasion.

"I understand you are interested in numerology," she said. "I wonder what you can get out of my name?"

Lopez brightened. He borrowed a pencil—he never seems to have pencils of his own—and went to work. What he told the young lady caused her to open her eyes wide, but it has nothing to do with the story. Sufficient to say that he again did a clever analytical job and didn't spare feelings.

Conversation picked up from then on and Lopez revealed some of the things that he ordinarily doesn't mention to interviewers.

He does believe in the science of numbers and in the influence of astral bodies. He has checked his own career against these influences and, whether it be coincidence or not, he is a believer. He is so absolutely sincere and honest in his beliefs that it is impossible for his companions to dismiss his arguments with the terse remark "bunk." In fact, he almost converted the three other people at the table to his beliefs.

Lopez, one learned, is an egoist. Don't misunderstand that. He isn't conceited. He does believe in himself and he does believe he has the power to work out his own success.

Mystic though his philosophies, he recognizes the value of dollars and cents. He has a certain amount of business ability and realizes that in this age, achievement is measured often by the figures of a bank balance.

He has a good memory, too. "Six months ago I advised you to buy a certain book," he said, and named the volume. "You haven't bought it!"

It was true, I hadn't. I asked him how he knew I hadn't bought it.

"Because," he said. "You wouldn't have made the statement you did a few moments ago if you had read that book."

Lopez is in search of a workable philosophy of life. He believes he has found it and that in stars and in the mystic properties of numbers are all the answers to the important problems. He will hold tenaciously to that belief until something proves it wrong.

Perhaps he is right!

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Her heart leaped in alarm. . . . "Get the sheriff here quick," he said. "Tell him to bring a couple of men — and hurry."

Out of the Blue

(Continued from page 47)

man next door, that got the warrant for you, is waiting out on the road. If you skip out of here he'll have the telephones working in two minutes. You can't get away with it in a hundred years. I'll do business with you and show you a way out, if you haven't killed my partner already."

HE RAISED his voice slightly on the last words; and Mullens, who had not been completely unconscious, understood. Lifting his bloody head from the floor he crawled to a sitting posture against the door jamb—a grievous sight, with a big purple lump forming over his eye where the slung shot had struck him, his face bruised and bloody from the toe of a heavy boot.

Bodet spoke to him, smiling: "All right, Tom. We'll charge 'em a thousand dollars for that. They've got all the money from the mail sacks. They'll have to come across. They've got to do business with us if they get out of this."

The deputy seemed not to understand. The swarthy man, his own eye swelling shut, contemplated the deputy an instant and arose from his half sitting posture on the table.

Bodet stepped over to Mullens. His hands were bound, yet he might be able to plant a kick in the stomach. He was smiling as he said: "You've been fool enough already."

"Wait a minute, Bat! Wait a minute!" the sallow man complained, frowning unhappily. "Let's see what we're goin' to do first."

Bat grinned. Instead of attacking Mullens, however, he lumbered over to the woodbox by the fireplace and took from it a brown quart bottle and two tumblers. "You two skates have a nip," he asked, in the voice that sounded natural.

"I don't want none," said the sallow man.

"Nor me," said the sandy one unhappily.

Evidently they were both decidedly uneasy—none the less so as they saw their swarthy companion about to take another drink. He moved and spoke with perfect steadiness, but there was enough flame in his brain without more alcohol.

HE Poured himself a drink, tilted back his head and let it run down his throat in a single gulp, after the manner of voracious and hardened whiskey drinkers. Wiping his lips on the back of his hand, he commanded:

"Go get the car. I'll show these birds something." He slightly waggled the slung shot in his big paw and tittered.

At the very least the two captives were going to be beaten. Mullens sat against the door jamb, gaping and bloody, evidently in need of a doctor's care as he was. What would another beating do to him? Bodet himself would much

rather have faced an automatic pistol than that slung shot. The notion of having his skull hammered with it made his nerves creep. He felt a red urge to strike at any cost; but he was still smiling, his voice cheerful:

"Your car's no good. I can get you out of here slick and clean. If you've any sense, you'll do business with me."

Again the sallow man and the sandy one stood eyeing him, questioning, suspicious; nervous, not liking their situation.

He felt a gentle touch on his trouser's leg and thought Mullens at his feet was trying to signal him; but he dared not look down then.

"Never make it in a car," he went on amiably. "I can get you out of here slick and clean—seventy-five miles in an hour and no trail behind you."

THE SALLOW man stared as at an impudent absurdity and again Bodet felt the light touch on his trouser's leg. The sandy man jerked out in high irritation:

"What the hell you talkin' about?"

"Airplane," Bodet replied. "My cousin runs one at Rocaganza. He was in France. He can be up here in five minutes after I telephone for him. Beach back here is a good landing place. He can take you clean across the state in an hour and a half—anywhere you want to go—hundred miles an hour after you get off. Half a dozen planes around here. Nobody can tell one from another when

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it gets two thousand feet up. No trail that anybody can follow. Your car's no good."

If only he could get one of them outside—on the way to the telephone—with his hands unbound, there would be a chance that he would take! And anything to gain time. He felt sure that Allen, implacably vengeful was waiting out on the road in front of the orange grove to see his enemy taken to town for retribution. When he strolled over to the garage he had noticed, back among the orange trees, a very solid and ample figure in a white dress that came down to the shoes and up to the neck. He thought that must be Mrs. Allen, the lady who had been grossly insulted on her own premises, also implacably waiting for vengeance. Unless he and Mullens reappeared soon, with the prisoner, the Allens would doubtless become impatient or suspicious; they might telephone the sheriff. Anything to gain time!

AND his suggestion of an airplane made a decided impression. The sallow man and the sandy one looked at each other, arrested, questioning. They knew that locomotion by airplane was very common nowadays—the swiftest form of locomotion known to man, and with only a slight risk of accident.

While the two exchanged glances, Bodet looked down to find the meaning of that light touch on his trouser's leg; and his heart sank. The battered little deputy was picking the sandbars off his friend's trousers—his mind wandering.

"Easy as falling off a log," Bodet went on. "There's a telephone next door. One of you can go over there with me. If there's anybody in the house I'll say I want to call the sheriff's office. I'll get my cousin up here in ten minutes at the outside. Two minutes later you're up in the blue—nobody can follow. Of course it'll cost you something. I'll charge you damages for beating up my partner. We'll have to square the boss—the sheriff. You'll have to make it worth my cousin's while. Anybody but a bonthead can see that's the play for you. Your car's no good."

"That machine carry three passengers?" the sandy man asked—still suspicious and dubious, but much interested.

"Sure!" Bodet replied promptly. "That's what it is—a three passenger plane. It's a good one, too. You can afford to buy it outright."

The sandy man was frowning; and the sallow one looking grim, the muscles of his lank jaw working with the tension of this new proposal. It was he who asked tersely:

"How much?"

BODET beamed as he explained. "Well, there's myself and my partner and the boss, and my cousin. You got to pay some damages. I'll say three thousand dollars—five hundred when you take off from the beach here and twenty-five hundred to my cousin when he lands you wherever you want to go—provided you don't go over two hundred miles. It's a hundred miles an hour, you know, once you get up in the air. Three thousand's cheap, I'd say."

He saw that the two men in front of him were impressed, and it encouraged him that the one over by the table seemed to be listening with interest. The sallow man turned towards the table to ask uncertainly: "What you say, Bat?"

"Good three passenger plane, is it?" the man over there asked of Bodet, grinning faintly as he spoke and standing up, the slung shot in his paw.

"It is that," Bodet replied decisively.

"As good as they make 'em. He keeps it in fine trim, too."

The man was advancing towards him, his grin broadening. "That sounds good," he said.

His words were satisfactory, but his aspect was not. For an instant Bodet eyed him, tant, uncertain—but reading the ape gleam in his eyes too late; for the man was then too close for a kick in the stomach. Bodet's hands were bound behind him. He tried to dodge but the slung shot caught him on the back of the head and he went down like a log, senseless.

The swarthy man looked down at the still figure and a slight smothered little titter escaped him. He then spoke to his companions with cool contempt:

"No three passenger plane on this coast. I know. He was stringin' you. Now pick up the stuff and get the car, quick!" His companions were naturally crestfallen.

DEPUTY MULLENS struggled to his feet, in the face of the enemy—weak, unarmed, but preferring to meet the last act standing.

"Get the car," the swarthy man repeated, in cool, peremptory contempt. He wagged the slung shot slightly and added: "I'll show these birds something." The deep smolder in his one open eye, going back to the ape, promised appeasement to his brother's ghost.

The die having thus been cast there was, of course, no time to waste. The car still needed a little attention—a matter of a few minutes—and there were some belongings to be gathered up.

"Get the car, Red," said the sallow man, like one in haste. "I'll get the stuff." And while his sandy companion bolted for the garage, he stepped into the bedroom, swinging the door nearly shut behind him—presumably not especially caring to witness what was to be done in the living room.

So, except for the senseless and bound detective on the floor, Mullens and the swarthy man were left alone—the curtain obviously rising for the final act. The deputy spoke, dispassionately:

"You big ———, give me a drink."

The epithet he used is sometimes a deadly insult, sometimes a claim of comradeship. In any case it is the kind of epithet that goes home. Probably there is no human being who does not acknowledge some obligations. A man about to be hanged is given a drink if he asks for it, as a sort of unavoidable right.

EVEN this man here acknowledged the obligation which Mullens' epithet and request implied. The deputy had already started across to the bottle and glasses on the table. Far from hindering him the man said, "Help yourself."

Mullens' ribs and legs had been kicked vigorously, so he walked with a limp. Taking the bottle he poured a drink into each glass and extended one towards the man saying:

"Have a drink with me, you big ———"

That also was somewhat in the nature of an unavoidable right; or it might be considered a challenge, for to drink with a man whom one is about to brain requires hardihood. In whatever sense he took it, the man seemed to find it amusing, for he said: "All right, you little ———" and tilted back his head, tossing the liquor down in a gulp.

There were two bedrooms on the north side of the cottage, the one opening from the living room and one behind it, opening to a small hall, with a door between the two. The robbers were little encumbered with baggage. One suitcase held all their personal belongings except those which they wore. And there was a shabby yellow bag nearly full of bank-notes done up in neat bundles just as they had come out of the registered mail sacks. These things were mostly in the back bedroom.

Hastily packing the suitcase in there, the sallow man caught some sounds from the living room—rather as though somebody were staggering about there, or perhaps being knocked about, and striking a piece of furniture or so in the process. Then he heard a dull noise as of a body falling to the floor. Evidently Bat was exercising himself. The sallow man went on with his packing, taking a look about to be sure he had everything except what was in the front bedroom. He might have been gone from the living room five minutes when he stepped into the front bedroom to pick up the few articles there.

Instead of picking them up, however, he halted with popping eyes, for a man lay across the sill of the door between that and the living room. Beyond him, out in the living room, another man lay on the floor.

THREE or four minutes after this, the lank and sallow man rushed into the garage, suitcase in one hand, yellow bag in the other, his small eyes haunted, crying: "Beat it! Beat it! Get out o' here!"

This had been an emotional day for Mrs. Ezra Allen—first her nervous and aggressive curiosity respecting the strange men next door; then the outrageous verbal assault upon her in her own orange grove. She had kept a wrathful watch upon the premises next door while her husband speeded to town for the law. She had seen Mr. Mullens, the deputy sheriff, go into the cottage—soon followed by the stranger who had come out from town with Mr. Mullens. She was aware of Mr. Mullens' car on the road; and of her husband waiting for retribution in front of the orange grove. Minute after minute passed as she kept her vigil. Then she saw the sandy man, who had been at the cottage before, hurry out to the garage. What could that mean? And why was Mr. Mullens taking so much time inside the cottage? She thought ten or fifteen minutes must have elapsed since he entered it.

Then she got the deepest shock of the day. A man who had apparently come from the back door of the cottage and crossed through the shrubbery below the garage was advancing toward her, beckoning. He was bareheaded; his face was bloody; he held a pistol in his hand. Her heart leaped in alarm. . . . But surely that was Mr. Mullens, the deputy sheriff, a sober, respectable and official person. Her mind in a tumult, she ambled rapidly toward him.

"Get the sheriff here quick," he said. "Tell him to bring a couple of men—and hurry. Telephone for a doctor, too, but the sheriff first—to come quick's he can."

With another emotional surge, Mrs. Allen started for the house and the telephone, heavy footed but vigorous; while

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the battered deputy sheriff, lumping, turned back toward the sinister cottage.

The robbers' car was only slightly dismantled. Red, working at top speed, had it ready in ten minutes from the time he reached the garage. Mrs. Allen was back in the orange grove. She and her husband both saw the car run from the garage to the road, turn north and rush away, with two men in it. But it had only ten minutes start of the sheriff. Telephones were working all along the one good road. The car was stopped and its two occupants captured within half an hour.

Dr. Peters of Boraganza arrived at the cottage a few minutes after the sheriff went on in pursuit of the robbers. Deputy Mullens, too wobbly to join in the pursuit, but sufficiently clear-headed, was in the living room, anxiously squatting over Bodet, trying to get him to speak. He had dashed water in the detective's face and got a pillow under his head. As the doctor came in, Bodet opened his eyes, and the deputy looked up at the physician and smiled—homely and battered, but happy. Dr. Peters found that there was a big lump on the back of the patient's head which would be painful for twenty-four hours, but no serious injury.

HE THEN turned his attention to the other—a thickset, heavy shouldered, black-haired man with an over-developed jaw who lay on the floor across the sill of the bedroom door—dead.

His face was darker than in life, as though he had been choked, but there was no mark on his neck. That puzzled the doctor; and Deputy Mullens offered no solution of the puzzle. But after having quite finished his examination and taken stock of the surroundings, including the whisky bottle and the slung shot, Dr. Peters asked some questions:

"He beat you two up this way, Tom?"

"He sure did," the deputy replied gravely. "He was goin' to beat us to a jelly—kill us maybe. He beat those mail clerks, you know. He was a murderin' brute."

"H'm," said the doctor. "And you had a drink?"

The deputy nodded.

"I suppose, now," the doctor mused, "he was a man that gulped his whisky right down."

"Gulped it right down," Mullens repeated. "The window shade was down then—kind of dim." There was a sort of anxious puckering around his eyes as he explained: "Tain't what I believe in as a general rule. I never pulled a gun in my life unless there wasn't any other way out of it. Tain't what I believe in as a rule. But he knocked Mr. Bodet on the head when his hands was tied. He was goin' to pound us to a jelly. He was a murderin' brute."

"I believe it," the doctor replied. "I will give the cause of his death as alcoholism. That's what it was—if you go back to the first cause. If he hadn't drunk whisky, and gulped it right down, he wouldn't have got those two big sand-burs stuck in his throat."

The deputy considered a moment and remarked confidentially: "Probably you remember that case down south of here four, five years ago—man choked to death on a sandbur that got in the water somehow. . . . You see, doctor, in this business of dealin' with criminals, you got to keep a-thinkin' all the while—thinkin' of new ways. Nothin' that you can't get out of if you think hard enough. Mr. Bodet and me was in a bad fix. I remembered that case I speak of. . . . There was three sandburs in his whisky. But I'm satisfied. He was a murderin' brute."



Leading the orchestra at the Hotel Manger is not the only interest of Hal Kemp, as witness his winning of a golf trophy at the Indian Springs club.

Hal Kemp Adds to His Laurels by Golf Prize

LEADING an orchestra and playing dance music are not the only accomplishments attributed to Hal Kemp, Broadway's most youthful director now playing nightly with his eleven former collegians in the Moorish Grill of the Hotel Manger.

During the past summer Hal and his orchestra played Broadway dance tunes at Valley Dale, out in Columbus, Ohio.

In addition to building up a local reputation and adding to their own laurels as musicians, every member of the orchestra became enthused and seriously concerned with the Great American Pastime. Indian Springs Golf club, located in the same vicinity, boasts of an exceptionally excellent eighteen-hole course and here the boys played daily, never less than thirty-six holes.

Some of them became so proficient and mastered the intricacies of the game to such an extent that Herbert Bash, manager of the club, and Joe Thomas, professional instructor, decided to stage a tournament for their benefit.

Hal walked away with first prize, a silver loving cup, for low score. Gene Kintzle, banjoist, annexed the cup in the low handicap event. "Saxie" Dowell, another member of the orchestra, made a hole-in-one.

Thirteen and One

WHAT is the dread influence of the Nonius Opal? Who is the mysterious murderer who carries away his victims? Don't miss Jackson Gregory's great mystery serial.

41 Programs Nominated

FOLLOWING are the programs, organizations or artists whose nomination for America's Most Popular Program were received up to the last minute before Radio Digest went to press for the April issue.

EAST	
Program	Station
Enchanted Hour Ensemble	WTIC
Two Troupers	NBC
Cherrio	WFAN
Nit Wits	CBS
Around the Melodeon	WBAL
The Wanderers	WIP
Jessica Dragonette	CBS
Gypsy Nomads	CBS
Roxy and His Gang	NBC
Louis Kaufman	KDKA

SOUTH	
Program	Station
Old Dominion Orchestra	WRVA
Sacred Quartet	WSM
W. K. Henderson	KWKH
Caroline Lee	WFLA
Bill Nye, Jr.	WWNC

MIDDLE WEST	
Program	Station
Joe O'Toole	WJAY
Emil Cords	WTMJ
Corinne Jordan	KSTP
Ramblers Orchestra	KMOX
Whitney Trio	WMAQ
Paul McCluer	WENR
Mellotone Quartet	KFLV
Pat Barnes	WGN
Ben Bernie's Orchestra	KYW
National Barn Dance	WLS
Weener Minstrels	WENR
Amos 'n' Andy	WMAQ-NBC
Fied Pipers	WTMJ
Gene and Glenn	WTAM
Bobby Brown	WBBM
Pat Flanagan	WBBM
Tillie the Toiler	KFEQ
Henry Field	KFNF

WEST	
Program	Station
Master Singers	KFAB
Sleepy Time Gals	KTAT
Battery Boys	WNAX
Old Timers	KFKB

FAR WEST	
Program	Station
Rhythm Makers	KGER
Hugh Dobbs, "Dobbsie"	KPO
Tom Breneman	KNX
"Simp' Fitts"	KPRC

Virginia Farmer, heard in NBC dramatic broadcasts, and a member of the permanent cast of Real Folks, is the author of several plays that have had Broadway runs.

Women in Radio

(Continued from page 51)

light opera stage. Her success in The Student Prince brought her to the attention of NBC program directors and the results of a microphone audition caused her to turn her efforts exclusively to Radio.

Vaudeville surrendered Miss Welcome Lewis to the invisible audience. Miss Lewis' "female baritone" voice has been pronounced a phenomenon, but regardless of what it is called she is thankful she is not a soprano. Speaking of her "mean" songs, she says: "They may not be art or even music, but they are the most human of American songs."

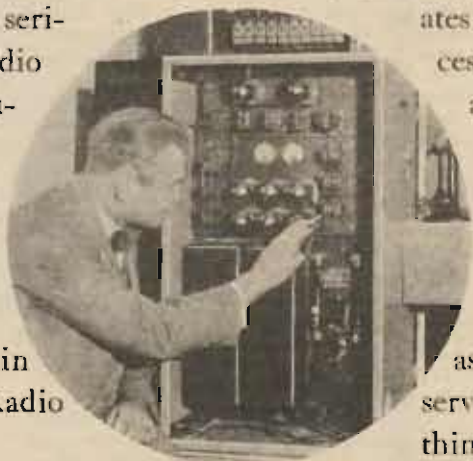
One of the most recent deserters of the stage is Virginia Gardiner, whose first appearance on the air was a bang-up success.

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the world's best-known singer, has been heard many, many times on the air since leaving the operatic stage. The National Broadcasting company announced recently that they had secured the services of the diva in the capacity of Operatic counsel.

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FRANCES ALDA, lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company, gave up her operatic career for Radio. Madame Alda made her operatic debut in 1904 as "Manon" in the opera by that name, and has since created the chief soprano roles in many of the standard operas.

The movies have also made a contribution in the person of Dolores Cassinelli, soprano. Miss Cassinelli was first known as the "Cameo Girl" and played leads in feature pictures. The discovery of her voice was accidental.

There are still many stars of the speaking stage and the silent drama who, while they cannot be classed as deserters of the footlights and asbestos curtain, nevertheless, their personalities as well as talents are shared with the unseen audience.

Literary and political feminists have stepped down from the "stump" to the microphone. Miss Jane Addams, long recognized as an international figure in social and political reform work, has frequently addressed a nation-wide audience via the ether, as has Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson and many other prominent leaders in various fields of national life.

The hostess of a Radio studio is a diplomatic go-between for Radio, the impresario, and the artistic aspirants of the outside world. The fiery temperament of an artist is often soothed by the personal charm of this staff employee whose big job it is to "understand just how it is." Her manner is one of many changes. She is asked thousands of questions; is the listener to thousands of statements; and the witness of many demonstrations. Some artists are prone to think that if they can only impress the hostess, their Radio future is assured. She is very keen sighted and her sense of perception is unlimited. The minute she looks at the person entering the reception room, she knows just what manner to assume—whether it be instilling courage in a timid creature—taming that person who is on a pedestal in his or her opinion—softening the blow of a possible audition failure—or the million and one events that materialize throughout the Radio day.

WOMEN have also scored on the program and continuity end of the game. Each time Radio takes a step, women can be counted on to take the same step. The feminine "touch" is prevalent in many of the popular programs on the air today.

An illustration of their success in this department is the program exclusively for women. This type of program is a new leaven at work in the home life of today. It has been gradually developing during the past seven years. It is designed to lighten the tasks and make easier the labor of homemakers, add beauty and contentment to the home, quicken social life, bring to the family a measure of recreation, give guidance in the technique of home making, help the woman increase her income, add to her knowledge and broaden her vision.

This type of program is under the direction of women. In its own way it is just as extensive as any other program on the air. It is not confined to the four walls of a home—on the other hand it is quite worldly and while it brings to the homemaker prominent people representing every walk of the feminine world, it also includes topics which are most general.

Farm women and girls have also been keenly interested in developing this program. Chief among them is Dr. Louise G. Stanley, chief of Home Economics,

United States Department of Agriculture. Dr. Stanley, through her Radio appearances, is as well known to the city woman as to the rural one. Two of the staunchest allies on the air today are the home demonstration agent and the extension worker. These two types of rural representation are usually farm-raised women who have taken a four-year course at some good college, are sympathetic with agriculture and rural life, and have had four or five years' experience in teaching or home work after graduating.

THESSE women have made their bow to Radio through the Department of Agriculture or agricultural colleges throughout the country which have Radio stations. Again there is considerable co-operation between these women and local stations.

Mrs. Ola Powell Malcolm, field agent in home demonstration work for the southern states, is always a welcome speaker on the air. Mrs. Rowena Schmidt, assistant to Dr. Stanley, plans the weekly household calendar heard regularly from station WRC, Washington, D. C.

Radio, as a business, has also engulfed the intellect of women. Miss Pattie Field, first woman to hold a vice consularship in the service of the United States, resigned that post to accept a position with the National Broadcasting company. At the time of her resignation from the foreign service, Miss Field was vice consul to Amsterdam, Holland, a post she had occupied almost since her admission to the service in 1925. Her new place is in the industrial research division of the sales promotion department of the NBC. In her new capacity, Pattie Field will have an opportunity to take advantage of her training while abroad. Much of the work she handled during her three and one-half years in Holland had to do with industrial research and investigations.

The advisory council of the National Broadcasting company boasts a woman representative. She is Mrs. Mary Sherman, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Sherman is not known alone for her club work but for her understanding and appreciation of the position women have made for themselves in the world.

The feminine ambition has spread even outside the direct line of the Radio industry—in other words a guard of interest.

All this tends to make one stop, look and listen—what a future the present-

day Radio woman is making for the girl student in music, drama, literature, business, etc. And all because Radio is not handicapped by sex.

The author of this article, Marie K. Neff, is well qualified to speak of opportunities in the field of Radio. She herself has achieved a large measure of success, now being prominent in the publicity department of the NBC Chicago studios.

Gives Parents Advice

(Continued from page 78)

cellence of reaching the world—getting on the air and letting your voice out at them. I continue to write whenever I possibly can and I let out the wrath that is in me through talking to the countless mobs of people who listen to Radio. This Radio thing is certainly my meat. It's so perfect to be able to talk as you please without interruption or contradiction—not even a husband there to disagree with you. Every woman will appreciate how enjoyable that must be!

Accordingly with no preparation but a vast conviction of my rightness and a wide experience in the problems of mothers raising their families, I asked my husband's permission, got it, dashed over to WOR, took a test to discover whether or no I had what they called "Mike It"—which apparently means whether your voice is possible to listen to or not—by blind luck passed it, and found myself launched upon a Radio career in defense of mothers (without really having much of an idea what I was doing) under the title of the Commonsense for Mothers' Hour.

That name was the result of a symposium of the best brains at WOR—and in spite of myself I must say I think it's a grand title. It really expresses just what we're doing. We're formulating and expressing and spreading to the four corners of the earth sane, sound, sensible ideas of child-rearing, many of them based on the well-tested methods of our own good mothers, many others based on the truly great scientific health and nutrition discoveries of this age about children—but all very firmly based upon the fundamental principles that mothers shall rear their own children in their own homes, that home is the best place on earth for a child to grow up in, and that a child's own mother is the one best fitted to bring him up if she will use her natural intelligence to find out all she can about ways and means and methods—and will apply her knowledge intelligently to her family.

PEOPLE ask me—"How do you ever get ideas for subjects to talk about?"—and the answer to that is—by continuing to bring up my family and to learn from mothering them just what other mothers go through and what they need. The material for my Commonsense for Mothers' talks is inexhaustible, because I draw it from my own life, from my children and from the knowledge of the problems of other mothers, which the letters from the Radio audience give me. Anyone who has ever had a family knows that there is literally no end to the interesting problems and situations which they present. Most of these situations arise at some time in the course of bringing up a family of seven—and those few which don't are brought to my attention by my mail.

It seems almost as though the world had come to my door, and I have become so intensely interested in solving these problems of motherhood and feel so close to the letter writers through the knowledge they give me of their

Women Listeners

BETTY McGEE is the youngest member of the Radio Digest Staff—but she has been two years with one of the largest magazines in the country. She is a graduate of the University of Chicago. And she edits household features. She also conducts the other features in this magazine of special interest to women. Write to Miss McGee for those bits of intimate information you would like to know concerning your favorite Radio artist.

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inmost selves that the Radio audience has come to be second in my heart only to my own children. Indeed I feel toward these young mothers who ask so sweetly to be guided by my experience, as though they were in very fact my children. I take their welfare and the welfare of their babies as seriously as I do my own, and in every case I strive myself to give exactly the counsel of wisdom which will aid that young mother and straighten out her problem.

It's a monumental work which I've taken upon myself. Mothers as a class so enormously outnumber the rest of the population that I daresay one of these days I shall be fairly snowed under with letters and disappear altogether from view! But if there's any job in the world—next to rearing her own family—that could be more congenial to a mother than this one I have, I'd be glad to know about it.

Do I like this work? I love it. It grows more fascinating every day, and the more my mothers cry for aid, the happier I am that I went on the air—to answer their cries as well as it is in me.

Homes Trend to Elegance

(Continued from page 54)

For bedrooms, hooked rugs are successfully used in this same way. And of course large Orientals are always good with a foot or a foot and one-half of dark floor at the edges. Particularly nice are they for dining rooms where interest in color and pattern is generally lacking.

Lamps also have taken on a dressier appearance. Silk has gained first place in shades, but rather tailored ones they are. Stretched taffeta or crepe de chine with self-tone tailored braids or edging at top and bottom in shades of deep gold, rust, and sunshine yellow—in fact all the colors which give a soft, warm light. Lots of bases have an Oriental flavor—Celedon, porcelain, jade, rose quartz, and soapstone together with a very refined pottery compose the greater part of these. Tolé lamps with their painted tin shades have their place also on desks and as reading lamps.

I should like to tell you just a little about the Federal American type of home which is enjoying such wide popularity. The dining room has bluish gray walls with white trim and dodo. The furniture is mahogany—Sheraton in type. The hangings are mulberry damask looped back with silk cord tie backs in self color over glass curtains of celanese voile. The chair seats are upholstered in a mulberry velvet, and the rug, a Persian Kondahar in tones of mulberry and deep blue. The built-in corner cupboard is a reproduction of one in the Metropolitan Museum with its shell back, and on its shelves are arranged odd pieces of that very old Copeland china, the Fairydell pattern it is called, sprays of old fashioned flowers against a cream background. A few pieces of blue glass and two Staffordshire dogs stand guard over this delightful array.

ON THE buffet are two deep blue ginger jars with tracings in bold and above them hang a dull gold mirror, at the top of which the American eagle majestically spreads its wings. A screen covered in an old English wall paper in the Shepherd pattern stands in front of the door to the right.

The living room has walls of warm yellow, with hangings of deep green antique satin, which hang perfectly straight to the floor from under a black cornice board. The glass curtains are celanese, the same yellow as the walls. The floor is completely covered in a red-

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brown Broadloom Wilton rug, which goes from baseboard to baseboard, over which are thrown scatter Orientals here and there. The mantel has square pottery jars filled with trailing ivy at each end, while two Dresden figures trip gaily across the center under an old oil portrait of an 18th century lady in a dull gold frame. To the left of the open fireplace is a chippendale sofa upholstered in a bright red damask, finished in antique brass tacks. To the right is a secretary with its Colonial ladder-back desk chair. The lamp on the desk is particularly interesting, a cut crystal base with a bright red stretched silk shade.

Two drop-leaf tables flank the two walls on the sides of the entrance door on which are lamps with black pottery bases and the deeper yellow stretch silk shades. At the end of the sofa is a low armchair done in dull gold damask. Drawn close to the fireplace, at the right, is an English fireside wing chair covered in Queen Anne needlework, or Crewel embroidery, as it is sometimes called, in shades of red, bright green and brown against a natural linen background. And just in front of this chair is a low tea table all set for tea, with its Colonial pattern tea service and dainty Dresden cups. The flickering light from the open fire casts a soft light over the whole arrangement and gives you a most inviting room.

The bedroom is Colonial, with a decidedly modern flavor. The wall paper has a blue-green background with modernistic flowers scattered here and there in shades of deep lavender, gold, and touches of orange. The curtains at the windows are Dutch draws in blue-green tissue gauze, in front of which stands a lavender taffeta dressing table, with a perky box pleated skirt.

The standing mirror on the glass top is quite modern in feeling, with its half frame in dull silver. The twin beds are four posters with severely tailored spreads in gold. A chaise lounge is in one corner of the room, upholstered in a blue-green rep welted in lavender. Across from this is a man's chest of drawers on which stands a mahogany mirror. The rugs are plain scatter ones in a very deep lavender mohair. The feeling of the whole room is distinctly harmonious, although through its color handling two distinct periods have been successfully combined.

In these rooms you will note that a bit of this elegance has crept into their decoration. The materials are more luxurious than those previously used. Their whole effect is more dignified. This new trend gives us a wide play in materials. Heretofore our tastes may have run just a little too dressy for the severely tailored type rooms, whereas now we may use these lovely soft silks in their long sweeping lines and feel quite justified in doing so.

Arabesque

(Continued from page 31)

"Dark Valley of Death," he explained, "it comes into my garden bringing thoughts of the world it left behind. Sojourning here awhile these thoughts take seed and grow, lifting their faces to the eternal heavens as everlasting flowers of beauty."

"What quiet peace prevails in your garden! What loveliness! Here! Look! An orchid newly come—just spreading from the bud! An orchid! Oh, gardener, tell me of this orchid!"

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gentle soul passing through my garden by her very presence stirred the pulses of remembrance in the roots of all my other flowers. And here she paused to smile. This exquisite flower came to life and I named it Orchid."

The two disappeared into the shrubbery and Achmed frowned.

"Your thoughts will have an evil odor, I fear," said Abdullah.

"Does he speak thus of my garden?" asked Achmed.

"Perhaps we shall hear later."

"Bring them here," commanded Achmed of an ugly looking servant who stood near, "and bring the man who interprets the English tongue." The man disappeared.

"Now what does all this palaver mean?" asked Achmed when the two Englishmen had been brought before him. "Who are you, anyway?" The queries were interrupted.

"I will answer the first question first," answered the man in the white robe, speaking slowly in his own tongue so that the half-breed interpreter could follow him.

"In my country there was a lovely girl, lovely as the orchid is lovely—and the orchid was her favorite flower. To me she has ever been and always will be like that—"

WHEN this had been interpreted Achmed said, "What fools the English are about their women! I believe I will let him see Zuweida dance—"

"Zuweida!" Exclaimed Abdullah, seizing upon Achmed's slip of the tongue.

"Is she English?"

"Ah—a Gypsy, you forget . . . Oh, mighty chief . . . Perhaps the great Abdullah is in love with this Gypsy female?"

"Pasha's mind is alert. He detects the signs—"

"Go on with the story," Achmed waved a bony finger toward the narrator.

"One day there came a terrible misunderstanding. The orchid soul left her body and a shoddy, unnatural being took possession instead. This tawdry substitute so horrified me that I flew my country and sought to lose myself here. Brigands held me for a while demanding ransom. But when the ransom came I did not want to go back. I fled into the desert. This man who had been my friend at home, with the kindest of intentions and utmost heroism, followed after me. Your servants found us dying on the desert and brought us here. One night I climbed to the top of this garden wall and I saw by the bright moonlight that lovely orchid. And I seemed to have a vision. Somehow I feel that my beloved is near when I see that happy flower—the real girl—my darling June. She was a talented girl—an actress—and I think she may have been acting a part to deceive me through a worthy motive that was in the goodness of her heart. I crave now to go back to her and see if this may not be true. That is what I beg that you will let me do. I come of a baronial family—and I can promise a suitable reward for safe conduct—"

"We will discuss that at another time. Let us have the dance now—the dance," Achmed clapped his hands in agitation.

"But the Englishman has not told us his name," Abdullah demurred.

"I have not answered the second question," said the Englishman who did not understand what was being said between Achmed and Abdullah. "My name is Lord Cranfield. I understand I have succeeded to the title since I fled here."

ABDULLAH gave a visible start. But at the moment there was a tingle of

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Suppose you were willing to pay \$20,000 for an automobile made to your order, the last word in style, beauty and performance-with-safety. In writing your specifications, you would want to answer all the questions listed below:

1. Would you subject yourself and your family to the dangers of flying glass? Or would you equip your \$20,000 automobile with safety glass all around?

- I would* Ordinary glass
have **Safety glass**

Safety glass all around was pioneered by Stutz four years ago.

2. Would you be content with the ordinary three-speed transmission? Or would you prefer the more modern four-speed transmission?

- I would* Ordinary three-speed transmission
have **Transmission with four speeds forward**

The Stutz transmission, with four speeds forward, provides superior performance and longer car life. The trend is toward four speeds.

3. Would you be satisfied with the conventional car which rolls backward on inclines when brakes are released? Or would you prefer Stutz Noback, which automatically prevents undesired back-rolling on inclines?

- I would* Ordinary car without Noback
have **The added protection of Noback**

4. Would you select the conventional L-head type of engine? Or would you insist upon having the increased efficiency of the valve-in-head engine?

- I would* Conventional type, L-head engine
have **Advanced type, valve-in-head engine**

The Stutz valve-in-head line-eight engine is not only more powerful, it is also quiet, smooth and economical.

5. Would you accept valves actuated by rocker arms, with their greater noise and greater area of wearing surfaces? Or would you insist upon having the overhead camshaft with its direct-acting, simple and quiet valve operation?

- I would* Conventional push-rods and rocker arms
have **Stutz silent overhead camshaft**

As compared with rocker-arm valve mechanism, the Stutz overhead camshaft eliminates 192 wearing surfaces.

6. Would you be content with the single ignition found in ordinary cars? Or would you prefer dual ignition with two spark plugs for each

cylinder, insuring greater power and economy?

- I would* Single ignition
have **Dual ignition**

Dual ignition is one of the many features of advanced engineering found on Stutz and Blackhawk.

7. Would you want your engine to have the less efficient single carburetion as originally designed for four-cylinder cars? Or would you prefer the greater engine efficiency made possible by dual carburetion?

- I would* A single carburetor
have **Dual carburetion**

Dual carburetion and dual intake contribute to the outstanding performance of Stutz and Blackhawk cars.

8. Would you be willing to have an automobile equipped with ordinary oil and grease cups? Or would you like the latest, Stutz one-thrust chassis lubrication system which feeds oil to all moving parts of the chassis in one operation?

- I would* Ordinary oil and grease cups
have **One-thrust lubrication system**

One-thrust chassis lubrication is among the many convenience features of the Stutz and Blackhawk.

9. Would you expect your \$20,000 automobile to be equipped with ordinary headlights? Or would you prefer Ryan-Lites, which give long range without dangerous glare and which give side illumination with added protection for night driving?

- I would* Ordinary headlights
have **New and improved Ryan-Lites**

Ryan-Lites, standard equipment on Stutz and Blackhawk, are the only automobile lights that meet all legal requirements everywhere.

10. Would you be content with the conventional bevel gear drive? Or would you have the improved worm drive rear axle which permits the floorboards to be lowered 20 per cent and lowers the center of weight of the entire car?

- I would* Conventional rear axle
have **Worm drive rear axle**

Worm drive is one of the fundamentals of Stutz-Blackhawk advanced engineering.

11. Would your made-to-order car be of the conventional type, with a relatively high center of weight? Or would you build safety into your car by lowering the center of weight?

- I would* Conventional car, relatively unsafe
have **Safety Stutz with low center of weight**

Stutz low center of weight, made possible by worm drive, means better roadability, greater ease of control, improved riding, greater performance and greater safety.

12. Would you be content with the ordinary type of chassis frame, which yields to torsional strains? Or would you insist upon having a massive double-drop frame providing utmost safety?

- I would* Ordinary chassis frame
have **Massive double-drop frame**

The Stutz double-drop frame has seven cross members, five of them tubular.

13. Would you have ordinary running boards suspended on brackets and hence easily collapsible in case of side collision? Or would you feel safer with Stutz side-bumper steel running boards built integral with frame?

- I would* Running boards suspended on brackets
have **Side-bumper steel running boards integral with frame**

Stutz side-bumper steel running boards integral with the frame protect the occupants of the car in case of side-collision.

14. Would you specify conventional brakes with just ordinary braking power? Or would you feel safer with Stutz Feathertouch Booster Brakes?

- I would* Ordinary conventional brakes
have **Feathertouch Booster Brakes**

Stutz is safest because it can stop in three fifths the distance required by conventional cars.

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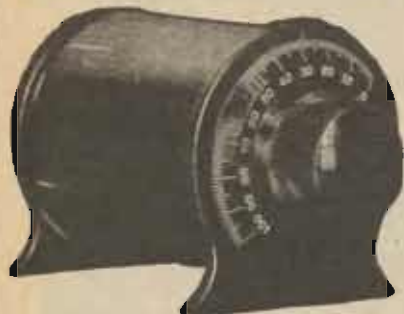
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cymbals and a light drum beat. Out from an arbor beside the stage and near the pool flashed a girl in a bright shawl and veil. There were grunts of pleased surprise from the circle of dusky faces at the top of the terrace.

"She has scorned me, will have nothing to do with me, but she is so charming I cannot let her go," Achmed confided during a fervent moment to Abdullah. The Englishman until now had shown no interest. Then his eyes caught a flutter or a fragile pale blue veil. He strained his eyes. The black curtain of the equatorial night would soon end the show. He edged a little down the slope.

Then came a strange cry, a quivering questioning call. The tall Englishman unmindful of everything else ran on winged heels, his fantastic robe billowing out behind him as he dashed down the little mound to the stage. The girl who had been dancing and posturing in movements suggestive of the curving petals of the orchid threw her white arms high over her head and stared as though she beheld a visitation from heaven.

"June! June! You came to me! You are here!" The man gasped and in a moment he had folded her into his arms.

"Oh Loring, Loring, Forgive me for causing you such grief. My desire was but to spare you pain. I was told that I stood in the way of your career and must give you up."

"Then you were acting the part of the busy?"

"Yes, Loring, and I could have screamed for the agony of seeing you suffer."

Two brawny sons of the desert seized Loring and a ponderous woman of the harem closed a vice-like grip on the wrists of the girl. They were jerked apart.

"A VERY pretty play," said Abdullah.

"It will end presently when I have the Englishman beheaded for his affront," snarled Achmed.

"That would be absurd," counseled Abdullah. "A wise man will not surrender to his senseless passions. I buy many slaves. The man is strong and the girl is beautiful. Name your price for the pair. Is he not worth more to you alive than carrion?"

"The girl is very beautiful, great Abdullah. Some day she will come to me—when she has forgotten about him."

Abdullah reached into his girdle and pulled forth a bag heavy with gold. He lifted the coins and filtered them into the bag again through his fingers. Achmed's eyes grew green.

"The man for the bag of gold," said Achmed.

"The man and the maiden," said Abdullah. His stalwarts gathered about in a circle. They were head and shoulders above Achmed.

"Abdullah is a strong man, a wise and a just man. He has many warriors. He is mighty in battle. He will be rewarded handsomely by the English for his slaves. But I am only a little chief. My caravan does not travel far. The English do not barter with Achmed. I will accept the bag of gold from Abdullah for the man and the maid."

IN LONDON a month later a copy of an official dispatch was handed to Lord Cranfield and he read it to his bride. The words that interested them both had this explanation: "The chief whom you knew as Abdullah was in fact our secret agent of the British army. Major Cecil Brashfield. His successful exploit in your effective rescue brought him promotion and suitable financial reward."

DON'T MISS THE MAY ISSUE . . . The great demand for Radio Digest taxes the facilities of distributors. Be sure of your copy—clip the coupon on page 6—subscribe today.

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."

<i>Ted Lewis and His Band</i>	Constantly sought for broadcasts, but as yet too busy in Keith-Albee circuit, musical comedy, and Warner Bros. films.	
<i>Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra</i>	Old Gold Hour	N. B. C.
<i>Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians</i>	Robert Burns Hour	C. B. S.
<i>Ben Selvin and His Orchestra</i>	Wahl Pencil Hour Kolster Hour Beginning Feb. 1st— DeVoe & Reynolds Hour	C. B. S.
<i>James Melton</i>	Seiberling Singers Palm Olive Hour	
<i>Ipana Troubadours</i>	Ipana Hour	N.B.C.

"Magic  Notes"

Columbia

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Records

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

1818 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

Under Germ-Laden Film Decay Begins

FREE . . . a supply of Pepsodent to remove it

You must remove film to be better protected. Please accept a free supply of the special film-removing dentifrice

BEING asked to accept a free supply of Pepsodent tooth paste will be of greatest interest to you if your teeth decay—if teeth are stained, discolored—or if you are threatened with pyorrhea.

You will be interested, because Pepsodent tooth paste is made to combat these three conditions more effectively than any other method known.

Pepsodent removes germs from teeth

Germs cause tooth decay. Germs and tartar under favorable conditions cause pyorrhea. Virtually every common disease of teeth and gums results from germs.

There is but one way known to fight germs and better safeguard teeth and gums. You must remove a slippery, stubborn film that glues bacteria to the tooth's enamel. This film covers and protects germs from antiseptics you may use. It imprisons germs in crevices and clings so tenaciously that the most vigorous brushing fails to dislodge it successfully. And your dentist knows too vigorous brushing brings harmful results.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos'n'Andy Radio Program

The SAFE scientific way. Acts differently

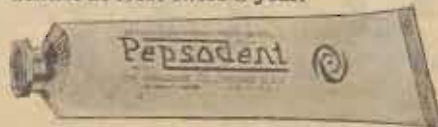
Today dentists are urging patients by the millions to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. It acts in an utterly different way. You will note that difference the instant it touches your teeth.

First Pepsodent curdles film and then **REMOVES IT SAFELY**. No punice, no harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a scientific action that recommends it for the most sensitive teeth and gums.

Do not delay

There is only one Pepsodent. It is the finest tooth paste dental science of today knows how to make. You will want to try it for the sake of lovelier, healthier teeth. Please write today to the nearest address.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



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Keep right on winning with AC Spark Plugs

Not all aviation engines are equipped with AC Spark Plugs. But you might think so if you judged only by the records of winners in the world's great endurance contests.

For example, the recent New York-to-Los Angeles Class A Event of the National Air Races was won by Earl Rowland flying a Cessne monoplane, driven by a Warner "Scarab" engine equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

Further evidence of AC supremacy—the San Francisco-to-Los Angeles Class A Event was won by H. S. Myrhes flying a Simplex plane, driven by a Kinner engine equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

View these recent victories against a background of AC performance in such notable events as Lindbergh's Transatlantic flight, Chamberlin's non-stop trip to Germany, Byrd's historic passage over the North Pole.

Whether you drive a plane or a motor or both, rely on the flawless performance of AC Spark Plugs.

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In this fine CHEESE

...a new
time-mellowed
flavor that only
"CAVE CURING"
can give!



The Kraft five pound loaf, with the rare "cave cured" flavor, is now wrapped in a new silver foil, so marked that you can identify the smallest slices. Ask your dealer to cut any amount for you—Kraft American Cheese or Kraft Pimento. Also in the quarter and half pound packages.

NOW, in this country, Kraft-Phenix, the world's greatest cheese makers, are offering everyone, everywhere, a new delight . . .

The teasing, long remembered flavor of "cave cured" cheese.

The same time-mellowed goodness that has made the caves of Southern France—cool, deep, wind-blown—famous for the cheeses ripened in them!

To give you this rare delicacy of flavor, the ideal conditions of the

famous caves of France have been reproduced. With infinite care and skill, nature is assisted in her unhurried task. Kraft cheese makers duplicate precise temperatures . . . regulate subtle variations of moisture . . . skillfully control ventilation.

Master cheese blenders choose . . . now a mild cheese, made in June when cows graze in the clover . . . now a "cave cured" cheese, with the ripened flavor that's the pride of Old World epicures. They blend, test, taste—until piquancy and mildness mingle in just the right degree.

With what proud results! The smooth creaminess revered by cheese lovers is there. So too is the tenderness. But a new savory quality has been added—a rich, mellow flavor that only

Kraft "cave curing" can impart.

You'll want this cheese for impromptu lunches, for desserts, for any number of cooking uses. And because it is thoroughly ripened, it is one of the most digestible of foods.

Ask for it at your grocer's—Kraft American and Kraft Pimento. In the familiar quarter and half pound package. And in the five pound loaf, now wrapped in a fine new silver foil of striking design. There's a rare treat in store for you. Try some today. And remember Kraft Brick and Swiss Cheese, too.

KRAFT-PHENIX CHEESE CORPORATION
General Offices, Chicago, Illinois



Visitors to the Old World rejoice in the time-mellowed flavor of the cheeses served in even the smallest inn. Kraft Cheese . . . aged, ripe, mellow . . . makes this pleasure possible for everyone.



"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese is rich in calcium and vitamin A—those builders of sturdy bone and good strong teeth. Children love the creamy flavor of this cheese. Give them all they want to eat.

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